

# Miss Debbie's Escort Service

By Thyme

## Chapter 1

"Miss Debbie's Fine Escorts, Miss Debbie speaking, how may I help you?"

"Um ... yes ... um ... I'm looking for an ... um ... escort."

"Then you've called the right place, honey. What kind do you want?"

"Kind?"

"We have gay, straight and lesbian escorts, but our specialty is gay. I'm assuming you don't want lesbian."

"Ew, no thanks."

Debbie laughed. "So will it be gay or straight."

"Gay, please, they dress much better."

"You got that right. Now what kind of gay escort do you want?"

"Kind?"

"Well, usually our clients have preferences about the type of escort they want. You know, tall, short, old, young, well endowed."

"Oh, I see. I need someone between ... um ... twenty-five and thirty-five."

"Okaaaaay. Any other clues would be appreciated?"

"I ... um ... What exactly do you mean?"

"This is obviously your first time?"

"Um ... yes."

"Okay, I need to know if you have preference as to race, religion, hair color. You name it."

"Oh, I see. No, I don't really care, just someone presentable."

"Presentable? Now, I'm confused."

"Why are you confused?"

"Most people ask for hot, not presentable."

"Well, I want presentable."

"What exactly do you want your escort to do?"

"I need him to escort me to a wedding."

"Your own?"

"Fuck, no. My sister's."

"And that's all; just escort you to a wedding?"

"Well, he should be nice to me and treat me like his boyfriend."

Debbie laughed. "Honey, we're not a dating service."

"I know that. I'm prepared to pay."

"So, let me get this straight. You want a gay escort between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five to take you to your sister's wedding. He should look presentable, be nice to you and treat you like a boyfriend?"

"That's right. Oh, and he should wear a nice suit."

"Of course," Debbie said with a smirk. She had a real live one here. She decided she better ask the big question. "Do you want to have sex with him?"

"Sex? Is that an option?"

"We are an escort service." 'Earth to client,' Debbie was thinking to herself. "Many, and I do mean many, of the people who call here are looking for a good fuck."

"Oh."

"So, are you?"

"How ... how much does that cost?"

"Three hundred."

"Wow, that's a lot."

"We have only the best, and you pay for the best."

"Yeah, I guess."

"So what about the sex part?"

"How ... how much will it be for just the wedding?"

"How long would you need the escort for?"

"Ceremony's at three and then dinner and the reception, probably going on till midnight."

"Hm, that's nine hours. Most of our boys are only out for an hour or two."

"Oh."

"I guess I could have somebody escort you for that long for, say, seven fifty."

"That's seven hundred and fifty dollars? Wow, that's a lot!"

"Usually I would charge at least a hundred an hour, so you're actually getting a bargain. You caught me at a weak moment," Debbie laughed.

"Lucky me."

"So what's it going to be?"

"Does the seven fifty include the sex part?"

"Nope, that would be another three hundred on top of the seven fifty."

"Wow!"

Debbie laughed again. "How many times have you said 'wow' since we started talking?"

"Um ... I don't know."

Debbie shook her head in amusement as she asked, "So, do you wish to book our services?"

"Yeah."

"Name, please."

"Justin Taylor."

"T-a-y-l-o-r," she spelled back at him.

"Correct."

"Credit card?"

Justin gave her the information wondering if he was doing the right thing, but he didn't really have any other option. He told her his address.

"Now, what date is this for?" Debbie asked.

"This weekend, Saturday."

"Fuck! Excuse my French. This weekend is Valentine's weekend."

"I know. That's why the wedding is this Saturday. My sister has been planning this for a long time. She thought it would be sooo romantic."

"We're always heavily booked on Valentine's weekend."

"Does that mean you don't have an escort for me?" Justin asked quietly. He had gone through this humiliation for nothing.

"I'll have to check and see if I can find someone."

"I don't want just anyone," Justin said. The idea of showing up with some troll on his arm made him cringe. The guy didn't have to be great looking but he had to be passable or the wedding would turn out worse than arriving with nobody at all.

"Give me your phone number and I'll call you back."

Justin did so, and hung up feeling totally deflated. He had never called an escort service before in his life. And the first time he did turns out like this. Well, maybe it would be better if they couldn't find anyone to escort him. He'd just have to put up with his mother clucking all over him and worrying about him being alone. He knew she meant well, but sometimes she needed to give him space, especially since...

No, he wouldn't think about that now. He'd sketch or something, anything to keep his mind off the return phone call from Miss Debbie. Justin turned on a CD and sat on the couch in his small apartment. He picked up his sketchbook and let the pencil wander over the page. After a few strokes he knew what he was going to draw. He worked quickly drawing lines and shading and crosshatching. The face gradually took form on the paper and he looked at it critically as he let out a small sigh.

The face was that of his boyfriend, Dean. They had met at PIFA when they were both halfway through their studies there. Dean was a dancer. They had met at the book store the first day of a new semester. They immediately hit it off.

Dean was only slightly taller than Justin. He had dirty blond hair and very muscular legs from years of dance training. Justin let out a small moan as he thought about Dean's hard thighs wrapped around his waist as he fucked him into the mattress. Most of the time Dean was the top, but they shared that, like they shared everything else. He missed Dean so much.

Justin opened the zipper of his jeans and drew out his stiffening cock. He had been so lonely the last two years since Dean died. He had been devastated when Dean was killed in that horrible accident. He still remembered that call from Dean's parents. Dean had been on his way home just before Christmas. His parents lived in Cleveland and Dean had headed out to spend the holidays with them. The weather had been okay when Dean left Pittsburgh, but the farther north he went the worse the weather got. At first it had been snow which turned into a virtual blizzard with whiteout conditions. Justin had been told that Dean most likely never saw the abandoned SUV that he plowed into on the interstate. Thankfully the people who had abandoned it, stuck in a drift, had got a ride with a passing motorist. Dean was the only casualty.

Justin had gone up to Cleveland for the funeral, but it was a closed casket. He could only imagine why, and he never saw Dean again. The memory of their time together, and of what might have been, continued to haunt him. With a deep sigh Justin shoved his now soft dick back in his jeans and zipped them up. Every time he thought of sex, he thought of Dean, and that made him think of the accident. He was fucked, and not in the way he wanted to be.

Just then the phone rang. He went to pick it up. It was Miss Debbie. Justin steeled himself for her to say that she didn't have an escort for him. That was all right. He would survive it. He had survived a lot worse, unlike Dean.

"Mr. Taylor?" Debbie repeated.

"Um ... sorry, I'm here."

"I have an escort for you."

"You do?"

"It wasn't easy, but this guy helps me out in a pinch."

"Is he the fag of last resort?" Justin asked feeling kind of petulant and disillusioned by the whole escort business. His fucking friend, Daphne, had told him to try this place. 'Try it, you'll like it,' she had said. Fuck Daphne!

Debbie was laughing. "I'll have to tell Brian that he's my fag of last resort," she chuckled. "On second thought, maybe I won't. He'd rip me a new one."

"I beg your pardon," Justin said with a frown. What kind of person was this Brian?

"So, shall I send Brian over on Saturday?"

Justin hesitated. "Could you tell me a bit about him?"

"Like what?"

"Well, you asked me preferences before. How does he fit those preferences?"

Debbie sighed. This client was turning out to be more trouble than he was worth. Still, seven hundred and fifty dollars wasn't to be sneezed at. It would be a tidy commission for her, and Brian could buy himself a new shirt with his take. "He's in his early thirties," she began. She knew Brian would prefer her to say he was twenty-nine, which he had been for a few years now. "He's tall, a little over six feet. He has dark hair, and he's a real label queen."

"So I can count on him being well dressed?"

"Most definitely."

That was a plus. This Brian should look good at the wedding. "Okay, I guess he sounds all right."

"Then we have a deal?"

"Um ... what about the well endowed part?"

"I thought you said no sex."

"I did, but I was ... curious."

Debbie laughed. "I have no personal experience of this, but the gay grapevine says 'very'."

"Very what?"

"Very well endowed."

"Oh!"

"Want to change your mind about the sex?"

Justin was tempted to say yes, but he knew he could barely scrape together the seven fifty. No way could he afford another three hundred. "No, no, as tempting as you make him sound, I don't think so."

"Okay, so Brian will escort you to this wedding, picking you up at three on Saturday at the address you gave me."

"Um ... no."

"You've changed your mind?"

"No, I mean yes, I mean ... He needs to pick me up at two at the latest."

"That's another hour of his time," Debbie said. Brian was not going to like that. She'd had enough trouble convincing him to step in at the last minute, especially when no fucking was involved.

"Does that mean it will cost more?" Justin asked. Maybe he should just give up.

"I think we can keep the price the same," Debbie said with a sigh. She was trying to think of something she could promise Brian to make accept this job with another hour added on. She might have to call in a favor.

Justin let out a sigh of relief. "Okay then, I guess we have a deal. Oh, and he will treat me nicely, like a boyfriend."

Debbie snorted. "Brian doesn't do boyfriends, but I think he's a good enough actor to carry it off."

"I hope so."

"I'm running your credit card right now. No refunds."

"Oh?"

"You knew that, didn't you?"

Justin felt like telling her that he knew nothing about this whole business. He was in way over his head. He suddenly felt like he wanted to throw up. He was spending a good chunk of his month's pay on some guy he'd never seen who might or might not be able to pass himself off as his boyfriend. He must be out of his fucking mind. He was going to kill Daphne the next time he saw her.

"There, we're all set. Brian will see you on Saturday."

"Swell," Justin said with all the sarcasm he could muster and he hung up the phone.

Debbie looked at the receiver before she set it down. This Justin Taylor was an interesting piece of work. She hoped Brian wouldn't kill him if he acted the way he had on the phone. Brian was her son's best friend and he was a very smart cookie. He didn't suffer fools easily, and Justin Taylor had not come across as the sharpest knife in the drawer.

She had better call Brian and tell him he had to pick up his "boyfriend" at two instead of three on Saturday. She could already hear his queen out at that news. She'd have to remind him about all the times she had been there when he needed her. Although, Brian already knew that. He'd do this for her. He would; she convinced herself.

Besides she refused to phone Justin Taylor back and tell him the whole thing was off. That would probably take another hour of her valuable time.

## Chapter 2

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Brian woke Saturday morning and decided he would hit the gym for an hour or two. He had spent most of last night in the backroom at Babylon. He had been horny as fuck, and had been hard pressed to find any decent release. His one time only fucking policy was severely cramping his style. Maybe it was all just getting old ... like him.

Fuck! He didn't want to think like that. He quickly got up and showered. He was at the gym a short time later. Michael and Ben were also there. His so called best friend was keeping his distance these days. Michael and Ben had just bought a new home and he was sure Michael was slowly but surely turning into a Stepford fag. The only thing worse was that Michael now seemed to think that Brian should do the same.

Michael had invited Brian to a couple of dinner parties at his new home, trying, Brian was sure, to make Brian see the light and reform his ways. But Michael's lifestyle was not for him and he was sure it never would be. Someday he would give up clubbing but not in the foreseeable future. In the meantime he had no intention of changing.

Brian joined Ted and Emmett on the Stairmasters. It would be easier to deal with them than with Michael's self-righteous bullshit.

"Howdy, boyz," Brian said as he started his machine.

"My, my, the great god Kinney has deigned to join us," Emmett said with a grin.

"Fuck off, Honeycutt."

"Don't call me Honeycutt."

"Easy, Emm, someone's in a bad mood," Ted said with a laugh.

"Someone's mood is none of your business, Theodore."

"I know why he's cranky," Emmett said with a smirk.

"You do?" Ted asked. "Do tell."

Emmett glanced at Brian before dishing the dirt he had heard from Debbie. "Mr. Kinney is going to a hetero wedding this afternoon."

"No!" Ted reacted daring to look at Brian who was staring at Emmett with a look of contempt.

"I thought I'd see how the other half does it, since everyone I know seems to be getting hitched these days." Brian glanced pointedly over at Michael and Ben who were working with the weights.

"Debbie says his date is quite the little drama princess," Emmett added with a grin.

"Oh, this is going to be good," Ted chuckled. "We'll want a blow by blow when you get back."

"Nobody's getting blown," Brian said with a scowl.

"Debbie says no sex involved."

"Oh, Bri, what a comedown," Ted laughed.

"At least I can still come. Unlike some old fogies I know."

"Debbie says Brian is going to be this guy's date for his sister's wedding," Emmett added.

"Fucking Debbie should keep her mouth shut!" Brian muttered. He stepped off the Stairmaster and headed to the weights. If Michael still wasn't talking to him, he might at least get a little peace and quiet.

"Brian," Ben said as Brian went into the weight area.

"I hear you have a date today," Michael smirked at him.

"Fuck that mother of yours!"

"She hasn't had much to gossip about lately."

"Life's tough. She should have sent you on this fucking date. There's no sex involved so it would have been all chaste and proper."

"That's what you'll have to be tonight, chaste and proper," Michael teased him.

"Enjoy yourself while you have the chance," Brian said hoisting some weights.

"Unlike you who won't be getting any tonight," Michael chuckled as he went over to the Stairmasters.

"Good luck tonight, Brian," Ben said as he left too.

It was this fucking Justin Taylor who was going to need good luck tonight. Brian was beginning to wonder how long he was going to last at a hetero wedding with some little drama princess. If worst came to worst he could always walk out. He could pay Debbie the seven fifty himself. It wasn't like he needed the money. If Debbie didn't lay her sad tale of woe on him and make him feel guilty for letting her down he would so not be doing this.

Fuck, he needed to spend some time in the steam room and see what he could find. Maybe a little recreational sex would take the edge off this whole date fiasco. He shivered at the thought as he headed for the steam room.

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Some time later Brian was back at the loft trying to decide what suit to wear to the wedding. He wasn't sure why he cared but he wanted to knock this Justin Taylor's socks off. That way if Brian decided to ditch him later, he would know he had been discarded by the best, by the one and only stud of Liberty Avenue. Even if they never fucked. Brian wanted to keep a bit of his reputation intact. This date business was already wearing thin.

Finally he decided on the charcoal grey Armani with the muted burgundy shirt and matching tie. It was simple and elegant and just a little defiant. He didn't want to fit in too much. With a smirk Brian got dressed.

As he was about to leave his loft he took a last look at himself in the floor length mirror by the door. He did look hot, as he always did. He turned sideways and noted the thin silhouette he still presented. Whoever this Justin Taylor was would find nothing to complain about where Brian Kinney was concerned. He looked fabulous.

Brian grabbed the keys to his car and headed out. The guy's apartment was only a few streets away. He would be only slightly late.

The apartment building left something to be desired as Brian noted when he pulled up in front of it. It was not exactly rundown, but merely slightly seedy. He frowned. How was this guy affording seven hundred and fifty dollars for this date when he lived in a place like this? Maybe he was going to try and stiff them. But Debbie said she had already run the credit card and it had gone through.

Brian climbed out of the car and walked to the front door. He wouldn't be expecting a tip at the end of this date, that is, if he lasted to the end of it. He pushed the button beside the name J. Taylor.

"Yes," came the response.

"It's your date," Brian smirked. He might as well have a bit of fun with this guy before he kissed him off.

"You're late."

Brian looked at his watch. "Eight minutes."

"Exactly."

This guy was something else. Debbie had said he was picky. Now here he was making a mountain out of eight fucking minutes. "Are you ready?" Brian asked. He didn't like being kept here talking over the intercom.

"I'll be right down. You have a car, don't you?"

"Yes, why?"

"I don't. If you didn't have a car we'd be riding three buses to get to the church."

"Fuck! Haven't you heard of taxis?"

"Not with what I'm paying you. That's why I asked you to come early, just in case."

"Are you coming down? Or are you going to spend the day talking to me over this fucking intercom."

"Be right there."

Brian lit a cigarette and leaned against his Corvette. This was starting to give him a headache and he was sure it would only grow bigger as the day wore on. He could hardly wait to see what this Justin Taylor looked like. He was probably some troll that nobody else would even consider taking out. Fuck!

Having inhaled a few deep puffs of cigarette smoke Brian felt his nerves calm a bit. He waited wondering what would come out the door of the apartment building. Suddenly the door opened and a very nice looking blond young man walked out. Brian felt his dick jump to attention even though the guy wasn't his usual type.

The blond looked around and his eyes met Brian's for a fraction of a second before looking away. Leaning against the Corvette Brian wondered if he could ditch Justin Taylor and make a move on this young man. The blond was looking up and down the street.

Justin felt a tightening in his groin as he glanced at the handsome man leaning against a vintage Corvette. If only his escort could look like that guy, but he would never be that lucky. He wondered where Brian, the escort, could have gotten to.

"Excuse me," Brian said. "Are you by any chance Justin Taylor?"

"Yes, yes, I am," Justin stammered. Could it be?

"I'm Brian ... Novotny, your escort." Brian often used Debbie's last name when he did these jobs for her. It was the least she could do for him, lending her name. Brian pushed himself off the hood of his car and held out his hand.

Justin reached for it and they shook, but not before they each felt the little jolt of electricity that passed between them when they touched.

'This is going to be interesting,' Brian thought.

'Maybe my luck is changing,' Justin wondered to himself.

"Shall we go?" Brian asked opening the passenger door of the Corvette for Justin.

Justin climbed in and Brian closed the door before going around to his side and getting in. He put the key in the ignition, but didn't start it yet.

"Is something wrong?" Justin asked.

"You need to put your seatbelt on."

"Oh."

Brian chuckled. The guy seemed slightly clueless. This must be the first time he'd been with an escort. That's what Debbie had thought to. However clueless Justin Taylor might be, that didn't make him any less hot. Justin did up his seatbelt.

"This is a nice car," he said.

"I like it."

"You must earn a lot of money doing ... this."

"I'm comfortable," Brian smirked. He would enjoy playing this little fucker for a while.

"How ... how long have you been an escort?"

"Are you going to require my life history before we get started on this date?" Brian asked saying the word 'date' with all the scorn he felt for dates in general and paid ones like this in particular, especially if he had been the one doing the paying. But then again he would never have to pay for male company.

Justin winced at the way Brian said date. He already felt worried and upset and cheap, in spite of what this date was costing him. "No," Justin said cautiously. "It's just that..." He didn't quite know how to explain this to Brian.

Brian shrugged and reached for the key to start the car. He felt Justin's hand slide on top of his to stop him from doing so. The same tingle as before hit them both. Justin quickly pulled his hand away.

"What?" Brian asked slightly startled by that reaction.

"Did Miss Debbie explain to you what I wanted you to do?"

"You mean escort you to your sister's wedding?"

"Yes, but the rest of it?"

"She said something about wearing a nice suit and being presentable. Did I meet that requirement?"

Justin blushed. "Oh, yeah!"

Brian smirked. "So, can we go now?"

"Not yet."

"What the fuck!"

"Sorry but there's more to it."

"Like what?"

"Um ... I need you to pretend that you're my boyfriend while we're at the wedding."

"I don't do boyfriends."

"Riiight, Miss Debbie told me that."

Brian wished the blond would stop with the Miss Debbie shit. Debbie was hardly a miss and he found it rather annoying. "So?"

"Um ... I really need you to do this or there's no point in going."

"Why?"

"It's kind of a long story."

"You're paying for my time," Brian said leaning his head back against the headrest and waiting. This ought to be good.

"I ... I haven't been dating for a couple of years," Justin began.

"Years?" Brian asked in amazement.

"Not since my boyfriend was killed in a car crash."

Brian glanced at Justin and could see tears in his eyes though none fell. Poor kid!

"I ... I'm not sure I'm really over Dean. I still miss him," Justin continued.

"I'm sure you do," Brian replied feeling some sympathy but wanting to get on with this thing whatever it was.

"Anyway, since Dean died I haven't gone out or wanted to be with anyone else."

"Two years?" Brian asked again. Was this guy saying he had been celibate for two fucking years? And he still didn't want sex. That was beyond Brian's comprehension. He could barely go two days without sex.

Justin nodded. "My mother and sister are worried about me. They keep trying to fix me up and I keep saying no. This is my sister's big day and I don't want my mother hovering over me the whole time. She should be paying attention to my sister, Molly."

"And how is my pretending to be your boyfriend going to have this effect?"



"I thought that she could meet you, she'd be relieved and then she could focus on Molly."

"That's what you thought, was it?"

"You don't have to be my boyfriend. You just have to pretend for a few hours."

"I guess I could do that," Brian said slowly. It might be fun to fool them all.

"Really? That would be great." Justin smiled this big, radiant, toothy smile that made Brian's insides melt.

"Can we go now?" Brian asked wondering what the fuck was happening to him.

"No."

"No? What else?"

"Don't you think we should have our stories straight about how we met and where we live and restaurants we go to?"

Brian looked thoughtful. He never liked lying for any reason. "Why don't we just make it up as we go along?"

"But what if they catch in a contradiction like you say we met in a bar and I say we met at work."

"Technically we are meeting while I'm at work," Brian smirked.

"You know what I mean." Justin blushed.

"Then we simply tell them that the real story is ours and ours alone, and nobody else needs to know about it."

Justin looked at Brian in amazement. "Wow! That would sure shut them up."

"Exactly."

"Okay, we can do that," Justin agreed looking at Brian with something akin to awe.

Brian stuck his tongue in his cheek and waited.

"We can go now," Justin finally said.

Brian turned the key in the ignition. "You're sure there's nothing else?" he asked before he pulled out into traffic.

Justin smiled that smile again. "You're doing great. Opening the car door for me was a nice touch."

"I have manners when I want to use them."

"I hope you will at the wedding. This may turn out to be really a lot of fun."

"Yeah, fun," Brian said skeptically, but he had to admit that he found the whole idea kind of intriguing. He wondered if they could pull it off. Michael would be shitting his pants when Brian told him about being boyfriend for a day.

### Chapter 3

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Brian pulled the Corvette into the parking lot of the church. They got out and started walking towards the main doors.

"Justin," a voice called.

Justin turned and spotted his Uncle Bill. "Hi," he said with a smile.

"It's good to see you, Justin. Who's this?"

"This is my ... boyfriend, Brian Novotny. Brian, my Uncle Bill."

"Ah, nice to meet you, Brian." Brian shook the extended hand. "Well, I guess we better get inside before all the seats are filled." Uncle Bill bustled off.

"He's my Dad's brother. Has to know everything that's going on. I won't have to introduce you again. By the time we step through the doors of the church he will have spread the word. Everyone will know your name and that we're together."

"How convenient," Brian said placing his hand in the small of Justin's back and directing him towards the open doors.

Inside the door an usher walked them to the front row. Brian sat down uncomfortably beside Justin. He could feel everyone's eyes on him and he didn't particularly like it. However, he sat up straight and placed his hand on Justin's shoulder. Justin felt that little jolt again and smiled up at Brian.

'That fucking smile is going to be the death of me,' Brian thought. 'I will have Justin Taylor in bed before the night is over, or up against a post or in the fucking restrooms.' Brian shifted and tried to ease the pressure in his trousers. Something had just sprung to life and he had to sit here for at least another hour. He took his hand off Justin's shoulder hoping that would make his dick behave. No physical contact might do the trick. Brian almost laughed out loud, but he turned it into a cough as he thought about Justin as a trick and the possibility of doing him in any and all ways.

Justin was looking around and waving to various people. Brian wondered if they all knew Justin was gay. He supposed they all did now, especially since he could see dear old Uncle Bill whispering in people's ears as he moved around the church.

Finally the usher escorted Jennifer Taylor down the aisle and she took her seat beside Justin. She gave Justin a kiss and a big hug, and then she noticed Brian. Justin whispered in his mother's ear as the Wedding March began. Jennifer smiled over at Brian before standing and turning to see her daughter walk down the aisle on her father's arm.

Once Craig Taylor had said that he gave his daughter in matrimony, he sat down beside Jennifer and noticed Brian sitting beside his son. Craig gave Brian a withering look. Brian knew instantly that the man did not approve of Justin's homosexuality. This day just kept getting better and better.

Once the "I do's" and the "I love you's" were over and the bride and groom had taken off somewhere to have all their staged pictures taken, everyone was ready to head to the hotel for drinks and hors d'oeuvres. Brian knew he was definitely ready for a drink. He held the door to the Corvette open for Justin and received one of Justin's best smiles in return. Craig Taylor took that moment to come over and tell Justin how disappointed he was that Justin had decided to flaunt his homosexuality in front of the whole family.

"I'm not flaunting anything, Dad," Justin said out the window of the 'Vette. "Everybody knows I'm gay."

"And who is this guy? You bring a stranger to your sister's wedding?"

"This is Brian. He's my boyfriend, and he has just about as much right to be here as you do," Justin stated with finality.

"But..." Craig began.

Before he could say anything more, Jennifer grabbed her husband's sleeve and pulled him away. She did not want a public scene.

Brian climbed into the driver's seat. "Your father is an ass."

Justin burst out laughing. "There have been so many times I've wanted to tell him that."

"Why didn't you?"

"I don't know. I guess I was hoping that someday he would come around."

"But he never has?"

"Today was actually pretty good. He talked to me without his face getting red and looking like he was going to have a stroke."

"True, but that doesn't make him any less of an ass."

Justin laughed again. "I like you. You sure don't mind giving people shit."

"Only the ones who deserve it."

"Like my father."

"Like your father."

"You know, when I first told him I was gay, he slapped my face and told me never to say that again."

"Bastard!"

"I thought he was going to kick me out, but to his credit, he didn't. He paid for me to go to PIFA."

"You went to the institute?"

"You know what PIFA is? Most people look at me like they don't know what I'm talking about when I say PIFA. And the majority of them really don't know."

"I've had some experience..." Brian had been about to say that he had experience hiring people from there. But then he had remembered he was a high price escort, not the owner of an ad agency. "I've had some experience with people who have gone there," Brian corrected himself.

"Anybody I'd know. There are some famous alumni."

"I doubt it. It would have been before your time."

"Looks like most of the cars have cleared out," Justin said glancing around the parking lot. He had seen his mother and father drive out. "I guess we should go to the hotel."

"Or we could blow this pop stand and go for dinner somewhere," Brian suggested before he could stop himself. What the hell was he thinking?

Justin chuckled. "As tempting as that offer is, I really want to be there for my sister. Besides I'm supposed to speak at the dinner." Brian groaned audibly. "Hey, you don't know my speech is going to be that bad," Justin laughed.

"That groan was for the whole concept of those fucking speeches, not specifically for yours."

"You don't like weddings much, do you?"

"What makes you say that?" Brian smirked.

"One or two things you've said."

Brian started the Corvette. He joined the procession to the hotel downtown. They found a spot to park the Corvette and went inside. People were milling around in one of the ballrooms. There was no sign of the bride and groom yet.

"Let's get drunk," Brian said. Justin raised his eyebrows but followed Brian to the bar where Brian ordered a double. He downed it in one go and ordered another.

"Hey, don't literally get drunk on me. You have to drive home."

"That's hours away," Brian said and then he groaned thinking of speeches and hours of making nice with people.

"I'm sorry if being here with me is such a fucking hardship." Justin grabbed his drink off the bar and walked away.

Brian realized what he had done had probably hurt Justin's feelings. He hadn't meant to do that. He was just making a statement about fucking weddings in general. He grabbed his new drink and followed Justin.

"Hey," he said coming up beside Justin. "Hey," he repeated when Justin refused to turn around. "Do you want them all to think you're fighting with your boyfriend?"

"Well, I am," Justin said annoyed.

"Hey, I'm not really your boyfriend and I don't want to fight with you," Brian hissed through clenched teeth. This was getting too weird.

"Okay, okay, I sort of forgot that this was all pretend. What you said, it ... hurt me."

"I wasn't talking about you. I was just thinking about the hours that I'll be spending here, and I do hate fucking weddings."

"But you'll be spending that time with me. Won't that make it better?" Justin asked looking up at Brian and batting his baby blues.

"Why, you little..."

"Sorry, I couldn't resist," Justin grinned.

That smile went right to the part of Brian's anatomy that had a mind of its own. "I have been a bit of a shit," Brian admitted. He was starting to really like this guy. "Can I buy you a drink to make it up to you?"

"Ooh, big spender," Justin cooed. "It's an open bar."

"Are your parents rich?"

"Rich enough."

"But what about that place you live..." Brian stopped before he said any more.

"Oh, you mean the dump? I have a job I hate and my father wouldn't help me even if I begged him, which I most assuredly won't. So that's where I can afford to live at the moment."

They walked back to the bar and Brian ordered them another set of drinks. Brian sipped at his deciding he better keep his wits about him.

"So where do you work?" Brian asked.

"I'm working at a graphics firm at the moment."

"That sounds like a start in the art world."

"Yeah, some start! I'm basically a glorified gofer. They won't let me do any real art. I mostly get to bring the artists coffee, and I color in some of their work."

"Ah, a colorist."

Justin blew out a bit of his drink as he laughed. "You sound like you know something about graphics," Justin observed.

"I've ... um ... always been interested in advertising."

"Why didn't you pursue it then?"

"I ... I guess I didn't want to start as a gofer like you. I could make more money as an escort," Brian lied.

"Couldn't you do both?"

"Probably, but this was easier."

"Oh."

"Why do you stay with this company if you hate it so much?"

"I've been looking around, but I didn't really cultivate a network of friends in this area of art. Most of the good jobs are gone before they ever get advertised."

Brian knew that was true. He had seen how people who worked at Kinnetik often recommended their friends when a position became available. These arrangements usually worked out, but Brian had never thought about the people he might be overlooking who never even got to apply for the job. He wondered just how good an artist Justin Taylor might be. "Why didn't you work on that network of contacts?"

"I ... you'll think it's stupid, but I really want to paint. I thought for a while that I could just paint and somebody would realize how brilliant I am and start paying me for my work. It didn't take long to realize that was a foolish idea. To be successful as an artist you need an agent and contacts and lots of luck."

Brian nodded. "So you settled for this job you have now."

"Yeah, I liked to eat too much to be a starving artist."

Brian chuckled. "Speaking of dinner, I think your sister just arrived."

Justin looked up and saw his sister looking radiant enter the ballroom. Jennifer and Craig rushed over to her and her new husband.

"What's the groom's name again?"

"Weren't you listening during the ceremony?"

"No."

Justin snorted. He liked Brian's bluntness. "Why do you want to know?"

"Well seeing as this seems to be a very traditional wedding, I assume we're having a reception line. I want to be able to say, 'Congratulations, Algernon, old bean. Way to go,' when I shake his hand."

Justin laughed out loud. "That is the most ludicrous thing I have ever heard. I dare you to say that to him," Justin giggled.

"Do I have to call him Algernon or will you tell me his real name?"

"It's Kyle, Kyle Maloney the third."

"I'm impressed," Brian said with a yawn. He tapped his lips with his fingers as he faked the yawn.

"I dare you to say that to him," Justin repeated.

"You think I won't?"

"I want to see it."

"You're on, but what do I win if I do it?"

"I don't know, but not money. I can barely afford to pay you as it is."

Brian liked the lack of pretense in this young man. "How about a kiss?" Brian wasn't sure where that had come from, but the more he saw of Justin Taylor's lips, the more he wanted to kiss them.

Justin smiled. "Okay, that I can afford."

"Don't be too sure," Brian mumbled feeling his dick twitching and knowing that he wanted that kiss to go a lot farther.

"Let's go. I'll introduce you to my sister."

Brian followed Justin into the long line of people who had already queued up to congratulate the couple. "We could have waited until everyone else had gone through," Brian griped.

"You're not getting off that easy. If you want to win this bet, it has to be in front of witnesses."

Brian groaned inwardly. How did he get himself into these things? Deb would say it was because he was an arrogant asshole, and she was probably right. They were approaching the parents. Brian shook hands with the mother and father of the groom. Next was Craig Taylor. Craig looked like he was going to refuse to shake Brian's hand, but at the last moment he didn't have the balls to do it. Grudgingly he shook Brian's hand. Brian smirked at him antagonizing him even more.

Justin elbowed Brian in the ribs. "Behave," he muttered.

Jennifer pulled her son into a long hug. Brian waited patiently. Finally Jennifer released Justin and Brian took Jennifer's hand. He planted a kiss on the back of her hand as he lifted it gently to his lips.

"My, how gallant," Jennifer said fanning herself. "Where did you find this one, Justin? I want to know more."

"Later, mother," Justin promised as he moved on to Kyle. "Kyle, congratulations. You be good to my little sister, okay?"

"I intend to be," Kyle said with a smile and a look at Molly for approval.

'Pussy whipped,' Brian thought to himself.

"Kyle, this is my boyfriend, Brian."

"Hello, Brian," Kyle replied extending his hand to shake with Brian.

"Congratulations, Kyle, old bean. You've got a lovely girl here. Way to go," Brian said being overly effusive and using some kind of weird English accent.

"Um ... thanks," Kyle said not at all sure what to make of this man Justin had brought with him.

Justin's mouth was hanging open. Brian had done it. He had made a fool of himself but he had won the bet. He liked Brian's balls, and there were several other parts of Brian that weren't too bad either.

"Mollusk," Justin said softly pulling his sister into a hug. "I'm so happy for you."

"And I'm happy for you too," Molly replied looking directly at Brian. "How long has he been around and why didn't I know?"

"Molly, this is Brian. Brian, my sister, Molly."

"You look absolutely beautiful, young lady," Brian said using his own voice. The fake English accent was gone.

"Why thank you, kind sir."

"My very best wishes to you and your new husband."

"That's very nice of you to say, Brian. I hope I get a chance to talk to you later in the evening."

"Me too, Molly, me too," Brian said as Justin yanked him away.

"What? I was making nice."

"Laying it on a little thick, don't you think?"

"I'm sure that was the exact proper wording of what you're supposed to say in a reception line," Brian smirked.

"According to Emily Post?"

Brian merely shrugged. He had taken some courses in university that prepared students for big dinner parties and other social functions that they might be invited to as part of the corporate business world. That was the first time he had had the opportunity to actually use those words. The only other hetero wedding he had attended was his sister's and he had said something like, "Knocked her up, eh?" Gay weddings hardly counted, in more ways than one.

"Let's go find out table," Justin was saying slightly annoyed with Brian but also impressed in some weird way. Maybe over dinner he could find out more about this enigmatic man.

#### Chapter 4

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Brian was sitting contritely at the round table with Justin and six other people he didn't know and didn't care to know. Justin knew them all and did most of the talking. After Justin had introduced Brian to everyone, several of them had tried to engage Brian in conversation. The first thing they had asked was what he did for a living. Brian immediately answered that he was an advertising executive. Justin had merely smiled and the conversations had gone on. Brian's lack of long answers gradually meant that he was ignored, since he didn't contribute anything to small talk at the table.

Brian had been looking around the room watching people try to impress each other when he felt a foot against his leg, and it wasn't coming from Justin who was sitting on the other side of him from the foot. He turned and looked at the fortyish woman who sat beside him.

"I believe your foot is crawling up my leg," Brian said to her.

"Like it?" she grinned. She'd obviously made good use of the open bar.

"I'm gay."

"I know."

"Then kindly stop."

"I'm just enjoying the evening."

"I need to go to the restroom," Brian said to Justin before he said something really awful to the woman sitting beside him. "Want to come?" He raised his eyebrows suggestively a couple of times.

"No thanks," Justin chuckled. "I'm good."

Brian made his way out into the hallway and followed the signs for the restroom. He stood in front of a urinal and had just relieved himself when one of the stall doors opened and out walked Gardner Vance, his former boss.

"Kinney?" Vance said surprised.

"How are you doing, Gardner?" Brian sneered. He had enjoyed taking clients away from Vanguard, Vance's company where Brian had worked before opening his own agency.

"I'm just fine," Gardner grinned. "Business is good."

"For me too," Brian smirked knowing that just a few days ago he had taken one of Vanguard's biggest clients away from that company. "What are you doing here?"

"I'm at a wedding. Craig Taylor is one of my clients and his daughter was married today."

"I see," Brian said slowly. This certainly complicated things.

"What about you?"

"Same wedding."

"Really? And how do you happen to be attending this wedding?"

"Dating the son."

"Well, don't try taking Taylor Electronics away from my firm. I've known Craig for years."

"Lucky you," Brian replied. He wanted less than nothing to do with Craig Taylor.

"Well, I better get back," Gardner said drying his hands. "Coming?"

"In a minute." Brian watched Vance walk out the door. He didn't want to be seen with Vance or people might start asking Gardner about him and then he would have a big problem with his fake name.

Brian waited until he thought Gardner would be back in his seat and then he slipped back into the ballroom. They were clinking glasses for Molly and Kyle to kiss once again, as Brian arrived at his table and got Justin to switch seats with him. The old bat who had been rubbing his leg looked annoyed, but Brian doubted she would try the same thing on Justin.

They had eaten shrimp cocktail and salad and were now mostly through the main course when Justin decided to use the restroom. Speeches would be next while everyone ate dessert and had coffee. Brian glanced around the room wondering where Gardner Vance was sitting. He hadn't seen him.

Justin returned and the speeches began. Brian tuned them out not knowing any of the people involved. Suddenly Justin was up at the mike saying wonderful things about his sister and calling her Mollusk like he had in the reception line. He also said that she called him Jester. Brian decided he'd file away that piece of information for later. Then Justin was done and he was sitting beside Brian beaming while people clapped. Brian clapped right along with them.

Justin placed his hand over Brian's and looked into his eyes. "Thanks for this," he said softly. "Everything's going great so far."

As the words came out of Justin's mouth Gardner Vance advanced on their table. The speeches had now concluded and dancing would soon begin. Gardner placed a hand on Brian's shoulder and asked him to introduce him to his date. Brian was slightly stunned, but he introduced Justin.

"It's nice to finally meet you, young man. I know how much your father had hoped you would carry on with his business, but I guess you have other interests."

"Yeah, other interests," Justin said non-committally.

"Well, nice meeting you, Justin. Good to see you again, Brian." Gardner wandered away.

"What a freaky little man! How do you know him?"

"I used to work for him," Brian said without thinking.

"Work? You mean you were his escort?" Justin asked with disbelief.

"Something like that," Brian said quickly wishing he had kept his mouth shut.

"You wouldn't think he'd want to speak to you at a place like this."

"Will you be ashamed to speak to me if you meet me somewhere in the future?" Brian asked wondering how Justin would answer that.

"Of course not, you'll be my ex-boyfriend by then. I'll just tell people we had a short but interesting time together," Justin grinned.

Brian felt himself blush. What this guy did to him was very surprising and ... slightly disturbing. "Shall we dance?" Brian asked to change the subject.

Molly and her husband and the in-laws had already had their obligatory dance. Justin and Brian took to the floor. They were playing some old song that Justin didn't recognize, but he felt himself pulled into Brian's strong arms. He closed his eyes and let his partner whisk him away. They danced around the floor with Brian spinning him around and moving against his body with a sure rhythm. Justin's cock was hard as a rock, and every once in a while Brian's movements would make him brush against it. Justin would let out a little gasp.

As the song came to an end, Justin felt himself lifted off the floor and spun around. When Brian set him down, he dipped him way back and then leaned in and almost kissed him. Their lips were millimeters apart. Justin gasped as Brian lifted him up and people applauded. They hadn't realized that they had become the center of attention. They had been too wrapped up in each other.

Brian smiled and took a bow. Justin followed suit feeling slightly embarrassed but pleased that people thought they had danced so well that they deserved applause. They made their way back to their table.

Molly came over and sat down beside Justin. "You guys were great out there. It looks like you must have practised a lot."

"Um ... no," Justin said.

"We fit together really well," Brian added. And they did.

"He's a great dance partner," Justin beamed.

Brian felt his already hard cock stiffen even more. "Backatcha!"

"So Brian, when are you going to come to our new apartment for dinner?"

"Do I get invited too?" Justin teased.

"Of course, silly. Brian?"

"After the honeymoon, I hope," Brian smirked.

Molly blushed. "Yes, after."

"Are you leaving soon?" Justin asked.

"I think so. The big wedding night, you know!"

"Have a great time. Where are you going?"

"Kyle won't tell me but it's someplace warm."

"Great. Love you, Mollusk."

"Love you too, Jester."

Molly went off to change her clothes and get ready to start her new life.

"Brian, I think I want to leave now."

"Sure, if that's what you want. It's not eleven o'clock yet. You have more time."

"I know. I think I've had more than enough of all this."

"Then, let's go."

Brian ushered Justin out of the ballroom. Justin didn't feel like talking to his parents or waiting to see Molly leave. He suddenly felt kind of numb. He was thinking about Dean and that always made him sad.

In the Corvette Brian headed for Justin's apartment. He wondered what had sucked all the life out of Justin so suddenly. It started when Molly was talking about going on her honeymoon, starting her new life. And then it hit Brian. Justin was thinking about his own life, what might have been ... with Dean.

"You know, as weddings go, that one wasn't too bad," Brian smirked.

Justin had to chuckle. "From the man who hates wedding, I'd call that a ringing endorsement.

Silence followed for a while. Then Justin spoke. "Why didn't you kiss me?"

"What?"

"When you dipped me on the dance floor, I thought you were going to kiss me. But then you didn't."

"I didn't want to collect my bet in front of your family."

"Your bet?"

"Don't play coy. You owe me one kiss and I intend to have it."

"I forgot," Justin lied. He had been dying for that kiss all evening.

They pulled up in front of Justin's apartment building. Brian cut the motor.

"Do you want your kiss here, or would you like to come up for a drink?" Justin asked. "I think I have some beer."



"Let's go up," Brian said. He liked the idea of being in Justin's apartment.

Inside the small apartment Brian was immediately struck by the artwork. "Are these paintings yours?"

"Yep, all the stuff I thought was going to make me a millionaire. Or at least feed me."

"You're very talented," Brian said and he meant it.

"Thanks. I now have one convert."

"I predict someday you'll have many, many more."

"Thanks for saying that," Justin smiled as he handed Brian a beer. "Want to sit down?"

"Sure."

They sat on the couch and Brian noticed the sketchbooks spread across the coffee table.

"May I?" Brian asked picking up one of them.

"I guess."

Brian began flipping through the sketches. Justin did a lot of faces, but also animals and scenes. There were some flowers and interesting views of the tiny apartment. There was one of a jacket hanging on a hook on a door.

"I really like this one," Brian said.

"Take it."

"What?"

Justin pulled it out of the sketchbook and handed it to Brian. "Consider it your tip."

Brian grimaced. He had almost forgotten that he was working. "Thanks," he said as he took back the book and continued looking at the sketches. He recognized Molly and Jennifer, but none of Craig. There were other people he didn't know, and then the last sketch of a young man. "Is this Dean?" he asked gently.

Justin nodded and Brian could see tears welling up. Before he stopped himself, he pulled Justin into his arms and held on tight. He felt Justin gulp a couple of times.

"I miss him so much," Justin murmured.

"I know, but maybe it's time you let him go."

"I can't," Justin said in a strangled voice.

Brian pushed Justin away enough to look into his eyes. He saw hurt and longing and overwhelming sadness. He wanted to kiss it all away. Brian's lips locked with Justin's and Justin froze at the unexpected contact. Brian refused to release him, and he pressed his lips harder against Justin's. Brian's tongue probed for entry. Justin was still resisting slightly so Brian kept kissing waiting until Justin relaxed.

The kiss went on and on and Justin felt himself getting slightly lightheaded ... or something. He was also very hard. His hand came up and grasped the back of Brian's head pushing them closer together. His mouth opened at the same time and Justin felt Brian's tongue caress and explore. He moaned into the kiss, harder than he had ever been. Finally Brian broke the kiss leaving them both gasping for air and panting from desire.

"That was some kiss," Justin managed to say.

"It was worth the wait," Brian admitted.

Justin's blue eyes stared into Brian's hazel ones and then they were kissing again. Somehow they got from the living room to Justin's bedroom peeling off each other's clothes as they continued to kiss. When they fell back on the bed still locked in each other's arms their need for each other was all consuming. Hands groped and felt and learned. They found the spots that elicited groans and sighs and whimpers.

Brian knelt between Justin's legs stroking on a condom. The blue eyes looked up at his full of lust and also fear.

"Take it easy, Brian. It's been a long time," Justin whispered.

"I won't hurt you."

Brian squirted lube and prepared everything, and then as gently as he could he eased his cock into Justin. He watched Justin's face as he grimaced in pain at first and then saw the look of complete joy as they were finally joined and enjoying each other's bodies.

Exercising all the self control he had learned over the years, Brian did his best to make this the best fuck Justin had ever had. At the same time it became the best fuck Brian had ever had. He had never poured so much caring and tenderness into this act before. He had never poured himself into it like he was doing with Justin.

When he knew he couldn't hold out much longer he leaned down and kissed Justin softly. "Thank you," Brian whispered.

Justin looked up at him in wonder. He had no idea what Brian was thanking him for. He should be thanking Brian for making him feel things he hadn't felt in over two years, things that he had thought he would never feel again, and things that he never even thought were possible.

Brian picked up his rhythm again reaching for Justin's cock and stroking him off. They came almost at the same moment. Orgasms that made them feel like they were crashing into the sun or floating helplessly in space. Time stopped and the world went blank.

Some time later Brian rolled away and looked up at the ceiling. His heart was still racing and he was only able to take small hurried breaths. He glanced over at Justin who had a look of wonder and contentment and joy on his face.

"Justin," Brian whispered.

"Don't talk. Let's rest for a minute."

Brian pulled the covers up and he felt Justin roll against him. Brian held onto the slim body knowing that he never wanted to let it go.

## Chapter 5

\*\*\*\*\*

Brian awoke with a start wondering where he was. Something heavy was pressing on his chest. He looked down and could see the top of a blond head peeking out from under the covers. He smiled and let his hand under the covers caress the warm back that was atop him. His hand went lower and squeezed the firm ass that he had ravaged all night long.

Justin squirmed at the pressure and his head came out from under the covers. "What time is it?"

Brian glanced at the alarm clock. "After twelve."

"Umm, I feel so good."

Brian grinned. So did he? He had never spent a night like the one they had had last night. Sure he had fucked all night many times, usually with a multitude of partners. But never with one man, especially a man as special as Justin Taylor. Brian frowned. Where was all this coming from? He never thought like that. Brian felt Justin kiss his chest and play with one of his nipples. His dick grew hard instantly.

Justin raised his head. "I feel that," he giggled.

Brian smirked. "You were a very bad boy last night."

"Matched only by yourself," Justin retorted. "Besides, you loved every minute of it."

"As did you."

"Jesus, Brian, I don't know what came over me."

"Two years of celibacy?"

"That was part of it. You made me so horny, and then you were so gentle."

"Only for a while."

"Yeah, it did get kind of rough a couple of times. Have I still got some hair left?"

"Lots of lovely blond locks," Brian said running his fingers through them and gently massaging Justin's scalp. "You turned me into some kind of animal."

"I was one too. I couldn't get enough."

Brian chuckled. "There's no such thing as enough."

"I guess not," Justin agreed.

"How's your ass?"

"Thanks for asking. It's sore, but I'll live."

"I was just wondering if you were up for another round."

"You are insatiable."

"So I've been told."

"Um ... Brian ... um, I'm not sure how to ask you this."

"What? Spit it out," Brian ordered. Were they going to start on the lovey-dovey, touchy feely stuff now? He groaned inwardly.

"I ... I guess I owe you three hundred more dollars. I told Debbie no sex." Justin looked worried.

Brian couldn't resist. "Actually," he said, "you owe me close to two thousand."

"What? How can that be?" Justin looked really scared now.

"It's three hundred a pop and I popped you at least five or six times before we fell asleep."

Justin let out a really long groan and collapsed back on Brian's chest. "I don't have that kind of money. I don't have any money at all."

"First of all, you need to get a better job. I'm going to contact some people I know in advertising."

Justin looked up at Brian, eyes full of wonder. "You'd do that for me?"

Brian nodded. "And secondly, you don't owe me anything for last night. It was me who initiated it. Hell, I should be paying you."

Justin giggled. "Would that make me a paid escort?"

"You could rake in the dough," Brian stated truthfully.

"Um ... I don't think so."

"You don't approve of what I do?" Brian asked although he didn't want to admit that he only did this as a favor to Debbie.

"That has nothing to do with it," Justin said. "It just wouldn't be for me."

Brian wasn't sure he liked the sound of this. Somehow this was making him angry. "I guess I should go."

"Don't, please," Justin asked. "I don't want you to leave."

Justin sounded like a little kid asking someone important not to leave him alone. "Okay," Brian said. "But I'll have to charge you for the next fuck."

"There's going to be another one?" Justin grinned.

"You've already noted that I was up for it," Brian smirked.

"Okay, I'll pay," Justin said hastily.

"I thought you didn't have any money."

"I don't."

"Then how are you going to pay?"

"I'll figure out a way."

"Come here," Brian ordered gently pulling Justin higher up so he could kiss those full, sweet lips. Justin melted into his arms. Brian felt some strange sort of peace and contentment when he held this man in his arms. He wanted to shake himself and wake up, but he was enjoying these new sensations more than he ever could have thought possible.

Brian's hands slid down Justin's back and he kneaded that fine ass as he continued the kiss. When he finally let Justin's mouth free, they were both painfully hard.

"I want you inside me ... again," Justin whispered.

"And you don't have to pay. I was just teasing you."

Justin screwed up his face trying to look angry and sinister. "Then maybe I should fuck you," he threatened.

"Un unh," Brian replied. "That costs a thousand bucks. This ass ain't cheap."

Justin burst out laughing. "I'm sure it would be well worth it, but I'll settle for you fucking me ... for free," he added with a giggle."

"Settle? Did you say settle? Nobody settles for a K..." He almost said Kinney fuck but he caught himself in time. "For a colossal fuck in my inimitable style," Brian improvised.

Justin looked at him funny. "Your fucks are great, but colossal? Where did that come from?"

"Isn't it time to kiss me again?" Brian asked with a smirk.

"You're just trying to shut me up."

"That would be one of the side benefits."

They kissed again until their need for each other was more than they could stand. Brian entered his lover of the day once again and they rode the waves of pleasure as far as they would carry them. When they were spent and lying side by side, Justin's stomach gave a mighty rumble followed by a much smaller rumble from Brian's.

"Hey, we're synchronized," Justin giggled. "I'm hungry."

"It's after one o'clock and we haven't eaten since the wedding."

"But I've been eaten a few times."

"And you provided me some high quality protein, but I think I need some real food if I'm going to take care of that sweet ass of yours."

Justin smiled that blazing smile of his and Brian pulled him tight against him.

"Do you have any food or are you too poor for that too."

"I told you that I work at the stupid graphics place so I can eat," Justin said indignantly. "Of course I have food. I live here."

"The place I live has an empty refrigerator."

"Empty?"

"Except for beer and poppers."

"Ah, the necessities of life. I think I have peanut butter and maybe an avocado and some bread."

"Hey, that's my favorite sandwich! How did you know?"

"I didn't know, silly," Justin swatted him. "I only met you a few hours ago. Do you really put all those things together to make a sandwich?"

Brian nodded and smirked. "I'll even make one for you."

"And he cooks too." Justin giggled again.

With a laugh Brian threw back the bed covers and stood up. He grabbed Justin's wrist and pulled him up too. "Come on, lazy bones. You need to show me where everything is."

Justin groaned. "It's all in the fridge. You know; that big white box in the kitchen."

"Smart ass! Come with me."

"Shouldn't we put some clothes on? It's the middle of winter."

"We can run out to the kitchen, make the sandwich, grab a beer and dive back into bed to eat it, all snuggly and warm."

"Do you eat in your bed?"

"Only a good ass when I find one." Brian wagged his eyebrows.

Justin groaned. "You are so gross. Let's go. I'm freezing."

They walked naked to the kitchen and Brian made the sandwiches while Justin opened a couple of beers.

Eyeing the sandwiches warily, Justin said, "I have some lettuce. Maybe we could make an avocado salad."

"Too late," Brian said as he pressed the two halves of the sandwiches together. "Let's go. My balls are turning blue and not in a good way."

They ran back to the bed, dropped everything on the nightstand, jumped into bed and threw the covers over themselves. They huddled together until they warmed up.

"Couldn't you turn the heat up a bit?" Brian asked.

"I have to pay the utilities. I keep it set low."

"It's fucking freezing out there."

"If you would put some clothes on, it wouldn't be so bad."

"That takes valuable time away from fucking," Brian smirked.

"You must be getting warm. You're getting snarky again," Justin giggled.

"Ready to try my culinary masterpiece?"

"I guess," Justin said hesitantly.

"Try to show a little enthusiasm."

"I will, after I taste it."

Justin took a bite rather tentatively. He chewed thoroughly, much of the peanut butter sticking to the roof of his mouth. "Not bad," he managed to say as he tried to pry the peanut butter off with his tongue.

"See," Brian said taking a bite of his sandwich. "Yum."

"You sound like a little kid."

Brian wanted to tell Justin that he felt like a little kid, a little kid in a candy shop, and Justin was the candy shop. He wondered what Justin would say if he ever told him something like that. Instead he chewed his sandwich and kept quiet.

They finished their makeshift lunch, Justin finally admitting that Brian's strange sandwich had been rather tasty. They sipped on their beers as they were now warm and snuggly under the covers.

"I guess I should go home soon," Brian said after he finished his beer.

"Do you have to?"

"We could fuck again," Brian conceded.

"Okay." Justin grinned at him.

"You're like a little puppy wagging his tail for more."

"I have a lot of time to make up for."

"Haven't we made up for it already?"

"We're getting there," Justin said setting his empty beer bottle down on the floor and snuggling closer up against Brian. His hand slid down and wrapped itself around Brian's dick. With slow, gentle strokes Justin made Brian hard once again. His lips latched onto one of Brian's nipples. He sucked hard making Brian moan. He was learning to love that sound. He had almost forgotten the things he could do with his lips and his tongue and his fingers and his body. "I want to fuck you," Justin whispered when he had Brian fully aroused.

"I don't think so," Brian gasped as Justin continued to work his magic.

"Please," Justin purred. "I'll be gentle."

"I hardly know you," Brian gasped trying to be funny. He was this close to giving in.

"I hardly know you either, and your dick has been up my ass more times than I care to admit. And I love it. You might love it too."

"Not today. Time for me to leave," Brian said sitting up. He was so hard, but he had no intention of letting anyone fuck him, Justin Taylor included. And it didn't matter how tempting that offer was.

"Don't go. You can fuck me again if you want. I'd like that." Justin smiled coyly up at Brian.

"You are a demon in the disguise of an angel."

"What a sweet thing to say," Justin chuckled before Brian was on him again like white on rice.

When they had recovered their senses once more, they lay on their backs looking up at the ceiling.

"I really do want to thank you, Brian. You've made me realize what I've been missing all this time. I'll never forget Dean, but I think it's time for me to stop grieving and get a life."

Brian turned his head to look at Justin. He half suspected that Justin was making fun of him, even though Justin's tone of voice had sounded sincere. Brian was surprised to see Justin's eyes sparkling with unshed tears. The guy meant what he said. "I..." Brian cleared his throat slightly overcome by the intensity of emotion on Justin's face. "I'm glad I could help."

"You helped a lot. I think I could maybe start a new relationship, when I find the right guy." Justin stared into Brian's eyes as he said 'right guy'.

Brian had a sneaking suspicion that Justin thought he might be the right guy. He'd have to put a stop to that idea quickly, although he was kind of flattered that Justin might think he could fill that role. "I... I hope you find the right person soon."

"Me too."

"I really do have to get going," Brian said sitting up.

"I'll help you find your clothes. I think we left them all over the place."

"Yeah, we did kind of throw them off." Brian found a sock on the floor beside the bed. He put it on. As he straightened up, his underwear hit him in the head. "Hey!"

Justin giggled. "Just found them. Thought you might need them right away." Justin was pulling on some sweats from a chair beside the bed.

"Oh yeah, I could never go commando," Brian griped trying not to smile. He had enjoyed the sight of Justin's bare ass bent over while he climbed into the sweats.

Justin disappeared out the bedroom door and Brian followed. His shirt hit him in the face. "You little..." was all he got out before his trousers also hit him in the head. He could hear Justin giggling as he peeled his trousers from around his face.

"Do you treat all your boyfriends like this?" Brian demanded trying to sound stern.

"Just the ones I like."

Brian felt his dick twitch at that comment. The truth was that he liked Justin Taylor too. He liked everything he had seen and tasted and touched and ... felt.

"Here's your shoes," Justin said handing them to Brian.

"You're not going to throw them at me?" Brian chuckled.

"I seemed to be hitting your head with everything else. Wouldn't want to knock out a tooth or give you a black eye."

"Thanks for being so considerate."

"It's the least I can do."

Brian put his shoes on and picked up his coat. He was now dressed and ready to leave, but he didn't really want to go. They stood looking at each other until Justin launched himself at Brian. Brian dropped his overcoat and caught the blond. They were kissing again and moaning and whispering sweet nothings.

"I know you have to go, but I don't want you to," Justin said.

"I do have to go," Brian stated steeling himself to leave the young man behind.

"Thanks again for the wedding and the ... sex," Justin blushed as Brian walked to the door.

"You're welcome, Mr. Taylor."

"Will ... will I ever see you again?" Justin asked hopefully.

"You could always call Miss Debbie," Brian said and then winced as he saw the hurt in Justin's eyes. He knew what Justin was asking, but he didn't think he could give that to him.

"I don't think I'll be calling her again," Justin said sadly.

"Goodbye, Justin," Brian said softly.

"Goodbye, Brian."

And the door closed between them.

## Chapter 6

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Brian arrived at the loft and slid the door back. He needed to change out of his Armani. It had been lying in a heap on the floor all night at Justin's apartment. He walked inside and hung up his overcoat. With a sigh he started removing his suit jacket and unbuttoning his shirt. He wasn't sure what had happened to his tie but it hadn't come home with him.

He went up to the bedroom and looked at the big, empty bed. For a moment he envisioned Justin's smaller bed that had been so warm and cozy, and so fucking hot, considering what had been in it. Brian groaned as he shucked off the rest of his clothes. He decided to take a shower and let the heat of the water warm up his body which suddenly felt as cold as it had been making that fucking sandwich in Justin's kitchen. He had to stop thinking about Justin's apartment and Justin Taylor. That was over and done with.

Brian stepped into the shower. He started soaping himself and found his hand reaching for his dick. He would have thought that his cock would be begging for a rest. Instead he was hard as soon as he thought about Justin.

He stroked himself off until he came with a grunt. He could feel Justin's hand doing the same for him, and he wondered why the blond had had such an incredible effect on him. It was unlike anything he had ever felt before. He sometimes fucked guys more than once if they came home with him, but never like he had fucked Justin. He had even seriously considered letting Justin fuck him in return. It had taken all of his will power to turn Justin down. That had never happened before either.

Rinsing himself off, Brian thought about the sparring he and Justin had done. The guy could give as good as he got. He had a sharp wit and he was a helluva artist. Those sketches had been mesmerizing, especially the one of Dean. He felt a twinge of guilt having in a sense replaced Justin's boyfriend, at least for last night. Dean had had his life ended too soon, but it was definitely time that Justin Taylor got his life back. All that passion and humor and intelligence had been wasted over the last two years.

Brian turned the water off and stepped out of the shower. An hour ago he had been at Justin's fucking the guy into the mattress. He had been happy and carefree, and now here he was riddled with self doubt about what he should have done, clinging onto memories that he should be pushing away, and longing for a certain blond that seemed to have got under his skin in a very short twenty-four hour period. This was totally fucked.

Brian put on some jeans and a t-shirt. He booted up his computer deciding that working on the new hair care account for Kinnetik would take his mind off Justin. He grabbed a beer and sat down in front of the computer. He began scrolling through the possible models he might use for the account. All he seemed to see were blond locks that framed the most amazing smile.

Somewhere between yesterday morning and this evening Brian knew he had turned into a lesbian. He wasn't quite sure how that could have happened but he was acting like a lovesick puppy and it was all because of Justin Taylor. What the fuck was he going to do?

He stared at the phone sitting on the computer table. He wondered what would happen if he called Justin. He was pretty sure that the guy would be glad to hear from him. Justin had made that very obvious before Brian left. But what the fuck could he say if Justin answered the phone?"

"Hello, Justin, I really enjoyed fucking your ass. Wanna come over for another round?"

"Hi, Justin, Brian Novotny here. I'm missing you like crazy."

"Hey, Justin, got any other weddings you need an escort for?"

"Ta, ta, old bean, I'm rather horny. Would you mind helping me with this devilish problem?" Said with a British accent like the awful one he had used on Kyle at the wedding.

None of these possible openings would lead to what Brian wanted, or maybe they all would, because it seemed like Brian now wanted the same thing Justin had been not so subtly hinting at. Brian wanted to see Justin again. In fact, Brian didn't know how he was going to get through the night without Justin beside him. It made the night seem days long. Brian let out a long sigh.

He spent the next hour trying to work and then started surfing the porn sites, anything to make him forget the blond. The only problem was that none of those things made him forget Justin. They all seemed pale in comparison to Justin Taylor, and that was where his mind always returned.

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Justin had watched Brian Novotny walk out the door of his apartment and it was all he could do to stop himself from running after the man and begging him to stay. He wanted Brian as much as he had wanted him when they had first fallen into bed together. He had never wanted anyone like he wanted Brian, not even Dean.

Justin shuddered at that realization. What had happened to him? He sounded positively crazy even to his own ears. He had to get a grip on himself. Dejectedly Justin went into his bedroom and crawled under the covers. He could still smell Brian's cologne on them. God, that man smelled good. And there was still the musky smell of sex on the covers. He pulled them up to his nose snuggling down under them where he could still feel some of Brian's warmth.

Laying there with the covers up around his nose, Justin fantasized that Brian was still there beside him. He could still feel Brian's strong hands all over his body. He could feel the nips and bites and kisses of those gorgeous lips. And he could still feel that big, beautiful cock up his ass. He shivered at the memory.

Justin closed his eyes. He should be tired. They had fucked for hours on end and he had gotten very little sleep. But his body didn't feel tired. It felt alive and tingling and happy. He hadn't felt this good in ... well, in forever.

He lay there a while longer until he could see out the window that the short winter day had become darkness. He glanced at the alarm clock and knew he was hungry. He should eat something. He had expended mountains of energy fucking and the only food he's had was that weird, but oddly good, sandwich that Brian had made. He wished Brian was here to make him another one.

Finally Justin forced himself up from the bed and put on some more clothes. He threw the covers back over where he had lain hoping Brian's scent would remain inside. The least he hoped for was to have that to fall asleep with later tonight. That was, if he was able to get any sleep at all.

He walked out into the apartment and looked at the refrigerator. There was almost nothing in it. Brian's sandwiches had just about cleaned him out. There might be a couple of crusts of bread, but that was about it.

Justin didn't often indulge himself with take-out. It was just too expensive, but he felt like a huge gooey cheesy pepperoni and mushroom pizza. He rooted through his junk drawer and finally found the pizza place menu that he had used once or twice. He dialed the number and placed the order being assured that it would arrive in forty minutes or it was free. He should be so lucky that it would be late.

While he waited for his food he went to the couch and sat down. He turned the TV on and flipped through all the channels looking for anything passable to watch. He came across a cop show where the criminal looked an awful lot like Brian Novotny. Of course, the actor did not look as good as Brian, but he had similar features. Justin began watching the show picturing Brian whenever the actor was on the screen. He made himself hard just doing that. He was about to start whacking off when his buzzer sounded indicating that his pizza had arrived. He buzzed the delivery boy up and searched through his wallet and jeans pockets until he found enough money. The guy would even get a modest tip. Justin smiled as he opened the door.

Firmly ensconced on the couch munching on his pizza, Justin watched the end of the cop show. When the show ended Justin gave a little sigh. There would be no more of that actor who reminded him of Brian. He needed to look for another program. He reached for the remote which he had set on the arm of the couch. Somehow he managed to knock it off and down between the couch and the end table. As he reached down to retrieve it, something else caught his eye.

It was Brian's tie. He remembered how eagerly they had yanked off each other's clothing throwing everything out of their way. That must have been where the tie landed and slid down out of sight. Brian hadn't mentioned anything about his tie when he left. Maybe he didn't care or just didn't notice. They had both been a little preoccupied with each other.

Justin remembered Brian at the wedding, the sleek suit with the matching burgundy shirt and tie. Brian had been mouthwatering to look at. Justin was sure that Brian would want the tie back. Where could he ever find another one that would exactly match that shirt? Besides, it would be a good excuse to contact Brian once again. He felt goosebumps at the thought of seeing Brian.

Now the question was, how did he get in touch with the man? He didn't know Brian's address or phone number. He wondered if Brian would be in the phone book. Someone in his profession would probably have an unlisted number, but it might be worth a try. He hauled out his phone book and turned to the N's. There were actually two Novotny's listed, a D. and an M. Neither would be Brian.

Justin wondered if he called those numbers if someone might know Brian. Maybe one of them was a brother or a father to Brian. But how did he explain why he wanted to contact Brian?



"Do you have a brother, Brian? He fucked me senseless yesterday and he left a piece of his clothing here."

"I'm looking for Brian Novotny because he's the best looking thing I've ever seen. Can you help me?"

"You wouldn't happen to know Brian Novotny, would you? He's a male escort and I really need his services."

"I need to get in touch with Brian Novotny. My ass has been aching for his big, beautiful cock ever since he left here."

Justin giggled. He couldn't in a million years ever say those things to a stranger on the phone. Nor could he see any way of making contact with Brian through these people. They might not even know that Brian was an escort.

But, there was one person that might be able to connect him with Brian. She had done it before. Justin went to his junk drawer and found the piece of paper where Daphne had written the number for "Miss Debbie's Escort Service" which she had seen advertised in some local rag. He bit his bottom lip trying to decide if he should call Miss Debbie. He really wanted to see Brian again and Brian might really need his tie.

With a sigh he picked up the phone and dialed the number. He waited until he heard the familiar words spoken in what he thought was Miss Debbie's voice.

"Miss Debbie's Fine Escorts, how may I help you?"

"Um ... is this Miss Debbie?"

"It certainly is."

"Um ... this is Justin Taylor."

"Justin Taylor! I'll be damned!" Debbie reacted. "You're not calling to complain are you?"

"Complain?"

"About your escort and the date."

"Oh no, um ... the escort was most satisfactory," Justin replied trying to keep from blushing. His escort had been way beyond satisfactory.

"Then what can I do for you? Did you want to book him again?"

"I..." Justin began, wanting to say that he'd like nothing better than to book Brian again, but he knew he could not afford to do that. "I need to get in touch with Brian."

"In touch with him? We don't give out personal information about our escorts," Debbie said with a frown. She wondered what this guy wanted from Brian.

"I thought you might say that," Justin sighed. "But it ... um ... it's really important that I contact him."

"And why's that?"

"He ... um ... left something here."

"Left something where?"

"At my apartment."

"And just what did he leave?" Debbie asked wondering how that could happen. Brian was nothing if not meticulous about his belongings and his person.

"His ... um ... tie is here, and it matched the shirt he was wearing," Justin said. This was not going well. He felt like an idiot every time he talked to this woman.

"His tie?"

"You know, um ... the thing men wear around their necks. I thought he might really want it back. Could, could you give me his number and I'll call him about it."

"I can't give that out, and I know what the fuck a tie is."

"Oh," Justin's voice revealed the defeat he was feeling.

"I suppose I could call him and tell him you're trying to reach him. Then he could call you back." Debbie didn't know why she was saying this. Justin Taylor had been nothing but trouble to her since his first call.

"You'd do that? Oh thank you, I'd really appreciate it."

"Okay. I'll give Brian a call."

Justin hung up. Now the ball was in Brian's court. He might not even call back. Justin hoped that wouldn't be the case, but he'd have to wait and see.

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"Brian?" Debbie asked as Brian picked up the phone.

"Yeah?"

"What the fuck did you do with that Justin Taylor guy?"

Brian felt himself blushing. No way was he going to tell Debbie anything about what they had done. "Why do you ask?"

"Don't pull that shit on me. He just called here."

"Did he want to hire me again?"

"No, asshole, he wants to get in touch with you."

Brian felt the smile spread across his face. That was the best news he could be given. He wanted to get in touch with Mr. Taylor too. "Oh, do you know why?" he asked keeping his voice neutral, as neutral as the bulge in his pants would let him sound.

"Apparently he has some of your clothing in his possession," Debbie said smugly.

"Clothing?"

"Yes, a tie to be exact."

So that's where his tie was. "So?"

"So why is your tie at his apartment?"

"That's none of your business," Brian said hoping to cut off any more questions.

"He wants to return the tie to you."

"Did you give him my number?" Brian asked with a bit of worry. He wasn't sure he was ready for Justin to know the truth about him.

"Of course not, but I told him I'd let you know about the tie."

"Well, thanks, I guess," Brian replied trying to sound nonchalant.

"And just what the fuck was your tie doing there in the first place?" Debbie repeated. Brian had known he wasn't going to get off this easy. "There was no sex paid for."

"No paid for sex took place," Brian replied feeling proud of himself for that answer.

"And what the fuck does that mean?"

"Whatever you want it to mean," Brian said before he hung up. There was no way he was standing still for an inquisition from Debbie Novotny when he had done her a favor by going on the fucking date in the first place.

Brian flipped through some papers on his desk and found the one where he had written Justin Taylor's name, address and phone number before he had gone on the date. He dialed the number now having the perfect opening he had been trying to figure out before.

"Hello?" Justin's voice answered.

"Hey."

"Brian, is that you?" Justin's voice was full of hope. Brian had called back almost immediately. That was a good sign.

Brian smiled and cupped his cock. He and his cock were both happy to hear that voice. "It's me."

"How are you?"

"I'm just fine. It's been what, all of six hours since I left you."

"It seems like forever."

"Yeah, it does." Brian could hardly believe he was having this conversation.

"I found your tie."

"Where was it?"

"Between the couch and the end table. It must have slid down between them."

"Aaah."

"I assumed you would want it because it matches your shirt so perfectly. I didn't think you'd ever be able to find another one like it."

"Probably not."

"Do you want me to send it to you?" Justin asked.

"I suppose that would be best," Brian said knowing that neither of them wanted that.

"Or I could bring it to you?"

"And how many buses would that take?"

"I don't know. I don't know where you live."

Brian could hear the frustration in Justin's voice. "Or I could come over and get it?"

"Now?" Justin practically shouted at him. The eagerness was clear in his voice.

"Yes, now," Brian laughed.

"How long will it take you?"

"I do know where you live, and I could be there in fifteen minutes."

"I'm not sure I can wait that long. Make it ten."

"Okay," Brian chuckled. "I'll see what I can do."

He ran up the stairs to get his boots and then he was out the door and on his way to the blond called Justin Taylor.

## Chapter 7

Justin heard the buzzer and pushed the button to release the door of the apartment building. He looked at the clock and noted Brian had made it in under ten minutes. His smile was radiant. Brian must be as eager as he was.

The knock at the door was answered immediately as Justin yanked it open. "Hey," he smiled.

"Hey," Brian practically whispered. He was looking at that face with that smile that he had been picturing all evening. Except now it was real, not imaginary.

"Come in," Justin said stepping back. He was suddenly afraid to touch Brian. He had envisioned jumping into the man's arms, but now he wasn't sure that would be the right thing to do. Brian better make the first move.

Brian stepped inside. He had hoped Justin would leap into his arms and they would make mad, passionate whatever on the doorstep. When that didn't happen, Brian wasn't sure how to proceed. "You have my tie?" he asked when nothing else came to his mind.

"Oh ... um ... yeah, it's over here." He had actually forgotten all about the tie in his excitement that Brian was coming. He moved over to get the tie off the back of the sofa. "Here," he said holding it out.

Brian looked at it but didn't touch it. He didn't want the fucking tie. He wanted what was holding it. But how did he get that without breaking every rule he lived by.

"Don't, don't you want it?" Justin asked. His beautiful blue eyes were cloudy with uncertainty.

Brian shook his head. He opened his mouth to say something but he didn't know what the fuck that would be. He closed his mouth.

"But, I thought you came to get it?"

"I did," Brian managed to get out. His cock throbbed against his groin, trapped inside his tight jeans. He was so fucking hard. He wondered if Justin was too. He glanced down at the man's groin and noted with satisfaction the tenting of Justin's loose sweats.

"Then, here it is," Justin practically moaned extending the tie out to arm's length for Brian to take.

Brian reached for the tie, but instead he grabbed Justin's wrist and the tie fell to the floor. Justin was yanked against Brian's body, their hard cocks colliding and their lips mashing together. They moaned aloud as their need took over. Their hands tugged and caressed. They started pulling at each other's clothes, needing to be naked and one, once again.

Brian kicked the door closed behind him and walked Justin backwards towards the bedroom. His tongue was so far down Justin's throat that he didn't know how the blond could breathe. That was the prelude to how far up the man's ass his cock was going to be. Justin wouldn't be able to breathe then either.

Justin's legs hit the side of his bed and he tumbled back. Brian already had Justin's sweatshirt off and Justin soon found himself divested of his pants too. Brian threw off the rest of his clothes and dove on top of the smaller man. His hard cock poked into Justin's groin as Brian's lips ravished his mouth. Justin gasped but pulled Brian closer as the kiss went on and on. Brian bit at his neck and reached under to tweak his nipples ... hard.

Justin groaned and thrust up with his hips. His nails raked down Brian's back and he bit at Brian's neck sucking along his collarbone as he felt Brian buck against him.

"Need you," Justin whispered. "Now!"

Brian reached for his jeans on the floor. He handed Justin the condoms. Justin noted in his lust filled haze that there were several. That made his body tingle even more.

"Roll one on me," Brian ordered as he opened the tube of lube and squirted some up Justin's ass.

Justin flinched as the cold gel penetrated him, but with shaking fingers he was able to roll the condom on Brian's dick and they were away to the races. Brian's cock sought Justin's hole like a heat seeking missile. He rammed in and they were rocking together before either one of them really knew what hit them. Brian pounded into the sweet ass until Justin moaned and begged for release. Brian felt the end coming and speeded up, stroking Justin off as he did so. The blinding light from his orgasm made Brian feel like he was melting as he fell into the body beneath him. Justin held him tight and wrapped his legs around Brian's waist so he couldn't escape.

Some moments later, Brian whispered against Justin's neck, "I should get off you."

"I like you right where you are."

"But I'm heavy."

"Do you hear me complaining?"

"No, but my dick is still up your ass."

"Right where I like it."

"If you're sure."

"I am."

"Tired," Brian said.

"Go to sleep."

"But..."

"Sh, it's perfect just the way it is."

They more rested than slept, but after the previous night of fucking, the emotions that had played out, and their brief separation, they were both exhausted. After a while Brian felt his soft dick slip out of Justin and he rolled away pulling off the full condom and tossing it into the wastebasket near the bed.

"You okay?" Justin asked in the darkness.

Brian didn't know when the lights had gone out. He must have dozed off. "I'm okay. You?"

"Much better than I was before you arrived."

"What the fuck are we doing, Justin?"

"What, what do you mean exactly?"

"I mean what is this, this attraction to each other, this need? I've never felt this before?"

"I can't say that I have either," Justin admitted.

"But what about Dean?"

"It wasn't like this with Dean."

"Then what is it?"

"I don't know, Brian. I just know that I wanted you to come back from the moment the door closed behind you. I thought about you every minute that you were gone. And when I found the tie, I knew you would come back."

"And here I am."

"Brian, did ... did you miss me?"

Brian turned his head and rolled onto his side. "I couldn't think of anything but you. I couldn't work. I couldn't do anything without picturing your face. I thought I was going crazy."

"We're going crazy together."

"If you say so. But what the fuck are we going to do about it? I have to go to work tomorrow."

"Who ... who are you escorting?"

"Who ... am ... I ... escorting?" Brian said uncertainly. He didn't know how to answer that. Should he just tell Justin the truth?

"That's what I said, but I guess you have some code of ethics and can't tell me."

"Yeah, something like that."

"Can you stay with me tonight? I ... I don't want to be alone."

Brian looked thoughtful. He should probably get out of there while the going was good, but he didn't want to leave. "I could stay, but I'd have to leave early in the morning."

"How early?"

"Six."

"Someone wants you to escort them around at six in the morning?"

"I have to get ready."

"And how long does that take?"

"It ain't easy looking this fabulous," Brian laughed.

"You look fabulous all the time," Justin smiled and Brian knew he meant it even if it wasn't totally true. "I really want you to stay."

"I ... I want to stay too."

Justin smiled and even in the dark room Brian felt the warmth from its glow.

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An annoying buzz woke Brian and he looked around confused. Justin was asleep up against him and he felt all soft and warm and right, but there was this noise that wouldn't stop.

"Justin, what is that?" Brian asked bumping against Justin to wake him.

"Alarm clock," Justin mumbled.

Brian looked at the nightstand and saw no clock. "Where the fuck is it?"

"On the dresser," Justin said stretching and rolling over.

"What's it doing over there?" Brian asked annoyed as it continued to buzz.

"I keep it over there so I have to get up to turn it off. Otherwise I go back to sleep."

"So, get up and turn it off."

"Me? It's you that has to be up at six. I have at least another hour to sleep."

"But this is your clock in your bedroom. You know how to shut it off. I don't."

"Fuck!" Justin said as he slid out of bed and gave the offending object a sound whack. "There, are you happy now?"

"Better, especially when you come back in here." Brian lifted the covers in invitation.

"I thought you had to leave."

"I do, but not until I kiss you some more."

"Sweet talker," Justin laughed as he snuggled up against Brian and raised his head for the kiss. It lasted a long time leaving them both breathless. "Are you sure you have to work?"

"Yes, I do."

"But ... I wish you didn't have to take out other men."

"Oh that," Brian almost laughed. Justin was so cute when he pouted.

"Yes, that. I don't like to share."

"Ah, now the faults come out. Selfishness."

"Greedy," Justin added with a smirk.

"Both admirable qualities," Brian said with a smile. "But I do have to go."

Justin pouted more trying to make Brian feel guilty. Brian tried to ignore him as he gathered his clothes and started putting them on.

"Um ... Brian," Justin said from the bed. "Could you leave a piece of clothing so I have a reason to call you again?"

"How be I call you?"

"That would be nice," Justin said with that killer smile in full force. "But make it soon because I'll be lonely as soon as you're gone."

It took all of Brian's will power to leave Justin's apartment. He wanted to go back and slide into bed with the beautiful blond, but he did have to work. He would be expected at Kinnetik, and he had to go to the loft to shower and change, and then there would be meetings and sales pitches and conference calls and crises to deal with, and then at the end of the day maybe he could see Justin again.

By the time Brian arrived at Kinnetik most of his staff was already there. They looked at him funny, never having seen him come in this late before. He was usually there when the first person walked through the door in the morning.

"You're late today," Cynthia said as she handed him a coffee.

"Good morning to you too."

"Don't want to talk about it, I see," she chuckled.

"When do I ever want to explain myself?"

"Never."

"So, why would this day be any different?"

"I'm sure I don't know. I'll be right in to go over what you need to deal with today."

Brian nodded and went into his office. He wondered if Justin was at work yet. He made a mental note to check how the art department was managing. Maybe they could use another artist.

The day was busy, full of fucking meetings. When they were all cleared away, Brian buzzed the art department.

"Mitch, can you come to my office?"

"Be right there," said the head of the art department.

When Mitch appeared a few minutes later, Brian nodded to the empty chair on the other side of his desk and the man sat down.

"Is something wrong?" Mitch asked worried that Brian was upset about something the art department had done. He never got invited to Brian's office. Usually Brian came to him and usually only when he didn't like the work that had been produced.

"No, actually I'm very pleased with the way your department is working. I was wondering if the volume of work you do would merit another artist," Brian explained.

"Well, we've been coping but another artist would make our jobs easier."

"I'm not looking for easier. I want better."

"Of course," Mitch chuckled.

"This new hair care line we've picked up is going to generate a lot of work."

"Then we could definitely use another hand."

"I ... I have someone I want you to consider for the job."

"Certainly," Mitch said wondering who Brian was giving the job to.

"It's not a foregone conclusion that we're hiring him," Brian said with a frown. "You may interview anyone else that you find, but give this guy a fair chance. If he measures up, then you can hire him."

"Okay," Mitch said now not sure if he was supposed to give this guy the job because Brian wanted him there or because he would be a really good addition to the department.

"I'll tell him to call you. His name is Justin Taylor."

"Okay."

"And Mitch, keep my name out of it."

"If that's what you want."

"It's what I want."

Brian smiled as Mitch walked out of his office. Now he had something good to tell Justin when he visited him tonight, and he already knew they would be together. They both wanted that more than anything.

"Bri," Ted said coming through his office door.

"Yes, Theodore," Brian said rather brusquely. He had wanted a few minutes to think about how Justin would show his gratitude that Brian got him a lead on a better job.

"I was going over these figures and things are looking very good this quarter."

"Glad to hear it. I just talked to Mitch about hiring another artist."

"Oh, that will change these figures a bit."

"So, change them."

"Sure. How was your date?"

"Date?"

"You know the wedding, the little drama princess."

"It was ... fine."

"Fine? What does that mean?"

"It means we got along; the date went off without a hitch. It was fine."

"And he didn't throw a tantrum or anything?"

"Not a thing."

"And you didn't ream him out?"

'Oh, I reamed him all right,' Brian thought. "Why would I do that?" he said aloud.

"I just thought with him being so picky according to Debbie, he would get on your last nerve."

"I was on my very best behavior, Theodore."

"So what was he like?"

"He was fine."

"Fine? What does that mean?"

"It means that I don't want to talk about this, especially not in the office."

"So, he liked you?" Ted asked not getting the point.

"He seemed to. He had very discriminating tastes."

"I bet," Ted snorted.

"Are you saying someone with discriminating tastes wouldn't want to be out with me?"

"Oh, shit no, Bri. That's not what I meant at all. Usually you have nothing but criticisms of the guys you escort. The fact they have to pay for it leaves you cold. But not with this guy, huh?"

"Theodore, if you don't get back to work, you're fired."

"Yes sir, boss sir," Ted said, hastily beating a retreat.

Brian sighed. Sometimes it was difficult keeping his personal life such as it was out of his business life. And now he had just made arrangements to possibly bring another element of his personal life right into the heart of Kinnetik. He had to be fucking crazy.

## Chapter 8

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"Justin."

"Brian," Justin said his voice full of relief and hope and longing. "I missed you all day."

"I missed you too."

"Are you coming over?"

"Do you want me to?"

"What do you think? I've been waiting for you to call ever since I got home from work."

"I'm just leaving work. I'll be there in half an hour."

Justin made a face and hesitated to reply. He hated the thought that Brian would be leaving a person he escorted ... and maybe fucked, and then he would be coming to him. He just hated that.

"Justin, are you still there?"

"Yeah."

"Is something wrong?"



"Can you get here any sooner? I need you."

"You are an impatient little twat," Brian chuckled.

"Only when it comes to you."

"Be there soon," Brian said as he hung up the phone.

Brian gathered up the papers on his desk and shoved them into a folder. He would deal with the rest of it tomorrow. He shut down his computer and walked out to Cynthia's desk.

"I'm leaving. Why are you still here?"

Cynthia looked at him about to make a smart remark, and then she thought better of it. Something was going on, and she would keep her mouth shut until she knew what it was. "I'm getting ready to leave," she replied.

"Good, see you tomorrow," Brian said with a smile as he walked out the door.

Now she knew something was definitely up. Brian never left without giving her instructions about something. Today he had simply walked out. She shook her head in wonderment as she started to clear her desk.

Brian stepped into the hallway leading to Justin's apartment. He saw the door open before he heard Justin's little cry and found his arms full of the person he had been craving all day.

"Justin," he whispered, but it came out as almost a moan.

"Oh, Brian, Brian," Justin whispered his face buried against Brian's shoulder.

"Let's get inside," Brian said half carrying Justin who refused to let go of him.

"I wanted you all day. I missed you so much," Justin whimpered.

Once through the doorway of the apartment Brian just kept going, straight to the bedroom. Both of them knew what they wanted and it wasn't going to wait.

The impact of their coming together took their breaths away, just like it had from that first moment that they knew they were going to fuck. What surprised the both of them was how the intensity continued to grow. Their need for each other was increasingly scary to each of them, but this wasn't the time to think about that.

Clothes evaporated and necessities appeared and they were together as only they could be. Sweaty and breathless they exploded together and then lay spent on Justin's bed.

"Fuck!" Justin whispered. "I feel like I've been hit by a truck, but not in a bad way."

Brian chuckled in the darkness. "The same truck got me too."

"What is this, Brian? It's kind of ... scary. I can barely think all day long because all I see is your face and your body and..."

"My dick?"

"That too. I can't concentrate when you're not beside me. I feel like I'll die if you don't hold me."

"Come here," Brian said and he found his arms full of his beautiful blond lover.

"What are we going to do?"

"Maybe if we fuck all night long, we can get it out of our systems," Brian said only half kidding. This scared him too. He had never had to deal with anything like this.

"Do you want to get me out of your system?" Justin almost whimpered against Brian's chest where he was being held gently but very firmly.

"I didn't mean that. I just thought we could ... you know ... dampen the desire a little bit."

"We could try, but I doubt it will work."

"Why?"

"I just know how much I want you ... all the time."

Brian stroked Justin's back and realized that he felt pretty much the same way. This had somehow gotten way out of hand. And he knew he was helpless to stop it. Fucking would at least take his mind off it, and he was hard again from Justin pressed so close to him.

Hours later they both came again, for who knew how many times, and then rolled apart.

"I didn't think I could do that again, but I did," Justin gasped.

"I'm fucking exhausted and I never say that about sex. You have officially worn me out."

"I have to say the same. I'm sure my cock and my ass are on strike from this moment on."

"Then we accomplished our goal," Brian said smugly.

"Hey, you're right. You're so smart," Justin said as he leaned over and gave Brian a soft kiss which became a harder kiss which became a devastating French kiss, and then they were hard again and at it like rabbits.

"Fuck, I thought we were getting somewhere," Brian gasped as soon as he could talk.

"Me too, but I guess it's not working. Can we just go to sleep for a while?"

"We could try," Brian said softly closing his eyes. He felt Justin's hand slide into his and he smiled. "That's not helping."

"I know, but I feel like I need to be connected to you."

"Do you always do what you feel?"

"That's a strange question. Don't you do what you feel? Usually I do. Why do you ask?"

"I usually control or deny feelings. It's ... easier that way, less messy. That's why this should not be happening."

"Then why is it?" Justin asked truly wanting to know.

"It's beyond my control."

Justin had only an inkling of how hard those words were for Brian to say. "Maybe it's fate. Maybe we're destined to be together. It was certainly destiny that I called Miss Debbie and she fixed me up with you."

"Yeah, destiny," Brian repeated.

"Don't you think so?"

"I don't know what the fuck is going on."

"But we could find out together," Justin suggested.

"I think we're going to have to because I can't leave you."

"I like the sound of that," Justin said as he rolled against Brian and they began their explorations once again.

They slept a little and fucked a lot, and as dawn was cracking Brian realized he was going to be late for work. He was never late for work. Justin was sleeping on his chest. That seemed to be his favorite spot. Slowly Brian lifted Justin's arm and tried to ease out from under the blond.

"Don't go," Justin muttered.

"I have to. I'm going to be late."

"For what?"

"For work."

"How come you escort people so early in the morning? I always thought it was at night when people wanted to go out."

"Um ... about my work," Brian said hesitantly. It was time to tell Justin the truth.

"Never mind, I understand that you have to go. I have to get up too."

"Um ... Justin."

"Yeah," Justin said forcing himself up and yawning widely.

"There's something I need to tell you."

"Okay, I'm listening, but I need to take a shower."

"I ... um ... I ... I have to go." Brian knew he had chickened out.

"But you'll come back tonight, won't you?"

"I'll be back," Brian said knowing that he could never stay away. He threw on his clothes so that he could get back to the loft and dress properly for Kinnetik. He would call Cynthia when he got to the car and tell her to hold down the fort until he got there.

"Brian, last night was wonderful," Justin said throwing back the covers.

The sight of naked Justin was almost too much for Brian. He wanted to rip off his clothes and ravish the man once again. He needed to get out of there. "I'll call you after work."

"I'll be waiting," Justin replied keeping his distance. He was sure if they touched neither of them would be able to stop themselves from fucking once more.

Brian hastily left the apartment and headed for the loft. He was going to have to make some other arrangements if this continued, and it seemed like it was unstoppable.

The day gradually wore away at Kinnetik. Brian kept thinking about Justin and what he was going to do about the man who was becoming all consuming in his life. Brian knew Cynthia had questions about him leaving early and arriving late, but so far she had refrained from giving him the third degree. He didn't know how long that would last. Ted seemed more than interested in what Brian was doing these days, and that was another cause of worry.

Just before the end of the business day, Mitch stuck his head in Brian's office. "Can I talk to you for a minute?"

"Come in," Brian said hoping this wouldn't take long. He wanted to get to Justin.

"I think I've found an artist for the art department."

"You have?" Brian asked raising an eyebrow.

"One of the artists knew somebody who was looking for a job. Her name's Marcia Alexander and she seems very competent."

"Have you hired her?"

"No, not yet, but she seems like a good candidate."

"I see."

"What about that guy you wanted me to interview? He never called me."

That was because Brian had been so busy fucking Justin that he had forgotten to tell him about the possible job. "Fuck!" Brian reacted. "I forgot to let him know."

"Well, could you have him call me tomorrow, or I think I should take this girl. She seems very good."

"I'll let him know," Brian replied.

He looked at his watch wondering if Justin would be home from work yet. Not likely, he decided. Maybe he should go over there and tell Justin about the job immediately. He could wait outside the building until Justin arrived. The first thing he would say to Justin had to be about the job. He couldn't let anything else interfere, and that included his dick. Justin deserved this chance.

Brian once again cleared his desk and went out to talk to Cynthia. "I have something important to do, and I may be late again tomorrow," he said.

"Care to tell me what's going on?"

"No."

Cynthia raised an eyebrow. "Okay, boss," she said knowing better than to probe when he used that tone of voice.

"See you tomorrow."

"Right."

Brian walked out of Kinnetik leaving Cynthia with the distinct impression that the Earth had just shifted on its axis, at least the Earth she was familiar with.

When Justin came walking along the street from his bus stop, he was overwhelmed to see Brian leaning against his Corvette waiting for him. He raced down the street slamming into Brian as he kissed the lips he had been hungering for all day.

"I never dreamed you'd be here," Justin whispered with his arms around Brian's neck and his lips a hair's breadth away from Brian's. "Actually I did dream it, but I never thought it would be true. It is really you, isn't it?"

"Pinch me," Brian laughed so full of joy at seeing Justin that he didn't know what the fuck he was saying. "Ouch," he reacted as Justin took him literally, pinching him through his coat which really didn't hurt much at all. "You need to stop now. I have something really important to tell you."

"Come on upstairs and you can tell me there."

"No, no, I have to tell you now. I should have told you yesterday, but as soon as you get your hands on me I can barely remember my own name."

"It's Brian Novotny, but it doesn't matter at the moment."

Brian groaned inwardly. He had created this big lie and it was all getting to be too much. He pushed Justin away. "I have some news for you, so listen."

"What?" Justin asked looking scared.

"It's good news. There's a job opening at an ad firm called Kinnetik. Have you heard of it?"

"Who hasn't? It's the new and best agency in Pittsburgh."

Brian smiled. He liked to hear that. "So, here's the name of the head of the art department at Kinnetik. His number is on there. Call him first thing tomorrow morning."

"But ... how do you know about this job?"

"I ... I have a friend who works there," Brian hedged. He did have a friend, sort of, Ted, who worked there. "But you need to call in the morning or it might be filled."

"Thank you, thank you," Justin said kissing Brian's lips. "I love you so much." Brian stiffened at the mention of love. Justin felt the difference and wondered why. Maybe it was too soon to say those words, but that was what he felt. "Thank your friend for me, and I'll definitely call in the morning."

"Good, now let's go fuck."

And they did.

## Chapter 9

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Justin sat in the lobby of Kinnetik. He had called Mitch that morning and was expecting to meet with him in just a few minutes. When he had called in the morning, Mitch had wanted him to come right over, but he didn't want to blow off the job he had in case he didn't get this new one. So they had arranged to meet after work. Mitch said he would be there until six pm and Justin had arrived a little after 5:30. He had checked with the receptionist who said Mitch was in a meeting that had run long, and would be available in a few minutes.

Flipping through a magazine, Justin's mind automatically went to Brian. They had fucked away a good portion of the night. It was incredible how they fed off each other, the passion and heat almost consuming them when they were together. Justin shivered at the memory.

Brian had left early in the morning saying once again that he was going to be late for work. Justin frowned unable to reconcile that statement with what he knew Brian did for a living. They had agreed to meet at seven at Justin's apartment since if all went well Justin would be going for an interview after work.

So here he was, admiring the bold image that the Kinnetik headquarters projected. It was a kind of strange office space, not like the usual ad offices in one of Pittsburgh's high-rises. Justin wondered if he would like working there if he got the opportunity. He had seen a lot of people leaving for the day and most of them seemed pretty happy and content with where they worked. He hadn't heard much griping other than one guy who was complaining that the boss had had some kind of hissy fit about some boards that hadn't been up to snuff. Justin wondered if that was the meeting that this Mitch was in.

Suddenly a slightly harried, but nice looking man, approached Justin. "Mr. Taylor, I'm Mitch Kennedy." He held out his hand and Justin stood, shaking it. "If you'll follow me, my office is back in the art department, and you can have a look around before the interview."

Justin followed the man down the hallway past an open door that led into some kind of meeting room. As Justin had passed that doorway and was headed the other way, Brian came out of that room. He glanced at Mitch walking away and immediately realized that it was Justin with him. His dick stood up and saluted, but his head told him to get out of there, because he didn't want Justin to find out who he was this way. Brian wanted to tell Justin when the time was right.

Meanwhile Mitch gave Justin a quick tour of his art department, and then took Justin into his office. They discussed Justin's education, qualifications and current job. Mitch seemed impressed with everything except the current work placement. Justin tried to explain to Mitch, as he had to Brian, that he had not had many opportunities at jobs like this one, because he didn't have the right circle of contacts to help him get a foot in the door. Mitch didn't seem impressed with that at all.

Mitch explained the nature of the opening at Kinnetik, including the salary which Justin found very much to his liking. Mitch said that he had always found PIFA graduates to be excellent artists. Justin thought that was a hopeful sign. Mitch then lifted up a board advertising a hair care product. He asked Justin to look at it and suggest what might be improved with color, font, placement, etc.

Justin knew this was a crucial test in his quest for this job. He studied the board carefully and then suggested that the background color was all wrong. If they used a pale blue it would make everything else pop. The green they had there now, downplayed the other colors too much. Mitch smiled. That was exactly what Brian had been ranting about a few minutes earlier. Now he had an even better color selection. Brian had just said blue, but he knew exactly what Justin was getting at.

"That's very good, Mr. Taylor," Mitch said. "I'm impressed."

"Thanks, and call me Justin, please."

"Okay, Justin, I can't offer you the job without clearing it through Mr. Kinney, the owner, but I will certainly recommend you."

"Wow! Thanks for the endorsement," Justin said standing and shaking Mitch's hand once again.

"I can walk you out," Mitch said.

"That's not necessary," Justin replied. "I'm sure you want to finish up and get on home. I can find my way out."

"I'll let you know about the job tomorrow or the next day at the latest."

"Thanks again," Justin said and he started walking along the corridor towards the lobby. He glanced into the meeting room liking the sleek furniture he saw in there. Yes, he could definitely enjoy working here. He stopped at the glass door that led off into a huge office. That must belong to Mr. Kinney, Justin decided. It looked definitely intimidating.

He walked past a nice looking blonde lady who said, "Hello," and smiled at him. And then he was outside in the fresh, cold air. His heart felt light and he smiled at the sky because it was clear, and dark and cold, and he could see lots of stars. Then his thoughts went immediately to Brian. He needed to get home so he could tell Brian all about his interview and this company where he might be working in a few days.

As he started along the sidewalk to the street where he could catch a bus, someone called, "Hey, handsome."

Justin turned and looked back to see Brian in his Corvette with the window rolled down. Justin ran across the street and around the car. Brian had already shoved the passenger door open for him.

"What are you doing here?" Justin asked as he climbed in, a smile as big as Pittsburgh all over his face.

"Looking for you."

Justin smiled even more. "But how did you know I'd be here?"

"I have spies everywhere."

"Oh, your friend at Kinnetik? He's not Mitch, is he?"

"No," Brian said. Mitch was his employee not his friend.

"It doesn't matter," Justin beamed. "I had a good interview. I think I got the job."

Brian grabbed Justin and pulled him into a warm embrace. "I hope so," Brian whispered.

"Um ... I think we need to get home ... fast. There's not a lot of room to fuck in this car."

Brian released his lover and quickly sped away. He didn't want Mitch to see them together if he came out of Kinnetik.

Several rounds of fucking later Brian and Justin lay side by side in Justin's bed.

"You know," Justin said thoughtfully. "I think something just changed."

"Changed? What are you talking about?"

Justin heard something in Brian's voice that made him glance at the man. The look on Brian's face told him that he thought Justin meant that their fucking wasn't as good as before. "What we just did was great, but..."

"But what?"

"It's kind of hard to explain."

"Well, try."

"Before, it was great, mind blowing, fantastic, being with you."

"And now it's not?"

"Brian, shut up and listen," Justin grinned. "Now it's better! I felt like we really are connecting, that we've gone beyond escort and client."

Brian felt himself wince at those words. He never felt that Justin was his client after that first day, but apparently Justin had. Of course, Justin didn't know the truth. "I thought we went way past that when I came back here that night you found my tie."

"We did, but this was even better. It looks like I'm getting a new job, and it's all because of you. I love that you helped me. It made everything we just did so much sweeter."

"I don't do sweet," Brian said, the words just leaping out of his mouth in the way he always defended himself from such foolish accusations.

"You don't think you do sweet, but I know better," Justin chuckled.

"You do, huh?"

"I do. You're a great big marshmallow below that tough exterior."

"Jesus, now I feel like I need to lose weight, as well as polish up my tough guy exterior."

"You don't have to change anything. I lov ... like you just the way you are," Justin said changing love to like at the last second. He remembered the last time he used that word, and the effect it had had on Brian. He frowned. He didn't like censoring his thoughts and feelings, but somehow that seemed to be necessary with Brian.

Brian heard the change of word and something inside him regretted that Justin had felt the necessity of doing that. "Not many people like me the way I am. Most people think I'm an arrogant asshole ... and mostly they're right."

"Are not! You are a kind and generous man. Hell, I could be in debt to the tune of several thousand dollars if you had chosen to go by the letter of our initial agreement. Instead you've just helped me find a great new job."

"You haven't started the job yet. How do you know it's going to be great?"

"I just have a feeling," Justin smiled. He was so happy, the job, Brian, everything.

"You go by your feelings a lot, don't you?"

"Of course," Justin said like there was no other way to live.

Brian frowned. He couldn't say the same, but he had become much more attuned to his feelings ... and Justin's since they had come together. He wondered if that was a good thing. Justin seemed so happy at the moment, and yet he had been grieving for two years before Brian had met him. Those kinds of emotions Brian didn't need. It was easier to just close himself off from all hurt and anguish. He refused to let those touch him. Although, sometimes they still did if he was really honest about it.

"You're awfully quiet," Justin said after a bit.

"Just thinking."

"Care to tell me what about?"

"Maybe some other time," Brian said. He wasn't ready yet.

"I can wait."

Brian knew he would wait too. He was going to have to make some big decisions about Justin Taylor, especially with the likelihood that Justin would be starting work at Kinnetik in the next day or two. "Let's fuck," Brian said rolling on top of Justin. That seemed to be what they did best at this point, and it was much safer for Brian than continuing this conversation.

Two days later Justin Taylor was scheduled to start at Kinnetik. Brian had been informed by Mitch that he had offered the job to Justin and he had accepted. Mitch had wanted to know if Brian would like to meet Justin the first day he started at Kinnetik, but Brian had pleaded a very busy day and said he would meet the new employee in due course. That would be after he had time to explain things to Justin.

Brian was spending every night at Justin's and then rushing off in the morning to go home, shower and get to work before he was too late. The day Justin was to start at Kinnetik was no different, except that Brian left earlier than usual since Justin wanted time to prepare and put forth his best appearance with his new co-workers and boss. Brian had smiled to himself when Justin told him that. Brian knew there was no way Justin could have any better appearance to his boss than when he was totally naked and lying beside Brian or under him or bent in half...

"Hey, you're hard again," Justin grinned as he looked at Brian just before they got out of bed. "What are you thinking about?"

"I was picturing you all dressed for work and toiling away at your drafting table. I would swoop in and rip your clothes off and fuck you till the table smashed to pieces beneath us."

"Oh fuck! Now I'm hard too," Justin moaned. "We've got time for one more."

They had made time.

Brian had been very careful to scan the lobby at Kinnetik when he went in that morning. He certainly didn't want to run into Justin as he entered. That would be unbelievably awkward. Seeing no sign of his current lover, Brian quickly went to his office and buzzed Cynthia for coffee. He told her he would be busy working on a campaign all day and that he didn't want to be interrupted unless it was something very important. That done, he felt he could work in relative peace without the likelihood of Justin somehow meeting him there.

Justin had asked Brian if he wanted to meet him at Kinnetik after work. Maybe they could celebrate or something. Justin had been confident that he was going to love his new job. Brian decided to call Justin just before five o'clock. Brian had been stuck in his office all day and he was ready to get out. He picked up the phone.

"Hey," Justin's voice positively purred.

"You sound happy," Brian smiled.

"I've had the best day."

"That's wonderful. Are you done yet?"

"I could be in about three minutes," Justin said. "Where are you?"

"I'm in the parking lot," Brian said as he quickly threw everything into his briefcase.

"I'll be there right away," Justin promised.

Brian grabbed his coat and briefcase and headed into the lobby.

"Brian," Cynthia's voice stopped him.

"What?"

"Just wanted to remind you that you have an early meeting with Remsen tomorrow."

"Right, seven-thirty," Brian said glancing nervously down the hall. All he would need would be Justin coming out and finding him talking to Cynthia.

"Yeah, I thought I should remind you since you've been coming in later the last few days."

"Okay, I got it. I'll be here," Brian said as he raced out the door.

Cynthia watched him go and wondered what the hell was going on with him. She could count on her left thumb the times Brian had left work at five o'clock. She was standing there shaking her head when Mitch came walking out with what she assumed must be the new artist that had been hired.

"Cynthia," Mitch said, "this is Justin Taylor. This was his first day here at Kinnetik. Cynthia is Mr. Kinney's right hand man," Mitch joked.

"Thanks Mitch," Cynthia replied as she shook Justin's hand. "Good to have you on board."

"I'm really happy to be working here. I loved my first day," Justin said enthusiastically.

"That's what I like to hear, and so does Brian."

"Brian?"

"Brian Kinney, he owns this place."

"Oh, right," Justin stammered. "I didn't know his first name was Brian. My boyfriend's name is Brian," Justin smiled.

"That's a coincidence," Cynthia said. "Well, I hope tomorrow goes as well for you as today did," she said with a smile as she walked away.

"She seems nice," Justin said as he and Mitch left the building.

A horn honked and Justin looked up expecting to see Brian in the Corvette.

"That's my wife," Mitch said. "She's picking me up."

"Good night, Mitch, see you in the morning," Justin said looking around. He couldn't see Brian anywhere.

Mitch climbed into the car and they drove away. Justin walked along the street looking for Brian. Suddenly he heard a horn and Brian pulled up beside him. Justin opened the door and got in.

"Where were you?" he asked as he leaned over and gave Brian a kiss. "I thought you were waiting outside."

"I was, but I couldn't get a parking spot," Brian lied. "So I drove around the block until I saw you." He had driven off when he saw Mitch's wife arrive.

"It doesn't matter so long as you're here," Justin said with his beautiful smile.

"Do you like Italian food?"

"I love it."

"Then I know just the place to take you for dinner."

They enjoyed a great dinner at a place far away from Kinnetik and Liberty Avenue. Brian occasionally took clients there, but he didn't expect to see anyone else he knew.

Justin babbled on all evening about his job and how he had helped with a hair care board. It looked really great according to Justin. Brian hoped so. He was supposed to see the revised boards the next day.

When they walked out of the restaurant, Justin said, "Brian, could we go to your place instead of mine?"

"My place?"

"Yeah, you know, where you used to sleep until a few days ago when you took over my bed." Justin grinned at him.

"Twat," Brian replied. He wasn't sure how to answer Justin. Finally he said, "I guess we could, but what will you do about work tomorrow morning?"

"You could drop me off."

"What about clothes?"

"Oh, yeah, I guess we could go to my place and I could pick some up."

Okay," Brian agreed knowing that once they got to Justin's he would fuck Justin into the mattress and they wouldn't be going anywhere. Maybe after that he would tell him the whole story of who he was.



## Chapter 10

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When Justin turned off the alarm the next morning he looked over at Brian who was stretching and trying to wake up. They had fucked long into the night. They were so good together.

"What are you smiling at at this ugly hour of the morning?" Brian asked.

"I was thinking about last night. It was intense."

"Intense is a good word for it," Brian admitted. He had never felt anything so intense as what he and Justin did. It blew him away.

"You said you needed to leave early," Justin said. "You better get going."

"Yeah," Brian agreed sitting up.

"I still want to see your place," Justin said.

"How about tonight?" Brian asked as he dressed.

Justin smiled. "That sounds great. You know, I don't even have your phone number." Justin frowned realizing how little he really knew about Brian. At first he hadn't wanted to know anything about Brian and his work, but now that they had gotten so close, the man still remained pretty much of a mystery.

"Here's my cell number," Brian said writing it on a pad on the nightstand. He had almost pulled out one of his business cards, but had remembered in time that he was Brian Novotny not Brian Kinney. "We need to have a long talk tonight," Brian said as he grabbed his coat.

"I'd like that," Justin said giving Brian a kiss as he ushered the man out the door. "Maybe I can figure out what we're doing and who you really are," Justin muttered to himself as he went to take a shower.

Brian managed to be on time for his meeting with Remsen. When Justin arrived he went directly to the art department. Mitch was already there.

"Has the boss seen the revised boards?" Justin asked. He was hoping Brian Kinney would like them as much as he did.

"Not yet," Mitch replied. "He's in a big meeting with Remsen Pharmaceuticals."

"Oh? Sounds important."

"Their account provides millions in revenue for this firm. It was snagging Remsen that enabled Brian to start Kinnetik."

"Wow!"

"So let's hope that meeting goes well, and then Brian can be blown away by these boards." Mitch nodded to the boards lined up along the wall. "Hey, maybe you could come with me when I show them to Brian. The color change came from your suggestion in the interview."

"I'd love that," Justin said.

Some time later Mitch answered his phone and came out into the work area to pick up the boards. Justin looked over hopefully expecting to be asked to help. When Mitch said nothing Justin walked over to help him organize the boards.

"Sorry, Justin," Mitch said as he hoisted the boards into his arms. "Brian's in a hurry and he wants these immediately. I guess you'll have to meet him another time."

"Okay," Justin replied. He was disappointed as he watched Mitch carry the boards down the hall to Mr. Kinney's office. He wondered what the boss was like. It would have been nice to be there if Brian really liked the boards. Then he might have got some of the credit. Oh well, maybe that would happen next time, Justin told himself as he went back to his table.

When Mitch returned, Justin was happy to hear that the boss loved the boards. Mitch even said he had told Brian about Justin's part in their re-creation.

As the day drew to a close, Justin decided to try the phone number Brian had given him and see if he could actually reach his lover. While it was ringing Justin thought about what he would say.

"Hello," Brian's voice came back to him.

"Is this Novotny's Escort Service?" Justin asked with a giggle.

"I guess you could call it that," Brian smiled as he rotated his chair away from Ted's prying eyes. They had been discussing some financial issues.

"I'd like to book Mr. Novotny for a date tonight," Justin cooed.

"And just what services will you require?" Brian whispered.

"The works."

"I like the sound of that, but do you think you can afford the works?" Brian chuckled.

"I have this great new job. I can afford it."

"Where would you like to meet?"

"I'll be outside Kinnetik in ten minutes," Justin stated.

"Can you make it twenty, and I'll be waiting?"

"You got it, big boy," Justin laughed.

"Later," Brian replied as he shut the phone. He turned back to Ted. Ted was staring at him like he had grown a second head. "Close your mouth, Theodore, and get the new guy added to payroll," Brian ordered.

"Are you leaving?" Ted asked based on what he had heard.

"I'm on my way out of here in a few minutes. And it's none of your business."

"Sure, Bri, sure," Ted replied.

Brian quickly cleared off his desk and headed outside. He started the Corvette and circled the block arriving just in time to meet Justin coming out of Kinnetik. Justin was alone so Brian stopped and Justin hopped in. Ted watched from the doorway as what could only be the new guy that he had been instructed to add to the payroll drove away in a Corvette exactly like Brina's. Ted shook his head wondering what the fuck was going on.

"So was your second day as good as your first?" Brian asked as Justin kissed his cheek. Brian was starting to like this form of endearment. In fact he liked everything about Justin Taylor.

"It was good," Justin replied.

"Merely good? How come?"

"Well, I helped fix some boards that Mr. Kinney wanted. Mitch said that he would take me with him when he showed them to the boss, because it was mostly my idea about how to change them."

"That sounds like a good thing," Brian said already well aware of what Justin's problem was.

"It would have been, but the boss was too busy so Mitch had to rush them to Kinney and I couldn't go."

"And Mitch took credit for them?" Brian asked.

"No, no, nothing like that. He said he told Mr. Kinney that I had been a big help."

"Then that's good."

"I guess, but I would have liked to have met Mr. Kinney and heard his opinion of the boards."

"Yeah, I guess that would have been better," Brian replied as he turned down another street.

"Where are we going?" Justin asked looking around. They were definitely not heading to his apartment.

"You'll see," Brian said and kept driving. After a while he pulled to a stop next to a curb and climbed out. Justin followed looking around.

"Where are we?" Justin repeated.

"Follow me," Brian ordered.

Justin trailed Brian up to the main door of a building which Brian unlocked and they proceeded inside. "Is this some sort of factory?" Justin asked as they boarded the freight elevator.

Brian said nothing. They arrived at the top floor and he unlocked the door to the loft. Justin followed him inside.

"Wow!" Justin said. "This place is amazing. What a great kitchen!"

"Thanks."

"This ... this is where you live?" Justin asked surprised.

Brian nodded. "You wanted to see it yesterday but we got ... sidetracked."

"Yeah, we did. I could be sidetracked while we're here," Justin admitted still looking around. Suddenly he found himself in Brian's strong arms and he was pulled unceremoniously up to the bedroom. "My, what a big bed you have," Justin giggled as Brian proceeded to undress him.

"The better to eat you with," Brian growled as he had almost finished his task.

With a gentle shove Justin landed on his back on the big bed. Brian tore at his clothes trying to get them off as fast as possible. Justin looked around noting where the bathroom was. Suddenly he was flattened by a flying Brian Kinney and he made a whoosh sound as all the air was knocked out of him.

"I'm going to ravish your ass until you can't stand up," Brian promised.

"I bet you can't do that, big guy," Justin laughed.

"After all the things we've done, you doubt me?"

"Um ... never," Justin said as he felt Brian's stiff cock between them. "But when you're done I'm going to fuck you right back."

Brian lifted his head stopping his feast on Justin's neck long enough to give Justin a Kinney glare. "I thought we had already put that one to rest," Brian growled not liking to be interrupted.

"You may have, but I haven't given up."

Brian groaned and started kissing Justin to shut him up once again. That seemed to be the best method where the talkative young man was concerned. When they finally came up for air an hour or two later, Justin moaned.

"How's your ass. Can you stand up?"

"I'm sure I can, but I have no desire to at this moment," Justin explained.

Brian snorted. "Likely story."

"I'm starving. You could have fed me before you ravished me," Justin complained.

"I was in a hurry."

"You're always in a hurry," Justin stated with a grin. "What do you have in the fridge?"

"Go find out."

"You just want to see if I can stand up." Brian smirked. Justin made a face at him and gingerly hauled himself off the bed. "See," he said defiantly as he stood rather unsteadily beside the big bed.

"Okay," Brian said, "you've proved you can stand up. Now get back in bed."

"I'm hungry," Justin said as he took some steps towards the stairs. He stepped carefully down and headed for the kitchen. "Fuck!"

"What? Did you hurt yourself?" Brian asked as he jumped up.

"You weren't kidding when you said all you had in your refrigerator was poppers and beer."

"Hand me a beer," Brian chuckled as he came up behind Justin.

Justin handed him one. "Your fucking apartment isn't any warmer than mine," Justin said with a shiver. He wrapped his arms around his naked chest.

"It is so," Brian retorted pulling Justin against him. With an evil smirk he let his beer fall to rest in the small of Justin's back.

"Fuck!" Justin shrieked and batted it away. In so doing he sent the bottle flying out of Brian's hand and against the steel fridge door. It shattered into a thousand fragments.

"Don't move," Brian ordered.

"I'm sorry," Justin said looking scared. "I didn't mean to do that."

"Stay still," Brian repeated. He grabbed the end of the island and half jumped half vaulted to the other side. He ran upstairs and slid on his boots. He grabbed a pair of his running shoes for Justin and came back down. He handed the shoes to Justin across the counter. "Be careful not to step anywhere else until you get those on. I don't want to have to pick pieces of glass out of your feet, or spend the evening in emergency."

Justin did as he was told and soon had the shoes on. Brian had a broom and dustpan and soon they had cleaned up all the glass.

"I'm so sorry," Justin said once again.

"It's not your fault. I shouldn't have touched you with the cold bottle especially after you said you were freezing. It was stupid."

"It's okay," Justin said, "but I'm still starving and you look so hilarious naked with your boots on and a broom in your hand."

"Don't laugh at the hired help, or I'll swat you with my broom," Brian threatened with a leer that said more about what he was looking at which was Justin's dick than about how mad he was.

"I'd hire you any day," Justin laughed. "Oops, I already have."

"Look in that drawer," Brian said pointing with his broom. "It's full of takeout. Pick something you like." Brian went to put the broom and dustpan away.

Justin was looking through the takeout menus when Brian returned. "Wow! You have quite a selection."

"Nothing but the best for my guest," Brian smirked.

Justin smiled, but he hoped deep down he was more than a guest to Brian. "How about Chinese?" he asked. "I haven't had that for a long time."

"That's fine. Decide what you want and I'll call it in."

When that had been done, Justin suggested that he would be a lot warmer with some clothes on. He pulled on his slacks and shirt.

"I liked you better naked," Brian said having pulled on a sweat suit.

"I like you better naked too, but hot moo goo guy pan on the dick is very unpleasant."

Brian snorted. "You have a point."

"Why did you bring me here tonight?" Justin asked out of the blue as they waited for dinner to arrive.

"You asked."

"That was last night and I got the distinct impression that you were avoiding bringing me here."

"What made you think that?" Brian asked.

Justin raised an eyebrow. He had known what Brian was doing all along. "I'm not stupid, Brian. I see how you dodge questions. I still don't understand how you can be an escort when you have spent every night this week with me. No people who hire you want to go out with you at six a.m."

"You don't know that."

"I do. One night, but five?"

"Maybe I only take one escort job a week."

"I guess if you let them fuck you, you could earn enough to live on like that. But not enough for a place like this."

"You think you're pretty smart, don't you? Got it all figured out."

"Hell no. I have more questions than I have answers. Care to enlighten me?"

Brian hesitated. This was his chance to come clean. He just wasn't sure he was ready. If Justin got angry, he wasn't sure what he would do. He needed more time. The buzzer told them that dinner had arrived.

Much later they fell asleep in each other's arms. Between fucking and food and kissing and food and fucking and beer they managed to make the night disappear and no answers were given.

## Chapter 11

Justin awoke with someone's arm lying across his hip. He shifted and felt the arm pull him back. He smiled as he realized that Brian was keeping him close. He felt all warm and toasty and protected.

"Morning," Brian mumbled against Justin's neck.

"Is it morning already? I have to pee."

"Don't go," Brian said holding on a little tighter.

Justin sighed a happy sigh and leaned back against Brian. He could stand to stay there a little longer before his bladder got really insistent. "What are we going to do today?" Justin asked. "It's Saturday."

"Another Saturday, another wedding," Brian felt Justin stiffen in his arms.

"Do you have to work?"

Brian groaned inwardly. Justin was still expecting him to be escorting someone. "I was teasing. I'm all yours."

"Seriously?" Justin asked turning so he could look into Brian's eyes.

"Seriously."

"What do you normally do on Saturday?"

"I ... I often go to the gym for a couple of hours."

"That's where you get those nice strong arms," Justin cooed squeezing Brian's upper arm. Brian flexed and Justin giggled.

"The better to hold you with," Brian whispered.

"And where did you get those lovely lips?"

"I exercise them too," Brian said. "Like this." He started kissing Justin until Justin could barely think straight.

"I really need to pee," Justin gasped.

"Fine, go, leave me all alone."

"You are such a drama princess."

"That's queen to you," Brian smirked as Justin disappeared into the bathroom.

When Justin returned Brian decided that it was finally time to tell him the truth.

"Justin, there's something I've been meaning to tell you."

"There's something I want to tell you too."

"And what might that be?"

"I'm falling in love with you," Justin whispered holding his breath to see how Brian would react. "Actually I take that back. I am in love with you."

Brian stared into the blue eyes. He wasn't sure how to react. Some part of him was scared shitless and wished this moment would disappear. Some other part felt all warm and good that Justin could love him. "If I honestly knew what the fuck love was, I might say the same thing back to you," Brian said speaking straight from his heart for once in his life.

Justin's smile had grown bigger with each of Brian's words. "I'd be happy to teach you about love."

"I think you already have."

Brian rolled onto Justin and they made love with Justin showing Brian all the ways that love was different from fucking. The strange thing was that they both knew that Brian already understood the difference. He had been in denial about love for so long that Justin instinctively knew that they needed to take this slow.

When they were done Brian suggested that they go to the diner for a late breakfast.

"Is this your favorite hangout?" Justin asked as he dressed.

"Favorite might be pushing it a little," Brian chuckled. "It's where I have hung out for years. My best friend's mother owns it. She used to be a waitress there."

"Oh, will I get to meet her?"

"No," Brian replied. "She has another business, but she still owns the Liberty Diner."

"What about your friends? Will they be there?"

Brian hadn't really thought about that. Some of them might be, although more than likely they would be at the gym for a while yet. Brian decided he didn't care if they met Justin. Soon everyone would know that they were together. The smile on his face grew bigger as he thought about their shocked faces.

"What are you smiling at?"

"I hope some of them are there," Brian replied.

"Are they escorts?"

"No, not one of them." None of them escorted, except in emergencies when Debbie needed them.

Justin smiled at that. He was glad Brian had friends who did something other than escort. "You ready?" he asked.

Brian nodded and they headed out. When they got to the diner none of the boys were there, so they found a booth and ordered breakfast.

"You know," Justin began his mouth stuffed with bacon and pancakes. "I was thinking."

Brian groaned. "What now?"

"Hey, mister, none of that," Justin grinned. "Since you helped me get my great new job, why don't I see if I can get you a job at Kinnetik too?"

Brian spit some of his coffee onto his plate of eggs. "What the fuck as?"

"As an advertising executive," Justin said confidently.

"You've worked at the fucking place for three days and you're going to advise them on hiring executives? Not bloody likely."

Justin chuckled. "I know, but I think you'd be great at advertising. You already know quite a bit."

"Do I?" Brian asked amused.

"Everything I mention about Kinnetik or my job you understand. I think advertising is in your blood. And then we could work together." Justin smiled. "And you wouldn't have to escort anymore."

"That really bugs you, doesn't it?" Brian smirked.

"Yes, it does." Justin frowned.

Brian took a deep breath and opened his mouth to tell Justin the truth once and for all.

"Hey, hey, hey," Emmett called as he and Ted walked into the diner. "Where have you been hiding lately and who is this tasty morsel?" Emmett slid into the booth beside Justin and Ted sat down next to Brian.

"This is Justin. Justin, Ted and Emmett," Brian said with a scowl.

"Justin?" Ted said with a frown. He felt like he should know who this guy was. "That name sounds familiar for some reason. Have we met?"

"I don't think so," Justin said finishing his pancakes.

"Sorry, ladies, but we were just on our way out," Brian said giving Ted a strong shunt with his hip. Brian might have been ready to reveal his secret to Justin, but there was no fucking way he was going to do it in front of Temmett. Ted let Brian out and Emmett did the same for Justin.

"Hope to see more of you, sweetie," Emmett called as Brian paid for their breakfasts and they left the diner. "Who the fuck was that? They seemed really chummy. Could he be a trick? Brian never takes his tricks to breakfast. I wonder what's going on."

"Fuck if I know," Ted replied. But he intended to find out. There was something very familiar about that Justin, but he couldn't quite put his finger on what it was.

Brian and Justin went back to Justin's apartment to get some clean clothes. While Justin was grabbing some stuff, Brian sat down on the couch. He noticed his red tie lying on the floor near the door where it had been dropped a few days earlier. Justin wasn't much of a housekeeper, but he did have other assets. Brian got up and went to the door to pick up his tie.

"You never did get that back, did you?" Justin laughed as he walked out of the bedroom carrying a duffel bag with some clothes.

"We got busy with other things," Brian smirked as he carefully folded the tie. "Let me take that," Brian said gallantly. He set the tie down on the end table and hoisted Justin's bag onto his shoulder. "What the fuck have you got in here?"

"I didn't know what we would be doing for the rest of the weekend, and I brought some clothes for work on Monday."

"You're going to stay that long?"

"Um ... you mean you don't want me to stay?" Justin asked uncertainly.

"No, twat, I want you to stay," Brian smiled.

"Then let's get going."

The rest of the weekend went by in a blur. Justin found the loft much to his liking even if it wasn't as cozy as his little apartment. By the end of the weekend he knew the ceiling of the bedroom intimately having had much time to study it when his eyes weren't closed or he wasn't screaming out Brian's name as he came.

Sunday afternoon they both could feel their impending separation as the weekend drew to a close.

"Brian, can we go to the supermarket?" Justin asked around four o'clock.

"What the fuck for?"

"For bread and meat and cheese and vegetables."

"Why?"

"I thought I'd cook you dinner."

"You don't need to cook. We can order in."

"We've done that all weekend. Don't you want a nice home cooked meal?"

"I never found home cooked to be all that pleasant."

"What ... what does that mean?"

"Some time when you have a month I'll tell you the saga of the Kinney family. It'll turn you right off home cooked meals."

Justin frowned. "I'd be happy to listen to anything you want to tell me, but I'd really like to cook something for you."

"Then get that fine ass of yours into some clothes and we'll go to the fucking store."

"Thank you," Justin said launching himself into Brian's arms and kissing all over Brian's face.

"If you keep doing that, we'll never get to the store."

Justin giggled. "They're open for a couple of hours yet. We have time."

"That's why I fucking love you, Justin Taylor."

They both looked at each other taken by surprise at the words that had just come out of Brian's mouth. The silence hung over them as Justin stayed in Brian's arms, his hands locked behind Brian's neck.

"You're not going to take that back, are you?" Justin breathed against Brian's neck.

Brian almost had as soon as the words had escaped, but he knew deep down that he didn't want to take them back. He pushed Justin back far enough to look into the blue eyes, and he shook his head. Justin's smile rivaled the sun.

"I love you, love you, love you," Justin said loudly. He wanted the whole world to hear him.

"Let's just keep this between the two of us for now," Brian said with a small smile.

"Then you better fucking kiss me to shut me up. I feel like I'm going to explode."

Brian chuckled as his lips found Justin's. Other body parts meshed together and they barely made it to the supermarket before it closed.

Justin was cooking some of the groceries that he had insisted on buying. He had set Brian to work making a salad. He figured it would be pretty hard to fuck up a salad if Brian was really as bad a cook as he claimed to be.

"Have you thought any more about what I suggested earlier," Justin asked as he seasoned the chicken and put it in the oven.

"Which suggestion, the one about fucking my ass?" Brian smirked.

"Have you reconsidered that one?" Justin laughed.

Brian wagged his eyebrows and then shook his head. "Maybe ... some time way in the future."

"I'll hold you to that very vague commitment," Justin chuckled.

"So was that the suggestion you were talking about?"

"Actually, no, I meant the one about getting a job in advertising."

"Oh, that one," Brian replied. Maybe now was the moment to reveal who he really was. "I ... I have a job..." Brian began at which point he managed to slice into his finger instead of the tomato he had been cutting up. "Fuck!" Brian yelped as he stuck his hand under the cold water in the sink.

"Band-Aids?" Justin asked.

"Bathroom under the sink."

Justin raced up and returned with a Band-Aid that he quickly applied to Brian's thumb.

"See," Brian said wiping up the counter. "This is why I never cook."

"You weren't cooking, you were slicing."

"Thanks for making that distinction. My thumb feels so much better as a result."

"Go, set the table. I'll finish up with this."

"Did I bleed in the salad?" Brian asked looking in the bowl.

"I don't think so."

"Why don't we pitch it and start over," Brian said dumping the whole thing in the garbage. He washed the bowl and set it out to be refilled. "Would you like some wine? I think I can handle that without hurting myself."

Justin snorted. "Watch out for those corkscrews. They can be vicious."

"Twist off top," Brian laughed.

"No!"

"No, I can handle a corkscrew," Brian conceded. "I've had more practice with wine bottles than with chopping vegetables."

"Now, that I believe."

Brian handed Justin a glass of wine. "Here's ... to us," Brian smiled. He had managed to say that with only a slight hesitation.

"To us," Justin grinned as they sipped their wine. Justin's smile made saying the words very worthwhile.



## Final Chapter

Justin practically skipped into Kinnetik on Monday morning. He and Brian had enjoyed the meal he made, they had fucked and they had made love. It had been a great weekend. Brian had just dropped Justin off down the street and then he had sped away to some appointment. Justin couldn't help but wish that Brian would consider a career in advertising. Anything that would get him out of escorting would be good. Brian was so much more than an escort. Justin wondered how the man had ever ended up going down that path anyway.

Brian went around the block and then parked the car as inconspicuously as possible before making his way into Kinnetik. All the times he had tried to tell Justin the truth on the weekend, something had stopped him. He knew they couldn't continue like this much longer.

Justin sat down at his table taking out the project he was working on. Mitch waved to him as he went into his office. Justin smiled. His life was going great. He loved working here, he had Brian in his life, and he would be earning enough to live decently. He practically hugged himself.

"Excuse me," a voice said. "Is Justin Taylor here?"

Justin looked over to see the man he had met at the diner reading from a folder. "I'm here," Justin said with a frown. "It's Ted, isn't it?"

"Fuck, yeah," Ted replied as the light dawned. "You were with Brian."

"You must be his friend who works here."

"I guess you could call me that," Ted said unsure of how to deal with this situation.

"Why were you looking for me?"

"You need to fill out these forms so you can get health benefits, and so you can have your ... pay automatically deposited."

"Those are the kinds of forms I like filling out," Justin laughed.

"How ... how long have you known Brian?" Ted asked as he handed Justin all of the required forms. It was all starting to make sense. This was who he had seen getting into Brian's Corvette.

"We met a week ago Saturday," Justin said with a smile.

"And he took you to breakfast?"

"Yeah, we went to dinner one night too, and we've been seeing a lot of each other."

"No shit!"

"Why does that surprise you?"

"That is amazingly out of character for Brian Kinney," Ted laughed.

"Brian Kinney? No, you've got it wrong. His name is Brian Novotny."

"Only when he acts as an escort," Ted said knowingly. "The rest of the time he's Brian Kinney, owner of Kinnetik, ad man extraordinaire, and your boss."

Justin knew his mouth was hanging open, but he couldn't quite get his mind around what Ted had just told him. Until he did he would have to leave his mouth gaping in the wind.

"Sign those forms and fill in the necessary information," Ted instructed Justin when the man didn't say anything more. Justin seemed positively stunned. "The sooner you get them back to me, the quicker you'll get paid." Ted thought maybe he would get the fuck out of Justin's face. He didn't know what to make of the look on Justin's face.

Justin felt his hands ball up into fists. He knew he was crushing the papers Ted had just given him, but he didn't care. Everything was starting to make sense. Brian's weird hours as an escort were perfect hours for someone in business. There had been some mention of the name Kinney at one point but he hadn't thought much about it at the time. This was why Brian had been so secretive about his life. All that mattered now though was the fact that everything he and Brian had done was a fucking lie.

"No!" he said forcefully. "No!"

Taking a deep breath Justin strode down the hall and stopped at the glass door he knew led into Brian Kinney's office. If his Brian was sitting at the desk in there, then he would know that everything Ted had said was true, and everything that he had thought was true was false. He pushed the door open.

Brian glanced up from his desk to see a stunned looking Justin Taylor staring back at him. "Fuck!" he muttered knowing he had been caught. Now he would have to try to explain himself to one angry looking young man. The stunned look had suddenly disappeared. "Justin," Brian managed to say.

"You fucking liar! Asshole! How could you?"

"Justin, let me explain."

"There's nothing to explain. You're a fucking bastard. Did you enjoy making fun of me? It must have been a real hoot."

"I wasn't making fun of you," Brian protested.

"Yeah, sure. No wonder you didn't charge me for the sex. It must have been hilarious playing me like that. And here I wanted you to get into advertising. I guess it's me who's the fucking idiot."

"You're not an idiot. I ... tried to explain several times, but it just didn't seem like the right moment."

"And when might the right moment be? When I had fallen in love with you? Well, I already told you that that had happened. More fool me!"

Justin turned and ran out the door. He disappeared from sight and Brian wondered if he should go after Justin. Brian had never gone after anyone in his whole life, but no man had ever meant as much to Brian as Justin did. Brian came out from behind his desk and opened his office door. He headed down the hall to the art department. Some faces looked at him from doorways. Obviously they had heard Justin shouting. Brian entered the large art room and looked around. Justin was nowhere to be seen.

"Mitch?" Brian called.

Mitch came out of his office. "Brian?"

"Where's Taylor?"

"I don't know," Mitch said looking at Justin's empty table. "His coat's still here."

Brian exited the art department and headed to the restrooms. That had to be where Justin had gone. Brian had already decided that he would kick in the stall door if that was where Justin was hiding. They had to straighten this out. Brian walked into the restroom and knew immediately that Justin wasn't there. To be sure he pushed open each stall door.

"Brian, what's going on?" Ted stuck his head in the door.

"Do you know where Justin Taylor is?"

"You mean the guy you had at the diner who just happens to work here?"

"That's the one."

"What the fuck did you think you were doing, Brian? He was bound to find out," Ted said reasonably.

"So, it was you who told him."

"Well, not exactly, sort of, he put it all together," Ted stammered.

"Thanks, Schmidt. I should fucking fire you right now, and save myself the trouble later." Brian pushed past Ted and headed for his office. Cynthia was standing by the door. "Have you seen Justin Taylor?"

"I saw him run outside without his coat," Cynthia said. "I followed him out and called to him, but he ran down the street. It's freezing out there."

"Hold the fort for me, Cynthia. I'm going after him," Brian said grabbing his own coat.

"Sure," she said not really knowing what was going on. She would be sure to find out before Brian returned.

Brian ran out to his car and climbed in. He gunned the Corvette out of the parking lot and headed down the street looking for the familiar blond head. He turned the corner and scanned that street. There was no sign of Justin. He tried another street and another, all to no avail. He was getting frantic when he saw a blond head up the street he had just turned into. He pulled up beside the man who glanced at the car. Brian knew immediately it was not Justin. He continued driving.

After an hour of looking he began to realize that he might never find Justin. He hoped Justin would have gone home by now. The thought of Justin wandering the streets with no coat made him shiver in empathy. If anything happened to Justin he would never forgive himself.

Finally he drove over to Justin's apartment. There was no way to tell if Justin was there, but Brian had to try. He leaned on the buzzer in the lobby and waited to see if Justin would answer. Nothing happened, but Brian continued to buzz hoping that he might be able to wear down Justin's resistance if the man was really up there in his apartment.

Inside Justin huddled in his bed. He was cold to the bone and he shivered uncontrollably. He had wandered around until he finally found a bus that would take him in the direction of his apartment. All he wanted to do was curl up and die or lay there and get fucking warm or make that goddam buzzer shut the fuck up. He pulled the covers over his head and tried to block out the sound.

After many minutes, Brian finally took his thumb off the buzzer. If Justin was in his apartment he was not going to answer. If he wasn't up there, Brian shivered at what that might mean. Brian took one last look up at the windows of Justin's apartment. He hoped for some sign, but there was nothing. He got into the Corvette and headed back to Kinnetik looking for Justin on every street he passed.

Justin breathed a sigh of relief when the buzzer stopped. He had steeled himself to resist the urge to answer it, and then to tell Brian Kinney to keep the fuck out of his life. Once the buzzer ceased its incessant drone, Justin felt his resolve melt away too. His body started to shake and soon he was crying uncontrollably. He cried for his fucked up life and the loss of his new job. He could never go back to Kinnetik. He cried for the fucked up relationship he had had with Brian. He must be doomed to be alone. He could never speak to Brian again. He cried for the hope he had now lost that his life could be bright and sunny and happy. That had all been a miserable illusion. He would not go there again. And then he just cried until he finally fell asleep.

Brian returned to Kinnetik and went into his office without a word to anyone. The staff all had some idea of what had happened but they would never mention it again unless Brian brought it up. They valued their jobs too much to do that, and they respected the private life of their boss even if it had spilled over into business.

Cynthia and Ted huddled together trying to figure out what to do. Finally Cynthia convinced Ted that he should venture into the inner sanctum and see how Brian was doing. Maybe Ted could help Brian.

"Brian," Ted said softly and hesitantly as he opened the door to Brian's office.

"Fuck off, Ted," Brian replied wearily with the back of his chair facing Ted. He had been unable to do anything except stare at the wall and picture Justin's beautiful face.

"Brian, you have to talk about this. What happened?"

"I don't have to do anything, and it's too late so what does it matter?"

"Maybe I could help."

"Help to do what? Justin hates me. I lied to him. He probably thinks everything I've done was a lie, but it wasn't all lies." Brian's voice caught in his throat.

"You ... you love him, don't you?" Ted asked knowing he was taking his life in his hands asking that.

Brian whirled around prepared to incinerate Ted with one of his death glares. Instead he merely nodded his head in defeat. "But it's too late."

"Was Justin the guy you escorted to the wedding?"

Brian nodded. "We've hardly been apart since then," Brian admitted looking at his hands.

"You didn't find him when you went looking?"

"I think he's at his apartment but he wouldn't answer."

"Okay," Ted said.

"Okay? Okay? There's nothing okay about it. Leave me alone, Ted," Brian said as he turned back to face the wall.

With a look of sadness at his friend's plight Ted walked out of the office.

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Justin awoke to the sound of his phone ringing. It was only a little after noon, Justin noted as he glanced at the clock. He let the phone ring knowing that it would go to the machine.

"Justin, Justin Taylor, please pick up if you are there. This is Ted Schmidt from Kinnetik. I really need to talk to you. Please answer. It's very important."

Justin hesitated. He had expected it to be Brian, but Ted? He wasn't sure what to do. Ted was still babbling on about how important it was that he should talk to Justin. Justin wondered if something might have happened to Brian.

Finally Justin hauled himself out of bed and picked up the receiver. "What do you want, Mr. Schmidt?"

"Please, call me Ted."

"What difference does it make? What do you want? Did something happen to Brian?"

"I think you happened to Brian," Ted said slowly.

"And what's that supposed to mean?"

"Brian was out looking for you for several hours. He's ... devastated. He needs to talk to you, Justin."

"It's too late. Everything he told me was a lie."

"No, it wasn't. Brian does do escort work ... occasionally. Miss Debbie is the mother of his best friend and he helps her out when she's short an escort. He was doing that for her the day he met you."

"Couldn't he have told me that?"

"You paid for a professional and that was what he was trying to be."

"Very professional," Justin said his voice full of scorn.

"Justin, I've known Brian for many years. He's never taken anyone to breakfast in all that time."

"What?" Justin didn't understand what Ted was trying to tell him.

"Brian has never had a boyfriend. You're the first. You're the special one. He ... he's completely broken up over you thinking he lied. He doesn't know what to do."

"But he did lie. Did he make Mitch hire me?" Justin asked suddenly realizing that his job was probably a lie too.

"I don't think Brian would do that. He loves his company and you wouldn't have been hired if you couldn't do the job," Ted said.  
"Brian's an extremely honest man."

"Yeah, right! I have personal experience of that so called fact." Justin hung up.

He flopped down on the couch curling his legs up to his chest. What the fuck was he going to do now? He had quit his other crappy job; now he didn't have one at all.

Some time later the phone rang again and Justin let the machine pick up. "Justin, Justin! It's Mitch. I want you to know that you got the job at Kinnetik on your merit. Brian asked me to interview you, but I was going to hire someone else until you showed me what you could do. That's when I knew I wanted you in the art department. Please believe that, Justin."

"Thanks for telling me that, Mitch," Justin said into the phone he had just picked up.

"I thought you needed to know it."

"I did," Justin replied and then cut the connection.

So Brian hadn't lied about the job, at least according to Mitch. But that didn't make matters any better. He still couldn't go back to Kinnetik and he had no other prospects.

A long while later the phone rang again. This time a woman's voice started on the machine. "Justin, this is Cynthia. I'm Brian's personal assistant. We met briefly at Kinnetik. Brian needs you. Justin, please pick up."

Justin let out a long sigh and picked up the phone. "It's no use, Cynthia. I can't see Brian."

"Yes, you can. He's been sitting in his office staring at the wall ever since he came back from looking for you. I've never seen him this upset, this devastated."

"That's too bad, but he shouldn't have lied."

"I don't know what he lied about, but I'm very surprised that he would. He never lies. Everyone says he's brutally honest. If he lied to you it must have been to protect you from something, maybe from himself."

Justin let those words sink in. "I don't know what to believe. I thought we were happy. I loved him."

Cynthia heard the "L" word and smiled. So love had finally found her asshole boss. No wonder he was in such bad shape. "Justin, I think Brian loves you too. He's a mess. Please, come and talk to him. I can't stand much more of his silence. It's ripping my heart out to see him like that."

"You really think Brian meant it when he said that he loved me?" Justin asked. He felt a faint glimmer of hope in his heart.

"He told you he loves you? Then he does. He would never in a million years use that word frivolously."

Justin sat up straight. Maybe he was the one who had made the big mistake. "Are you sure?"

"I've known Brian for a long time. I'm sure."

"What ... what can I do?"

"You need to talk to him."

"Can you get him to call me?" Justin asked.

"He's not capable of doing anything at the moment, and I value my head too much to even suggest that to him."

"Okay, I'll come there," Justin said.

"Thank you," Cynthia breathed out. "You're doing the right thing."

Justin stood up. He had no coat and he would have to take the bus. He found a couple of sweaters and put them on over what he was wearing. As he was about to leave he walked back and picked something up from the end table. Maybe this could do the trick.

When Justin arrived at Kinnetik, Cynthia and Ted were waiting just inside the door.

"Thank God, you're here," Cynthia said pulling him inside.

"He's really bad," Ted added. "I tried to talk to him but it's like he's catatonic. I couldn't get a response."

"Do you think he'll talk to me?" Justin asked.

"You have to try," Cynthia said. "We sent everybody home early. We'll leave too if you can get him talking. You'll have complete privacy."

"Thanks," Justin said. He felt so scared. What if Brian now refused to talk to him? He had obviously hurt Brian very badly. Justin walked slowly towards Brian's office. Carefully he pushed open the office door seeing Brian sitting facing the wall. The man made no move and Justin didn't know whether he had heard the door open or not.

"Brian?" There was no reaction. "Brian?" Justin repeated. "I've come to talk to you."

As if in slow motion Brian's chair turned towards him. Brian's beautiful face seemed ravaged by pain. "You came?"

"I'm sorry, Brian. I was hurt that you didn't tell me the truth."

"I wanted to, but it all got..."

"I know. We started off on the wrong foot when I hired you. It was so mixed up."

Brian nodded. "Can you forgive me?"

"I already have," Justin smiled. "I want us to be together. I brought a peace offering." Justin held out Brian's red tie that had never made it back to Brian's apartment. It always got abandoned when their passion consumed them.

Brian smiled at the tie. He was almost afraid to hope for what this might mean. "I'm glad you came. You don't have your coat," Brian said like he was suddenly waking up. "Are you cold?"

And then Brian was around the desk cradling Justin in his arms and rubbing through the thick sweaters to make sure Justin was warm. Justin let out a little sigh. This was the only place he wanted to be.

"You know, I think I left my coat so I would have a reason to come back," Justin whispered.

"As long as we have a piece of the other's clothing we can find our way back to each other," Brian said philosophically. He continued to rub Justin's back. Nothing had ever felt so good.

"I better keep this tie then," Justin chuckled sliding it into his pocket.

"You do that."

"Then you'll be my boyfriend again?" Justin asked looking coyly up at Brian.

"Your pretend boyfriend?"

"You made an awfully good pretend boyfriend, but I like the real thing better."

"So do I," Brian admitted.

"Make love to me, Brian."

"Here? Now?" Brian asked in surprise. He did have a glass door on his office.

"When did you become the big prude?"

"I'm not, but this is my business."

"It's about time we got that straightened out," Justin chuckled. "Ted and Cynthia sent everybody home."

"They did?" Brian frowned. "I'll have to fire them right after I fuck you senseless."

"They were only trying to help."

"I know."

"Then fuck me ... and later I want to fuck you."

"Okay," Brian replied as he started peeling off the many layers that covered the beautiful body beneath.

"Did you finally say okay?"

"I did."

"How come?"

"It's time you knew all my secrets, Justin Taylor. This is the beginning of a new life for me."

"For us both ... together," Justin said as he melted into Brian's arms.

THE END