

AND SO IT BEGAN

"Can I have some cake?" Gus asked, grinning widely. Lindsay laughed and shook her head.

"The answer was no five minutes ago, and it's still no now," his mother replied.

"But it's my birthday," Gus pouted.

"Not until tomorrow," Lindsay reminded him. "Now go to bed."

"Mom, I'm going to be ten," Gus told her, crossing his arms. "I should get a later bedtime." Lindsay laughed.

"I happen to think ten is an excellent bedtime for a ten year old. Now *go*." Gus glared at her, arms crossed.

"Fine," he conceded. "But wake me up at midnight."

"What? Why?"

"Because you said cake tomorrow. Midnight is tomorrow," Gus told her matter-of-factly. Lindsay shook her head.

"No, later tomorrow."

"Hey," he retorted. "You already said tomorrow. You did not put a stipulation on that. Midnight is tomorrow, and I want some cake."

"Don't say stipulation."

"Why not?"

"You're ten. Ten year olds don't say stipulation," she replied, putting the last of the dishes away.

"Oh, I see. *Now* I'm ten. Five minutes ago when I wanted cake I was nine, but *now* I'm ten." He crossed his arms again and looked up at her defiantly.

"You're a Kinney alright," Lindsay laughed, rolling her eyes. "Gus, go to bed. Seriously." She ruffled his hair and left the kitchen. Gus walked over to the counter and stared at his cake.

"I will have you, my cake. You will be mine."

Brian exited the dance floor, glistening with a fine sheen of sweat. He breathed deep as he stepped out into the cool air. His body shivered slightly and he smiled, only somewhat drunkenly.

"That was quick," Emmett said as he approached. Brian smirked.

"I got bored," he replied, walking towards the jeep. Emmett laughed.

"Yeah, getting your dick sucked can be so tedious," he replied. Brian tossed his jacket in the jeep and looked over to the side.

And that's when it happened...

Across the street, he saw a young blond taking a drag from a cigarette. He leaned against the light post and surveyed his surroundings. His hair was a little long, the ends coming a little past his ears. The light caught on the golden strands and Brian gulped.

His legs started carrying him across the street before his mind decided that he wanted to approach him. Brian stopped within inches of the blond, whose full red lips turned up into a smirk.

"Had a busy night?" Brian asked, voice hazy with lust. The blond smiled radiantly, and then shrugged.

"No busier than usual," he replied. Brian raised an eyebrow and nodded.

"Where you headed?" Brian questioned. The shorter man locked eyes with him and smiled slyly.

"No place special."

"I can change that."

"Your friends looked a little mad," Justin laughed after Brian pulled away from the curb. The brunet looked over and smiled, his tongue finding the inside of his cheek.

"They'll get over it," Brian replied, turning back towards the road. "What's your name anyway?"

"Justin," he replied, looking over at him. "You?"

"Brian," he responded as he looked over his shoulder and changed lanes. He furrowed his brow and turned off his blinker. He never asked for names, never gave his.

Oh well.

“Nice to meet you,” Justin replied with a laugh. “I love your car.”

“Thanks,” Brian smiled. “What do you drive?”

“I don’t, unfortunately,” Justin informed him, his fingers gliding along the dashboard. “I’m just a poor student.”

“Oh?” Brian asked, looking over at him. “Where at?”

“I’m in my third year at PIFA.” Brian raised his eyebrows and nodded in approval.

“Very prestigious,” he replied with a smirk. “I went to Pitt. Graduated a few years ago of course.”

“Well yeah, I could tell.” Brian looked over at him and Justin’s eyes widened. He met Brian’s glare and shook his head. “I mean, not that you look old or anything. You just, look, not young enough to be a student. Unless, you were like, going back to take classes or something, which in that case you look totally young enough.”

“Justin,” Brian tried to cut him off, but he continued on.

“You don’t look old. You’re really hot.” Brian reached over and put his hand over the blond’s mouth.

“I get it,” Brian laughed. Justin blushed and Brian took his hand away. “As long as I don’t look thirty.”

“You don’t,” Justin replied. “Are you thirty?”

“Fuck no,” Brian replied. Justin laughed. “Twenty eight, if you must know.” Justin nodded to himself.

“I’m twenty, just to be fair,” Justin replied. Brian nodded and turned onto his street. He had never talked so much with a trick in his life.

And he didn’t want to stop now.

“Twenty, huh? How do you get into clubs?” Brian asked playfully as he pulled into his parking space and killed the engine. Justin got out of the car and looked over his shoulder at Brian, smiling wide.

“With an ass like this, who needs an ID?” He said smugly, shaking said ass before shutting the door of the car. Brian smirked and shook his head, taking a deep breath before getting out of the car.

"I'm ten!" Gus shouted as he run down the stairs at exactly midnight. "I'm ten! I am one entire decade!" He continued screaming as he ran down the stairs. He tripped over the last step and fell flat on his face.

"Gus!" Melanie shouted. She and Lindsay jumped off of the sofa and ran over to their son. Gus remained motionless, face down on the tile.

"Oh my god! Gus, are you okay?" Lindsay shouted, dropping to her knees.

Gus held out both hands, wiggling all ten fingers. "TEN, BABY!"

"God," Melanie laughed, shaking her head. Gus rolled over and grinned up at them from the floor.

"That's going to hurt so bad tomorrow but that's oookay!" Gus exclaimed. "For I am one decade old. Ten years. Double digits, baby." Lindsay laughed and grabbed his hands, pulling him up.

"Gus, go to bed," Melanie told him as he dusted off his boxers. He looked up at her and furrowed his brows in true Kinney fashion.

"Mommy said I could have cake tomorrow," he told her, and then clasped his hands over his mouth. "I'm way too old to say Mommy. I need something new to say." He put his hand on his chin and thought hard. Mel and Lindsay looked at each other and laughed. "I've got it. You," he said, pointing at Lindsay, "are now just Mom."

"So we're both Mom?" Lindsay asked. Gus shook his head.

"You are now just Ma," he said, pointing at Melanie. The girls shook their heads at him.

"Whatever you say, Gus," Melanie said.

"I say CAKE time," Gus said, walking towards the kitchen. Lindsay grabbed the back of his shirt and stopped him.

"No, bed time," Lindsay told him. Gus sighed and crossed his arms.

"What does the clock say?" He asked, walking over to it. "It looks like it says that it is my BIRTHDAY." Lindsay sighed and looked over at Mel, who shrugged.

"Fine. One piece. And then bed."

"Score," Gus exclaimed. He walked over to the phone and picked it up. Lindsay shook her head.

"What are you doing?"

"I'm calling Dad. Duh. He needs to be here for CAKE."

"Uh, your dad might not answer," Lindsay replied.

"He'll be up," Gus said as he dialed the number.

"Yeah, but up doing *what?*" Mel asked quietly.

Brian laughed as he opened two more beers, handing one to Justin. They had been just talking for almost half an hour and Brian found it strangely comforting. Justin clinked his beer against Brian's and took a sip. Brian watched his strawberry lips wrap around the lip of the bottle, sucking gently as he drank down the amber liquid.

Brian set his beer down. Suddenly he didn't feel like talking anymore.

He leaned over and kissed Justin gently, and then looked for a reaction. Justin smiled and he kissed the blond again, harder this time. Justin sucked on his tongue greedily, sliding his hands up the back of Brian's shirt. The taller man smirked against his lips and stood up, walking backwards towards the bedroom.

Justin stood up as well, licking his swollen lips. Brian pulled his shirt off and threw it aside, taking another step back. He unbuttoned his pants and pulled them off, underwear following soon after. He stood at the base of his bedroom, spreading his arms wide.

"Are you coming or going? Or coming, and *then* going? Or..." His cell phone started ringing, cutting him off. "Shit, hold on."

"Okay," Justin gulped, watching as Brian strode past him, naked. Brian picked up his cell, looked at the display, and flipped it open.

"Hello?"

"Dad! It's my birthday!"

"Hey," Brian replied, smiling at his son's voice. "Not until tomorrow." He heard Gus sigh loudly.

"I am so sick of explaining this! Look at the clock, it's midnight. It is my birthday. Jeez."

"Okay, okay. I see your point." He walked through the bedroom and into the bathroom, pacing as he talked. "Happy birthday, Sonny boy."

"Thanks. Now come over."

“What, now?”

”Yes, now. It’s time for CAKE.”

“I’m coming to your birthday party tomorrow,” he replied, fixing his hair in the mirror.

”No, Dad. Screw the party. The time for CAKE is now.”

“But you get presents at the party,” Brian reminded him.

”OH MY GOD PRESENTS!” Brian laughed and pulled the phone away from his ear as his son screamed.

“Yeah, so I’ll see you tomorrow at the party.”

”Yes, you will. But you’re still coming over now. CAKE, Dad. CAKE.” Brian sighed and walked out into the bedroom. He saw Justin sitting at the counter in the kitchen, sipping from his beer.

“I’m kind of busy right now, Gus.” Gus gasped.

”Too busy for me? Your one and only son? Your pride and joy? The fruit of your LOINS? Too busy for your baby boy’s birthday?” Brian rolled his eyes.
”What part of TIME FOR CAKE do you not understand?”

“Okay, Gus. I’ll be there in a little bit,” Brian conceded. He opened his closet and pulled out a pair of jeans and a white shirt.

”Hurry. The CAKE waits for no man.” Brian laughed as Gus hung up the phone. He pulled on his jeans and put the phone in his pocket. He grabbed his shirts as he walked back out to where Justin was sitting.

“Uh, Justin?” He said, pulling the white tank over his head. “I have this thing I have to go do, so...”

“Oh,” Justin replied, sliding off the stool. He looked at the floor, feeling rejected. “Well, um, I’ll call a cab then.” Brian nodded slightly, buttoning his shirt. He didn’t want Justin to go. He shook his head and amended himself. He wanted to fuck Justin.

“Hey Justin, wait,” Brian told him. He walked over to the blond. “You can come, if you want. It won’t take me very long, I don’t think.” Justin smiled and nodded.

“Sure. I mean, yeah, if it’s not a problem.” Brian shook his head and snatched up his keys.

“Not at all. Come on.”

Justin had no clue where they were going, but he certainly wasn't expecting Brian to pull in front of a cute little house in the suburbs. Justin scrunched up his face in confusion and unbuckled his seat belt. Brian opened the door for him, and he stepped out.

"Uh, what are we doing here?" Justin asked as they walked up to the door.

"It's my kid's birthday tomorrow. Well, today, technically. Apparently he wants his cake right fucking now, and not a moment later." Brian laughed and crushed the cigarette he had been smoking under his shoe. Justin's eyes widened in surprise.

"You have a kid?" Justin asked. Brian rolled his lips into his mouth and nodded. He opened the door without knocking and walked in. Justin looked around and followed him inside.

"Hey Brian," Lindsay said as she came around the corner. She stopped when she saw Justin. "Who's this?" She asked politely, even though her eyes narrowed slightly.

"Lindsay, this is Justin," Brian said as if Lindsay should have known that already. Justin waved from his spot behind Brian. "Where's my kid?"

Justin stood behind him, playing out possible scenarios in his head. Lindsay was gay and Brian fathered her child. Brian was bi, and got Lindsay pregnant. Lindsay was Brian's ex-wife. Ooh, that'd be uncomfortable.

But all those scenarios included a small child, a baby. The boy that came tearing around the corner was definitely not a baby.

"DADDY!" The boy jumped up into Brian's arms and the man laughed loudly. He spun him around in circles, the boy giggling madly.

"Hey kid," Brian told him, blowing a raspberry on his cheek. The boy squirmed out of Brian's arms. He noticed Justin standing behind his father and walked right up to him.

"Who are *you*?" He asked, putting his hands on his hips. Justin laughed nervously and ran his fingers through his hair.

"Uh," he replied, looking over at Brian. The brunet ruffled Gus's hair.

"This is Justin," Brian replied. "He's a friend of mine." Gus looked over at his father, and then back up at Justin, hazel eyes narrowed.

"Hello Justin," Gus said. "Did you come for the CAKE?" Justin looked over at Brian, who was talking with Lindsay, his back to him. He looked down at

Gus and smiled.

"Yeah, I guess I did," Justin replied.

"I bet you want some of my cake, blondie," Gus smirked.

"What the?" Gus grinned up at him and ran back into the kitchen. Brian turned away from Lindsay, walking back over to Justin. He smiled and slung his arm around Justin's waist, pressing his lips against his ear.

"We'll just eat some cake and get back to my place, okay?" He asked, and then gently bit his earlobe and grabbed his ass simultaneously. Then he took off after Gus, leaving Justin alone in the entry way.

It was sometime around that moment that Justin knew the Kinney men would be the death of him.

Justin walked into the dining room, seeing Gus sitting at the table. He could hear Brian and Lindsay's voices in the kitchen, so he sat down across from Brian's son, who was staring intently at a very large birthday cake.

"So, how old are you going to be?" Justin asked, clasping his hands together.

"Not going to be," Gus replied. "*Am*. I am ten years old."

"Awesome," Justin replied. "A whole decade."

"*Exactly!*" Gus cried. "Finally, someone who gets it." Justin laughed, relaxing a little bit.

"I'm twenty, so I'm two decades old."

"Cool. So are you like my dad's boyfriend?" Justin's eyes widened and he looked around nervously.

"You have no tact," Justin replied. Gus grinned.

"That's what they tell me. So are you?"

"Uh, no," he said. "No, I'm not." Gus nodded.

"Are you gonna be?"

"I don't think so, no." Justin laughed nervously and looked towards the kitchen, praying to be rescued.

"You should be," Gus proclaimed. Justin raised his eyebrow at him.

"Should I?"

“Yeah.”

“Why is that?”

“Because he’s never brought a boy here before, ever. He’s never brought a boy to Grandma Deb’s either. Or the diner. Or anywhere. So, you must be special or something.” Justin smiled in spite of himself.

“I see.” Gus looked down at his cake.

“Do you want some of the CAKE?” Gus asked. Justin grinned.

“Sure.”

“Well, then I guess you should have brought some!” Gus laughed.

“Uh, okay,” Justin replied, furrowing his brow. Gus giggled.

“I’m kidding, Justin. Of course you can have some CAKE.”

“You’re weird,” Justin said, laughing. Gus smiled and scratched behind his ear.

“They tell me that too.”

“I can’t believe you just brought a complete stranger over to our house,” Melanie said harshly as the three of them stood in the kitchen. Brian rolled his eyes.

“Justin isn’t a complete stranger,” Brian retorted, taking a pile of plates from Lindsay. She raised her eyebrow at him.

“When did you meet him?” Lindsay asked. Brian looked down at the plates.

“Okay fine,” Brian conceded. “I met him tonight. But you two are the ones that left Gus out there alone with the stranger I brought.”

Mel and Linds looked at each other, and then they both ran for the dining room. Brian smirked and followed behind, grabbing a cake server and some forks on his way by.

When he stepped out of the kitchen, Mel and Linds were looking at the empty kitchen table.

“Gus?” Lindsay called out. Brian set the plates down and furrowed his brow.

“Hey!” They heard Gus call from the family room. “Stop it! Stop!” All three parents ran in the direction of his voice. When they entered the family room,

they saw Gus and Justin sitting on the floor in front of the TV, video game controllers in hand. “Dude, you’re cheating!”

“Am not!” Justin replied as he won another round. “Ha!”

“You suck,” Gus exclaimed, dropping the controller. Lindsay and Mel looked over their shoulders at Brian, who stuck his tongue out at them as he walked by. He put a hand on each of their heads.

“Okay kids, time for cake.” Gus jumped up so fast that Brian almost lost his balance. Justin grimaced and turned his head up slowly, seeing Brian’s smirking face. Justin grinned.

“I’m mature,” Justin said smoothly, standing up and dusting off the seat of his jeans. The girls laughed and exited the room after Gus. Brian smiled at him.

“I can see that,” Brian replied laughingly. He pulled Justin up against him and kissed him softly. Justin was surprised at the tender action. But then again, he was surprised by the entire situation. Brian pulled away and Justin’s eyes stayed closed for a long time after. “Time for cake,” he whispered against Justin’s lips.

“Right. Cake,” Justin replied, shaking his head to clear the stars in his eyes. Brian smiled and led Justin out into the dining room. They sat down and Lindsay put their cake in front of them. Brian stared down at his piece, narrowing his eyes at it.

“Don’t give me any of your no carbs after seven bullshit,” Lindsay said. “Eat the cake.” Brian looked up at her and then grabbed a fork. Justin had already begun to dig in.

“Wait!” Gus called. The four adults looked up at him. “Sing the song!”

“What?” Brian asked incredulously.

“Sing the song!” Gus demanded. The adults all rolled their eyes and sang the song, albeit without much enthusiasm. It seemed to be good enough for Gus, who finally dug into his cake.

“Oh my god, CAKE,” he exclaimed through a mouthful. “Where have you been all my life?”

“This is really good,” Justin said politely. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome,” Lindsay replied. The girls seemed to warm up to him a little bit.

“You can have another piece tomorrow Justin,” Gus informed him. “At my birthday party.” Justin’s eyes widened and he looked over at Brian, who

looked surprised as well. Gus narrowed his eyes at them. “Justin *is* coming, right?”

“Uh,” Brian said, looking over at the girls. They shrugged.

“I’ll see if I can,” Justin told him with a smile. Gus looked at him again, crossing his arms.

“You better be there,” Gus warned. Brian laughed.

“He said he’d try,” Brian replied. Gus nodded. They all continued eating their cake, watching as Gus grew sleepier as the excitement subsided. The adults carried on conversation. Brian was the first to notice Gus bent over, asleep on his arms.

“I’ll get him,” Brian told them. He stood up and carefully scooped Gus up in his arms. Justin watched intently as Brian cradled his son, kissing the top of his head.

“Sleepy,” Gus mumbled, wrapping his arms around Brian’s neck. He carried the boy to the bottom of the stairs, Justin and the girls following.

“I know. Say goodnight Sonny boy,” Brian whispered, pushing Gus’s hair out his face.

“Night Mommies,” he yawned. He looked over at Justin and his eyes widened. He squirmed against Brian slightly. “Let me down.” Brian furrowed his brow and set him on the floor. Gus ran to Justin at full speed, jumping up into his arms.

“Whoa,” Justin laughed, catching him. Gus threw his arms around Justin’s neck and hugged him tight. Justin caught Brian’s eye. The brunet looked surprised, and also a little touched. Justin’s heart swelled and he swung Gus back and forth slightly.

“I’m glad I met you, Justin,” Gus said sleepily. Justin nodded, grinning so hard his cheeks hurt.

“Me too,” Justin replied, his voice cracking slightly. Gus pulled back and looked at Justin.

“Please come to my party, kay?” Justin smiled sadly. He didn’t know if he would be around that long.

“I’ll try my best, okay?” Justin told him. He then kissed his forehead and walked over to Brian. Gus allowed himself to be transferred to his father, who took him upstairs. Justin watched until they were out of sight.

“Wow,” Lindsay replied. Justin turned to face them, still grinning like mad.

"What?" He asked.

"Well," Lindsay replied. "Gus doesn't usually take to people like that."

"Oh?" Justin asked.

"Yeah," Melanie added. "He sort of inherited his father's well, charming asshole quality." He paused and Justin laughed. "Come to think of it, I've never seen Brian take to someone so quickly either."

"Definitely not," Lindsay said. Justin grinned harder and blushed. This certainly wasn't what he was expecting when he hit Liberty that night.

"I like Justin," Gus said sleepily as Brian tucked him in. The man smirked and ruffled his hair.

"You do, do you?" He questioned, turning off his bedside lamp. Gus nodded.

"Yes, very much. You have good taste. I think Justin would be a fine young man for you to settle down with." Brian laughed outright and shook his head.

"You turned ten, not thirty," Brian laughed. "Go to sleep."

"Okay. I love you, Dad." Brian smiled wide and kissed his forehead.

"I love you too, Gus." He watched his son's eyelids slide closed and then exited the room quietly, smiling to himself. He descended the stairs quickly, slinging his arm over Justin's shoulders.

"Hey," Justin said softly, reaching up to rest his hand on Brian's forearm.

"Well, it's late. I'm sure a nice lezzy couple such as yourselves would like to be in bed, so Justin and I will say our goodbyes now. Melanie and Lindsay laughed and headed for the stairs.

"It was nice to meet you Justin," Lindsay said sweetly.

"Yeah, it really was," Melanie agreed. "I hope to see a lot more of you." She said this more to Brian than to the blond himself. Brian smirked and nodded.

"It was great meeting you!" Justin told them as Brian pulled him out of the front door.

"Sorry about that," Brian told him after they had gotten back on the road. Justin shook his head and looked over at him.

"Oh no," Justin replied. "I had a lot of fun. He's such a cool kid." Brian

beamed and nodded.

“Yeah,” he agreed. The rest of the short drive was completed in comfortable silence. Brian opened Justin’s door again once they were parked. They entered the lift and Justin watched Brian’s arms as he pulled down the gate.

Brian turned around and locked eyes with Justin. The blond gave an impish smile and then the two came together in a fierce kiss. Brian pressed Justin against the bricks, holding his hips in place as they kissed.

The lift stopped, their kiss ending shortly after. They panted into each other’s mouths, biting and licking at swollen lips.

“We need to get inside,” Brian panted, tearing himself away from the blond. He lifted the gate and pulled his keys out of his pocket, sliding open the door. Justin went in and Brian slid it shut. As he turned around, Justin pressed him against it and started kissing his neck. “Bed,” he gasped. “Bed.”

“Right.” Justin spun around, as if he knew exactly where he was going. He took a step into the loft. “Wow. I like your kitchen.” Brian blinked and shook his head, grabbing Justin’s hand with a smirk. He pulled Justin up the few stairs to his bed and pushed him down on it.

“Shall we try this again?” Brian smirked, pulling his tee over his head. Justin grinned and pulled his shirt off as well. Normally in situations such as these, it is found to be sexy and arousing to undress your partner. But, at this particular moment, clothes were the enemy. Fuck clothes. “I’m so hard,” Brian panted as he crawled onto the bed. They kissed again, fueled by passion and desire.

“I can see that,” Justin replied with a smirk. He rolled to the side and wrapped his hand around Brian’s dick, squeezing softly. The older man groaned, his eyelids fluttering with the pleasure. “So hard.” Justin pushed Brian on his back and got between his legs, eager to taste him. Brian gasped, his back arching up as his dick slid into the warm recesses of Justin’s mouth. The blond sucked eagerly and Brian fought against the urge to fuck his pretty little face.

“Fuck,” he gasped, long fingers tangling in yellow hair. Brian looked up to watch his dick move in and out of those red lips. Justin was fingering himself, getting ready for Brian’s cock. He tugged harder on the silky strands, his hips bucking up rebelliously. So fucking close.

“Soon,” was all Brian could manage to say, his lips momentarily taking leave. Justin cupped his full sac, massaging as he swallowed around the head of Brian’s leaking dick. His back arched again and he moaned, feeling as uninhibited as a teenager. He shot hard into Justin’s willing mouth, his eyes slamming shut no matter how hard he tried to keep them open.

When he finally could open his eyes, Justin was hovering above him, licking

pearly drops of cum from his strawberry lips. Brian gasped and was treated with a taste of himself, sweet and bitter against Justin's eager tongue. They kissed like sex deprived teenagers, cocks aching and leaking against each other.

Brian was the first to pull away, panting against Justin's reddened cheek. "Roll over," he told him. "I want to eat your ass."

Justin grinned and kissed him once more before rolling over, spreading his legs only enough to make Brian want to spread them more. The brunet grabbed lube and a condom, placing them on Justin's back as a reminder of what was soon to come. He got between Justin's legs, pulling them apart. He licked his lips, parting the plump cheeks with his thumbs. Justin's hole twitched in anticipation, pink and perfect.

Justin cried out, loud and unrestrained, as Brian's tongue probed his ass. He licked and sucked, moaning from the bitter taste on his tongue. Justin pushed back, growling with desperate urgency. Brian found himself thrusting against nothing, lost in the sensations.

"Fuck me," Justin cried. Brian flipped him over, more than ready to comply.

"Happy to," he grinned. He opened the lube with swift fingers, preparing Justin quickly. He picked up the condom and placed it on the blond's chest as he fingered his asshole. "Put it on me."

Justin nodded and extracted the disc with shaky fingers. He slid it down Brian's cock, squeezing and stroking long after the latex was firmly in place. Brian pulled his fingers out and placed Justin's legs on his shoulders. Brian watched his face intently as he slid inside. His face displayed a plethora of emotion.

"Fuck," Justin grunted, licking his lips and smiling. Brian kissed him as he began to thrust. Justin's ass squeezed his dick so tight that he actually whimpered from the intensity. Their nerve endings were on fire, electricity shocking their skin with each touch.

Justin's fingers burned as they dug into Brian's shoulder. His moans rang in Brian's ears, low and throaty. The taller man bit at the pale flesh, leaving tiny red marks as he thrust in and out.

Brian felt as if every touch of Justin's lips against his skin would permanently burn, marking him forever. They kissed already swollen lips, hands gliding over sweaty skin. They moaned, screamed against abused lips.

"Close," Justin announced in a rushed grunt as Brian slammed against his prostate for the third time. Brian grabbed his leaking cock and did it again, making Justin cry out and slap his hands against his face. Justin was quickly coming undone.

“Cum,” Brian commanded, his balls aching as he tried to prolong the sensation. He pulled up on his cock as he slammed against his prostate again. Justin came then, shooting with an intensity that made his back arch up and a scream emanate from his throat. Colors flashed behind his eyes, blue, purple, and white, as if the midnight sky exploded just for him. “Brian,” he cried, as soon as he could remember how to speak.

“Justin,” he grunted. One second later he came, filling the condom to maximum capacity. His arms shook as he struggled to stay upright. He grunted, cried out with the intensity, mumbling incoherently. The last tremor made him collapse on top of the blond. Justin’s fingers immediately curled into his sweaty hair, his lips pressing against the bottom of his ear.

“Holy shit,” Justin muttered. Brian laughed against his hair and kissed his temple.

“Agreed.” They kissed again, stars exploding behind their eyes.

The alarm went off, waking Justin all too soon. He blinked owlishly and froze as Brian rolled over him, shutting it off. He rolled onto his back and Justin curled up against him. Brian responded to the action, rolling to the side.

Then Brian’s head popped up, and he stared at Justin with narrowed eyes. “What the fuck are you doing here?” He asked. Justin’s smile faded.

“Um...”

“Justin, I’m kidding,” Brian laughed. Justin rolled his eyes and slapped his chest.

“Not funny,” he replied. Brian laughed louder and pressed his lips against Justin’s pouted ones. After a few moments, the blond returned the kiss.

“I’m fucking hilarious,” Brian replied, kissing along Justin’s neck. The blond sighed contentedly and ran his hand along Brian’s back. The brunet looked over at the clock and groaned. “We better get up.”

“Why?”

“Gus’s birthday party is in two hours, and we need to stop on the way so you can get him a present. Because I don’t want to see what happens if you show up empty handed. Spoiled brat.” Brian smirked and rolled off of the bed, walking into the bathroom. Justin followed him, stepping under the shower spray with Brian.

“You really want me to come to the party?” Justin asked. Brian turned to him, smiling as he pulled him flush against his body.

“Yes,” he replied. “I really do. Plus with you there to occupy me, it might not be so boring.” Justin grinned and kissed him softly.

“I have a question,” Justin announced as Brian soaped up his back a few minutes later.

“Hmm?”

“How does a relatively young gay man such as your self end up with a ten year old kid?” Justin asked curiously. Brian snorted.

“Relatively young? I’m going to remember that, asshole,” Brian replied. “Well, sometimes when a boy and girl share a very special hug, they make a baby.” Justin rolled his eyes and turned around in Brian’s arms.

“Seriously,” Justin replied, kissing Brian’s jaw. The brunet stuck his tongue in his cheek, looking down into bright blue eyes.

“Linds and I went to college together,” Brian told him, hands still gliding along Justin’s skin. “One night freshman year, we were at a party. We drank way too much, and I took some E. She wanted to have sex with a guy, and well, I’m sure you can guess the rest.”

“Oh.” Justin nodded, and then looked up. “Do you ever regret it?”

“It was really hard at first, college and a baby. Really difficult. But, we both made it through school, and I’m junior partner at a successful ad agency, and I’m living the life I’ve always wanted. Only now, I have a wonderful son too. So no, no regrets. Never any regrets.” Justin grinned and kissed him softly.

“Well, he seems exactly like you. He’s a fucking genius. You should be proud.” Brian smiled and nodded.

“I am,” he replied with a nod.

A few minutes later, Justin was soaping Brian’s hips, letting his fingers trail over his dick. “Think we have time for one more?” He asked, raising his eyebrows. Brian smirked, pushing Justin against the glass.

“As long as you’re up for it.”

Brian pulled up in front of the munchers’ house with a squeal, ten minutes after the party started. After their shower, Brian came out of the bathroom to see Justin bending over, in search of a lost sock. Brian practically knocked him to the ground in a rush to get into his ass.

The two men rushed through the house, brightly wrapped packages in hand.

They exited the back door, thrust into a swarm of young children. Brian cringed, his eyes closing behind his sunglasses. Justin laughed, taking his hand in his own and squeezing.

“DADDY!” Gus shrieked, running over to them.

“We’ve been spotted,” Brian told Justin before bending over to receive a flying tackle hug from his carbon copy of a son. Brian fell backwards, landing flat on his ass in an attempt to catch Gus.

Justin laughed loudly, bending over to put his hands on his (sore) knees. Mel and Linds came running over to assess the situation. They looked from Brian, on his back in the grass, to Gus, who was crawling over his father in an attempt to get to his gift, and then to Justin, who they seemed genuinely surprised to see.

“You came!” Gus cried, jumping up into Justin’s arms. The blond smiled and ruffled his hair.

“I told you I’d try my best,” Justin told him. Lindsay picked up the gift that had once again been thrown to the ground. Justin set the boy down and handed his gift to him. Lindsay gave him Brian’s as well.

“Sweetie, go put these with the rest of them, okay?” Lindsay told him. Gus nodded and tore across the backyard. Justin walked over to where Brian was still lying in the grass.

“You’re going to get grass stains on the Armani,” Justin laughed, reaching out to pull him up. “I still can’t get over the fact you did, indeed, wear *Armani* to a child’s birthday party.” Brian snorted and wrapped his arm around Justin’s waist. Melanie’s jaw dropped open. Lindsay smiled.

“I always feel the need to look my best,” Brian replied, dusting off said Armani jeans with his free hand. Justin laughed and shook his head.

“Justin,” Lindsay exclaimed. “We’re glad you made it.”

“And surprised you made it,” Mel added. Brian stuck his tongue out at her, and she responded with the same action.

“I’m glad I could come,” Justin replied. Gus ran up to them again, a smile adorning his face. He stopped in front of his father and Justin, looking up at the blond.

“You came!” He exclaimed again.

“A few times actually,” Brian replied. Justin smacked him in the chest and Lindsay laughed and shook her head.

“Yep, sure did,” Justin replied. Gus smiled and looked over at his father.

“So can I expect to start seeing Justin often and for a long time?” Gus asked, rolling back on his heels. Justin blushed and Brian smirked at his audacity. Brian looked over at Justin, catching his eye. They stared at each other for a few moments, grinning at each other. Then, Brian nodded. He turned back to his son, smiling wide.

“Yes, you can expect to have Justin around for a long time.”

CONFRONTATION

"Gus, get down here!" Melanie's voice drifted up into his room and he rolled his eyes, flipping the page in his comic book. He rolled off of his bed, awkwardly tall in his twelve years. He scratched his stomach and noticed the sun was going down. He looked at the clock on his desk. His dads would be there to pick him up soon.

He grabbed his overnight bag, stuffing it with pajamas and a change of clothes. All his good movies and video games were already at the loft.

"Gus!" He started whistling, continuing to ignore her as he slipped into his Chuck Taylors and denim jacket, bouncing jauntily down the stairs. He walked right past Melanie, who was standing at the end of the stairs, her hands on her hips. He kissed Lindsay on the cheek and went into the kitchen, snagging a soda from the refrigerator.

"The dads are going to be here soon," he told Lindsay. She rolled her eyes and walked into the living room, not wanting to go through it again.

"Gus," Mel started. "I told you that you aren't going."

"I *am* going," Gus replied calmly. At that moment, Brian and Justin strolled through the front door of the house, walking into the dining room, where everyone was gathered.

"Hey sonny boy," Brian said, ruffling his son's hair.

"Hey Dad. Hey Justin."

"Ready to go?" Justin asked. Gus nodded and took a step towards Justin. Melanie laughed bitterly and shook her head.

"Gus can't go tonight." Melanie put her hand on Gus' shoulder and he squirmed out of her grasp. "My parents are coming for dinner, and he needs to be here."

"Oh," Justin said, jutting his bottom lip out. Brian raised an eyebrow. He leaned against the doorframe and crossed his arms.

"I'm going with them!" Gus yelled. Melanie shook her head.

"No, you're not."

"Justin and I have had this planned for weeks! He already said I could go," Gus pouted. Justin shifted, feeling uncomfortable.

"Justin isn't your parent! I am." Melanie shrieked. Lindsay closed her eyes and sighed. Justin's face fell, and he felt like he had been punched in the stomach. Brian rolled his lips into his mouth and walked over to Melanie,

fuming, ready to tear into her, but Gus beat him to it.

"The fuck you are!" Gus shouted. Lindsay and Melanie gasped, and Brian looked over at him, raising an eyebrow. Justin bit his lip and looked over at Brian.

"Gus!" Lindsay shouted.

"No, what makes Melanie my parent, and Justin not my parent?" Melanie opened her mouth, but Gus cut her off. "You're the woman fucking my mother, and he's the guy fucking my dad. He is as much my parent as you are, if not more!"

"Gus, stop." The lanky preteen looked over at his mother and sighed.

"That wasn't fair of her to say," Gus said softly. "Mel is your partner, and Justin is my dad's partner." He turned back to Melanie, who still looked taken aback. "Sorry if this hurts, but Justin is as much my father as you are my mother. That isn't going to change. Justin and I get along. He talks to me. He doesn't make me feel like his kid only when it benefits him."

"He isn't even old enough to be your father," Melanie protested weakly. Gus sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose. Justin raised an eyebrow and looked over at Brian, who was in the same position.

"So what?" Gus said. "I still consider him my dad." Justin couldn't help his smile, his eyes glistening with unshed tears. Brian smirked and wrapped his arms around Justin from behind. "And I'm going out with my dads, because we've had this planned for weeks. So I'm sorry, you'll have to tell your parents I'll have to see them some other time. Show them JR. I'm sure they'll be more than fine with cooing over your *real* child."

Brian sighed and ran his fingers through his hair. He knew that since Melanie had given birth to Michael's daughter four months earlier, Melanie made it perfectly clear which child she favored. It infuriated Brian. Gus turned to look at Lindsay, sighing. "I'll be home tomorrow."

Gus turned and walked out the front door, slamming it behind him. Justin looked over his shoulder at the door, and then back, his eyes widening at Melanie's icy stare. He took a step back, finding instant comfort when Brian's hand came to rest on his shoulder.

"Get out," Melanie ground out, her fist clenched at her side, her eyes angry. Justin shook his head in surprise, stumbling backwards a little. Brian squeezed his shoulder a little tighter, moving him to the side.

"Melanie!" Lindsay gasped, coming up to stand at her partner's side. Melanie shook her head and took a step closer to Justin. Brian stepped in front of the blond, glaring at the petite brunette.

“Say another word to him, and you’ll regret it,” Brian threatened. “Justin didn’t do shit to that kid, or you. Gus is smart enough to make his own decisions. I happen to think this one is a smart one.” Brian looked over at Lindsay and sighed. “I’ll have him back tomorrow.”

Lindsay sighed and nodded, while Melanie hung her head in defeat. She knew she had no right to say anything. She had no legal ties to Gus, and she knew it wasn’t something she would ever get.

Brian slung his arm around Justin’s shoulders, kissing his temple as he led him out of the house. Gus was already in the backseat, back straight and eyes hard. He was trying to look tough, but was really ready to cry.

Brian and Justin got into the jeep, and the three of them sighed in unison.

“Sorry,” Gus muttered, his voice breaking. Brian shook his head and looked back at him.

“It’s okay, Gus. You weren’t wrong, but next time try a little more tact.” Gus nodded, lunging forward to hug his father. Brian smiled and returned the hug as best he could from the awkward position.

“I love you, Dad,” Gus whispered. Brian sighed happily and kissed the top of his son’s head.

“You too, Sonny boy.” Gus smiled and then hugged Justin. The blond blinked in surprised, turning to return it.

“I love you too... Pops.” Justin’s eyes widened and then immediately filled with tears. He grinned over at Brian, clutching tighter to Gus. Brian smiled, biting his own lip from the swell of emotion coming over him. He quickly put his key in the ignition and started the engine.

“Alright, everyone sit down. We’re going to be late.” He pulled away from the curb as Justin and Gus buckled their seatbelts. He looked in the rearview mirror at his son, and then over at his partner, smiling to himself as he relaxed against the seat.

SOMETHING BORROWED

Brian was furious.

He didn't know what drugs he had been on when he told Gus he could borrow his car. Must have been some really strong shit. He barely even let *Justin* drive his car. Justin didn't need to drive his car anyway. He had that ugly boxy SUV thing that Brian wouldn't even walk by, let alone ride in.

Brian was never irresponsible when he was seventeen.

All right, not *this* irresponsible.

He pulled up to the gas pump and leaned against the car, pinching the bridge of his nose to ward off the headache that was threatening to appear. He was already running late, and he still had to stop at the carwash to get his car detailed.

It was only when he grabbed the pump to replace it back in its holder that he realized he was still smoking a cigarette, dangerously close to large amounts of gasoline.

"If I blow up, it's all Gus' fault," he mumbled to himself as he stubbed out the cigarette. As he slid back into the driver's seat, he silently vowed that Gus would never again drive his vehicle.

There were food wrappers everywhere. Oh god, were those *crumbs*? How much food could a group of teenage boys eat in one night? He shook his head.

Stupid question.

The gearshift was sticky, coated in god knows what. There was a wad of gum in the ashtray. Gum! He didn't even put *ashes* in the ashtray. There were stains on the upholstery, and a very mysterious odor lingering in the stale air inside the car.

What the fuck had that boy done last night?

While he sat in the lobby of the carwash, he felt bored. He added that to the list of things to kill Gus for. He decided to make a few phone calls. First, he called Cynthia. He told her to make sure the fuck up twins started the presentation to a potential client. He hoped he'd be there to complete the meeting. Then he called Michael and canceled lunch plans. There was no way he'd have time now. It was all Gus' fault.

He waited as long as possible to make his last call.

Lindsay's chipper, sweet little voice did nothing to calm his temper.

"Is your son at home, by chance?" Lindsay sensed his anger. She was good at that. Thus, she answered him cautiously.

"No Brian, he is not here. He is out with some friends."

"Will you kindly inform him that I would very much like to have a word with him?" Brian requested through gritted teeth and very obvious self-restraint. Lindsay promised to deliver the message and quickly ended the call before Brian chose to unleash his wrath on her instead.

Brian tried very hard to get his temper under control on his way over to Kinnetik. He didn't want to be angry in front of the new clients. That isn't very good for business.

He made a dazzling impression on his clients, of course. He was almost in a good mood when he collected his messages and coffee from Cynthia. He gave her a smile and as soon as he walked into his office, he came face to face with Gus, the object of his fury.

"Hey dad," the teenager said coolly. Brian glared at his offspring as he made his way over to his desk and sat down. Gus opened his mouth again, oblivious to his father's anger. "I was wondering if I could borrow your car again tonight. We all want to go check out this new band that's playing at The Basement."

Brian felt his jaw twitch as he stared at his son in complete awe. How could he be so completely clueless?

"Are you out of your fucking mind?" Brian asked, as calmly as he could when he was incredibly pissed off. That wasn't very calm at all.

Gus took a step backwards, startled by his father's response. "What do you mean dad?"

Brian sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose again. It was a long while before he would finally look up at his son.

"I *mean*, no gas in the gas tank. I mean, food wrappers everywhere. Gum in the ashtray. And that *smell*. That's what I mean."

"Um," Gus looked away momentarily. "Sorry?"

"Call your father," Brian said with a huff. "Ask him if you can use his car."

"Dad," Gus looked confused. "*You* are my father."

"Not when I'm pissed off at you I'm not. That's when you're Justin's." Gus rolled his eyes and crossed his arm's over his tall, lean frame. He flicked his

shaggy chestnut hair out of his face and sighed.

“Can you call him for me?”

“For the love of-“ Brian hit the speakerphone button on the phone and quickly dialed the number for Justin’s cell phone.

“Hey.”

“Oh sweetie pie, honey dear,” Brian answered, his voice dripping with sarcasm.

“Oh shit. What’s wrong?”

“Our son is being a pain in my ass. And not a good kind.”

“*What did he do?*” Justin asked calmly. His partner was pissed. He had to tread lightly.

“He borrowed my car last night and thrashed it. Now he’s here asking to borrow it again. I told him to ask you if he could borrow yours.”

“Can I, Dad?” Gus pouted.

“Uh oh. Gus fucked up the cockmobile? Well, I’d let him use mine but I have to take all my paintings to that gallery tonight. I need my car.” Justin replied, his voice crackling through the speaker.

“Shit,” Gus muttered.

“I need to go. I’ll see you tonight, Brian. Bye Gus. Love you guys.”

“Love you too,” Brian replied.

“Love ya, Dad. Later,” Gus added. There was a click on the other end and Brian hung up the phone. Brian looked up at Gus, who shoved his hands in his pockets and rocked back on the balls of his feet. “So...that’s a definite no then?”

Brian resisted the urge to slam his head against the desk. Gus gave him a version of the Kinney smirk. Brian was fuming.

“Get. The. Fuck. Out. Of. My. Office.” Brian gave him a tight-lipped smile and waved him out.

“Fine,” Gus replied. He turned and started to walk out the door. He was almost out of the door when he heard his father yell again.

“And Gus? Next time buy your own fucking condoms instead of stealing mine.”

GAY FRIDAY

“Are you sure it’s gonna be cool, dude?” The shorter boy asked. His lanky friend nodded, chestnut hair falling into his sultry hazel eyes.

“It’ll be fine. I swear. This will be the party of the century!”

“I can’t wait.” The two friends bumped their fists together and the taller one pulled down the gate to the lift. The five teenage boys buzzed with excitement as the lift moved upwards.

“I can’t wait,” Brian sighed as he leaned back in his chair, “to get the fuck out of here.”

“Brian, stop complaining,” Justin scolded as they sat in the hallway of a hospital in Chicago. The tall brunet sat up, resting his forearms on his thighs.

“So Daphne is having a kid. Why are we here?” Justin averted his gaze from the double doors leading to the maternity ward and narrowed them at Brian.

“*Because*,” Justin said, “Daphne is my best friend. And I’m not going to miss her having her first kid.”

“Okay then,” Brian sighed, nodding. “Then why am *I* here?”

“Because you are my supportive, loving partner and you didn’t want me to be alone.” Brian snorted. “And because I promised to withhold sex unless you came.”

“Yeah, you used devious, underhanded tactics to get me here and I don’t appreciate it.” Brian crossed his arms over his chest and pouted.

“What are you, six?”

“No.”

“That’s right. You’re *thirty* six. And moodier than your eighteen year old son.”

“*Someone* isn’t getting laid tonight,” Brian muttered under his breath, slinking down in his chair.

“What was that?” Justin asked.

“Nothing.”

At that moment, Daphne's husband Derek came rushing out of the maternity ward grinning. He was dressed in scrubs and looked very flushed.

"It's a boy!" Derek called, running up to Justin. The blond stood up, and yelped in excitement. The two men jumped up and down, clutching each other's shoulders.

"*Now* who's being immature Mr. I'm-28-and-oh-so-calm-and-collected?" Brian muttered. He then stood up and waited for the two men to break apart. "Where are the cigars?" He joked, smirking.

"Fresh out," Derek told him. Brian smiled and nodded, patting Derek's shoulder.

"Well, let's go see the proud mom!" Justin called out.

"Here we are, boys!" Gus called out as he unlocked the door to the loft, sliding it back on its track.

"We're having our party *here*?" Parker asked, looking around the spacious loft, obviously impressed. "What is this place?"

"It's my dads' place. They're in Chicago."

"Your dads live here?" Parker asked as they walked further into the loft. Elliot, the boy who had expressed his concerns in the lift, was Gus' best friend. He had been to the loft many times, and knew Brian and Justin quite well.

That was the whole reason he had expressed his concerns in the first place.

"Set it up, guys!" Gus called, motioning towards the counter. Parker and Cameron set two large paper bags each onto the bar. They landed with a clink. The two boys eagerly extracted bottle after bottle of alcohol, lining them up on the countertop. Gus grinned. He was glad Parker and Cam were 21. "Elliot, Tyler, get your asses over here and help me."

The other two boys strolled over to Gus, the obvious leader of the group. Gus had inherited his father's extreme good looks, leadership abilities, charm, and of course, cockiness. He radiated sex, and was full of teenage ignorance and aloofness. But, he also had received Lindsay's love of life and everyone in it. He helped out wherever he could, all the while pretending not to care, sort of like Brian himself.

Basically, Gus Kinney was a carbon copy of Brian. Sexy and clever, with a hidden heart of gold.

Gus, Elliot, and Tyler made quick work of moving the large sectional sofa

and coffee table against the far wall, opposite the window. They stacked each piece of expensive furniture against the wall. Elliot and Tyler were especially careful, after Gus' third death threat when they almost dropped an end table.

"Okay, we've got enough alcohol to kill an elephant," Parker announced, shoving the last bag into the garbage as Cam unwrapped the token red plastic cups.

"Excellent," Gus replied, slapping Parker on the back.

"When is everyone getting here?" Cam asked, eyeing the bottle of Malibu longingly. Gus looked down at his wrist, studying the hands on the watch his father had given him. Gus absolutely *adored* getting his father's hand me downs.

"I told everyone ten. And I told them to tell their friends ten," he grinned. "And they'll tell *their* friends ten."

"Christ, Gus. We're going to get the cops called," Elliot replied. Gus smirked and draped his arm over Elliot's shoulders.

"Life not worth living if you not take risks," Gus whispered into his ear. Elliot laughed and shrugged Gus' arm off.

"Where did you get that, oh philosophical one?"

"My dad says it," Gus shrugged.

"You're dad has fine tastes," Parker butt in. "This place is hot."

"Well, my dad is pretty young. He's 36. And my Pops is 28," Gus told them. Parker picked up a bottle of Corona and took a drink. "My dad owns Babylon."

Parker spit his beer out and wiped his mouth, looking at Gus with a dumbstruck expression.

"Your dad. Owns *Babylon*?" He asked. "The club we go to all the time." Gus nodded. "The club that I love." Gus nodded again. "I love this man."

"She's precious," Justin squealed, touching the baby's cheek with his fingertip. Justin and Derek were sitting on the bed with a very tired looking Daphne. Brian, on the other hand, was out in the hall on his cell phone.

"So, it's all confirmed?" He whispered into the phone. "Flight 1546 leaving at nine? Okay, thank you." He hung up his phone and slipped it into his pocket before entering the room. He leaned over and kissed Daphne's cheek softly

before gently touching the baby's head.

"Well, I'm out of here," Brian announced suddenly, breaking the moment. Daphne laughed and Justin scowled at him. "Congratulations guys. He's beautiful." The couple smiled at him and Justin's gaze softened.

"Call me when you get home," Justin told him. "Even if it's late."

"Why don't you go home with him, Justin?" Daphne asked. "We're fine."

"No, I'll just stay longer and get a hotel room tonight." Daphne and Derek exchanged glances. There were some complications with her pregnancy, and they had almost lost her. That turned Justin into one very overprotective best friend.

"I will, dear." Brian grabbed Justin around the waist and pulled him into a standing position, kissing him hard. He pressed his forehead against Justin's and whispered softly. "Hurry home. Because I'm going to be without your ass for at least eighteen hours and that's not good for my health." Justin laughed and kissed Brian again.

"See you tomorrow. Call me." Brian nodded.

"Will do. Bye guys." He gave Justin one last peck on the lips and a quick ass fondle before leaving the room. Justin laughed and shook his head before turning back towards the happy couple.

"Gus!" Elliot called. "Where are you?"

"In the bedroom," he replied. Elliot walked up the few stairs, and came face to face with Gus, clad only in black boxer briefs.

"Why are you half naked?" Elliot asked, noting his crumpled clothes on the floor.

"Look at my dad's closet. Prada, Gucci, Armani, Diesel, Boss. It's like a wet dream."

"You are such a label whore." Gus looked over his shoulder at him, bronze skin shining tantalizingly under the dim light.

"Uh, *yeah*. Help me pick something out." Gus tried on various outfits, admiring himself in the full-length mirror. He gasped in horror when Elliot threw a Hugo Boss shirt on the floor. "What the fuck are you doing? Hangers, Elliot! *Hangers*." He picked up the shirt and hung it back in the closet. He finally decided on a black sleeveless shirt and black jeans. He tousled his hair in the mirror, and then closed all the panels to the bedroom, effectively labeling the area as off limits.

He walked out into the main room and popped open a Smirnoff, taking a long drink. The buzzer sounded and an evil grin spread across his face.

“Let the games begin.”

”Welcome to Pittsburgh International. The current time is 10:49. The weather in Pittsburgh is a comfortable 64 degrees. Thank you for choosing Liberty Air, and enjoy your evening.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Brian mumbled, undoing his seatbelt. He retrieved his small bag from the overhead compartment and filed out of the plane. The terminal was sparsely populated, and he walked briskly to his car.

He just wanted to go home, shower, jack off a time or three, and go to sleep.

“Look at all these beautiful boys!” Gus shouted over the music, kissing Elliot’s cheek with a loud smack. Boys littered every area of the spacious loft, dancing and drinking.

He mixed himself a screwdriver, more vodka than orange juice, and tapped his glass against Elliot’s. Gus’ friends watched as the tall brunet boy walked through the room like a black panther surveying his domain. He owned the room, winning everyone over with just one smirk.

He was Brian’s all right.

But what Gus didn’t know, was that Brian was currently parking his car in the garage below them.

Brian stepped into the lift and raised his head curiously. He heard loud thumpa thumpa radiating through the walls. And somehow he just knew it was coming from the loft.

“That fucking kid,” Brian muttered.

Brian knew Gus was in the loft. Gus had asked him if he could stay there during their short stay in Chicago. Brian had hastily agreed. But, if the loud music and random cars littering the street was any indication, it sounded like Gus had taken it upon himself to throw a little soirée.

The little fucker.

His theory was proven once the lift reached the top floor. He lifted the gate

and stepped out. The door was open, music and teenage boys spilling out into the hall. Two boys were making out against the brick wall, and Brian shook his head with a smirk.

He decided to see what kind of bash his little pride and joy was capable of throwing.

He stepped into the loft, glancing around quickly to see where Gus and Elliot were. His son was talking animatedly with two guys near the bedroom, one of them being Elliot. Brian quickly checked his attire. He was wearing his leather jacket, a form fitting black tee, and jeans. He could blend in just fine.

“The kid better have gotten some fucking Beam,” Brian muttered. He walked around to the other side of the bedroom and quietly opened a panel, setting his bag and jacket right inside.

Then, he mingled. He poured himself a generous glass of Beam and watched the boys currently occupying his loft. He noted that Gus had moved the furniture and kept the bedroom off limits. At least he knew what he was doing.

After awhile, Brian was slowly getting drunk, and still had been avoiding Gus. It was then he noticed Gus was wearing one of his favorite shirts.

Not only did he throw a party in the loft, he raided the labels, too? For shame!

He walked right up behind Gus; close enough to smell his cologne. He sniffed again. No, make that *his* cologne. Brian smirked and leaned in closer.

“Is that my shirt?” Brian asked calmly in his ear.

“Mother shit fuck!” Gus exclaimed in surprise. He knew who was behind him, and slowly raised his eyes to Elliot’s face. His expression was one of fear, aimed right over his shoulder, and somehow Gus just knew he was in trouble. He turned slowly on his heels, wondering how on earth to dispose of the glass of booze in one hand and the joint in the other.

“It looks good on you, the shirt.” Brian tried his best not to laugh at the expression on Gus’ face. “What are all these people doing here?” Brian asked calmly, a bemused expression on his face.

Gus momentarily considered screaming, “Oh my god, who the fuck are all these people and where did they come from?!”, but he didn’t think his father would buy it. So instead, he gulped, and said the next thing that came to mind.

“What are you doing here? You weren’t supposed to be home until tomorrow.” Gus immediately closed his eyes at the stupidity of that statement. Smooth Gus, real smooth. “I mean, um, I just invited some

friends over. And they invited some friends over. And they invited some friends over. And they-

"I think I get the idea," Brian laughed, holding up his hand to stop Gus from rambling on. Gus held the joint down by his thigh, but Brian saw it. "Is that mine too?" Brian asked, gesturing towards the joint.

"No, it's not." Brian nodded and took a sip from his red plastic cup. It was almost strange how, at 36, Brian seemed to blend in perfectly at a party full of boys in their late teens and early twenties, but also, not really.

"Well, are you going to at least offer me some?" Gus' eyes widened and then he smirked, his entire body relaxing. He should of known his father would never pass up a good party, even if his son was the one throwing it. Brian's tongue found the inside of his cheek and Gus sighed deeply, relieved. He passed the joint to his father, who inhaled deeply. "Not bad," Brian croaked, lungs full of smoke. "You aren't mixing anything else with this shit are you?" Brian asked in what Gus assumed was supposed to be a fatherly tone.

"Nope. Just booze and pot," Gus grinned.

"Not too much," Brian warned. "I don't want you puking all over my floor." Gus nodded. "I don't want anyone else puking on my floor." Gus nodded again. "Any mess that gets made, you clean it up." Another nod. "And so help me, if you fuck up that shirt, I will kill you."

"Got it," Gus said. Then he looked around suddenly. "Pops isn't here, is he?"

"Yeah right," Brian laughed. "He'd have all these kids out of here by now. He's still in Chicago."

"How's Aunt Daph? The baby alright?"

"Baby is fine," Brian told him before taking another drag. Gus was positively beaming. It was at that moment that a very drunk Parker strolled up to them.

"You know this guy, Gus?" Parker slurred. "I *blew* this guy last time we were at Babylon." Brian's eyes widened and he looked Parker over, recognition flashing across his features.

"Let me get this straight," Gus said calmly, taking the joint from his dad and inhaling deep. "Last time we went to Babylon, we had to wait outside in the freezing cold because you were inside blowing my *dad*?" Parker's jaw dropped open and he looked back and forth from father to son, noticing the uncanny resemblance.

"This is your *dad*?" He asked. The cup in his hand crinkled from him squeezing it.

"The one and only," Brian drawled, slinging his arm around his son's shoulders. The two looked so very much alike, that it was almost scary.

"Oh my god. I can't believe I blew your dad," Parker shrieked.

"Fuck that," Gus exclaimed. "I can't believe you made us wait so long."

"After I blew him, he fucked some hot blond thing," Parker said drunkenly. When teenagers and young adults get drunk, they kind of just keep talking long after they should. It's sad, really.

"That would have been my *other* dad," Gus said as if this were a perfectly normal conversation to be having.

"OH MY GOD. I watched your dads fuck. I think I need to lie down."

"Calm down, Parker," Brian laughed. "It's okay."

"No, it's so not okay!" He told Brian. Then he turned drunkenly towards Gus, his expression now one of amusement and disbelief. "I can't believe your dad is so hot!" Parker exclaimed. A few teens turned their heads at the outburst. They saw Brian and their eyes widened. A few of them ran for the door.

"It's okay!" Gus shouted. "Stay. It's cool. Just don't fuck up his shit."

"Yeah," Brian added loudly. "Or you'll never see Gus alive again." The partygoers went on partying, and Brian turned towards his son. "You have some balls," Brian said fondly.

"Come on, what were you doing at my age?" Gus asked. Brian smiled.

"At your age I was changing your diapers," Brian laughed, looking around the room. Gus smiled sadly. He handed the joint back to his dad and grinned.

"Then what a marvelous way to relive your misspent youth! Party on, dad," he said, patting him on the back. "And try not to let any more of my friends blow you while you're at it."

Brian looked around the room and then back at his son's retreating form.

"Does everyone here count as a friend?" Brian called out. Gus turned back and shook his head before blending in with the crowd.

The older Kinney worked the room, laughing as many people mistook him for Gus from the back. Many of the boys propositioned him, but tricking at Babylon was far different than tricking in the home he and his partner shared. It was an unspoken rule between the two of them, and Brian didn't intend to break it.

Instead he leaned against the bar, sipping something Gus had made him. He watched the way his son moved. He went from group to group, laughing and smirking. Many men slung their arm around him and whispered in his ear, but the younger Kinney shrugged them off with an apologetic smile. Brian smirked.

He had a clone.

Brian thought back to the day Gus had decided to inform them all of his sexuality. It was not too long after he demanded his last name legally be changed to Kinney, because he had “too many god damn names and his dad’s was cooler than all of them anyway.”

Brian got a sort of perverse joy from the shade of red Melanie’s face flushed at that statement. So not only was a walking, talking, smart assed model of Brian living under her roof, but he was a Kinney, too.

Ah, that was a good day.

But, Gus had decided to inform him of his sexual preference one night while Brian and Justin had gone over for dinner.

“Pass the roast, please,” Justin asked, holding his hands out with a smile. Brian rolled his eyes and took a sip from his wine glass. His eyes landed on a sixteen year old Gus as he sighed for the third time in just as many minutes.

“Gus, out with it,” Brian prodded. Gus glared at him as Justin, Lindsay, Mel, and Jenny all looked at him. Then, he shrugged and stood up gracefully, clearing his throat.

“I suppose you’ve all been waiting with bated breath to find out my sexual orientation,” he said matter-of-factly, looking around as if he were giving a presentation. “My dads like to fuck dudes, my moms like to fuck chicks, one best friend is gay as all hell, and the other likes pussy. So hmm, what is little Gussy going to be into?”

Lindsay dropped her fork, Jenny’s eyes widened, Justin’s jaw dropped, Brian smirked, and Melanie let out a loud “Oh shit.”

Justin and Brian shared a look, and then Gus’ father turned back to him, eyes gleaming mischievously.

“Well, given the choices, I’ve decided that I’m...impartial. I’ll give anyone a chance. Yaye bisexuality!”

With that, Gus sat down and took a big bite of mashed potatoes. Brian raised his eyebrows, and then nodded. Justin smiled and took another bite of roast, leaving his moms to stare at him in disbelief.

“Having a good time, dad?” Gus asked, leaning against the bar beside him.

Brian raised his glass and nodded.

"It's a good party," Brian commented. "But I don't see any girls here." Gus turned to him, raising an eyebrow.

"Why would there be any girls here?" Gus inquired. Brian stared at him.

"Because you like genitalia of all shapes and sizes?" Brian asked sarcastically. "You don't have 'the best of both worlds' here, as you like to say."

"Well yeah," Gus told him. "Because it's Gay Friday." Brian stared at him, and then shook his head.

"Wow. We really fucked you up, didn't we?"

"Yup!" Gus exclaimed. "And I wouldn't have it any other way."

"Are you sure you're okay?" Justin asked, fluffing Daphne's pillows. The blond had made Daphne insist he could stay past visiting hours. He had offered to go to the cafeteria for her four times, and asked if she was okay about seventeen.

"I'm fine, Justin," Daphne said with a fake smile. "Derek, will you find out when the next flight to Pittsburgh is?"

"What? Why?" Derek asked.

"Because Justin will be on it." Derek almost fell over in a rush to get his phone out of his pocket.

"What?" Justin asked.

"Justin, I love you," Daphne told him. "But you are driving me crazy. And I'm tired. So you are going to get on that plane and go home, okay?"

"But--"

"Okay?"

"Fine," Justin pouted.

"There is one leaving at midnight," Derek offered, holding out the phone. Justin took it begrudgingly and made the arrangements to go home.

"Gus!" Parker called as he ran up to them, almost falling over. "You and your

fine ass dad need to come play a game with us.” Gus and Brian found themselves being dragged over to the television. Red cups were thrust into their hands and they were pushed to the floor.

“What are we doing?” Gus asked.

“We’re going to watch a movie, and everything they say ‘fuck’ or a derivative of the word-“

“I’m surprised you can still *say* derivative when you are so drunk,” Gus smirked.

“Shh!” Parker scolded. “Every time they say fuck, we all have to take a drink from our cup, refilling it when it’s empty.” Gus looked at the group that had formed on the floor. It was him, his dad, Parker, Elliot, Cam, Tyler, and Robbie. Two bottles of Captain Morgan’s rum were sitting on the floor. The party was still going on strong behind them as Elliot set up the DVD player.

“Sounds simple enough,” Brian replied.

“Go hot dad!” Parker shouted.

“Enough,” Gus laughed. Brian rolled his eyes and smiled. “What movie are we watching?”

“Pulp Fiction,” Elliot replied. Brian’s eyes widened.

Oh shit.

“Welcome to Pittsburgh International. The current time is 1:52 AM. The weather in Pittsburgh is a cool 60 degrees. Thank you for choosing Liberty Air, and enjoy your night.”

Justin sighed and made his way to the terminal. He tried calling the loft, but there was no answer. Then he called Brian’s cell, and got no answer. He scrunched up his face in annoyance and called a cab.

“Okay, okay,” Tyler slurred, pausing the movie. They were all well past drunk now, Brian included. “We know Gus and Brian are both hot, like...super hot.” He paused while Parker let out a “Hell yes!” and then continued. *But.* Who’s got the better body?”

Brian and Gus looked at each other and shook their heads.

“Show us your tits!” Parker yelled, raising his shot glass to the father and son.

“Come on,” Tyler prodded. “Take your tops off! Let us be the judges.”

“I’m far too drunk for this,” Brian muttered. “Fine. I’ll do it if Gus does it.”

“Fuck no,” Gus yelled, wavering back and forth drunkenly. “Okay, fine.”

“You didn’t even take a breath there Gus,” Elliot laughed.

“Because I know I’m no match for this old fag,” Brian ruffled his hair and Gus gasped, reaching up to fix it. “*Bitch!*”

“Come on then, Gus.” Brian stood up and pulled his tee shirt off, throwing it at Parker’s head. “Down, Parker.”

“Come on, Gus!” Robbie shouted. Parker put Brian’s shirt on over his own. Gus sighed and made a big show of standing next to his father. He was about one inch shorter and a little bit lankier. He unbuttoned his shirt and threw it at Elliot.

“Remember, Elliot. *Boss.*” Elliot nodded and put the shirt on over his tank.

“Would you guys think it wrong of me to jack off right now?” Parker asked.

“YES!” The rest of the group shouted in unison. Parker snapped his fingers. Brian and Gus started doing various poses, flexing their muscles and laughing wildly. After a few minutes, Tyler stood up.

“Brian wins, hands down.”

“And dicks up,” Parker added.

“Yes, hands down and dicks up,” Tyler agreed. “We knew that the moment you guys took off your shirts, but it was so fucking amusing to see you guys pose like that.” The rest of the group laughed and agreed.

“Wipe that shit eating grin off your face, Dad,” Gus grumbled. He turned back to the group, looking around at them. “It’s only because he’s had like eight *million* more years to work out. ‘Cause he’s old.”

Brian slapped him upside the head.

“Ow!”

“That’s what you get,” he told him. Then he looked around. “Where the fuck is my shirt?”

“Back to the movie!” Tyler called. Brian shrugged and sat back down with his son, who also remained topless.

“Red cups to the ready, boys.”

Justin paid the cab driver and got out, pulling his bag after him. He stood in front of the building, first noticing the cars lining the street. Then he looked up at the loft window, seeing the light and silhouettes of what looked like many people. His brows scrunched in confusion and he pulled his keys out of his pocket.

“What the fuck?”

”Which one is your wallet?”

“It’s that one that says ‘Bad Motherfucker’.”

The six guys all threw back a drink of rum, wincing at the burn.

“I want a wallet that says ‘Bad Motherfucker’,” Elliot informed them. Gus looked over at him suddenly, almost falling over from the action.

“Wait,” he slurred. “Do we have to take a drink if one of *us* says fuck or a derit...deriviv...something that sounds like fuck?” The six of them looked at each other, and then shrugged. They each looked into their cups and took another big drink.

The six of them started laughing uncontrollably as the movie ended. Gus fell over and landed half in Brian’s lap, his face resting on Brian’s thigh. Parker hiccupped, and Tyler burped. Then, they all jumped at the sound of an angry voice behind them.

“What the *fuck* is going on here?” Justin roared, hands on his hips. Brian looked over his shoulder, seeing how angry his partner looked. He turned back to the boys that had become his new best friends.

“Uh oh, we’re in trouble.”

Parker hiccupped again. Justin stormed over to his partner, and stood over him. Brian was drunk, topless, and had a brunet head in his lap.

“That’s Pops isn’t it?” Gus mumbled into Brian’s crotch.

“Yes,” Brian replied. “Now please move your face.” But Gus only curled up closer to his father, as if that would protect him from the wrath of an angry Justin.

“You left me in Chicago to come home and throw a fucking party?” Justin yelled, struggling to be heard over the stereo and the credits of the movie.

“No!” Brian yelled indignantly. “Gus thought we *both* were in Chicago so *he* threw a fucking party. Brian grabbed a handful of Gus’ hair and yanked his drunken son into a sitting position. He smiled dumbly at Justin.

“Hey Pops,” Gus muttered, smiling nervously.

“Gus? This was your idea?”

“Yes. Please don’t be mad at Dad and withhold sex because he might kill me.”

“Oh my god,” Parker started. “Two hot dads, here, it’s too mu-“ Elliot slapped his hand over Parker’s mouth to quiet him. Justin’s blue eyes flicked over to Parker, recognition flashing in his eyes.

“Why does he look familiar?” Justin asked, pointing at Parker.

“That’s Parker. He watched us fuck at Babylon last week,” Brian deadpanned. Parker pulled Elliot’s hand away.

“Dude, he remembered me!” Justin almost laughed. *Almost*. His eyes moved over to Elliot, who smiled forcibly.

“Hey Justin,” he said, trying to hide his drunkenness.

“Elliot,” Justin replied, nodding his head. He turned back to Brian. “This is bullshit, Brian Kinney.”

“Uh oh, both names,” Parker whispered, and then hiccupped again.

“So you thought instead of maybe, I don’t know, *stopping* the party, you decided to just join in?” Justin asked, hands on his hips. Brian pretended to ponder this question.

“If I say yes, you’ll think I’m stupid. If I say no, you’ll know I’m a lying sack of shit. Guh, the choices!” Justin did not find this amusing. Parker’s hiccups grew more rapid as his nervousness grew.

“Gus, how could you do this? You could have just asked. But no, you snuck behind our backs. What sort of a way is that to treat your fathers?”

“Justin *does* know he’s only ten years older than Gus, right?” Elliot whispered, leaning towards Brian.

“Shh, just let Justin do his Justin thing.” He waved his hand in Elliot’s face. “And the scolding thing really turns me on, like when he goes ‘Brian you didn’t pick up your socks!’ I love that.” He looked over at Elliot. “I mean, shh.”

"You could have gotten the cops called!" Justin continued. Parker hiccupped rapidly.

"Pops stop! You're going to make Parker explode!"

"Justin," Brian interrupted. "Can I talk to you please?" Brian stood up and took Justin's arm.

"Gus, I want everyone out of here," Justin told him. Brian rolled his eyes and pushed him into the bedroom. He waved his hand at Gus, who had started to get up. He held up one finger, and the boys waited.

"Your Pops is strict," Cameron mumbled.

"But hot," Parker added.

"We *know*, Parker!" They shouted in unison.

"Did you know seven guys hit on me on my way across the loft?" Justin asked as he shrugged his jacket off.

"It's because you're so hot," Brian informed him. Justin's presence had sobered him up a tiny bit. "Why'd you give Gus such a hard time?"

"Because, Brian." He turned, facing his partner of seven years. "He doesn't need to think it's okay to just throw wild parties at the loft. Why would you let him think that was alright?"

"Because when he has a party here, I can look out for him. I know what he's doing, and I know that he is okay. I'd rather him trash the loft than be out getting himself into trouble." Justin smiled softly.

"I never thought of it that way," he replied.

"Plus, I think it's really cool that Gus can feel comfortable around his old man at a party full of his friends. Let's face it, I'm the 'hot dad'." Justin snorted and Brian smirked, grabbing Justin by the waist.

"You know his friend Parker sucked you off that night," Justin informed him with a raised eyebrow. Brian laughed.

"Yeah, I know. Somehow I don't think he'll ever forget, either." Brian kissed Justin softly and then looked at his watch. "It's almost three. What do you say we let Gus finish out his wild night? It'll start clearing out soon anyway."

"I suppose," Justin sighed, smiling wide.

"Me and you can go up on the roof and you can punish me for letting the

entire thing happen in the first place.” Brian smirked and slid his hand into Justin’s jeans, palming his cock.

“Really?” Justin panted.

“As long as you promise to scold me.”

“Okay Gus,” Justin called as he and Brian exited the bedroom. Brian had the duvet rolled up under one arm. “Your debauchery may continue.”

“Thanks, Pops,” Gus grinned. He caught Brian’s wink over the blond’s shoulder.

“Thanks Mr. Gus’ Hot Dad number two!” Parker called.

“It’s Justin,” he said, blushing. Parker got up and moved as if he were going to hug Justin.

“Parker!” Brian shouted. “Don’t make me get the hose!” Parker pouted and sat back down. Brian walked over to Gus. “Try to wrap it up sometime before the sun comes up, okay?” Gus nodded and Brian smiled.

“You got it,” Gus replied.

“Justin and I are going up to the roof through the skylight. Let anyone up on the roof, and I shall kill you.” He went to turn around, but then turned back. “And you don’t want to go up there either.

“Affirmative.”

“Good. Night Gus.” Brian wrapped his arm around Gus’ shoulders and pulled him close in a sort of half hug. Gus fell against his father drunkenly and Brian ruffled his hair again. Justin said goodnight as well and hugged Gus tight. Parker stood up and outstretched his arms, his face pleading for a hug as well.

“Good night Parker,” Brian laughed. He leaned over and playfully kissed the boy’s temple. Justin laughed and ruffled the boy’s hair. Parker swooned.

“Don’t give him false hopes,” Gus told them. Brian smirked at his offspring. Justin slid his fingers across Brian’s back and gave him a playful smile. Brian watched him walk through the bedroom, pick up a few condoms and a tube of lube from the bowl near the bed, throw them in a bag, and shake his ass enticingly as he exited the other side.

“Well, I know what I’m doing for the rest of the night. Have fun, boys.” Brian trotted through the bedroom and Gus grabbed the back of Parker’s shirt and pulled him back as he tried to follow, his expression unwavering.

“Okay, let’s continue the game,” Tyler slurred. “How about Scarface?” Elliot whipped around to face him, his eyes bulging out.

“Do you want us to go into a *coma*?” He asked. He hiccupped and then rubbed his stomach absently. “Fuck that, I’m going to go get me a blowjob.”

“Not a bad idea,” Gus slurred. “I want a blowjob.” Parker looked over at him, eyelids heavy.

“I’ll give you a blowjob,” Parker offered, shrugging his shoulders. Gus turned to look at him, raising an eyebrow. He looked down at his crotch, back at Parker, and shrugged as well. Parker licked his lips and started to lean over.

“Wait,” Gus said suddenly, grabbing Parker by the hair. “You blew my dad. And you’re one of my best friends. You can’t blow me.” Parker stared at him, and then burst out laughing.

“You really thought I was going to blow you? Dude, that’s gross.” Gus rolled his eyes. “Plus I’m holding out for elder Kinney cock again.”

“Dude, too far.” Gus looked around the room, eyes fixating on his prey. His pupils dilated slightly. “Fine.” He raised an arm and close one eye, pointing. “Dibs on the dirty blond in green.”

Brian watched Justin climb the ladder fixed to the wall and push the skylight open. See, Mr. Justin Taylor was an *artiste*, and he needed the maximum amount of light possible to create his marvelous works of art.

Thus, he coerced Brian to put a skylight in the corner he used as his studio. Brian agreed, but only if Justin agreed to suck him off under moonlight regularly.

Such a price to pay for the sake of one’s art, Justin had told him. But Brian knew moonlight and candles made Justin slutty, so it all worked out in the end.

Brian looked down at the large duvet under his left arm and back up at the ladder. No fucking way.

“Justin!” He called. “I’m way too fucking drunk to even think about accomplishing this task.” The blond climbed halfway back down the ladder and Brian stepped up on it, passing the duvet to Justin. The two men climbed up onto the roof and lowered the skylight.

Gus sauntered over to the boy with all the grace of his father. He slipped in

front of the dirty blond and danced with him. Then, he leaned in and bit his earlobe before pressing his lips against it.

“I want you to suck my cock,” Gus whispered throatily. He pressed his hand flat against the guy’s chest, smoothing his elegant fingers along the thin cotton tee he wore. He felt the boy gulp and take in a harsh breath. He gave a feral grin and slid his hand down until his fingertips slid into the waistband of the guy’s jeans. He pulled him over to the wall, in a dimly lit, sparsely populated corner of the loft. The skylight was above him, allowing moonlight to flood in.

Gus leaned against the cool brick as the trick pressed his lips wetly against his neck. His kisses progressed further down Gus’ body, and the younger Kinney sighed, letting his eyelids flutter closed.

The trick settled on his knees and he swiftly unbuttoned Gus’ jeans, pulling his turgid member free. Gus’ fingers settled into the trick’s sandy blond hair and he moaned softly as the teen engulfed him. Gus reveled in the sensations. The brick was cool against his bare back, scraping him with each harsh breath. The trick’s fingers were warm, caressing his abs and hips.

Gus opened his eyes and looked down, watching as the pretty red lips slid up and down his shaft. The trick’s cheeks were hollow, creating a suction that made Gus moan in pleasure.

He tugged on the trick’s hair as he grew closer to cumming. He panted and licked his lips, feeling them swell with arousal and desire. He felt his jeans slide lower as his hips jerked forward, the brick scraping the bare cheeks of his ass.

“Yeah,” Gus grunted. He grabbed the back of the teen’s head and let his head fall back as he was deep throated. His hips jerked forward as he came, flooding the trick’s mouth. He continued to suck gently on the head of his cock, causing his orgasm to ripple out longer than usual. He gasped as his cock was released from the warm orifice, cool air hitting the spit slicked skin. Gus opened his eyes and sighed once more in pleasure.

“Putting an air mattress up here was genius,” Brian said, as he made sure it was full and spread the duvet across it. Justin smirked and dropped down on the mattress, kicking off his shoes.

“Well I was sick of you slamming my ass into the concrete,” Justin commented. Brian smiled and looked up at the sky before plopping down next to his partner. “You know I get to do whatever I want to you, right?”

“Oh? And why’s that?” Brian challenged, sliding his hand up Justin’s thigh. The blond leaned forward until his lips brushed against Brian’s as he spoke.

“Because I said so,” he replied sexily. “And *no* arguing.” Brian felt his cock stiffen as Justin’s tongue traced his lips faintly.

“Okay,” Brian panted. He fell back on the mattress and kicked his jeans off, leaving him naked under the night sky. “Do with me what you wish.”

Justin grinned and stripped his clothes off, feeling goose bumps form on his skin from the cool air. He climbed on top of Brian and kissed him passionately, thrusting his tongue into his partner’s more than willing mouth. While he kept Brian occupied, he reached over and extracted something from the bag from the bedroom. He slid his hands down and snapped a strip of soft leather around Brian’s dick and balls. Brian gasped in surprise.

“We’re going to have some fun,” Justin whispered. Brian smiled and closed his eyes again as Justin kissed and licked at his Adam’s apple. Justin extracted another object from the bag. He ran the object along Brian’s forearm and the brunet’s eyes popped open in surprise.

Justin sat up, straddling Brian’s hips. He held the vibrator up for Brian to see. The brunet raised an eyebrow.

“What is that?” Brian asked, staring at the vibrator.

“This would be the ten inch long, five inch round blue vibrating dildo you bought me because it matched my eyes.” Brian’s hard cock twitched as he remembered how hot Justin looked that night, begging and screaming as Brian slowly fed the dildo to his ass.

“You are not using that on me,” Brian told him, voice weak. Justin merely shook his head. He switched the vibrator on low and ran it over Brian’s right nipple.

“You *said* I could do whatever I wanted,” Justin told him. “And I *want* to slowly shove this dildo up your tight ass and fuck you with it. And then I want to ride you while it’s still inside you.”

Brian merely gulped, his cock leaking from Justin’s words.

Justin grabbed the tube of lube from the bag and popped it open, generously spreading the lube along the dildo as it vibrated softly. He spread Brian’s legs open wide and pressed the blunt head of the dildo against his quivering pucker. Brian gasped and spread his legs wider. The blond slid just the head inside and Brian cried out.

“Turn if off, turn it off!” The vibrations were too much. He needed time to adjust. But Justin didn’t listen. Instead, he slid another inch in, making Brian arch up off of the mattress and moan louder.

Justin pushed him back down and pushed his leg up with his free hand as he watched Brian's ass swallow the dildo. Justin's cock was hard and leaking, but he could not tear his eyes away from the powder blue toy as more and more of it slid into Brian's pink hole.

Once it was half way in, he turned it onto medium speed without warning. Brian cried out and bucked his hips again. He felt like he was going to explode. Patches of his skin turned red as his blood rushed through him. He felt like every drop of it was going straight to his dick.

"Justin, please," Brian cried out, clutching the duvet in his fists.

"Please what?" Justin teased. "More?" He slid more of the dildo into Brian's ass. Justin was so turned on that his nipples were burning. Brian's cock was deep fuchsia, and he leaned down to tongue the slit as he began fucking Brian's ass with the toy.

Brian cried out so loud that he was sure everyone in the loft could hear him. Justin lapped at the head of his cock, tonguing the bundle of nerves under the head. He pulled the dildo all the way out and turned it on high before sliding it all the way back in quickly. Brian shouted and thrashed back and forth, bucking his hips up.

"Justin *please*," he panted, reaching up to grab Justin's shoulder. "Please let me cum."

"Why Brian Kinney, are you begging?" Justin asked, angling the vibrating dildo to press against Brian's swollen prostate. Brian cried out again, his cock twitching painfully.

"Yes! Yes, I am begging." Justin smiled and pressed the toy harder against his prostate as he leaned between Brian's legs and kissed him. The brunet sucked greedily on Justin's tongue. The blond reached up and unsnapped the strap, letting his full balls loose.

Brian cried out into Justin's mouth as he came, the pearly drops splattering their chests and chins. Brian's vision went completely black and his body went rigid as his orgasm burned like a fire inside of him. He collapsed back against the air mattress, the stars in his eyes brighter than the ones in the sky.

"Holy. Shit." Brian looked over at Justin, who smiled coyly as he leaned down and licked and sucked all the cum from Brian's chest and cock. By the time he was done, he was hard again. Justin ripped open a condom and slipped the latex disc into his mouth. He then used his lips to roll the condom all the way down Brian's dick, his nose buried in his soft pubes. Brian moaned at the dirtiness of it all.

Justin quickly lubed up Brian's cock before positioning himself over Brian's dick. The brunet felt the vibrator, which Justin had at some point turned off,

still lingering in his ass. Justin lowered himself down onto Brian's cock, moaning all the way down.

"I'm not going to last long," Justin panted as he started to ride his partner.

"Me neither." He grabbed Justin's hips and met each thrust. The bass from the music pulsing below came through the roof and Justin thrust in time with the fast mix. Before long, they were both shooting. Justin collapsed on top of Brian, panting heavily. Brian felt the dildo slip from his ass and he sighed from the empty feeling.

"So good," Justin gasped. "So fucking good."

"Yeah," Brian panted, running his hands down Justin's sweaty back. Their hearts beat in perfect tempo, drumming a cadence against their ribcages.

"Mmm, dirty," Justin whispered tiredly. Brian played with his hair.

"Very dirty."

"Sweaty, sticky," Justin mumbled. Brian kissed his forehead. "Love you."

"Love you too," Brian whispered, stroking his back again.

"Sleepy."

"Then sleep."

"I'll sleep."

"Good." Brian wrapped the duvet around them, holding his partner tight in his arms. After one final good night kiss, they fell asleep under the stars as the thumpa thump went on below them.

Gus' eyes slid open and he squinted against the sun. Oh, the hangover. Fuck you hangover.

He was laying flat on his back on the hardwood floor. He looked down to see Parker sleeping, his head on Gus' stomach, drool leaking from the corner of his mouth. He was curled into the fetal position, and Elliot was using his denim-clothed ass as a pillow.

It was a train of hung over buffoons.

"Guys," Gus called out, the sound of his own voice making his head throb. "Get up." He patted Parker's head gently.

"Just five more minutes, mom," Parker mumbled, wrapping his arms around

Gus' torso.

"Ew, dude. Gross. Get the fuck off me."

"No," Parker whined, wiggling his ass. The action jarred Elliot, who blinked owlishly. He stared at Parker's ass and quickly reached down and grabbed his crotch.

"Oh thank god. I still have my pants on," Elliot groaned, sitting up straight. Gus rolled out from under Parker, and the older boy's head dropped to the hardwood floor with a thud.

"Ow..." He moaned, curling up in a ball. Gus rolled his eyes.

"Get up." Parker let out an exasperated sigh and stood up with Gus. The misfit trio looked around the loft and let out a loud groan in unison. There were cups everywhere. Papers and trash littered the floor.

"There are still people here," Gus complained, pointing to boys in various states of undress sleeping all over the loft. "Parker! Make them go away," he said, holding his hands to either side of his head.

"What am I, your bouncer?"

"Parker," he whined.

"Fine. Baby." He walked over to the nearest guy sleeping on the floor. He nudged his hip with his toes. "Yo, assbag. Get out."

"Be nice," Elliot scolded. Parker rolled his eyes.

"Assbag. Get out. *Please*." Gus and Elliot rolled their eyes and started booting out all the stragglers.

"Gus, before I even *think* of helping you clean this shit up," Parker told him, "I need some Tylenol."

"We don't have any here," Gus informed him. Parker gasped.

"Why not?"

"Pops is allergic to it." Parker gasped again.

"What? Nobody's allergic to Tylenol. Tylenol is what they give you when-" Gus held up his hand, cutting him off.

"We've been through that. Believe me." Parker groaned. "We have Excedrin, though." Parker and Elliot held out their hands.

"Gimme!"

Up on the roof, Justin was the first to wake up. He squinted against the sunlight and grimaced at the dried cum on his jaw. He wiped at it with his hand and rolled away from his too warm, too comfortable bed partner. He quickly cleaned up their mess from the previous night, making a mental note to buy new batteries as he put the vibrator in the bag. Because, yeah, they were doing *that* again real soon.

Once he was done cleaning, he stopped and looked up at the sky. There was something about being naked on your roof that he was rapidly growing fond of.

He judged by the air and the color of the sky that it was only somewhere around seven in the morning. He nodded to himself and turned back towards Brian. He had kicked the blanket off, and was still asleep. His cock was hard, reaching for his belly. Justin's eyes flashed and he licked his lips.

It wasn't long before Brian woke up to an orgasm, Justin sucking him dry.

"Mmm, hi," Brian whispered, tangling his long fingers in Justin's silky hair. "Kiss me." Justin slid up and shared a long, lazy kiss with Brian.

"Shall we go downstairs and see what damage our son has managed to do?" Justin asked, Brian's nose scrunched up and he rubbed his temples, groaning. "Hungover?" Justin asked with a smirk.

"No," Brian answered quickly. Justin raised an eyebrow. "Yes." Justin laughed and nodded knowingly. He kissed Brian's forehead before getting up. They dressed quickly. "Leave the stuff. We'll come back."

They climbed down into the loft quietly and tip toed next to the bedroom, watching the three boys drag themselves around with garbage bags, lethargically picking up trash.

"I have a new goal in life," Parker said randomly. Gus stood up and looked at him.

"What's that?" Elliot asked.

"To have a threesome with Gus' dads." Elliot laughed and Parker was beamed in the back of the head with a crushed beer can that had been launched from Gus' direction.

"Fuck you, Parker!" Gus yelled. Elliot and Parker laughed.

"It's so true, though," Parker muttered. Elliot nodded and patted his back. Brian bit his fist to keep from laughing and Justin smirked and shook his head. Gus picked up another beer can, aimed, and chucked it at Parker's

head again. It bounced off with a crunch. "What was that for?"

"Because I love you," Gus replied. Parker laughed.

"Morning boys!" Brian called as he and Justin made their way into the room. The three boys stiffened and glanced around the room in a panic. It was still nowhere near clean. "Quite a night."

"Hey Brian," Parker greeted him. "What up, Justin." Justin ruffled his hair on the way by, and Parker purred like a kitten.

"Don't worry about the mess guys," Justin told them. They all sighed in relief.

"Are you going to leave it for the cleaning lady?" Gus asked.

"Haha. Right. I was being nice. Don't worry about it for *now*. You are so cleaning this shit up later." The boys all sighed.

"Put the couch back, and go back to sleep for a few hours," Brian told them. "And then clean."

"You got it, Brian," Parker grinned.

"Parker, I have a feeling I could tell you to eat live bees for breakfast and you'd do it," Brian chuckled. Parker paused to consider this.

"If you let me blow you again, then yeah sure." Brian rolled his eyes and Justin smacked Parker on the back of the head playfully.

Justin helped the boys move the couch and table back while Brian retrieved the duvet and bag of toys from the roof. The five guys all yawned, the long night still taking its toll.

"Well, your dad and I are going back to bed. We'll see you guys later," Justin told them. He waved at everyone before heading up the stairs to the bed and flopping down on it.

Gus walked over to his dad and hugged him tight. Brian returned the hug and ruffled his hair.

"Thanks for being so awesome," Gus told him sincerely. "You can party with us any time. Pops too, if he wants." Brian smiled.

"And if you want to have a party in the loft, just ask me. Chances are I'll say yes." Gus grinned and turned away, heading for the couch. Brian watched his son curl up in the corner of the large sectional and smiled. Then he turned and went into the bedroom, closing all the partitions.

"Aw!" Parker shouted. "Shafted!"

"*Sleep*, Parker," Brian called through the partitions. He shook his head and turned back to Justin, who was undressing. He took his clothes off as well and the pair climbed into bed.

"You're a great dad, Brian," Justin told him, tugging on Brian's earlobe. Brian smiled softly and shrugged.

"I do what I can," he replied, turning his head to kiss the inside of Justin's wrist. They kissed softly, and then Brian yawned. "Sleepy."

"Then sleep."

"Okay. Love you."

"Love you too." They both fell asleep, wrapped up in each other.

"Dude, that party was fucking awesome," Elliot mumbled. Gus smiled sleepily.

"Totally," Gus replied, curling up in a blanket. "We were so drunk."

"Yeah," Parker replied. "I think I may have said something stupid at some point." The other two boys stared at him, and then all three of them burst up laughing.

"No one else needs to know how retarded we all were," Gus told them. "But everyone can know how fucking cool my dads are."

"Agreed," Elliot replied.

"Doubly agreed. What happens in the loft, stays in the loft," Parker told them. "Now, fist bump." They all laughed and bumped their fists together before laying back and falling asleep, bathed in sunshine.

INTERMISSION

“Gus, are you sure it will be okay?”

“Yeah, my dads are going to be out until way late. It’s Pecs of Death night at dad’s club. They won’t come home until there is nothing left to salivate over.” Gus pressed his lips against Alex’s neck. The blonde quickly unbuttoned Gus’ pants and the teen stepped out of them.

The two teens undressed in a flurry of cotton and denim. Gus laid Alex’s lithe body down on the white cushions littering the vast hardwood floor. Gus donned a condom and slipped into Alex quickly, a gasp emanating from the small blonde.

Soon the two teens were moving in a fast rhythm, sweat forming on their bodies. Gus grunted and moaned as he thrust into the tight, warm opening. Alex clawed at the taller teen’s smooth back, gasping his name.

“Fuck Alex, I’m close,” Gus whispered, biting down on slightly tanned skin.

There was a sound of metal rolling on metal. Neither teen noticed.

“Justin, you better have your clothes off and your legs in the air before I get out of that bathroom!” Brian shouted.

“Yes, sir!” Justin replied drunkenly, following his partner towards the bedroom. Brian heard a grunt and stopped dead in his tracks. Justin ran into the back of him and almost fell over.

“Justin?”

“Yeah, Brian,” Justin replied, giggling. Brian rolled his eyes and vowed to never give him E again.

“Justin, look to the right, and tell me my god damn son is *not* fucking in my loft.” The blond’s eyes widened and his head snapped to the right. Gus was indeed fucking someone in their loft. Both teens were so into the moment, neither realized the two men standing ten feet away. “Is he?”

“Uh, yes. But don’t look. I’ll take care of it,” Justin told him, steering Brian toward the bedroom. But the infuriated father spun around on his heels, storming towards his offspring. He rounded the corner of the sofa and stopped, feeling faint.

There his son was, fucking a pretty, little, blonde, *girl*.

“Justin! OH MY GOD!” Brian screamed. Justin winced. “Tits! There are naked tits in my loft. Make them go away, Justin!”

Gus and Alex both screamed. Gus tried his best to cover Alex's body while the girl shrieked.

"I so can't see snatch right now, Gus. I'm way too drunk for snatch."

"Then go the fuck away so we can get dressed!" Gus yelled, tucking Alex's head towards his chest. Brian blinked.

"Oh god. I can't move. I'm paralyzed. THE TITS HAVE PARALYZED ME!"

"Dad! Go!" Gus yelled. Justin ran over to his partner's side, looking down at the two teens.

"Oh man. That's some fucked up shit," Justin slurred. "Gus, your father bought those cushions for *us* to fuck on. Now we have to burn them because there is pussy juice all over them."

"Ew! Justin! Don't say pussy juice. Ew. I just said pussy juice!" Brian covered his face with his hands.

"Get out!" Gus yelled again, feeling Alex shake. Justin shook his head, mourning the loss of his fuck cushions. He pushed Brian into the bedroom and closed all the panels. Gus looked down at the blonde. "Alex I am so sorry. I didn't think they were going to be home so early. Alex?"

Alex pulled away, and Gus saw that she wasn't crying. Alex was, in fact, laughing her fucking ass off.

"Oh my god," she cried. "They are so funny! Are they drunk?" Alex asked, reaching for her pants. Gus looked towards the bedroom, hearing Justin giggle like a little girl.

"Among other things," he replied. "Mainly just crazy." Alex laughed again and put on her bra. Gus disposed of the condom and got dressed as well. He kissed Alex softly and turned towards the bedroom once they were both decent. "Dad! Pops! You can come out now."

"Are the boobies sufficiently covered?" Justin asked. Alex laughed and Gus rolled his eyes.

"And the pussy!" Gus returned.

"Are you covered too?" Brian asked loudly. "Just because I helped make it doesn't mean I want to see it!"

"I'm covered, Dad!" Brian stuck his head out and looked around suspiciously, as if his eyes would be assaulted with more female reproductive organs. Once he was satisfied, he fully emerged from the bedroom with Justin in tow.

“Dad, Pops, this is Alex,” Gus told him. Alex waved, blushing a little.

“Hi Alex,” Justin greeted her. “How long have you and Gus known each other?” The two teens looked at each other and blushed.

“Three, maybe four hours,” Gus replied cheekily.

“Sounds about right,” Alex told him. “We met at Parker’s party.”

“Parker!” Brian exclaimed. “I should have fucking known this was all somehow Parker’s fault, that ass.”

“You love Parker,” Justin reminded him. Brian shrugged.

“Yeah. So? Gus, you tell that bitch I want the twenty bucks he owes me, or I’m not letting him into Babylon ever again.”

“Will do,” Gus replied. Brian narrowed his eyes and his son. “What?”

“Why are you still here? You’re cock blocking me, sonny boy.”

“Oh, sorry. Let’s go Alex.”

“Nice to meet you!” Justin called out. Brian rolled his eyes.

“Stop being so nice and go get naked,” Brian told him as the loft door slid shut. Justin gave him a mock salute and ran into the bedroom.

Time for the main event.

HOT AUGUST NIGHTS 1

“Why look, it’s my gorgeous and talented partner!” Brian looked up from the copy on his desk as the blond ball of wonderful strolled into his office.

“Oh my god, how weird that you would find me in my very own office!” Brian said, voice dripping with sarcasm. He rolled his eyes and looked back down at the (shitty) copy in his hand. “Cynthia did not warn me of your approach.”

Justin walked up and smacked Brian on the arm. He smirked in return. “She wasn’t at her desk,” Justin admitted, sitting on the corner of his partner’s desk. “You’re pretty.” Brian furrowed his brows.

“What do you *want* Justin?” Brian asked, looking up into eyes so blue that they should be illegal.

“What makes you think I want anything?” Justin asked, feigning offense. Brian crossed his arms over his chest. Justin scowled, and then batted those baby blues. “I want you to take me out to lunch.” Brian rolled his eyes again and sank back in his chair.

“Is that all? Why didn’t you just say that?”

“Fine. I want you to take me to lunch,” Justin said. Brian stared at him and then shrugged one shoulder.

“Sucks for you.”

“Dick. I want you to take me to lunch.” Brian laughed at him, leaning further back in his chair.

“Well, I want a blowjob,” Brian smirked. Justin raised an eyebrow and then flashed his award winning grin.

“If I give you a blowjob, will you take me to lunch?” Justin reasoned. Brian pretended to think about it.

“Maaaybe.” They shared an evil smile.

Eight years together, and still as playful and horny as ever. For some reason, Justin was reminded of the very first time he gave Brian a blowjob. He was twenty, they had just met, and he had already fallen so very hard. Justin shook himself from his memory and crawled under the desk. Brian’s eyes widened slightly and then he smirked and shook his head. His eyes flicked up to make sure the door was closed before he pushed his chair back a little.

He felt Justin’s fingers swiftly undo his fly and extract his soft cock. It hardened almost immediately in Justin’s hand. The blond leaned over, taking the head in his mouth. Brian’s eyes rolled back in his head as Justin’s lips slid lower down his shaft.

“Fuck,” he grunted as his fingers tangled in Justin’s hair. His other hand gripped the edge of the desk and he prepared to lose himself in the sensations.

There was one knock, two, and then Cynthia strolled in the door.

“Cynthia!” Brian cried, sitting up quickly. Justin pulled away, smacking his head on the underside of Brian’s desk. The brunet leaned forward, resting his elbows on the large desk and hiding Justin from view. “What is it?”

Cynthia raised her eyebrow. “Gus is on line one,” she informed him. “He said something like...’tell him Brian Kinney version 2.0 is on the phone’.” Brian rolled his eyes.

“Great, he’s making lame ass jokes. He’s feeling mischievous.” Cynthia smirked and Justin remained crouched under the desk, trying to be silent so Cynthia wouldn’t see him. “Thanks.”

“You’re welcome, Brian,” she replied, turning towards the door. “Justin, make sure you say hi on your way out.” Justin winced slightly and Brian laughed.

“Sure thing!” He called, his voice coming from under the desk. Cynthia smirked and closed the door. Justin got out from under the desk and plopped down on Brian’s lap as he hit the speakerphone button.

“What’s up, Gus?” Brian asked, snaking his arms around Justin’s waist. The blond smiled at the gesture.

”Hey Dad. What are you up to?” Gus asked, in a voice so much like his father’s.

“Nothing. I was just about to take your Pops out to lunch.”

“Hey Gus,” Justin greeted him, slipping his fingers between Brian’s.

”Oh hey, I didn’t like...interrupt anything, did I?” Brian and Justin looked at each other and smirked.

“Now Gus,” Brian started, “your father and I are capable of keeping our hands off of each other.”

”Haha. Right.” Justin rolled his eyes and laid his head on Brian’s shoulder, happy to be in his presence. *”Anyway, I’m calling to tell you that me, Elliot, and Parker are going to see The Killers in Philly.”*

“Why are you telling me? I’m not your keeper,” Brian replied, his fingers combing through Justin’s hair. If anyone ever pointed out how affectionate

they were with each other, they would politely tell that person to fuck off, but it was so true.

"Well, I was hoping you would tell them because you're so much better at that stuff."

"At what stuff?"

"The telling them its okay for me to do stuff stuff. For some reason, when I say its okay, they just don't buy it."

"I wonder why," Brian replied sarcastically.

"We have to go to this concert. Brandon Flowers is like so hot, oh my god."

"Whoa, Gus. Your gay-o-meter has gone into the red."

"Whoops."

"Who's driving?"

"Parker," Gus replied. Brian winced a little. He adored Parker, but he wasn't the most reliable condom in the box, or something like that. *"He goes to Philly a lot. He has friends there."*

"Fine. Just, um, be careful. I'll call your mom."

"Thanks, Dad! I've got to go. Bye Pops!"

"Later," Brian and Justin said in unison as Brian hung up the phone. Brian sighed and pressed the speakerphone button again, dialing a familiar number.

"Hello?" Lindsay answered. Brian was glad he didn't have to talk to Melanie.

"Hey Linds," Brian replied, squeezing Justin's hand. The blond leaned over and started making notes on the (still shitty) copy on Brian's desk. He would have said something, but he knew it would most likely look better with his changes anyway.

"Brian!" That was Lindsay, ever cheerful. *"How are you?"*

"I'm fine. The offspring just called," Brian told her as Justin started muttering something about clashing colors. "He wants to go to a concert in Philly with Elliot." He left out Parker, because he figured she had not yet met his acquaintance.

"What? That's so far!" Brian rolled his eyes. Justin scoffed and grabbed a marker. Brian made a mental note to have a little talk with whoever came up with the (extremely shitty) copy.

“He’ll be fine.”

”Huh?”

“Well I already said he could go,” Brian informed her, his eyes locking on Justin’s ass as he wiggled it, deep in thought, bent over his desk...

”Brian!”

“Huh? What?”

”You just said he could go without even asking us?”

“He’s my kid too,” Brian reminded her. He heard Lindsay sigh and he furrowed his brow. “He’s eighteen, he’s about to start college. Loosen up a bit. It’s a five hour trip.” Lindsay huffed and he gave the phone a dirty look, as if she could see it.

”Well think about what we were doing at his age.” Brian rolled his eyes.

“I was getting you pregnant,” Brian replied shortly. Lindsay scoffed. “And I’m glad I did, because now we have a wonderful son, who we raised to be smart and capable of making his own decisions. So just let the kid go see The Killers.”

”The Killers? What the fuck is that?”

“It’s a *band*, Lindsay. Apparently the singer is really hot.”

”I couldn’t have a teenage son that was just girl crazy. Or just boy crazy. No, Gus has to be everything crazy.” Brian laughed and Justin shook his head. It was only a week earlier they had walked in on Gus while he was dabbling in heterosexuality. It was a memory Brian was trying so very hard to forget. Which he thought would be easy, considering all the illegal substances that had been in his system at the time.

“I need to go, Linds. If I hear from him before you do, I’ll let you know.”

”Of course you will. I don’t see why he likes you guys so much better.” Justin looked over at the phone and raised an eyebrow. Brian rolled his eyes.

“I have no idea.” Brian hung up with Lindsay and sank back in his chair. Justin put the cap back on the marker and set it down on the (still shitty, but with newfound promise) copy, and then sat on Brian’s lap.

“It must be so stressful having a teenage son at such a young age,” Justin said playfully. Brian laughed.

“Cut the flattery, I already said I was going to take you to lunch.” Justin smiled and kissed his cheek. “And 36 is not a young age.”

“Is too,” Justin countered. “Almost as young as my very young self.”

“I’m just waiting for you to turn thirty. I can’t wait,” Brian teased. Justin’s eyes widened and he scowled.

“That’s not for a long time.”

“Only a year,” Brian sang, squeezing Justin’s hips as the blond let out a grunt of disapproval. “Come on, let’s go to lunch.”

Gus, Elliot, and Parker stumbled out of the auditorium, hyper, laughing, and not at all high. (Okay, maybe just a little bit.)

“That show fucking owned,” Parker exclaimed, brushing his hair out of his face. Gus rubbed his chest, feeling a bruise forming from a stray elbow to the ribs. He grinned toothily, high on cheap pot and rock shows.

“It fucking rocked,” Elliot replied, bouncing on the balls of his feet. “And now, it’s time for Denny’s.”

“Hell yes,” Gus agreed. The merry trio set off, the neon sign glowing in the distance.

“*Bab-oh-lon*,” Justin drawled as he and Brian stumbled into the loft. “I love *Bab-oh-lon*.”

“I know, Sunshine.” Brian dragged him to the bedroom, wondering if Justin was too high to fuck. His cock was telling him not to care whether he was or not.

“*Bab-oh-lon*. That’s fun to say.”

“Ecstasy is not your drug.”

“It is so my drug, *Bri-an*.” Justin blinked and rubbed his nose. Brian shook his head and pulled his partner into the bedroom.

“Bedtime, Sunshine.” Justin shook his head and put his hands on Brian’s chest. He shook his head and smiled.

“I don’t *want* to go to *bed*,” Justin replied. Brian raised an eyebrow.

“What do you want to do?” Justin started unbuttoning Brian’s shirt, running his warm hands along his chest. Brian smirked.

“I *want* you to fuck me, *Bri-an*.” His eyes were gleaming. Brian felt his cock grow harder. He let Justin continue undressing him. “I want you to be naked, and I want you kiss me, and *fuck* me. Now.”

That pretty much sealed the deal.

Brian kissed Justin hard, pushing him down on the bed. He undressed Justin quickly. The blond giggled. Everything tickled. But everything felt so fucking *good*.

“That feels so good, *Bri-an*.” The brunet smiled and reached over him for the condom bowl. Justin’s eyes followed. “Get a *blue* one.”

“What the...? We don’t have colored condoms, Justin.”

“Yes we do. Don’t lie, *Bri-an*.” He shook his head.

“No we don’t, *Jus-tin*.” The blond narrowed his eyes at him.

“Why are you saying my name all stupid like that?” Brian rolled his eyes.

“I would never *buy* colored condoms,” Brian told him.

“No, no you wouldn’t,” Justin said seriously. Then his lips spread into a grin. “But *I* woould,” he sang. He rolled over and opened a drawer. And there they sat. Colored. Fucking. Condoms.

“I’m not wearing a colored condom, Justin.”

“Puh-lease?” Justin batted his eyelashes and Brian shook his head.

“No,” he said adamantly. Justin pouted. “Why do you care what color my dick is? You can’t see it when it’s buried in your ass.”

“I just do, *Bri-an*. Please wear the *blue* one.” Justin took the condom from the package and slipped the latex disc into his mouth. Brian groaned.

Justin had just won.

“That’s cheating,” Brian argued weakly as Justin rolled Brian onto his back. He showed Brian the blue disc on his tongue before using his lips to slowly roll it down Brian’s rigid member.

This was Brian’s weakness, only because he thought it was the hottest fucking thing ever.

Justin painted the tip of Brian's (now very blue) dick with small strokes of his tongue, and then laid on his stomach. The taller man quickly got on top of him and wasted no time in burying himself in his lover's ass. Justin moaned appreciatively.

The fuck was slow and leisurely, and Brian loved every second of it.

Until he heard it. Justin was fucking *snoring*.

"What the fuck?" Brian exclaimed. He shook Justin's shoulder, his dick still deep inside of him.

"Hmm?" Justin said sleepily. "Oh. Mmm. Don't stop," he said, eyes still closed and voice flat. Brian scoffed and slid out of his partner. He took off the very blue (and very fucking empty) condom, and threw it away.

"You fell asleep. While I was fucking you," Brian told him. "Do you know what such a thing has the potential to do to one's self esteem?"

"Oh shut up," Justin replied with a yawn. "If anyone stroked your ego anymore, it would cum harder than you do."

"I take offense to that." Justin yawned and curled up to Brian's side.

"It was meant to be offensive."

"Twat." Brian's arms went around Justin's small frame, pulling him close.

"Asshole," Justin replied, kissing Brian's chest softly. The two men let their eyes slip shut as they got closer to sleep. "Love you," Justin whispered almost inaudibly.

"Love you too."

"Gus loves waffles, yes he does! Waffles, waffles, waffles," Gus chanted as the waitress set his plate in front of him. Elliot looked over at Parker and raised an eyebrow.

"That *was* just weed, right?" He asked. Parker nodded.

"Yeah, Gus is just retarded," Parker replied. Elliot nodded, but in his waffle induced bliss, Gus didn't notice. "I don't want to go home," he sighed, toying with his French fries.

"Waffles: they're like an orgasm on a plate," Gus said through a mouthful of the breakfast food.

“Wow Gus, that was really clever,” Elliot said sarcastically. “You should have your dad hire you at Kinnetik.”

“I know, right?” Gus agreed, shoveling some scrambled eggs into his mouth. He looked over at Parker. “What do you mean you don’t want to go home?”

“I just don’t. I want to go somewhere cool,” Parker replied. The other two boys nodded. “You know where I haven’t been in awhile? Cancun.”

“Dude, what the fuck? You didn’t even give us time to guess!” Gus complained, dropping his fork. Elliot, who was (unfortunately) completely sober, rolled his eyes.

“You’ve never *been* to Cancun,” Elliot replied. Parker narrowed his eyes at him.

“Exactly. That’s why we should go.”

“Alright,” Gus agreed. “When?”

“Right now,” Parker replied. Gus laughed loudly, and then furrowed his brow.

“Oh, you’re serious.” Gus took another bite of his waffle and then shrugged. “I’m down.”

“No Gus,” Elliot replied, “You’re high.”

“Yeah, high on *life*, man.” He took a drink of his soda. “Among other illegal substances.” He paused, taking another sip of his drink. “Wait, I can’t go to Cancun. I have two overbearing mothers. ‘Gus, clean your room!’ and ‘Gus, don’t leave your dirty underwear on the kitchen table!’ and blah, blah, blah.”

“Yes,” Parker agreed, “but you also have two awesome fathers that don’t really seem to give a shit what you do, as long as you’re smart about it.”

“I think even Dad and Pops would have a problem with me flying to Cancun on a whim.” Gus replied, his fork clinked against glass, and he looked down at his waffleless plate. “OH GOD! My *waffles*! They have *perished*.”

“Gus, breathe,” Elliot told him, rubbing his back. Parker laughed and took a drink from his water glass.

“Seriously guys, let’s go. El, your mom wouldn’t care, would she?” Elliot shook his head.

“Not in the slightest,” he replied.

"I miss you, waffles," Gus whined, staring at his empty plate. Parker grabbed Gus' plate and put it on the dirty table behind their booth. Gus perked up almost instantly. Out of sight, out of mind.

"El, are you down?" Parker asked. Elliot sighed and mentally went over his bank account.

"It's going to cost a pretty penny," he stated. "But I've got a lot of graduation money left. So yeah, count me in." Parker grinned and they both looked over at Gus, eyebrows raised. The brunet looked back and forth, his eyes widening.

"Why are you *staring* at me?" Gus demanded. Parker batted his eyelashes.

"Gus," he started, "you're so pretty."

"I know," he replied. "But what the fuck does that have to do with anything?"

"God dammit, Gus!" Parker shouted. Gus's bottom lip quivered.

"Why are you *yelling* at me?"

"Gus, Cancun." Parker leaned over, looking Gus in the eye. "Hot dudes in skimpy clothing."

"Can we get an amen?" Elliot added. Parker took Gus's hands in his own.

"Hot chicks in skimpy clothing," Parker added. Parker loved girls just as much as Gus did. He was a firm believer in Gus's best of both worlds philosophy.

"Ew," Elliot replied. He was just as gay as Gus's dads. Now that's saying something.

"The parental units will assuredly smash my white sandy beaches dream to pieces," Gus replied.

"Then don't tell them where we're going. Tell them we're going to crash at my friend's house here for a few days, and let's go hop on a plane," Parker told him. Gus narrowed his eyes.

"Just like that?!" He exclaimed, throwing his hands in the air. "You think we can just waltz into the airport and just go, with no luggage or hotel reservations or anything?"

"Well, yeah," Parker replied with a shrug. Gus gaped at him.

"What do you think this is? Some bad sitcom or a story with a totally unrealistic plot?" Gus demanded. Parker laughed and shook his head.

“Gus, you’re so naïve.”

“Fine. I’m in.”

“Oh my god Parker. I am going to fucking kill you.” The oldest boy looked over at Gus and then scooted over slightly. Gus let out of a low growl.

“Gus does not handle boredom well,” Elliot told Parker without looking up from his magazine.

“I’m dying. I’m really dying,” Gus whined. It was seven in the morning. They had been sitting in the airport terminal on standby for five hours. “And I’m not even high anymore. This sucks, oh my god.”

“Cool it, princess,” Parker snapped. Gus glared at him.

“Yo bitches, both of you calm down. We’ll get on a plane eventually,” Elliot told them. Gus pouted and crossed his arms.

“My name is Elliot and I’m so calm. I’m the Zen master of the universe,” Gus mumbled in a high pitched voice. “You’re like Uncle Ben. Haha, Uncle Ben. Like the rice.” Elliot rolled his eyes and went back to reading his magazine. Parker looked down at the hotel confirmation number in his hands. He had found an internet café to look up hotels, and then called and made their reservations. (He could too be responsible, thank you very much.)

“What hotel are we staying at?” Gus asked.

“Well, I went on a Cancun tourist site, and there was a hotel called *The Banana Cabana* so oh my god, totally there.”

“Banana...cabana...?” Elliot asked, wincing. Gus’s eyes lit up.

“Oh my god. I love Cancun already. Cancun wins. Wins what? I don’t know,” Gus rambled.

“*Will Mr. Kinney and Mr. Whitney please come to the podium?*” A voice over the loudspeaker announced. Gus jumped up.

“Hell yes I will,” Gus shouted. He picked up his backpack and slung it over his shoulder. Elliot stood up slowly. Parker jumped up angrily.

“What the fuck? Why not me? Oh, this is bullsh-“

“*Will a Mr. Smith please come up to the podium?*” The three boys looked up at the ceiling. Parker shrugged.

"Fine, the voice from above can live." Elliot watched Gus adjust his backpack.

"I can't believe you packed a bag to go to Philly," Elliot commented. Gus smirked.

"It's a good thing I did, fuckers. Jealous, aren't you? Haha." The trio marched up to the podium. A young blonde woman in a flight attendant outfit greeted them with a shy smile. She looked to be in her early twenties. Gus leaned against the counter and gave the girl a flirtatious grin. His chestnut hair fell in his sultry hazel eyes, and one could practically see the Kinney charm rolling off of him in waves.

"Hello there," Gus leaned over and read the girl's name tag, "Kirsten. I'm Gus Kinney. I believe you have a seat available for me in there." He tapped Kirsten's computer monitor and smirked. The girl blushed and giggled. Gus ran his long fingers through his hair slowly and the girl followed the motion with wide eyes.

"Shit," Elliot muttered in a laugh, rolling his eyes. Gus shushed him and smiled at Kirsten sexily again.

"So, *Kirsten*," Gus started again in a lower tone. Kirsten bit her bottom lip. "Do you have a seat on that plane for me?"

"I think we just may," she replied, looking up at him through long eyelashes. "Mr. *Kinney*," she added sexily. Parker snorted and buried his face in Elliot's shoulder. Elliot bit his fist to keep from laughing. Kirsten looked at the computer monitor, her fingertips clicking away on the keyboard. She nodded and smiled up at Gus again. "It seems here that we have a seat available...in first class."

"Well that's awfully sweet of you Kirsten," Gus replied, voice full of lust.

"Yeah, Gus must be going crazy," Parker whispered to Elliot. The younger boy laughed softly from his spot behind Gus.

"I know," Elliot replied, "he hasn't fucked anyone of either gender since that dude in the bathroom of the Killers show."

"And that was like, oh my god, ten hours ago!" Parker replied sarcastically before turning back towards Gus to watch the scene unravel.

"So, Kirsten."

"Yes, Mr. Kinney? Is there anything *else* I can help you with?" She lifted her eyebrows quickly and bit down on her bottom lip again.

"Well that depends," Gus replied as he took his boarding pass from the girl. "Are you going to be on my flight?"

“As a matter of fact, I am,” Kirsten replied. Gus raised an eyebrow and leaned closer to Kirsten. She leaned in as well, blushing.

“Well then, Kirsten. Once we’re up in the air, why don’t you come check with me in this amazing seat you just gave me, and see if there is anything else you can...*assist* me with?”

“Sure thing, Mr. *Kinney*.” Gus winked at her and stepped away from the counter. Parker and Elliot both rolled their eyes and stepped up.

“Hi Kirsten,” Elliot greeted her with a fake smile. “I’m Mr. Whitney, and this is my associate Mr. Smith. Neither of want to get into your pants. We would just like to get to Cancun, por favor.”

“Uh,” Gus interrupted, pushing his friends out of the way. “Kirsten, you can whip up some seats for my friends too, can’t you?” He was practically pouting. Kirsten took one look at those big hazel eyes, clicked her keyboard a few times, and handed Elliot and Parker each a boarding pass.

“We got first class too!” Parker exclaimed as they got in line to board. “And we aren’t even going to fuck anyone!”

“I better fuck *someone* on this trip,” Elliot mumbled. Gus kissed his temple playfully and Elliot pushed him away.

“I’m so going to join the Mile High Club. Awesome,” Gus exclaimed. “Dad is like a platinum member. It’s my turn.”

“Your dad is probably *president* of the Mile High Club,” Parker replied. “And damn would I like to get me some of that.”

“Parker!” Gus exclaimed. “Let it go!”

“Fine!” Parker sighed and leaned against the window as they waited to board. Gus yawned and rested his head on Elliot’s shoulder. His best friend rested his arm on his shoulder and absently played with the hair at the base of his neck. Gus practically purred. He wrapped his arm around Elliot’s waist and pulled him closer. Elliot kissed the top of Gus’s head and Parker watched it all with a raised eyebrow. Gus opened his eyes and focused sleepily on the boarding pass clutched in El’s hand.

“Fuck,” Gus mumbled. He took his head from Elliot’s shoulder, but left his arm around his waist. “We aren’t sitting next to each other, El.” His best friend looked down at his pass and then over at Gus’s. Elliot looked over at Parker’s and nodded.

“I’m sitting next to Parker,” he replied. “Your blonde beauty probably put you near the bathrooms for easy access.” Parker laughed and Gus scoffed.

“Well that sucks,” Gus sighed.

“You won’t be thinking that way when you slide into that hot, wet-“

“Parker! Young impressionable full on gay boy here,” Elliot shrieked. Gus and Parker smirked at each other. The line in front of them started to move and the trio finally boarded the plane.

Cancun better watch out.

HOT AUGUST NIGHTS 2

“Alarm clocks are the devil!” Justin exclaimed as he threw the offending clock across the room. Brian sat up and watched it skitter across the hardwood floor. It did not stop until it hit the front door.

“Christ Justin!” He exclaimed. “You know that little button on the top? That turns the sound off!”

“Shut up,” Justin replied, burying his throbbing head in his pillow.

“That cost 150 dollars, Justin.”

“Oh my god. Take it from my wallet then. Just stop talking!” Brian rolled his eyes and got out of bed, pulling the covers with him. Justin shrieked in protest.

“You need to get up,” Brian told him.

“No, I don’t,” Justin grumbled. “No office for me, sucker.”

“No,” Brian replied cheekily, “but the famous artist has a meeting about a show today, in case you forgot.” Justin made no noise for a moment, and Brian just stood there, hands on his hips.

“Aw man. I don’t want to go!”

“Justin, get the fuck up. I’m starting to feel like your mom and it’s creeping me out.” Justin still did not move. Brian rolled his eyes and grabbed Justin’s feet. He squirmed and yelled as Brian dragged him down the bed and then picked him up, throwing him over his shoulder firefighter style. Brian carried him in the bathroom and Justin growled in protest until he opened his eyes and saw Brian’s ass

“I like the view from here,” he replied, suddenly sounding wide awake. Brian looked over to the side, where Justin’s plump ass was nearly touching his face. He playfully bit down on a cheek and Justin yelped.

Brian set him down and turned on the shower. Justin yawned and rubbed his eyes before looking over at his partner. “I became a painter so I could sleep in, dammit.”

“Then the painter shouldn’t make morning meetings. The painter should feel lucky he has a partner that will remember his meetings.” Justin stared at him. “The painter should get into the shower.”

“You should stop calling me the painter,” Justin replied as he stepped under the hot spray. Brian followed him in and shut the door. After a few minutes of soaping each other lazily, Justin’s eyes widened. “Why can I not remember

the orgasm I had before bed last night?” He exclaimed. Brian furrowed his brow. “I always think about my before bed orgasm in the shower. And then I have you fuck me, so I can think about my morning shower orgasm during lunch. Why can’t I remember it?”

“Most likely because you didn’t *have* a before bed orgasm last night,” Brian replied. Justin’s jaw dropped open.

“Oh my god. I remember now. Fuck.”

“No we didn’t.” Brian smirked and ran his soapy hand over Justin’s ass. The blond smiled sexily.

“Well then, you’ll just have to fuck me twice this morning,” he replied smugly. Brian grinned and grabbed a condom from the soap holder, quickly slipping it on. He wasted no time in pushing into his partner. Their moans echoed through the tile bathroom, and Brian bit down on the back of Justin’s neck as he began to thrust.

“Gus loves first class, yes he does.” Gus looked around, sipping his soda. They had been in the air for almost an hour. He looked down the aisle and saw Kirsten walking towards him. He smirked a little as she approached him.

“Are you enjoying your flight, Mr. Kinney?” She asked innocently, bending over slightly. Gus could see down her shirt. He stared obviously for a moment before letting his eyes flick back up to hers.

“I’m sure I could enjoy it a lot more,” he replied casually, taking a sip of his soda. He licked his lips and Kirsten bit down on hers. She looked around quickly before placing her lips near Gus’s ear.

“Bathroom two, five minutes,” she whispered. Gus smirked and nodded as she stood up and walked down the aisle, obviously flustered. Gus looked over his shoulder and stared at her ass, encased in a tight navy blue skirt, as she made her way down the aisle. Then his eyes landed on Parker and Elliot, who were sitting in the middle aisle, two rows back from him. They shook their heads simultaneously and Gus stuck his tongue out at them.

After a few minutes, Gus stood up. He walked down the aisle slowly and Parker held out his hand without looking up from his magazine. Gus slid his own across it and slipped into the second bathroom.

For a moment, he was wondering how the fuck he could do this in such a tight space. Then he giggled at the phrase tight space.

God, he was tired.

Kirsten slipped into the tiny bathroom, pushing Gus against the wall as she latched the door. Suddenly everything started to move at warp speed. Gus looked down at her perfectly manicured nails, pale fingers against the black cotton of his tee shirt. Then, she turned around and he crashed his lips down on hers.

He pressed her against the small counter as they kissed furiously. He fumbled with the buttons on her blazer and dress shirt, finally getting them open. He pushed her bra up over her breasts up cupped them as she hopped up on the counter. He leaned down and sucked on one pink nipple as he pulled her panties down off of her legs, leaving her high heels on.

She pulled her skirt up over her hips and leaned back against the mirror. Every moment was rushed, heated. Gus pulled a condom from his pocket and quickly let his jeans fall around his ankles. He rolled the condom down his hard dick and sank into the willing flight attendant.

“The Banana Cabana?” Elliot asked Parker. “Seriously?”

“Fuck yes,” Parker replied, eyes still on his magazine. Elliot sighed. “Shut up. It’s funny.” Elliot rolled his eyes and looked over at the magazine in Parker’s lap.

“I hate flying,” Elliot informed him, tugging on the light pink tie Parker had coupled with a black dress shirt and denim jeans.

“I’m sorry honey,” Parker replied flatly, flipping the page of his magazine. Elliot let his head fall over and land on Parker’s shoulder. The older boy patted his head softly and turned the page again.

“Will you buy me a drink?” Elliot asked, tugging on Parker’s tie again. Parker looked over at him.

“Are you hitting on me?”

“No, dumbshit. You’re 21. I’m not.” Parker nodded and then looked at his watch, a wide black leather wristband with a black face and silver hands.

“It’s 9:30 in the morning,” Parker informed him. Elliot nodded against his shoulder. Parker looked down at the top of his head. “Your roots are growing out.” Elliot sat up and touched his hair.

“They are not! Oh god, are they?”

“You are so gay.”

“Are they?!”

"No, I was fucking with you," Parker replied. "I don't see why you don't just leave it blond."

"*Because*," Elliot replied. "Blond bores me." He ran his fingers through his hair, bluish black strands of silk against pale skin.

"I bet you're a hot blond," Parker said teasingly. Elliot rolled his eyes and pushed his shoulder.

"Drop it and buy me a drink, Mr. Smith. I am way too sober to be this high in the air. Besides, you've never seen me blond. I haven't been blond since I was fifteen." Parker signaled for a flight attendant and ordered Elliot a screwdriver as the teen looked down at his own magazine. Parker showed her his ID and handed her a few crumpled dollar bills.

"I've seen pictures," Parker replied as the flight attendant walked off. A few moments later, Gus strolled merrily down the aisle and dropped into his seat. A few moments after that, Kirsten walked by them while fixing her hair. She turned off a call button a few seats in front of them and assisted the person.

Gus didn't look back at them, but they saw his seat recline. They were all so tired.

The other flight attendant set the drink down in front of Parker, who handed it to Elliot after she had walked away. A very hot brunet walked past them down the aisle. Parker checked out his ass with a smirk. The young man slowed near Gus's seat. He placed his hand on Gus's shoulder and ran it down his arm as he walked by. He smiled at Gus and cocked his head towards the other set of bathrooms.

The two boys watched as Gus looked around, shrugged, and followed him down the aisle.

"Oh my god, *slut!*" Parker exclaimed. Elliot smirked and flipped a page in his magazine.

"Jealous?"

"No," Parker huffed. He crossed his arms and sat back in his seat. "Yes." Elliot snorted and patted his head.

Justin exited the gallery where his new show was going to be held. He grinned as he pulled his cell phone out of his pocket and called Brian.

"*Hello, Sunshine. How'd it go?*"

“Very good. I’m going to have my own show here in September. How did your meeting go?”

”That’s great. And just fine. We got the account.”

“Of course. When is your next meeting today?” He heard Brian shuffling through some papers.

”Not until 2:30.”

“Want to meet me at the loft? We could get some take-out and celebrate.”

”Um, sure. It’s relatively slow here. I’ll see you soon.”

“Ok, later.”

”Later.”

“Hello Cancun!” Parker exclaimed as they stepped into the airport terminal. The collar of his black shirt was unbuttoned, the pink tie hanging loosely around his neck. He looked oddly out of place among the swarm of light colors and khaki. “Okay kids, before we thrust ourselves into the debauchery and awesomeness, call your mommies and daddies.”

“What about you?” Gus asked, looking at his watch. “It’s 11:00. You were supposed to be at work two hours ago.” Parker sighed and threw his head back.

“Guh. I forgot that I have one of those job thingies.” Parker looked at his watch again. He worked in data entry for a large business that dealt with...he didn’t really know what. It was an accounting firm, he thought. He had a desk, in his very own cubicle. His cubicle neighbor was a smelly old guy named Bob.

Parker hated his job.

He sighed again and pulled his phone from his pocket. *No service*. He rolled his eyes and shoved it back in his pocket. “El, give me your phone. I’m out of my calling area.” Elliot pulled his own phone from his pocket and flipped it open.

“And I have no reception,” Elliot replied. “Gus, give him your phone.” Gus pulled his phone from his pocket and flipped it open.

“Uh, my phone is dead. The charger is in my backpack though.”

“Oh my god,” Parker sighed. “Why do we all suck?”

"I'll call in the food," Brian said as he shrugged out of his jacket. Justin nodded as he sat down in front of his computer and turned it on. He wanted to check his e-mail real fast. "Yeah, hi. Can I get one large pepperoni pizza with extra cheese delivered?"

"I love you!" Justin grinned. Brian stuck his tongue out at him before laughing and completing his order.

Parker bought a phone card from a nearby newsstand, and the group headed over to a bank of payphones. "This is so archaic," Parker grumbled. "Stupid traitorous cell phones." Gus and Elliot shook their heads. "Okay, I need to get into character." Gus and Elliot both furrowed their brows.

And then Parker Smith, age 21 and a half, burst into tears.

"What the fuck?" Gus exclaimed. Elliot's eyes widened and he looked around, shaking his head. Parker held up one finger and dialed the number, waiting for someone to pick up.

"Hello, Mr. Sutherland?" He sobbed. Gus and Elliot just stared at him. "This is Parker Smith. I'm calling to tell you that I'm so sorry for not coming in today, or calling earlier. But my, my, my grandmother died this morning!" He added in a few more choked sobs, just for effect. He paused while listening to his boss on the other end. "Yes, very close." Pause. "The funeral is in Oregon in four days." Pause. "A whole week? That's so generous of you, sir." Pause. "Thank you. God bless."

He hung up the phone and wiped his eyes with the back of his hand, his sobs turning into laughs.

"You are one crazy mother fucker, Parker," Elliot said, taking the card from Parker. The older boy smiled.

"Why thank you, El," Parker replied, grabbing the teen and planting a kiss on his lips. Elliot laughed against his lips and shook his head as he picked up the receiver. Parker slung his arm over Gus's shoulder as Elliot dialed.

"Hey mom," he started. He leaned against the side of the phone booth and looked at his fingernails. "I'm fine. Hey, Gus, Parker and I decided to take a trip to Cancun to celebrate graduating. Is that cool?" There was a long pause, in which Elliot yawned. "Thanks. I will. You too. Mmhmm. Bye."

He hung up the phone and Gus gaped at him.

"That is so unfuckingfair. You have one nonchalant parent to deal with. *One!*" Gus huffed and snatched the calling card from Elliot's hand. "I have

four. Four parents that are always all up in my shit.” He took the receiver and dialed. “*Four!*”

“You only had one piece,” Justin informed Brian, dangling another piece of pizza over his partner’s mouth. They were lounging on the cushions, Brian still in his suit.

“I only wanted one piece,” Brian replied, taking another bite of the pizza anyway. Justin smiled and kissed him softly. Justin took a drink of his soda when his computer sounded.

“You’ve got mail, mother fucker.”

Justin got up to go check it. “That thing creeps me out,” Brian replied. Justin laughed.

“It’s just a sound byte. It won’t hurt you.” Brian rolled his eyes and sat up, hearing his cell phone ring. He got up and fished the phone from the pocket of his suit jacket. He frowned at the unfamiliar number on the display, but answered it anyway.

“Kinney.”

“Wow, you’re a Kinney? Me too!”

“No way!” Brian replied sarcastically. He switched the phone to his other ear. “Where are you calling from?”

“Uh, a payphone. My cell battery died.”

“Where are you?”

“Um, I’m still in Philly.”

“What the fuck? Why are you still in Philly? Your mother is going to kill me, asshole.”

“Well, we crashed at Parker’s friend’s house. And we want to stay up here for a few days, see the sights and stuff.”

“See the sights?” Brian asked as he started to walk around the room. Justin smiled as he replied to Daphne’s e-mail. Brian could never stay still while he talked on the phone. “Yeah, I hear the Liberty Bell is just riveting.”

“For sure.” Brian’s eyes narrowed as he listened to the hustle and bustle in the background. He raised an eyebrow. *“Can you please just cover for me with the moms?”*

“What the fuck do you want me to say?” Brian asked, growing more suspicious of the entire situation.

”I don’t know. Just say that...I’m staying with you guys for a few days or something. Please?” Brian sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose with his thumb and forefinger.

“Fine.”

”Thank you!”

“Uh huh. You do realize you may actually have to *talk* to your mothers someday, right?”

”Yes. But today is not that day.” Brian heard what sounded like a flight announcement and shook his head.

“Where are you?”

”I told you. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Oh my god. Elliot, that looks like the basketball court from the opening sequence of the Fresh Prince of Bel Air! I love the Fresh Prince! I’ve got to go, Dad. There’s just too much to see here in Philadelphia. You can call my cell later. I love you, bye.” Click.

“Smooth Gus, really,” Parker smirked. Gus bit down on his fingernail.

“You fail,” Elliot told him. Gus rolled his eyes.

“Fuck it,” he replied. “Let’s go.”

Brian looked down at the phone in his hand, and then opened the recent calls list. “Hey Sunshine?” He said, turning towards the blond still sitting at the computer.

“Yeah?”

“Do me a favor. Google the area code for Philadelphia and tell me what it is.” He highlighted the number and walked over towards the computer.

“It says 215 or 267,” Justin replied. Brian shook his head and sighed.

“Can you see where area code 998 is?” Justin nodded and clicked away on the keyboard.

“That’s Cancun, Mexico. Why?” He asked, turning towards his partner. Brian grew ten shades of pissed the fuck off.

"That little fucker," he muttered, snapping his phone shut.

"What?" Justin asked, standing up. "What happened?"

"That was our little pride and joy on the phone." Justin raised an eyebrow and stood up.

"And?"

"The little shit said he's in Philly still. But he just called me from fucking Cancun." Justin's jaw dropped open.

"*Cancun?*" He cried. "That little shit!"

"I know!" Brian replied. They were silent for a few minutes.

"Would it be wrong to say I'm a little jealous?" Justin asked hesitantly. Brian looked relieved.

"Oh good. I'm not the only one." Justin nodded and touched Brian's arm.

"What are you going to do?" Brian sighed and looked at his watch.

"First, I am going to call Lindsay and cover for the twat, more to save my ass than his. Then, I'm going to go back to the office for my meeting. And then, I am going to come home, and call Gus back."

"I do not envy him," Justin replied. Brian laughed and kissed his forehead before flipping his phone open and dialing with a sigh.

"*Hello?*" Lindsay answered. She sounded worried.

"Hey, it's me. I just wanted to make sure Gus called you."

"*Oh god. He's there? We were so worried!*"

"Yeah, he's here. He's sleeping. I'm sorry. I figured he called you when he came here instead of there."

"*Why did he go there?*"

"I don't know, but he's here. He said something about wanting to stay here for a few days."

"*Um, okay...*"

"Listen Linds, I have a meeting to get to. But I will tell Justin to have Gus call you when he wakes up, okay?" Justin smacked him in the arm.

"Okay. Bye Brian."

"Later." Brian hung up the phone and rubbed his eyes. "I'm going to kill him. I don't like lying to her." He shook his head. "Okay, I need to go. I'll come back home after the meeting."

"Okay," Justin replied. They shared a long, languid kiss before Brian left the loft.

Lindsay stared at the phone for a long time, her arms crossed and her bottom lip between her teeth. She picked up the phone and dialed.

"Melanie Marcus."

"Hey Mel, it's me."

"Hey honey. What's up?"

"Brian just called. He said Gus is there."

"Oh, thank god."

"I don't think he's really there."

"What? Why?"

"I just don't think he is. So tonight we're going to go over there and see."

"Okay. Well, I'll be home around six."

"Okay, bye."

"Bye."

"I can't believe they wouldn't let me check in with the alias Rico Suave," Parker complained as they made their way to their room. The Banana Cabana was a tacky little hotel, but it was in their price range.

"Well, that wasn't the name on your credit card," Elliot replied. Parker scrunched up his nose.

"So? I am so Rico Suave."

"Unlock the *door*, Parker." Gus blinked sleepily. "Gussy tired."

“Yeah, all that random fucking on the plane probably wore you out,” Parker replied sarcastically.

“Yes,” Gus replied. “And my dick is sore. And I want a bed. I want pillow. I want sleep. Mmm sleep.” Parker opened the door and the trio made their way into the sparse room. There were two full sized beds, a bathroom, and a desk.

“Okay, you guys are so bed buddies,” Parker stated, falling back on one of the beds. Gus and Elliot looked at each other and shrugged. Gus took his phone charger from his backpack and plugged it in. He turned around and stripped out of his clothing until he was left only in a pair of black boxer briefs.

Gus looked up as Parker’s pants fell to the floor. He was wearing boxers as pink as the tie he has been wearing. Gus laughed. “Nice shorts.”

“I know, right? I’m dead sexy.” Gus rolled his eyes and looked over at Elliot. He was wearing crimson boxer briefs, and Gus found himself checking out his best friend. He shook his head, blamed it on exhaustion, and crawled into bed.

“Okay,” Parker said. “We’ll sleep for a few hours, and then go out. I need more clothes. I wonder if there is a Wal-Mart around here.” Gus laughed.

“I doubt it.”

“Damn.” Elliot yawned and crawled into the bed with Gus. It was so small that they couldn’t help but touch. Elliot’s skin felt so hot against his. He yawned against Gus’s back and draped his arm over his hip. Gus smiled and fell asleep.

Brian walked into the loft a little after five o’clock. He slammed the loft door shut and Justin looked up, paintbrush poised over canvas.

“Hello sweetie pie,” Justin said in a falsetto voice. Brian laughed and walked over to where he was painting under the skylight.

“You better not be getting paint on the hardwood,” Brian told him. Justin smiled.

“Oh, I’ll get paint on *your* hard wood,” Justin said playfully. Brian laughed.

“We tried that once. My dick was periwinkle blue for like four days.”

“How many times do I have to say it?” Justin replied. “I am *sorry* I confused the sex paint with my real paint.”

"Yeah well, your brushes aren't getting near my dick any time soon, that's all I'm saying." Justin laughed as Brian wrapped his arms around him from behind, resting his chin on the blond's shoulder.

"It's really good," he breathed, kissing Justin's neck.

"Thanks." Brian pulled away from him and pulled off his jacket, sighing.

"I need to call the offspring." He took his phone from his pocket and dialed the number for Gus's cell.

The shrill ringing of the cell phone woke up all three boys. "Gus, I'm going to kill it!" Parker yelled, pulling the pillow over his head. Gus stumbled out of bed and picked up his cell phone, seeing *Dad's Cell* on the display.

"Fuck, it's my dad. Calm down!" Gus yelled. Parker looked up at him with an expression of disbelief.

"Yeah, because we're being fucking rowdy as hell," he said sarcastically, voice laced with exhaustion.

"Shut up, Parker!"

"Gus," Elliot groaned. "Just fucking *answer it*." Gus sighed and flipped the phone open with a yawn, sleep still muddling his mind.

"Hello?"

"*Hey Sonny Boy. What's up?*"

"Oh, nothing," Gus said tiredly. "We're just hanging out."

"*Oh, that's good,*" Brian replied nonchalantly. "*I was just calling to see if you were getting good reception in Cancun.*"

"Oh yeah," Gus replied without thinking. "Great recep...MOTHER FUCK!" He snapped the phone closed and threw it on the bed.

"What the fuck, Gus?" Elliot asked as the phone hit him in the hip. Gus ran his fingers through his hair.

"Fuck! They know. My dad knows!" Gus shouted. Elliot sighed and sat up.

"It'll be fine. Come here," Elliot told him. Gus sat in front of him and Elliot rubbed his back soothingly.

"Haha. That was too funny," Brian replied after Gus had hung up on him. Justin shook his head and moved to the other side of the canvas. "I'm going to call him back." He dialed the number again and Gus answered after the third ring.

"*You tricked me,*" Gus answered hesitantly. Brian rolled his eyes and loosened his tie with his free hand.

"Did you just hang up on me?" Brian asked in a serious tone. Justin looked up and laughed when he saw the grin on Brian's face. He walked over to Brian, paint brush still in hand.

"*NO! Okay maybe a little. Don't hurt me, Daddy. I love you.*"

"I love you too, Gus. I just don't see why you felt you had to lie to me. You know I'm a firm believer in have the best time you can. I would have let you go. You know that."

"*I guess,*" Gus sighed. "*I'm sorry.*"

"Good. Know this too, if you ever lie to me like that again, you won't like what happens, understand?"

"Yes."

"So why are you in Cancun?" Brian asked.

"*We got the urge.*

"What urge?"

"*The urge to fuck hot dudes and babes in skimpy clothing.*"

"Did you just say...dudes and babes?" Brian asked slowly, his face turning into a grimace.

"Yes." Brian pulled the phone away from his ear, stared at it for a moment, and then flipped it shut.

"Brian!" Justin exclaimed, his eyes widening.

"What? Justin, he said dudes and babes. I couldn't take it." Justin shook his head and then poked Brian's nose with his paintbrush. Brian rolled his eyes and laughed. "Mature."

"Call him back and tell him you aren't mad at him," Justin demanded. Brian raised an eyebrow.

"Maybe I am still mad at him," he replied smugly. Justin held his paintbrush, covered in fiery orange, poised in front of the brunet's face. "Oh you are oh so tough, blondie."

"Do it," Justin replied, thrusting the paintbrush towards him.

"Get your paint away from the Armani, Justin. Seriously."

Gus set his phone down on the nightstand with a laugh and shook his head. "Well, my dad is the best dad ever."

"We knew that already," Parker said sleepily. "And don't forget the hottest. And the most well hung."

"Hey Parker, I've got something for you." Gus got up and walked over to Parker's bed.

"What?" Gus made a fist and punched him hard in the arm.

"Ow! *Dick!*"

Elliot laughed and Gus sat back down on the bed with him. His phone rang again and he picked it up.

"What's up, Dad?" He answered with a smile.

"*Hey Gus, this is Justin.*" Gus's face fell slightly. He was worried Justin was going to yell at him.

"Oh, hey Pops. What's up?"

"*I'm just calling to tell you we aren't mad.*"

"I figured. Why didn't he call me himself?"

"*Because he is busy washing the orange paint out of his hair.*" Gus stared for a second, eyebrows furrowing.

"Why is there paint...you know what? Nevermind. I don't even want to know."

"*Have fun, and be careful. I'm going to go help your father.*"

"Ew, okay. Just go," Gus laughed. He hung up the phone and fell backwards, his head landing in Elliot's lap. He threaded his fingers in Gus's hair. Gus loved having his hair played with, and Elliot loved how peaceful his friend looked while he toyed with the silky strands.

“Okay lazy asses. Get ready to go. We’re going out,” Parker told them, rubbing his arm where Gus had punched him. “And I don’t even have to buy your booze. You guys can do it legally here.”

“Sweet,” Gus replied. “You shower first. I’m comfy.” Gus closed his eyes as Elliot continued to gently rake his fingers through his hair. Parker hopped off of the bed and grabbed his clothes as he made his way into the bathroom.

Brian and Justin were curled up on the couch watching a movie, (say they are domestic and they will hurt you), when the buzzer rang. Brian sighed and disentangled himself from Justin’s small frame. He looked down at his watch as he walked towards the door. It was a little after seven.

“Hey Brian!” Lindsay exclaimed cheerily as he slid the door open. His jaw dropped open as Lindsay, Melanie, and five year old Jenny Rebecca all trooped into the loft.

“What are you doing here?” Brian asked nervously. Justin jumped out, eyes darting around the loft. “You brought JR?”

“Of course Brian,” Lindsay replied. “Do you think this is some TV show where the kids only exist when it’s convenient?”

“Uh...”

“We had no where else to take her,” Melanie told him. JR walked over to Brian and looked up at him with wide brown eyes identical to Michael’s.

“Hi Uncle Brian!!” She shrieked, and then proceeded to punch him in the groin. Brian blanched and grabbed his crotch as he looked over at Melanie.

“You taught her that, didn’t you? Bitch.” Melanie laughed her ass off as Brian leaned against a beam, cupping his abused genitals.

“What the fuck do you bitches *want*?” Brian asked, walking back over to the couch, mumbling. Justin had his lips rolled into his mouth. “Say nothing.”

Lindsay and Melanie said hello to Justin, leaving JR to her own devices. Brian kept his eyes on the petite toddler as she strolled through the loft. She picked up a glass candle holder and Brian hurried over to her.

“What’s this?” She asked.

“Not a toy,” Brian replied, taking it from her and replacing it. She pouted and tugged on one black pigtail. She walked further back into the loft and Brian followed closely. She picked up the steel paperweight off of Brian’s desk.

“BRIAN! What’s this?”

“Not something little girls play with,” Brian replied, snatching it from her. She moved on and Brian followed closely.

“Where is Gus?” Lindsay asked Justin. The blond’s eyes widened and he looked over at Brian. His partner was clear across the loft, pulling Jenny away from a rather expensive lamp.

“Uh, he went out...to get...Mexican food. Yeah,” Justin replied, wincing at his inability to lie. The girls looked at each other and raised their eyebrows.

“We’ll wait,” they said simultaneously and dropped down onto the sofa. Justin bit his lip.

“WOW! This looks like my toy box at home!”

“Jenny Rebecca! Get out of the bedroom!” Brian called. They all turned to see him run up the stairs. “No! That is definitely *not* something little girls play with!” Melanie cringed and Justin laughed.

Brian came down the stairs, holding a squirming JR under his arm. “WHY *can’t* I have a balloon, Uncle Brian?!”

“Because those aren’t balloons,” Brian replied, setting the girl down. She looked up at him, hands on tiny hips. He leaned down until he was almost face to face with the girl. “They are *prophylactics*. Can you say *prophylactic*, JR?”

“Pro-“

“Jenny! No!” Melanie shrieked. Jenny huffed and ran over to Brian’s briefcase. Brian growled and ran after her.

“Brian!” Justin called. “Lindsay and Mel want to wait for Gus, while he’s out...picking up the Mexican food.” The brunet was barely listening as he tried to get his briefcase away from the girl.

“You’re going to be waiting a long time then,” he replied. He grabbed the handle of the briefcase and lifted it up. Jenny’s feet left the floor as she kept her death grip on it. Brian rolled his eyes and pulled her hands off. She pouted.

“Why?” Lindsay asked.

“Because the Mexican food is in Mexico,” Brian replied tactlessly. He ran after Jenny as she sprinted towards the kitchen.

“What do you mean?” Mel demanded. Jenny punched Brian in the leg.

“Mexico!” He cried. “Gus is in Mexico. Dammit, JR. NO!”

“What the fuck do you mean?” Mel shouted. Lindsay gasped.

“He went to Cancun with Elliot for graduation,” Justin replied. Brian stomped over to the couch with Jenny squirming in his arms. He set her down on the couch and gave her a look that dared her to move. She pouted and crossed her arms.

“Graduation was in June. It’s August,” Lindsay said.

“Yeah well, since when has Gus been on time for anything?” Brian asked. He glanced sideways as Jenny tried to scoot off of the sofa. “Don’t *move*.”

“I can’t fucking believe this,” Melanie shouted. “You just let him go to Mexico without even asking us? He doesn’t even *live* with you, Brian.”

“Hey, don’t get all bitchy with me. He didn’t fucking ask me either. He just went,” Brian replied.

“You knew he was in Cancun, and you lied to me?” Lindsay said softly. Brian winced.

“I didn’t want to, but I knew you guys wouldn’t understand,” Brian replied.

“Understand what?” Melanie demanded.

“Gus is eighteen. He’s fun, crazy, and horny. He needs to get all this out of his system.”

“Brian is right,” Justin replied, stepping up next to his partner. “Gus is a smart kid. He’ll be fine in Cancun for a few days.” Lindsay sighed and Melanie scowled. Brian’s cell phone rang and he picked it up, seeing *Gus’s Cell* on the display.

“Uh, hold on.” He walked into the bedroom, and then into the bathroom before answering.

“Hello?”

”DADDY!” Brian winced at the volume of Gus’s (slurred) voice.

“Are you drunk?”

”Um, just a wee bit.”

“Great.”

”DADDY!”

“GUS! Ear drum!”

"Oh, sorry...DADDY!"

"WHAT?"

"What is the best kind of tequila?"

"Fuck tequila. Scotch is better." He sighed, and then amended himself. "I mean, why?"

"Because Parker said to call you and find out." Brian shut the bathroom door and switched the phone to the other ear.

"Are you are just running around Cancun drinking?"

"DADDY! It's okay. Parker is in charge, for he is the eldest and most responsiblest." Brian stamped his foot on the tile and slapped his hand against his forehead.

"...Parker is in charge?"

"Yes, so everything is okay."

"Right," he replied, rolling his eyes. He made a snap decision. "Hey, what's the name of your hotel?"

"Por que, padre?" Gus giggled loudly. *"See, we're in Mexico. You have to know Spanish."* Brian scrunched his face up and walked into the bedroom. He opened the closet and crouched down, grabbing a bag of party supplies from the corner of the closet floor.

"Just tell me the name of your hotel."

"The Banana Cabana." Brian shook his head in disbelief and pulled out a bag of balloons. He extracted a pink one and put the bag back in the closet.

"What the fuck? The Banana Cabana? Did Parker pick the hotel too?"

"Yup! They have a big bowl of bananas in the lobby."

"Bananas, huh?" Gus hiccupped.

"Yup, nanners." Brian laughed and shook his head. He held the phone between his ear and his shoulder and blew up the balloon.

"Okay, have fun. Be safe, alright?" He told him, tying the balloon shut.

"Okay....BYE DADDY!" Brian closed the phone and sighed, walking back out to the living room. Jenny's eyes lit up as Brian handed her the big pink balloon.

"Thanks Uncle Brian!" She exclaimed, jumping into his arms. He laughed and hugged her tight as she kissed his cheek. Lindsay nudged Melanie, who was covering her mouth with her hand to hide her smile. Justin grinned and fell in love a little more.

"So...here's the deal. Justin and I are going to go fetch the youngster," Brian told them. Melanie and Lindsay sighed in relief. He set Jenny back down on the couch.

"Good," said Lindsay.

"We are?" Justin asked. "Why? They'll be fine." Brian looked over at him.

"That was him on the phone. They decided to put *Parker* in charge of their outing." Justin's eyes widened and he got off of the couch.

"Um, shit. Okay yeah. Let me go book the flight."

"Who is Parker?" Melanie asked. Justin scratched the back of his head.

"Parker, well, he is a very boisterous young man," he informed her.

"Who took way too many hits to the head as a kid," Brian added. "Or one too many bong hits."

"Or both," Justin shrugged. The girls looked at each other and whimpered.

"It's okay," Brian said. "We'll go get them. Now please, leave so we can pack." The little family stood up and made their way to the door. Justin waved goodbye and went into the bedroom to call and make the arrangements.

"Bring him home in one piece," Lindsay told him. Brian grinned and kissed her cheek.

"I'll try my best."

A few hours later, Gus and co. strolled merrily into their banana themed hotel. Their arms were around each other, and they were laughing drunkenly. Gus looked up and came face to face with his fathers.

Brian narrowed his eyes at his son. Gus looked over at Justin, who shook his head. Then Gus looked over at Elliot, who looked terrified, and then over at Parker, who looked like he was mentally undressing them with his eyes.

"Hello, Gus," Brian said gravely, trying to keep his amusement to himself. Gus swallowed hard.

“Um...shit.”

HOT AUGUST NIGHTS 3

“Dad! Pops!” Gus exclaimed, his eyes widening in an attempt to look sober. “What are you doing here?” Brian looked over at Justin and smirked. Then he turned back to his offspring, his smirk turning into a frown.

“We’re here to pack up your shit, and drag you by your ear onto a plane and back the fuck home,” Brian said sternly, his forehead creasing. Justin put his hand over his mouth, hiding his grin. Gus’s lips formed a pout.

“But Dad!” Gus protested, taking a step forward. Brian held his hand out.

“No butts, Gus. I’m sure you’ve already had enough of those tonight.” Justin sniggered and walked over to Parker.

“How drunk are those two?” Justin asked the older boy. Parker smirked and shook his head, looking almost completely sober. Justin wondered what they had been so worried about.

“Pretty trashed,” Parker replied. “But the more they drank, the less I drank.” He scratched the back of his head and shrugged. Justin put his hand on his shoulder and smiled. They had nothing to worry about at all.

“Thanks Parker,” Justin told him. “You’re a good friend.” He heard his partner yell and he turned to see Brian at the counter, giving the man behind the counter an evil glare. “Oh shit,” he muttered, rolling his eyes as he and Parker made their way over.

“You mean to tell me there is not a single vacant room in this entire hotel?” Brian asked, his jaw clenched.

“I’m sorry, sir. There isn’t,” the man replied. Brian rolled his eyes and pushed away from the counter. He grabbed the back of Gus’s shirt and pulled him down the lobby.

“Well, looks like we’re bunking up with you delinquents,” Brian informed them. Justin sighed. No before bed orgasm again. The boys started heading towards the stairs and Justin grabbed Brian’s arm.

“We’re going to fuck tonight, right?” Justin asked hopefully. Brian smirked.

“Oh definitely.” The two men followed a few feet behind the boys and Justin leaned over.

“So I take it we aren’t bringing in our luggage from the rental car?” Brian shook his head. “You’re going to keep up the whole ‘we’re leaving in the morning’ charade?”

“Hell yes.” Justin laughed and shook his head.

“You are such an asshole,” he said fondly. Brian smirked and snaked his arm around Justin’s waist, leaning over to kiss his temple.

“You love me,” he whispered in the blond’s ear. Justin grinned and turned his head, biting his chin softly.

“Yeah, I do.”

They reached the hotel room, with Brian’s nose wrinkled in disapproval. Justin elbowed him in the stomach, and Gus hiccupped. Justin took in the multicolored wallpaper and clashing carpet, and then even he shook his head.

“I’ll open it!” Gus exclaimed drunkenly, looking down and patting his pockets. “Now where is the key? My wittle key. Hmm.” Parker rolled his eyes and pulled the key card from the pocket of his jeans and unlocked the door while Gus’ head was down. The youngest teen looked up at the beep of the lock and grinned. “I did it!”

Brian rolled his eyes and followed the teenagers and Justin into the room. Gus immediately flopped down on the bed, staring up at the ceiling. Elliot fell down next to him, his face buried in Gus’ neck. Gus wrapped his arms around Elliot’s lithe frame. El took a deep breath and Gus closed his eyes and smiled.

Brian took in the scene and arched an eyebrow. He met Justin’s similar expression while Parker bit his fist, biting back a laugh or a grin. Brian looked over at Parker with his thumb cocked towards the cuddling couple on the bed, the expression on his face both curious and amused. Parker merely shrugged and flopped down on the other bed.

“Parker, up.” Brian commanded, dropping his wallet and keys on the nightstand and running his fingers through his hair. Justin ran his hand up and down Brian’s back, a patient little move he used when he was waiting impatiently to get laid.

“Just give me a minute, baby. I’m a little tired,” Parker mumbled, eyes still closed. Brian rolled his eyes and grabbed the collar of the young man’s shirt and pulled him up. Parker’s eyes shot open and he laughed. “Ooh. I like them feisty.”

“I don’t know how I put up with you,” Brian replied, trying not to smirk at Parker’s antics. Parker put on his best shit eating grin and poked Brian in the chest.

“Because you love me,” he said confidently. He looked over at Justin, feathers still preened. “Both of you love me.” Justin walked up to him and

smiled that smile, his face inches from Parker's. He took Parker's hands and grinned harder.

"Mm, Parker," Justin whispered. Brian bit down on his bottom lip hard. This was a little game they both liked to play with Parker. And he always fell for it. Always.

"Yeah?" Parker whispered. Justin then leaned in closer and then turned and pushed Parker hard on top of Gus and Elliot. Brian and Justin laughed, while the two sleepy drunk boys mumbled and grumbled before ultimately pushing Parker onto the floor. Parker mumbled into the carpet, holding his index finger up and waving it around. "Fine, fine. Play your games with my fragile little heart. Break it bit by bit."

"Hey Parker," Brian started. "Your ass looks hot." Parker rolled over onto his back, grinning still.

"Really? See. You want me."

"Oh baby, you know it," Brian deadpanned.

"Parker, what did I say about hitting on my dads?" Gus slurred loudly from the bed.

"Do it?"

"No!"

"Fine. Ass." Parker got up off of the floor and sat at the end of the bed Gus and Elliot were occupying.

"Daddies, what did I tell you about fucking with Parker?"

"Not to, but it's so much fun." Brian turned to look at Justin. "I need a shower." Parker shuddered. "Care to join me, Sunshine?"

"That's so wrong," Parker muttered, falling back onto his friends as Brian and Justin basically fled into the bathroom and slammed the door.

Brian was the first to wake up the next morning, his back sore from the too hard hotel bed. Justin was curled up at his side, his left hand over Brian's heart, as always. Brian stretched, and Justin made a small squeaking noise. Brian rolled his eyes as if to pretend the noise bothered him, when in fact it was the very reason his body woke him up before Justin each morning. He watched the blond's face scrunch up, and felt him move closer to his own body after he made the noise.

Brian kissed Justin's forehead and sighed happily before realizing that his feet were against something. He looked down at the end of the bed to see Parker curled up in a tiny ball at the end of the bed, his back to them. Brian rolled his eyes and looked over at the other bed, seeing his son and Elliot spread out comfortably on the full sized bed. He sighed and looked back at Parker.

Brian pulled his legs up and put his feet on Parker, one foot on his ass and the other in the center of his back. Then he pushed outwards, knocking Parker to the floor.

The young man let out a cry and then jumped up. Justin awoke with a start and sat up, rubbing his eyes. Brian tried not to laugh, but then furrowed his brow when he saw Parker's face. His eyes were puffy, with dark rings under them. He yawned and scratched his head, sighing disappointedly.

"Fuck. I just fell asleep five minutes ago," Parker muttered. "Your asshole kid pushed me off of the bed five times. They wouldn't let me on it even though I played babysitter for their drunken asses all night. They don't think I want to party in Cancun? Shit."

"My my, I think that is the first time I've ever heard you so serious," Brian teased. Parker shot him a glare and then yawned.

"You look like shit," Justin kindly pointed out, reaching under the covers to make sure their underwear had not made their way off in the middle of the night, as they sometimes had been known to do.

"Thanks a million, Justin. Ass." Parker then decided to lie down on the floor, stretching out on the tacky carpet. Brian smirked and then took pity on the poor child, mainly due to the fact that Gus could have gotten in a lot of trouble without Parker there to keep an eye on him.

"Does this shithole have room service?" Brian asked, getting out of bed and stretching. Parker looked up at Brian and groaned.

"Oh god. I'm even too tired to check out your fine, fine self," Parker muttered. Justin cracked a smile and Brian rolled his neck.

"Shame. That bed is a piece of shit. And you didn't answer my question." Parker stared at the ceiling and yawned again.

"Nope. That's too high class for folks like us," Parker muttered in a mock southern drawl. "But there is a Denny's next store."

"Marvelous. What do you want?" Brian asked, reaching for his pants and pulling them on.

"Sleeeep."

“From Denny’s.” Brian pulled on his shirt and Justin got out of bed wearing only tighty whities. He stepped over Parker to get to his clothes, and the sleepy young man let out a tired “work that ass”. Justin smirked and walked over to Brian, giving him a kiss.

“I, for one, want pancakes,” Justin said matter of factly. “And eggs. And sausage. And-“

“I got it,” Brian laughed. “Parker.”

“Uh, Belgium waffles. And scrambled eggs and orange juice. Please.” He reached into his pocket. “Come here little monies. Time to say bye bye.”

“Don’t worry about it,” Brian said offhandedly, ignoring Parker’s antics. “Get in bed. Get some sleep.” Parker looked up at Brian as if he were God, and then crawled into bed and sighed happily.

“Gus and El would want-“ Brian held up his hand and cut him off.

“Fuck ‘em. They can fend for themselves. I told them to share the bed.” Brian picked up his wallet and a keycard and left the hotel room with Justin in tow. Parker fell asleep before the door shut.

They returned awhile later, hot food in hand. Brian set down his coffee and Justin put the food down on the desk, kicking off his shoes. Brian looked down at the sleeping Parker.

“He’s a hot kid,” Brian said. Justin smirked and walked up behind him, sliding his hands around Brian’s slim waist.

“You mean he’s a good kid,” Justin countered, standing on his tip toes to kiss Brian’s neck. He sighed and tilted his head to the side.

“Yeah, I owe him one. You should have heard Gus on the phone last night. He was drunk off of his fucking ass.” Justin nodded and lightly nipped at Brian’s neck.

“Mm. Yeah. Wake him up so he can eat,” Justin told him. “Are the reservations at the Ritz all ready?” Brian nodded and walked over to the bed Parker was occupying. “And you’re keeping up the ‘we’re going home right away’ farce?”

“For as long as I can,” he replied, nudging Parker. He rustled in the sheets and blinked sleepily.

“Food?” He asked. Brian nodded and Parker sat up. Justin handed him his food and plopped down on the bed next to him, getting under the covers with

him. Brian sat at the end of the bed and lit a cigarette before reaching over for his coffee. He leaned against Justin's raised knees and turned on the TV.

"Don't you all look cozy?" Gus said suddenly, rolling out of bed and holding his head.

"Well if it isn't our bouncing bundle of joy. The apple of my eye," Brian said sarcastically, flipping through the channels. "Hungover?"

"Uh huh," Gus whimpered, scratching his chest.

"Serves you right, you little shit," Brian replied, still not looking at him. Justin rolled his eyes and stole the rest of Parker's syrup, who snatched a piece of sausage in return.

Gus' eyes zeroed in on Parker's waffles like a lion on its prey. He licked his lips and looked at his father.

"Where's mine?" Gus asked.

"Your what?" Brian countered, looking over at him with a blank expression.

"My waffles."

"The Denny's down the street."

"Huh?"

"I didn't get you any." Gus' face fell. He looked absolutely downtrodden. Parker bit back a laugh.

"Why not?" Gus whined.

"Because you're a selfish little shit. And I'm pissed at you," Brian told him. Gus laughed and Justin winced. "It's not funny. You lied to me. You pull this shit. You can't get away with anything you want to, Gus. That's not how life works."

"But Dad."

"No, Gus. Get dressed."

"Why?"

"Get *dressed*," Brian said sternly. Gus nodded and grabbed his bag, going into the bathroom and shutting the door. Elliot had woken up during the exchange, and was sitting wide eyed on the bed, chewing his thumbnail. Brian sighed and leaned back against Justin's knees.

The blond spread his legs, making Brian fall between them. He slid his hands down Brian's chest and leaned over, giving him an upside down kiss. Parker snagged the remote and changed the channel to cartoons. Brian gently bit down on Justin's top lip, sighing deeply.

"Are you going to kill him? Because that would be funny," Parker said, not taking his eyes away from the television. Justin sat up and gave Parker a look, still rubbing Brian's chest.

"He's not going to kill him," Justin laughed. "Maybe just rough him up a bit." Parker laughed, but his face straightened up when Brian nodded seriously.

Gus came out of the bathroom, buttoning the fly of his jeans. He looked up at Brian nervously and bit his lip. Brian stood up and bent over, giving Justin a kiss. "I'll be back," he told his partner, kissing him again before heading for the door.

"We aren't all going somewhere?" Gus laughed nervously.

"No, just you and me," Brian smirked, opening the door. "Out." Gus looked over at Elliot with a pleading expression, and the teen waved. Gus pouted and left the room, Brian following behind.

Gus ran his fingers through his hair, following behind his father, preparing for death. Brian led them out the front doors of the hotel and into a café next door. Gus gave the Denny's down the street a longing glance before reluctantly following his father, the bell overhead chiming when the door closed, his own little death march.

Brian sat down at a booth near the window and Gus slid in across from him, turning his coffee cup over as Brian did the same. Soon, their cups were filled with coffee, and Brian raised an eyebrow when Gus emptied his fourth sugar packet into the small cup, but still said nothing. Gus watched him, shifting nervously in the silence.

"Fucking *say* something," Gus finally ground out. Brian raised both eyebrows and Gus cleared his throat, looking down. "Please."

Brian remained silent, staring at Gus with a bemused expression. Gus growled under his breath.

"You're scary as hell, you know that." Brian merely nodded, still staring at Gus, taking a sip from his coffee. Gus squirmed under the intense gaze. "Please talk. I'm going to cry."

Brian continued to stare.

"You *want* me to cry, don't you?" Still Brian said nothing, and Gus' lip began to quiver. Brian Kinney had the power to scare the very urine out of a

person's bladder, especially if that person was Brian Kinney's own neurotic son.

"Dad! Say something!" Gus blurted out, his eyes glassing over with tears. Brian rolled his eyes and took another sip of his coffee before speaking.

"Don't cry, you pussy," he said, his bored hand finding its way to a fork, starting to tap it against the chipped linoleum table top.

"Well you're scary. And I'm tired. And hungover. And hungry for waffles," Gus rambled, blinking a few times.

"And spoiled."

".. Thank you?"

"Shut up." Gus did so, his mouth closing with a snap. He looked down, guilt starting to eat away at him. He looked up at his father, who yawned and rolled his neck. "You're a shit."

"I know. I'm sorry." Brian cleared his throat, taking another sip of coffee and looking around the nearly empty café, its walls a mud brown, the floor mint green. He wrinkled his nose and looked back at Gus, who was rubbing his nose.

"You should be," Brian replied. "I had to take time from work to come down here and chase you. I had to cancel meetings." Gus cringed, and then nodded.

"I'm sorry. I don't know what I was thinking." The teen sighed, resting his chin on his elbow as he stirred his coffee with a dented spoon, watching the caramel browns and blondes swirl together in a cream colored coffee cup. "Actually, I do know what I was thinking."

"Well please, enlighten me," Brian replied, trying to stretch his long legs out under the small table. His legs collided with his son's, who was having a similar problem.

"All my life, you've taught me not to be afraid of anything. There wasn't anything I couldn't handle, from schoolyard bullies to dance clubs." He looked up at Brian, who was watching him curiously. "But now I'm afraid."

"Of what?" Brian inquired.

"Growing up?"

"Is that a question?"

"No," Gus sighed, grabbing another packet of sugar. Brian took it from him and laid it on the table. Gus took another, and Brian took it from him again.

"I start college next month. I'm moving out of the house I grew up in and into a dorm. I guess I just... don't want to grow up."

"I know the feeling, but that doesn't excuse you from lying to us," Brian replied, emptying his coffee cup into his mouth and signaling for more. "I'm all for hanging onto your youth. I understand perfectly *why* you flew to Cancun on a whim. It sounds like something I would do. I'm not angry because you came here. I'm angry because you lied."

"I know that."

"I'm also a little angry that I had to sleep on that piss poor excuse for a bed last night, but that's not the point." He paused as their coffees were refilled, and allowed Gus to go for the sugar packets, grabbing the fourth one he tried to open and handing him his spoon instead. "I think we've given you a pretty comfortable life, Gus."

"You have," Gus said quickly, nodding vigorously.

"Then don't take advantage of it."

"I know, I know," Gus sighed. He ran his fingers through his hair and looked up at Brian, letting a gust of air out of his lungs. "So I guess the trip is over, huh?"

"Guess so," Brian replied with a straight face. Gus sighed and then nodded, looking down into his coffee for a second before looking back up at Brian.

"Anything else?" Gus asked. Brian pretended to think before nodding slightly.

"Yeah. I'm not going to ground you. First, because I think it's overrated. And secondly, because you don't live with me and I can't enforce it." Gus nodded.

"Then what?"

"I have a lot of busy work that needs to be done at Kinnetik, and you are going to come every day after school to help out. For two weeks," Brian told him. Gus let out a sigh of relief.

"That's not that bad."

"Oh, that's not all," Brian informed him. Gus gulped. "Your mothers are very, very angry. And you live with them, so they ultimately get to decide your punishment."

"God damnit," Gus groaned. "Mom can. Mel can go fuck herself."

"You know, Mel thinks I've brainwashed you to hate her," Brian smirked. Gus rolled his eyes.

“That’s it. The fact that she’s a raging bitch has nothing to do with it,” he said sarcastically. Brian smirked and pulled his wallet out of his pocket, getting up to pay the bill. Gus finished off his coffee and got up to follow him.

“Think he killed him yet?” Parker mused, pushing the last of his waffle around on his plate. Elliot’s eyes followed the food like a hawk.

“Don’t joke about that,” Elliot scolded. “Are you going to eat that?”

“What? This?” Parker got a piece of waffle on his fork, waving it around. Justin looked up from his sketchbook, watching in amusement.

“Yes, that.” Elliot scowled, his stomach growling. Parker held up the waffle, smirking.

“I don’t know, El. You weren’t so willing to share the bed last night. Why should I share my waffle?” Parker grinned and Elliot pouted.

“Come on.”

“Say please,” Parker demanded. Elliot huffed and shook his head. “Say it. Say please Parker, may I have your delicious waffle?” Elliot sighed and stared at the waffle before glaring at Parker.

“Please Parker, may I please have your delicious waffle?” He muttered in one breath. Parker laughed and handed the carton over.

“Oh my god, you actually said it. I’m totally full and was going to give it to you anyway, but that was too funny.”

“Ass.” Elliot grabbed the container and rolled his eyes. Justin pushed his carton across the bed with his foot, laughing.

“I didn’t eat my sausage, if you want that,” Justin offered. Elliot took it and smiled.

“Thanks.” Justin nodded and looked at the clock on the nightstand.

“What time is check out here?” Justin asked, closing his sketchbook. Parker furrowed his brow.

“I’m not sure. Noon, I think.” Justin nodded, getting up and stretching.

“You guys have your stuff all together?” He looked in the mirror, fixing his hair.

“We’re really leaving?” Parker pouted. “Damn. I got out of my parents house three years ago, and then make friends with kids. Smart move, Parker.” Justin smirked and started to straighten up the room.

“I suppose we should leave too,” Elliot sighed jokingly. “Even though we have permission to be here.”

“Yeah. Damn us being good friends and shit,” Parker grumbled. Justin laughed and patted him on the back.

Brian and Gus walked back into the hotel room, and Elliot and Parker immediately looked up at Gus’ face. He looked content, and they both sighed in relief. Gus fell back on the bed with Elliot, and Elliot looked over at him, resting his chin on the pillow he was clutching to his chest.

Brian walked over to Justin and gave him a kiss, biting on his bottom lip before pulling away, slinging his arm around the blond’s shoulders. “You ready to go, Sunshine?”

“Yeah,” Justin nodded. “I’ve been trying to get these two ready as well. They didn’t really unpack, so I think we’re ready to go.” Justin grinned at him and Brian smirked, playfully tugging at the hair at the base of his neck.

“Come on boys,” Brian said sternly. “Get your shit.”

The three boys sighed and picked up their bags, which were only shopping bags consisting of the things they had bought the night before, saved for Gus and his trusty backpack. Brian opened the hotel room door, ushering everyone out and shutting it behind them.

They checked out and Brian led them outside, stopping in front of a rental car and unlocking it.

“This is you?” Gus asked. Brian nodded and opened the trunk, putting all their things inside. “But why would you get a rental car if you were only here overnight?”

“I didn’t feel like taking a cab around Mexico. Get in the fucking car.” The three boys stiffened at Brian’s tone and scurried into the backseat, slamming both doors closed. Brian grinned at Justin over the top of the car.

“I can’t believe they are so scared of you,” Justin laughed. Brian raised an eyebrow, smirking in amusement.

“I am scary,” Brian teased. Justin laughed heartily and shook his head, his tongue between his teeth.

“So not scary,” Justin retorted. Brian rolled his eyes and got inside the car, starting the engine once Justin buckled his seatbelt. He pulled out of the parking spot, following Justin’s verbal directions as he read from the pages

he had printed out. A little while later, Gus' head perked up and he looked around, very prairie dog like. It was obvious that they were heading downtown, and not towards the airport.

"Hold on a god damn minute!" Gus yelled suddenly, causing everyone else in the car to jump slightly. "This is *not* the way to the airport!"

"Really? Are you sure?" Brian asked sarcastically as he pulled up in front of the Ritz Carlton, a valet walking up to the car. He got out and handed him the keys. "Everybody out."

"You *asslick*!" Gus cried, huffing indignantly and grabbing his things from the trunk once it was opened. Parker and Elliot high fived each other, grinning.

"I'm sorry. Was that intended to be an insult?" Brian retorted, grabbing his and Justin's bags from the trunk and putting them on the cart the bellboy had brought out.

"I happen to be proud of that fact. I benefit from it quite often," Justin grinned. Gus narrowed his eyes and then looked up at the hotel.

"... Shit. This is nice." The other two boys looked up, their jaws dropping open.

"Did you think we were going to stay in that shitty hotel room the whole time?" Brian scoffed, leading them into the lobby. Gus looked around, grinning ear to ear.

"I didn't think we were staying at *all*!" Gus shouted. Parker brought his hand down on Brian's shoulder, patting it.

"This is fucking *awesome*. You and your wily ways," he told him. Brian rolled his eyes, smirking.

"Come on," he told the group. "Let's check in."

HOT AUGUST NIGHTS 4

Parker trotted down the hallway merrily, clutching a bottle of expensive tequila. His flip flops smacked against the hardwood as he neared the door. Gus and Brian followed behind him in the hallway, sharing a bottle of beer.

“Um, can we say best day ever?” Parker grinned, his sunglasses pushing his hair back. “I fucked the hottest dude in that bathroom.” Brian raised his eyebrow.

“Red trunks. Black hair?” Parker nodded slowly. “Star tattoo on his back?” Parker nodded again and then rolled his eyes.

“Dude. Seriously?” Brian grinned.

“Just sucked me off.” Parker scoffed.

“Jealous.” Brian pulled a key from the pocket of his shorts. “We both went for the same guy. Interesting.”

“I sent him your way because I wouldn’t fuck him.” Brian replied. Parker’s eyes narrowed.

“You lie.” Brian shook his head. “Why wouldn’t you fuck that?” The older man shrugged and averted his gaze.

“Because,” Gus began. “Daddy looooooves Justin. I bet he’s the only ass he fucks.”

Gus grinned at his father, who rolled his eyes. The three had spent the day lounging on the beach, soaking up sun and drinking themselves silly. Elliot and Justin had opted to spend the day relaxing at the hotel, hitting up the spa.

Brian stumbled slightly into the room and saw two figures standing on the balcony in white bathrobes, one blond head and one head wrapped in a towel. Brian walked up behind the blond and pressed his groin against his ass, his hand grabbing his crotch, his nose pressing against the blond hair. “Hey, sunshine.”

The figure tensed up and pulled away, whipping around and leaning against the railing of the balcony. Brian was surprised to see Elliot’s shocked face. Justin turned and pulled the towel off of his head.

“Brian! What the hell?” Brian looked back and forth between the blonds, hair startlingly similar in color and cut. “Have you started groping our son’s best friends now? Right in front of me?”

“Uh.” Brian swallowed hard. “When the fuck did he dye his hair?” He gestured towards the now tow-headed Elliot.

“It’s my natural color. Justin convinced me of the benefits of being small and blond, with a great ass.” Justin crossed his arms and nodded, proudly.

“Well you two look the fucking same now!” Brian cried, a bit panicked. Justin laughed and walked over to Brian, kissing his chin.

“You’re off the hook,” Justin laughed. Parker and Gus walked in from their room, laughing about something.

“What’s going here?” Gus yelled with mock authority. Elliot was in the bathroom, pulling on a pair of jeans when he answered.

“Your dad groped me,” he replied in a deadpan voice.

“Oh, what the *hell*?” Parker cried out. He flopped down on the bed and opened a beer. Gus smirked and turned towards the bathroom. Elliot walked out in nothing in a pair of jeans, his newly blond hair hanging in his eyes.

Gus opened his mouth to say something, but nothing came out once he saw Elliot, hair blond and lips red from the wine he’d been sipping with Justin. Parker looked up and choked on the beer he was chugging.

“What the hell? You’re blond.” Parker cried.

“And your attention to detail astounds me,” Elliot deadpanned, biting his lip and looking at Gus. “Ta da.” He said weakly, bouncing on the balls of his feet. Gus stood up and blinked. Justin squealed in Brian’s ear and bounced up and down. Brian smirked.

“Wow.” Gus cleared his throat and took a few steps closer to Elliot. The young blond blushed and looked down. Gus looked into his eyes for a few moments, and then something changed. He slapped Elliot on the back and flopped down on the bed. “Looks good. You finally got rid of all that damn dye.”

Gus cracked open a beer and everyone in the room let out a collective sigh, with the exception of the oblivious Parker, who busied himself with tugging at Elliot’s hair.

Parker, Gus, and Elliot sat around their room, passing a bottle of beer around and watching the television. They had recently got back into the room after an evening of bar hopping.

“You two are bunking up again. I’m the oldest. Seniority rules, bitches.” Parker yawned a little and changed the channel. “You’re dad blocked the fucking *porn*? They could open their own fucking adult video store between the two of them, and they blocked the porn in our room. Damn.”

“They want us to be responsible, self respecting adults,” Gus replied. Parker rolled his eyes.

“I’ll be sure to enroll in seminary school once we get back from this all drinking, all fucking weekend,” Parker laughed.

“They blocked it because they knew you would rack up so much on the porn bill that you would put even Brian in the poor house,” Elliot commented, absently tugging on his blond hair. Gus looked at him for a second before turning away.

“I do love my porn.” A giggle came from the next room, followed by a low moan. There were a few seconds of silence, and then the sound of the headboard banging against the wall.

“You have *got* to be kidding me.” Gus groaned and rolled off of the bed. Elliot watched him pace back and forth, worrying his bottom lip between his teeth.

“Dude. Free audio porn. They love me.” Parker put his ear up against the wall and listened hard. Gus and Elliot stared at him, deadpan. Parker shook his head and pulled away. “This isn’t right.”

“Thank you,” Elliot started, but he was cut off by Parker. He picked up a glass and put it against the wall, putting his ear against it.

“There.” Elliot rolled his eyes and Gus grabbed his cigarettes. He ran his fingers through his hair and went towards the door.

“I need a cigarette.” Elliot got up and took a few steps towards Gus. He paused and bit his lip. Gus had been acting strange all night.

“Want some company?” Elliot asked softly. The brunet turned towards Elliot, who was looking down and smoothing his hand over his bare torso. Gus rolled his eyes and stared up at the ceiling for a second, rolling his tense shoulders.

“Yeah, whatever. Come on,” Gus replied. “Parker. You coming, man?” The oldest boy fell back down on the bed, picking the remote back up.

“No, I don’t think so. I’m tired. You two take advantage of your youth. I need sleep in my advanced years.” Gus laughed and rolled his eyes, giving Parker a high five handshake hybrid before tucking a cigarette behind his ear and licking his lips. Elliot shuddered and pulled some powder blue hoodie out of a shopping bag. He pulled it on, zipping it up to a few inches under his

collarbone. It fit him like a second skin, and that coupled with his new blond hair made Gus growl in frustration.

The elevator ride was full of awkward silence, punctuated by some depressing organ music. Gus sucked on his bottom lip, eager to have a cigarette. Elliot stared upward as he leaned against the silver wall of the elevator, the position bringing attention to his neck, the muscles taut and slightly tan. Gus forced himself to look away.

What the fuck was going on?

It was breezy outside, and Elliot pulled his sleeves over his hands, denying the cigarette Gus offered him. Gus tried to light his own, but the wind wouldn't allow it. Elliot stepped up to Gus and slid his palms along Gus' hands, cupping the lighter. Gus lit his cigarette, the orange glow of the tiny flame warming their faces. Gus snuck a peek at Elliot against his own will. His blond hair flew freely in the breeze. It was a bit shorter, and straighter than usual. It was fucking hot.

Gus took a deep drag as they walked down to the beach. It was strangely abandoned, and they walked just a few inches above where the tide was coming in, wet sand sticking to the bottom of their jeans.

"So, did Pops talk you into that?" Gus said with a lungful of smoke. He blew it out to the side and Elliot drew his attention away from the horizon.

"Hm?" Elliot replied, one eyebrow raised. Gus laughed a little and repeated his question, gesturing to his hair. "Oh. Kind of. We were in the salon, getting manicures and shit, indulging ourselves in the finer points of being nelly and queer." He smirked and Gus laughed a little, wondering why he had been so tense. "Parker wasn't lying when he told me my roots were showing, and Justin suggested just stripping the dye out and going blond again. Something about the natural look being in or some shit. I don't know." He tugged self consciously at his hair. Gus pulled his hand away, Elliot's palm was warm against his fingers.

"It looks good." They walked down a slight slope, following the shore. It was quieter, almost cut off from the bustle of the city. The wind blew a little colder, and Elliot pressed himself against Gus' side without realizing it. Gus noticed how warm and small he was. He was about to say something, when Elliot's flip flop caught on a piece of driftwood, and he fell on his hands and knees.

"Fuck," he muttered. Gus laughed, tossing his cigarette on the ground and crushing it with his shoe.

"That's a good position for you, El."

"Yeah, me and your mother." Elliot got on his knees and brushed his hands off. Gus smirked and sat down on the sand, tugging Elliot back to sit next to

him. They both looked out at the horizon, both silent and feeling like they were too close. Gus reached out to brush sand off of Elliot's shoulder, and his hand lingered there, his fingers sliding along the soft fabric. Elliot's hand came to rest on Gus' knee, and they stayed that way for awhile.

Elliot's forehead rested against Gus' chin. He stared at the sand, trying to make sense of what was going on. It was just Gus. Why was his heart pounding in his chest?

He looked up, about to say something to break the silence, when he caught the look in Gus' eyes. Elliot's lips parted and Gus suddenly kissed him, soft and sweet at first. Elliot whimpered slightly and brought his hand up to Gus' cheek. The brunet pulled away and Elliot opened his eyes. Gus' were dark, pupils blown. He looked confused and happy, and when Elliot tried to speak, Gus' lips were back on his, harder this time and Elliot took a second to find his footing. Gus' teeth nipped at Elliot's bottom lip, and he gasped. His lips parted, giving Gus the access he wanted. They kissed passionately, all the tension they had felt being poured into it. Teeth mashing and grunts, Gus pushed Elliot down into the sand, his hand coming around to fumble with the zipper on Elliot's shirt.

He pulled it down quickly, and Elliot felt cold grains of sand, cold air, and Gus' hands, so soft and warm that nothing else mattered.

Gus' teeth dug into Elliot's neck. He shuddered and arched up, his fingers pulling at Gus' shirt. The taller boy sat up and pulled his shirt off, straddling Elliot and grinding their hips together. He pushed the shirt off Elliot's shoulders and unzipped his jeans. Elliot whimpered and stared up at Gus, his breath coming out in short pants.

Gus stared down at his best friend, his arms splayed out to his sides, his shirt open and chest rising and falling with each breath. Elliot licked his swollen lips, and the moonlight danced along his light hair and pale skin. Gus didn't think he had ever seen anything so beautiful.

He had to devour him. He had never needed anything so badly in his life.

Elliot's pants were tugged down, and he pulled at Gus' belt. The sand was cold against Elliot's skin, and he gasped when Gus' hand wrapped around his dick, warm and big and firm. Elliot whimpered and arched up as Gus stroked him, his mouth working its way downwards, his hand pulling and squeezing. His pants were pushed down to his knees and he opened his best friend's legs, falling between them like he belonged there.

Elliot's small hands pulled on Gus' hair, scratched down his back as he whimpered. "Please, please, please."

Gus pulled a condom from his jeans and rolled it on his aching dick, watching Elliot closely before pushing inside of him in one fluid thrust. Elliot cried out, his back arching. His hands slid down Gus's toned back, his

sleeves still covering his palms. Gus bit down on the flesh of Elliot's neck as he thrust. Hard, hard, harder.

He watched Elliot's face as he moved inside of him. The blonde's eyes were closed, face twisted in ecstasy. The moonlight bounced off of the beads of sweat on his skin. He was so small, small in his arms. Gus pulled him into his arms, thrusting harder and relishing in the feel of Elliot's nails on his back.

"Close. Fuck. Oh god." Elliot continued to mumble in Gus' ear, and he moved his hand back to his cock, squeezing and pulling. Elliot suddenly came into Gus' hand, a cry tumbling from his lips.

Gus just had to look at his face to shoot, his orgasm hard and intense. Good, so good.

He collapsed on top of Elliot in a heap, taking in gulps of sea air. The blond let himself relax into the sand, letting it mold to his body. He let his fingers trail along his friend's slick back and into his hair, pressing his lips softly against Gus' jaw.

Realization started to come to Gus as he pressed his wet lips against Elliot's neck, tasting sand and salt, feeling his heartbeat under his lips. Elliot's hands fell down onto the sand, his bare legs unwinding themselves from Gus' hips. Gus slowly pulled out of him, propping himself up on his hands and looking down at his best friend.

Elliot was shaking, his ice blue eyes staring up at Gus with uncertainty. Gus leaned down and kissed him softly before pulling back, burying the used condom in the sand. Gus stood up and pulled his pants back up. Elliot propped himself up on his elbows, staring up at Gus.

The brunet reached out and helped him up. "You're freezing," he said, brushing the sand from Elliot's body and zipping his shirt up. Elliot laughed a little, grateful that the silence was broken. Gus pulled his shirt on, and they both brushed the sand from their clothes.

"I can't believe we did that," Elliot laughed nervously, knocking sand from his hair. Gus smirked and pushed him lightly on the shoulder.

"Don't worry, El. I'll still respect you in the morning." Gus grinned and Elliot rolled his eyes as they walked back towards the hotel.

"Yeah. Just don't expect me to make you waffles."

They shared a smile, and Elliot knew, this was either the beginning or the end.