

Secret Santa

Justin and Brian meet on Christmas Eve, in disguise, and they have sex, neither one knowing the other's identity. When they meet months later, will they find a way to be together? Or will a pregnancy get in their way.

WARNING: M-Preg!

Chapter 1

An Angel's Hero

Christmas Eve 2004

Justin walked among the hustle and bustle of the busy crowds of Liberty Avenue. His nose was frozen and his cheeks were a violent red colour. The snow cut at his soft, cold skin, the feeling of glass shattering on his face.

His hands were full of bags of presents for his family and his one and only friend Daphne. He was on his way to get a bus to his parents' house for a dinner party, involving his entire family, aunts and uncles and everything.

'Oh yay!' The blond thought to himself sarcastically.

When he got to the bus stop, he sat under the shelter and waited for the number 42A bus to arrive, which would bring him to the upper class suburban neighbourhood.

As he sat there, he glanced up and stared at all of the same sex couples, walking hand in hand, enjoying the holidays and laughing together. You could see the love and happiness radiating off of them.

Justin sighed and whispered to himself.

"I want a man to love me unconditionally... forever." He let his head fall back against the hard plastic wall behind him.

His parents still didn't know about his true sexuality. They thought that he was sowing his 'wild oats' with 'that black girl' Daphne, before he settled down with a nice white, blond girl, keeping up their Wasp-ish, almost Aryan looks and values. Even though Daphne and her parents were part of the same country club and lived beside them for the last twenty years, they didn't take that into account, skin colour and race mattered to his parents.

Justin was staring at a tall auburn-haired God who was holding a small boy in his long, strong arms. Their eyes met and Justin felt his breath catch in his throat, he could almost feel those hazel eyes stare deep into his soul.

'Shit! The guy is straight! But why is he on Liberty?' The bus pulled up suddenly and he reluctantly stepped on, leaving the beautiful man behind.

**

"Daddy, will you tuck me in tonight? And read me a story?" Gus pleaded with his father.

"I don't know Sonny Boy." Brian whispered to his four year old son as he held him in his arms, waiting outside the diner on Liberty so Debbie could give Gus' presents to his moms without him noticing.

"Please daddy?" The little boy sniffled and his bottom lip began to quiver.

Brian sighed and resigned himself to the fact that he was fucking whipped... by his son.

"Ok, Sonny boy, no need to get upset. I'll tuck you in, but on one condition..."

"What's that daddy?"

"You have to go to bed straight away when we get to your house, okay?"

"Okay! Thank you daddy. Love you." The little boy whispered affectionately.

“Love you too Sonny boy.” Gus placed his sleepy head on his father’s broad shoulder and felt his eyelids droop shut, he placed his thumb in his mouth and was soothed to sleep by his dad’s strong heartbeat.

Brian was also soothed by the feeling of his small son in his arms.

He suddenly felt eyes on him and turned around to find an angel staring at him from across the street. Blond hair and blue eyes, with alabaster skin. His button nose and high cheekbones were crimson red from the harsh Pittsburgh cold.

Brian made eye contact with the mystery blond and could almost see the emotions flicker through his blue eyes. Just then a bus pulled into the stop and Brian began to walk over to the bus stop so he could talk to the blond, but as he was waiting for the cars to pass so he could get across, the bus pulled away and the kid was gone.

**

The bus pulled up to the stop outside his parents’ house and Justin got off, bringing with him the bagfuls of presents. He walked the couple of yards to the gate and made his way up the drive and to the front door. He took out his key and unlocked the door, when it opened, he could feel the comforting warmth of the roaring fire coming from the living room and the loud chatter of his family coming from every corner of the house.

At this time of year, the house was alive.

He made his way inside and left the presents down at the door, he then saw his mother and little sister run out to greet him at the door.

“Sweetheart!” His mother squealed, very un-Wasp like, and hugged the cold boy to her body. He had missed her hugs since he had moved away for college, he hadn’t felt a hug like this since he was a teenager.

When they broke apart, Molly threw herself at her older brother and wrapped her arms around his shoulders.

“Jester! I’ve missed you, why haven’t you visited?” The blond girl whispered into his ice-cold ear.

“I’ve been really busy with school and everything Mollusk, I’m sorry, I should’ve called.”

“It’s ok, what did you get me for Christmas?” The fourteen year old blond girl asked with a sly wink and she took him by the hand and led him into the living room, where the rest of his family were chatting.

After an hour or so, when the drinks had been flowing freely, Justin’s aunt Barbara turned to him and, with a slur in her voice, she asked him the dreaded question.

“So, any lucky ladies coming your way Justin? You’re a fine young fellow, I’m sure the girls are just throwing themselves at you.”

As the woman asked the question, the room fell silent and everyone stared, waiting for Justin to answer the question. He glanced around the room nervously and turned back to his aunt with a fake smile.

“There’s no one special at the moment, I’m just concentrating on finishing school and getting a good job.” Everyone seemed to be satisfied with that answer and went back to their own conversations.

Justin sighed and stood up. He walked over to his parents and told them that he had to leave.

“Why? Where are you going? Are you meeting someone? Why are you leaving early and not staying here?” His mother’s questions bombarded his mind.

“I’m meeting Daphne, since she isn’t welcome here.” Justin said the last bit with a touch more hostility than he was going for.

“Justin...” His father Craig started sternly.

“No father, I’m not going to cause a scene, I’m leaving.” He said quietly as he set his glass down on the coffee table. He turned his back on his parents and walked out into the hall to get his coat, then proceeded to make his way to the front door but a small hand on his arm halted him.

Justin turned his head and looked down into his sister’s sad blue eyes.

“Don’t leave it as long next time Jester.” Her young voice cracked with emotion and he wrapped his arms tightly around her shaking shoulders.

“I promise Mollusk.” He whispered and let go, then walked slowly out the door, Molly followed him and whispered to her older brother.

“And Jus?” He turned to look at her. “When you fall in love with the guy of your dreams, I wanna meet him.”

Justin’s jaw dropped and he went pale.

“How... how did you... know?” He began to breathe shallowly.

“I’m your sister Jus, I know these things and I love you anyway.” The young girl smiled and closed the door silently.

Justin smiled brightly and walked out of the house with a spring in his step. He took out his cell phone and rang his best friend.

Ring Ring

“Heya J! How was the big family do?” Daphne laughed as she taunted him, knowing that he hadn’t wanted to go in the first place.

“Ugh! The usual shit, wanna come pick me up? I’m outside the house.”

“Well it’s just your luck that I’m at my parents’ place too, I’ll say my goodbyes and I’ll be out in a minute.”

“Kay, see ya then.” Justin closed his phone and sat out on the garden wall, like he used to when they were growing up. After a few minutes, the young pretty black woman walked out of her childhood home and walked up to her best friend.

“Heya there Jussy.”

“Hey Daphy.” He said with a small sad smile.

“What’s wrong? You’re usually so… well the same as this actually. But that’s not the point, what happened?” The girl asked as she sat beside him.

“Mol knows that I’m gay… and she still loves me. Do you think that my parents would accept me the way Molly has?”

“I don’t know Jus, they still don’t like my family just because we’re black. So I really don’t know.” The girl saw his face fall and felt bad but knew that he needed to hear the truth.

“I wanna go out…”

“Okay…”

“To Babylon.” Daphne smiled brightly at his request, as she loved the gay club just as much as he did, even though she could never get laid there.

“Okay Jussy, you know it’s Secret Santa night, so we have to go in fancy dress.”

Justin smiled and nodded his head.

“Well I have that Angel costume from Halloween to go trick or treating, I love it and I was looking for another event to wear it at.” Justin smiled brightly as they made their way to the girl’s car. Daphne laughed loudly as she thought about how disappointed the boy had been when he had to take it off.

“Oh that’ll definitely get you laid.” Justin had told Daphne when he was 17, that he had lost his virginity to his dream man, but that had never happened, he was now a 21 year old virgin. He sighed to himself but tried to put a smile on his face.

They got in and drove home, to get ready for clubbing.

**

Brian stood up as quietly as possible from his position on the edge of his son’s bed, so as not to wake him. He placed the book on the night stand and gently brushed his lips against the boy’s forehead.

“Love you Sonny Boy, sweet dreams.” The man whispered and smiled slightly at the image of his son and slowly walked out of the room, silently closing the door behind him.

He walked down the stairs and grabbed his coat off the banister, putting it on quickly. Just then Lindsay walked out and frowned when she saw him leaving.

“Are you not gonna stay? Just for a coffee or something?” The blonde asked quietly, she had been getting used to having her friend around over the last few months, as he had been spending a lot more time at their house, although shockingly, Melanie hadn’t minded that much. Brian was actually trying to fight away his loneliness although Lindsay didn’t know that.

“No it’s Secret Santa night at Babylon, you know, my fans await!” The man quipped sarcastically, he hadn’t really been planning on going but he didn’t want to sit at home alone tonight or stay here, to play ‘Happy Families’ with Mel and Lindz.

“Ok, well I expect you to be here bright and early tomorrow morning to see Gus open his presents. Michael and Ben will be here to see J.R. open hers.”

“I’ll be here, see ya!” He quickly kissed her on the lips and walked swiftly out the door.

‘Mmm, will I dress up or not? It’s such a pointless fucking event.’ He thought to himself as he drove home.

**

It was 9pm and Babylon wasn't even half-full yet, but it would be soon. All the fags came here seeing as most of them didn't have children and would rather get their dicks sucked than have a family dinner.

Justin, dressed as an angel, walked into the club, arm in arm with his best friend Daphne, who was ironically dressed as a sexy, kinky devil. Small red horns adorned her head and scarlet leather was stretched across her body, hugging her in all the right places. If only she had been going to a straight bar, where this could be appreciated, she thought to herself. Deep red lips, a red velvet mask and black PVC boots made her outfit complete.

Justin wore a half mask, white porcelain-like with silver designs along where the eyebrows and cheeks should be, and only his clear glossed lips showed from under the mask. His blonde hair stood out even more under the lights of Babylon as silver glitter he had put in shone from his golden locks, along with a sparkling halo which adorned them. He wore a billowing white silk shirt open on his chest, which also shone with glitter, and tight white pants, which clung very snugly to his butt and showed the outline of his cock nicely. He wore white leather boots on his feet, which had been borrowed from Daphne, and to complete the outfit, white feathered wings were attached to his back, having been tied to his shoulders.

Daphne stared into her friend's eyes and kissed him lightly on the lips.

"Even I'd fuck you Justin and by the way... I know you're still a virgin." She whispered and then smiled brightly at his horrified look.

"But... I thought..."

"You thought you'd fooled me?"

"Well... yeah actually."

"You can never fool me Taylor." The girl smiled again and made her way into the club, a very confused Justin following her.

They made their way to the bar and ordered their drinks.

**

“Brian we’re only going to stay for a little while because we have to be up early to see J.R. open her presents.” Michael, who was dressed as Spiderman, told his best friend who was dressed head to toe in black. “What are you supposed to be anyway Brian?”

“Are you fucking kidding me Mikey?” Brian stared at his smaller best friend, he and Ben looked ridiculous, Brian thought, as Ben was dressed as the Lone Ranger, he looked hot but Spiderman and The Lone Ranger should NOT be linking each other. “I’m Zorro. You know, the sword, the hat, the mask... the cape! How could you not know?”

“Sorry Brian! Just cause I don’t know about things like that!” The smaller man sulked as Brian turned with a huff and made his way into the club to meet Ted and Emmett, god only knows what they’d be dressed as.

**

Justin and Daphne were dancing their hearts away, without any inhibitions as they had already had too many drinks to count. Justin wrapped his arms around the girl’s neck and they bumped together to the beat of the music.

“You’re my best friend in the whole world Daphy!” The boy almost deafened the girl with a shout.

Daphne, who was slightly more sober than Justin, just smiled amusedly at him.

“Yeah eh... thanks Jus. I love you too.” She laughed at his bright beautiful smile and they continued to dance, enjoying themselves, until a big burly guy grabbed Justin roughly by his hips and brought him back against his chest, Justin’s eyes shot open and he looked desperately at his best friend. He bit the boy’s neck roughly and Justin whimpered loudly.

“C’mon sexy, I’ll show you a good time.” He growled into the boy’s ear before trying to drag him through the crowds and into the backroom, with Daphne trying to hold onto the boy for dear life.

As a last resort, she screamed in a very loud, high-pitched squeal. “Let him go, you fucking bastard!”

**

The three friends made their way over to the bar when they saw Ted and Emmett standing at the bar. Of course, Emmett was dressed in drag, not surprising. But when Brian saw Ted he burst out laughing and nearly collapsed as he continued, not being able to breathe properly.

“It was the only costume left in the fucking store, you asshole!” The sullen brunet, who was currently dressed as a Bumble-Bee, snarled at the other man. But Brian didn’t hear him as he was trying to hold himself up on the bar so he wouldn’t fall over, as he continued to laugh.

Emmett wrapped his arm around Ted, trying to comfort him as best he could.

“I didn’t think you’d dress up for something like this Brian.” The man in drag stated suddenly as he sipped his Cosmo.

“Well, Cynthia picked it up for me and I look fucking hot in it so I thought... why not. But I still don’t understand why the fuck they’re having a fancy dress at Christmas and they didn’t have it at Halloween, where’s the logic?” He then asked the bar man for a double JB straight up. Emmett nodded his head, he couldn’t help but agree, Brian was looking damn good.

Just then they were brought out of their conversation when they heard a very high-pitched sound coming from the dance floor. No one else seemed to notice but them, when they turned around, they saw a small girl trying to hold onto a very upset looking blond boy as he was being dragged in the direction of the backroom.

“Fuck! Do none of these fucking faggots care about anything but their cocks! C’mon!” Brian said to Ben and they made their way quickly toward the two friends.

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing?” Brian shouted viciously at the big man, although he wasn’t looking as big now whilst looking into the angry faces of Brian and Ben. The professor grabbed the man by the back of his head and pulled his hair roughly, the man immediately let go of Justin. At that moment, the blond ran straight into Daphne’s arms and began to cry softly.

Brian walked up to the man and punched him square in the face, then grabbed him by the shirt-front and backed him up to a nearby pillar.

“If I ever see you do anything like that again, you’ll be facing castration, do I make myself clear?”

“Cr... crystal clear!” The man choked out and Brian had to be pulled away by Ben, because he still wasn’t letting go.

“Fine.” The hazel-eyed man growled and made his way over to the two frightened kids.

“You guys okay?” He asked quietly, he could see the blond visibly shaking in the girl’s arms.

“Yeah, we’re fine. I just think that maybe we should go home.” The girl answered quietly, Brian could hear the boy try to catch his breath.

“I’ll tell you what. I’ll buy you guys a drink, it might relax you, and then I’ll bring you home.”

Justin lifted his head from the girl’s shoulder and looked up at the beautiful man, he nodded his head and smiled slightly.

“I’d like that.”

Brian smiled back and they all made their way back to the bar, where the others were curiously waiting for them, but Brian bypassed them all and led the two to the other side of the bar.

“What’ll you have?” The brunet asked the two friends.

“Em... I’ll have a JB.” Justin answered with a smile. “Thanks.”

“I’ll have a Cosmo, please.” Daphne answered, also with a smile.

“No problem.” The man answered with a smirk, straight women fucking loved him. He handed the drink to both of them and took his own drink, clinked their glasses and said ‘Cheers’ before he downed his double shot of JB.

“So what are you guys doing here? Should you not be waiting for Santy Clause at home with your mommy and daddy?” Brian asked teasing the two about their age.

“You’ve gotta be kidding me.” Justin said with a frown, although it couldn’t be seen under his mask. “I wouldn’t stay there if my bigoted parents fucking paid me!” He grunted as he threw back his shot.

Brian eyebrows shot up in surprise, this guy seemed to hate his parents as much as he did.

“You wanna go now?” Brian asked suddenly, but was again surprised when the blond shook his head.

“I want to dance, I don’t want to let that perverted fucker ruin my night.”

Brian smiled brightly and took the kid by the hand, to lead him out onto the dance floor. They soon picked up the rhythm and danced against one another. Justin wrapped his arms around Brian’s waist and pulled him snugly against himself. Brian reciprocated and wrapped his arms around the kid’s shoulders.

Then the older man leaned down and looked deeply into the boy’s eyes.

“I want to kiss you.” He whispered quietly, Justin smiled slightly and nodded his head.

“Okay.” The taller man leaned down and gently caressed the boy’s glossy pink lips with his own. He softly thrust his tongue into the blonde’s willing mouth and traced the insides of the hot, wet cavern.

They only pulled away when it became necessary for them to breathe. Brian leaned down and whispered into the blonde’s ear.

“I want you to come home with me. I wanna fuck you, Angel.” The blond smiled at the nickname that the other man had given him, in obvious reference to his costume.

Justin nodded his head. “I want to go home with you... my Hero.” The blond giggled quietly as Brian took him by the hand and began to lead him out of the club.

“What about my friend?” Justin asked suddenly when they hit the cold night air outside the club.

Brian turned to him and chuckled loudly. “I saw her cosy up to a butch lesbo, they seemed to be getting very close!”

“Are you serious?” The blond asked in a high pitched voice.

“Deadly serious.” The man answered as he continued to pull the kid along behind him, in the direction of the Corvette. When they reached it, Brian pushed the smaller man up against the door and stuck his thigh in between the blonde’s legs and began to kiss him passionately, after a few minutes, he pulled away.

Before the brunet could say anything, Justin spoke up.

“I just want to thank you for what you did in there, no one else was gonna help me and god only knows what that guy could’ve done...”

“Don’t talk about that Angel, nothing is going to happen to you.” Justin smiled and Brian opened the passenger door for him, before closing it and getting in on the driver’s side. He then started it up and headed for the loft.

**

When they stopped at a red light, Brian turned to the blond who was sitting in the passenger seat and smiled slightly, the kid was so beautiful. Justin turned and when he saw Brian smiling at him, he smiled shyly.

“What?”

“Nothing, I was just thinking.”

“Me too.”

“About what?”

“I think we should leave our masks on, it would be really mysterious.”

“Really?” The brunet asked with a frown. He wasn’t sure he liked the idea because he had wanted to see the kid’s face when he came.

“Is that okay with you?”

“Yeah... yeah, that’s fine. It was just a weird thing to ask, that’s all.”

“You don’t mind?”

“Not at all, as long as I get to fuck you.”

Justin smiled then the light turned green, and Brian started up the car and again made his way to the loft.

Chapter 2

A Mysterious Affair

Brian unlocked the large metal door and stepped in first, with Justin following closely behind, closing the door behind him as the brunet made his way over to the refrigerator.

“Want something to drink?” He asked the blond from his place at the fridge, but the blond just shook his head. “Okay.” The older man answered and slowly strolled over to the blond, then pinned him to the pillar close-by.

Justin’s breath caught in his throat as he stared at the enigma in front of him, he could feel the other man’s hard on press against him.

“Hero...” The blond whispered, his voice full of seduction and desperation. The nick-name was not a joke now, more a name by which the blond could show how much he wanted the other man. “... I need you, now... please.”

When Brian heard the hoarse words whisper through the blonde’s pink lips, he lost his resolve and crushed his lips against the boy’s. He wrapped Justin’s legs around his hips and carried him to the bedroom, barely making it without falling up the bedroom steps.

He placed the boy gently on the bed, as if he was a fragile, beautifully breakable object.

“I want you so badly Angel.” The brunet growled as he almost jumped on top of the boy.

“I like it when you call me that.” Justin smiled shyly, and it was all Brian could do not to rip the boy’s mask off of him and kiss his face all over.

Brian awkwardly took the boy’s wings off of his back and then his halo, as he kissed the kid’s lips passionately. He then gently and ever so slowly, stripped the blond of his soft and silky shirt, letting it fall from his pale shoulders and revealing his glittering alabaster chest. Brian bit his lip as every inch of creamy white skin was revealed, he was trying his best not to spontaneously cum and then he unzipped the tight white pants and tugged them, along with the boy’s underwear, from Justin’s shapely, almost feminine hips.

He pulled off the high leather boots when they got in the way and then stared down at his handy work. Justin was laying on his back, naked, his creamy skin glistening with sweat and his toned chest heaving with his deep breaths. The only thing he was wearing was his mask and a smile.

Brian then stood up and slowly undressed himself, revealing toned golden skin along his way. When all he was wearing was his mask, he crawled onto the bed, and all Justin could concentrate on was the ripple of his hard defined abs.

“You’re so beautiful Hero.”

“You’re the beautiful one Angel.” Justin smiled shyly and took Brian by the hand, inviting him to lay on top of him. Brian stared down into the boy’s blue eyes and began to kiss his soft silky neck.

“Hero?...” The boy started quietly as he ran his hands up and down the man’s strong back.

“Yeah?” The brunet asked as he continued to make his way down the boy’s chest and down to his nipples.

“I’m a virgin.” The blond gasped out as Brian grazed his teeth over the nub of his erect pink nipple. Suddenly the older man looked up and saw Justin biting his lip in nervousness. Brian thought that no one had ever looked as beautiful to him as the blond did at that second. He moved up, face-to-face with the boy and kissed him softly.

“You sure you wanna do this?” The brunet asked quietly, as his lips hovered over those of the boy.

“Yeah, I want you. You’re the first person I’ve wanted to be with... Fuck me my Hero.” The blond whispered with a smile.

Brian growled loudly when he heard the nickname play from the blonde’s lips.

“Anything you want Angel.” He smiled and continued to kiss the kid, trailing soft wet kisses along his swan-like neck. “I want to show you something baby, roll over.”

Justin’s eyes opened wide and he frowned slightly. “Why?”

“I want to show you something, you’ll like it I promise.” Justin nodded his head and rolled onto his stomach, while Brian placed a pillow under his hips. He straddled the pale thighs and began to massage the tight muscles of the boy’s supple back, as he leaned up and nibbled at his neck.

Justin moaned loudly and smiled contently as he felt the man’s large hot hands rub the smooth skin of his back.

Brian began to trail his long wet tongue down the curve of the blonde's spine, and he heard Justin whimper softly.

"Oh god, more. Please more." The blond moaned quietly. He suddenly felt the older man squeeze his ass cheeks firmly, caressing the globes, before sticking his face in between them and running his tongue over the folds of the tight pink pucker. Justin shouted out loudly as the long tongue penetrated him.

"What the fuck are you... Oh Gawwwwd!" He moaned when Brian curled his tongue and pressed firmly against the boy's prostate. Just then the older man reached around and just as he was about to stroke the blond to completion, the boy came ferociously, pulling Brian's tongue deeper inside of him.

As the kid was coming down from his orgasmic high, Brian rolled the pliable boy over onto his back and couldn't help but smile as he watched the rise and fall of the kid's glistening, sweating chest. Justin opened his deep indigo eyes and smiled brightly at the other man.

Brian reached over and took a condom and lube from the bed side table. He flipped open the tube and let it run onto his fingers, which he rubbed together to warm up. He then reached down and began to circle the boy's tight virgin hole.

"I'm going to open you up Angel." The brunet said quietly and proceeded when he saw the blond nod his head. He pushed his index finger into the kid's hot willing hole and wiggled it around, opening the boy's pucker. He continued to add fingers until Justin was fucking himself on his hand, Brian nearly came at the sight of it. He pulled his fingers out and ripped the condom open with his teeth, he then put it on and covered himself in lube.

"I'm gonna put your legs on my shoulders, this way I can get in really deep. Is it comfortable for you?" The brunet asked as he hooked the kid's knees over his broad shoulders.

"Yeah, fuck me... please." He pleaded quietly as he felt the man's dick at his entrance. Brian entwined the fingers of his right hand with Justin's left and saw the blond smile. He then began to push in, but stopped when the boy's face screwed up in pain. Tears slipped out from under his white mask and Brian couldn't help but feel for him, the boy was even tighter than he had thought so it really must be hurting him.

"Shh Angel. I need you to do something for me... Push down on me, it'll feel better, I promise." He suddenly felt Justin push down, and his cock was engulfed within the tightest hottest willing hole.

They both moaned loudly.

“Oh god Angel, it feels so good to be inside you.”

“Oh God, you’re so big, I can feel you all over.” The blond whimpered softly against his lover’s lips. “Fuck me Hero, do it now!”

Brian growled and slowly pulled out before plunging back into the tight heat, he continued to ram into the blond, fucking him within an inch of his life, but still conscious of not hurting him.

The brunet was getting so close when he suddenly felt the blonde’s hole tighten around him and the boy vibrated with pleasure as he came all over his chest, without either of them touching his cock.

At the tightening of the boy’s channel, Brian groaned and blew his load into the condom, deep into the blonde. He then collapsed on top of the boy’s lithe frame, squishing the boy’s cum between him.

After a few minutes, Brian took hold of the condom and slowly pulled out of Justin, much to the dismay of the blond, who whimpered in protest. Brian chuckled quietly as he disposed of it and grabbed a wash cloth to clean them both up. As he dragged the wet cloth lightly over the boy’s chest, Justin smiled sleepily and suddenly sat up to kiss the man passionately on the mouth.

“Thank you... for being so gentle.” Brian smiled shyly and kissed the kid chastely on the lips. “What the fuck is this kid doing to me?”

“I would never have hurt you.” The brunet answered quietly, but before the kid could answer with a sappy comment, Brian stood up and looked at him. “You hungry?”

“Always.” The kid answered cheekily and followed the naked man out into the living area.

“Chinese okay?” The older man asked as he opened the menu drawer in his kitchen.

“That sounds great, I’ll have whatever you’re having.” The younger man answered quietly as he walked back into the bedroom to put on his underwear, when he walked back out Brian almost pouted.

“I liked you better naked.” He wrapped his long arms around the boy’s waist and led him over to the couch to watch TV and wait for their meal to come. As Brian flicked through the stations, there was nothing but Christmas commercials and family Christmas movies.

Brian felt the boy shift against him and looked down to see a tear run down from underneath his mask.

“Angel, what’s wrong?” He asked quietly, worried that he had maybe hurt the kid or something.

“Just a bit melancholic is all... Sometimes I wish that my parents loved me unconditionally... I kind of miss the whole family thing... I can’t imagine what it’s gonna be like when I actually tell them I’m gay.” Justin glanced up at the other man and there was so much sadness in his eyes that all Brian wanted to do was get rid of it.

The older man wrapped his arm tightly around the boy and tried to soothe him with little kisses on his hair and neck.

“It’ll get easier... being away from them.” The brunet admitted quietly, whispering into the blonde’s ear.

“Do you miss not being with your parents?”

“No, I miss the idea of a family Christmas, my parents didn’t exactly care for the holidays.” Justin nodded and from the tone of Brian’s voice, he knew not to continue on with this line of conversation.

Just then the door bell rang.

“That’s the Chinese, c’mon and help me with the plates.” He got up and pulled the blond to his feet. Brian opened the door to the delivery man, clothed only in his mask, and handed him the cost of the meal along with a healthy tip. Justin’s jaw dropped as he saw just how comfortable the older man was in his skin.

When Brian closed the door, Justin laughed out loud.

“What’s so funny Angel?” The older man asked as he wrapped his arms around the boy from behind and placed the bag of Chinese food on the kitchen counter. Justin continued to laugh and told Brian what he was thinking.

“I bet that guy’ll have a hard-on until Chinese New Year!” Both men laughed out loud and made their way over to the couch, where they placed the food on the coffee table.

They ate their meal in companionable silence and afterwards Brian stood up and walked to the liquor cabinet.

“Wanna get shit-faced?” The man asked with a grin and pulled a full bottle of Beam out of the cupboard with two glasses and walked back over to the boy.

“Of course.” The boy smiled and held out his glass for a fill up. They continued to drink until they were on their way to drunk.

“You smoke? I’ve got a good stash.” The brunet slurred slightly, being able to hold more than the boy, he wasn’t as drunk... yet.

“Sure why not.” The boy garbled drunkenly as his head fell against the back of the sofa. Brian got up, shakily, and got his stash before going back to the sofa, and Justin, who was currently lying lengthways on it.

“Move your legs, drunk little Angel.” Justin smiled brightly and sat up, well not really straight up.

Brian began to roll a joint, which he was an expert at, even if he was half pissed. When it was ready, he lit up and they passed it back and forth. Three joints, and the rest of the Beam later, Brian was laying on his back on the white rug and Justin was laying on the sofa.

Brian was in his own world when he heard a drunken sob come from the boy who was currently on the couch. He sat up suddenly and crawled over to the blond.

“Angel... what’s wrong?” He whispered emotionally, alcohol always made him more emotional than usual.

“Nothing.” The boy whispered almost inaudibly, followed by a sniffle.

“Come on baby.” The brunet stood up and reached his hand out to the blond, who took it in his own, and let himself be led up the stairs and onto the huge, comfortable bed.

“Now tell me what’s wrong?” Brian asked quietly, as soberly as he could, but the both of them had far too much to drink and smoke at this stage.

The blue-eyed boy looked up at the older man’s face, and felt his lip quiver.

“What if my parents disown me? I don’t know what I’d do.” With that, that blond burst into tears.

“Shh shhh.” The older man whispered as he took off the boy’s underwear and pulled the duvet up around them. He then spooned up behind the kid, who turned his head around and looked tearfully into his own hazel eyes.

“Make me feel better, put yourself inside me…” The blond whispered, and before he had even finished the sentence, he felt the older man’s cock slide easily into his already open hole. The blonde’s head fell back against the man’s shoulder.

“You really are my hero.” Justin whispered quietly before his lips were caught in a slow, sweet kiss. “Hero, you’re making love to me.” The boy sighed, he didn’t really think that the older man had heard him, but he did.

“Yeah, I am… God, you’re so warm and silky.” The older man groaned quietly, he ran his hands lightly over the kid’s chest and stomach. He then held onto the boy’s hip and let his free hand go underneath the boy’s head.

Brian took hold of the blonde’s straining member and fisted it in time with his thrusts, which caused the boy to come, followed within seconds by himself.

“Stay in me Hero.” Justin whispered tearfully, the alcohol still rampant in his system, as was the same with Brian.

“Ok Angel.”

And they both fell asleep, Brian holding Justin, both blissfully unaware that Brian hadn't worn a condom.

**

The next morning, Justin awoke to the feeling of a hard, warm body beneath his head. He lifted his head and looked into the sleeping face of his Hero, the man to whom he had given his virginity, the man who was still wearing his Zorro mask.

The blond bit his lip and then kissed the man's chest softly, trying to make a decision.

'Should I just take a peak at his face?' He reached up and was about to take it off, when the brunet moaned in his sleep and turned over, wrapping his arms tightly around Justin.

'It was my decision, and if he can't see me then I shouldn't be allowed to see him.' He thought to himself as he leaned forward and placed a delicate kiss on the man's sculpted chin, and then his dark pouty lips.

He slowly slipped out of the older man's grasp and silently found his clothes, which he quickly put on. Just as he was leaving the bedroom, a voice startled him.

"Angel... where are you going?" Brian sighed sleepily from his place underneath the duvet cover. He opened his deep hazel eyes and looked at the blond intently.

"Hero, I'm... going home." The boy then turned to leave again but just before he reached the large metal door, a strong hand tenderly grasped his arm. He turned around and looked straight into the older man's face.

"I want you do something... for me." The blond bit his lip and his uncertain blue eyes made the older man regret agreeing to the one night stand.

"What is it?"

"I want to meet you again... next year, on Christmas Eve at Babylon. Wear the same costume... can you do that?"

Brian thought he had never seen as bright a smile as he did when the blond registered what he was talking about. Justin nodded his head.

“I can do that... Outside Babylon...” Brian nodded his head and leaned down for one last passionate kiss, before letting the blond go and closing the door on the best thing that had happened to him since his son was born.

Brian leaned his forehead against the cool metal and was already regretting letting the blond leave his arms, but if that was what his Angel wanted, then that was what was going to happen. After sulking for at least ten minutes, he turned and went into the bathroom, to get ready to see Gus open his presents.

Along his way, a glittering object caught his eye as a ray of Winter sun made it stand out in the darkened room. He bent down and picked it up.

“My angel’s halo.” He sighed dejectedly and placed it safely in the top of his wardrobe, to keep it out of harm’s way. He then turned slowly and walked into the bathroom.

**

When the large metal door closed, Justin leaned his back against it. He wondered if leaving it like this was the right thing to do, especially when he realized what he was feeling.

A tear fell out from under his mask and he whispered to himself.

“I’ve fallen in love with him...” The dejected blond made his way down the stairs and out into the fresh Christmas morning air, he then realized that he was gonna have to either walk home in his Angel costume or call Daphne. He looked at his cell-phone, searching for the time.

“7.30 am, she’s gonna kill me.” He mumbled to himself as he dialed her number. After four rings, he heard a sleepy, not-to-happy Daphne on the end of the phone.

“What?” She murmured roughly, her sleep-filled voice making Justin laugh.

“Daph, can you pick me up? There aren’t any buses… Please Daphy?” He added the last bit in to make her feel guilty, putting on his best ‘little boy lost’ voice.

“You’re such a fucker, where are you?”

Justin looked up at the street sign and told her. “The corner of Tremont.”

“I’ll be there in fifteen.”

“Okay thanks, you’re a life-saver, bye.” He closed the phone and waited for the girl to collect him.

Chapter 3

What’s Wrong With Me?

“Daph, can you pick me up? There aren’t any buses… Please Daphy?” He added the last bit in to make her feel guilty, putting on his best ‘little boy lost’ voice.

“You’re such a fucker, where are you?”

Justin looked up at the street sign and told her. “The corner of Tremont.”

“I’ll be there in fifteen.”

“Okay thanks, you’re a life-saver, bye.” He closed the phone and waited for the girl to collect him.

Nineteen minutes later, a disheveled-looking Daphne pulled up to the curb and waited mere seconds for Justin to get in, before taking off, a sour look painted to her face.

Justin waited to get the shit ate out of him by the exhausted girl, but nothing came.

“So what did you do...?”

But the blond was cut off when Daphne stomped on the brakes at a red light and looked at him.

“Do you realize how fucking worried I was? Why the fuck didn’t you even call? I got like two hours sleep because I thought that you were in a fucking dumpster somewhere!” She almost jumped at him with anger, the blond was terrified but secretly glad that his friend loved him so much. “And then you ring for a fucking lift? Selfish bastard!... Who the

fuck did you go with anyway?”

She asked a little quieter, seeming to have calmed down... slightly.

“The guy dressed as Zorro.” Justin answered meekly as he finally took off his white Angel mask.

“You don’t even know his name? That’s bad Justin!”

“It was my idea! I didn’t want to be tied down in case he wanted something more that I could give! Only...”

“Only what?” Daphne prompted as she glanced at him.

“Only... I think I’m in love with him. And I didn’t even see his face!” She saw a tear slip down his cheek and sighed.

“Oh Justin, I’m sorry baby... He was that good, huh?” Justin nodded and more tears came.

“He was so gentle and... kind and... funny...”

“And hot?” Justin giggled slightly.

“Ha... yeah he was... is so hot. And he asked me to meet him again... next Christmas, dressed in disguise. Daph I don’t know if I can wait that long I mean, I know where he lives...”

“Justin, if this was your idea, you can’t just go and stalk him! You both agreed.” When she saw his face fall, she knew she had to make him feel at least a little better. “At least he wants to see you again, you have that to look forward to.”

Justin smiled slightly and nodded his head, but the girl could still see the sadness in his eyes.

“Just look forward to that, and you might even meet him before then...I mean he obviously knows Liberty.”

“Yeah, you’re right. It’s not as if there’s something important that I’ll need to talk to him about anyway. Now that I’m not a virgin, I can sleep with whoever I want.” Justin joked with a smile that didn’t reach his tear-glossed eyes.

“Oh shit!” Justin shouted suddenly.

“What the fuck Jay?”

“I left my halo at his loft! Fuck!”

Daphne smiled. “So now he’ll have a little memento so he definitely won’t forget your arrangement!”

Justin smiled too and nodded his head.

She reached over and took his hand in her own, entwining their fingers and giving the blond as much comfort as she could as they drove through the deserted snow-covered streets on the crisp Christmas morning, only having each other.

**

Brian sat on the couch, watching his small son tear open the colored paper which covered the numerous presents that sat under the tree. When he tore open the largest gift, bought with Brian's money, Gus' adorable little face lit up with a smile that could out-rival the sun.

Brian couldn't remember a time when he was that happy and carefree, although he felt pretty close to it last night. When he thought about the beautiful blond, he couldn't help but feel the clench in his heart and see that bright smile and those deep azure eyes. His face fell when he thought about the arrangements that they had made. He only hoped that the boy would come back some day before next Christmas.

Brian was brought out of his musings by the feeling of a hand on his back. He looked up and saw the one person he didn't expect to see, Melanie, who was wearing a concerned look on her face.

"Are you okay Brian?"

"Why the fuck wouldn't I be okay? I'm fabulous!" He smirked condescendingly but the woman wasn't convinced.

"Don't try to lie to me Bri, I'm a lawyer and I'm also Lindsay's partner. I'm on to you."

"Where is everyone?"

"They've gone out to the kitchen, it's just me and you."

"Why do you wanna hear my problems?"

“I don’t know. Over the last few months, I’ve noticed that you aren’t tricking as much and you’re spending more time with Gus. I thought that maybe you’d want to settle down or something... well do you?”

Brian’s face fell and he bit his lower lip. He didn’t want to let his guard down in front of anyone, especially Melanie, but he could feel his resolve disappearing.

“I met a guy last night...” When he said this, Mel’s eyebrows shot up and she bit the inside of her lip to keep from making any smart remarks. “He... this guy was trying to bring him to the backroom to fuck him, without his consent and I... stopped it.”

“That was really brave Brian, and very gentleman-like.” Melanie smiled and nodded her head encouragingly, gesturing with her hand for him to continue.

“Yeah well... we danced and then he came back to my place. We kinda fucked...” Melanie smirked as if saying ‘Well obviously’ and Brian smirked back but it left his lips as he continued to speak. “He was a virgin, he was so beautiful, only about 18 or 19 or something.” The woman smiled genuinely as she heard him speak about this boy.

“Are you gonna see him again?” She probed gently, not wanting to make the man run. But she frowned when she saw him shake his head. “Why not?”

“Well firstly, we’re not lesbians.” She frowned sourly at that statement. “And secondly, we left our masks on the entire time, so I don’t know his name or even what he looks like!” Brian sounded almost desperate as he finished the sentence.

“That was kinda stupid, don’t you think?”

“Yeah, but it was what he wanted so... I just did it. I didn’t want to make an issue out of it with him ‘cause I just wanted to fuck him.”

The woman nodded her head in understanding because even though she was in a committed relationship now, it didn’t mean that she always had been. She used to be a player, reminiscent of the ‘God’ Brian Kinney.

“What about now Brian? If he came back what would you do?”

“I’d fuck him again.” The woman punched him in the arm for saying that and he chuckled. “And then I’d... I’d... I don’t know, probably get his name this time or something... Christ, he was a hot little fucker.”

“Well I can’t really help you with any of that except, just hear me out when I say this... I’ve never heard you talk about a guy even remotely the way you’re talking about this kid. So if he does come back into your life, don’t push him off one of your ‘Kinney Cliffs’ because we’re all sick of it!”

“Yeah me too.”

Melanie smiled brightly when she heard those words come from the man’s lips and stood up, making her way to the kitchen with Brian following.

“No one needs to know that we had this conversation.”

“Thanks Mel.”

“No problem, whore.” She smiled good-naturedly.

“Muff-diver!” He joked back as they made their way to the rest of the family.

**

Justin sat at the dinner table, quietly eating his dry turkey, sliced from the large bird that sat pride of place in the middle of the table. The potatoes were soggy and the vegetables were burnt but everyone told his mother that she had done a fantastic job of making Christmas dinner for the first time.

He vaguely listened to the conversations that were flowing from aunt to grandmother, uncle to father, sister to cousin. Molly was speaking enthusiastically about what she would like to do in college.

“... Yeah I really would love to do law, because I think it would be really interesting and I can be great at convincing people to think or do whatever I want.” She ended with a wide grin that the Cheshire Cat would be envious of.

They all heard a quiet mumble come from the top of the table which they all couldn't make out but Justin heard it loud and clear. He spun his head in the direction of his father and glared daggers at him.

“What was that father?” Justin growled angrily, his knuckles turned white as his grip on the table tightened. But Craig just shook his head and scowled at the blond as he tried to diffuse the situation with lame attempts.

“Would anyone like more wine?” The older man asked politely but Justin stood up suddenly, knocking his chair over in the process and stared angrily at the man he had never thought of as his father.

“No, no one would like more wine! They all want to know what you said, father dearest! Or shall I tell them?” He asked as he smiled with a manic look on his furious face. “He said ‘Well anything’s better than a fuckin’ art school!’ That’s what that bastard said! Well you know what daddy? I have my own show next month and I have already been given a job for when I finish school! How’s that for a ‘fuckin art school’? Huh?” The boy was screaming at the older man, his face the color of fury, purple and blue, almost as if he was going to pass out.

Craig stood up as well, in a kind-of stand off against his only son.

“Get out of here now Justin! Go to your room and we will speak later!” He turned to the rest of the table, trying to completely block out his son.

“Are you fucking shitting me? I’m 21, you cannot treat me like a god-damn child!” The blond stormed to the dining room door, and looked back once more. “By the way, Craig, I thought you’d like to know that... I’m gay and while Santa was visiting you, I was visiting my male lover.” The blond smiled, but it was soon knocked off his face as his father slammed him against the expensively-papered wall and wrapped his hands around his neck.

“You little cock-sucking faggot!” The older man roared, eventually having to be pulled away by one of his burly brothers. “Get out of here! You are a disgrace, you are no longer welcome here and if you so much as go near Molly, I will kill you!” The older man bodily pushed the blond out of the house, Jennifer and Molly trailing behind him with an audience of the rest of the family.

He threw the blond out onto the welcome mat and then slammed the door, closing off the only relationship he would ever have with his son.

Justin, who was at the moment hyperventilating, slowly stood up and pulled out his cell phone.

“Daph, will you bring me home?” The boy asked hoarsely into the receiver, as tears filled in his devastated blue eyes.

“Jus, are you okay?”

“Please just get out here Daph, please!”

Within five seconds, Daphne ran out of her house, which was situated beside the Taylor's, and ran up to Justin, throwing her arms around his thin waist. He wrapped his arms around her and sobbed into her curly dark hair, finally letting the tears out. He cried for the family that he had lost and the fact that he was now without anyone but his best friend. She held the boy as she led him to the car.

“It’s okay Jussy, I’ll take care of you.” She whispered lovingly into his pale ear and placed him into the passenger seat. She then got in on her own side and drove off, all the while wondering what that bastard Craig Taylor had done to her best friend.

**

Brian sat at the small, crowded table, in between Debbie and Michael, which he wasn’t particularly happy with. He played around with the mashed potatoes and turkey which were swimming in gravy, a heart attack waiting to happen.

“Honey, you usually don’t talk about men like that, what’s happened to you? You’re sounding more like Brian every day.” Debbie chided Ted loudly while the rest of the table fell silent and waited for Brian to make a smart remark.

As the silence continued, Brian glanced up and noticed that everyone was looking at him. He frowned at the pairs of eyes trained on him.

“What?” He demanded harshly.

“Nothing asshole, we were just waiting for you to comment.”

“Yeah well... what you idiots talk about doesn’t interest me.” The man replied annoyed as he stood up. Debbie hit him across the back of the head.

“Don’t you call me an idiot, you little shit!”

Brian rolled his eyes angrily and quickly strode out the back door to the garden and pulled out a joint. He lit up and took a drag, which he held in as thoughts of a stoned little blond entered his head.

“Shit!” He growled as his mind was assaulted by image after image of the hot boy on his back, taking his entire nine-inch cock into his tight little hole.

Brian felt someone take the joint out of his hand and turned to see Michael take a drag from it. But as usual, he didn’t inhale. Brian took it back and took a deep pull from it, as the smaller man stared at him.

“Brian, you’re being weird!” The man whined in that annoying teenage way he had of doing.

“How the fuck am I being weird Michael?”

“You’re all quiet and distant and not being snarky or anything!”

“Just leave me alone Michael, I’m going home.” Brian put out the joint and put the stub in his pocket, before leaving through the garden gate, leaving Michael standing in the garden all alone.

**

The sky outside was gradually darkening as the two best friends snuggled down under a large blanket on the sofa in their apartment. A large tub of Ben & Jerry's sitting between them, and another one waiting in the freezer for them to devour.

"Are you gonna talk Jus? I know you need to talk, what happened in there? What did he do to you Blondie?"

Fresh tears began to fall down his deathly pale cheeks as he tried to suck in a sob.

"I'm sorry Daph, that I've been so silent I just... I... He wrapped his hands around my neck and fucking choked me! He had to be pulled off of me, I... He threw me out and disowned me. What am I gonna do? He won't even let me see Molly!" The blond began to cry in earnest and Daphne did her best to comfort him.

"He choked you? Lucky you wore the turtleneck, huh? I can't believe that fucking BASTARD!" The small girl yelled loudly, making Justin turn to look at her.

"Please... don't... shout... I can't... take anymore... shouting!" The blond sobbed quietly. Daphne wrapped her arms around him once again.

"Oh shh baby, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry."

Ten minutes of silence ensued, which Justin broke with a whimpered word.

"Daph?" The boy asked from his place, with his head on her lap.

"What is it Blondie?" The girl continued to run her fingers soothingly through his soft blond hair.

"Don't ever leave me, I don't know what I'd do if..."

The girl pulled him up by the shoulders and stared into his bloodshot blue eyes.

“I won’t abandon you, I promise.” A fresh round of tears ran down his face as he cried quietly into her shoulder.

After a few minutes, he pulled his head away and smiled shyly at her.

“Sex and the City will be on in a few minutes.”

Daphne laughed out loud.

“Never thought you’d be one for the hetero sex Jussy.” He smiled brightly then, and winked at her.

“The quiet ones are always the weirdoes.” They giggled and settled down with two spoons and two fabulous men, Ben and Jerry.

**

One Month Later

Justin yet again had his head dangling over the porcelain throne, faced with the putrid smell of his own digestive juices, while Daphne rubbed soothing circles on his heaving back.

“Jus, you really should go to the doctor... today even, I’ll even go with you.”

“I can’t miss work, ever since Craig disowned me, I can’t miss or they’ll think that I’m not serious about working there. They were weary of taking me on in the first place.”

“If you ring and explain to them, then get a doctor’s cert for the appointment, they can’t fire you because it’s unfair dismissal... it’s illegal. Plus, I doubt they’d want you poisoning the customers if you have the flu!”

“Yeah you’re right. I’ll ring now.” Daphne nodded and retrieved the phone from the kitchen.

Justin rang and explained the situation to his boss, who wasn't happy, but understood that the boy really was sick. You could hear it in the roughness of his voice from the amount of vomiting he had done. Plus the man had been told by other employees about Justin running to the bathroom during work to get sick.

"Ok thanks Mr. O'Brien." The boy hung up and then rose from the tiled floor, with the help of his friend.

"I'll drive you to the doc's Jus, we can say it's an emergency since you don't have an appointment."

Justin nodded his head and went to get dressed.

When they were ready, they left the apartment, Justin being helped by Daphne.

**

Brian slipped his tongue inside the boy's tight pink pucker, tracing the inside of his little hole. He nibbled on the ridges surrounding it and knew he was doing something right when he heard the loud cries of pleasure coming from his pouting pink lips, sweat slowly running down his pale back.

But Brian suddenly pulled out and flipped the boy onto his back, where he put on a condom and then pushed swiftly into the boy's wet hole. He let out a sigh as he felt his cock become completely engulfed within the hungry hole, pushing inside the young, tight body.

Brian continued to thrust as he entwined his fingers with the blonde's. He could feel his orgasm creeping up on him, when the blond climaxed and ripped his cum from him.

When he was coming down from his orgasmic high, Brian nuzzled the boy's soft pale neck, inhaling his unique scent and whispered quietly into his ear.

"I love you Angel."

Brian woke up to an incessant bleeping noise that was coming from his alarm, he reached over and turned it off, when a yellow sticky note stuck to the palm of his hand. He looked up at the words which were written there and remembered that it was the reminder he had put there the night before, for his every six-month HIV test, that was scheduled morning.

He laid there for a moment, thinking about the dream he just had and the source of it. He couldn't believe that he was still thinking about the blond trick from last month, even his subconscious was obsessed with the beautiful Angel.

"That blond is gonna be the death of me."

He groaned and rolled over, getting up in one swift movement and sitting on the side of the bed. He stood up and walked slowly into the bathroom, all the while mumbling about his "fucking HIV test".

He turned on the shower and walked in under the spray, letting the hot water wake him from his deep slumber and wash the remnants of his dream away. But before he could even register what was happening, he reached down and fisted his cock lightly and with two images of the blond in his head, he came with a shout.

When the water ran cold, he stepped out and dressed quickly, but still looking fabulous, as he grabbed his wallet, keys and leather jacket, he left the loft.

**

Daphne and Justin arrived at the doctor's office by 10am and went straight up to the receptionist. Justin could barely focus his eyes on the woman's face, he was so ill, so Daphne spoke for him.

"This is Justin Taylor, we don't have an appointment but it's an emergency. He's been vomiting for the better part of a month and has been feeling sick all day, every day. We really need to see a doctor."

The kind-faced nurse studied the two young friends before responding.

"Well, there's a cancellation in fifteen minutes so I'll send you in then, okay?"

“That’s great.” Daphne smiled. “Thanks a million.”

Daphne led Justin over to the old, barely-cushioned chairs, where they sat while she took up a magazine from the pile on the table in front of them.

For the first time since getting out of the car, Justin spoke, well he actually sniggered.

“You read Seventeen magazine? And they call me queer?”

“Oh fuck off! I’m a girl, I’m allowed to read this kind of tripe because I look about seventeen anyway.” She smiled widely and turned back to the glossy pages currently open in her hands.

The fifteen minutes ticked by so slowly, it looked like the hand on the clock was standing still. Justin’s head was soon filled with images of the man from Christmas Eve, his golden skin rippling with the strong muscles underneath, his huge cock filling him up to the brim. No matter how hard the blond tried, he still couldn’t get the man out of his head. He then began to wonder if the beautiful man had thought about him.

Justin mentally slapped himself. ‘Of course he hasn’t thought about me.’ The blond sighed and continued to wait for the doctor.

But just then his name was called.

“Justin Taylor?” He looked up nervously and with a glance back at his friend, he stood up and walked through the door, following the nurse into Exam Room 3.

Once he was seated on the exam table, with his legs dangling over the side, the nurse looked at his records and then left them on the table.

“The doctor will be in in a few moments.”

“Thanks.” The blond smiled slightly before it fell from his face when she left the room.

Mere seconds later, a female doctor walked into the room and closed the door behind her, with a barely audible click. She smiled reassuringly at the nervous looking blond before picking up his records and reading them for a few seconds.

“So Justin? The nurse told me that you didn’t have an appointment, this is an emergency. What seems to be the problem?”

Justin bit his lower lip and studied a spot on the wall behind her.

“I’ve been vomiting... a lot, for the last month. And I’ve just been feeling like shit in general, to be honest.” He finished with a slight smile.

The woman chuckled in response.

“Well, at least you’re honest. I’m going to take some tests to rule out anything life-threatening and then I’ll give you a routine physical.” And then she started.

About forty-five minutes later, they were finished and Justin was happy to change out of the gown he was wearing.

“So Justin, the results will be back in about a week. I’ll ring you when they arrive.”

“Thanks Doc, I hope it’s nothing too serious.” He revealed genuinely. Dr. Smith smiled slightly at him, not wanting to tell him of her suspicions until she was absolutely certain about what was wrong with her patient.

“See you soon Justin.”

“Bye.” He left feeling better than he had in three weeks, knowing that whatever was wrong with him would be cleared up soon enough.

Daphne stood up when she saw him and they walked out the door together and out into the parking lot, but not before Justin made eye-contact with the most beautiful man he had ever seen. The man's hazel eyes were so familiar but he couldn't really place them. He was pulled from his thoughts when Daphne tugged on his jacket and he broke the intimate moment with the other man, before following her to the car. They got in and drove off, thoughts of the beautiful man disappearing as he thought about what could be wrong with him. The journey back home was made in companionable silence.

**

Brian sat in the waiting room of the doctor's office, he reached over and picked up a copy of that day's New Yorker because the only other reading material were things like Vogue or Seventeen and he was not going to steep that low to fight off his boredom.

The door to the exam rooms opened and Brian stared at the beautiful boy who walked out, accompanied by the doctor.

"Bye." The blond mumbled quietly.

The blond turned around and made eye contact with him. Azure eyes locking on his own. Brian could barely think as he studied the kid's lithe body and hot bubble butt as he walked out of the building.

Just then his name was called.

"Brian Kinney."

"Yeah that's me." He stated as he stood up and followed the nurse into Exam Room 3 to get his blood taken.

Chapter 4

The Good, The Bad and The Beautiful.

One Week Later

It was Justin's day off so he was sitting at home, idly sketching nothing in particular. But when he studied it closer he realized that it was a pair of long lean limbs, muscles clearly defined.

The blond sighed, he still couldn't get his Hero out of his head plus he was still feeling as horrible as ever.

Suddenly the phone began to ring.

Ring Ring

Justin picked up the receiver.

"Hello?"

"Hello this is Dr. Smith, is Justin Taylor there please?"

"Yes this is me doctor."

"Well I have your test results and I'd like you to come in so we can discuss them."

Justin's heart stopped beating at that moment and his breath caught in his throat.

"I'm dying aren't I?"

"You're not dying Justin, it's just routine to discuss results, if they are bad or good."

"Okay." Justin said hesitantly. "When do you want me to come in?"

“Well, I’m free in a half an hour so as soon as possible.”

“Okay, I’ll be there soon, thanks.”

He hung up and put his essentials into his backpack, he didn’t need to leave a note for Daphne as she was away with her parents on a skiing trip. He then locked up and left the building.

He arrived at the doctor’s office fifteen minutes later and walked in nervously. The doctor had been talking to a nurse at reception and when she saw him, she gestured for him to follow her.

He followed friendly woman into Exam Room 1 and sat up on the exam table when she asked him to. She sat opposite him on an uncomfortable looking wooden chair and took out his file.

“So Justin, how have you been feeling?”

Justin huffed a laugh out.

“As bad as I was last week when you saw me. Look doc, will you just let me know what’s wrong with me?” Justin pleaded with his pale blue eyes, worry etched on his face.

“Well Justin, there is nothing wrong with you... You’re pregnant, probably about a month along at this stage.”

Justin stared at the print of Gustav Klimt’s ‘The Kiss’ that was on the wall, trying to take in what the woman had just said. The woman bit her lip as she studied the blond, it was obvious that he hadn’t even thought about this possibility.

Doctor Smith reached out and placed her hand gently on his knee.

“Justin.” She whispered. “Justin, is there someone you would like me to call?” She asked quietly, but he continued to stare as tears began to roll down his cheeks.

“What am I going to do? What am I... I mean, I don’t know what I’m going to do.”

“You have options Justin. The first is to keep it, also there is fostering until you are ready to look after your child, there is adoption, and then there is also abortion.” Justin looked at the woman suddenly and shook his head.

“I could never do that, I couldn’t... I just, I couldn’t.”

“It’s okay Justin. I think that maybe you should sleep on it before deciding anything. Do you know who the father is?”

Justin bit his lip as the tears continued to fall. He nodded his head.

“He was a one night stand though and I doubt he’d want this responsibility.”

“Well Justin, men can surprise you. He might love to have a kid.”

Justin smiled sadly. “I don’t think this guy’ll surprise me. Thanks anyway.” He stood up and was about to leave.

“Make sure you make an appointment with the receptionist for next month.”

“Okay, thanks.”

Justin went up to the receptionist and made an appointment for the next month. He then slowly walked through the door on wobbly legs, holding onto the wall as he made his way through the waiting room. His face was a sickly green colour and his lips were dry. He walked outside and continued to walk aimlessly down the street, onto Liberty Avenue and along the pavement.

He continued to walk until he stopped abruptly at a store and stared into the window, casting his eyes over the display. White buggies and prams, pink and blue helium balloons with “It’s a Boy” or “Congratulations, it’s a girl!” written on them in fancy writing, filled the window of the baby store. He rested his head against the cool glass and felt it ease the heat that filled his body. He closed his eyes as salty tears traced lines down his cheeks, ending in the

corner of his mouth, or dripping off the end of his nose. He then placed his hands on his stomach and caressed it gently, wondering what his life would be like with a child, a miniature Hero to hold in his arms.

He lazily opened his dry red eyes and studied the items in the window more carefully, a price tag caught his eye and his jaw dropped.

“Six hundred dollars for a crib!!! How the fuck am I going to pay to raise a baby?” Fresh tears began to fall and he walked dejectedly home. He walked into the bedroom and flopped onto his bed, wrapping his arms around his growing stomach, he then cried himself to sleep.

**

Two Months Later

Daphne was sitting on the couch watching ‘Scrubs’. She always thought that JD was hot, in a clumsy, cute kind of way. Suddenly, Justin ran into the apartment through the front door and straight to his room, loud sobs heaving from his chest as he slammed the door.

The girl frowned and quickly got up and knocked on his door.

“Justin? Sweetie, what’s wrong?” She cooed softly through the wood as she knocked gently. She tried the door knob, glad to see that he hadn’t locked the door, and opened it quietly. Justin was lying face down, a pillow bunched up under his face with his hands folded under himself. His entire body was heaving with loud devastating sobs.

She tentatively walked over to him and sat on the edge of the bed, placing a comforting hand on his head while sifting her fingers through his hair.

“What’s wrong Jussy?” Justin looked up at the girl and she could see the tears that still filled his eyes.

“They... fired... me!” Daphne laid down beside the boy, facing him, and ran her hand up and down his back.

“Why?”

“‘Cause... I’m gay and... I’m pregnant! I told them, and they fired me!”

“You know that you can sue them for that Jus, take them to court or something.”

“Oh yeah! Because I have SO MUCH money to spend on a lawyer! I’m saving all of my extra money for the baby, but now I don’t even have an income!”

Daphne sighed, knowing that he was right.

“Dad stopped my tuition so I don’t even have my full fucking degree! No one is going to fucking hire me!”

The girl took the boy into her arms, resting his head against her heart, the beat of the strong muscle soothed his frazzled mind.

“Daph, what am I going to do?”

“Well I actually know of somewhere that’s hiring.”

Justin’s head popped up as he studied her face.

“Really? Where?”

“The Liberty Diner.”

Justin smiled and nodded his head, resting it back down onto her chest.

“Will you come with me when I go to apply for the job?”

“Sure Jussy, now, get some sleep.” Justin smiled again and closed his tired eyes, before sleep overtook him.

**

Justin and Daphne walked into the Liberty Diner, causing the bell above the door to sound their entrance. The blond bit his lip as he saw the head waitress hurry around the diner, plates piled high on her arms.

The two friends walked over to a booth and sat into it, waiting for her to take a break.

The vivacious red-head soon sat at the counter, drinking down a glass of icy water as a plate of fries was placed in front of her.

“Thanks hun!” Debbie said gratefully to Kiki, out of breath from the amount of work she had been doing for the last five hours.

Justin looked at Daphne nervously before she pushed him out of the booth and in the direction of the head waitress. He stood beside the older woman and timidly began to speak.

“Excuse me, ma’am?”

Debbie turned suddenly, about to tell off the person who had just disrupted her break when she was confronted with a pair of wide frightened blue eyes, and a nervous blond who was currently biting his lip.

“Well aren’t you just fucking gorgeous?” She chuckled loudly as a blush spread across his pale face. “I was about to rim ya for disturbing my break but you’re just fuckin adorable, so... what can I do for ya?”

Justin held out his hand introducing himself with a bright smile.

“Well ma’am, my name is Justin Taylor and I noticed the sign in the window, looking for a waiter. Here’s my resumé.”

Debbie stared at the boy's pretty face and looked him up and down before gesturing for him to turn around. He frowned but did as she asked.

"Well Sunshine, with a smile like that and a butt to match, I don't need to see your resumé. When can you start?"

Justin smiled brightly again. "Seriously?"

"Seriously honey! When can you start?"

"Well I can start tomorrow, if that's alright?"

"That's perfect sweetie! And call me Debbie, all the boys do!"

Justin smiled again but then frowned as he looked at the woman, he would need to tell her about his situation before she caught him getting sick.

"There's just one thing..." Debbie turned bodily to him and sensed there was something wrong so she invited him to sit with her as she patted the stool beside her.

"What is it Sweetie?"

"Well... I... I'm pregnant, so it's okay if you don't want to hire me anymore but I just thought I'd let you know in case you saw me get sick in the bathroom or something, and think that I was doing it to myself or something!" The blond rushed out in one breath.

"Oh you poor baby, do you know who the other father is?" She asked boldly.

Justin looked down at his hands and nodded his head before he looked at her kind face, with tears in his sad glossy eyes.

“But... I can’t burden him... It was a one night thing and I don’t want to ruin his life.”

“Oh Sunshine, you don’t have to be a martyr you know.” She whispered as she wrapped her arms around him, not really knowing why she felt so compelled to take care of the young man.

She pulled away and wiped a few of his stray tears away from his cheeks.

“Ok, you don’t have to tell the other man, but I personally think you should. Anyway, besides that, if you ever feel ill, just let me know and you can have time off. Is that ok sweetie?”

Justin nodded his head as he smiled tearfully.

“Thank you so much Deb, you’re like the mom I always wished I could have.” He whispered quietly as he hugged her again. “I still don’t know why you’re being so kind to me.”

“It’s because I know what it’s like to be pregnant and alone honey, it’s not a good feeling so if I can make you feel any better, I’ll do it. Plus I have a good feeling about you Sunshine! Now get going, my break’s over.”

Justin nodded and got off the stool.

“Thanks Deb, see you tomorrow!”

“Is seven o’clock okay for you honey?”

“Yeah that’s great Deb, thanks!” He called out as he walked out the door, followed closely by Daphne.

“I can’t believe how well that went... she’s so motherly too, I really like her!”

“That’s great Blondie! It’s about time something good happened to you.”

“Well this happened.” He whispered as he looked down and placed his hand gently on his growing tummy.

Daphne smiled brightly.

“I’m going to be an auntie!” She squealed loudly, barely able to contain her excitement, and not giving a shit that she was getting quite a few strange looks from passers by. They reached the car, got in and went home.

**

The alarm on his bedside table told Justin that it was six am, although it didn’t wake him as he hadn’t gotten even an hour of sleep the night before, due to a mixture of nerves and morning, or in this case, night sickness. He slowly and sorely rolled out of bed, feeling his feet hit the rough carpet that covered his bedroom floor. His head was heavy from lack of sleep. For the entire night, all that he could think of was the beautiful man who took his virginity, wondering if the man would want him and his child like Debbie said.

He padded from his bedroom into the bathroom, carrying with him, his clothes and toiletries. He stepped into the hot steam of the shower, the oppressive heat of the water turned his alabaster skin a flushed pink colour, trying to wash away the thoughts of the man who fathered the child that was growing inside him.

He whispered to himself as he ran his hands tenderly over the small bump that was showing.

“Even if Hero doesn’t want us, we’ll make it through, Little One.”

Justin finished up his shower and after the wave of morning sickness, he had his usual dry crackers and herbal tea for breakfast, before leaving the apartment.

Chapter 5

Jealousy and Truth

Two Weeks Later

“... And I’ll have the pink plate special baby!” Emmett cooed at the blond.

Ever since the kid had started two weeks before, he was a hit among the customers, getting bigger and bigger tips as his stomach grew with the child inside of him.

“No problem Em!” Justin smiled brightly and went to the kitchen to place the orders. He then went to the newly vacated tables and bussed, being short staffed, he didn’t mind doing both jobs.

Just then he heard the bell above the door ring, a common occurrence, but this time it was different. He turned and saw a tall, familiar-looking, but beautiful auburn-haired man walk in, as if he owned the place and he took a seat with his friends.

“So Brian, where have you been the last couple of weeks?” Ted asked as the other men waited for Brian’s reply.

“Oh you know, busy busy! I was out of town for a week at a conference that was full of sexually confused guys, just the right type.” The brunet smirked as he leaned back in the seat, noticing the bubble-butt of a new blond waiter.

Justin immediately walked over to the booth, notebook and pen in hand, and stood at the table.

“Well, what’ll you have?”

Brian looked the blond up and down, making it obvious to the young man that he was checking him out and when he got looked back up at the blonde’s face, the boy’s cheeks were glowing pink from the scrutinous look he was getting from him.

“Well, you must be the ‘Sunshine’ that Deb has been going on about...” Justin blushed again furiously. “... Turkey on whole wheat, no mayo. And a black coffee.”

Justin nodded his blond head as he tried to cover the obvious hard-on that he had gotten in the presence of the hot brunet. Brian smirked as he noticed the boy’s predicament and coughed slightly to cover his laugh, as he turned back to his friends who were all currently waiting for their meals.

**

Justin piled the plates on his arms and made his way to the booth containing the hot brunet along with Emmett, Michael, Ben and Ted.

‘That must be Brian!’ He thought to himself as he placed the plates in front of the men. ‘The guy Michael whines about all the time!’

Brian looked up at the blond through his long brown lashes and smirked again when he noticed the blond staring at him. He took a twenty out of his wallet and pushed it into the blonde’s pocket, making sure to stroke a feather light touch along his hardening penis.

“Just a tip for you Sunshine.”

The blond gasped slightly and then began to laugh nervously as a dark blush covered his usually pale face.

“You’re really supposed to leave the tip on the table at the end of the meal.”

Brian raised his eyebrow and smirked again, before sticking his tongue in his cheek.

“Yeah, but where’s the fun in that!” He laughed quietly as the blond rushed off to tend to other customers, not noticing the glares he was getting from the rest of the table.

He only noticed the looks when Emmett leaned in and scolded him.

“Don’t mess with him Brian! He isn’t one of those one night stand kinda guys! So just leave him alone and stop messing with his head.”

“You don’t know what the fuck you’re talking about Honeycutt!” The man grunted in response as he studied the blonde’s tight bubble butt as his hips swayed around the diner.

“Don’t call me Honeycutt! The kid’s been through some tough stuff and he shouldn’t have to go through any more.” Emmett whispered harshly. He didn’t know the details of the boy’s pregnancy but he knew that the child’s other father hadn’t stayed around, if he even knew he was pregnant at all.

“Yeah Brian and anyway, why would you bother with a fucking kid? He’s nothing special!” Michael whined from his place in the corner beside Ben.

Brian frowned and sulked back into his seat, a thing he rarely did, as he ate his sandwich and drank his coffee. He finished his meal in silence before leaving ten dollars on the table, more than was sufficient, and left the diner. On his way to the ‘vette, he glanced in through the diner window and saw the blond smile brightly. He felt a pang in his chest, he knew that smile... but from where?

**

Six Days Later... Sunday Afternoon

Justin and Daphne walked slowly onto the porch of the quaint little house. The blond looked up and saw a small rainbow flag blowing in the cold breeze. Only Debbie, being a straight woman herself, could have gay pride pasted to her house.

Daphne noticed that Justin was preoccupied so she knocked on the red door herself. The noise broke the blond out of his spell.

“Hmm?” He asked startled, answering a question which hadn’t been asked in the first place, but before she could answer, the door swung open and a loud bellow of ‘Sunshine’ was shouted from inside the house. Before the blond could respond, he was wrapped in a tight embrace before he gasped and whispered into the redhead’s ear.

“Deb, the baby!”

Debbie pulled back immediately and placed her hands on the boy’s tummy, inconspicuously so no one else could see and then ran her hand down his cheek.

“I’m so sorry honey! I completely forgot. I’m so happy to see you baby!”

“Thanks Deb, I just wanted to make sure, you know.” He said quietly as he glanced down at his expanding stomach, making reference to his unborn child.

“I know honey, now come on in! Oh hiya Daphne! I didn’t see you there hiding behind Sunshine. Come here and give me a hug ya little cutie!” Daphne smiled slightly, nervous being at the extravagant woman’s house. But that was the last thing to bother her before Debbie pulled her into smothering hug.

“Hiya Debbie!” The young girl exclaimed as brightly as she could as she followed Justin into the living room. They saw everyone sitting around the table and made their way over to the extended kitchen table. Lasagne and every other Italian dish covered the red and white checkered tablecloth.

There were four free chairs at the table; one which Debbie would occupy, two beside each other which Justin and Daphne would occupy and then one left over. Justin assumed it was for Brian, as he wasn’t there yet.

“Ma, shouldn’t we wait for Brian!” Michael whined as the three people sat at the table while Debbie dished up everyone’s plates.

**

They had been eating for around thirty minutes when Michael began to complain again but then turned his attention onto Justin.

“Ma, I still don’t understand why he’s here!” He grunted, as marinara sauce dribbled down his chin. “He’s just a god-damn busboy! Why do you take in strays anyway?”

Justin dropped his knife and fork and looked at the man incredulously.

“Do you realise that I’m actually fucking sitting here? Or do you treat everyone like shit?!” Justin was furious, but was trying his best to keep his voice down.

Michael stood up and glared at the younger man across the table.

“Ever since you started working in the diner, it’s been nothing but ‘Justin this’ and ‘Justin that’! I don’t understand what the fucking deal is! I mean just because you got knocked up...”

Justin’s mouth opened in a silent gasp and he stood up suddenly, he turned to the hostess and shakily made his apologies to leave.

“I’m sorry Deb, I can’t... stay here when I’m gonna be treated like that!” He turned quickly and ran out of the kitchen, grabbing his coat on the way out the front door as he slammed into a tall man standing just outside the house.

**

As they watched Justin run out of the kitchen, Michael began to eat again, sauce covering his face, toddler-like.

Daphne turned to the beady little man, her face purple with rage and she stood up to tower over the man.

“You little bastard! Don’t you dare say anything like that to my best friend again or you will have to answer to me you little shit-eating fucker!”

Everyone gasped as the seemingly meek girl reamed out the scared looking man, as he cowered back into his seat

“If this hurts him, I will hunt you down, and no matter where you go, I will find you!”

The man laughed slightly but Daphne’s coal-black eyes warned him not to.

“Have I made myself clear? Or do I need to convince you?”

“No... no, that’s f... fine!” Michael said quietly. Daphne nodded and immediately left the room, and then the house all together.

Lindsay turned to the rest of the table as she picked up her fork and began to eat again.

“I’m definitely not going to mess with her any time soon!”

They all nodded in agreement, except for Michael, who didn’t seem as sociable or hungry anymore as he pushed his plate away.

“She was right anyway.”

Ben told the table quietly, receiving a glare from his partner.

“Well, she was!”

He continued before turning back to his plate and eating his vegetarian meal.

**

Justin pulled back with a start but then relaxed when he saw Brian. The brunet frowned when he saw a tear slip down the boy’s cheek.

“What’s wrong Sunshine?” Justin’s face crumbled so he pulled him into his strong arms and rubbed his back soothingly as the boy cried into his shoulder. He silently helped the kid put on his coat and zipped it up on him, keeping him warm.

“What happened in there Justin?”

Justin looked up into the man’s caring face, his hazel eyes shining brightly.

“Michael... Michael happened.” The blond sucked in a shaky breath. Both men turned when they heard the front door open and saw Daphne walk out.

She walked down to the two men and rubbed the boy’s back soothingly.

“Come on blondie, we have a bus to catch.” She whispered as she smiled in acknowledgement at the brunet.

Brian frowned as he looked at the two friends.

“Daphne, I thought you had a car?” He said wonderingly, as he had seen her drop Justin off at the diner a few times for his shift.

“I do but it was broken into last night and I had to get two windows fixed, they smashed them in so we have to take the bus. The last one will be here in ten minutes so we have to run.”

Brian shook his head no.

“Come on, I’ll bring you guys home.” He started down the garden path towards the jeep, with Justin and Daphne following.

“Are you sure?” The blond started. “I mean, you’ll miss dinner.”

Brian smiled as he opened the passenger door for them.

“I was looking for an excuse to get out of it.”

Justin smiled as he sat into the front seat and closed his eyes, preparing himself to be in such closed proximity with the older man. Daphne sat behind him and giggled. She leaned forward and whispered into Justin’s ear before Brian got into the jeep.

“He’s such a gentleman!” Justin rolled his eyes and as Brian got into the jeep, he blushed slightly, trying to stop the dirty thoughts that rolled around his head. For some reason, all he could think about was a Christmas Eve, nearly four months ago.

**

When they arrived at the apartment, getting there from Justin’s directions, Brian stopped the car and turned off the engine.

Justin turned to the older man and smiled shyly, a blush creeping up his cheeks as he noticed the way Brian was staring at him. But before he could say anything Daphne piped up.

“Hey Brian you wanna come up for a beer?”

Justin closed his eyes as he thought about the man seeing his apartment.

“Sure.” The man answered a little bit too quickly, before smirking at Justin when he had turned to look at him.

They all got out of the car and walked up the path leading to the building. They walked up the three flights of stairs and then waited as Daphne opened the door and they all made their way into the apartment.

Brian closed the door behind him and followed Daphne into the living room as Justin went into the kitchen to get the drinks. Daphne turned around and noticed that Justin wasn’t there. She rushed out to the kitchen and she scolded Justin a little louder than she was supposed to.

“Justin! You should be letting me do this kind of stuff! You shouldn’t be straining yourself unnecessarily!”

Justin turned and glared at her before nudging his head in the direction of Brian who was currently listening to their conversation intently. Justin took a bottle of beer and a bottle of water into the living room, handing the beer over to Brian.

Brian took a drink of the opened beer, as he studied the man in front of him.

“You not having one?” He asked surprised, as he nodded his head in reference to the water in Justin’s hand.

Justin shook his head, purposely not looking at the man, but staring at a spot on the wall.

“I’m not really drinking at the moment.”

Brian nodded as they waited for Daphne to come out and break the awkward silence. But what they didn’t know was that Daphne had sneaked into her room, leaving them alone. So when she didn’t come, Justin looked at the other man dejectedly as he asked him if he would he like to sit down. Brian nodded and did as he was asked, while Justin sat at the other end of the couch.

Brian sat there uncomfortably, and so he wouldn’t have to look at the boy, he glanced around the room, studying the artwork on the walls. The intricate details caught his eye and he wondered who had done these great pieces.

He stood up and walked slowly around the room, staring at each piece, examining the details of each drawing. He could feel Justin’s intense eyes boring into his back as he strolled around the living room.

“Who did these?” The brunet asked absently, taken in by one of the abstracts on the wall. He felt drawn to it for some unknown reason.

“I did them.” Justin answered quietly, wondering why the older man was staring at the same picture for the last five minutes. It was the one he did two days after losing his virginity and one day after being disowned by his parents.

Brian turned to him with eyebrows raised.

“You did these?... You’re so talented Justin!” His voice held a tone of awe as he looked deeply into the azure eyes.

Justin smiled slightly and bit his bottom lip nervously.

“You really think so?”

“Yeah... yeah, I do.” The brunet answered honestly as he walked up to the younger man and ran his fingers along his pale cheek softly. Justin’s breath began to come in quick puffs as Brian leaned down and, as Justin gave him permission with a quick nod of his head, brushed his lips against the full pink ones in front of him.

Brian ran his tongue along the crease of Justin’s mouth, separating the lips and then thrusting his long tongue in between them. He then ran his tongue along the boy’s teeth first and then traced the insides of his mouth before duelling with Justin’s soft pink tongue. They continued to kiss passionately until Justin pulled away shaking his head.

“I c... can’t do this...I can’t.”

Brian held his pale face in between his hands gently and stared at him intently as they shared the same air.

“Why... why not?” He asked quietly, trying not to pout.

Justin pulled away lightly, holding the man’s hands in his own.

“There’s just so much going on in my life at the moment. I just... I don’t think it’s a good idea for us to do this. Especially when I know that we’d never do it again. Unfortunately, everyone knows about your one fuck only policy.”

Brian bit his lip and nodded his head as he resigned himself to the fact that his reputation would follow him wherever he went. He then realised that if he wanted Justin, he would have to change his ways.

“Justin, I’ve wanted you since I saw you and... if I have to prove that to you, I will.”

The blond looked at him sceptically.

“Really? How would you prove it to me?”

Brian smiled and chuckled quietly, the rumbling of his voice causing shivers to run up and down Justin's back.

"Like, how about we go out to dinner... some time?" The brunet asked quietly, not able to make eye contact with the blond, for fear of being made fun of.

Justin smiled slightly and brought his hand up to rest against Brian's cheek, gently making the man face him.

"I'd love to Brian."

Brian smiled, relieved that he wasn't making an ass out of himself.

"But there's something you should know and if it freaks you out, I won't be offended if you leave."

Brian frowned as he contemplated the man in front of him.

"Okay..." He answered suspiciously, following Justin over to the couch where they both sat down and he could hear Justin laugh slightly as he pulled the blond into his arms. "So what is it that I need to know baby?"

"I like when you call me 'baby'..." Justin sniffled quietly, knowing that Brian would no longer call him that when he found out his secret.

Brian ran his fingers through the blond locks under his chin, trying to relax the kid, all the while wondering what was on the kid's mind.

"Just tell me Justin."

Justin sighed and then turned into the man's chest, where he mumbled quietly.

"Mmm prnnt."

“What?” Brian asked in a whisper, rubbing his cheek against the kid’s head.

Justin sat up and looked him in the eyes.

“I’m pregnant.” The blond answered almost coldly as he got up and stood with his back to Brian.

Brian gasped silently, but not for the reasons Justin thought. He just couldn’t believe that Justin had to go through this obviously on his own. He stood up and walked over to the blond, wrapping his arms around him from behind. He laid his hands on the boy’s belly and rubbed it tenderly, causing tears to fall from Justin’s blue eyes.

Brian could feel the blond tremble against him, so he turned him around silently and gently kissed the boy’s face all over. His forehead, nose, cheeks, lips and eyelids.

Justin opened his eyes as he wrapped his arms around Brian’s shoulders.

“Are you sure that you’re okay with this? I mean... If you didn’t want me, I would understand... I mightn’t like it but I would understand...”

Brian kissed him to shut him up and then pulled away smiling.

“I’m okay with it, I promise... I just don’t know how any guy could leave you when you became pregnant.”

Justin bit his lip and looked over the brunet’s shoulder as he answered quietly.

“Well, I never really told him.”

Brian’s eyebrows raised but he stayed quiet, just wanting to hold the boy in his arms.

Justin looked up at the man suspiciously.

“You’re not gonna ask me why I didn’t tell him?”

“No.”

“Really?”

“Yeah... Well Sunshine, I better go.”

Justin gave the man his best puppy dog eyes as he held onto him tighter, not letting him go.

“Why?” He asked in a little boy voice. Brian smiled at the kid’s antics but groaned internally as he saw the boy’s little pink tongue swipe across his full bottom lip.

“Because I have work in the morning, Beautiful! And it’s not good if the boss is late.”

“You’re a boss? Well, aren’t you Mister Important?” The boy laughed as Brian swatted him on the ass. “Brian... when can we go out?” The blond bit his lip and stared into the man’s hazel eyes.

“How about Friday night?”

The blond furrowed his brows in suspicion.

“But its ‘Studs and Suds’ night at Babylon on Friday...”

“Well Justin, if we start this, I want it just to be us. No one else.”

Justin smiled brightly, not being able to contain his delight in knowing that Brian Kinney wanted him, and only him.

“No tricking?”

Brian laughed loudly and shook his head.

“Nope, no more tricking! But I really have to go baby. But if you’d like, I can come by the diner at lunchtime tomorrow to see you if you’re working.”

Justin nodded his head.

“Well... I’m working from 10 to 6 so I’ll be there!” Justin said, almost to himself as he thought about his timetable.

“I can bring you home afterwards too.”

“You’re such a gentleman.” The blond laughed as they walked to the front door. Brian turned to Justin and stared at his face intently into his deep indigo eyes, he leaned down and placed a gentle kiss against his lips. Then kissed him softly on the nose, causing the younger man to giggle and blush furiously.

“See ya later Sunshine.” He whispered, before opening the door and walking down the stairs, leaving Justin standing in the doorway with a goofy grin on his face. He closed the door and turned around, just then noticing Daphne standing in the door of her bedroom with a hopeful look on her face.

When he didn’t say anything, she followed him silently into the kitchen before hitting him playfully across the arm and scolding him loudly.

“Well?... What did he say?”

Justin turned and almost swooned as he wrapped his arms around the girl’s shoulders.

“He wants to go out with me. No tricking or anything! And he knows about the baby!” The blond squealed loudly and then began to cry into her shoulder.

“Justin?... Justin, what’s wrong?”

“I don’t deserve him.” The blond whispered into her neck, she could feel him sag against her after a couple of minutes.

“Come on Jussy. There’s been just a little too much excitement for one night.” He continued to snifle as she brought him into his room, undressed him and put him to bed.

He was asleep before his head hit the pillow.

Chapter 6

Yours and Mine

The Next Day

Justin was rushing around the diner, trying all the time to ignore the glare he was getting from Michael, who was sitting with Ben in a booth. The professor had always been nice to him, and he wondered why the man even bothered with Michael when he knew that if Brian was suddenly interested in the smaller man, he would dump Ben in a second.

The blond was bussing a table, as they were short staffed yet again, when he felt a tingle in the base of his spine and he smiled brightly when he felt someone nuzzle up against his back, wrapping thier arms around his growing stomach. Brian kissed his neck softly, before turning him around in his arms and kissing him passionately.

When they pulled apart, they heard murmured whispers and gasps from the patrons of the diner, wondering when Brian had started a relationship with the hot young waiter. Debbie came over to them and swiped a dishcloth against both of their heads, one after the other.

“When was I going to know about this?”

Brian smirked at her, tongue in cheek, looking at her the same way he did when he was a teenager, before answering.

“Hopefully not for a while, but I just couldn’t resist him!” The brunet smiled as he placed a gentle kiss on Justin’s downy cheek.

He could almost hear Debbie growl before a high-pitched whine was sounded resembling a fog-horn.

“BRIAN!... What the fuck are you doing with that little shit?”

Brian glared at him, before walking over to the man’s table, still holding a reluctant Justin in his arms.

“Eh, Mikey? I’m doing the exact same thing that your doing with the professor!” He responded angrily.

“But why with him? He’s such a fucking whore that he got himself knocked up!”

Steam almost shot from the taller man’s ears as Justin pulled away from him and ran into the restrooms crying. Debbie slapped Michael across the back of the head before glaring at him, with a pointed finger.

“Don’t you say anything like that ever again you little shit!” The red-head growled before holding Brian back with a steady hand on his chest. “Don’t Brian.” She whispered calmly, trying to stop the man from kicking the shit out of her son. “Just go and take care of Sunshine.”

“I’m gonna take him home Deb.” Debbie nodded and pushed him toward the bathroom.

“I’ll call Kiki to come in.” Brian nodded his head in thanks before walking into the bathroom, he could hear quiet whimpers and gasped breaths coming from one of the stalls.

“Justin? Baby, its me. Will you come out? I’m going to take you home.” He walked over to the only stall whose door was locked and knocked on it, causing the whimpers to grow silent.

“Come on Sunshine. Michael’s a fuck-wit, he doesn’t know anything. Not about us or anything else for that matter. Please Justin...” He whispered through the wooden door.

Suddenly he could hear a clicking noise, which signalled that the blond was unlocking the stall door. Justin emerged and went straight into his strong awaiting arms.

Brian wrapped his arms around the shaking frame, inhaling the oh-so-familiar scent of the blonde hair that was beneath his chin. He ran his hands tenderly up and down the boy’s back.

“Come on Sunshine, don’t listen to that little fucking weasel! He doesn’t know anything, about you OR me!” Justin looked up at the man’s face and suddenly pressed his lips harshly against Brian’s mouth, the kiss almost bruising their lips with Justin looking for reassurance from the older man.

Brian, as gently as he could, tried to push the boy away, trying not to hurt him but pushing him away to talk to him.

“Justin, Justin, Justin... shh... it’s alright.” The man whispered as he held the kid by his shoulders, looking deep into his eyes to make his point clear. “I’m taking you home Jus, come on.” He murmured as he wrapped an arm around his shoulders and led him out of the diner, thanking whatever higher power that was out there that Michael had left.

They were quiet as Brian helped the boy into the jeep before getting in himself and driving in the direction of Justin’s apartment.

**

The two men stayed silent as they walked up to the small apartment, Justin taking out his key and letting them into the flat.

When Brian closed the door behind him, Justin flopped down onto the couch in the living room and leaned his head back, letting out a long tiresome sigh as his eyes closed automatically. Brian rang the office and told him that he wouldn’t be back and then went into the kitchen and got two bottles of water before joining Justin in the living room. He sat beside him and placed one of the bottles in his hand.

Justin smiled gratefully without opening his eyes and leaned his head on Brian's broad shoulder, nuzzling into him comfortingly and inhaling his manly scent.

After a couple of minutes, Justin's breathing evened out and Brian chuckled inaudibly, realising that the boy was sleeping. He stood slowly, trying not to wake the blond, before picking him up gently, noticing that even with the extra weight from the pregnancy, Justin was still unbelievably light.

As Brian walked to one of the open doors, noticing that there were men's clothes on the floor, as opposed to the women's clothes that covered the floor of the other bedroom, Justin sleepily wrapped his arms around Brian's neck and whispered quietly.

"Where are we going? I'm sleepy."

"I'm bringing you to bed, you're exhausted baby." Justin smiled at the nickname and snuggled into the man's warmth before the brunet lovingly placed him on the bed, but as Brian stood, Justin held onto his shirt lightly. His eyelashes fluttered as he yawned.

"Stay here with me."

"Ok Sunshine..." The older man murmured before taking off their shoes and lying on the bed, spooning behind the blond and pulling the duvet up around their bodies.

He felt himself growing more tired than he thought he had been, his eyes closing as he wrapped an arm securely around Justin's waist and promptly falling asleep.

**

Justin awoke suddenly, sitting up as he heard laughter coming from the living room which was followed by quiet whispers and more laughing. The blond sleepily rose from the bed, his hair sticking up in all directions as he followed the path through the clothes on his floor.

The sight of Brian and Daphne on the couch laughing together and eating dinner, was what he walked in on. They both turned at the sound of his bedroom door opening, before Brian jumped up, almost spilling his dinner, and

rushed over to the blond. The brunet kissed him lightly on the forehead while rubbing his hands up and down the boy's arms.

"How are you feeling Beautiful?"

Justin smiled brightly, snuggling into the man's chest.

"Better, I was just tired. The thing with Michael took a lot of energy out of me."

"Well you don't have to think about him now. Come on and have some dinner. It's lasagne." But Justin shook his head and made a disgusted face.

"I can't eat cheese at the moment, it makes me want to hurl." Brian bit his lip and frowned as he studied the boy in front of him.

"Well you need to eat..." The man started before Justin shrugged and was about to head over to the kitchen to find something to eat when Brian's hand on his arm stopped him. "... How about I go get you something?... Like Chinese or Italian or..."

Brian's rant was stopped by a pair of soft full lips against his own. They kissed softly, Justin's exhaustion blatant as he sagged against the older man's chest.

He pulled away eventually and smiled softly at the brunet.

"Thank you for suggesting it but... I don't need you to do that. I'll just get some crackers or something."

"Justin, I want to help you, let me do this... now what would you like?" The blond bit his bottom lip in contemplation.

"Could you just go to the store and get some mushrooms and sweet corn, the tinned kind, I have chocolate spread here, and I have a bit of a craving." Justin smiled shyly and giggled as he saw the horrified look on Brian's face.

“Okay, I’ll be back in a few minutes.” The older man turned to Daphne who was completely immersed in “America’s Next Top Model” and tried to get her attention. “Daph, you want anything?”

She turned to the man with a bright smile and shook her head.

“No thanks Bri, I’m fine.” Brian nodded and kissed Justin lightly on the nose, before grabbing his jacket and wallet and leaving the apartment.

The blond stared at the closed door after Brian left and wrapped his arms tightly around his waist in a comforting way. He turned towards the couch and made his way over to his friend, sitting beside her.

He sat quietly as the models got their makeovers and Daphne laughed at their queen-outs. During the commercial break, the girl turned to face him and frowned.

“What is it Justin?” Her dark brown eyes asked in concern and a little annoyance.

“What’s what Daph?” He moped quietly as he continued to stare at the tv screen.

“Why are you so depressed when Brian’ll be back in like a few minutes? I mean, the man went to get you your craved food because you couldn’t eat the l...”

“I love him Daphne.”

The girl smiled sadly as she brought the blond up beside her and they laid together.

“It’ll be okay Jussy... I think he loves you too.”

“But it’s so early Daph...”

“Love doesn’t have a timetable Jus, you should know that.”

The blond nodded his head and snuggled down into the cushions, focusing on all of the crying models as their hair was chopped off.

Fifteen minutes later, Brian came back with the necessities and they all sat down to enjoy their meals.

But as Justin’s blue eyes began to close and his head sagged against Brian’s chest, they all knew that it was time for him to go to bed. Brian guided him slowly into the bedroom and put him to bed, still fully clothed.

“Will you stay the night with me?” The blond asked in a little boy voice, his bottom lip almost quivering with hope that Brian would say yes.

“Of course baby.” The brunet whispered, not able to say no to the kid’s puppy dog eyes and bright smile. He got on the bed and spooned up behind the shivering blond then covered him with the blanket before they went asleep for the second time that day.

**

Brian woke up slowly, to the feeling of friction against his growing erection. He moaned quietly before opening his eyes, shocked to see that Justin was the one with his hand on his clothed cock. The blond looked so vulnerable as he bit his lip, trying to concentrate on giving the man pleasure.

Justin leaned in and whispered into the older man’s ear.

“I want to be with you.”

Brian swallowed the lump that had been forming in his throat as he suddenly lunged up and took Justin’s lips roughly, but suddenly slowing down as if remembering that this was Justin and not just some trick. He ran his hand tenderly up the boy’s cheek, while tracing the crease of the blonde’s lips with his tongue, begging for entrance to his hot, wet mouth.

The boy whimpered softly, opening his mouth and allowing Brian's tongue to trace the insides of his mouth. Brian groaned as he removed the blonde's sweater and t-shirt slowly up over his head, appreciating the flawless pale skin as it was revealed piece by piece.

Brian kneeled up, facing Justin, who was lying on his back on the bed, looking so naïve and beautiful that Brian thought he might just weep at the sight.

He slowly took off the kid's pants and underwear as he latched his dark raspberry lips onto one of Justin's dusty pink nipples. He then trailed a line of kisses down the pale silky chest until he reached his large tumescent cock, which was a harsh red colour. He took the silky head in between his lips and within seconds, the blond was cuming in long streams down the older man's throat, shouting out his lover's name.

As Justin recovered from his orgasm, Brian got up from the bed and began to undress slowly and sensually as he kept eye contact with the blond. Justin watched through half-slitted eyes as Brian finally revealed his long, perfect cock and Justin moaned loudly as he thought about it breaching his tight, hungry hole.

Brian kneeled on the bed and, without words, rolled Justin over onto his side, so he could access his pink pucker. He leaned down so that he was facing the kid's ass and slowly trailed his tongue up and down Justin's crack, before spreading the boy's cheeks and running his long tongue over the silky folds of Justin's hole. The kid whimpered softly as he reached back and ran his fingers through Brian's chestnut locks.

"Brian... please..." The boy whimpered breathless. "I want you to fuck me, please. Do it, fuck me now!"

As Brian heard the desperation in his lover's voice, he pulled his tongue out of the boy's hole and reached over to get a condom. He sheathed himself quickly and covered himself in lube, before lining his cock up with Justin's hole. He placed a gentle but firm hand on the boy's hip and whispered into his ear.

"Are you ready? Are you sure that you want this?" He immediately felt Justin nod his head and moan out loudly.

"Oh yeah Brian, please. Just... just go slow, okay?"

"Okay baby, I don't ever want to hurt you." The brunet murmured as he slowly pushed in and breached the first ring of muscle. He felt Justin tense around him and shake slightly as the pain soared through his lithe body.

The man slowed down and ran his fingertips over the boy's abdomen to soothe him, he felt the blond relax around him and so he pushed in more until he was buried deep inside his young lover. They both groaned at the connection and Justin reached back slightly to entwine his fingers with Brian's, which rested on his hip.

The brunet placed soft wet kisses along the smooth pale skin of Justin's neck, he inhaled the blonde's scent, which was just so familiar, along with the kid's laugh and tight little hole. But he just couldn't connect them.

When he felt the blond push back against him, he began to rock gently in the tight warm channel causing Justin to groan out loudly and tighten the grip he had on Brian's fingers.

They started a rhythm and soon they were both cuming viciously, Brian into the condom, and Justin all over his chest.

Brian was about to pull out when Justin put his hand on the older man's back to hold him in place.

"No yet." Brian nodded his head and, as best as he could, pulled the duvet up around them as Justin fell asleep and Brian laid awake thinking about the feelings he was having for the beautiful sleeping boy in his arms.

**

Three Months Later

Brian and Justin were walking down the street, with the brunet enjoying the site of the boy's pale alabaster skin showing beneath the short sleeved, low neck t shirt he was wearing, being that it was already July.

Justin stopped suddenly at the same baby store he had cried in front of months ago, and stared at all of the things that he would need to get for the baby. A crib, pram, clothes, diapers, a changing table, plus all of the baby food.

Brian noticed that the kid was becoming more and more dejected looking as he gazed upon the items in the window. Not knowing what was wrong, Brian stepped behind him and wrapped his arms around the boy's waist. He leaned his chin on Justin's shoulder and whispered into his shell-like ear.

“What’s wrong blondie?” Justin shook his head in despair.

“Everything’s so expensive Bri... I just... I can barely feed myself and pay for rent as it is. When the baby comes along, I don’t know what I’ll do...” But Brian turned him around in his arms and took his saddened face into his hands.

“You won’t be short of money baby, I promise. I want to be with you, I won’t let you or this child be in need of anything.” The brunet whispered as he placed his large warm hand on Justin’s stomach and with his other hand pulled the boy’s face to his own and caressed his lips softly with his own.

As they kissed, Brian could feel salty tears run down his lover’s cheeks. He pulled away gently and thumbed them away tenderly, whilst staring into the azure eyes in front of him.

But Justin shook his head stubbornly.

“I don’t... want your money. You’re not my sugar daddy and I don’t want people to think that either. Plus I want to be independent from you in case, you know, in case we break up.” The blond murmured sincerely, staring into Brian’s hazel eyes to show him that it wasn’t anything personal, just that Justin wanted to be able to raise his child with or without the help of his lover.

But Brian still felt anger towards the blond and pulled away from the kid’s grasp, leaving the boy’s hands holding air.

“But I want this to be my baby too! I thought you understood that!” Brian growled, upset that the blond was just disregarding his feelings.

“But it’s NOT YOUR BABY! You have to fucking understand that!” The blond shouted loudly, causing a few of Liberty Ave’s residents to stare at the couple.

Brian stumbled backwards, as if he had been punch in the stomach, the look on his face could only be read as devastation. Justin immediately regretted what he said when he saw the look on his lover’s face so he rushed over to him and ran his hands up the older man’s chest. But Brian pulled away and stared at him with glossy eyes.

“If that’s the way you want it then fine! You know what? You’re right, it’s not my baby...” Brian looked down in dejection, trying to keep his emotions in check. “I just, I wanted to be with you.” The brunet whispered before glancing tentatively into blue eyes.

Brian breathed deeply before muttering “See ya.” over his shoulder as he turned around and walked away, leaving Justin standing in the middle of sidewalk, silent tears trailing slowly down his cheeks.

Chapter 7

Masks and Halos

It had been three weeks since Brian had been to the diner, or in a two hundred foot range of Justin. As he thought back to that day that Justin had disregarded his feelings for both him and the baby, an unmistakable pain in his heart would resurface. It was the same pain that he had that day... until he drowned it with a bottle of beam.

It was 7 pm and Brian was counting on Justin not working because Debbie was giving him day shifts, not the evening one so he could get a good night’s sleep every night. He walked into the diner and was greeted with the site of Justin leaning over a table, wiping it thoroughly after it’s last customers.

Brian stood just inside the door of the diner, staring at the blond who haunted his dreams.

Suddenly the blond turned and Brian was floored by a pair of sad blue eyes.

**

It had been three weeks since Justin had seen or heard from Brian and it was slowly killing him inside.. The man had avoided the diner and family dinners like the plague, not really going near his friends either. Since their argument, Justin hadn’t really been eating or sleeping and had stopped interacting with everyone, even Daphne, who had began to really worry for her friend. He was becoming more and more introvert and sad.

When he went for his ultrasounds, even the doctor realised that Justin was becoming depressed. Justin had drifted off as Dr. Smith discussed pre-partum depression and giving him Xanax, Valium or Lexapro. He thanked the woman and left, with thoughts of Brian clouding his frazzled mind. Not one thing that she said had been heard by the blond.

He was currently wiping up after a group of customers when he felt a tingle at the end of his spine.

‘Brian is here.’ He thought to himself as he tried his best not to let the man know that he knew he was there. But he couldn’t resist and turned to face the man, only to make eye contact for a mere second before the brunet was gone.

Justin’s head dropped as he sighed internally.

“Deb!” The blond called out softly as tears filled his eyes. The boisterous red-head came over and took one look at the blond before taking him gently into her arms.

“What’s wrong sweetie? Why are you so upset?”

“Can I go? I’m not well... Can I go home?”

Debbie smiled sadly.

“Of course honey. I’ll take over your tables, it’s not that busy anyway. Do you need to call Daphne?”

But Justin shook his head. “No, I’m fine. I want to walk, maybe it’ll make me feel better. By the way, em... do you have Brian’s address?”

Debbie told him the address and after he grabbed his belongings, he was out the diner and on his way to the corner of Tremont, not knowing why the address sounded so familiar.

**

Brian sat in the dark in his loft, thinking about the blond who had blown into his life and turned him into a lesbian. He was sitting on the floor, with his back to the couch, a full glass of beer resting on his thigh and a bottle of the amber liquid on the coffee table.

He missed the feeling of making love to Justin, running his tongue inside his tight hole and tasting his round bubble butt.

He then wondered about the baby's other father, still wishing it was him.

"Why can't life be simple?" He asked himself quietly as an unnoticed tear ran down his tanned cheek.

**

Justin reached the building and gasped in a breath. It couldn't be... Brian couldn't be Hero. The blond was nearly hyperventilating when he walked through the door to the building, the latch was broken, allowing him to enter. He looked down at the piece of paper in his hand that Debbie had given him.

'Corner of Tremont. Top floor.'

As the blond stepped into the elevator and pressed the button for the top floor, tears ran down his cheeks as he tried to keep himself upright with a hand on the wall of the elevator, which was slowly closing in on him. He suddenly collapsed back into the corner of the moving box, not noticing when it stopped on Brian's floor.

**

Brian was still sitting in the same position, only this time he was half-pissed and singing along with an old Elvis Costello tune which was currently playing on his top of the range stereo.

He suddenly stopped as he heard the elevator stopped on his floor. Obviously it was either gonna be Mikey or Debbie, wondering why he hadn't been around for the last three weeks.

He got up from his position on the floor, unsteadily, and walked slowly over to the large metal door. He leaned his head against the cool metal and waited for the unwanted person to ring the bell or use their key. But when neither happened, Brian frowned and slowly unlocked the door then pulled it open. His eyes opened wide when he saw Justin cowering in the corner of the elevator. Without thinking, he rushed over to the blond and ran his hands over the boy's arms and face, trying to coax him out of his trance.

As the blond continued to tremble, unhearing to the world and Brian's pleas, the brunet decided that he would have to get him inside the loft. He gently picked Justin up and was grateful when he felt soft warm arms wrap around his shoulders, even if the blond didn't really know he was doing it.

He carried the younger man into the loft and brought him straight up to his bed, before placing him on the soft quilt and then sitting beside him. Justin shook viciously in his unconscious state and Brian was going out of his wits wondering what was wrong with him.

But suddenly blue eyes shot open and Justin sat up too quickly, spinning slightly as the blood rushed to his head. Brian reached his arms out to the boy and tried to comfort him as best he could.

"Brian?" The boy whispered softly, his pale eyes locking on Brian's.

"Yeah Justin, it's me. What happened?"

Justin closed his eyes as the memories assaulted him... the memories of his first night in this loft.

"Oh god Angel, it feels so good to be inside you."

"Oh God, you're so big, I can feel you all over." The blond whimpered softly against his lover's lips. "Fuck me Hero, do it now!"

Brian growled and slowly pulled out before plunging back into the tight heat. He continued to ram into the blond, fucking him within an inch of his life, but still conscious of not hurting him.

The brunet was getting so close when he suddenly felt the blonde's hole tighten around him and the boy vibrated with pleasure as he came all over his chest, without either of them touching his cock.

At the tightening of the boy's channel, Brian groaned and blew his load into the condom, deep into the blonde. He then collapsed on top of the boy's lithe frame, squishing the boy's cum between him.

“You... you’re... I...” The blond tried to explain but couldn’t get his own head around the fact that Brian was the father of his child. He looked into the concerned hazel eyes and saw all the love that he knew Brian felt for him, and he was so afraid of losing that. He decided to try a new tactic.

“Brian?” He whispered emotionally as Brian stared at him.

“Yeah Sunshine? What’s wrong? Please tell me.” The brunet ran his fingers through the bright blond hair as he waited for Justin’s answer.

“Are you my Hero?”

Brian’s heart caught in his throat. “What?” The brunet asked quietly, suspiciously.

“Am I your Angel?” The blond asked again, hoping that Brian would figure out what he was trying to say.

“What the fuck are you talking about Justin?” The brunet was becoming angry and he began to pull away.

“You’re the baby’s father.” Justin whimpered as he tried to keep a hold on Brian, but the brunet was just too strong and he stood up, glaring at the blond on the bed. “You’re my baby’s father, I was here the night I became pregnant...” Justin murmured with a small smile but it fell from his face when he saw the furious look on Brian’s face.

“So let me get this straight...” Brian growled infuriated as he stood with his arms folded defensively across his chest. “... You were fucking pissed at me because I wanted to be a father to this... child... and now you’re trying to pawn it off on me?!? Well fuck that shit! You are not gonna try and convince me that the kid is mine! I can’t believe you’d sink so fucking low... What is it that you want huh? Money? Well here...” The brunet took all of the money out of his pockets and flung it at the blond who was still sitting, crying tears of anger and devastation. “... Consider it as pay for services rendered!”

Justin’s mouth had been hanging open the entire time, tears began to fill his eyes as he looked down at the twenty dollar bills which littered his body. He rose silently and walked slowly passed the brunet, who was almost hyperventilating, as he let the bills fall at his feet.

Justin whispered to himself as he walked through the living room.

“Services rendered... services... rendered. I’m a whore, he thinks I’m a whore.” Tears began to fall down his cheeks as he walked out the still-open loft door. He walked down the four flights of stairs, but not before hearing the loft door slam behind him.

He walked out of the building and began to walk aimlessly down the street, in the direction of Liberty Avenue, his hands unconsciously rubbing his large belly. But as he was about to cross the street, he felt a sharp pain in his stomach which caused him to collapse against a nearby building. He began to breathe carefully, closing his eyes as he rode out the pain of, what he knew was a contraction. He suddenly felt his pants grow wet and began to cry silently when he realised that his water had broke.

With shaking hands, he took his cell-phone out of his pocket and tried, as calmly as possible, to speed dial 1 for Daphne. As the phone rang, Justin prayed that she would answer and let out a sob of relief when she did.

“Justin?” The girl asked cheerily as she saw the blonde’s number on her phone.

“Daphne...” Justin groaned through gritted teeth. “I need you to come and get me... the baby’s coming... I’m on Tremont... Please DAPH!” The blond screamed in pain as another contraction hit. “Please Daphne!”

The girl was up and out of the apartment immediately, jumping into her car and on her way to get her best friend to the hospital.

**

Justin was leaning against one of the buildings on Tremont, the rough bricks cutting his back as his chest heaved from the pain of his constant contractions. He held his swollen belly as tears trailed his cheeks, he looked up to the window of his lover’s apartment and shook violently, the pain of the loss of Brian was more painful than one million contractions put together.

**

Michael was walking over to Brian’s loft on the corner of Tremont. He wanted to visit his friend to see what the fuck was wrong with him these last couple of weeks. As he was crossing the street, careful of the traffic, he saw a familiar blond nuisance standing a couple of metres away from his best friend’s building. He scowled as he made his

way over to Justin but it quickly turned to a worried expression when he saw the kid collapse altogether. Michael barely got there in time to catch him and lay him on the ground.

“Justin... Justin, what’s wrong?” He whispered as he wrapped his jacket around the blonde’s quivering body.

Justin opened his tired eyes as a sweat broke out on his pale face. The blond tried to breathe slowly but his breath continued to catch in his throat.

“The... baby’s... coming!” He yelled the last bit as another contractions hit and he held onto Michael for dear life.

Michael’s mouth dropped open as he tried to comfort the blond as best he could.

“We have to call an ambulance.” The brunet gasped out as he fumbled in his pocket for his cell-phone, but Justin’s hand on his stopped him.

“Daphne’s... coming.” The younger man closed his eyes tightly together, trying to ride out the wave of pain. Michael nodded his head and just continued to hold the boy until he saw Daphne jump out of a car and run to their aid.

When they had helped Justin into the car, Michael spoke up.

“I should go tell Brian...”

But was stopped with a stern, yet breathless, “No.” Michael turned to the kid with a frown.

“We’re not together, this is none of his concern. Just get me to the hospital!” The blond cried out as Michael and Daphne jumped into the car and sped to the nearest hospital.

**

Brian made his way up the steps to his bedroom and opened the wardrobe, determined to head out to Babylon. He reached up to take down his new pair of Prada boots but something silver and glittering in the light, stopped him, as it fell to the floor.

The man frowned and knelt down to retrieve it, when he picked it up, he realised that it was Angel's halo. He ran his fingers lightly over the shining material and closed his tired eyes. Images of a beautiful blond flew past his eyes... but it was Justin... or was it Angel?

His eyes were shut tight as the familiar laugh, glistening blue eyes and bright white smile assaulted his mind.

Suddenly his eyes opened wide and he whispered to himself.

"Justin wasn't lying... he is my angel... Is the baby really mine?"

Brian shook as he remembered their first night together... Christmas Eve 2004...

"I have to see him!" He suddenly gasped to himself before grabbing his jacket, wallet and keys and leaving the loft, not forgetting the halo which he held onto for dear life.

**

Justin was shaking as he was lifted from the back of Daphne's car onto a gurney and then rushed through the hospital, being pushed to the delivery room, with Daphne and Michael trailing behind.

Michael suddenly remembered he needed to let the family know. He dialled the diner and waited until his mother answered the phone.

"Liberty Diner!"

"Hey Ma! Justin's gone into labour... he's like a month early or something and he's in so much pain Ma... He's in Allegheny..." The brunet rushed out all in one breath. Debbie's mouth dropped open in a silent gasp as the information registered in her head.

“Oh my God! But... how do you know? I mean... you don't even like Justin...”

“I was on my way to see Brian and Justin had collapsed down the street, I had to make sure he was alright... even if he does irritate me...”

Debbie smiled at the sound of concern in her son's voice.

“I'm gonna finish my shift as soon as I can and then I'll be there! Thanks for letting me know baby, tell Justin I love him.”

“Kay Ma, see ya soon!”

Chapter 8

A Hero's Angels

Debbie hung up the phone and then picked up the phone to dial again. She was trying to get Kiki to cover for her.

When Kiki agreed to come in, Debbie hung up and was about to get ready to leave when a frazzled looking Brian came flying into the diner. He ran over to her, breathless, and asked where his lover was.

“Deb, do you know where Justin is? I really need to talk to him.”

“Brian... what are you talking about? I thought you'd be at the hospital...”

The brunet frowned as he backed away from her.

“Hospital?”

“Brian, honey, Justin was rushed to Allegheny. He’s gone into labour.”

“Oh shit!” The brunet shouted as he hurried out of the diner, not even giving Debbie enough time to ask for a lift to the hospital.

**

Justin was lying on the bed, sweating profusely as another painful contraction hit, now being only five minutes apart. Daphne was at his side, holding his scorching hand, as he almost crushed her bones.

Suddenly Brian rushed into the room, followed by a weary looking Michael who spoke up before Brian could.

“He just barged in, I couldn’t keep him out.”

Daphne and Brian began to argue, the girl was trying to honour Justin’s wishes for the older man not to be there.

“Everyone, just shut the fuck up!” The blond cried out suddenly, he could feel himself shake with emotions. “Brian, what the fuck do you want?... Why are you here?”

Brian turned to the blond and looked at him sadly before pulling out the halo he had worn on Christmas Eve. Both Justin and Daphne gasped as they recognised the item, but the meaning was lost on Michael.

“Justin...” The hazel-eyed man whispered as he leaned in a bit closer to Justin. “I’m sorry that... I didn’t... believe you. I was just so afraid of getting hurt.” Tears filled the older man’s eyes before Justin grabbed the back of his neck and crushed their lips together. They kissed passionately until another contraction hit Justin’s frail body and he cried out in pain, causing Brian to jump back with fear.

“Brian!” The blond sobbed out as he reached out for the man’s hand. Just as Brian held onto his shaking hand, a doctor came in and examined Justin.

“You’re nine centimetres dilated Justin, it’s time to go.”

Justin looked worriedly into Brian’s glassy hazel eyes.

“Brian, come with me. Please!”

Brian nodded his head and followed the moving bed down the bright, cold corridors as they left Daphne and Michael behind.

Brian got ready in scrubs and washed his hands thoroughly before entering the delivery room. He went straight to Justin’s side and held his hand tightly before kissing him on the forehead.

“I love you Justin.”

Justin smiled as the drugs kicked in to his system, dulling the pain a little.

“Me too, so much...”

Their beautiful moment was ruined though by Justin’s doctor standing at the end of his bed with a midwife on one side and a nurse on the other.

“You ready to have your baby Justin?” The blond nodded his head and followed the woman’s instructions to push as another contraction hit. He felt one hundred times stronger with Brian by his side.

**

Five Hours Later

Brian walked out of the delivery room to find the entire family waiting for him, he smiled as they all looked at him worried.

“She’s beautiful…” He whispered as Debbie came up and wrapped her arms around his body. “... And she’s mine.”

Debbie frowned as she looked up at him.

“What?”

But Brian smiled as he shook his head.

“It’s a long story... They’re putting her in the nursery if you guys wanna see her. We haven’t named her yet so... she’s just Baby Girl Taylor-Kinney.

Everyone’s eyebrows shot up as they heard that.

“It was Justin’s idea.”

“How is he?” Lindsay asked quietly as she walked over to Brian, holding an anxious Gus in her arms.

“He’s okay, just a little tired... He’s glad that she’s finally here. I’m just glad that they’re both okay.” The brunet smiled as he lead the group down to the nursery. When they got there, they all peered in through the glass at the little girl, wrapped up in pink, as she was settled in place by a nurse.

Brian left them all there to stare at his daughter as he went to find Justin’s room. He walked into Room 317 and saw his exhausted lover laying in bed, eyes shut, sleeping peacefully. He walked over to the bed and ran his fingers through the soft golden hair that was still wet from sweat, he then trailed his fingertips along the boy’s pale forehead and sleep-flushed cheeks, stopping on his full pink lips.

He suddenly felt Justin’s small pink tongue run along his fingertips. And then sleepy blue eyes opened as he smiled tiredly.

“Hey.” The boy whispered in a raspy voice. Brian immediately reached over and picked up the glass of water, bringing it to the blonde’s parched lips, as Justin drank greedily.

“Heya baby, how are you feeling?” The brunet whispered back as he kissed the boy on his cheek.

“Tired... and sore. So fucking sore. Plus I want to see our baby.”

“About that Jus...” The brunet murmured as he picked up the discarded halo and placed it lightly on the boy’s head. “I still can’t believe its you.”

Justin nodded his head with a smile on his face but suddenly began to cry. Brian reached over and wrapped his arms gently around the boy’s lithe frame, careful of his tender tummy.

“What’s wrong?”

Justin looked up as Brian brushed away the stray tears from his lover’s cheeks.

“I’m a little... emotional, I guess. And I just... I still don’t know why you didn’t believe me.”

“I... Justin, when you shouted at me about the baby not being mine, I had never been as hurt as I was at that moment. And I missed you so much while we weren’t talking and then, all of a sudden, you just turned up and said that the baby was mine and that, that you were the guy that I had been obsessing over secretly. The one that I’d made love to on Christmas Eve. I just couldn’t believe you... I couldn’t believe that everything that I’d wanted was there in front of me and that... you were so perfect... I was just so...”

He was cut off by a pair of soft pink lips against his own, tenderly caressing his mouth. When they pulled away, Brian opened his eyes and stared at the boy, he trailed his fingers along the boy’s still swollen belly.

The boy smiled sleepily. Suddenly a nurse walked in, holding a bundle swaddled in pink blankets, which apparently held their new born baby.

She walked over to the two men and approached Brian, who looked tentative and nervous and excited all at once. He stood immediately and smiled as she held out the baby to him, he took the small child into his arms and didn't notice when tears filled his eyes and began to trail down his cheeks.

The nurse smiled at Justin before leaving the men alone with their child. Justin turned his head and took in the image of his lover and their child which was in his arms. Brian just stared at this wonderful creation, wondering how this child could result from an accident, a torn condom, or so he thought, and wondering how he could love this tiny creature which had only been in the world for the best part of an hour. He kissed her gently on her soft, partially exposed forehead which roused her from sleep and caused her to whimper, which soon turned into a full cry.

At the sound of this, Justin pushed the button at the side of his bed and his nurse came scurrying in, when she heard the baby's cries she smiled, relieved that it was nothing more serious.

She stood beside Justin, who placed a tender hand on Brian's arm, trying to get the man's attention.

"Brian?" He whispered, which caused the man to turn and smile at him.

"Sorry..." He murmured shyly as he handed the girl over to Justin who, with the help of the nurse, placed the small baby at his nipple. Just as they were trying to coax her to suckle at his nipple, tiny pink lips latched on and began to gain nourishment from the child's father.

Justin looked up and smiled brightly at his lover, who smiled back and ran his fingers along the baby's soft, silky arm. As the little girl continued to feed, she reached out to hold onto one of Brian's nearby fingers and clutched as tightly as she could to his index finger, causing him to gasp.

"Justin..."

"What is it baby?"

Brian looked up at his lover and indicated towards his finger which caused a bright white smile to break out across the younger man's face.

"She likes you." He giggled quietly before staring back down at the baby, who began to grow tired as her hunger lessened. Justin picked her up and, with the aid of the nurse, burped the little girl and then held her gently in his

arms. They watched as her hazel eyes gradually shut and she fell asleep. But her grip on Brian's finger didn't falter until the nurse pushed in a cradle in and Brian took the small girl from Justin's arms and placed her in the tiny bed.

Justin moved over to one side of the bed and invited Brian to join him there, the older man sat down beside his lover, careful of the pain that the boy was feeling. He wrapped his left arm around the kid's shoulders and felt him nuzzle into his broad shoulder, getting comfortable in his arms.

"Brian?"

"What is it Blondie?" He asked tenderly as he looked into the boy's face.

"What'll we call her?" Justin asked tentatively as he looked away from the older man, afraid that his decision would be scorned.

"Anything you want beautiful... I know that you've been thinking about names, even I've been thinking about names... but it's up to you. Whatever you want Sunshine."

"You have so many nicknames for me." The blond laughed quietly. "I was thinking of the name... Molly."

Brian smiled brightly. "That's a gorgeous name. Where did you get that from?"

The blond smiled sadly before tears filled his eyes.

"Molly's my sister... I was forbidden to see her when I was kicked out of my house. I haven't seen her since last Christmas." Tears poured from his eyes and Brian tried his best to hold the boy without hurting him.

"Well maybe she can visit or something Jus..." The brunet murmured, not sure of what to say as he hadn't heard of Justin's sister before.

But Justin shook his head sadly.

“If she did, he’d probably kick her out too. I don’t blame her for not trying to find me.”

“She probably didn’t know your address or anything Justin... Now on a lighter subject, the name is really beautiful. She looks like a Molly.”

Justin smiled and settled into the man’s arms.

“Brian? What would you like to call her?”

As Brian sat in silence, Justin looked up with a frown.

“What... what is it?” The blond asked worriedly as he placed a caring hand on the man’s chest, just over his heart. He saw the older man blush and Justin looked at him amusedly. “What Brian?”

“Well, the other day I was watching a Marlon Brando movie, you know ‘The Young One’? Well the character in that, her name is Kathie, and I thought it was a really nice name and stuff...” The brunet trailed off as he waited for Justin’s answer.

“I love it Brian... we can call her Molly Katherine or Katherine Molly, you decide.”

“Molly Katherine... is that okay with you?”

“Yeah of course it is... my Hero.” Justin whispered quietly as the exhaustion set in and his eyes fell shut.

Brian smiled and cuddled the boy to his chest where he too fell asleep.

And that’s the way they were found fifteen minutes later, by the entire family, who were soon ushered out by Justin’s nurse.

**

Christmas Eve 2005

Angel stood alone outside of Babylon, his billowing white silk shirt not guarding him from the harsh Pittsburgh cold. He shook as he stood beside the building, contemplating his options. When suddenly, a pair of strong warm arms wrapped tightly around his waist. He leaned back into the chest of the man who was giving him shelter from the cold.

He turned around slowly and smiled up into the face Zorro.

“I’ve missed you...” He whispered quietly, running his fingers down the man’s soft cheek, strong jaw and long, graceful neck, stopping at his pulse point. “Have you missed me Hero?”

But Zorro shook his head, which caused Angel to pull back from the man’s embrace and frown at him.

“What? But I... don’t... underst...” His rant was halted by passionate dark lips pressed against his own.

“I haven’t missed you because... I’ve had another blond twink and our beautiful daughter, monopolizing my time.” Brian smiled brightly and pulled the white mask off of Justin’s face before kissing it all over. “I love you baby.”

“Me too Bri... Lets go pick up Molly from Debbie’s, I miss her already. ” The blond whispered before taking Brian’s hand in his as they made their way home... to their child and their new life together.

The End