Everything by Cindy



Author's Notes: Thanks to Tina for the great plot bunny. Hope this is what you were looking for.

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"Fuck, it's gotta be here…I bet…fuck…I had it and…SHIT!"

Even with his head practically stuffed inside his duffel bag, Brian's frustration and well-chosen words could be heard loud and clear to anyone passing by…

And even louder and clearer by Justin as he stepped into the room through the open door, instantly cringing with worry at just who the hell he'd lucked out with for his roommate.

Closing his eyes, Justin wondered again if he was going to survive the year. He knew that if he'd obeyed his father's wishes and gone to Dartmouth, he'd be living the high life in his own apartment, new car and all the money he could handle. But he'd chosen his own path and gone to Carnegie Mellon instead, wanting to study in their exceptional art program. And needless to say, old Craig wasn't too pleased, voicing the fact as often and as loudly as he could.

His father had begrudgedly given him enough money for his courses, books, supplies, food and agreed to pay for a shared occupancy room. Nothing more. So Justin figured that if he scrimped on food and didn't buy the top of the line art supplies, he'd have a little left over for fun. Not that he really knew much about that. But he knew that now that he was on his own and in college, it was time to find out.

Clearing his voice, Justin made his presence clear. "Uh, I guess this is me…room 215, right?"

Without lifting his head, his near frantic search still in progress, Brian mumbled, "Yeah, whatever…the other bed's yours."

"Great…thanks," Justin replied with a defeated smile on his face, not that the other guy could see it, and dropped his bags on the vacant bed.

Brian heard the thump but was too determined to find the fucking coin to bother turning around. He sighed, frustrated with his search and with the idea that he'd have to share his living space with a total stranger. God, the guy could be a fucking psycho and murder him in his sleep. But he had no choice.

He was just happy that his scholarship had included the room and his meals, as well as full coverage for classes and books. He didn't know what he'd have done otherwise. Jack, for sure as hell wasn't about to cough up a cent for his education. Shit, the old fucker'd gotten away without spending a penny more than necessary on him his whole life…so why would he change now?

Brian smirked, remembering the look on his old man's face just a few days ago when he sprang the whole college thing on him. Jack was all set to introduce his only son into the fine world of factory work and unions. But Brian had other plans…he'd had them all along. And every time his father'd start in on him, letting him know with nothing sheer of disgust, that Brian's own life would end up just as his had…worthless…chained to a bitter woman…saddled with two fucking burdens for kids…and wasted…every fucking chance waster.

Brian would just nod and grin, knowing that HIS life would be anything BUT that. Because he'd fucking kill himself first.

"It's gotta be here…fuck…fuck…fuck."

Justin watched the irate stranger toss jeans and t-shirts, underwear and socks up into the air, his eyes following them as they landed in a haphazard pattern around the room. `What the fuck?' he thought with more than a little concern. `This guy's a fucking lunatic.'

And just as Justin was about to voice his displeasure, Brian shouted…

"Found it! Ah-hah, I fucking found it. You son of a bitch, didn't think you'd get away from me yet, did `ya?"

Justin's brows furrowed in concern, now certain that the guy was trouble. He was still turned away, but the blond could tell that he was talking to his hand.

But before Justin could react Brian turned around, still smiling triumphantly, and Justin's mouth went dry.

The only coherent thought that he could form kept tumbling around in his head over and over…'Holy fucking shit…holy fucking shit…holy fucking shit.' Over and over it just kept repeating in his mind and he was afraid that if he even tried to speak, those were the words that would force themselves out.

And Brian's situation wasn't that different.

He'd been so thrilled that finally, after searching through every fucking thing he owned, he'd found his lucky quarter. Yeah, he knew it was lame…having a lucky coin and all, but, well, he did. It was special. It had two heads, no eagle printed on this one.

He'd heard a rumor that in 1967, the year stamped on the treasured metal, there'd been a mix up at the mint. Somehow, one of the workers placed two head plates in the casting machine and an entire batch of twenty-five cent pieces had been pressed before they'd realized it. Supposedly, the coins were destroyed, but obviously, some had gotten through and Brian was lucky enough to have one.

Brian couldn't forget the day he'd found it. It was one of the less than perfect days in the Kinney house…old Jack was drunk and on the rampage…and Joan, well, sweet, caring Joanie was her usual mother of the year…sitting off in the corner of the room, sipping her wine with shaky hands as her husband made his third attempt to knock some sense into their fourteen year old son.

Brian's lip was already split and he knew that the ache in his ribs would leave a nasty bruise, if not more, but he didn't care. He wasn't going to back down this time. No matter what the fuck his father did.

And that only seemed to egg Jack on even more. The stubborn look of determination on his sons face made him want to beat him even harder. Wipe the smug look right off of him, and with every swing of his fists, he knew that eventually he'd succeed.

But what the old fuck hadn't counted on was that the few too many drinks that he'd consumed with his buddies down at the lodge were working their way through his system and without warning, the pathetic man feel face first unconscious onto the couch in mid-swing…his fist landing with a loud crash into the glass end table.

Brian saw the blood and for an instant was worried that his father had really hurt himself.

Looking back now, he realized that even though his father was horrific, a child is still a child…and they yearn for their parent's love and approval, no matter what.

But back then, the fourteen year old Brian snapped to his senses and knew it was his chance to escape. He dragged himself to his feet and stumbled toward the front door, ignoring the angry calls of his mother…shouting at him to clean up the mess and the blood…not even caring how it all got there. But he didn't turn back. He opened the front door and ran outside, the crisp spring air washing over his battered body, making him feel almost human again.

He found himself running and running, moving past the pain, just wanting to get as far away from home as he could. When he finally stopped, exhausted and thoroughly out of breath, he collapsed onto the edge of the sidewalk, his feet planted firmly on the road. He wanted to cry and shout and scream at the top of his lungs…but he knew that it wouldn't make a difference. It never did.

Brian hung his head, trying to figure out what the hell to do next and something caught his eye. He squinted as the glare that shot off the object hit him square in the eye. Reaching out, his fingers landed on the slightly warm and smooth piece of metal and picked it up, bringing it right up close to his face.

Brian huffed and shook his head. A quarter…just a fucking quarter. But as he turned the shiny object over in his palms, he noticed something very unique about this particular coin. It was double-headed. An instant jolt of…something coursed through Brian's still tender body and he knew…he just knew that he'd found…it.

That IT that people search for…the four-leaf clover or horseshoe or all the other bunch of bullshit superstitious clichés. But Brian knew, without a doubt, that this coin was IT, it was his lucky coin, and he knew that as long as he had it, he'd be okay.

Maybe it was just the thinking of a fourteen year old boy…or maybe it was the way that his eyes still didn't seem to focus properly from having had Jack's fist connect with his face one too many times that day…who knows? But Brian was certain…more certain than he'd ever been about anything before in his pathetic life…that his luck was about to change.

And it did.

Through that spring and summer he grew six inches and gained twenty pounds…and when Jack came after him in one of his drunken stupors, Brian stood tall and held his ground…never flinching. And after trying a time or two and not getting the desired effect intended, Jack finally gave up, turning his frustrations toward the wall or the TV or anything else that happen to be in his path.

But Brian didn't give a shit. His fucking father could demolish the entire house for all he cared. He just kept his fingers wrapped tightly around the two-headed coin buried deep inside his pocket and knew that everything was gonna be okay.

"Uh," Justin managed, then cleared his throat, hoping that when he tried again the little squeak would be gone. "Are…are you alright?"

Brian shook his head, pushing away the memories that seemed to have bombarded him and once again realized that standing in front of him was a man that had him feeling certain things…and he was fucking terrified.

He looked down and saw a mix of confusion and concern swimming around in a pair of the most incredible blue eyes he'd ever seen. And the way his stomach seemed to flip itself around at the sight made his head reel with…well…he really wasn't sure just what.

"Are you okay?" Justin asked again.

Finding his voice, finally Brian said, "Yeah…yeah, sorry. I was just a little freaked out. I…" And Brian held up the coin in his fingers, showing the object of his frantic search to his…uh…roommate? "I couldn't find this…it's my lucky…uh…charm."

God, Brian knew how lame he sounded and wondered if this…this…incredibly beautiful guy thought the same.

Instantly a bolt of fear shot through Brian and he tensed, realizing that he'd admitted to himself that the gorgeous blond standing next to him was beautiful. Fuck, he'd done it again. Suddenly he became very uncomfortable in the room…in his own skin.

Justin noticed the change in his roommate's demeanor and wondered if the guy really was psycho? But he also couldn't miss the fact that he was unbelievably stunning. God, his body was slim but obviously well toned if the sleeveless shirt and his muscular arms were any indication. And his long, fucking go on forever legs were so incredible. And that face, God, his face rivaled those of the Roman statues that Justin loved to study so completely. Yes, this man was definitely perfect…and when his deep hazel eyes met Justin's he felt a spark of…something roll through him like he'd never felt before. He just wondered if the other man felt it too.

Could he be lucky enough to get a gay roommate? He doubted it. The dark-haired man looked as butch as they come. But yet…that spark…

"Um, fuck, sorry, I…uh, I'm Justin Taylor." Justin realized that he hadn't even introduced himself yet. With all the drama that had being going on since he'd stepped into the room he hadn't had a chance.

"Right, uh, Brian. Brian Kinney."

And that's when it happened. Each man offered his hand to the other in a typical greeting, and when they connected, a bolt of electricity passed from one to the other, zooming down their hands and arms and torso…ending with a jolting bang right in the middle of their groins.

Abruptly they pulled apart, each one uncertain of what to do with this unexpected feeling, so they did the only thing that came to mind…they ignored it.

"Well, I guess I'd better clean up this mess and get my shit put away," Brian said, clearing his throat and swallowing hard as he turned away.

"Yeah, I…I guess I'll get settled in too." And as Justin began to unzip his bags, pulling the neatly folded items from their interior, he couldn't help himself as he snuck a peek over his shoulder at the intriguing man and he knew that maybe things wouldn't be that bad after all.

Coincidently, Brian was thinking the same thing.

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"Hey, Bri, how was your first day?" Lindsay asked, entering the dorm room with a big smile, catching her friend buried in a stack of textbooks, face down on his bed.

"Linds, hey, it went good," Brian answered with a confirming nod as he stood up and stretched, happy for the interruption. "And you, how'd it go?"

"Great, my professors seem really nice and…"

But before Lindsay could finish, the bathroom door flung open and a very wet and very scantily clad Justin walked out, still wrapping the short, blue towel around his trim waist.

Brian's eyes nearly bugged out of his head at the sight before him and quickly averted his gaze, looking at the floor…the window…his bed…then finally at Lindsay whose eyes seemed to have mimicked his. And for some reason, the fact that the woman was obviously stunned…her tongue practically wagging as it hung limply out of her mouth…made him fucking annoyed.

"Lindsay," he snapped, a little harsher than intended and smiled weakly to cover up his irritation. "This is Justin, my roommate."

Realizing that someone else was in the room, Justin blushed and pulled his towel a little tighter with one hand as he held out his other hand to the woman. "Nice to meet you, Lindsay."

"Mmm, the pleasure's definitely all mine," the forward blonde answered with a leer as she held the offered hand firmly in between hers, ignoring the snort of disapproval from her friend.

Justin just smiled and pulled free of the iron grip, grabbed some clean clothes from his dresser then headed back into the steamy bathroom to dress in private.

As soon as the door shut, Lindsay spun around and gushed, "He's fucking gorgeous."

Brian's brows furrowed, staring at his best friend like she was a total stranger. "So?"

"So? What do you mean `so'?" Her voice lowered and she stole a quick glance over her shoulder at the door then turned back to her friend and said, "Maybe you can fix us up."

"What?!"

Brian hadn't meant to be so loud and he wasn't sure why he wanted to shove Lindsay's happy little face out of the room, but he did…and it disturbed him.

"No…no, I can't. I won't. You can find your own dates, Linds…you don't need my help."

"But, Briiiiii."

Staring at his friend, he knew what she was trying to do, and it wasn't gonna work this time. That little whine and pout were not going to get her what she wanted…because if he was even the tiniest bit honest with himself…he knew that he wanted it more.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to barge in on you guys like that. I'm gonna just grab my stuff and I'm outta here." Justin once again walked into the room, turning the other two occupants heads and earning himself a somewhat strange look from both.

"No, it's okay. It's my fault. I'm, uh…I'm gonna go. I'll see you later, Bri. And, Justin, it was really, reeeaaaaally nice meeting you," the woman said with a little giggle then left the room.

"Fuck!" Brian exclaimed, falling back on his bed, uncaring of the books scattered all over it.

"Sorry, I really didn't mean to…"

"No, it's your room. You should be able to come out of the shower, dressed in only a towel…" Brian had to stop and take a breath as the vision of the blond, still dripping wet played across his mind again…

Shaking his head, fucking confused as all hell, he tried again. "And, uh, you know…it's your place too, so don't worry about Lindsay. She more than enjoyed the show."

The wicked smile on Brian's face made Justin's cock jump in his pants and he found himself smiling back automatically.

And the incredible smile that seemed to light up the small dorm room as it beamed off the blond's face made Brian's dick throb inside his jeans and his smile instantly faltered.

Justin saw the change and wasn't too sure what had happened, but…"Well, glad to have entertained your friend, but really, she's not my type." Justin froze. He really hadn't meant to say that, but the words flew from his mouth of their own free will and now a quizzical looking Brian was staring up at him. "I mean…well…it's just that…" And Justin knew he had to come clean. It's not like he planned on hiding it anyway. It's just that he really liked Brian…well, what little he'd seen of him so far. And although the man did come off as a little strange, he felt like they had a connection.

Taking a deep breath, he decided that honesty was always the best policy, so…"I'm gay."

Instantly, Brian shot up, knocking a few of the books off his bed and startling Justin enough that he took a step backwards, the look of fear shooting from his piercing blue eyes.

"Sorry…sorry," Brian said softly, his hands held out in front of him apologetically. God, he hadn't meant to scare Justin, he was just…fuck, he just didn't think that those words were gonna come out of the other man's mouth.

"Did I shock you? Do…do you want me to leave? Maybe you could find another roo…"

But before Justin could finish, Brian had taken a step forward, relieved when the blond stood his ground, and blurted out, "No…no, don't leave."

He wasn't sure exactly WHAT he was feeling, but he knew, without a single doubt that he didn't want the man to leave.

"Okay," Justin replied softly with a happy smile…

And Brian felt his heart beat a little faster at the sight and for some reason he just knew that whatever was going on between them was only gonna get better.

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The weeks passed by quickly and Brian and Justin found their friendship growing incredibly strong.

Before they knew it, it was October and Halloween was just around the corner.

"Hey, some of the people in my course are throwing a huge Halloween party at someone's house …you wanna go with me?"

Brian looked up from the book he was reading, his eyes landing on his roommates lithe, half naked body as he rummaged through his closet for a shirt. He couldn't help notice the way his snug jeans fit in all the right places, making his ass seem so inviting…so…

"Huh?" Brian grunted, his eyes darting up to his friend's face, a small blush creeping across his cheeks.

"I said it's Friday, and I wanna go, so come with me. I don't wanna go by myself."

The little whine and pout that Brian was all too familiar with having been best friends with Lindsay for most of his life took on a whole new meaning when THIS blond put it into action. For the…fuck, Brian'd lost count of how many times it'd happen already…Brian felt his cock harden and he knew that he wanted…almost desperately…to reach out and take Justin's deliciously full, protruding bottom lip and suck it between his.

Again…"Huh." Fuck, he really had to start concentrating better.

"Brian, what the hell's wrong with you tonight?"

Shaking his head, Brian closed his eyes, willing his hard-on down and said, "Nothing, I've just got a lot on my mind…you know with all these fucking papers I've got due. Sorry, um, sure, yeah, I'll come with you."

"Oh, that's great. Thanks," Justin beamed, dropping down between Brian's knees, throwing his arms around his neck and giving him a gentle hug.

But for some reason, when Brian's arms came up around his back, returning the friendly embrace, neither one of them wanted to let go.

Brian pulled his head back slightly, his eyes meeting Justin's and he watched the smile fade from the blond's face…and he heard and felt the smaller man's breathing quicken …and he saw the bright blue eyes glaze over and shift aimlessly about…and he…he…

"Uh, sorry…sorry, I was just, um…" Brian stumbled, trying to explain.

"Yeah, no problem, hey so, I'm just gonna go and uh…I'm meeting Michael down at the pub, so…"

"Right, okay, I guess then…"

"Yeah, uh, you…you wanna come?"

Brian thought about it for a second. He liked Michael. He was Justin's best friend and even though the guy sorta gave him the creeps sometimes, always checking out his ass or brushing his hand across his arm or shoulder ACCIDENTALY, he seemed nice enough.

But as the images of what just happened came flooding back, Brian declined, saying he had way too much work and told Justin to have a good time.

Justin nodded, his mouth twisting into that cute little thing he did when he wasn't sure what to say and he left to join his friend.

And as soon as the door shut, Brian slumped back on his bed, narrowly missing hitting his head on the wall and let the huge sigh he'd been holding in loose.

`FUCK!' he screamed inside his head. `I almost kissed him. I almost did it. God, maybe…maybe there's something wrong with me? I don't know. I can't help myself anymore. I mean, every single time I see him I just want to…I wanna do everything to him. I think I must be sick. Yeah, that's it. I must be coming down with something. But then, why the hell does my dick get hard when he walks into the room? I don't think that there's a sickness for that. No, I…God, I don't know what the hell to do.'

Just then the phone rang and Brian groaned, not wanting to deal with anyone right now, but at the same time desperately needing a break from himself.

"Hello."

"Bri…hey, baby brother, how's it going?"

"Claire?"

"Who the fuck else would be calling you baby brother? You got some other sister I don't know about?" the woman on the end of the line teased.

God, it was so good to hear his sister's voice. Brian smiled, thinking that at least his parents had done one thing right in their whole miserable, fucked up lives. They'd given him a sister who was always there for him and who always knew just what to do. `Hey, maybe she can help me now.'

"Man, I've missed you. How's school going? The weather must be great out there."

"Yeah, school's good and the beaches, well, they're amazing. Like I told you, you should have come here. California's great and you would have fit in perfectly."

Brian sighed, knowing how disappointed he was when his scholarship didn't come through, but then if it had, he would never have met Justin and…

"Claire, I need your help."

"Bri, what's wrong. You sound almost desperate." Claire loved her brother and hated to see him suffering. They'd both done enough of that in their short lives to last them for eternity.

"I have a problem," Brian replied in an almost whispered tone.

"What's wrong? And I can barely hear you so speak up."

Brian smiled. His sister was never one to mince her words…a Kinney family trait.

Thinking for a moment exactly HOW to come out and tell his sister just what was going on, Brian decided that the direct approach was best.

"I…I've got this roommate, his name's Justin, and…well…I'm finding myself…I, uh…sometimes I can't help it….um…"

Okay, so much for the direct approach.

"Brian, spit it out for Christ's sake."

Oh, yeah, impatience…another fine Kinney trait.

Taking a deep breath, Brian blurted out, "I find myself staring at Justin and fuck, he's gorgeous, Claire, and I think things…things about him…things I want to do to him…and I don't understand…and I'm not sure what to do about it."

Claire heard her brother's long intake of breath and she smiled, because she understood and she knew exactly what to say.

"Brian…sweetie…you're gay."

"WHAT?!" Brian shouted, jumping up off his bed, knocking the phone to the floor.

"Bri…Bri…you there?"

"Uh, yeah, sorry, I kinda dropped the phone."

Claire laughed and for some reason Brian couldn't help but laugh along with her. Maybe it was his nerves or maybe it was the relief…he wasn't sure.

"Bri," Claire began again, this time her voice reassuring and comforting, making sure her brother knew that she was there for him. "You're gay."

"I…I don't think that just because…I mean, sometimes…"

And that's when it hit him.

All the times he'd tried to tell himself that he was just curious or that he was thinking about something else and that's why he'd gotten hard, he knew that it wasn't true.

Or when the girls in his class threw themselves at him, fawning all over him, vying for his attention…and it had absolutely no effect on him at all. Now it made sense.

Because as soon as he looked at Justin…he felt all those feelings…those needs and wants and desires and he wanted to act upon them so fucking badly that sometimes, he thought he might explode.

Now it all made sense.

"Bri, you okay?"

"God, Claire, why the hell didn't I see this before?"

"Uhh, I don't know. I mean, I've pretty much always known it."

"What?" This time his shock wasn't as startling, but pretty close.

"I just always knew. Come on, Bri. You never even looked at all the girls, even that Tina girl, you know that one that practically leapt into your arms every time you showed up at the pool. And remember how Stacy nearly had a fit when she wore that skimpy, little dress and got all dolled up for you at Beth's party and you completely ignored her. Shit, Brian, you'd have to be blind to miss those kinda things…or gay."

Brian remembered the times that Claire was talking about, and it was true. He didn't even notice. But he did seem to recall the way that Chris looked all decked out in his rather snug shorts, his lean body all nice and tanned….

"Bri…Bri…you still with me?"

"Uh, yeah…yeah, I'm here," Brian choked out, willing away the erection that had begun to grow. "Fuck, you're right. I'M GAY!" he shouted, a little louder than planned.

Instantly Brian dropped down to the floor, his back resting against Justin's bed and he knew it was the truth. He felt…scared and a little stunned, but still…even though it was all so new to him, suddenly he felt like he was himself…like finally he was the real Brian.

"Brian, you know I love you. It doesn't change who you are. What you're about. You're still you, only now you understand yourself a little better. That's all."

Brian nodded, even though he knew his sister couldn't see it and smiled. He was so thankful that she was there for him and that she loved him no matter what. He knew talking to her was the right thing to do.

"Thanks, Claire. Really, I mean it. Thanks."

"Anytime, little brother. So, now that I've solved all YOUR problems, I'm off to save the world."

And with a hearty laugh and a thankful goodbye, Brian hung up and closed his eyes, resting his head back on the mattress behind him. And as he did, he couldn't help but breathe in a little deeper as Justin's distinctive and wonderful scent drifted up from his bed, making Brian's head spin.

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"Lindsay, I'm glad you could meet me. Look I've got something to tell you…and…."

Brian shook his head and tried again.

"Linds, I know that we've always shared everything, and now we're gonna be able to share even more…men…"

Again he shook his head and sighed defeatedly.

Looking into the bathroom mirror, his troubled eyes staring back at him, he knew that he just had to come right out and tell her. She'd understand. After all, she was his best friend, and they were always there for each other…so…

But before Brian could finish his thought, the door flew open almost knocking him over, and Justin walked in.

"Shit, Brian…fuck, you scared me," the blond shouted, his hand covering his chest as he gasped.

"Sorry," was all Brian could say. Once again his breath was taken away by the close proximity of the man.

Smiling, Justin said, "It's okay. Maybe next time you'll either shut the door or leave it open so I know that you're in here. `Kay?"

Nodding, Brian smiled and answered, "Okay."

"Good, now, uh, if you don't mind…I gotta pee."

Laughing, Brian brushed past Justin, his arm accidentally…okay, so maybe not SO accidentally…brushing across the man's denim-clad ass as he did. And the warm feelings that spread through his body from the contact made him smile and reconfirm just what he'd discovered earlier that day.

Justin closed the door, leaning his forehead against it and sighed. He'd felt it to and wondered just how the hell he was supposed to piss now with a hard-on.

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"Again, sorry," Brian offered when Justin came out of the bathroom.

"No problem. Hey, you wanna order a pizza or something? I'm hungry…"

"When aren't you?"

Justin smiled and finished, "…AND I'm tired so I thought maybe you'd like to just hang out with me here tonight?"

"Uh, sure, okay, yeah, sounds great." Brian knew that he was rambling but he couldn't stop himself. Already he felt his groin tightening and wondered how the hell he was going to get through an entire evening alone with Justin without attacking him.

Justin watched a play of emotions cross his friends face and wondered, for the umpteenth time just how he was gonna get through another night without jumping the man's bones.

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"God, that was so fucking funny…did you see the look on his face when she said, `Uh, sorry sir, but that's not included in my fee'."

"Yeah, and I swear he was just about to ask her if maybe she'd consider it if he paid a little more when that cop walked by and he ran his fucking ass off trying to get away."

"Oh, shit, I forgot about that," Brian wailed, his hands covering his stomach as his laughter erupted again and he thought he might hurl if he didn't stop.

"My stomach…fuck…stop making me laugh," Justin begged, rolling around on the floor next to Brian.

"You stop."

"No, you," Justin said, his laughter fading but his smile still beaming as he poked his friend in the ribs.

"You," Brian returned quietly, his sweetest smile in place as he poked at Justin's chest.

"Make me," Justin whispered.

The boys lay face to face with Brian's body hovering slightly over Justin's. Their heavy breath washed over each other's skin…their searching eyes shifted from right to left anxiously…their hearts beat so strongly that they knew that they could feel each other's as well as their own…and their lips ached to touch…

"Justin…" Brian breathed, his need so raw.

"Please…" Justin almost whimpered.

And neither one could resist a second longer.

Their lips connected so soft and tenderly, almost just a brush of heated flesh and the moans that flew from their slightly parted lips floated effortlessly through the air.

Pulling back, Brian's eyes sought out Justin's and he saw the pools of blue deepen and glaze over so intoxicatingly that he groaned from the sight…his groin pulsing in response…and Justin felt it as well as Brian's crotch lay against his thigh.

"More," Justin breathed and Brian smiled, never having wanted anything as desperately in his entire life.

This time the kiss was deep and searching. Brian hesitated a moment before slipping his tongue out against Justin's full lips and when the blond parted them, he sighed and slid inside, moaning from the exquisite warmth and taste that welcomed him.

In dire need of air, the men finally parted, panting and grinning like fucking fools.

Suddenly Justin realized that maybe he was making Brian do something that he didn't want to and pulled back.

Brian took this as an indication that maybe Justin didn't want him and instantly tensed.

Neither one spoke for what seemed like an eternity and then Brian, knowing that he didn't want to hide how he felt any longer said, "Justin, I want you. I understand if you don't feel the same, but, I…"

"Brian," Justin interrupted, grabbing the man's face between his soft hands, making Brian's eyes meet his. "Fuck, I've wanted you from the moment I first saw you. God, you're all I think about. I've been going crazy living here with you…sleeping beside you…watching you walk around in practically nothing…God, Brian…I've…"

"I know, me too…I've been doing the same thing. I watch you and all I want to do is take you in my arms and…"

"What? Wait a minute. I thought you were straight."

Brian just shrugged his shoulders and said, "So did I. Well, now that I think about it, I guess I was just trying to fool myself. I really never did like girls, but, I guess I was too scared to come right out and admit it."

Justin's thumbs soothingly brushed across Brian's cheeks and he could have sworn that the man was purring. Shaking his head he smiled, happy to be where they were and said, "Well, you know it now, so, um, what do you wanna do about it?"

The invitation in the blond's voice was clear. But Brian was afraid that he wouldn't meet up to Justin's standards, having no previous experience.

"Brian?"

"I want you, Justin…God, I want you so fucking much, but, ah, I've never been with anyone else, not even a woman because frankly, I just wasn't interested, so, um, I don't want to disappoint you."

Justin laughed out loud which startled Brian, sending the wrong message to the man as he pulled away and sat up. Justin followed him, sitting Indian style, then laid his hands on Brian's lean thighs.

"Brian, I've never been with another man before either. And OBVIOUSLY, not a woman…"

Both men laughed at Justin's comment just as intended and the tenseness in the room lessened dramatically.

"So, how about we find our way together?" Justin finished, his words soft and sweet and full of promise.

"I'd like that."

And with that, Brian stood up, offering his hand to Justin and when the man took it, he pulled him up and straight into his arms.

The full body contact was too much and once again the men felt their need for each other take over.

Wordlessly, Brian began to undress Justin, pulling his t-shirt over his head and tossing it aside. Then, with shaky fingers that made both of them giggle, he tugged at the button-fly jeans and they popped open, revealing a patch of slightly curly dark-blond hair underneath.

"No underwear?" Brian asked with amusement…his voice deep and husky with desire.

"Nope, no time for laundry this week," Justin said, a little embarrassed and a lot turned on.

"Mmm, nice," the taller man commended, running his fingers lightly through the tuft, deliberately brushing his thumb against Justin's leaking head.

A loud sigh rumbled from the blond's chest and his eyes fluttered closed as he swallowed hard.

Brian smiled and did it again, thrilled when Justin's hand grabbed onto his forearm as he suddenly became unstable on his feet…wobbling back and forth.

"Feel good?"

"Oh, yeahhhhh," Justin said with a smile, forcing his eyes open to watch.

"You want more?" Brian breathed, his face only inches away from Justin's, their eyes connecting so deeply.

Nodding, the man gasped, "God, please."

Needing no further encouragement, Brian stripped off Justin's jeans then quickly pulled off his own clothes, enjoying the added pair of hands that joined in…enjoying it even more as those hands wandered aimlessly over his body…touching and kneading each piece of newly exposed flesh.

By the time they were both naked, their weeping erections were rock hard and flush against their bellies.

Brian took a step back, holding each of Justin's hands in his and raised his arms out to get a better look…something that he'd been dying to do for so long. Not just a glimpse or a peek, but a full-out, dead-on look.

He was in awe.

"Fuck, Justin, you're so goddamned beautiful. You take my breath away."

Justin didn't think he'd ever heard more amazing words or ever felt so enraptured as he did at that moment. Before he could speak, Brian dropped one hand and spun him around, obviously wanting to get a back-view as well.

"Christ…I…Justin," Brian breathed, completely stunned by the man's perfection.

And Justin sighed, and Brian moaned as his hands moved forward, each one taking a firm, round globe in it and squeezing gently.

Justin stepped back, needing to feel Brian's body against his, and Brian complied, removing his hands and wrapping his long arms around the smaller man's chest, pulling him tightly back.

And the feel of Brian's erection throbbing against his ass was enough to make Justin's body fly apart.

And the feel of Justin's soft, warm skin against Brian's cock made him want to scream out loud.

Justin spun around, his body still firmly against Brian's and when their dicks brushed together, both men thought that there was no fucking way that anything could feel better than that.

So they decided to test the theory.

Gently lying Justin back on his bed, Brian climbed on top, his body molding itself to the smaller frame beneath him so completely…their two bodies almost melding into one. Eyes locked together, foreheads pressed tightly, Brian rocked his hips and both men yelped as the friction caused immeasurable pleasure to spread throughout their bodies.

So over…and over their hips bumped and rocked, their cocks sliding effortlessly, the dripping precum mixing together to form the perfect lube. Their heaving chests pushed against each other and though they tried their best to keep quiet…the moans and cries of joy filled the cozy room until neither one could stand it any longer.

"Brian…please…I want you inside me…"

"I…are you sure? I…want to feel you inside me too."

They smiled, so new to the whole experience that neither one had any predetermined role that they had to play. But desperation won out when Justin panted…

"Please, Brian…God, fuck me…please fuck me now. I'll do you later."

A growl of lust bubbled up from so deep inside Brian that he swore he felt it in his toes. Leaning down he captured Justin's lips in an earth-shaking kiss, pulling away with a loud smacking sound and a huge, eager smile.

All of a sudden Brian realized something. "Uh, Justin, do you have a condom?"

"Fuck, no…shit, I guess I…"

Both men sighed, but when their eyes met they knew that it was okay. Even with all the lectures they'd received in school about safe sex, since neither one had ever had any type of sex, they knew that they were okay…and they trusted each other…so…

Wordlessly, Brian placed two of his fingers in his mouth and sucked them suggestively, making Justin's back arch up in pleasure as he moaned deeply.

They knew that they were just beginning the adventure that would lead to everything they desired…touching and fondling and jerking and sucking and rimming and anything else they could dream up. But right then, all they wanted was to do was…

"Fuck…" Justin hissed, taking a sharp breath in as Brian's finger wiggled then pressed forward against his hole, slipping in past the first ring of muscle.

"Relax…breathe…"

And Justin did, and Brian felt his channel loosen just the slightest bit…so he pushed and slid in a little further…and Justin's face twisted again in discomfort, but not as badly.

"Good…keep breathing…"

Justin nodded, loving the feeling as Brian's free hand stroked his forehead while his other one inched further and further inside of him…until the man's long index finger was completely engulfed, and the blond was panting like a bitch in heat.

Brian swirled his finger and felt his gut flip as Justin's ass spasmed around it and the smaller man whimpered in delight. So he swirled it again, pulling out a little then thrusting back in…and he continued this little rhythm over and over, adding a second finger when he felt it was time…until Justin was bucking wildly, trying to fuck himself on his hand.

Not able to resist a second longer, Brian slipped his fingers out slowly, grabbed his profusely leaking cock, slicking the warm fluid down his length as lubrication then placed the head at Justin's relaxed hole and pushed…

"Oh, shit," Justin forced out between gritted teeth as the girth of Brian's cock pushed out against his insides. His fingers wrapped tightly around the man's strong biceps, indenting the tanned flesh.

"Relax…oh, God…unghhhh…j-just r-relax…" Brian could hardly breathe himself. The tightness that gripped him as the warm and velvety passage slid against him was like nothing he'd ever imagined…not in his wildest dreams.

"O-okay…okay…yeah…that's better…ahhhhhh, Brian…so much fucking b-b-better." The pain subsided and the pleasure took over sending Justin's mind and body reeling in ecstasy. He couldn't believe the feeling of completion that swept over him in having Brian fill him so perfectly.

And when Brian pulled back then thrust back in again…brushing past something so deep inside of him and so unimaginably delicious he screamed…burying his face against Brian's broad shoulder, trying to muffle the noise as a thousand stars exploded behind his eyes.

Brian felt and heard Justin's response and had to hold back his own moans when the blond's ass tightened impossibly further around his pulsing dick, and he knew that no matter how much he wanted to prologue it, he was about to shoot…and he wanted to take Justin with him.

Bracing himself on his arms and slightly bent knees, Brian looked deep into Justin's heavy lidded eyes, pulled almost all the way out then rammed back in. The thrill this produced shook each man to the depths of his very soul…so Brian did it again…and again…until they were both gasping and fucking wildly…and…

"Justin…I can't…hold out…"

"Come…come with me…ahhh….ahhhhh…NOW!"

"Ohhh, yeah…"

And together they exploded, Justin's hot cum ripping from his slit, soaking their stomach's and chests…and Brian's jizz shooting out in long, sharp spurts so fucking deep inside of Justin's ass, marking the man as his.

Collapsing from exhaustion, Brian sighed as Justin's arms wrapped around him, pulling him impossibly closer…their sweat and cum and breath and bodies fused together at every point, never wanting to part.

"Justin, that was…it was…"

"Everything…"

Smiling, Brian sighed and snuggled in even closer against the incredible man beneath him and whispered, "Yeah…everything."

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Brian shifted slightly, not wanting to wake Justin still dozing in his arms. And as he settled back down, a glint of metal caught his eye from the floor. Rising slightly he saw his lucky quarter lying on the space between their beds.

Instantly he was transported back in time to that desperate day several years before when he sat in the street, the realities of his life crashing down around him when he spotted the same shiny object and his whole world changed.

And now, lying in bed with Justin's body pressed firmly against his he felt that same sense of change and smiled, because he had a feeling that this was gonna be even better than the quarter.

"My turn."

Brian heard the raspy voice and looked back at Justin, his deep blue eyes partially open, a lustful glaze coating the perfect orbs and his heart skipped a beat.

`Oh, yeah, it's gonna be much better than the quarter.'