

## **Leather Ball Blues**

Author: Sue Walsh

Rating: NC-17

Relationship: Brian/Justin

Summary: Brian and Justin reflect upon the evening's events

"Fine. Take the keys. Take the seat. Take the baby. Just . . . go. Justin, get Gus' stuff together." Brian said, annoyed. He'd gotten a nice little buzz going and everyone was conspiring to ruin it. He was tired of all these little dramas and just wanted everyone to go away.

Melanie hesitantly hand Gus to Brian and took the car keys he proffered. She left the loft to transfer the baby seat from his jeep to her car, while Justin moved about gathering the baby's toys and clothes and things. Brian ignored all the commotion around and spoke quietly to his son while bouncing him in his arms.

"You're okay, aren't you, Sonny Boy? Sure you are. Melanie just loves making a mountain out of a mole hill. Sorry you're not spending the whole weekend with us but we better let Melanie play the hero in this little drama . . ."

Gus watched his father intently, staring at his moving lips, responding to the sound of his voice. Without provocation, he started fussing a bit in his father's arms.

"I know you'd rather stay here" Brian commiserated quietly. "I'm here. Justin's here. We'd have a great time. We'd take good care of you."

Gus continued to be agitated.

"Justin, did Gus ever get his bottle?" Brian asked.

Justin came in and placed the baby's diaper bag on the floor. "No, Melanie took it and tossed it in the sink."

"Warm him another one. He's hungry."

Justin stared at Brian in shock. How could Brian ask him to do the exact same thing he had fucked up only moments before?

"Go on." Brian insisted. "How long did you nuke the other bottle?"

"Forty seconds." Justin answered.

"That's right. So the milk wasn't scalding hot after all." Brian said with a derisive snort.

"But I didn't test it. It could have hurt Gus."

"I doubt it. But you'll test it this time." Brian said.

Justin pulled all the bottles from the fridge. He pulled the cap from one and placed it in the microwave, setting the timer for forty seconds. Then he packed the other bottles in Gus' bag. Gus became animated, his arms and legs flailing wildly.

"Look, he recognizes the sound." Brian said, amazed. "That's right, Sonny Boy. We're going to feed you."

The microwave chimed. Justin removed the bottle and looked at Brian questioningly.

"Shake it up, then shake a few drops onto the inside of your wrist." Brian explained.

Justin did as instructed. "It feels cool."

"Put it in for another five seconds." Justin did and then repeated the steps Brian had outlined.

"It doesn't feel like anything." Justin said, surprised.

"That's it." Brian said with a smile and took the bottle from Justin's hand. He repositioned Gus in his arms and held the bottle to his lips.

"Wait Brian!" Justin exclaimed. "Test it yourself to make sure."

Brian gave Justin an impatient look, but complied to the request, awkwardly shaking a few drops onto his own wrist. "It's perfect." Then he stuck the nipple into the baby's mouth and watched as Gus began to happily suck away.

"Why are you doing that now?" Melanie demanded as she reappeared in the loft.

"Because . . . he's hungry." was Brian's clipped response. "You interrupted his dinner."

"And thank God I did."

"Justin, take Gus's bag down to Melanie's car." Justin obliged, taking Melanie's car keys and hefting the overstuffed diaper bag over his shoulder.

As soon as Justin was gone, Brian turned to Melanie. "Next time, test the milk yourself before you accuse Justin of endangering Gus. The bottle was probably just fine."

"Next time! You think there'll be a next time?"

"And next time you decide to have one of your little meltdowns, you direct it at me and not at him."

Brian and Melanie glared at each other until a hollow, sucking sound signaled that Gus had finished his formula. Brian pulled the empty bottle from the baby's mouth and handed it to Melanie then he lifted Gus to his shoulder and patted his back gently. Gus rewarded his efforts quickly with a rather loud burp.

"Very good, Sonny Boy." He handed the baby to Melanie. "His coat is on the sofa."

Justin came back in as Melanie was gathering the winter-wrapped infant into her arms. He handed her the keys and stood, at a loss as to what he could do to change events. Brian came up next to him and snaked an arm around Justin's neck, pulling him into a casual embrace.

"You have yourself a nice evening." Brian said sweetly to Melanie, who paused in her departure long enough to call him an asshole.

Against the skin of Brian's neck, Justin said, "Brian, I'm so . . . "

"Forget it. Not your fault. I should have told you how to test the formula and Melanie shouldn't have over-reacted."

"But Lindsay's going to be so pissed, especially when she has to pick up Gus from Melanie's."

"I'm not concerned with Lindsay, or Melanie. The only thing I'm concerned with at this moment is . . ."

"What?"

"Whether or not you'll look as good in leather as I think you will." Brian finished by grabbing the hem of Justin's shirt, pulling it up and over his head.

"What?" Justin asked, confused.

"I've been picturing you in leather all night." Brian said as he shrugged out of his leather jacket and held it up for Justin to don. Justin turned around, attempting to hide his grin, to slip his arms into the sleeves, his mind repeating Brian's words, ' . . picturing you . . . all night.'

Brian grasped Justin's shoulders and propelled him to the large mirror, standing behind the boy as they both admired the reflection. Brian moved the lapel of the jacket to expose more of Justin's bare chest, particularly his right nipple.

"Mmmm." was Brian's verbal appraisal, but Justin could feel Brian's hard-on pressing against his hip.

"It smells like you." Justin said, pressing his face into the jacket's collar.

"Justin, 'you' smell like me." Brian pointed out.

"It's too big." Justin commented, as he shrugged his shoulders loosely within the jacket.

"I'll just have to get you one that fits better." Brian said as he moved the collar back exposing Justin's neck. He moved closer so he could lick the tender flesh.

"You don't have to buy me anything."

"I did buy you something." Brian said as he reached around and dug in the inside pocket of the leather. He pulled out a small brown paper bag.

"What is it?" Justin's eyes followed Brian's hands as he drew the bag toward him and opened it.

"Just a little something." Brian reached in and drew out a small length of narrow black leather. He dropped the bag to the floor and quickly positioned the leather piece around Justin's neck. His fingers played at the back of Justin's neck as he fastened the item in place.

"Wait. Is that a collar?" Justin asked nervously.

"It's a choker." Brian whispered in Justin's ear. "Doesn't mean anything. Just an adornment. I thought it would look sexy on you." Brian paused and looked at Justin for a long moment. "I was right. Look at you."

Brian turned Justin back toward the mirror so he could see the effect of the supple leather band snugly in place around his long, slender neck.

"Oh, God." Justin said quietly, staring at his reflection for a moment before breaking into a smile. "Where did you get this?"

"A couple of the toy stores set up booths at Babylon for Leather Ball." Brian answered as he pressed himself tightly against Justin's back. He stroked the bare skin of Justin's tummy casually. "Kick your shoes off."

Justin did as asked, toeing off his Nikes and kicking them out of the way. Brian knelt behind him. Justin watched his actions in the mirror. Brian's hands grabbed the waist of his utility pants and jerked them down Justin's thighs, along with his underwear. He helped Justin step out of his clothes then rose, his hands on Justin's slender hips, to peer into the mirror.

Justin, naked from the waist down and clad only in leather from the waist up, sported an erection that was

pointing up toward his belly.

"This is a good look for you." Brian said, amused. "I should have bought that leather jock strap though, to complete the ensemble."

"It's still early. We could go back to Babylon and get it." Justin suggested.

"The only way I'd take you to the Leather Ball is on a leash." Brian slapped Justin's bare butt playfully.

"That's okay with me. A leash works both ways." Justin answered coyly.

Brian knelt again, making sure to drag himself along every inch of Justin that he could. "No sense dressing you in something I'd only rip right off anyway." Brian reached up and gently pushed on Justin's back, causing his upper body to fall forward. Justin's arms reached out and he grabbed the frame of the mirror. Justin smiled. They'd done this before.

Brian parted the cheeks of Justin's luscious ass with his hands. He blew gently at the opening he exposed, causing it to tighten reflexively and making Justin groan. When the little bud again relaxed, Brian moved forward and lapped at it with a wet, warm tongue. He licked it for several moments, enjoying the noises Justin was making. Stiffening his tongue, he pushed it into the tight opening and began tongue-fucking Justin.

A shudder rippled through Justin's body. He glanced at the mirror, amazed at his own appearance. His jaw was clenched, his eyes were dark and glassy. The leather choker around his neck made him look like an entirely different person. Most people, upon seeing his fair-haired, boyish good looks, assumed he was a young innocent child. Those people would probably cross a street to avoid him were they to see him dressed like this. He looked tough. He looked threatening. He looked sexy.

Brian's oral assault slowed and then stopped. He rose up behind Justin and smiled into the mirror. "Stay here. Keep looking at yourself." Justin blushed, realizing that Brian knew that he had been doing exactly that.

Brian moved away and peeled off his black t-shirt. He kicked off his shoes on his way to the bedroom and began to unzip the tight leather pants he wore. When he emerged he was naked and carrying a tube of lubricant and a condom. Justin watched him approach.

"Don't look at me. Look in the mirror." Brian warned. He moved behind Justin began to prepare his already relaxed asshole. "Look at how sexy you are. How hot. I can't wait to fuck you, you look so hot." Brian growled in Justin's ear as his fingers eased in and out of Justin's opening.

Justin continued to stare at his own reflection as Brian finger fucked him and continued his running commentary. "Remember the first time we did it in front of the mirror?" he asked.

"Yeah." Justin answered in a breathy voice. "Don't tell me you do?"

"Watch your face really closely." Brian instructed. His fingers, deep inside Justin, curled downward and scraped against Justin's prostate. Justin's whole body clenched, but he continued to watch himself in the mirror. His eyes met Brian's gaze in the glass. "Yeah, I know that look." Brian said. He carefully removed his fingers from Justin's ass and quickly rolled a condom over his cock.

After some adjustments in their positioning, Brian placed his cock at Justin's opening and slowly pushed himself inside. All commentary stopped then as Brian got down to the serious business of fucking his golden boy, with deep, forceful thrusts.

Once again, Justin was grateful for the well-built and firmly bolted mirror. Because of the difference in their heights, Justin's grip on the mirror's frame and Brian's grip on his thighs were the only thing holding

Justin up. His feet only barely touched the floor. Most people assumed Brian worked his upper body at the gym because he was vain. Though probably true, there was another practical purpose to Brian's building up the strength in his arms. He could hold Justin's ass in the air effortlessly while he fucked him.

After several minutes of mid-air fucking, Brian lowered Justin down so that his feet would once again support him. He bent his knees slightly between Justin's thighs and he leaned forward over Justin's back, rubbing his chest against the back of the leather jacket that Justin still wore. Brian's hands found purchase on the frame of the mirror right above Justin's and the assault on Justin's ass continued.

Justin watched Brian's face, positioned on his shoulder, in the mirror. His expression was mesmerizing. Eyes closed, mouth slack, occasionally Brian's tongue would dart out to lick his lips. As if knowing that Justin was watching, Brian's eyes opened and met Justin's in the reflection. That look alone almost sent Justin over the edge. The fingers of Brian's left hand interlaced with Justin's on the sturdy wooden frame while his right hand reached beneath Justin and found his rigid dick. His gaze never left Justin's as he stroked him expertly to completion.

They were completely connected. Brian's cock in his ass. Brian's hand holding his. Brian's chest on his back. Brian's eyes locked on his. Though he hated to break even one thread of that connection and fought against it, Justin's eyes closed uncontrollably as his orgasm hit.

When he opened them again it was to the beautiful sight of Brian in the throes of his own climax. "Yeah. Come on." Justin encouraged with words barely audible. "Come inside me. Let me have it." Brian slammed into his ass one last time and stayed as his cock pulsed deep inside Justin. His fingers tightened around Justin's and finally his head came to rest on Justin's shoulder. Justin felt the additional weight of a relaxed Brian on his back and pressed himself into it, relishing it.

Brian's eyes opened and they once again looked at each other in the mirror, both unable to stop the smiles that crept across their faces. Brian straightened up and withdrew, skimming the condom off. Justin stood upright as well, his muscles telling him he'd been bent over far too long. They both stumbled over to the bedroom. Justin collapsed on the big bed, on top of the duvet that Brian was trying to turn down.

"You can't sleep in that jacket." Brian declared as he tugged the duvet out from under Justin.

Justin struggled to sit up and shrugged out of the jacket, tossing it to the floor. He raised his arms and started to unfasten the leather choker around his neck when he felt Brian's hands on his.

"Uh, that, you can leave on."

The End