

Part of His Charm



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Wheel in the Sky

Brian's nephew pays him a visit.

Brian was startled by a knock on the door. His unruly mind immediately jumped to the image of Justin, surprising him by coming home a week early, standing outside. That had been happening a lot lately.

He hadn't seen Justin in a month and a half. (Make that seven weeks and two days.) And suddenly Justin was every phone call, knock, fucking text message (which were always spam, since Brian didn't know anyone who text messaged him, but still). Everything.

And the times when the phone call or email or postcard was Justin only made it worse.

This was the point where he'd predicted Justin would start pulling away. When Justin had left, he told himself not to push him, to let Justin go, and not expect anything. But then he'd kept getting calls, and postcards, and emails, and visits from him. So he'd told himself that it was just because Justin was lonely. Give it six months and he'd settle in and stop calling.

There'd been less phone sex than he'd imagined, and more of everything else.

Then, as months went by and Justin called him every time he spotted some celebrity on the street, every time he sold a painting, and sometime just for no reason at all, Brian realized he was calling Justin for the same reasons. Suddenly, it had been a year (make that eleven months, two weeks, and--ah, fuck it), and Justin was coming home for a long visit--a couple weeks at least--and it was as if he'd never really been gone at all.

Brian pulled open the door . . . not Justin. Unless Justin had turned into a brown-haired, vaguely snotty looking teenage boy.

"Who the fuck are you?"

"Uncle Brian?"

Shit.

It wasn't every day that he got a visit from his fifteen-year-old nephew--who'd accused him of molesting him--at his place. He looked him over. John was taller, older than the last time he'd seen him. Also, he wasn't looking at Brian with disgust, which was new.

"What do you want?"

"I actually came to, um, say I'm sorry."

Brian stood there, staring, remembering the last time he'd seen his nephew.

"Can I come in?" He asked, hands in his coat pockets. He was still dressed like every other teenager on the planet. Ugly coat over ugly jeans over ugly sneakers. He looked harmless enough.

"Why not?" Brian shrugged and stepped back. John hesitated. "Afraid I'll attack you," he asked sarcastically.

John gulped and stepped inside. He looked nervous, but not as arrogant as Brian remembered him. It seemed actually possible that he was there to apologize. Brian decided to keep a close eye on his valuables in any case.

"I really just came to apologize for . . . what happened."

"You mean for accusing me of child molestation?" Brian snapped.

"Y-yeah. For that. It was really stupid and I'm sorry. I was mad, and I just wanted to get back at you, I didn't really think it through," John had obviously practiced this speech.

"No shit."

"Some kid at my school had gotten taken away by foster care because his stepdad was molesting him, and my mom had gone on and on about 'disgusting fags' and I thought it would be an easy way to get you in trouble."

"Trouble? You almost got me in fucking prison."

"Yeah, well. I was a stupid kid," His tone implied that a vast gap of age and wisdom lay between the ages of twelve and fifteen. "I'm . . . sorry, is all."

"Is that all you came here to say?" Brian wasn't going to make it easy on the little bastard.

"That's it, yeah. And, if there's anything I can do to make it up to you, I'll do it."

"If you feel so bad about it, why did it take you three years to come here and apologize?"

John shrugged, but didn't say anything.

"Well," Brian said, walking back to the door. "If you're done, I think you should go."

"Right," John said uneasily. He paused at the doorway. "Thanks."

"For what?"

"For not slamming the door in my face."

Brian actually smiled a little at that. "I never turn away a suppliant," He said, not unkindly.

"Uh, right," John told him, smiling a little back before turning away.

Brian watched his nephew down the stairs. He wondered if there was something else behind this little visit.

"You're back."

"Yeah." John didn't look so good this time. He wouldn't meet Brian's eyes.

Brian sighed. "Come in."

John followed him in. "Uncle Brian, I need a favor."

"Really?" Brian snorted. "Let me guess, you need mo--" He stopped abruptly, seeing John's face clearly for the first time. "What happened to you?" He asked in a softer tone.

John shrugged. "It looks worse than it is. Can I . . . can I stay here?"

Brian blinked back the memories. "Sure," He managed.

John let out a deep breath. "Thanks."

"Hungry?"

"Uh, yeah. I haven't eaten."

"Pizza okay?"

"Yeah, pepperoni would be great."

"Alright," Brian told him. "I'll order some. You'll want to wash out that cut. The bathroom's that way."

John touched the cut self-consciously. It was a nasty one, running across most of his left cheek, and covered in caked blood. It was matched by two blackening eyes and a split lip. He looked like he'd seen the wrong end of a steel-toed boot. "Th-thanks. I'll do that." He put his jacket down on the back of the sofa on his way to the bathroom.

"There are bandaids in the cabinet," Brian called after him.

"So, do you want to tell me what happened?"

"Not really," John told him, before taking a huge bite out of his slice of greasy pizza.

"Well, tough." Brian washed down his single slice of pizza with a beer. "You want to hide out here, I need to at least know why."

John put down his pizza, took a deep breath, and began. "It was that dick Pete. He found these old texts in my phone from this past summer. From this . . . hook up I had. Pete was making fun of me, reading them out loud to everyone. He's an asshole that way. I couldn't get it back without causing a scene, so I thought I could play it cool. Until . . . he figured out they were from a guy." He said the last part quietly, as though he were running out of breath and couldn't get it out any louder. He looked terrified. Brian tried not to show any reaction.

John swallowed and went on. "I punched him, he punched back, then his buddy got into it, and I got stomped. Anyway, I showed up at home and my mom demanded to know what happened. So, like an idiot, I told her the truth. She totally lost it, and told me to get out of her house, that she didn't need to hear that shit from me."

Brian studied his nephew. He could tell the kid wasn't lying. He just wasn't sure what to do about it. He had the strong urge to tell the kid to suck it up and go home. So little Johnny was queer. Big deal. It's not like the kid stopped being an asshole when he started liking cock.

Then he remembered how much like their mother Claire was, and thought of being fifteen and living with Joanie. "You need to call your mom and let her know where you are," Was all he ended up saying.

"What? Why?" John asked angrily.

"So that she doesn't go psycho and sic the police on me . . . again." Brian raised an eyebrow at him.

"What? No. If I tell her I'm with you, after what happened, you think she's not going to call the cops? She'll think you're like, kidnapping me to induct me into your sick gay world."

Brian sucked his lips into his mouth. "Fine," He said after a moment. "But call her and tell her something." He handed John the phone with a grim look.

"How old were you when you first knew?"

"That I was gay?"

"Yeah. I mean, did you used to like girls, or did you always know?"

"Did I come out of the cradle with a hankering for cock, you mean?" John only shrugged. "I don't know," Brian continued a little more seriously. "I remember, as a little kid, hearing older guys talk about dating girls and thinking, 'Why would you want to do that?' But I guess straight guys do that, too, when they're kids. Pretty much, by the time I was old enough to jerk off, I'd figured out what I wanted."

"Oh. So you, like, had crushes on guys and stuff?" Brian looked at John. He felt a wave of sympathy for the kid. He looked like hell. Brian supposed it wouldn't hurt to reassure him a little.

"Crushes are for hyperactive teenage girls," Brian told him. "But I had fantasies about guys. I remember, there was this one guy at school. I was in seventh grade, I think, and he was a year older than me. But he looked like he was eighteen. All the girls used to follow him around, but I could tell he was queer. I was in some class with him, and I used to sit behind him so I could get a good look at his ass. And the rest of him was pretty hot, too.

"Every day he would come in and sit in the same seat. So when I got there before him, he would look right at me, like he knew exactly what I was doing. He'd say 'Hey, Brian,' and I would give him my best sexy smile. Which, considering I was an ignorant twelve year old kid, was probably the stupidest fucking thing on the planet." Brian snorted at the memory.

"Did you do anything?" John asked, enthralled.

"No, sadly," Brian sighed in mock-regret over the missed opportunity. "I was too scared to do anything. That was before I figured out how ridiculously easy gay men are."

"What, all of them?"

"You mean all of us?" Brian raised an eyebrow at him. "Yup, all of us. Everyone just wants to get laid, especially horny teenagers. A few years later, I figured that out, and realized how incredibly easy it is to pick up just about anyone. Any gay man who's reasonably hot should have no problem getting laid anytime he wants. It's only the chickenshit ones who complain about not being able to 'find someone.' It fucking changed my young life when I realized that. After that, I could have anyone. And did." He smirked.

John chewed this over in silence for a minute.

"So you probably had a lot of boyfriends growing up, huh?"

Brian laughed, a little mockingly. "No. Not a one."

"Why not?"

"I didn't believe in having boyfriends, just in having sex with as many guys as I could."

"Wow. So you never had a boyfriend?"

"Only one. And not until much later."

"Who?"

"Justin."

"Who's he?"

"My . . . partner. You met him, actually. He caught you wearing my bracelet."

John blushed and laughed a little. "Oh, yeah. 'I would have paid him,'" He quoted.

"What?"

"That guy, Justin, he came after me at the arcade to try and convince me to stop lying about you. I told him I wasn't lying, and I said something like you offered me money to do stuff, but I wouldn't take it." He blushed even more. "I asked him if you'd offered him money, too. And he told me 'He didn't have to. I would have paid him.'"

"That sounds like him," Brian allowed, smiling a little himself.

Brian awoke the next morning to a homeless queer teenager raiding his fridge. At least this one wasn't in love with him.

Over breakfast (juice for him, leftover pizza for John), Brian laid it out for him. "You have to go back. You can't sleep on my couch forever." Especially since Justin was going to be home in two days.

"But, she'll just kick me out again. She'll tell my dad. I won't go, no fucking way!" John threw down his half-eaten slice of pizza and stomped away.

"Look, you little asshole, I'm trying to help you out here. Your mom is pissed, but we both know that Claire has a constant need for drama. Once she gets over her snit--which she probably has already--she'll welcome you back with open arms, and just try and spend the next three years talking you out of being a fag and telling you you're going to hell. If you're smart you'll stay and make the best of it, work hard, and go to college far, far away, in the time-honored tradition of fags everywhere." It really was the best Brian could think of. What was Brian going to do, dump him on Deb's doorstep?

"This sucks!"

"Yeah, well, it could be worse. Get your stuff, I'll drive you."

Brian handed him his card as they were walking up to the door. "Let me know if you're still alive."

"Yeah."

"I'm serious. Use it."

"Whatever."

The door flew open before they could even knock, revealing a splotchy-faced and raging Claire. "John! Where were you? You scared me to death! Get inside right now!" She hardly paused in her tirade as she dragged John inside and shoved him toward the stairs. "Get up to your room right now! I don't want to hear another word about all this! I'll decide on your punishment later! Where were you all night?" Eventually she had to pause for breath. And anyway, John hadn't paused, but just gone straight upstairs, ignoring his mother, with only one final glance at Brian.

"He was safe, Claire. As if you'd care."

"Of course I care, Brian, I'm his mother!" She looked about ready to start crying. Brian resisted the urge to shake her.

"You sure didn't act like it yesterday. Where did you expect him to go? Throwing your beaten, bleeding son out of the house, even I didn't know you were that much of a bitch, Claire."

She had dropped the crying act and now looked like she was about to have an embolism. "You! I want you to stay away from him," She shouted at Brian even louder than she'd been shouting a moment ago.

"I'm just returning you little boy lost. Really, Claire, you should be thanking me. If I hadn't taken him in, who knows what would have happened."

"Oh, and you just helped him out of the goodness of your heart? Like I'm supposed to believe that!"

"Believe it or not, it's true. And now I'm bringing him back, unharmed and unmolested," Brian couldn't help but add.

Claire glared at him. "Get out of my house!"

"Gladly."

"I'm glad you're here," Brian told Justin, both of them naked in bed. They'd managed to get home from the airport fully clothed, but hadn't wasted any time after that.

"I'm glad I'm here, too."

"How is life in the Big Apple?" Brian asked after a short pause.

"It's good, it's going really well."

"I hear that congratulations are in order."

"How did you hear that?"

"I have my sources."

"You mean Debbie."

"You could have told me, then I wouldn't have needed sources."

"I was going to! I was just trying to figure out how to tell you without you spazzing out on me. I mean, the new job is probably going to keep me busy."

"At least it's the kind of job that will actually help you."

"I know. But, it means I won't be able to get away for a while," Justin frowned, obviously worried.

"It's alright. I'll come up for a weekend or two when I can. As long as you won't be too busy for me."

"I'll always have time for you. You believe me now?" Justin asked him, referring to the times he'd failed to convince Brian he wasn't going to change his mind about him.

"Well, I've decided not to have the locks changed."

"So, no more freaking out that we're never going to see each other again?"

Brian decided it was time to change the subject. "What are you doing this fall?"

"Uh, working, painting. Why?" Justin asked suspiciously.

"Well, if you can take some time off, I'd like you to join me. Maybe make up for a little of the lost time." He handed him the sheaf of papers from the bedside table.

Justin looked through them. There were brochures for a small but ridiculously expensive looking cruise ship, and a computer print out about a Mediterranean Cruise.

"Our Italia Classic Cruise is a luxurious and relaxing way to tour the most beautiful cities of Italy," Justin read aloud. "Brian, this looks amazing."

"We haven't had much luck taking vacations together, so I figure, maybe it's time to try again," Brian explained persuasively. "Think about it, ten days on the gorgeous Mediterranean. All that classical art, and . . . me. What do you say?"

"Of course I will! I'd love to, it looks awesome. I can't believe you'd do this for me."

Brian looked at him seriously for a moment, then said as lightly as he could, "As much of a selfish prick as I usually am, there are occasional moments where it occurs to me how boring and pathetic the last six years would have been without you around."

"Brian." It had been a while since he'd heard Justin say his name in that tone. The same way he'd said 'yes' to marrying him twelve months, three weeks, and four days ago. Justin took Brian's face in his palms and kissed him soundly. "I really, really love you, you know that?" Brian nodded mutely, then kissed him back.

"Three whole weeks?" Brian asked him over coffee and breakfast, respectively, the next morning.

"Yup."

"You're not going to have to run off to a gallery opening or something?"

"Nope. You get me all to yourself for twenty-one days," Justin smiled sweetly at him.

"You don't think your mother is going to want to see you at some point?"

"Oh, yeah. Probably. She'll want to take me out to dinner with Tucker," Justin made a face. "Well, you can always come with me."

"I think I've had enough family fun to last me a while."

"Oh, yeah?" Justin asked, trying for a nonchalant tone.

"Yup. I had a visitor last week."

"Not your mother again?" Justin asked in alarm.

"Close but no cigar. No, it was little John."

Justin looked blank for a second. "Your nephew?" He exclaimed. "Jeeze, he has some nerve, coming here. What did he want?"

"Well," Brian drawled, enjoying Justin's suspense a little. "You know what they say about queer genes passing through the female side of the family?"

Justin gave a little laugh. "No way!"

"Yup. My dear nephew is a young fag-in-training. Such a shame. And after he'd had such a wholesome upbringing, too." Brian smirked into his coffee.

"So did he come to you seeking advice on how to become the best gay man he could be?"

"Hardly. No, it seems Claire isn't thrilled with the idea, and is giving him shit about it."

"That's got to be tough. I'm sure she was enough of a pain in the ass to live with before."

Brian didn't say anything for a moment. "Yeah," he conceded at last.

"Well, I'm glad he has you to turn to. We all need a mentor, someone older and wiser to help us find our way. I mean, even you had Vic, right? And I had you." Justin kissed Brian lightly. "Thank God." Brian wasn't sure if he wanted to be a mentor. It had been a weight off his mind to hear from John yesterday, and he had invited him to come over next Saturday, but that didn't mean Brian was about to become Vic.

"Just so long as he doesn't want to move in with me."

"I don't know, you might need someone to keep you company while I'm gone."

"I think I'll just stick to missing you."

"Yeah."

Brian sighed and ran his hand through Justin's hair. He wouldn't think about Justin going back to New York just yet. He didn't know if he'd even see him again until the fall. And he didn't know what the hell he was doing with John. But for now, he was just going to enjoy having Justin here. He'd deal with the rest later.

END

What it Takes

Season 4, Hunter-centric

Hunter thinks he should tell her. They're lying there together, naked, under a sheet on her bed. She still wanted him after she found out he has HIV, right, so it should be safe to tell her the rest. I mean, if she didn't reject him after *that*, he should be able to tell her practically anything. But it's not the same, and he knows it.

There may have been a different life before, when he was little, but the only proof he has of it is in the negative spaces. He remembers things getting worse. His mom lost her job, started to be angry and tired all the time. Before too long, she'd lash out at him when she was angry, and cry and apologize afterwards. There started to be needles around, strange men around. His dad came by less and less. He remembers hating and fearing these changes as they were happening, so presumably there was something before, something his eight- and nine- and ten-year-old self was comparing them to. But he didn't remember.

He's tried to remember the first time it happened, but for the life of him, he can't. It doesn't matter that much, though, they were all pretty much the same.

He'd lie curled up in bed afterwards, while his mom was out getting what she needed. He couldn't help thinking about it. There was no point in trying not to. He'd think obsessively about a particularly annoying detail; how much the guy's breath reeked, or how the seatbelt buckle had jammed in his stomach the whole time, or how it was too fucking cold to be sticking his ass out this time of year. He would've said, if he'd had anyone to tell, that he didn't give a shit about the sex part, but you'd think someone'd put on clean underwear before going out to get their dick sucked, for chrissakes.

After a while, he wasn't afraid of the men any more. He started to be afraid, though, that she would sell him entirely, instead of just renting him out. That she'd trade him to a dealer, like he always heard happened to other kids. As soon as it occurred to him, he knew she was capable of it. And as much as it scared him to be with her, the idea of being away from her was infinitely more terrifying. The thought gnawed at him, so much so that he started spending more time at home, started trying to please her, and not just to avoid her temper.

In a way, it was almost a relief to have the option taken away when she went to jail. Being *taken* away meant that there was no way she could *give* him away.

Six months in and out of foster homes and he almost wished he was back with his mom. Well, maybe not all of them had been awful, but sure as shit none of them had been *good*. But it was only the last one that made him decide to

run away and stay away. If he was going to be subject to that, he figured he could get a better deal than room and lousy board out of it.

Living out there wasn't that bad. It wasn't some Lifetime Movie of the Week crap. He'd spent nights on the street before, and he knew some guys. He'd even turned a few tricks since his mom went to jail, when he needed the money badly enough in some foster home. So it wasn't like it was a big deal, except that it did get pretty fucking cold some nights. But he could deal.

He wants Callie to know all this. But how the fuck does he tell her?

Porny Fic

Hot in Drag

"I told you it'd be hot," Brian whispered in his ear, breathing a little harder.

"I don't know," Justin tugged the ridiculously short skirt down, studying his reflection in the mirror uncomfortably. Even Brian's leer over his shoulder couldn't convince him that he didn't look stupid.

Brian didn't say anything, just nipped at his ear lobe. Justin closed his eyes and leaned back against Brian's shoulder. If dressing up in drag made Brian touch him like that, it might be worth it.

He lost his train of thought a second later when Brian's warm hand slipped under his shirt and started working its way past the tight, chafing waistband of the skirt.

"Brian," he breathed.

"So hot," Brian murmured against his neck. Justin opened his eyes, then had to shut them again when he saw the look on Brian's face in the mirror. It was almost too much.

Brian's hand traced patterns on the lace panties that were now soaked with sweat and pre-come, slick and humid under the impermeable leather.

"You like that don't you," Brian asked. Justin was about to answer when he suddenly felt Brian's fingers push the underwear aside and slide along the tight rubber ring surrounding the base of his cock. The only response he could make was a strangled groan.

He was so hard now Brian's hand felt cool against the swollen skin. Brian lightly squeezed his dick stroked a few times. Justin felt a little drool escape the corner of his mouth. Some absent part of his brain hoped that he wasn't actually gibbering.

Brian gave a little growl and Justin suddenly found himself pinned against the mirror, hands sliding on the glass, searching for something to hold onto, leaving sweaty smears on their reflections.

Brian's other hand grabbed him by the hair, holding the side of his face flat against the mirror. His tongue slipped out and licked the side of Justin's mouth, tasting his sweat and smearing greasy red lipstick up the side of his face.

Justin arched his back, pushing into Brian's groin. He put his hands up and tried to push off the mirror to get better access.

"I don't think so," Brian yanked his right hand out of Justin's wet panties and shoved Justin back into the mirror, still keeping a firm grip on his hair with the other hand.

"Now," Brian breathed just a little dangerously, "You're going to do exactly what I tell you. Aren't you?" He bit gently but firmly into Justin's neck.

Justin could only nod, completely helpless. Brian chuckled.

"Put you in drag and you turn into a total slut."

"I was like this before," Justin breathed.

"No talking." Brian's hand went up the back of Justin's skirt, caressing the crease at the bottom of his butt cheeks.

"Pull your shirt up," he ordered. Justin did, scrunching it up as best as he could pressed against the glass. He gasped when he drew it up over his nipples, leaving them pressed right up against the glass.

"Good," Brian said, running his hand up Justin's side and sucking on his neck. Brian let him up off the mirror a little to twist his nipple hard. "Now unzip your skirt and push it down," he said.

Justin fumbled with his zipper, finally getting it down and wiggling the sticky leather down his hips and around his knees. He was going to bend down to get it all the way off when Brian stopped him, grabbing his wrists and pinning them back against the glass.

"Stay," he commanded. Justin's painfully hard cock, swollen even more than usual from the cock ring, stretched the underwear against the glass. It took all his restraint not to pump his hips, desperate for some friction.

Then he felt Brian kneel behind him, pulling the skirt all the way down and lifting one of his legs out of it. Before he could guess what Brian was planning, he felt a hot tongue tracing down his sweaty lower back, making him whimper out loud.

Brian dragged his mouth down to the elastic waist of the panties now plastered to Justin's ass. Justin felt the scrape of teeth against his sensitive skin.

Justin felt like he was going to pass out as Brian pulled down the underwear with his teeth. He suddenly let the elastic go and it snapped against the back of Justin's thighs painfully. Justin cried out.

Brian, no longer able to control himself, yanked the panties the rest of the way down, almost unbalancing Justin as he jerked them off one leg before kneeling back up and grasping one ass cheek in each hand.

"Spread," he growled, and Justin did, sliding a little along the slick mirror, limbs barely holding him up. Brian licked the sweat off the inside of Justin's cheeks before attacking his hole and shoving his tongue inside. A few seconds and Justin couldn't take it any more.

"God, Brian, please," he gasped. Brian stood up pressed against him. In seconds his zipper was down and the condom and lube applied. Brian guided his dick and pushed the head up against Justin's hole

"I said no talking," Brian said and pushed in roughly. Justin twisted, trying to get away. It was too much, too soon, he couldn't take it.

Brian grabbed his hips and started pumping in a hard, almost savage rhythm, not giving Justin any time to adjust. Justin cried out again and gritted his teeth, riding it. The feeling of Brian's fully-clothed body rubbing up against him while all he had on was the tight shirt still rucked up under his armpits was almost overwhelming his senses.

Justin had barely gotten adjusted to the pace before he was coming messily, spraying on the mirror, clenching down to withstand the painful intensity of coming with the cock ring still strangling his cock.

Brian continued to pump into him for several moments until he, too, came, unable to repress a groan.

They slumped together on the floor in a moist heap. Justin slowly recovered, observing the mess of makeup, sweat, and come that was smeared all over the mirror. He laughed a little, breathlessly.

Brian only groaned, pulling out and removing the condom, then reaching to carefully tug the cock ring off of Justin's slowly softening dick.

"Mmm, you were right," Justin sighed contentedly as Brian stroked his hair. "That was hot."

Old fic

Apartment Hunting

Post-S3. Justin never does move back in with Brian.

It was the perfect way to end a busy week for both of them. A whole week of setting up the offices of his new company for one, and pulling extra shifts while trying to get his portfolio together for the other. They'd scarcely had time to exchange lewd innuendo in the diner, much less anything else.

So, when Friday evening rolled around and they were both in the same place at the same time without coffee to serve or a meeting in ten minutes, they were both naked before they even got to the bed.

A very satisfying and tension-relieving hour later, in which they managed to forget bitchy office designers and re-admission panels, respectively, they shared a cigarette, ignoring that it was a post-coital cliché, and Brian leeringly asked, "Any big plans for the weekend?"

"Mmm . . . apartment hunting."

"What's wrong with the apartment you have? Aside from the obvious," Brian had only set foot in the place once, and Justin had the distinct impression that had been enough to last him forever.

He made a face. "Daphne wants me out so that Tim the Wonder-boyfriend can move in."

"You're so cute when you're jealous."

"I'm not jealous! I just think he's bad news." They'd been over this before. "And they've only been going out, like, six weeks, and now he's fucking moving in. I just don't know what to do about it."

Brian sighed and looked at him seriously for a moment. "You don't do anything," he told him. "You let her go off and have her bad-idea-fling, and then," he cut off Justin's protest, "And then, six months from now, when she shows up at your door with a suitcase and a black eye, then you get to do something." Justin looked up at him, surprised. Brian thought Tim was an asshole, too! Why hadn't he said anything? He sighed and stroked Brian's neck. He never knew when the older man would be struck by one of his advice-giving moods, but whenever he did, the advice was always sound, unexpectedly empathetic, and often uncomfortable.

"What about you," he asked to change the subject as Brian took another drag, "Having another orgy this weekend?"

"Apartment hunting," he half-asked, ignoring the question, "Y'know, I've been thinking of redecorating," he gestured to the still-empty loft laughingly, "I could use someone with a good eye around to help." He finished quietly, looking intensely at Justin's face.

"Are you asking me to move back in with you?" the other man only raised his eyebrows in response and he continued incredulously, "In spite of what happened the last time---the last two times?" he corrected, enjoying the way Brian turned away, uncomfortable. Justin smiled and put out the cigarette, blowing smoke out away from his lover's face.

"Third time's the charm," Brian responded, waiting. Justin reached up to push the hair out of his lover's face and bit back on the immediate and enthusiastic agreement that he was tempted to give. Brian captured his hand kissed his palm, sending a shiver through his body. Instead of responding to the offer, he changed the subject again, in a much more effective and distracting way this time. He wouldn't give an answer until he was sure, and in the mean time, he was going to keep his appointments to look at apartments, and help Brian redecorate.

Sometimes

How does Justin feel about Brian tricking?

I'm standing on the catwalk at Babylon, where I've been many times before, watching Brian dancing with some guy. I know that any moment he'll drag the hapless trick into the backroom and fuck his brains out or get his dick sucked, and then come looking for me so he can drag me home and do the same. And I smile in anticipation.

Some nights it's me down there, dancing with a guy . . . or two. Mostly I don't fuck, just dance and get (or give) an occasional blowjob. And Brian will stand at the bar, and watch me, and sometimes he'll come out and dance with me, elbowing aside any other guys, and sometimes he'll glide past on the dance floor, whispering in my ear (as quietly as he can and still be heard over the music) that I should fuck the guy I'm dancing with, because he's totally hot.

Sometimes I mind. Sometimes I'll come over to the loft and find Brian fucking some guy and roll my eyes. It can be annoying to have your plans thrown off by some anonymous fuck who won't even be remembered by tomorrow. Every now and then I'll even feel a pang of the old jealousy, but when I do, I'll stop him as he's bringing a guy into the loft, or intercept him on the way to the back room, and put a hand on his arm and look at him. And he'll look at me, and he'll understand, and he'll kiss me, hard, and leave the disappointed trick behind. But that doesn't happen very often.

Mostly now I even like to watch him do it. It's like the ultimate contact sport, and he's the star player. I mean, if tricking ever makes it into the Olympics, he's a shoe-in for the gold.

And more than even the obscure pride, and the sheer hotness of watching my beautiful boyfriend fucking another beautiful guy, there's the fact that usually afterwords, he'll touch me a certain way, or kiss me softer than normal. Just a little extra affection, not because he feels obligated to, or I'd freak out and feel neglected if he didn't, but because it's become part of the game to him.

I think it's like, when you go away on vacation, right? And you visit some city you've never been to before, and it's strange, and exciting, and you see all the sights and have a good time, but then when you step off the plane, you feel an extra swell of affection for your home.

I'm home to him.

Sometimes even that irritates me, when he'll come into the diner in the middle of my shift and expect me to spend two minutes making out with him because he got a blowjob on his lunch break. And maybe one time out of a hundred I sigh to myself and think, if you would just stop fucking these other guys, we wouldn't have to go through this little reunion phase. But the other ninety-nine times I smile to myself and think how lucky I am, and how lucky he is, and how much I want to leave whatever I'm doing and just go home with him and fuck until I pass out.

Now I smile, and watch Brian hook his dancing partner and head off for the inevitable conclusion. I consider for a moment, then decide to go down and catch the show. And then I'll take him home and show him how a **real** fag sucks cock.

Sometimes I mind, but not tonight.

The Talk

Future-fic, Gus-centric

If there's one thing people are stupider about than their kids, it's their kids and sex.

"Um, Mom, and Mom, I appreciate what you're trying to do," Gus was already blushing. "But I'm fifteen."

"See," interjected MamaLinds, "I told you he was too young for The Talk. He's too young!" She protested to no-one.

"He's not too young," MamaMel was covering her embarrassment with belligerence. "You may not be thinking about it now," she steam-rolled on, "But soon-"

"No, no," Gus hastily put in, "It's not that. Ah," how could he put this, "You guys are just a little- behind the curve?"

"You mean, you . . . you're-" He thought MammaMel might have a heart attack. "You already---"

"That's not what I mean!" He hastily steered the conversation away from any discussion of his actual sex life. "It's just a little late for the The Talk, that's all. I mean, I already had it- when I was nine-"

"Nine!"

"-and again when I was twelve-"

"Jesus."

"-not to mention that attempt last year."

"Nine?" MamaLinds seemed stuck on that.

"Nine, yeah," Gus responded, calmer in seeing them so panicked. "That would be when I accidentally discovered my dad's stash of condoms and asked him what they were-"

"And he told you?" MamaMel was indignant and embarrassed at the same time.

"Right. And then when I was twelve and Grandma Deb decided it was time for me to hear the facts of life-"

"That figures."

"And then, last year, when Uncle Mike tried to talk to me about it- that didn't work out very well, poor guy." Gus was clearly enjoying himself now. "And that's not even counting health class in school, and hanging around in the Liberty Diner since before I could walk," He pretended to consider, "Which, actually, may have been the most instructive of all."

His moms just stared at him, torn between relief at being let off the hook, and horror at the kind of environment they'd exposed him to.

"So," MammaLinds cleared her throat, "You already know . . . everything?"

"I could teach a class," He realized as soon as he said it that that might not be as reassuring as he'd intended.

The flabbergasted women obviously couldn't think of anything else to say. "Well, then," Gus said, a little awkward, "I think I'll go and do some homework," he got up and headed for his room, but paused at the kitchen doorway. "Um, thanks, though, for," he gestured vaguely and beat a hasty retreat.

On his way up the stairs, he heard MamaMel say something about that shit Brian and nine years old, and how come they hadn't known about this. Gus shut his door with a sigh. It looked like it was going to be Dad vs. MamaMel, round three thousand sixty-four.

Oh, well. Let them deal with it. He had an assignment for health class to do.

Insurance

The cracking sound of paper being unfolded made Brian turn from the DVD he'd been watching. Justin was seated at the desk, opening his mail which he'd picked up and shoved into his bag on his way over. Now, several hours later, he had gone through and discarded all but one piece as junk mail. The other was an official-looking letter with insurance-company letterhead.

"Shit," he let out, running his hand through his hair.

"What?" Brian asked. When he didn't get a response other than a distracted shake of that blond head, he got up and went to stand by the chair, leaning against one of the columns that held up the loft's lofty ceiling. "What is it?" He asked a little more urgently.

"It's my insurance," Justin waved the paper at him, looking pissed off. "Since I'm no longer a full-time student, I've been dropped from my father's health insurance." He handed the tersely-worded letter to Brian. "Of course, he could add me on as an additional non-dependent family member, but I'm sure that would cost too much," he added bitterly, getting up and stalking to the kitchen.

"Well, fuck him," Brian hated to see Justin get worked up about every latest shitty thing his father did. "I'll get you put on my insurance."

"Yeah, right," Justin snapped, reaching into the fridge for a bottle of water on which to take out his mood.

"Why not?"

"Because, Brian," Justin slammed the innocent water bottle down on the counter, "On insurance forms they have a little box you check for single, and a little box you check for married, but they don't have a box for 'fucking the same guy more than once,'" he concluded with considerable frustration.

The older man, knowing that the outburst wasn't actually aimed at him, approached to within touching distance and said smiling, "They probably should. I'm sure it would be a very popular option." The words managed to convey

the sentiment that the two of them had found the perfect state-neither married nor single-and that the rest of the world should only be so lucky.

Justin chuckled a little helplessly and leaned against his lover, taking comfort from the closeness. He felt an arm across his shoulders, pulling him a little closer. After a moment, he heard, "You don't really give a shit about the insurance, do you?" It wasn't really a question, and he only sighed in answer. Brian knew him too well.

"Don't worry about it," he continued softly, still holding the younger man against him and bringing the other hand up to stroke his hair. Justin couldn't tell if he meant the insurance, or the latest proof that his father wanted nothing to do with him--knowing Brian, probably both. He smiled, and didn't worry.

Part of His Charm::
ASQAF

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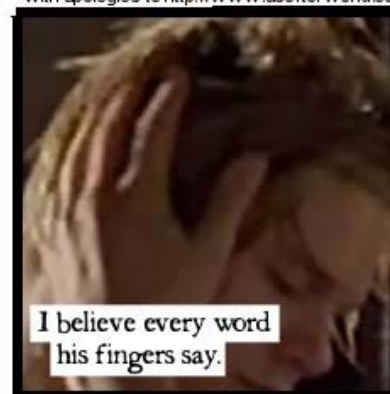
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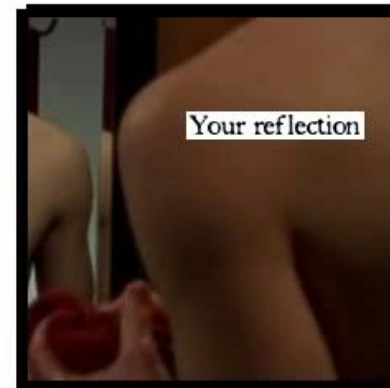
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