

513 Miniseries & The Places You Will Go

By Nyrak20

513 Miniseries

Chapter 1

I watched the taillights from the cab from the window as it pulled away from my building. I didn't walk him down. He told me not to. He said if I walked him down it would be a goodbye. If he just left the loft, kissed me goodbye, then it would be just a 'See ya later'. Bullshit.

It started to rain the minute he walked out the door. The drops on the window were like a baptism. I don't know how long I stood there at the window. I smoked cigarette after cigarette, thoughts going through my mind that consumed me. I had felt my heart break one too many times in my life. The first time I had ever hurt Mikey with harsh words and rejection. The night Justin got bashed and I sat in the hallway waiting to hear if he'd live or die. When I saw his face at Gus's first birthday when he had a flashback. When I heard the news about Vic's death. When I saw Michael on the stretcher going into the ambulance after the bombing. When the Doctor wouldn't take my blood. And tonight when Justin walked out of the loft and out of my life. This is the greatest heartbreak of all. Not because he left. But because my love wasn't enough to make him want to stay. My love wasn't enough to make him not walk away.

I wondered how it came to this. That after all the years with Justin, he would be the one to walk out of my life. But I guess it was inevitable. All the times I pushed and pushed to try to get him to leave me because I knew one day he would and I just wanted it to be sooner than later, he never did. And now, now that I knew how much I loved him and now that I wanted him to stay forever, it's when he decides its time to leave. How is that for fucking irony.

As I stood alone, staring out the window, chain-smoking, I tried to figure out the moment I knew. It wasn't the bombing. I knew way before that. It wasn't the first night even though Justin would like to think so. And it wasn't the prom. Or even after the prom. Or the first night I made love to him after the bashing. Or even when he left me for Ethan. It was the day Michael told me he knew I had cancer. And that Justin knew as well. And he had known for a while. He hadn't told me he knew. Because he knew I would rather he didn't. So instead all the time he knew, he just was there. I mean he was always there, but he was really there. By my side. Never leaving, never acting different. He respected my wishes. Didn't make a big scene. He just was there. After Michael left that night, I knew it was love. I knew I loved Justin for that. So what did I do? Kicked him out. So I didn't have to deal with the pain of him leaving me. Because I loved him. And here I am a year later, and he left me. Not because of cancer. Or how badly I treated him all those years. All the tricks I brought home and paraded in his face. Not one of those things made him walk away. After all that, the reason he walked away was for him.

Did I know I loved him before that? I am assuming I did, but didn't really realize it. I had everyone telling me I did. Deb, Michael, even Justin, always telling how I loved him. I never said I did. But I never argued I didn't either. It's no secret I'm an asshole. I worked my whole life to avoid commitment, and relationships and fought tooth and nail to never let another heart touch mine. And here out of the woodwork crawls Justin. At first I just wanted a piece of virgin ass. But some how along the line I actually started to, dare I say it, I started to care about him. I even told his mother I did. And after all this, all the shit we had been through, I finally thought I could settle down and be with him. Just him. And love him like I had never loved anyone. Not even myself. But I am alone in this room. Staring out into the night from the window wondering how far along he was to the airport. How many cigarettes he has smoked since he left. If his heart hurt as much as mine as he walked away.

I could have drank myself to death that night. But I didn't. I felt like I deserved this pain. To feel how he felt all the times I left him. All the times I hurt him. I deserved this. I sure as hell didn't deserve love. That was proven. All these years I had believed I didn't. I thought Justin would take all that doubt away. But instead he just verified it with a vengeance. Because he walked away.

It should never have come to this. I should have stuck to my guns and never let anyone in. Never asked him to marry me. Never told him I loved him. I pushed him away. The fucking twat finally got what he wanted and then fucking left. Asshole. He probably planned it. He is probably laughing right now thinking about he finally got one over on me. Made me fall in love just so he could leave me and have me get a taste of my own medicine. Fucking asshole. I should have walked away.

I shouldn't think that way. Justin loved me. Loves me. He sacrificed so much just to be with me all those years. His family, his school, his life. Just so he could spend one more day with me. That's why he needed to go to NY. Why I talked him into going. He listened to me. Maybe too much. Did I want him to stay? Yes. I wanted him to tell me it didn't matter. All that mattered was me. And us. But he never said it. He knew too he had to go. He said I had changed. I did. For him. And it wasn't what he wanted. Asshole. After all I promised to give him he just walked away.

I was driving myself nuts. Pacing back and forth, thoughts overbearing my head so I couldn't even breathe. Is this what it is going to be like without him? On nights he wasn't here I knew where he was. He was still in Pittsburgh. But now, when I am alone at night, I know where he will be. NY. States away. Possibly with someone else. Stop Kinney. Stop thinking about him. It's done. Walk away.

I lay out on the floor where we had been together so many times. Fucking, eating, watching a movie, reading, fucking some more. It was all so bittersweet now. Like memories that belonged to someone else. The floor was hard. Cold. And the only sound I heard was the rain hitting the windows. But faintly in the distance I could still hear his voice. Either humming, or telling me about the day he had. I always just listened. His voice comforted me. Soothed my mind. What would I do without that every day? What would calm me after a bad day? What would be my release? What would I do without him? How could I just walk away?

He had to do this. I knew it deep down. Maybe he would come back home after he was done. Or maybe he would love it there and never come home again. Would we last? I'd like to think it would. That I would visit, he would come home for holidays. Not too bad. But we didn't discuss it. All I said was it was just time. And as I lay alone on my living room floor, alone, time is all I had to think about my life, and us, and how I knew this was never going to work. That I should just walk away.

I finally get up and sit on the bed. I sit there for so long my legs fall asleep. I am looking out into nothing. Not really concentrating on one thing. But I notice the lightning stream through the sky, brightening the loft for a split moment, making me notice how empty the loft was. I lay back and stare at the ceiling. A position I had grown accustomed to. Either while he was on top fucking me, or me lying in bed, smoking cigarettes waiting for him to come home. It's a position I would know for a while. Lying in bed staring at the ceiling, missing him, wondering where he was. And asking myself how could he have walked away?

At least I had learned what love was. I knew now what it was all about. How I would sacrifice all I was, who I was and all I had to make someone happy. But I guess it wasn't enough. But at least now, I knew. If anyone ever asked me if I had been in love, I'd reply yes. If I were asked about who he was I would reply,

"He was everything anyone could have wanted." And when asked what happened, I would reply only "He walked away".

I didn't sleep all night. So when the morning came and the sun was trying to make its way up through the pouring rain, I had my coffee and went about my day as normal. But it wasn't normal. Because he wasn't sitting in the chair beside me having his coffee. He wasn't in the shower with me as I showered. He wasn't getting dressed, as I got dressed. And I knew he would never be again. I sat at my computer replying to emails, deleting spam, and checking his flight. Delayed. He was still in Pittsburgh.

Estimated departure: 7:48PM.

He had all day before his plane took off. And he didn't come back here. He didn't come and spend one more night with me. Asshole. I shut my laptop, grabbed my jacket and headed out the door. Time to walk away.

Chapter 2

Justin's POV

Blue. Red. Yellow. Splatters. Long strokes. It just poured out of me. Out of anger. Sorrow. Love. Poured out because it was the only thing that kept me going in this god-forsaken city. I looked over at my bed, well not much of a bed, just a mattress on the floor, and stared at the painting above it. I had painted it the first day I came to NY. My plane landed and I painted it right in my hotel room that night. I didn't want to forget his face. I wanted to paint it while the memory was still fresh in my mind. So I hung it above my bed. It was the last memory I had. Him standing by the window, the Pittsburgh lights behind him. He was naked and he just looked down, hair in his face. It was the last time I had seen him. I wanted to remember that moment forever. I wanted to remember him that way. Perfect. When I paint the memories pour out of me.

I had gotten one phone call since I had left. It was the morning after I had left the loft. The rainstorm was so bad it had delayed my plane almost 24 hours. I sat in the terminal the entire time, in the same chair, just thinking. Thinking how I could live without Brian. How my life was going to be without seeing him everyday. Sleeping next to him. Feeling him next to me, inside me. When I paint the pain questions pour out of me.

My cell rang at around 8:30 in the morning. I saw his number come across my screen and I almost didn't answer. Maybe he just wanted to see if I landed safely.

"Hello?"

"Justin".

"Hey Brian".

"What's up?" His voice is stern. It wasn't a question.

"Nothing my...---"

"Your plane was delayed. For about 24 hours. And you've been sitting in the fucking airport all night instead of being home. With me".

"Ummm well"---

"Yea fuck you"

The line went dead.

I hadn't heard from him since. I got my mail sent to me in large manila envelopes. No note. Nothing. Just mail. Stuff that I had forgotten came soon after that. In a box. No return address. When I talked to my Mom all she said was she saw him occasionally. He was always polite. But never asked about me. But there was one thing she did tell me that gave me hope. He hadn't contacted her about selling Britin yet. When I paint the hope pours out of me.

So that morning I let the art pour of me just like any other day that I missed him. His scent. His voice. His arms. I fucking missed Brian Kinney so much it hurt. I missed hearing him mumble to himself. I missed

feeling his heat next to me when I slept. I missed the kisses that stopped the world. I missed his smile when I was being goofy and he couldn't help but laugh at me. I missed his smile when he was being goofy. Trying to juggle like the first night we were together, and him teaching me how and me failing miserably but him not caring. He would just smile. So all I could do was paint. And paint. The faint sound of the TV filled the void in the studio. When I paint the yearning pours out of me.

"In national news, the reopening of the gay dance club Babylon in Pittsburgh is scheduled for tonight. It's the first time the doors will be open since the bombing that took place there nearly 6 months ago, during a charity event to protest an anti gay act known as Proposition 14. The bombing killed 4 and injured over 60"

I whirled around and stared at the TV. What? He was reopening Babylon? Oh my god.

"After much rebuilding and support from the locals, owner Brian Kinney will reopen the doors tonight in the hopes that the community can bond together again. "

And there he was. His face flashed across the screen, a videotape of him inside Babylon pointing to things he wanted the contractors to fix. He looked beautiful. When I paint his beauty pours out of me.

"When asked what his inspiration to rebuild so quickly was, Mr. Kinney was happy to answer...

'This is who I am. Who we all are. Some place where we can come and not be afraid to be who we really are. The only way to rise above is to keep going. Never look back. But never forget where you came from'

He looked so fucking amazing. I swallowed. I felt like I couldn't breathe. I couldn't even hear the TV anymore. All I could do was stare at him. My heart hurt. I felt like I was going to throw up. I turned around to start to paint again and I couldn't. I couldn't even lift my brush. All I could do was picture his face. And think about him dancing at Babylon. Dancing without me. Dancing with someone else. Getting his dick sucked in the back room. I picked up a can of green paint and threw it against the wall. When I paint the anger pours out of me.

I couldn't breathe. I paced the floor. I chain-smoked. I cried. What had I done? I left him. I hurt him. Why didn't I go back that night? I could have slept in bed with him one last time. But no Justin needed to be strong. He needed to make a point. And to who? Myself? The only point I made to myself was how fucking pathetic I was. How fucking stupid I was that I had thrown everything I had ever wanted out the fucking window? For what? To be a fucking artist!! I could be an artist in the Pitts. Why did I need to go to NY? Why did I let Lindsey put this shit in my head? Why did I let Brian convince me this was what I wanted? Why the fuck did I walk away? When I paint the regret pours out of me.

I looked around the studio in a panic. I ran to the closet and pulled out a duffle bag. I shoved as many clothes in it as I could. Couple of day's worth? No. More like a couple of month's worth. I grabbed my jacket, keys and cell and headed out the door. I left the TV on and the painting I had been working on was left sitting on the table. None of it mattered. All that mattered was me getting home. I had to be home. I had to see him. When I paint the love pours out of me.

So instead of my art pouring out me, this time it will be my heart.

I hailed a cab and threw my bag into the seat next to me.

"Where to?" the driver asked me.

"JFK" I answered out of breath.

Jesus what am I doing? Leaving everything behind? I dialed my agent's number.

“David, I need to leave town for a while” I tell him

“Umm Justin, you have an opening tomorrow.”

“I know but I need to go somewhere. Its important”.

“More important than your art? Justin what the hell did you come out here for then? This is your OPENING. Your big break. What the hell is so important? Where are you going?” He is angry.

“Where I came from” I flip the phone shut and stare out the window at the city I was leaving behind. My dream. The chance I took. But I had left behind the one thing that inspired me the most to paint. My muse. My everything. When I don’t paint, it’s because nothing pours of me.

I needed to tell him. I needed him to know that again Justin Taylor had made mistake. I ran through the airport to the ticket counter. I felt like everything else was in slow motion. My determination pouring out of me.

“One ticket to Pittsburgh international please” I ask.

“Round trip?” the woman asks me smiling.

Chapter 3

Brian’s POV

I could feel the music through my veins. I danced up on that platform with Michael and it felt like we were the only 2 in the club. It was the reopening of Babylon. The turn out was incredible. People came to celebrate. To dance. To be free. Not only was it a reopening celebration, it was a reopening of myself. As Michael made his way down from the platform to reach Ben, I closed my eyes and let the music guide me. I danced for myself and every thing I had ever been through. I had survived. I danced for recovering cancer. I danced for opening my own ad agency. I danced for Justin, wherever he was.

I was pretty harsh that morning I found out his flight was delayed.

Fuck you.

The last words I said to him. I hadn't called him since. I sent him his mail and all the things he had left at the loft. I never heard a response back. He was probably having the time of his life. Painting, partying, fucking. The idea ached my heart. But I kept dancing.

The loft was the place I hated most now. It used to be my safe haven. The only place in the world that was mine alone. But now when I go home at night I am just reminded how alone I am. And he isn't here with me. I went to work everyday. I went home every night. No tricks. I worked a lot with getting Babylon reopened. And on the weekends, I spent my time at Britin. I just kept dancing.

I had redone the whole place. Added furniture. Redid the kitchen. Put new appliances in. New stove, fridge, bought all new pots and pans. I knew how much Justin liked to cook. Just in case. I just kept dancing.

I bought a new bed in the master bedroom. New dressers and armoires. I even had put some clothes in there to make it feel more like home. I kept some empty. For him. Just in case. I kept dancing.

I even made him a studio. Easels, and new paints and brushes. I gave him the room with the most light. Just in case. I had to keep dancing.

I avoided his mother like I did old age. Maybe if I ignored her she would go away. But I would run into her at the diner, or shopping or even sometimes she would stop by to see me. "Just in the neighborhood". I never asked about Justin. I had to keep dancing.

Justin's POV

The cab pulled up in front of Babylon. My heart was racing.

"Please go to 1425 Sycamore Ave with my things. My mother will be waiting outside for you". I tell the driver.

"No problem sir" I had him a \$20 and he heads off.

There I am. Where it all began nearly 6 years ago. I remembered the first time I had seen him. It was the most vivid memory I had. I make my way through the large crowd of people. I couldn't believe how many there were. God I was so proud of Brian in that moment. He always had a way to prevail. I made my way to the front of the crowd and then stopped. It wasn't like it used to be. I wasn't a part of this anymore. I wasn't a VIP. I start to turn to head to the back of the line and I hear the bouncer say, "Can I help you?"

I turn to him.

"Yea I used to come here a lot but I don't think I'm on the list anymore. I'll just wait my turn."

"Well the list was revamped entirely for the opening. But I can check for you. Mr. Kinney had strict rules on who to let in tonight". He looks at me curiously. "Your full name?"

"Um Justin Taylor".

He scans the list. "Oh yes here you are Mr. Taylor. First on the list. You can go in". He unchains the velvet rope and clears a path for me to walk. I stare at him wide eyed. First on the list. I feel my heart start to pound. I head up the stairs into the club, the thumpa thumpa already surging through my body. The place was lit up like Christmas morning. Lights flashing, confetti falling, hot men dancing. Just like I had remembered. I took the smell in. The old familiar smell. I scanned the dance floor before I made my way in any further. I stood on my tiptoes looking at tops of heads and blurry faces. I saw Ben, which seemed like miles away. But I knew wherever Ben was, Michael wasn't far behind. And always by Michael was Brian.

I push past sweaty dancers, and hard bodies. I didn't even notice them. I had one thing on my mind. Brian. It was always Brian. I stop in the middle of the dance floor and scan one more time. I feel a hand on my shoulder and turn my head. Michael.

"Holy fucking shit! What the hell are you doing here?!" He yells over the music. I smile at him and turn to scan the crowd again. Before I can answer, I see him. On the platform above Babylon. Dancing. Eyes closed. So fucking beautiful. I couldn't move. I could only stare.

"Justin?" Michael is saying my name but I cant answer. I can only stare.

Brian's POV

I felt like I was in a trance. A Justin trance. Memories flooded my head as I stood up there dancing. I had my eyes closed the whole time and all I saw was his face. I remembered the first night I had met him.

The first time my lips touched his. The first time I was inside him. Our first dance. Our first fight. The first time I made love to him. And all the many many nights at Babylon dancing. Rubbing our bodies together like we were the only two in the room. I finally open my eyes and the bright lights blinded me for a second. I turn my head and look down at the dance floor expecting to almost see him there. And then I do. Standing next to Michael dressed in faded, ripped and paint stained jeans and a gray sweater. Was it the bright lights? It must just look like Justin. Then he smiled. Pure Sunshine filled the club. I suck in my breath. Justin.

Justin's POV.

Our eyes met. He looks confused at first but when I smile at him he relaxes and starts to move to the music again. His eyes never leave mine.

"Justin—" Michael begins again. I turn and look at him. Michael smiles and shoves my shoulder. I turn back and look up at Brian. He smirks. God how I missed that smirk. I push past the rest of the people and start up the stairs to the platform. Each step felt like an eternity. When I finally get to the top step my hands were sweating. God just like the first night.

Brian's POV

It took all I had not to cry. So instead I smirked. He could never resist the smirk. I felt like it took forever to make his way through the crowd and up the stairs. When he reaches me all I want to do is take him in my arms. He stands in front of me looking up through those baby blue eyes. I look down at him.

"What are you doing here?" I ask finally

"I heard on the news you reopened the club. I wanted to make sure I made it for the last dance of the night". I feel his fingers graze the skin on my arm.

"What does that matter?" I squint at him through the lights.

He looks down. "To see if you would dance with me?" his eyes moved up my body and finally rest on mine. I roll my tongue in my cheek.

"Mmm hmm". I don't touch him. I just keep dancing.

"I'm guessing you already have someone in mind to dance with then" he looks out into the crowd, scanning to see if he can pick out which guy it was.

"I do actually" I say. He nods and starts to turn to walk off the platform. I grab his hand and pull him into me.

I nuzzle his ear and whisper "I always save the last dance for you".

Chapter 4

Brian's POV

We kept dancing until the last person left Babylon. Till the last piece of confetti dropped and the DJ packed up and had long gone home. We held each other so close it was like we were one person on the dance floor. When I kissed him it was like the world stopped turning. After a while I didn't even hear the music anymore. All I could hear was our hearts beating together. His breathe in my ear. His groans as we grinded together. He did this thing the whole night where he locked his fingers in my belt loops of my jeans. Its how he kept me close. Normally it would piss me off. Being held down that way. But tonight, as I held him close to me, I felt as though, even with his fingers in the belt loops, its still wasn't close enough.

And as the sheets are wrapped around our sweaty bodies, and his lips are on mine and I am so deep inside him I can feel my way to the other side, I still feel, it still wasn't close enough.

I pushed inside him, going deeper with every thrust. His lips never left mine and as I whispered I love you against his lips, I still felt it wasn't close enough.

And as I asked him when the last time he had been tested was and he answered 3 months after he moved to NY and I pushed deeper, it still wasn't close enough.

And when he asked me the same question and I replied that I had gotten my negative results last week and he bit my shoulder as I pushed into him again, it still wasn't close enough.

As I pulled out of him and gently pulled off the condom, I wasn't close enough.

As I looked deep into his eyes and positioned myself against him, his eyes wide, it wasn't close enough.

And as he whispered are you sure and I kissed his lips and slowly pushed my hard cock back into the only place I ever wanted it, it still wasn't close enough

As he moaned Brian as I made love to him, it still wasn't close enough.

The sheets sticking to us as we rolled around, laughing, kissing, fucking, murmuring I missed you's and I love you's, I still needed to be closer to him.

And as I came inside him, the first time I had ever come inside anyone with out a condom, and I moaned his name so loud it echoed through the loft, I wanted to be closer

We lay together afterwards, arms around each other, breathing in unison, staring into each other's eyes. I felt lost until this moment. Like my life was just going along and until I looked into those blue eyes I didn't really exist. He touches my face and I almost can't breathe. Closer.

"Brian?" he says my name like an angel.

"Mmmm" I close my eyes.

"I want to come home" I reopen my eyes. His eyes are so blue I swear I was looking into the ocean off the coast of Hawaii.

"You are home," I answer.

"No. You don't understand."

"Then why don't you explain it to me?" I ask propping myself up on one elbow so I can look at him better. For once I am actually listening.

He rubs his hands through his hair and sighs.

"When I saw the news report on TV it made me so..." he trails off.

I look at him waiting for an answer.

"Mad? Sad?" I ask.

"Hurt". He finally says.

I look at him. I'm not sure what he wants me to say.

"How could you have not told me you were reopening the club?" he asks quietly.

"Didn't think you'd care." For once the truth.

“What? How could I have not? After all that happened?”

“Yea after all that happened. And then you took off” I push the sheets off me and climb out of bed.

I grab a cigarette off the nightstand and light it. I keep my back to him as I take a long drag. I had tried to quit smoking after he left. Why did it always seem I smoked more when he was around?

“You told me to go!” he screams.

“Yea well why the fuck did you listen to me?” I whirl around screaming.

“I always fucking listen to you! You know that!” he is sitting up in bed now. God he is so beautiful.

I smirk. He is right. He always listens to me.

He smiles and it fills the loft with sunshine.

“I was first on the list,” he says ever so gently.

I sit on the bed. “What?”

He looks up at me. “When the bouncer let me in, he told me. You had me as the first person on the guest list.”

I clear my throat and take another drag.

“Yea well, you always were. Why change it?”

He laughs. “That’s so like you. You haven’t changed at all.”

“What the fuck does that mean?” I ask.

“It means instead of you just telling me you missed me or that you wanted me to be there, you just act like you always act. Unattached. Un-phased. Jesus” he looks away and brings his knees up under his chin and rests against them.

I put out my cigarette and reach over and take his hand. He looks over at me his cheek resting against his knee.

I sigh and look up into his eyes.

“First off, I did miss you. I missed you every fucking minute you weren’t here. Secondly, I kept you first on the list because it felt weird not to have you there. I couldn’t bear to take you off.” He smirks,

“And lastly, I have changed. I didn’t reopen Babylon so I could be the same over the hill club kid I used to be. I did it for all of us.” I get up and head for the bathroom.

“Oh and one more thing” I turn back around and face him. The look in his eyes makes me feel complete. “I love you Justin. That’s one thing that hasn’t changed. And I want you to come home”.

I wish I could have framed that moment. The look on his face and the one single tear that ran down his cheek meant more to me than any moment in my life. There. Finally close enough.

Chapter 5

Justin’s POV

I couldn’t help but smile as I watched him lug in the rest of my luggage in out of the hallway into the loft. He had gotten up this morning, dressed quietly and left around 8am to go and pick the rest of my stuff at the post office that my agent had packed for me and sent to Pittsburgh. My paintings, finished or unfinished, he took as well but not to send home. He said he would hang them in the gallery, as

promised. I had gotten the lecture not only from him, but from Lindsey as well, when they heard the news that I would not be returning to NY.

"It's all you dreamed about! You didn't even give it a chance!" Lindsey screamed into my ear.

"You're wasting your talent" was all my agent could say.

I told them both the same thing.

"I can paint in Pittsburgh".

And as I watched Brian drop my luggage on the hard wood floor and look up at me sitting on the bed, I knew I had made the right decision.

"This IS the last of it, right?" he asks out of breath.

"According to David, that's it". I say.

I get up from the bed, sheet wrapped around my naked body and pad over to him.

When I get to him, I stand on my tiptoes and reach up to kiss him. His lips are soft and he wraps one arm around me to bring me closer.

"What makes you so special that you get to sleep in and I had to get your shit?" he looks at me with a smirk. I run my fingers through the back of his hair.

"Because you love me madly and passionately," I say.

"I must" he kisses me deeply and I can't feel my legs.

I break free from his arms and head to the kitchen. "You're gonna need more drawers, for my drawers" I say over my shoulder smiling.

“Mmmm” I hear him murmur.

I pour myself a cup of coffee and pull out the milk from the fridge. I feel him wrap his arms around me as I stir it in. He nuzzles his head into my neck. I reach up and touch his face.

“I have something for you” he whispers in my ear.

“You do?”

“Mmmm Hmmm” he kisses my neck. I turn to face him and wrap my arms around his shoulders.

“What is it?” I ask placing tiny kisses all over his face.

“Get dressed. And I’ll show you”. He rubs the top of my head and smiles.

“But I haven’t showered yet” I say wrinkling my nose.

“Its fine Justin. We aren’t going somewhere where you need to impress anyone” he rolls his eyes.

He sits at the counter and reaches over and grabs the coffee I was making myself.

“Get” he says smirking as he takes a sip.

“Fine! Jeez” I pad away dragging the sheet on the floor as I go.

“You know those sheets were over 300 dollars,” he says not even looking at me. How the fuck did he know I was dragging it?

“Yea they feel so good against my naked skin.” I turn around and drop the sheet to the floor.

He looks at me out of the corner of his eye.

“Don’t start. We have somewhere to be”. He’s trying to resist.

I stroke my cock and it starts to harden.

“MMmmmm but what am I gonna do now that I am all hard?” I smirk.

He turns in his chair and folds his arms across his chest.

“Justin Taylor. Get fucking dressed”.

I grumble and turn around and head up the stairs to the bedroom, shaking my ass along the way. Just as I reach the bed, he tackles me onto it from behind. I laugh and roll over and he lies on top of me.

“I knew you couldn’t resist”. I kiss him.

“Well when you shake your ass like that, how the fuck do you expect me to?” his hands are on my cock now and I groan into him.

“We have ten minutes then you need to get dressed. Understood?” he asks.

“Yes sir” I whisper. He loves when I call him sir.

His mouth devours mine and I know I made the right decision.

An hour later, I am in the Vette, blindfolded. His hand holding mine the entire time we drove.

“I don’t like being blindfolded,” I tell him.

He laughs. “Bullshit”.

“Fine. SOMETIMES I like to be blindfolded. But right now I am not liking it”. I go to push up the blindfold and his hand grabs mine.

"No. Don't you trust me?" he asks his voice soothing.

"Yea..."

"Then keep it on. Its only a little longer". He lets go of my hand and drops it down to my knee and squeezes.

We drive in silence. I am kinda enjoying the darkness and silence and just feeling his hand on mine. Everyone was concerned about me moving back to the Pitts. It wasn't just Lindsey or my agent. As we sat at dinner a few nights ago at Debbie's, everyone seemed surprised and questionable about my decision to move back.

"But what about your art?" Ben asks.

"I can paint anywhere." I reply.

"But, honey" Emmett begins. "I thought that it was what you wanted".

"Me too" I told them. "But I was miserable. And the longer I stayed there, the more I found myself NOT painting. I had no desire, no inspiration". I glance at Brian sitting next to me. He is looking down on his plate, but I feel his hand on my leg.

I wasn't the only one looking at Brian. Michael was too.

"I'm assuming YOU had something to do with this? Michael asks.

"Justin is a big boy. He makes his own decisions" Brian answers.

"Bullshit". Michael snorts.

"Michael it really isn't any of our business. Brian is right. Justin makes his own decisions. We are his friends. We need to support him". Ben tells him.

Michael huffs and shoves ziti in his mouth.

“Well either way Sunshine, I’m glad your home”. Deb reaches in and pinches my cheek.

“Thanks Deb” I say smiling. I rest my hand on Brian’s and he squeezes. I had made the right decision.

I feel the car come to a stop and him get out of the car. Within seconds my door is open and he takes my hand and helps me out of the car. We walk slowly, his hands never leaving mine. One step. Two step. I am getting a familiar feeling. He lets go of my hand for a second and I hear him jiggling with a key and lock. I hear a door open and he takes my hand again. He leads me in and I hear the door close behind us. Its warm wherever we are, and I feel at ease.

“You ready” I hear him ask. I nod.

The blackness disappears and I open my eyes.

“Oh my god”. I feel like I cant breath.

I am standing in the living room of Britin. It is furnished with black leather couches, old dark oak wooden coffee and end tables, white shaggy rugs and antique lamps. I notice over the fireplace is one of my paintings. I turn and stare at Brian.

“What is all this?” I ask.

He shrugs. I walk out of the living room and into the hallway. It leads down to the kitchen and when I enter I can’t believe my eyes. All new appliances, counters and a breakfast nook. I pot rack hangs in the middle over the counter with state of the art pots and pans. The counters are red and the appliances stainless steel. My mouth is wide open and I had to blink a few times to believe all this was true.

I turn around and he is leaning against the doorway, hands in his pockets.

"I can't believe you did all this," I say softly.

"I wanted you to have everything," he says.

"But...what if I didn't come back home?" I ask.

"I took a chance. Wouldn't be the first time".

I walk over to him and wrap my arms around him.

"The loft is sold. We have to be out by next Monday." He says in my ear.

I look up at him, stunned.

"Are you serious?" I ask.

He nods.

"We can move in here as soon as you want".

I can feel myself starting to cry. I kiss him.

"C'mon. There's more" he takes my hand and leads me through the house. I notice the office off the living room with a new desk and chairs and cabinets. I could tell he was already working from here. I also noticed another one of my paintings hanging in there.

We head up the long staircase. We enter the first bedroom, covered with car and truck wallpaper.

"Gus's room?" I ask

"Just in case he visits," he replies.

The next bedroom is just a simple guest bedroom. He has his hand in mine as I enter the largest bedroom of all.

The bed is huge. A big fluffy black down comforter on the bed. Dark wood furniture through out and leather recliners sit by the sliding glass doors that lead out to the deck.

“Brian” ...

“Shhh” he is behind me now, holding me. I close my eyes. I can’t believe it. I am in such shock I can’t even bring myself to say anything. By the way he was holding me and kissing my neck, I was guessing I didn’t have to.

“One more thing” he says taking my hand.

“Brian no..This is more than enough,” I say following him back into the hallway. He stops in front of a closed door.

“This took me the longest” he says as he opens the door. He swings it open and steps aside for me to walk in first.

I hold my breath as I enter.

I gasp. It was a studio. My studio. Easels, and paints and blank canvases. Brushes, pencils, charcoal, everything an artist would want and need.

In the middle of the room was a long wooden table with drawers and holders for my supplies. It was the brightest room in the house and I knew he had chosen this room to be my studio just for that. I feel tears stream down my face.

“I really can’t believe you did all this Brian. I can’t even believe it”.

He says nothing. I turn around to look at him. He is crying too.

I run to him. Yes ran. I jump into his arms and he lifts me up and I wrap my arms and legs around him.

"I love you. God I love you," he says through tears.

I kiss him our tongues dancing together to a song only we know.

He turns and pushes me against the wall. His hands groping my body and I moan into him. Holding me against the wall with his body and one arm under my butt, he undoes my pants and slides them down my legs. He frees my erection and as his fingers graze it I bite his lip. He undoes his own pants and with one swift motion, they are down and around his ankles. He spits on his hand and wipes his cock. With the excess saliva he rubs it along my hole and shoves 2 fingers in. I groan and he kisses me harder.

He slides me down the wall a bit and with one jerk up he is inside me. He is pounding me so hard the whole room is shaking. He is lifting me up and down on his cock and it feels so good I can't even moan. I come all over his shirt, and he doesn't even care. He just keeps fucking me.

He is grunting and panting as he drives harder and harder into me. His body tenses and he releases his orgasm into me.

"GOD JUSTIN" he screams, echoing the room, and he hugs me to his body. We both slide down the wall and onto the floor. I roll off him and lie on the wooden floor and stare at the ceiling. The only sound in the room is the heavy breathing between us.

"I think...we should...try this...again," he says between gasps for air.

"You gotta wait Bri. I need....a couple of...minutes". I whisper.

"No" he says. I turn my head to the side and look at him.

"Marry me".

Brian's POV

I trip as I walk in the front door.

"Fuck" I mumble to myself and look down. Of fucking course. Justin's sneakers just lying in the middle of the floor. I hang up my jacket and placed my briefcase NICELY next to the front door.

"Oh Justin?" I call to him in a singsong voice.

I hear him whistling from the kitchen. I walk slowly and peak my head around the corner. He is dancing as he stirs something that smells delicious in a pot. He has an apron on and I have to say I have never seen him look more adorable. I shake my head out of daze and concentrate on the issue at hand.

"Justin?" I say entering the kitchen. He jumps.

"Jesus Christ Brian!" he yells. "You scared me!"

I walk into the kitchen and peer over his shoulder into the pot.

"It's beef stew" he says smiling.

"Mmm Hmmm. Um what did I tell you about leaving your sneakers by the front door?" I ask picking at a peanut in a dish on the counter.

"Umm not to?" he says giggling. UGH. I can't stay mad at him. EVER.

I grab him by the arm and push him against the counter. He looks at me with a devious look. So fucking hot.

"Listen young man, you'd better straighten up. I will not put up with this once we are married". I can't help but smile.

He grabs the back of my neck and shoves his tongue down my throat. When he finally pulls back he says in a serious tone "Yes sir".

I make my way around the counter and sit at the breakfast nook. I open the paper and scan the business section. He continues to cook.

"So when are we gonna tell everyone?" he asks.

"Whenever you want," I say not looking up from the paper.

"Lets have a party".

I peer at him over the paper. "A party?" I ask.

"Yea like a dinner party. Not everyone has seen the house yet". He turns the stove off and grabs bowls out of the cabinet.

"If you want", I say.

He stops and stares at me.

"Really?"

I put the paper down and look at him. "Sure".

"Wow. That was easy". He spoons stew into the bowls and brings them to the table. He sits across from me. He is smiling from ear to ear. I look back at the paper.

"What?" I ask.

“Nothing.” He keeps smiling.

I close the paper and put it to the side. I fold my hands and lean against the table. I raise my eyebrows.

“Its just amazing. How much you have changed. If this was even a year ago and I asked to have a dinner party you would have told me to fuck off”. He puts a spoonful of stew in his mouth. He nods toward my bowl. I pick up my spoon and stir it around in my bowl.

“If a party will make you happy, then a party it will be” I take a bite.

He looks at me for a reaction to his dinner. I look into his eyes.

“Its good.”

He smiles and I completely forget about his sneakers by the front door.

He prepared everything. The food, the music, the flower arrangements on the dining room table. He did the place settings perfect. He was so excited.

I stand in the doorway watching him set the last fork on the napkin. He catches me watching him and walks toward me. He puts his arms around my waist.

“You look hot” he says. I nod and nuzzle my face in his hair.

“You too” and I grab his ass.

“Don’t start”, he giggles.

The doorbell rings as if on cue.

Justin bounces to the front door. I laugh.

“Calm down killer” I shout to him.

The guests filter in. We only invited the closest of our friends. Deb and Carl, Emmett, Ted and Blake, newly engaged themselves, Ben and Michael, who had yet to arrive, Jennifer and her new beau, and Daphne. We had called Mel and Linds but they were unable to fly back right now, so we told them the news and they promised they would be there for the ceremony.

After about an hour, we couldn't wait any longer. I stand up and cling my glass with my fork.

"Everyone?" I say loudly. All eyes were now on me. I look at Justin and smile. He stands.

"Well not everyone. Does anyone know where Michael and Ben are?" I ask.

"No, he said he was coming. Maybe Ben got stuck at the school?" Ted says.

"Well I guess he will have to wait to hear the news then". I smile.

"News?" Deb asks.

"First off Justin and I want to thank everyone for coming out to see our new home. It really means a lot to us" I raise my glass to them and they all do the same.

"And we don't need to tell you that this was a long and winding road that brought us here" Justin puts his arm around me and I pull him to me.

"So we wanted you here tonight to tell you, Justin and I are getting married."

"We've heard this before" Emmett says taking a sip of his wine.

"Shut up!" Deb demands.

I laugh.

“No I know. Its ok. Yes you are right. We have been here before. But this time its different. Justin and I have built a home here. We are together and neither of us are going anywhere”.

“We love you all and wanted to tell you face to face. We want all of you a part of this.” Justin says squeezing my side as he hugs me.

Ted stands up and raises his glass. “To Brian and Justin” he says.

Everyone stands and raises their own glasses. “To Brian and Justin” they all sing in unison.

I look down at Justin and he reaches up to kiss me. As I get lost in his kiss, I hear the front door open and Michael and Ben come barreling in.

“Brian!” he yells as he enters the dining room.

“Where the fuck have you been?” I ask walking around the table toward him. His eyes are red and he looks like shit.

“Mikey, what’s the matter?” I ask grabbing his shoulders.

“Why haven’t you answered your phone?” he ask frantic.

“My cell is upstairs. What the fuck is the matter?” I yell.

“Brian” ...tears stream down his face. I look at Ben who keeps his head down.

“Michael! Fucking tell me!” I scream.

Michael looks up into my eyes....

“There was an accident” ...

Chapter 7

Justin's POV

“Do you understand the terms of the will Mr. Kinney?” the lawyer asks.

I glance at Brian who is sitting stone faced next to me. He is holding my hand on the table. I squeeze gently. He nods.

“But I have one term I would like to discuss”, Brian answers.

“Yes Mr. Kinney?”

“I want Mr. Taylor to also be Gus's father. I want papers drawn up and I want him adopted”. Brian looks the lawyer square in the eye. I see Michael and Ben sitting at the table across from us, wide eyed.

“Mr. Kinney, this is a serious matter, and all a little sudden I know, we really need to get Gus settled first before we start making decisions” ...Brian cuts him off.

“I'm his father right? He's mine now right? Then I want Jus...Mr. Taylor to be his adoptive father. We are partners, we own a home together, and we are getting married”...

It's the first time Brian had mentioned the wedding since the news. I feel myself start to cry.

“But Brian, Ben and I have all those things, but Ben isn't adopting Jenny Rebecca” Michael tells him.

"Gus is my son. He will be with me now, and this is what I...what we want." He looks at me. I nod. We actually hadn't talked about this at all. Not that I am objecting. I feel like Gus is like my own son.

"Mr. Taylor, do you understand the will?" the lawyer now asks me.

"Yes sir" I say.

The lawyer sighs and pushes the papers toward Brian.

"Sign here Mr. Kinney. And as for the adoption papers, I will draw them up and we can discuss it next week after"...he trails off and clears his throat.

"..Well after everything is taken care of".

He means the funeral.

"Mr. Novotny?" he pushes the same paperwork just with a different child's name toward Michael and Ben. Brian and Michael both look at each other. They force a weak smile through their lips. They both sign.

Brian had custody of Gus.

Michael had custody of Jenny Rebecca.

And Mel and Linds were dead.

We walk through the front door of Britin and hang up our coats in silence.

He walks up the stairs without waiting for me. I follow.

I find him sitting in Gus's room, on his bed.

"Brian?" I say leaning against the doorframe.

He looks up at me and breathes out slowly.

"4 days." He says. "In 4 days I will be a father".

"Brian you already are a father. You have always been Gus's father. Just now its full time."

"Jesus Christ" he buries his head in his hands. "How the hell am I gonna do this?" he asks. I sit down on the bed next to him and put my arms around him.

"WE are gonna do this just fine" I tell him. I clear my throat.

"Why didn't you tell me?" I ask

He looks up at me. "What?"

"That you wanted me to adopt Gus".

He looks away for a moment and then back to me, teary eyed.

"I guess in a way I wanted it to be a surprise, in this whole fucking mess of a fucked up situation". It was his way. His way to try to make things better, when things couldn't get any worse.

I kiss him gently.

"It was. And I would love to be Gus's father". He smiles, as much as anyone could smile right now, and puts his head on my shoulder. For once I was going to be there for him. I was going to take care of him.

"You're gonna be a great father. Not like you're father. A fucking amazing father".

He nods.

“So are you”, he tells me.

“Ashes to Ashes, Dust to Dust.”

I held Brian’s hand firmly as the lowered both caskets into the ground. He squeezed harder and harder with every inch.

It was hard to fathom. How they could be gone. And how lucky we all were that they had a babysitter that night.

From what we heard it was a drunk driver. Mel and Linds were on their way back from dinner. Gus and Jenny Rebecca with a neighbor.

The car flipped 4x. The other driver died too.

I noticed not one person cried. Everyone too shocked to cry. Or yell. Or anything.

Usually anger takes over for grief and he screams and breaks things. But he didn’t. He was abnormally calm. Sad. But calm. I guess he knew he had to be for Gus now. It terrified him.

We walked to the limo, him a faster pace then the rest of us. Deb walked next to me.

“He going to be ok?” she asks me.

“I hope so”, I tell her. As we approach our limo, he opens the door and peaks in.

“Sonny boy?” he says. Then I see his face. He peers out of the door and climbs out. Brian picks him up and hugs him close. Gus pulls back from Brian for a moment and holds his face.

“Daddy?” Gus asks.

"Yes Gus?" Brian answers quietly.

"What's our new house like?"

"Big Gus. You have your own room. And Justin lives there too" he smiles at his son.

"Daddy?" Gus asks again.

"Yes?"

"Will my Mommy's be living with us too?"

Chapter 8

Brian's POV

I lay with my arms around him, feeling the motion of his breathing against my side. I run my fingers through his hair and kiss his forehead. I wonder how it is possible to love someone so much. How one person could change my whole world. I close my eyes and hold him close to me. He lays cradled against my body, one arm over my torso, his fingers gently stretched out. He is sound asleep and he sighs ever so often. Maybe he is dreaming. Dreaming of far away lands, and things yet to come. I hope whatever he is dreaming, they are good dreams. I never want anything bad to happen to him again. I promised to protect him.

I hear the bedroom door open quietly. I open my eyes and see Justin leaning against the door frame.

"You gonna put him to bed now?" he asks.

"In a few minutes" I say looking down at my son. Justin pads across the bedroom and climbs into our bed. He lays down and puts his head on the pillow next to mine. He caresses Gus's hair. I look over Gus's head and into Justin's eyes. I slowly remove my arm from around Gus.

"You wanna put him in bed?" I ask Justin. He sits up a little and smiles at me.

"Yea" he says gently.

He scoops Gus up and cradles him in his arms and slowly gets up from the bed. I watch the two men in my life walk out of the room and have a sense of satisfaction wash over me.

I remember the night 6 years ago when I met these two boys who would now be my entire world. One, my son. My sonny boy. The tiny version of me who, when he looks in my eyes, could take away every sad part of my soul. When he calls me "Daddy" it fills a void that had been in my heart for so long.

The second is Justin. My lover. My partner. My friend. My Sunshine. There was no way of knowing when I met him 6 years ago what an impact he would have on my life. And to think I met them on the same night. Justin even named Gus. It would only make sense that now these 2 men would be the center of my entire world.

He comes back into the room quietly and shuts the switch on the wall and it turns off the lamp on the bedside table. He climbs into bed and nuzzles up next to me. I look deep into his eyes as I put my arms around him.

It had been almost 4 months since Gus had moved in. I hadn't mentioned the wedding and neither did he. He was so amazing with Gus. We had a routine set. Justin got up every morning and got him dressed and fed before school. I drove him to school and Justin picked him up every day. He took him home, helped him with his homework, played with him, and every day they had art time.

There was so many times I would come home from work, and Gus would come barreling down the stairs in one of Justin's old t-shirts, covered in paint, yelling "Daddy! Daddy! Come look what me and Jussy did!" It was the best part of my day.

And then at night I had gotten in the routine of laying in bed and holding him till he fell asleep. Justin never complained. There were even some nights where Gus slept inbetween us all night. Both Justin's and my arms around Gus and holding hands. Justin was such an amazing father. He did it cause he loved Gus. And because he loved me. When Justin got in bed with me it was the best part of my night.

I kiss him gently and he returns the sentiment.

"Do you still want to marry me?" I ask.

"mmmm" he murmurs into my mouth. "Of course".

"How about New Years eve then?" I ask.

"Brian, that's like 2 weeks away. That's not enough time".

"Yea it is. If we have Emmett do it, you know it will get done in time. I think it would be the perfect way to ring in a new year." I kiss him again, this time with more force.

"Yes" he says and his tongue meets mine. "I want to be your husband".

"For better for worse?" another kiss.

"Richer or poorer?" his mouth is so tender against mine.

"Sickness and in health?" I kiss his neck.

"As long as we both shall live?" his hands run down my chest stopping at my nipple and his warm fingers graze them gently.

I pull him into one of the most intense kisses of my life. He presses his body against me and my cock hardens on contact. He must of felt it cause he moans into me. He slides his hand down my sweatpants

and strokes my cock. God. It had been a while since we had done this. All the commotion from Gus moving in, and getting over the tragedy of Linds and Mel. But all I wanted right now was to feel him. I wanted to be inside him.

He pushes my pants down and I wriggle free. I go touch him and find he had already shed his pants. He is a clever one. I touch his cock and he whispers in my ear as he licks it "I want to feel you. Its been too long". I kiss him harder and our hands grab at each other's cocks. He kisses down my chest and stomach and when he reaches my dick he takes it in his mouth in one swift movement. He is sucking so fast and hard I think I am about to come right there. He takes one more lick of my dick and then starts with the kisses up my stomach to my chest again.

"I don't want you to come in my mouth, I want you to come inside me" he mumbles through kisses on my body. I roll over on top of him and start to kiss his lips, cheeks, neck, ever part of his body I can.

"Well I want you to come in MY mouth" I tell him.

I work my way down his body and when I reach his manhood I slowly lick the precum that had formed. He bucks into me and I hold down his hips and take him in my mouth. I nip at the soft skin on his cock with my teeth. He lets out a whimper that makes my heart tremble. I love the noises he makes. I go to town on his cock, sucking and licking every inch. I deep throat him so far I get his balls in my mouth too. This drives him crazy.

He starts groaning and grabbing my hair and I know he is close. I release his balls with my mouth and start to massage them with my hands. I take a few more deep sucks and he grabs the back of my hair so hard it makes me whimper a little. He is trying not to scream. Gus is only a few feet away now. He unloads in my mouth and I lick up every last drop of him. I inch back up to him and he is panting.

"How do you want me to fuck you Justin?" I ask him. He looks deep into my eyes and touches my face.

"Like the first time".

I put his legs over my shoulders and kiss him so deeply I feel like I am lost in him. His hands in my hair, the way he smells, his innocence surrounds me.

I reach for the lube in the drawer in the bedside table. I flick open the cap and pour it on my cock. I throw the bottle on the floor and rub the cold fluid over my cock and with the excess on my fingers I stick them into his hole and he gasps.

I lean down and kiss his mouth. "This wont be like the first time" I tell him

"Why's that?"

With one thrust I am inside him and he closes his eyes and bites his lip so he doesn't grown too loud.

"That's why" I whisper to him. His ass is so tight around me I have to pace myself so I don't explode too soon. I feel his cock hard again, against my stomach. It excites me more. I kiss him deeply with every thrust.

"Tell me again" I ask him.

He moans a little as I thrust a little deeper that time.

"Yes. Yes I will marry you". He moans.

I pull all the way out of him and then thrust back into him again.

"Tell me" he moans.

I kiss his lips and whisper against his lips, "I love you".

I thrust one last time into him and unload my love inside him. I bite his shoulder to keep from screaming. He lowers his legs from my shoulders and I relax on top of him. He traces his fingers over my back and kisses my neck.

"I love you" he says.

"MMM" I say into his shoulder.

"So new years eve?" he asks.

I roll off him and reach for the towel under the bed. I clean myself off and hand the towel to Justin.

"Yea if you want it to be" I tell him.

"I just want it to be perfect. And with all that's happened I don't want anyone to think we are trying to celebrate or something" he looks at me concerned. I lean on my elbow and look at him.

"We are celebrating. Celebrating being alive. Being together. And it will be perfect." I kiss him, "Because you are".

"You are too" he tells me. I laugh.

"Right. Perfect. Perfectly fucked up. Perfectly old. Perfectly messing up my son's life".

"Stop" he says. "You're a great father. And you're not old. And you're far from fucked up. You should be proud of yourself"

I shake my head at him and roll onto my back.

"Brian?" he asks.

"Mmm?"

"Listen to me. Are you listening?" he says smirking.

I roll my tongue into my cheek and look at him with a raised eyebrow.

"I have been proud of you since the moment I met you. And I am going to be proud to be your husband". I stare at him for a long time before reaching over and kissing him. He nuzzles into me and takes his familiar spot on my shoulder and I wrap my arms around him. I stare at the ceiling for a long time thinking again how that one night changed my

entire life. And how I know from this day forward, there was no going back. And I didn't want to. I had the two most important people in my life just a few feet from each other. And it was all I needed. I took one more look at Justin, sound asleep, before I too closed my eyes. Perfect.

Chapter 9

Justin's POV

"So you will be married like my Mommy's were?" Gus asks us.

"Yes. And Justin will be your father too" Brian answers him.

Gus taps his lips with his fingers as to signal to us he is thinking over what we had just told him.

"And what would I call Jussy?" he asks.

"Anything you want Gus. You can call me Justin if it makes you feel more comfy than calling me Dad" I tell him.

He taps his finger again, but this time against his forehead to show us he is thinking again.

"Ok I'll think about it. Can I go play now?" he asks.

"Yea go on Gus" Brian answers. We watch as Gus bounces off the couch and up the stairs.

"Well I guess that went well," Brian says turning to me. I walk over to him and put my arms around him.

"It did. He will be ok" I cuddle against his body and he kisses my head.

"4 days. I can't believe it's only 4 days away," I mumble into his chest.

"I know. Oh!" he pulls back and looks down at me. "We have an appointment tomorrow afternoon at Armani. Gus too".

I laugh. "Are you really going to dress him in a little Armani suit?"

He smiles. "Did you expect anything else?" he asks. He hugs me to his body again and ruffles my hair. "You need a hair cut," he tells me.

"Fuck you. My hair is fine". I touch my hair, insecurely.

"Fine. It's just our wedding. No big deal". He rolls his eyes.

"My hair was this long the last time"..I trail off and realize what I am saying. He pulls away and starts toward the kitchen. I wait a few seconds and then follow behind him. I find him leaning against the counter.

"I'm sorry Brian," I tell him. He doesn't turn around.

"I know." Is all he says.

"I promised not to bring it up and I did."

"You can talk about it Justin. It was a part of our lives. It happened." He turns slowly around, wringing his hands together.

"But it shouldn't have" I walk to him, and lean into him.

He puts one arm around me. He leans his forehead on mine and closes his eyes.

"Mmm. Just forget it ok? Lets not talk about it". I nod and start out of the kitchen. I wanted to go paint.

"Do you remember the night I told you I knew about him?" I hear him ask. I don't turn around.

"Yea."

"I told you it was your call where you wanted to be. For you to decide?" he continues.

"Yea. And like an idiot I chose him" I turn around.

"No. You chose you. You chose to do what was best for you. And when you left for NY, you did the same thing." He looks up at me.

"What's your point Brian?" I ask him.

"That it was the best thing for you. It's all I'm saying. I'm not mad. I just want you to know that. I was never mad at you. I just wanted you to choose what was best for you. Its what I have always wanted." He kicks his foot into the floor.

"And I choose us." I tell him. He smirks.

"Ok."

"Ok?" I ask.

"Yea ok!" he laughs. He is so dramatic sometimes. I turn to walk away again.

"I loved you then." I hear him say. I say nothing.

"I made it seem like I didn't. Like I would never. But I want you to know I did". I feel him come up behind me and put his arms around me. He kisses my neck and I close my eyes.

"I know the moment". He whispers.

"Huh?"

"I know the moment I knew I loved you". He kisses my cheek.

He said "If we're gonna make this work
You gotta let me inside even though it hurts
Don't hide the broken parts that I need to see"
He said "Like it or not it's the way it's gotta be
You gotta love yourself if you can ever love me"

"Mmm...and when was that Mr. Kinney?" I ask smiling.

"The night I came home after we left your parents and you came to live with me. You had made dinner remember?" he asks.

I did remember. Every second.

"I made Jambalaya" I tell him.

"I know. It wasn't bad". I smile.

"But that's when I knew. Sitting across from you, coming home to you. And even though I knew, I let you go". He buries his face in my shoulder. I turn around and hug him.

But remember the time I told you the way that I felt
That I'd be lost without you and never find myself
Let's hold onto each other above everything else
Start over, start over

"It doesn't matter Brian. We are past all this. None of that matters anymore." I kiss him gently.

"I'm gonna give you everything" he mumbles.

"You already have". I tell him.

We walked to Armani the next day, Gus in between us, holding each of our hands. We explained to Gus what he had to do for the wedding.

"I'm sad Mommy won't be there" Gus says. Brian and I look at each other.

"I know sonny boy. But she will be there. She will be looking down on us from Heaven." My mouth drops open.

Did Brian just make a religious reference? Holy shit. He eyes me staring out of the corner of his eye and just nods. I didn't dare question him. As we approach Armani Gus gasps.

“My shoe is untied” and he raises his leg to me so I can see his laces undone on his sneaker.

“Tie his shoe for him. I’m going to go tell them we are here ok?” Brian says.

“Ok” I lean down and prop his foot on my knee.

“Ok let me show you Gus. I’m gonna make bunny ears. See? Take the two bunny ears and swoop them together like this, and then pull”. I tie his shoe, his eyes wide the whole time.

“Jussy! That is so cool! Do this one now!” he drops his one foot and props his other foot on my knee. I laugh. I go through the same routine with this shoe as the other one, Gus never taking his eyes off my fingers.

“Ta Da! All done” I throw my arms in the air and smile at him. He throws his arms around me and hugs me so tight around my neck I almost can’t breathe. I don’t care though. I hug him back and almost cry. I love this kid. I love this kid more than I love myself.

“You’re a natural” I hear a voice behind me say. I freeze. I know that voice.

“Has it been that long? You have a kid now?” the voice laughs a little. I slowly get up, picking up Gus with me and cradling him against me. I turn slowly around and look into brown eyes.

Ethan.

Chapter 10

Brian's POV

I saw him through the glass. I saw him even before he spoke to Justin. Hair all messed up thinking he was god's gift to gay PA. Sorry sir that title is already taken. Well, not taken anymore. But that title has been retired. When he smiled down at my boys, I wanted to jump through the glass and kill him. I waited. Justin got up and turned around slowly. Ethan smiling the whole time. Bastard.

Justin looked uncomfortable but as the conversation drew on, he seemed more relaxed by the second. Is this real jealousy? I had been jealous before. Jealous of Michael's boyfriends, jealous of Michael and Justin's comic. Jealous of Brandon. But as I watched Justin talking to him, my heart hurt.

And when I saw him smile, the sunshine that only he was supposed to expose for me, I felt the worst rage I had ever felt in my life. I saw Ethan's hand reach over and tickle Gus and I lost all control. I swung open the glass door as hard as I could.

"Take your hands OFF my son!"

Justin's POV.

I couldn't speak. I held Gus close to my body and stared at Ethan.

"Well?" Ethan asked smiling.

"What?" I ask confused.

"Is he yours?" he asks.

I shake my head. "No this is Brian's son. Gus".

"Ahhh, ok" Ethan replies. "He is adorable. Looks just like him".

I look at Gus and smile. He buries his head into my neck, trying to be shy.

"Yea he does." I look back at Ethan.

"What are you doing here?"

"Visiting. Taking a break from touring. You know" he smiles seductively. He must be so damn proud of himself. Still charming. Fucker. "You?" he asks.

"Um..well actually" ...

"Jussy and Daddy are getting married!" Gus tells Ethan. I look at Gus wide-eyed.

"Is that a fact?" Ethan asks staring at me.

"Yea. In 3 days. " I tell him. For some reason I cant look him in the eye. What the fuck is the matter with me?

"So what are they getting you a tiny suit?" Ethan asks Gus in a singsong voice as he reaches in and tickles him.

Just then the door to Armani swings open and I hear Brian's loud and angry voice of thunder.

"Take your hands OFF my son!"

Brian's POV

Ethan slowly takes his hand away from Gus.

“Brian, nice to see you” he says smirking. “Your son was just telling me how you two gentleman are getting married”.

I take Gus from Justin’s arms and cradle him to me.

“Daddy do you know him?” Gus asks me.

“Yea, you could say that Sonny boy”. I tell my son.

“Jussy is this your friend?” Gus asks Justin leaning out of my arms toward him.

Justin clears his throat. “Yea Gus. He was, a long time ago”.

“Before you knew Daddy?” he asks.

“No.” Justin tells him. “Not before Daddy.” He won’t look at me.

Ethan steps back for a moment and then continue to speak.

“I heard you were in NY for a while” he says to Justin.

Justin nods.

“So what happened? Heard you were making a killing there”.

Justin looks up. My skin is burning.

“How the hell do you know?” He asks Ethan.

“I followed your progress. The comic, your art. Always knew you’d end up big. Then I heard you just packed it up and took off. Should have known why” he snorts.

“And what the fuck does that mean?” Justin demands.

“It means I knew you’d never let him go. You’d sacrifice yourself for him. To each their own I guess”. He shrugs.

“You don’t know shit about sacrifice,” Justin yells.

“I would have. I would have given it all up for you. But, alas, back to Brian you ran. And what has he given up for you? “ Ethan asks.

My heart pounded against my chest so hard I thought I was going to have a heart attack. Stay calm Kinney. You have Gus in your arms.

“But you didn’t give up anything. You chose you. Which is fine Ethan. Because someone had to. Cause I sure as hell didn’t choose you”. Justin tells him.

Ethan laughs. “Oh how quickly you forget. You did choose me. And at the first chance you got you ran back to Brian when things didn’t go your way”.

Justin says nothing. Fuck Justin. Scream at him. Tell him your happy. Tell him how much we love each other.

Ethan leans into Justin. “I could still be the one to give you everything” he whispers inches from Justin’s face.

I put Gus down on the sidewalk and push him behind my legs.

“Sorry Asshole that position is filled”. The rage consumes me and my fist hits his face with a crack. He falls back and grabs his nose.

“Mother fucker!” Ethan screams.

“Brian!!!” Justin shoves me and I fall back into Gus. I am breathing heavy and I look down at Gus whose mouth is wide open.

“Daddy! You don’t like Jussy’s friend?”

I look back at Justin who reaches out to touch Ethan’s arm. I scoop Gus up walk away. Away from him. Away from our tux appointment. What was the point? He didn’t really want to be with me anyway.

Justin’s POV.

As I watched Brian hit Ethan panic struck me. What the hell was he doing? I pushed him and went to Ethan.

What the fuck was I doing? Brian had every right to be angry. Ethan was a prick, but I guess I figured if I went to Ethan, maybe he wouldn’t swing back. Or press charges. And to do that in front of Gus! Jesus!

“Nice huh?” Ethan asks as he spits blood onto the sidewalk.

“Well what did you expect?” I ask him.

“I’m glad to see you with someone so violent.”

“He isn’t. He is gentle and kind. He loves me. He takes care of me. He has given up everything to be with me. He bought me this house. God you should see it. It has everything I have ever wanted. He is

everything I have ever wanted. So no Ethan, you can't be the one who gives me everything. Cause he already has".

I take one last look at him, his hands to his face wiping his blood, and turn on my heel and walk away.

Brian had probably left me there. I turn the corner and see him sitting on a bench with Gus. He is holding his bloody hand so Gus cant see it. I stop in my tracks. I had hurt him again.

Brian's POV

I had finally lost it. I had become what I hate. My father. I had let the rage consume me and I had hit someone. I mean yea I had hit Michael before. But not like I hit Ethan. God my hand hurt. I probably broke his nose. No wonder Justin stayed there with him. I was a monster. Who would want to be with someone like that? I see him walking toward me as I sit on the bench with Gus. He is leaning against me, rubbing my arm.

"Daddy its ok. I'm not mad". He says gently. Out of the mouths of babes.

He stands in front of me. I don't look up.

"What were you thinking? And in front of Gus?" he says to me.

"Jussy, you made Daddy sad" Gus says to him. God, insightful too.

"Daddy made me sad too Gus". He tells him.

“He doesn’t like your friend. He told me he got sad when you were talking to him”. Gus takes Justin’s hand and makes him sit on the bench next to him.

I couldn’t help but smile. Our counselor.

“Brian” ...he starts to say.

“Please don’t. Justin just don’t.” I tell him.

“I have to. I’m sorry. I should have told him to fuck off. I should have told him to get the fuck away from me. But I didn’t. I have no balls.” He leans back against the bench.

“I was afraid. I know you loved him”.

“What?” he exclaims. “No I didn’t! Jesus, that’s what you think?”

I say nothing and just stare straight ahead. It’s cold. My hands are freezing.

“I didn’t love him. I don’t love him. I have only ever loved one person.”

“Me too” I tell him.

“I told him he couldn’t give me everything. That you already had”. He tells me.

I close my eyes and breath out. “I’m sorry.”

“Daddy don’t cry” Gus tells me. I look down at my son and hug him to me.

“Hug Jussy Daddy.” My son asks me.

I look up at Justin and he is smiling. I extend my hand out and pull him to me by the back of his neck. He nuzzled into my shoulder and I feel his arms go around me. Gus joins in the hug and giggles. I kiss Justin gently and then kiss Gus on the top of his head.

“Can we go get tuxweddos now?” Gus asks.

We both laugh and stand up. Gus jumps off the bench and takes each of our hands.

“No more fighting. You are getting married,” he says pulling us up the sidewalk. I look at Justin and smile. He smiles back, a big toothy grin. There it is. The sunshine that is only for me.

Justin’s POV

I step out of the dressing room and look at myself in the mirror. I am having the worst Déjà vu ever. It feels like just yesterday I was doing this same exact thing with Brian. But it was so different now. So much had changed.

I run my hands along the fabric of my red tie and stared at my reflection. Brian was right. I do need a haircut.

I hear the other dressing room door open and Brian and Gus come out in their suits. Brian’s matches mine, but god he makes it look so much better. And little Gus, a spitting image of his father, bounces over to me.

“I feel so grown up Jussy!” he twirls around and I laugh and pat his head. I look up at Brian and he is just staring at me.

“Don’t tell me I look beautiful,” I tell him.

“Fine I won’t.” He walks the mirror and straightens his jacket.

I stare at him for a long time thinking how fucking lucky I was to be with him. He was the most amazing man.

Smart, good looking, determined, caring, and successful. And I had no fucking clue what he was doing with a pipsqueak like me. I stared at myself in the mirror and thought I looked like a kid in his fathers suit. I still had my baby face. I wondered if I would ever look old enough. I was 24 but still felt and looked 17. I looked back at Brian. 35 and still the most beautiful man I had ever seen.

I saw his hand all cut up and I cringe. I had done that to him. I had made him so upset he had to punch someone. But he didn’t hold a grudge. He doesn’t anymore about anything. He trusts me. He believes every word I tell him. He takes it, puts it in his heart, and moves on. The scene that just happened was just another part of our saga. Another story in the long list of ones that make us who we are together. No regrets. We lived by it now.

“So this ok? What do you think?” he asks turning toward me.

I nod.

“It looks ok on me?” he turns to the side so I have a better view.

I smile.

“You look beautiful.”

Brian's POV

I could hear the commotion downstairs. Everyone was waiting for us. Me, always being fashionably late, was still sitting in the bedroom. I stood in front of the dresser and gently traced the manila envelope I had been hiding since I picked it up yesterday afternoon. I take one more look at myself in the mirror and breath out. This was it.

I walk out of the bedroom and head down the hall. I step in front of the guest bedroom door and slightly knock and then open it slowly.

I see him standing in front of the mirror, fixing his tie. He whirls around.

"Brian! You can't see me now! Its bad luck!" he yells.

I smile and close the door behind me.

"I have to give you something." I tell him and walk towards him. He is breath taking. Perfect. And he had gotten his haircut.

Cause I've seen rainbows that could take your breath away
The beauty of the setting sun, on any given day
And when it comes to shooting stars I have seen a few
But I've never seen anything as beautiful as you

"No, not now Brian".

"Yes now." I hand him the envelope. He looks down at it.

"What's this?" he asks taking it carefully out of my hand.

I shrug and try not to smile.

He opens it carefully and pulls out the papers. I watch his face intently as he reads. He doesn't look up for a long time. And then I see a tear hit the paper. I take my finger and lift his chin so he looks at me. Tears are streaming down his face.

"I wanted to give them to you before the wedding. I wanted to surprise you."

He hugs the papers to his chest and closes his eyes.

"He's mine," he whispers. I bring Justin into my arms and hold him.

"Yes" I whisper in his ear. "Gus is your son now".

He wraps his arms around me and cries into my shoulder.

"I love you" I hear muffled. I hug him tighter, the papers pinned between us. Our future pinned to our hearts.

I walked with Michael down the aisle and smiled at all our guests. We had converted the living room into a banquet hall. Hell it was big enough. I made sure whatever instrumental music they were playing had no violin music in it what so ever. Michael held my hand as we walked. He was already crying.

"This is it," he whispers to me. I nod. I am so nervous I can barely breath.

I reach the minister and I smile at him. He nods in appreciation. I turn my attention to the aisle and see Gus practically skipping. Awe's and Oooo's come from the crowd. He wears a tiny Armani suit with a red tie. Just like Justin's and mine. He sees me and runs to me and throws his arms around my legs.

"Gus go sit with Aunt Debbie ok?" I tell him. Debbie puts her arms out for him from the first row. Then I see her. Sitting next to Debbie is my mother. She smiles at me as our eyes meet. I force a tiny smile. Debbie's doing I'm sure.

Michael touches my back and look at him over my shoulder. Suddenly I hear the music fade and everyone stands and turns their attention to the door. I hold my breath.

Jennifer emerges first dressed in a cream Gucci tailored suit. A gift from Justin and I. She looked amazing. She smiles at me and holds her hand out and I see Justin's hand intertwine with hers. My heart pounded against my chest. His smile lit up the whole room. He was so happy. And I could have died right then and felt fulfilled.

Our eyes meet from a far and I smile at him. Not a smirk, a smile. Bright, toothy and genuine. It came so naturally when he was around. It felt like an eternity until he reached me but I could have watched him in that moment forever. When he reaches me, he turns and kisses his mother. When they separate she smiles at me and I take her hand and pull her into a hug. She seems surprised at first but I felt her arms go around me naturally. When we part, she smiles and wipes her eyes.

I turn to Justin and take his hand.

"What greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel that they are joined together to strengthen each other in all labor, to minister to each other in all sorrow, to share with each other in all gladness, and to be one with each other in the silent unspoken memories." The minister begins.

"We are here today to join Brian and Justin in their commitment to each other."

He squeezes my hand.

"I believe the two of you have some things to express to each other?" he asks us.

We nod and Justin takes out a piece of paper out of his pocket and unfolds it.

"I found this poem in a magazine when I was living in NY. I ripped it out and kept it in my bedside table drawer. When we moved in, I found it and I feel like I was meant to keep it for this reason". He looks into my eyes and clears his throat and begins.

"Walk with me, the path of life,
to explore every bend of the road
Enjoy with me the beauty of life,
along its wonderful way

Find comfort with me, in each other's arms,
when grief crosses our path
Find strength with me, in each other's strength,
when despair lies in wait

Laugh with me, a single true laugh,
to enlighten another's distress
Cry with me, a single true tear,
to understand true happiness

Cherish with me, the wonders of life,
as they need to be preserved
Rejoice with me, in the mysteries,
of what is yet to be

Find peace with me, in each other's souls,
when the world has gone insane

Find love with me, in each other's hearts,
until this life has been fulfilled

And when the path comes to an end
I hope we can say from within
We've known the beauty of true love,
our love came from within"

He folds up the piece of paper and puts it back in his pocket. He looks up at me and smiles shyly.

"That was beautiful," I whisper to him.

I rub my chin and sigh.

"You know I am not good at this. I have tried so hard to think of some poem I wanted to say to you, or some song for them to play. But I guess the only real way to tell you how I feel is to have it come right from my own head. I remember one night a couple of years ago; I asked you how I ever got by before you came along. And you told me I didn't. You have never been more right Justin. You have changed me. Made me feel things I didn't know I could feel. I learned to care about someone, love someone, other than myself. Made me want to give anything, do anything, be anything to make someone happy. No matter how many times I pushed you away, you just pushed harder back and loved me that much more. I'm not sure where I would be now without you in my life."

He takes my hands and looks into my eyes. I swear I see my future reflecting in them.

"I love you. I can't really believe how much I fucking love you". I keep his stare with mine and then look at the minister and nod.

"Do we have the rings?" the minister asks.

Debbie pushes Gus off her lap and points to Justin and me. He skips to us and hands me one ring.

"Here Daddy" he says smiling.

I take the ring from his tiny hand and look at Justin.

"Please repeat Brian. With this ring I proclaim my love and commitment to you. Now and forever".

I look deep into my lover's eyes and slide the ring on his finger. "With this ring I proclaim my love and commitment to you now and forever" I say in almost a whisper.

Justin looks down at Gus and my son hands him the ring.

"Here Dad" he says smiling. Justin looks up at me stunned. I smile at him and he looks back down at Gus and smiles brightly.

"Thank you Gus".

He slides the ring on my finger.

"With this ring I proclaim my love and commitment now and forever".

We hold each other's hands tightly.

"In the eyes of your hearts and the friends and family that have joined us here, I now pronounce you committed to each other in love and life."

I take Justin in my arms and kiss him. He makes a MMMM noise as I taste my future on my lips.

We turn toward the crowd.

"Ladies and Gentleman, let me introduce, Mr. Brian Kinney-Taylor and Mr. Justin Taylor-Kinney."

A thunderous applause erupts from our guests and as we turn toward the crowd we see we have a standing ovation. Jennifer, and Debbie crying their eyes out. Daphne whistling through her fingers. Ted and Emmett clapping as hard as they possibly can. And my mother, smiling. For once.

"You did it Brian. You married some one". Justin whispers to me.

"Not just someone. You. " I kiss him again.

We danced and drank and laughed and smiled all night. Our friends shared in our happiness. Emmett did such a good job. It was perfect down to every last detail. Classical music played while everyone laughed, talked and drank. I stood off the side and watched Justin mingle through the crowd. Every once in a while he would glance around, looking for me. When his eyes finally met mine he just smiled. I tipped my champagne glass to him and smiled.

I was in amazement of all the people who had come here to celebrate with us. There were people who couldn't be there. It saddened me at times when I would look around the room and notice Mel and Linds not there with us. But when I saw Gus dancing away, it eased my heart because I knew a part of them was with Justin and I today. They would always be a part of my family. We were all family I realized. This was the only real family I had ever known. And as I stood there in a room filled with the people I cared the most about in the world I knew we would always survive.

I watch as Justin makes his way toward me in the crowd. He reaches me, takes my glass of champagne out of my hand and sets it down. He takes my hand and leads me into the middle of the room.

"Forgive me for picking such a corny song, but I love it and it seemed perfect for us." He tells me as he nods toward Emmett. He moves slowly against me as I hear the music fill the room.

I hold him close to me and sway with him to the music. His arms are tight around me and I smell his skin. My heart hurts in that moment because loving him this much is just too much to take. Everything we had sacrificed to be here. All the obstacles we had to overcome to be together. Angry fathers, Asshole Homophobes, twat violin players, cancer, bombings, and lastly me. I had kept us from this moment for so long due to my stubborn pride.

"I'm sorry it took me so long to get here," I whisper to him.

"You were worth the wait," he tells me. I kiss him and he consumes all I am.

"All I want is to make you happy" he tells me. I have to laugh.

"Sunshine, you already have."

I twirl him around and bring him into my body again with one swift movement. He laughs and nuzzles into me. I smile down at him and touch his face. My life had finally begun.

As people filtered out I could tell Justin was getting antsy. It probably took all the strength he had all day not to jump my bones somewhere. Trust me I had my moments where I wanted to shove him into the bathroom for a quickie. But I wanted tonight to be special so I refrained.

My mother congratulated the both of us and hugged us goodbye before leaving. It wasn't much, but it was a start.

"Maybe I don't agree with all this, but you're happy Brian and that's all that matters".

I smile at her and she walks out the door.

As I said goodbye to the last of our guests to leave, Debbie, Michael, Ben and Hunter of course, I could feel how weak my legs were from standing and dancing all day. I closed the door behind them and leaned against the door.

I stare at him my head leaning back.

"I am so fucking tired," I say to him. He laughs and heads up the stairs.

I follow behind slowly. I stop at Gus's door and peak inside. Sound asleep. I close his door and head down the hallway.

I notice the light on in his studio. I find him standing by an easel. A canvas on it under a sheet.

"What are you doing?" I ask.

"Now I have something for you" he says to me. "It's not much. It's not a watch or something expensive. But it's taken me a long time to finish. And I wanted to give it to you tonight." He breathes in and removes the sheet off the easel.

My eyes widened. It was....

"It's us. From the prom. I had a memory when I was in New York. I remembered how you looked, smelled, felt. And I got up in the middle of the night and started painting it. It just poured out of me. It was the best night of my life. Until tonight".

I can't take my eyes off the painting. It's us all right. Him in his tux, me in my suit. White scarf and everything. He was smiling and so was I. I was holding him. God I remember it so clear. And at the bottom in script, he had painted his initials. JTK.

He walks to me.

"I wanted it to be a surprise. I wanted you to know I remembered it so clearly now." Stop reading my mind Justin,

"You don't like it" he says,

I shake my head. He goes to pick up the sheet off the floor.

"Shit I knew it was corny. I should have gotten you the watch." I grab his arm.

"No. Its...it's the most amazing thing I have ever seen" I tell him. I pull him to me. He puts his arms around my neck.

"Where do you want to hang it?" he asks me.

"At Kinnetic. Above my desk." I answer.

"Are you serious?" he asks wide eyed.

I nod. He hugs me so tight I start to choke. He laughs and I tickle him so he loosens his grips. I scoop him up in my arms and start to carry him out of the studio and down the hall.

"What are you doing?" he asks laughing.

"Carrying you over the threshold" I tell him. I carry him into our bedroom and practically throw him on the bed.

"Always the romantic" he says smiling.

"Shit, that was romantic," I say crawling toward him in bed on my knees. I am slowly undoing the buttons on my shirt.

"So what ever shall we do now?" he asks with a seductive look in his eye.

"I'm sure we can think of something" I say and devour his mouth with mine.

I lay him down onto the bed and trace my fingers over his face. He is mine. After all this time, he was truly mine. My friend, my partner, my husband. My future. I sing in his ear....

"You are my sunshine, my only sunshine. You make me happy when skies are gray. You'll never know dear how much I love you. Please don't take my sunshine away.

He looks in my eyes and touches my face. His eyes filled with tears he whispers

"I love you Brian Kinney. Before, now and forever".

Brian's POV

Our tongues danced in a pool of saliva and sweat that poured from our body. His skin was as smooth against mine as the satin sheets on the bed. I don't know what my body was more wet with, my sweat, his sweat, or our spit. He licked parts of my body I had forgotten I had. He made me feel pleasure I wasn't sure existed. Our hands intertwined the whole time we made love. The new metal centerpiece on our fingers hitting each other with every throw of passion. Every time I felt the cold piece of metal on my skin, it made me moan with pleasure more. Who would have thought something so small would mean so much.

When my cock entered him it felt like the first time. So new, so thrilling. Cause as I made love to him I knew it was the first time for the rest of my life. I would never want or need anyone else to pleasure me. He moaned under me as I thrust slowly inside him. My cock burned with fire. I pulled all the way out, and slowly slid back in.

"Briiiaannn" he moaned as I pushed my cock as far as it would go inside him. I reached my hand in front of him and stroked his prick. He stretches his neck and reaches his tongue out to mine. I have him pushed all the way to the head of the bed; I lean back and pull him on top of me to straddle me backwards. My knees on the bed, his legs stretched out behind him.

One of his hands reached back on the back of my neck. His other balancing himself on the wall in front of him. I put my hand on his on the wall and push into him. Our fingers mesh and I feel the sweat pour out of him onto my flesh. I lick the sweat from his neck, and shoulders. He tastes like strawberries.

His hand leaves the back of my neck and reaches for the champagne bottle on the nightstand. He takes a swig and reaches back and licks my lips. I taste the reminisce of the bubbly on his lips and he I watch as he pours some from the bottle onto his chest. Jesus Christ. My cock hardens more inside him, if it's even possible. That was the hottest thing I have ever seen.

I lean over him as far as I can to lick his chest. Suddenly I feel the champagne hit my hair, face and neck and realize he is pouring the bottle over us. As it pours from the bottle he holds his tongue out. I lick his tongue and bit at his lips as the warm champagne runs down our bodies.

Justin's POV

He flips me over onto my back with one easy move. Somehow I keep the bottle upright. He licks my whole body, drinking up every drop of champagne and sweat on me. He grabs the bottle from me and takes a drink. He pours some on his dick and thrusts into me. Holy shit. That feels fucking amazing. I open my mouth and he slowly drips the alcohol onto my tongue.

He smashes his mouth into mine and we drink it together. He starts pushing harder and harder. Faster and faster and his eyes squeeze shut and I know he is close. I lock my fingers in his.

"Come Brian. Let me feel you come inside me" I whisper.

“Oh Christ Justin” — I feel him unload inside me, his cock pulsating. It makes my own dick twitch with pleasure. He holds himself over me, out of breath, balancing the champagne bottle on the bed.

“That...was...the hottest...fucking...thing...you...have ever...done” he says to me.

“Your not mad about the sheets?” I ask.

“Fuck the sheets. That was worth the 300 dollars I spent”. He runs his fingers through my champagne and sweat drenched hair.

“Roll over” I whisper to him. He smiles. He sits up and I take the bottle from him.

He lies on his stomach and I straddle him and sit on his ass. I pour the bottle onto his back and into the crevice of his ass. I lean down and lick his lower back working my way down to his ass. When I reach his hole he arches into my mouth.

“Jesus” I hear him moan into the pillow. I smirk as my tongue darts into him. I lick every drop of champagne out of his ass and slowly lick back up body. His body trembles underneath me. I pour the remaining champagne from the bottle onto my dick and slowly enter him.

“Christ” I hear his muffled moan and push deeper into him.

“How’s that feel?” I moan into his ear.

I can tell he can’t speak. God he is so tight. I know I am only one of a few that have ever been inside him. The thought of that make me harder. The scent of sweet alcohol and sex gets stronger and stronger with every thrust into him. He reaches behind him and grabs my thighs as I enter him. I grab his arm and put it above his head and intertwine my fingers with his. Our rings hit and I squeeze his hand harder. He tightens his hole around my cock and I can feel myself about to explode.

“Come Justin,” he demands. I push as deep as I can into him and he groans loudly into his pillow. His whole body shakes and I know he had just come all over the sheets. The way he shook and the thought of his release made me lose my own control. My dick pulsates and I unload into him.

I dig my nails into his side as I come trying not to scream knowing Gus is asleep in the next room.

I roll off him and sink into the sticky, wet sheets. Brian lays face down for a few minutes, breathing heavy.

“God, did we make a mess” I say to him laughing. He starts to laugh and the whole bed shakes. It’s one of my favorite things about him. When he laughs he puts his whole body into it. He turns his toward me on his pillow and reaches up and tussles my hair.

"Where did you learn to be that kinky?" he asks smirking.

"I can't imagine," I say smiling.

He pulls me to him and he positions me in his arms. He stares into my eyes.

"Tell me what you're thinking right now," he tells me.

I smile. "How lucky I am". I tell him. "You?"

"Great minds think alike," he says leaning in and kissing me.

As I taste my husband on my lips I have no regrets. Not one fight, not one decision, not one word I had ever said. Because if I had changed one thing, who knows if we would have ended up here. But I know, deep down, we would have. Somehow in the big scheme of life Brian and I had found each other. We had overcome so much to make it here. Of all the times I thought his "motto" was bullshit, I know now, it was what got us to this point.

"No apologies. No regrets".

If asked to relive the past 6 years, I would. And I wouldn't change one thing. It made me who I am. It made Brian and I what we meant to each other. It made us who we are to each other. And until our last breath, our past was what brought us to it. And even in death, I know some how our love would live on. In our son, in our friends, and every person's life we touched along the way.

We would be eternal. No matter what.

EPILOGUE

Brian's POV

The ground was soft and wet under my shoes as I walked. I hadn't been here in 6 months, but I knew exactly where I needed to go. As I approached I let out a huge sigh and knelt down, not caring I was making my Gucci pants all wet from the grass. I touch the cold stone and traced my fingers over the letters.

"Hey Linds" I say softly.

I told her about the wedding. How amazing it was. How Justin smiled all night. I told her how Gus did his job so well and he had started to call Justin Dad. I told her that Babylon was doing well, and Kinnetic got the award for best Ad agency in Tri-state area again this year. I told her how big Jenny Rebecca was getting and Michael and Ben were doing an excellent job. I told her Debbie and Carl finally married, and that Ted and Blake's wedding was in 2 weeks. I told her Justin had gotten a job as an art teacher at the college, and he couldn't be happier. I told her Emmett was still Emmett. That would never change.

And lastly I told her I missed her. More and more everyday.

I laid the daises I had gotten her on the earth and leaned in and kissed her tombstone.

"I'm taking good care of our son. He is gonna be all right. I promise".

I stand up and touch the cold stone one more time before walking away.

As sad as I was, I smiled, knowing when I got home my boys would be there waiting for me.

I walked through the front door and stumble. I grab onto the coat rack to balance myself. I look down. Justin's sneakers. I was going to kill him.

I hang up my coat and head toward the voices in the kitchen. I am about to yell but then I see them. Both of them have aprons on. Pots and pans everywhere. My kitchen was a fucking mess. But I couldn't keep my eyes off them. Smiles from ear to ear plastered on their faces. Gus standing on a chair next to the counter and he is leaning over a bowl and mixing as fast as his little arms could go. Justin is stirring something in a pot, but keeping an eye on Gus as he stirs.

If this wasn't what perfection looked like I don't know what was.

I break from my daze and walk into the kitchen.

They spot me.

"DADDY!" Gus yells. "Dad and I are cooking".

"I can see that" I head around the counter and kiss Justin firmly on the lips.

"Did you go?" he asks quietly. I nod. He smiles softly at me.

I move past Justin and lean down and kiss Gus on his head. He squints and smiles as I do so.

"You tired?" Justin asks me.

"Eh a little" I tell him.

"Well you can't be. We are going out tonight" he smiles at me.
I give him a questioning look and point to Gus.

"Hunters coming over to baby sit. We are going out."
"Its ok Daddy. I'll be ok" Gus says looking at me seriously.
I smirk at Justin and he smiles.

What else could I possibly need?

"Good evening Mr. Kinney, Mr. Taylor" the bouncer nods at us and unchains the rope and lets us past.
We thank him and head inside. The pulse from the music was already making our bodies move.

"Drink?" Justin yells over the music. I shake my head. I take his hand and pull him onto the dance floor.
"I just want to dance with you," I tell him.

Our bodies move and grind into each other to the rhythm of the music. His hands are in my hair and I have my arms around his shoulders, my hands locked behind his head. I could tell everyone was looking at us. Here was Brian Fucking Kinney, and his husband. Yup folks. Stare all you want. I wasn't ashamed. I couldn't be more proud.

I look into the window of my mind
Reflections of the fears I know I've left behind
I step out of the ordinary
I can feel my soul ascending
I'm on my way
Can't stop me now
And you can do the same

It's hard to fathom how we got here. How in 6 years my life had turned all the way around. How this persistent little kid had made me change. Made me grow. Made me a man. Made me learn how to love.

What have you done today to make you feel proud?
It's never too late to try
What have you done today to make you feel proud?
You could be so many people

If you make that break for freedom

What have you done today to make you feel proud?

No more running away. I took on every challenge now with a clear head and heart. I had all I needed to help me through anything. I had Justin, My son, my friends, my house, and my work. What else was life all about? I knew obstacles would come. There would be things that would make or break me. But I could handle it. I could handle anything now.

Still so many answers I don't know (there are so many answers)

Realize that to question is how we grow (to question is to grow)

So I step out of the ordinary

I can feel my soul ascending

I'm on my way

Can't stop me now

And you can do the same

I feel a hand on my shoulder and I turn and see Mikey smiling up at me.

"I'm so glad you made it," he says. I lean down and kiss his cheek. Ben is behind him, bopping to the music.

"Hey all" I hear Emmett's voice project over the music. He kisses my cheek softly and I smile. I turn my attention back to Justin and I see Ted and Blake beside him, dancing away. I put my arm around Mikey and pull him and Justin to me. As we all danced I closed my eyes to take it all in. The music, the sound of the people, the sweat, and Justin's arms around me.

And then I realized. This was what everyone was always raving about. Happiness. This was what it truly felt like to be happy. I had never known the feeling could be so strong. The confetti starting to fall from the heavens of Babylon I lifted my arms in the air and just danced.

Yeah we need a change

Do it today (yeah)

I can feel my spirit rising

(change, yeah) we need a change (yeah)

so do it today (yeah)

'Cause I can see a clear horizon

My life had finally begun. Where it leads me now I will never know. But I would be ready. With Justin by my side and my friends around me, I had never been so proud to be alive.

What have you done today to make you feel proud?
So what have you done today to make you feel proud?
'Cause you could be so many people
Just make that break for freedom
So what have you done today to make you feel proud?

END

The Places You Will Go

Chapter 1

Brian's POV

"God dammit!"

I scream as I balance myself from falling by grabbing the coat rack.

AGAIN.

I kick Justin's sneakers across the foyer. I swear I WILL train him to pick up his sneakers.

I hear the faint sound of music and follow it into the house. I stand at the edge of the staircase and place my jacket over the banister. I head upstairs and peak in Gus's room.

He is hunched over his desk, head buried in a book.

"Hey sonny boy."

He turns to look at me with a pained look on his face.

"I hate fractions," he tells me.

I chuckle at my son.

“Where’s your father?” I ask him.

“Painting. He said you would help me when you got home. He’s sad today. Everything he’s painting is black and red.”

It amazes me how much Gus has picked up about Justin’s personality in the past 2 years. Especially about his art. Gus knows when Justin is happy everything is yellow and orange. When Justin is sad it’s black and red. When Justin is mad it’s green.

And when everything is blue, well that’s for me to know and Gus to not figure out until he is much older.

I head slowly down the hallway to his studio. I hear the music I had first heard when I entered the house much louder now.

I stand in the doorway and find him splattering red paint on a canvas. His jeans are covered in black paint and there are red fragments in his blonde locks. Red and black. Just like Gus had said.

“Are you hungry?” I ask him hoping I didn’t startle him.

He stops and turns his head to side so he can see me out of the corner of his eye. I can see red paint on his pale cheeks.

“No. I’m not....I’m not very hungry,” he says softly.

I head over to the stereo and flick it off. I turn around and look at him. He was skinny. He had lost at least 20 pounds and for Justin, that was like losing 100. His shirts were too big and I had to buy him new belts. And even they couldn’t keep his jeans up.

When we fucked I had to be even more careful with him now. That is, when we did fuck. It had been at least 2 months.

He walked into the kitchen and dropped his messenger bag on the chair. He smiled at me as I stirred the sauce in the pot.

“YOU’RE cooking?” he laughs.

“Well if that’s what you want to call it.” I smirk at him as I hold the spoon up for him to come taste. He takes the hint and comes around the counter and takes a lick off the spoon.

“Not bad Kinney.” He kisses me and runs his tongue along my bottom lip.

“Your mom called. She said it was important,” I tell him.

He nods and hits the phone on the wall and says, “Call Mom.”

He insisted on getting that thing. It’s rather annoying.

“Hello?” I hear his mothers voice distraught and panicked.

“Mom? What’s wrong?” Justin asks.

“Oh Justin. Umm...I...Oh dear...” Her voice is quivering.

“Mom? What!? Are you ok? Is it Molly?” He asks now his voice starting to panic. I shut the stove off and make my way around the counter to him. He stands in the middle of the kitchen, horror written across his face.

“It’s not Molly honey. She and I are just fine.” Her voice lowers.

“Then what Mom?” He moves toward the wall and leans his head against the phone, like he is leaning his head on her.

“It’s your father. He...he died honey.”

They said it was a heart attack. He collapsed at work and by the time the paramedics got there it was too late. Justin had not seen his father in 2 years. Not one word was spoken.

When Jennifer had told him that she had given his father the news of our wedding and Justin asked excitedly how he took it, hoping for a good answer, she just smiled and said,

“You know you’re father honey.”

The funeral was cold and harsh just like the weather. I held his hand while the pastor spoke and got shot disapproving looks from the family.

Justin, Jennifer and I stood on one side of the casket, while the rest of Craig's family stood on the other. No one spoke to Justin. Before or after the funeral.

It had been 2 months since then and everything had been black and red.

"Justin, you need to eat," I tell him.

"Stop telling me what to DO!" He screams. "You're not my fa...." He trails off tears burning in his eyes.

"No I'm not." I walk to him and take him in my arms.

He resists at first. I wasn't sure if it was because he didn't want to be touched, which seemed to be the popular reason these days, or because he didn't want to get paint on my suit. I am choosing reason 1.

He finally gives in and collapses in my arms like a child.

"I hate him. I fucking hate him so much. He missed so much. He didn't love me. He never even gave me a chance. He didn't even know me...."

He is crying into shoulder and gripping my arms so tight I am sure he is leaving marks.

"It was his loss Justin. You have to let it go," I whisper in his ear.

"Let it go??!!!" He pulls back from and shoves me away.

"Like you have let it go? So the nights you drink yourself into oblivion STILL, is that you letting it go? Or the fact that even though we are MARRIED now, you STILL have trouble letting me in all the way?"

He is screaming so loud and I worry about Gus hearing. But I don't dare ask him to quiet down. This is actually the first time he has spoken about it since the funeral.

I just stare at him. He was right. Even after everything, I still keep Justin at a slight distance. And he feels it.

"Are you going to go back to class tomorrow?" I ask him finally.

"I don't know," he answers picking his paintbrush back up.

He had been to class twice since the semester had started. I had seen the letter in the garbage.

If he missed one more class he would be dropped from the program.

I knew how hard he worked to get into the education program at the university. A few months after we had gotten married he started teaching an art class at PIFA and he fell in love with it.

He bounced into the kitchen one night more excited than I had seen him in a long time. He had decided to go back to school. He had sent his transcripts and an application into the program and with in 2 weeks he had gotten his acceptance letter.

When he wasn't in school he was taking care of Gus, painting and being a husband. All, which he was amazing at. He was amazing period.

But since his father had died, he didn't think he was amazing at all. He pretty much thought he was shit. He dips his brush into the paint can and flings red against the canvas with fire in his eyes.

I leave the room without another word. I had to go help Gus with his fractions.

Justin's POV

I sat at the counter in the diner the next morning, alone. Deb could tell I wasn't up for talking and she silently agreed to leave me alone, which was a first for her. She had decided to go back to work part-time at the diner. It was comforting to just have her there.

Brian and I had gone to bed without talking last night. When I finally walked into our bedroom at 2am, he was still awake. He looked at me with the saddest expression I had ever seen and pulled the comforter down signaling me to climb in. I obliged but turned my back to him when I lay down. He covered me and then he too, turned his back to me.

I traced my finger over my Principles of Education book. What did it matter? No matter what I did, I would never be good enough for him. Even in death, the bastard found a way to be disappointed in me.

"More coffee Sunshine?" I hear Deb's voice and it shakes me out of my trance.

I shake my head at her and keep my eyes down.

"I know you don't want to hear what I have to say but, tough shit," she begins. So much for her leaving me alone.

"The longer you let this eat away at you, the more he wins. The more you push everyone away that loves you, and you have no idea how many people do, he still has control over you, even in death." I finally look up at her. Her expression is soft.

"He never even knew how my life had turned out. Well maybe he knew, but he sure didn't care."

"Then it's his loss honey." Deb touches my cheek.

"That's what Brian said too," I tell her.

"Well, he always was a smart boy."

"I don't want to be like him. Still fucked up years from now because of my dad. I can't be like that. I want to be a good father to Gus." Tears form in my eyes.

"Then that is the way to heal from all this. Be the best damn father you can be to Gus. Be the best damn husband you can be to Brian. And fulfill every damn dream you have for yourself and know that no matter what your father said, it didn't break you. You're not Brian." She looks deep into my eyes.

"And as for Brian, he has come a long way. Mostly in part because of you. You have been there for him through thick and thin. Now let him do the same for you."

"I haven't exactly been very nice to him lately." I tell her.

She nods. "I know. But it's never too late. Especially when it comes to you and Brian." She leans across the counter and kisses my cheek. I force a fake smile at her.

I sit for a few more minutes tracing my fingers over my book. I finally shove it into my messenger bag and throw it over my shoulder. There was something I had to do before I went to class.

After I laid flowers on Mel and Lind's graves, I make my way through the grass to visit someone else. I stand in front of the tombstone and find myself angrier and angrier with every second. I take a deep breath and begin.

"I want you to know you missed out Dad. You missed out on a lot of shit in my life. You missed out on all that I have accomplished and missed out on knowing the person I have become. You missed out on getting to know Brian, who is pretty fucking amazing. And he loves me. I used to think that would be all you ever wanted for me. But it wasn't. All you ever wanted was for me to be just like you. Well here's a news flash Dad, I'm not like you, and I thank god every fucking day I'm not. I'm not a sad old homophobic bastard who disowned his son. And I never will be. I'm a great father. And I didn't learn a damn thing from you. I have wasted so much time striving for your approval and wishing I could have had it. But I'm done doing that now. You died without knowing a damn thing about me. And it's your loss."

I open the champagne bottle I had taken out of my bag and pour it over his grave.

"Here's the champagne we could have toasted with if you had been at my wedding." I smash the empty bottle on his tombstone.

"See you later, Craig."

Brian's POV

I walk cautiously through the front door hoping I don't trip again. I look down and find Justin and Gus's shoes neatly placed next to the door away from my path.

I smile and hang up my coat. I head upstairs and duck in Gus's room. He is doing his homework at his desk.

"Hey Sonny boy, how did your fractions quiz go?" I ask rubbing his brown haired head.

"Good. I got a B. Is that ok?" He asked looking up at me. I smirk at him.

“Yes. A B is fantastic.” I kiss the top of his head and start to walk out the door.

“Your father painting?” I ask him.

“Yup.” I am almost out the door when I hear him add, “Today is a good day. It’s oranges and yellows.”

With my back to him I smile widely.

I head down the hall and lean against the doorframe of his studio, He is painting long strokes of yellow over his orange on the canvas.

“Looks good,” I say to him.

He turns around and smiles at me. Sunshine. Brighter than the yellow paint.

He puts the paintbrush down on the table and wipes his hands on his jeans.

He heads toward me and my body tingles. He places his hands on the front of my suit and looks up at me. He stands on his tiptoes and touches his lips to mine.

“I went back to class today,” he says softly.

“MMM?”

“Yea. They said all I have to do is hand in a few extra credit papers and they won’t drop me.”

“Good. You had me worried there for a while,” I tell him.

“I know. And I’m sorry. For that, and everything.” He leans into me and puts his head on my shoulder. I wrap my arms around him.

“I missed you,” I whisper in his ear.

“Me too. But I’m back now. I promise.” He pulls back and kisses me again, this time with more force. His tongue makes its way past my lips and when it hits mine electricity surges through my body. We finally part and he goes back to the table and picks up his paintbrush again.

I clear my throat and my head from the daze I was in from his kiss.

“What do you want to do for dinner?” I ask him.

“Why don’t we just order? Eat, put Gus to bed and then we can go to bed ourselves.” He turns to me and smirks. “Early.”

I roll my tongue in my cheek and raise my eyebrow at him.

He dips his paintbrush in a can and paints a long stroke across his yellow on the canvas.

Blue.

The color I like best.

Chapter 2

Brian’s POV

He lay against my body, holding me so tightly I could barely breath at times.

His sobs soaked puddles into my shirt and he when he wasn’t crying he was shaking.

I rubbed his head and made soothing noises while I let my best friend release all his heartache on me.

I stared up at the old familiar ceiling of the bedroom. The ceiling I had stared at many times when I spent nights here in my youth. Nights where I ran away from home. Nights where I just wanted to feel like I had a home. But now, in our older age, the room didn’t feel the same. The house didn’t feel like a home anymore. Not without her.

“What did I do to deserve this Brian?” My childhood friend demanded to know.

“You don’t Mikey. No one deserves this. Especially you.”

Deb died on a Friday morning. Collapsed at the diner. Cause of death? Heart attack.

"Hello Mr. Taylor." I hear someone say in the hallway outside my office. I look up from my computer and see him walking in.

"You're early. I have a meeting now. I told you we could do lunch at 1." I tell him. He is so impatient sometimes.

"Brian, I think the meeting can be canceled for today." He looks sad and he is tapping the edge of my desk and can't seem to look in my eyes.

"Justin, this is for a brand new client. I know I promised you lunch and you will get lunch. At 1 like I said." God he frustrates me.

"No."

I look up at him getting more annoyed by the second. "No?"

"Brian, we need to leave. Right now." He finally looks at me. Tears are in his eyes.

I don't say anything and just look at him.

"Brian, its Deb."

But not 6 months before, Ben died on a Tuesday night. Cause of death? Complications from the HIV Virus.

My cell phone rings as I am on my way home from Kinnetik. I look at the clock in the Vette. 6:23. Must be Justin. So impatient.

The caller ID flashes Michaels name and I smile.

"Well if it isn't Mrs. Novotny-Bruckner" I say loudly into the phone.

All I hear are sobs.

"Michael! Michael? What's the matter?" I yell.

"Ben's gone."

And here is my best friend, now a shell of his former bubbly, happy self. He was destroyed.

Broken.

And I was the same.

In the past 6 months, I hadn't been home much. My days were spent with minimal hours put in at Kinnetik just tying up loose ends and making sure I made it to the important meetings. Ted and Cynthia were pretty much handling everything else.

After Kinnetik it was straight to Mikey. After Ben died I helped him go through his belongings, deciding what went to good will and what Mikey wanted to keep. Nights were spent on the couch in the house they once shared, getting high and Mikey crying on me most of the night.

Then it was off to Babylon to check in. Make sure there were no problems and everything was in order. Most of the time I got drunk and then decided to drive home, both annoying and worrying Justin. I would fall into bed around 2am and then start the whole routine all over again the next day.

And now with Deb's passing, I had gotten back into this schedule.

I spent minimal time with Gus, except in the morning when I drove him to school. And the same time with Justin when we ate breakfast together. The nights I came home drunk I didn't even remember falling asleep next to him.

Justin only complained once.

I felt his arms reach around me as he lifted me up off the couch. I was too drunk to move. Too drunk to even remember how I had gotten home.

"Let's go Brian. Bed time." I hear his voice whisper in my ear and he puts his arms around me to balance me and have me walk through the living room and up the stairs.

"I can walk you know." I tell him as I climb on my hands and knees up the staircase.

"Sure you can Brian." I hear him say behind me.

When we reach the top of the stairs I almost lose my balance and he puts his arms around me again to guide me through the dark hallway to the bedroom.

Once we get through the doorway I run and jump on our bed.

"MMM Come here Sunshine." I say to him with my arms wide open.

"Not tonight Bri." He walks to me and takes off my shoes and socks. He leans over and undoes my belt and I go to kiss him but he pulls away.

"You need to sleep. And I'm not fucking you drunk." He says sternly.

"You LOVE to fuck me drunk." I growl at him.

"No, not like this. Not when you're drunk just to forget. And I'm not fucking you just to add to the ways you want to avoid your pain. As a matter of fact, until you get your fucking shit together, don't touch me. I'm not doing this Brian. We have come too far for this shit. Get it together." He undresses me and shoves me back onto the bed.

"Now go to sleep." He gets into bed and turns his back to me. I feel him roll in my direction for a second and he hear him say into the darkness, "And spend some god damn time with your son."

I lay there with a pain in my heart. My son probably hates me. And I disgust Justin. I needed another fucking drink.

That was nearly 3 weeks ago. We never discussed it again.

He would call me through out the day to tell me how his classes were going. How one student was brilliant but another he was going to have to fail. He would tell me how Gus did in school on his tests. He would tell me he missed me and loved me very much. I said the same.

If it had been me I would have been sick with jealousy and mad as hell he wasn't home with me. If I were he I would be resentful that I had been leaving him with all the responsibility for Gus and the house.

But I wasn't him. He didn't feel that way. Which made him amazing and me a piece of shit.

Drinking was easier than talking about my feelings. Drinking was the easy way to block the pain. A way forget how much heartache my best friend was in. A way to not think about how I had lost 4 important people to me in a 4 year time frame. And how Justin had lost his father. And now that his mother had breast cancer, how he may lose her to. Drinking helped me forget what a worthless piece of shit I was for not being there for Justin when he needed me most. Drinking made it all disappear.

Mikey's breathing slowed and I knew he had finally fallen asleep. I get up slowly and glance at the clock. 11:12. Time to head to Babylon. I kiss Mikey's head and slowly exit the room.

Justin's POV

I lay in the darkness and glance at the clock. 11:43. I considered calling him. Begging him to just come home. But I didn't. I missed him. I felt like I didn't even know him anymore.

He barely talks and when he does he doesn't say much. But I keep on talking. I always have. It's one of the things he used to complain about. How I never shut up. But I figure it was the only way to keep some kind of normalcy in this house.

Gus asked everyday how Brian was and if he was going to be home for dinner. In the past month I had seen Brian maybe an hour a day. And when he came home at night, 9 times out of 10 he was too drunk to make it up the stairs. So I would find him in the morning asleep on the couch or at the kitchen table. It was a sad scene.

He wasn't handling Deb's death well. Worse than Ben's, which was to be expected. 6 months ago when he wasn't home much it was to be there for Michael, and I never complained once.

Life went back to normal after about 2 weeks and I never thought twice about it again.

Now with Deb's death I can't say him being out all hours of the night was to be there for Michael. Because he wasn't with Michael. I knew where he was. At Babylon. Letting alcohol and drugs be his shoulder to cry on. Instead of letting me see how destroyed he was. I honestly don't think Michael has any clue he barely comes home.

Brian tried so hard to be there for other people, in his own way, but who was being there for him?

We all tried. But he pushed away like he always did. So I try to act like I don't care. Like it doesn't bother me. And every night I pray he will come home early and things will go back to normal like they did after Ben died. But every night as the hours get longer and I am alone as the night drags on, my hope disappears.

I roll over and grab the phone off the nightstand. It was time to beg.

"You've have reached the voice mail of Brian Kinney-Taylor with Kinnetik. Please leave a brief message with your name and number and I will return your call at my earliest convenience. Thank you."

I push the off button on the phone and drop the phone on the floor. Tomorrow night is another chance for hope.

Brian's POV

The sweaty bodies grinded up next to me as I walked through the crowd toward the bar.

"Jack Daniels. Straight up." I tell the bartender.

"Right away Mr. Kinney."

I turn and lean against the bar and scan the crowd. I see Emmett dancing away with some twink. Blake and Theodore snuggling in the crowd. There was a huge crowd tonight and everything seemed to be in order.

I should just go home. Surprise Justin and actually make it home at a semi decent hour. But do I? No. I down my Jack and ask for another. And another.

I see a guy eyeing me in the crowd. He licks his lips at me and heads my way.

He leans into me his sweat getting on my shirt.

"Hey, you wanna dance?" He is inches from my face and I feel my cock start to twitch.

"I'm just here to observe." I tell him as I down another drink.

He grabs my cock through my jeans.

"Me too." He says as he leans in to touch my lips. I turn my face and he hits my cheek.

"I don't do that anymore." I tell him quietly.

He looks down at my hand.

"Oh a married man. I like that. Makes it hotter." He gropes my cock through my denim and as much as I wanted to push his hand away I couldn't find the strength to.

"I have E and a 9 inch cock. Why don't you follow me into the backroom?" He licks my ear lobe as he purrs in my ear.

My cock is as hard as a rock. I hadn't fucked in months. I scan the crowd to see if anyone sees me. Emmett is too busy dancing and Ted and Blake are too in love to see me. What are you doing? I ask myself. Don't do it. He rubs harder on my denim-covered boner. The 5 glasses of Jack are starting to kick in.

I nod toward the backroom and the trick turns and takes my married hand with him as he walks.

I wasn't sure what woke me. If it was the blaring sunlight coming through the windows or the door slamming, not once but twice, within what seemed like minutes of each other.

I finally flutter my eyes open and I see jean-covered legs in front of me.

"Nice of you to finally wake up." Justin mumbles.

"Well you slammed the door like fifteen fucking times." I grumble as I sit up on the couch.

"I took Gus to soccer practice." He says walking out of the living room.

God my head was pounding. How much did I fucking drink last night?

I get up slowly. My body ached and I felt nauseous. Jesus.

I find him in the kitchen, pouring a bowl of cereal.

"Hungry?" He asks.

I shake my head and lean against the counter.

He looked angry. Why? We had fucked last night. That means he forgives me right? He had said, until I got my shit together, no sex. But I had come home early and we had fucked.

Everything was fine now. Right?

"I didn't hear you come in last night. What time was it when you finally came in?" He asks as he pours milk into the bowl.

What?

He knew what time I came home.

We fucked.

I...OH FUCK.

Hey, you wanna dance?

Oh god. I didn't come home early.

I stare at him. He looks at me puzzled.

"Brian, you ok?" He walks toward me.

No.

Oh a married man. I like that. Makes it hotter.

He touches my chest and leans into me. I cringe.

He goes to kiss me and I pull away. I feel like I am going to vomit.

"Are you sick?" He asks.

I can't answer. I can't speak.

I have E and a 9-inch cock.

He goes to put my arms around me and I stiffen. Oh. My. God.

"I need to take a shower." I tell him softly.

He pushes himself off me and slowly starts to back up away from me. Lightning flashes in his eyes. He knew that excuse. He had used it himself.

"I like smelling you. Not soap".

"You didn't..." He whispers.

I just stand there.

Why don't you follow me into the backroom?

I feel chunks start to form in my throat.

He leans against the counter. He looks pale.

"Justin..." I start to say.

He puts a hand up. "Don't. God please don't. Don't you fucking dare try and explain yourself." He has tears in his eyes.

"How fucking could you!!!??? I have been home EVERY FUCKING NIGHT waiting for you. Taking care of our son. Missing you. Waiting patiently for you to get through whatever it is your going through that you wont tell me ANYTHING about and you go and FUCK SOMEONE ELSE!!!!" He is screaming so loud and so hard I can see the veins in his neck sticking out.

I say nothing. I have nothing to say.

He throws his hands up in the air.

"I'm not doing this Brian. I can't. We have come too far. I didn't marry you so you could push me away. I thought things were gonna be different. I guess not. I was stupid to think you could change. But you haven't. You wont. You will still FUCK anything."

He brushes past me; hitting my arm with his shoulder so hard it knocks me hard into the counter.

Follow him.

Tell him your sorry.

Tell him you love him.

Tell him it didn't mean anything.

Tell him ANYTHING.

I don't.

I say nothing.

I hear him run upstairs and slam the bedroom door.

I lean against the counter, for which seems like forever.

I finally make my way to my office. I sit at my desk and open my laptop and pretend to care about the emails I was going through.

I wasn't even reading them.

I should go upstairs and grovel at his feet.

I hear the bedroom door open and the thunderous sound of sneakers hitting the stairs. I see him fly past the office.

Was that a bag in his hand?

By the time I make it to the window, the door to the Range Rover was already slammed shut. I ran to the front door but as I opened it I saw him screeching out of the driveway.

Oh god.

I close the front door and the room spins.

What have I done?

I walk slowly upstairs and cautiously enter our bedroom.

My heart sinks.

The closet is wide open and I can his side now empty. Hangers still swinging.

The drawers are open and now also empty.

Well, then what do you say? Should I make room in my drawers for your drawers?

And then I see it. Lying on the dresser on top of one of my ties. It glistens in the sunlight from the window.

It shines like the first time I had ever seen it.

I remember seeing my future glisten from the jewelry store window.

Now my future lay on the dresser.

But instead of my future being laid out before me now, it was my past.

Chapter 3

Brian's POV

I zipped up my duffle bag and placed it on the floor next to my briefcase. Not like I'd be getting any work done in the next few days but it was nice to dream. I hadn't used that duffle bag since the....

FUCK.

Never mind.

I walk to the closet to make sure there was nothing else I wanted to take. I really didn't need much. It was only for a few days, like last time.

Ted knew the drill. He had done this before. He promised to hold it down at Kinnetik till I came back.

I open the closet doors all the way and I gasp for air when I see them.

Hanging side by side.

Matching Armani suits.

Yes.

Yes what?

Yes. Yes I will marry you.

I reach out and touch his suit. I walk into the closet and pull it to me.

I can smell him.

Not just on the suit but everywhere I go in this house.

When I sit on the couch, I smell him.

In the kitchen; him.

In bed.

Him.

I wake myself out of my daze. I close the closet doors and check the dresser for my wallet and keys.

There sitting right where he left it was his ring.

I didn't move it.

I couldn't dare.

I picked it up and slid it on my pinky. I wanted it with me.

Some part of him with me.

To remind me what I had lost.

Something to keep me safe.

Last time even though he wasn't there with me I still felt him.

His love.

His commitment.

But this time I didn't have it. I had lost it.

Now all I had left was the round piece of metal that represented what we had.

It wasn't much, but it would have to do.

I look in the mirror and see my aging face.

I was too old for this.

To be fucking around.

What had I done?

I lost him.

God, please.

I should tell him.

He will know.

Some how.

In the corner of the mirror I see an old post it note he had left me.

XXOO

-J

I didn't dare move that either.

A reminder to me of what used to be.

I take one more look around the room and head towards the door. Duffle bag and briefcase in hand I thunder down the stairs and out the front door.

The driver was waiting for me.

"Airport please." I say as I close the car door.

'Tell him I am going to Ibiza.'

Justin's POV

My cell phone rings as I get in my car.

I see Michael's name flash across the screen.

I sigh.

The last conversation Michael and I had didn't end well.

"Did you really expect him to change Justin? Just because he married you? He's Brian Kinney for fucks sake! He is never going to change."

"What's up Michael?" I ask as I answer.

"Hey Justin. I uhh...I just wanted to let you know I have Gus for a few days and if you wanted to come and visit with him you could." His voice sounds nervous.

"Why do you have him? Where is Brian?" I demand.

"I'm watching him for a few days. He umm... he told me to tell you he was going to Ibiza?" He sounds confused.

"What does that mean Justin?" he asks.

My blood boils.

"That he is an asshole Michael. That is what it means."

Michael doesn't say anything and I mumble, "I'll be by in a bit." Before I snap the phone shut.

I decide, as I leave the college's parking lot, I would take advantage of Brian being away and go to the house to pick up more of my stuff. I hadn't retrieved any of my art supplies and I was going out of my mind not painting.

I felt like the only way I was going to get through this was to paint.

To keep going.

No matter what.

It starts to rain as I pull into the driveway. A wave of sadness washes over me as I remember the first time he brought me here. It was raining that day too.

Who lives here?

We do.

I see his car in the driveway and my heart goes to my throat for a moment.

Was he still here? Did he not leave yet?

When I reach the front door I turn the knob but it's locked.

I am tempted to knock but instead I use my key and head inside.

"Hello?" My voice is scratchy.

No answer.

The driver must have taken him.

I waste no time. I head straight upstairs. I stop and gaze in Gus's room.

My heart breaks as I see the picture still next to his bed. The one of him, Brian and I all huddled together hugging and smiling at the zoo last summer.

Carved in the wood around the frame was, "I love my Daddy's." He had made it at school in wood shop. He was so proud of it. I was so proud of him.

I go the bedroom first. I had forgotten most of my shoes. When I enter I notice the room looked like a tornado had hit it. Like Brian was in a hurry to leave.

I had never seen it like this before. He was such a neat freak that if I didn't make the bed in the morning I got a 2-hour lecture about it.

I find another duffle bag in the closet and throw my sneakers and dress shoes inside. The ones that Brian had bought me I left. One pair was the Prada shoes I had worn when we got married.

I stand up and throw the bag over my shoulder. I can't help but notice his day planner sitting on the dresser as I walk past.

I stop.

I run my fingers over the leather. I had bought it for him last Christmas. I even had his initials embroidered on the front.

B.K.T.

I get tingles through my body when my fingers touch it. I know that his hands had been there too and for a minute I felt close to him again.

Curious, I open it to see what he had been doing the past week I hadn't been here.

I see penciled in appointments with most of his usual clients and some new names I didn't recognize.

I notice today's entry.

Flight 1125 Baltimore 4:40pm

Baltimore?

I turn the page and look at tomorrow's entry.

JH-7am.

JH?

I close the planner and take one last look around the room. I looked at the unmade bed and actually considered making it for old times sake.

I remembered so many nights of passion in that bed. I remember the champagne incident the night of our wedding. I remembered Gus sleeping in between us for a long time after he had moved in. I remember breakfasts in bed. And extended Sunday mornings.

But he had thrown it all away. In one moment, what we had was destroyed.

I head to my studio and throw as many paint brushes, pencils and charcoals I could into the bag.

I looked at all my unfinished canvases. Never to be finished now. All the paintings I had done here in this house would never be again.

What I painted from now on was a new beginning. A fresh start.

He told me to tell you he was going to Ibiza.

Asshole.

He must have had a business meeting in Baltimore. He probably told Michael to call me so I could see Gus. And when Michael asked him what to tell me when I asked where he was, Ibiza was the answer he gave. Fuck.

Baltimore.

JH-7am.

Who has a business meeting at 7am?

JH? I tried to think of which client it could be he was meeting with. Even the new clients he had named in his date planner didn't even have those initials.

Maybe he was meeting a trick there. Ha. I wouldn't be surprised.

I closed my studio door. I know how much he hated the smell of turpentine sometimes.

Fuck it.

I reopened the door. Let it drift through the house. Let him walk in after being gone and all he can smell through out the house was me.

Asshole.

JH-7am.

I couldn't shake the thought out of my head.

He hadn't mentioned any trips coming up.

And why didn't he just call me and ask ME to come stay with Gus. I guess I didn't blame him but I was STILL his father.

I walk down the stairs and head toward the kitchen. I retrieved a bottle of water from the fridge for the way home. Then I see it.

A prescription next to the coffee maker.

An antibiotic.

Brian Kinney

Take 1 every 4 hours for one day before surgery and 1 every 4 hours for 2 days post surgery.

Surgery?

I....

Oh.

My.

God.

I lean against the counter and drop the bottle of water.

Baltimore.

JH.

John Hopkins.

Where are you going?

Ibiza. I'm leaving tonight.

Without me?

You're going back to school, remember? It would be highly irresponsible of me to just pull you out.

Fuck school. Fuck the bet. Fuck you. I mean, we were supposed to go together.

We're not fucking married! And I don't need to get your fucking permission if I want to go somewhere!

Oh god. No. No. No.

Please no.

Hello, Mr. Kinney. This is Dr. Rabinowitz from the Johns Hopkins Oncology Center. I'd like to discuss your post surgery options so please give a call at...

I felt my heart pounding so hard I thought I was going to have a heart attack.

Why didn't he tell me God Dammit!

I needed to know! I was his partner, his fucking husband for Christ's sake! He couldn't keep shutting me out...

I....

Why didn't you tell me?

Maybe because I didn't want you to know. Or maybe because it's none of your fucking business!

Brian - I'm your partner.

Not anymore. I don't want you here now get the fuck out.

I thought about calling Michael. Did he know and not tell me?

No.

That's not like Michael.

He can't keep a secret for shit.

Then what.

Why?

What do I do?

God.

I...

He told me to tell you he was going to Ibiza.

Ibiza. I'm leaving tonight.

Oh god.

He wanted me to know.

He told Michael to tell me he was going to Ibiza.

Like last time.

He knew I would know what that meant.

.

I wasn't going to let him push me away again.

He wasn't getting rid of me.

I don't care what you want.

You're not getting rid of me

This wasn't like last time. I won't let him do this to us.

I loved him. I needed him.

And no matter how much he tries to deny it, he needed me too.

And if I'd wanted to leave you, I've had better reasons. Plenty of them.

Maybe you should have.

Yeah, maybe you're right. But I thought we had a commitment and I plan to stand by it.

No. God no.

Not again.

Chapter 4

"Count back from 10 Mr. Kinney."

"Ten, nine, eigh....."

Please Justin. Forgive me.

I'm finding my way back to sanity again
Though I dont really know what I'm gonna do
When I get there...

"I'm looking for Brian Kinney?" I ask the nurse behind the desk.

"And you are?" She asks without looking up at me.

I clear my throat and say without any hesitation, "His husband."

It still feels right to say that after everything.

She looks up at me for a brief moment with a raised eyebrow then looks back to her charts.

“Brian Kinney-Taylor?”

“Yes I am..” OH. “Yes.” I answer.

God. My heart hurt.

“He is on the surgical floor. Take the elevator up to the 5th floor. He is in room 1126. You are going to have to show proof your...” She trails off looking intently in my eyes.

I take out my wallet and show her my driver’s license.

She takes it out of my hand and her eyes widen.

Justin Taylor-Kinney.

“Is that good enough?” I ask her.

She nods and hands it back to me.

I start down the hallway and thank to god I had convinced him to legally change our names. Who would have thought how it would come in handy? Not me. Not like this.

When I reach the 5th floor and the elevator door opens, it felt like I was in slow motion.

The length of the hallways seemed endless.

Take a breath and hold on tight
And spin around one more time
And gracefully fall back to the arms of grace

I see room 1126 and hold my breath as I approach. I could tell it was a critical care room due to the size and the large windows in the room so the doctors and nurses could see inside.

When I reach the window to his room I finally let my breath out. My heart hurts but at least I am breathing. There are machines beeping, monitors monitoring, and he was just lying there. Asleep.

His heart rate monitor seemed to beep to the same rhythm as my own heart pounding.

I lean my forehead against the glass and close my eyes.

Please god. I don't ask for much. Just please...

cause I'm hanging on every word you say
And even if you dont wanna speak tonight
Thats alright, alright with me
cause I want nothing more
Than to sit outside you're door
And listen to you breathing
It's where I wanna be, yeah
Where I wanna be...

"Are you Mr. Kinney's brother? Friend?" I hear a deep voice say.

I turn and look and find a short, hefty man standing next to me in a white lab coat and clip board in hand. I don't say a word. I just keep leaning against the glass.

"Lover?" He asks.

I sigh.

"All of the above." I tell the Doctor.

“We didn’t think anyone would be coming. We asked if he wanted anyone called and he told us the message was already sent. But we figured he wasn’t the type to have or even want visitors.” He explained.

“Is he ok?” I ask.

“Well, the tumor was bigger than we had originally suspected so the surgery took longer than we hoped. We seemed to have got it all but due to the size we are afraid the cancer may have spread. So we need to monitor his progress and watch him closely. Once he wakes up we want to run more tests and make sure nothing else in his body was affected.”

I swallow and look through the window at my sleeping husband.

we are afraid the cancer may have spread

That’s all I heard. My ears were ringing and I felt like I was going to throw up.

“Sir?” The doctor asks me.

I turn to him, tears now streaming down my face.

“Have hope sir. You’re...” he trails off.

"Husband." I tell him. My everything.

"You're husband is stronger than you think." He touches my shoulder.

I nod.

"You can go sit with him if you would like. I'll tell the nurses not to make you leave."

"Thanks." I whisper through my tears.

I walk into the noisy room but as I get closer to Brian the beeping seems to disapate. All I can concentrate on is his breathing. I watch his chest move slowly in and out and I had never been so relieved to see him asleep.

I pull a chair next to the bed and sit down.

Oh god. Oh god. Please Brian. Don't leave me. I know why you did what you did now. Please don't. Please.

I'm looking past the shadows in my mind
Into the truth and I'm
Trying to identify the voices in my head
God, I wish it were you

I take his limp hand in mine and hold it between my hands, warming it up. It's ice cold. Not like Brian at all. He is always the warm one and I'm always cold. He kids with me about it all the time.

He calls me his little popsicle.

I smile at the thought of that through my tears.

"Listen to me Brian. Are you listening? You're gonna make it through this. You have to. Not for me. But for Gus. And you. It's not time yet. It's just not fucking time yet." I whisper to him.

Let me feel one more time what it
Feels like to feel alive
And break these callouses off of me one more time

There was so much left to do. He wanted to expand Kinnetik. Gus hadn't even graduated middle school yet. He still had to see him go to his prom.

He had so much more living to do. God what had I done? Why did I leave him? I knew who Brian Kinney was. I knew how he lived. But I know he didn't do it to hurt me.

He did it to escape.

To feel something other than pain.

It bothered me to think he couldn't feel that escape with me. But I understood. Cause even if he fucked me, he'd still be reminded. He needed no ties to his pain.

Fucked up as it sounds, I had read the Brian Kinney operating manual.

I understood.

I dont want a thing from you
I bet you're tired of me
Waiting for the scraps to fall off
Of your table to the ground...
cause I just wanna be here now

I lay my head down next to our hands on the bed. I was tired. I should sleep while Brian sleeps.

"I'll come home Brian. I promise. Just please be ok. I won't leave you again." I feel my eyes heavy and I close them. My body relaxes just being near him.

As I feel myself drift off to sleep I whisper;

"I forgive you."

My eyes flutter open at the sound of Justin's voice. Was it a dream? Did I hear him in my head. I feel warmth on my hand and pressure wrapped around my fingers.

Without moving my head I shift my eyes down and see blonde locks draped across the bed. Strands of his hair are touching my hand and I wish to god I could move so I could run my fingers through it.

He came. I knew he was a smart one. He understood my cryptic message. It was better than me just telling him; "I have cancer. Again."

I didn't want him to think he HAD to be there for me. Or he HAD to feel sorry for me.

This way, when he figured it out, if he wanted to be with me it would be on his own terms. It had to be. After what I had done.

I forgive you.

I heard it. It is what woke me up.

Thank you. Thank you God. I promised if he forgave me I wouldn't fuck it up again. I'd get through this. I'd live and make it up to him everyday for the rest of our lives.

Thank you.

Thank you.

I exert all my energy and tighten my fingers around his.

He stirs and rolls his head to the other side and he is so beautiful I have trouble breathing.

I don't want to wake him. I close my eyes again to rest.

I tune out the sounds of the monitors and concentrate on his breathing. And mine. With my hand in Justin's, I know all that matters now is to keep breathing.

No matter where we go from here, whether he stays or goes, I have to remember to breathe.

Chapter 5

Brian's POV

"It's called testosterone replacement therapy, and it's been known to work wonders." The doctor tells us.

"So if I do this, once every 3 weeks for like ever, I can have sex like normal?" I ask. I felt a little ridiculous, but to me, and I know to Justin too, this was a big deal. Our life together wasn't all about sex, but it was a huge part of it.

It was the sexual attraction that brought us together in the first place.

"Well there is always an adjustment period and side affects. But yes, you should be fully functional if you follow the procedures correctly. But you do realize now with both testicles removed you will not be able to have anymore children?" The doctor looks at me concerned.

I look at Justin and he nods.

"I know. I have a son, its ok." I tell him.

"Yea and I'm still fine." Justin pipes in.

I look at him stunned. We hadn't even discussed having a child. But I guess with Mel and Linds being gone, why would we have discussed it?

"Bottom line is Mr. Kinney, your lucky the cancer didn't spread."

"Kinney-Taylor." I correct him.

"Right." He smiles at Justin and I before heading toward the door.

"Just promise me you will take it easy and give your body rest and time to adjust to the treatments before you, how do I say this nicely, get back into you and your husbands old routine?" He laughs a bit and heads out the hospital room door.

As soon as the door closes Justin lips are on mine. Soft, gentle and perfect.

It had been 2 weeks and he had been here everyday.

He had become a favorite among the nurses, men and woman, and had been given his own wardrobe of scrubs to wear.

They had set up a bed in my room for Justin because they understood after the first night that the term “visiting hours” didn’t apply to him.

We never talked about what had happened, only what was to be.

He told me he had forgiven me, but I never had told him I was sorry.

“I talked to Michael before. He said Gus is fine and is super excited for us to come home tomorrow.” Justin says to me as he sits on the edge of my bed. I reach up and run my fingers through his platinum strands.

Home.

He was coming home.

He had only been gone a week before all this had happened.

A week that felt like an eternity.

I need to tell him.

He has to know.

"Justin..." I begin.

"Brian no, don't." He tells me. He shakes his head.

I nod in agreement. Every time I tried to tell him he stopped me.

He knew I was sorry, but I still feel like I needed to say it out loud to him.

To make it right.

"So what was that comment all about?" I ask as he starts to pack up the room. Cards, stuffed animals, books and magazines that had been scattered through out what seemed like an apartment for the last 2 weeks.

"What comment?" He asks without looking at me.

"About you being fine to still have kids." I am staring at him intently. He still doesn't look at me.

He shrugs. "I don't know. Just pointing it out I guess."

"Bullshit. Out with it." I demand.

He huffs and turns around. "It's just something I had thought about is all."

"How Justin? With Mel and Linds gone..." My heart hurt at the thought.

"I talked about it with Daphne. Now that she has finally embraced the fact that she is a full blown lesbian and even found someone, she had said if I ever wanted to, if WE ever wanted to, she'd do it for us." He looked at me with concern. He was afraid of what I was going to say.

A kid? I didn't even know it was something Justin had wanted. He NEVER mentioned it. We had been married nearly 4 years now and not one word.

"You're mad." He says.

"No. This is just the first I had heard of it, that's all." I lie down and adjust the automatic bed so I am sitting up and looking at him. He walks to the bed and sits down next to me.

He takes my hand in his and rubs it lovingly.

"Lets just concentrate on you getting better ok?" He says as he leans in to kiss me. I return the sentiment. I put my forehead to his and close my eyes. I won't fuck it up this time Justin.

I promise.

I am laying on the couch when I hear the range rover pull up outside and the muffled voices of Justin and Gus. We had gotten home a few hours ago and he told me to relax while he went and picked up Gus from Michael's. My heart starts to beat faster as I anticipate seeing my son.

"Daddy!???" I hear Gus scream, as the front door swings open. I get up off the couch slowly and limp to him.

"Careful Gus. Remember what I told you about Daddy. He needs to take it easy. No jumping on him." Justin scolds as he hangs up their coats.

Gus screeches to a halt and a wave of sadness washes over his face when he realizes I can't pick him and hug him like he is used to.

I kneel down slowly and easy onto one knee.

“Come here Sonny boy.” I tell him as I open my arms wide. The brightest smile I have ever seen comes over his lips and he runs to me and throws his arms around me. His little hand caresses the back of my neck and I close my eyes.

“I’m glad you’re ok Daddy.” He whispers in my ear.

I hug him tighter.

He pulls back and takes my face in his hands.

“Dad is coming back to live here right?” He demands to know.

I laugh a little at my son and nod.

“Yes, as far as he tells me.” I look at Justin standing behind Gus. Justin smiles and rubs Gus’s head.

He throws his arms around my neck again and says, “Good” in my ear.

The rest of the night was spent with me on the couch with Gus watching cartoons and him talking my ear off about what I had missed in the past 2 weeks.

Michaels was fun but he missed us. Michael told him all about Captain Astro and stories of when we were young.

Justin made dinner and we all sat in the living room eating and watching TV. Even though I didn't eat much and I felt like complete shit, I couldn't help but smile and laugh the whole night. Gus finally passed out on the living room rug about 10:30 and Justin carried him upstairs to bed.

After locking the front door and setting the alarm, I too trudged upstairs to bed. It took me at least 10 minutes to make it up 10 stairs but I was determined to do it on my own.

When I reached the 7th stair I looked up and saw Justin standing at the top waiting for me.

He held his hand out but he knew I needed to do this on my own. I finally reach him and fall into him like it was my first day on my new legs.

In a way it was.

He helps me walk down the hallway and into the bedroom.

He undresses me down to my underwear and pulls down the blankets for me.

He had made the bed.

I climb in and watch him undress himself too. The sight of that used to give me a hard on within seconds but now, even though he was still the hottest man I had ever seen, my erection did not come.

He throws our into the hamper and I seize the opportunity.

"I'm sorry Justin." I tell him, his back to me.

He freezes.

"I told you...." He begins.

"Bullshit. Let me say it."

He sighs and I take it as a sign to continue.

"You will never know how fucking sorry I am. For all I have put you through. With what I did a couple of weeks ago. And with the cancer. There are so many reasons for you to leave. I just can't believe you are still here."

He turns around and looks intently at me. He walks to the edge of the bed, gets on his knees and climbs his lanky body toward me. He kneels in front of me and looks down.

"Listen to me. Are you listening Brian?" He asks with fire in his eyes.

"Yea.." I can't take my eyes off him.

"I know you. I know who you were before I married you and I know who you are now. My first instinct is to be mad and run. I've always done it. But I promise you I will always come back. You're not getting rid of me. I love you. With cancer or without."

He lies next to me and takes my hand in his. The metal rings clink together and it sends a shudder through my body. It's the most beautiful sound I had ever heard.

Justin's POV.

I touched my lips to his. His mouth is wet and soft and his tongue inches toward mine little by little with every breath. He pulls me closer to his body and I wrap my arms around his neck. My fingers get tangled in his hair. His hand rests on the small of my back and his fingers are drawing small circles on my skin.

I will be the answer
At the end of the line
I will be there for you
While you take the time
In the burning of uncertainty
I will be your solid ground
I will hold the balance

If you can't look down

I have never felt so close to him than at this moment. I know he can't have sex, Jesus he can't even get an erection yet. But he is kissing and touching me with such fierceness that I can hardly stay in my own skin.

Every other time we have ever kissed like this it had led up to the main event of fucking. But tonight, he knows he can't do that but he still makes me feel like I am the only man in the world he wants. And I know I am.

He pulls back from my mouth and looks so deep in my eyes I am sure I can see myself reflecting in his own eyes. He runs his finger along the side of my face, down my cheek, and along my jaw line. He kisses the tip of my nose and it makes me crinkle it and giggle a little. God, I am such a fucking child sometimes. It doesn't seem to bother him because it makes him smirk and his lips meet mine again.

He runs his hands everywhere on my body. His hands are so warm just like I had remembered. When he touches me I feel like it's the first time. His lips find my neck and collar bone and it drives me nuts. My cock is aching but I don't dare even make a move for him to touch it. It doesn't matter if he touches it or even if I come tonight. I just want to live in this moment forever.

How could I ever leave him? How could I leave someone who makes me feel this way?

It didn't matter how much struggle we had gone through, and how much I know we still have yet to conquer. None of it mattered. Cause in this moment the only thing in the universe that existed was us. There was nothing keeping us apart. No lie, no truth, no memory, no talk of things that could be or things that will be. No thought or word. Nothing. There was only he and I.

If it takes my whole life
I won't break, I won't bend
It will all be worth it
Worth it in the end

His hand moves down my chest and his fingers graze my hips. Then I feel it. His hand wraps around my erection and with my eyes wide with surprise, I moan into him.

"Brian, no. You don't have to..." I am groaning now as his hand move faster and harder over my cock. The look in his eyes is so intense and it makes me even harder in his hand.

"I want you to come Justin. For the both of us." He whispers to me. He kisses me, and I feel the world disappear. The air is so thick with passion and love and I can almost taste it.

His tongue licks my bottom lip and he glides his finger over the slit of my cock to wipe off the pre-come that has formed from his hand job.

He brings his finger to his mouth, which is just inches from mine, and licks it.

"Mmmm...I almost forgot how good you taste."

OH.

MY.

GOD.

I devour his mouth with mine and I feel like I can't get my tongue close enough to his.

He kisses down my chin and chest and then I realize what he is going to do.

My cock twitches as his tongue slides down my stomach and I feel the tip of his nose sink into my pubic hair.

He licks my slit ever so gently and I buck up into him.

"Sssshhhh...." I hear him whisper into my cock.

I lay as still as I can as he kisses every inch of my dick.

Oh god, he is killing me.

But he is taking his time and I know why.

He is making it up to me.

His tongue flicks my balls and I grip the sheets on the bed so I don't grind my hips up into him.

Just when I don't think I can take it anymore, I feel my whole cock get engulfed in his mouth.

He starts sucking and licking so hard and fast, I can already feel my orgasm start to rise up.

Of all the things I love about Brian, physically, it's his mouth.

Not just because he gives the most amazing blow jobs in the whole fucking world.

Or that the kisses he gives turns the earth off its axis.

It's just his mouth.

His smile when he is happy.

His little smirk when he is being devilish or when he knows he is right.

The way he rolls his tongue in his cheek when he is thinking.

The way he sucks his lips into his mouth when he doesn't know what to say.

I just love his fucking mouth.

And I love when his mouth is fucking me.

"Brian, yes..OH YES!" I realize I just yelled but I couldn't help it. My love shoots out of me into his mouth and he moans as he swallows every last drop. He licks my cock all over to make sure he got it all.

He kisses my hips, stomach and chest all the way up till he reaches my face. My mouth is open and I am breathing so heavy my tongue is dry. My body quivers and he rubs my arms.

He thinks I am cold.

His little Popsicle.

“Good?” He asks and rubs his nose against mine.

Eskimo kiss.

My favorite.

I touch his cheek. “Anything?” I ask.

He shakes his head, almost embarrassed.

“It’s still early Bri. It will happen. I have hope.” I pull him to me and he lies down and rests his head on my shoulder. We wrap our arms around each other and let the darkness take us over.

Cause I can only tell you what I know
That I need you in my life
And when the stars have all gone out
You'll still be burning so bright

I am almost asleep when I hear him say, "You should call Daphne tomorrow."

"I called her before Bri. She knows we are home safe and sound." I hug him a little.

"No. You should call and ask her." I hear him say into the darkness.

Half asleep I mumble, "Ask her what?"

I feel him move his head and when I open my eyes he is staring at me. I cock my head to the side and look at him.

What the hell is up with him? He is being weird.

He runs his tongue along his cheek and smirks.

"To have our baby."

Chapter 6

Justin's POV

I feel him get up out of bed and the warmth dissipates.

I groan and roll over.

"Morning Sunshine." I hear him say.

I groan again and open my eyes to see him stripping.

"You're up early." I say to him sitting up and rubbing my head.

"Early meeting. Sorry." He gives me a sad look. He knows I hate it when he has to get out of bed before me.

I smile at him and throw the covers off me.

"It's ok." I walk to him and stand on my tiptoes to kiss him. He leans down and touches my lips gently.

"Go back to sleep. You don't have any classes today. I'll get Gus up and ready for school." He tells me.

"I have to get up anyways. Daphne has a doctors appointment."

“Oh.”

“I’m sorry. I didn’t know you would be interested in going.” I touch his arm and he looks down at me.

“It’s ok. No biggie.”

He walks to the bathroom and asks over his shoulder, “What time is her appointment?”

I smile. “9:30”.

He nods and walks into shower and starts the water.

I sit on the edge of the bed and watch him soap himself up. Almost 40 and still beautiful.

Daphne was about 7 months along now and Brian had only been to the doctor with us once and it was in the very beginning of her pregnancy.

I never asked again cause I just assumed it wasn’t his thing.

I strip my clothes off and decide to join him. It was getting late and we might as well conserve water.

I open the shower door and he jumps a little.

“Mmmm this is a surprise.” He smirks and starts to wash my back and I let the water cascade over me.

I feel his cock harden against my ass and I smile to myself.

The treatments had worked wonders.

“We find out if it’s a boy or girl today.” I turn to face him and take the soap out of his hand.

“Yea?” He grabs the shampoo and washes his hair. He looks pissed.

“What’s the matter with you?” I ask grabbing his arm. Shampoo gets in his eyes and he grumbles obscenities at me.

“Nothing.”

“Bullshit. Tell me.”

He rinses free from the shampoo and shakes his hair and looks down at me.

“I kinda feel like this baby isn’t even mine. You and Daphne are best friends and now parents together and I feel like once the baby comes, I’m going to feel like I’m not even the father.” His eyes are sad.

I put my arms around him and look deep into his eyes.

“Brian. This is a well-covered matter. We have all sat down and discussed this. The baby is ours. Daphne will have visitation but they baby will live here with us 90% of the time.

Jody doesn’t even want kids. Neither does Daphne. She is doing this just for us.” He puts his forehead to mine.

“Ok.” He whispers.

“Brian, don’t worry.” I kiss his lips gently and he brushes past me to get out of the shower.

I look after him as he walks out, and frown.

When will he get it?

It wasn't going to be like how it was with Gus and Mel and Linds.

This was going to be our baby.

"Here's the head and the shoulders..." The OBGYN points to the monitor as she glides the sonogram paddle over Daphne's stomach.

I can't stop smiling. Daphne is smiling too, but mostly at me.

"And here is their right hand and all 5 fingers seemed to be in tact."

I clear my throat.

"Can you tell if it's a boy or a girl?" I ask anxiously. Daphne smiles at me again.

"You want to know?" The doctor asks.

I nod.

“Wait Justin. What about Brian? Shouldn’t he be here?” Daphne asks.

“He had a meeting. I didn’t even ask him if he wanted to be here.” I shift my eyes down, embarrassed.

“Oh.” Is all she can muster to answer.

The doctor looks at me questionably and I tell her, “Maybe next time. I want to wait for my husband.”

Just then the door to the exam room flies opens and I hear a familiar voice.

“Did I miss it!?!?” Brian exclaims. Our mouths drop open and he screeches to a halt in mid step when he sees the monitor with the baby on it.

“Oh my god.” He whispers.

“You’re the husband I assume?” The doctor asks.

He nods and gets closer to the bed and kneels down next to Daphne after giving her a kiss on the cheek. He never takes his eyes off the baby.

I nod at the doctor and she moves the paddle around Daphne's stomach.

We all hold our breath in anticipation.

Brian reaches for my hand across Daphne's legs and I take it and notice he is also holding Daphne's hand too.

I am so excited I feel like I may burst.

"It's a girl." The doctor tells us with a smile.

We all breathe out.

I turn to look at Daphne and Brian to see their reactions.

Daphne has a smile plastered from ear to ear.

Brian has tears in his eyes.

2 months later.

Brian's POV

I pace the waiting room till my feet hurt and my legs feel like rubber.

Justin came out from time to time to give me updates.

Daphne had been in labor for 8 hours.

I couldn't eat and I couldn't dare leave the waiting room until she was born.

Justin's daughter.

Our daughter.

“Mr. Kinney-Taylor?” I hear the nurse at the desk ask.

“Yes?” I run to her and she points to the labor and delivery door.

“I think someone wants to meet you.” I smile at her and run as fast as I can down the hallway and through the door.

When I reach the nurses station in Labor and delivery they already know who I am and the nurse yells, “Room 2113.” As I fly past her.

I open the door to 2113 and almost faint at the sight.

Daphne is lying back in bed, looking exhausted, Jody standing next to her dressed in scrubs. I shift my eyes inside the room and see them.

Justin. And my new daughter. I walk slowly to him and he looks up and a ray of sunshine bursts out of him.

I peek into the bundled blanket he is holding and I suck in my breath.

Oh.

My.

God.

Her skin is olive toned like her mothers with little wisps of dark hair curled underneath the blanket.

Justin hands her to me and I take her gently.

I get the same feeling I did when I held Gus the first time in this same hospital 10 years ago. Happiness.

Pure happiness.

Then it happens. She opens her eyes and I am looking into the bluest eyes I had ever seen. The same eyes I had stared into 10 years ago when I saw my future for the first time.

"She looks just like you Daphne." I whisper.

“With Justin’s eyes. She is gonna be a heartbreaker.” Jody smiles.

“Just like her father.” I joke.

“Have you thought of a name?” Daphne asks.

“What do you think Daph?” Justin looks to his best friend for a suggestion.

She shakes her head.

“This is your baby Justin. Yours and Brian’s. I want you to have soul decision in all this. I did this for you.”
She takes Jody’s hand and they share a look between them.

Pure selflessness.

Justin looks at me with question.

“Well?”

"I did think of one name." I tell him.

He smiles.

"What is it?" He asks.

I look deep into my daughter's eyes.

"Deborah Lindsay". I say choking back tears.

I look at Justin for his reaction.

Tears spill down his cheeks and he nods.

"Perfect."

Justin wraps his arms around my waist and puts his head on my shoulder. I nuzzle my head into his and close my eyes for a moment taking in the feeling of pure satisfaction.

When I reopen my eyes I find Deborah looking at me intently. I stick my tongue out at her and a smile slowly creeps across her lips.

Sunshine.

I look at Justin and find the same smile on his face.

Blue eyes and a smile like sunshine.

I was in deep shit.

This little girl was gonna get whatever she wanted and be spoiled rotten. Just like another blue-eyed kid I once knew years ago. The same kid who grew into the man I love.

Deborah Lindsay Taylor-Kinney.

4 names from 4 different families. All people I loved. People now united in love of this beautiful little girl.

A little girl with blue eyes and a smile like sunshine.

Just like her father.

END