You Wouldn’t Dare by Cindy



“He’s kinda hot,” Justin said pointing to the man on the stage.

“Yeah, he’s alright.”

Justin laughed at Brian’s blasé answer. The man never said anyone was hot, well, except himself of course, and on occasion he did tell Justin that he was also hot. But then he figured he’d have to be for Brian to be with him. However ‘with him’ he was, the older man still did have his standards, as extremely high as they were.

“Watch this,” Brian told Justin quickly then reached out to the passing man, getting his attention. “Hey, I’ll give you an extra hundred if you show your cock,” Brian told the next contestant with a sly grin.

“You got it,” the guy said and started to tug at his pants.

“I..I meant up there,” Brian said, pointing towards the stage that was still occupied by the first contestant.

The guy nodded his head and walked away.

“You’re evil,” Justin said with a smile.

“I’m sweet,” Brian protested and they moved together for a kiss, then turned their attention back to the action on the stage.

“Okay, let’s give a big hand for Jacob’s big finish,” Deb said as she moved onto the stage. The men in the crowded bar cheered, clapped and whistled their appreciation. “Okay, let’s see if our next contestant measures up. Ah, get your hands out of your pants and put them together for Matthew.”

Deb left the stage as the music began and Matthew started to dance, the crowd cheering him on.

Brian watched the performance, wondering if the guy was going to actually do what it took to get the extra hundred from him. The guy wasn’t bad. ‘Nice body, well toned but the guy can’t dance for shit,’ he thought as he watched the man‘s clothes disappear, leaving him moving around the stage in only his underwear. Brian held the money out for Matthew to see, egging him on. He saw the apprehension in the man’s eyes and knew he wouldn’t come through, and sure enough, the music ended and the guy was still covered, not even a pubic hair visible.

Brian snorted and turned to Justin. “I knew he wouldn’t do it. What a wimp.”

“Hey, can you imagine going up there and getting naked in front of all these horny guys?” the blond said in the guy‘s defense.

“Nope, not me. I don’t have to give them a show.”

“Yeah, that’s because most of them have already seen it,” the younger man said with a sweet smile. Then he reached across and tried to grab the hundred dollar bill out of Brian’s hands, but the brunet quickly pulled it away.

“Uh, uh, uh. If you want it, you’ve got to earn it,” Brian said teasingly.

“And exactly how do I earn it?” the blond asked, playing along with his lover. He figured Brian would whisper something really dirty in his ear and he would act shocked, but of course he’d be more than willing to perform the act.

Thinking for a minute, the older man’s eyes flitted downwards then back up to his lover, a smug look spread across his face. “You have to get up there,” he paused, pointing towards the stage, “And earn it. You have to show me your cock.”

Justin was shocked. He couldn’t believe that Brian would ask him to do that. He looked around the bar taking in all the faces. Woody’s was packed. The charity event had brought out every queer in Pittsburgh. He figured they weren’t really interested in raising money for the teen suicide prevention hotline, they were just interested in the floorshow. Everyone knew that no troll would have the nerve to strip for hordes of hot, horny gay men, only the pretty hot guys got up on the stage. There were standards after all.

The blond looked at the stage. The next contestant had begun to dance. The guy was okay, not as built as the previous two, but not too bad a dancer. He looked back at Brian, who was watching him with a big grin on his face. Justin knew what he was thinking. He thought he had him. That there was no way he would get up there and expose himself. Even though he’d stripped in the King Of Babylon contest a while back, he hadn’t felt he had a choice in that. He was trying to prove a point to the older man then, and he’d succeeded. But what about now? He didn’t want to be predictable. Not to himself and definitely not to Brian. A surge of confidence came over him as he met Brian’s eyes straight on.

“Okay, I’ll do it.”

“WHAT?” the older man gasped. “You wouldn’t dare!” he said, his face looked stricken and pale.

“I wouldn’t? I said I’ll do it, for the extra hundred bucks,” Justin said, completely amused by his lover’s reaction.

Moving closer so that no one could hear them, Brian looked Justin straight in the eye, making sure he understood exactly what he was telling him. “Justin, I was only kidding. I don’t want you to go up there and strip. You can’t. I won’t let you.” The older man’s tone was firm, no room for discussion.

Or so he thought.

“You won’t let me? What the fuck do you think I am, your puppet? You say jump and I say how high?” Justin was pissed. He understood that Brian didn’t want him to get up there and make a fool out of himself, but to command him like that was unacceptable. ‘I don’t think so,’ the blond thought. Now he would do it for sure, just to show his defiance.

“Baby, I just don’t want you to embarrass yourself. The guys up there…they…well they’re.”

“They’re what, Brian, hotter than me? Do you think I couldn’t possibly win something like this, competing with all those other guys?” Justin was a little hurt. He thought Brian thought he was hot, but maybe he didn’t think he measured up.

Brian took Justin’s chin in his hand and lifted it. He saw the hurt look on his lover’s face and hated that he’d put it there. “Justin, that’s not what I meant. I think you’re hot. I think you’re fucking beautiful. It’s just that those other guys, well, they’re all built and older and, well, your still a twink… a gorgeous one…but still a twink. I don’t think you should do it.” Brian tried to sound as loving as possible.

He was thrilled that Brian told him he was beautiful and even gorgeous, but he didn’t like that the older man thought of him as just a twink. His determination strengthened even further. He was going to show Brian that twink or not, he could give the other guys a run for their money, and with that thought, he snatched the money still held in Brian’s hand.

“Hey,” the older man protested as the money flew from his fingers.

“Just watch me,” Justin said defiantly. He slid off the stool, shoved the money into his jeans and walked away, leaving his lover wide-eyed and open mouthed with shock.

“Deb, how many more men are left?” Justin asked the colorful woman.

She gave him a wary look then checked her list. “This one’s the last. Why?” she drew out the last word with her hands placed firmly on her hips and her painted mouth askew.

“Because I want to go next,” he told her flatly, not wanting to be lectured or argued with.

“No way Sunshine. This is not for you,” she told him, her red nails waving about.

“Deb…Deb,” he waited until the woman calmed down to listen to him. “I want to do this and I don’t want any shit from you, or anyone else.” Justin’s voice was a little strong, obviously venting his frustration from Brian along with the one he felt building towards Debbie.

Looking at him, Deb opened her mouth to protest again, but realized that she really couldn’t tell the boy what to do. He was legal and could do whatever he wanted. She just hoped he didn’t get himself in over his head. “Okay sweetie,” she relented. “You’re up after this.”

“Thanks Deb,” Justin said with a little relief. He looked up at the stage and suddenly realized what he’d gotten himself into. He closed his eyes and shook his head. ‘Why am I so fucking stubborn,’ he thought. Would he ever learn to shut up while he was ahead? He took a calming breath and opened his eyes as the music ended. ‘Well, let’s get this over with.’

He glanced over at Brian and found the man to be just as he’d expected. He could almost see the steam coming out of the older man’s ears. He knew his lover was mad, but there was no backing down now. He had to prove something to Brian, exactly what that was, he wasn’t sure of right at that moment. He was too fucking scared.

“Okay boy’s, let’s hear a large round of applause for Jeff. That’s great…great honey,” Debbie said as the dancer left the stage. “Now we have a last minute contestant. But, I warn you be good or I’ll have all of your asses in a sling. And remember, I know where you eat!” she said threateningly, pointing her red-tipped fingers towards the crowd. “Let’s give a warm welcome to Justin,” she said and left the stage as the blond climbed onto it.

Justin looked out at the packed bar and saw all the faces staring at him. ‘Oh fuck!’ he screamed inside, wanting to bolt towards the door and never look back, but he heard the music start and knew it wasn’t an option. Not if he ever planned on showing his face in Woody’s again or if he didn’t want to be ridiculed for the rest of his life by Brian. Nope, leaving wasn’t an option, so he decided, fuck it, I’ll give them a show.

Justin knew Brian was right, he wasn’t built like the other contestants, but he had four things that the other men didn’t have. He was young and that appealed to most of the guys watching, he was blond which was always a plus, he could dance, which was more than he could say for the men that were on the stage before him and he had a fantastic ass. The last one he knew was going to be his secret weapon and he planned on using it to his advantage.

He felt the beat of the music and let it flow through his body. He tried to focus on the song and let himself get swept away by the rhythm. Brian always said that he was possessed on the dance floor, so he just relaxed and let it happen. He closed his eyes, trying to block out the crowd and began to move.

His hips swayed back and forth in time with the thumping beat, his hands moved to his chest and sensually rubbed over it and his nipples hardened becoming visible through his thin t-shirt. The cat-calls and whistles shook him from his self-induced daze and he opened his eyes, remembering exactly where he was and what he was doing.

He looked out to find Michael’s dark eyes shooting daggers at him. He wondered if the man was ever going to get over his jealousy. He looked next to the grumpy little man and saw Ben, smiling and cheering him on. He smiled slightly, gaining confidence from the gentle man. Then he shifted his gaze over slightly and saw Emmett. He was clapping and whistling flamboyantly and calling out to him, “You go Baby!!! Whoo!” He couldn’t help the large smile that spread across his face from his dear friend’s enthusiasm.

But then he looked at Brian. The man was clearly pissed. His eyes were narrowed and his lips were tightly pressed together. He felt his heart sink from the sight, but decided that he wouldn’t let it get to him. He had something to prove and he wasn’t about to give up. He took a deep breath and let loose.

Using his sexy smile he saved just for Brian, he faced the crowd head on. He lowered his eyes slightly and looked out from under his long lashes, his intense blue eyes shinning through. His hips never stopped their motion as his hands lowered to the hem of his shirt and pulled it upwards. In one swift move it was over his head and tossed aside. The men cheered louder as they caught a glimpse of his smooth, alabaster skin. He turned around and gave the rowdy group a view of his denim-clad ass. He heard many gasps and whistles and even a few moans from the room as his ass moved from side to side provocatively.

Brian’s knuckles were white from gripping the frame of the stool so tightly. He thought he might actually have cracked the wood, but he didn’t care. He was fuming. He watched his lover – HIS lover - gyrating on the stage in front of a horde of horny, gawking men. What the fuck was Justin thinking? He knew he should have never said the things he did. It probably only stoked the fire that got the boy up there in the first place. When would he ever learn to keep his big mouth shut? He felt Michael’s eyes burning into him, watching him for a response, but he wouldn’t give him the satisfaction. He did his best to appear completely calm and unaffected on the outside, while on the inside he was ready to combust.

He jumped slightly, ready to leap to the stage, but had to quickly remind himself to sit back down when Justin removed his shirt and turned to give the men a full view of his perfect ass. This time he actually did hear the wood of the stool crack as he gripped it even harder in his strong hands. That was HIS ass, not something for hundreds of queers to ogle. He wanted so badly to rush the stage, grab Justin and sling him over his shoulder kicking and screaming and drag the brat out of there. But he knew that wasn’t an option. He had to just sit there and endure the torture. He hoped the stool could take it.

Looking over his shoulder and giving the crowd one of his trademark smiles, Justin ran his hands over his ass, tempting them with his ample bottom, then turned around to face the crowd again. As the music played, his hips continued to grind as he moved his fingers to his fly, opening it torturously slow, then he spread the two halves apart to reveal the top of his black jock. The men roared and clapped even louder, raising Justin’s adrenalin level even higher.

Turning sideways, he grasped the waistband of his jeans and teasingly lowered them over his right hip, exposing the top of his bare cheek, not covered by his backless jock. Leaving the pants where they were, he turned and repeated the same motion on his left side, again raising the noise level by several decibels. Then he turned around, facing the back wall and lowered the jeans, completely exposing his perfect, bare ass. The crowd roared so loud he felt the stage vibrate.

Brian was seething. He heard a few of the men next to him yell out and wanted to punch them in the fucking face. He couldn’t believe that Justin had exposed himself like that. What the fuck was he thinking?

“Holy shit, look at that delicious ass. Mmm, I need to get me some of that,” a tall, mid-twenties, gorgeous dirty blond said standing at the bar next to Brian.

Hearing the man beside him, Brian’s anger grew impossibly further. He felt his jealousy searing through him and couldn’t believe he was even capable of such intense feelings. He turned towards the man who was drooling over his lover and stood in front of him, blocking his view.

“Hey buddy, you’re in my way,” the guy said, obviously not looking at Brian’s face or he would have been too afraid to speak from the look he was getting.

“If I were you, I’d watch what I was saying about him.” Brian’s voice was tight and low.

“What the fuck business is it of yours?” the other man asked, finally looking at Brian and his eyes widened with fear from what he saw.

“Because he’s MINE,” the brunet growled, leaving no room for discussion.

The younger man threw his hands up in the air defensively. “Hey, sorry man, I didn’t know,” he said timidly, slinking out from between Brian and the bar and moving to the other side of the room.

Groaning loudly in frustration, Brian resumed his seat and his grasp on the wooden frame. When he looked up to the stage, he saw his lover standing there in only a jock, his jeans having been removed. The outline of his large cock was clearly visible through the thin black material. Brian didn’t know how much more of this he could take. He wondered if he could take on every man in the club and wagered with himself on the outcome. He shook his head in resignation. “I’m fucking pathetic,” he said softly, then looked over to find Michael looking at him sympathetically. “God, I am definitely pathetic.”

The music ended and Justin was breathless and flushed. He couldn’t believe he was standing in front of a room full of hollering, clapping, whistling men in his underwear. Not even in his normal underwear, but in his jock with his ass completely exposed. He saw Debbie climbing onto the stage and he knew that was his cue to exit.

“Let’s give a huge round of applause and a show of appreciation for this fine, young specimen of a man,” she beamed, then encouraged the men further. “Hey, I said let’s hear some noise for my baby.” The men got even louder and Debbie’s smile got even wider.

“Oh, Baby,” Emmett shrilled as he ran over to Justin and pulled him into a hug. “I’m so proud of you,” the tall man said all choked up.

“Thanks Em, but I can’t breath,” Justin voice was muffled by the tight body wrapped around him.

“Oops, sorry,” Emmett said releasing the boy. He watched Justin grab his clothes and begin to dress. ‘Yummy, yummy’ he thought as the blond bent over to slip on his jeans, then shook his head abruptly, mentally reprimanding himself for even thinking such a thing. “Um, Baby, you did a fantastic job, but, uh, you do know what the winner gets, don’t you?”

“I think you get some money,” Justin told him as he slipped on his t-shirt and smoothed down his hair.

“Yeah, that’s part of it. But the other part is…”

Emmett didn’t get to finish as Debbie loud voice filled the room, alerting the men that it was time to pick the winner and calling the contestants up to the stage.

“Oh dear,” Emmett sighed and reluctantly moved back to his space in front of the stage to get a good view for the drama that was about to unfold.

“Okay, this is how it’s going to work,” Debbie told the bar. “I’m going to call out each contestant and they will step forward and you will all determine the winner by the sound of your applause. So let’s get ready and let these guys know what you think.”

The five men stood on the stage nervously. Justin was the last one to be judged and he hoped the men wouldn’t be all yelled out by the time they got to him. He listened intently as Debbie called the first man’s name.

“Steve,” Debbie said and the first contestant stepped forward to the sound of rowdy applause and clapping. It was pretty loud and Steve seemed quite happy with the response. “Great Steve, sounded good to me. Okay, you can move back now. Jacob,” she said into the microphone and the second man stepped forward to be greeted with the same loud response as the previous man, maybe a little louder. He also seemed satisfied with the level of noise he generated and moved back into line. Deb repeated the same procedure with the other two men and Justin thought that so far Jacob had gotten the best reception. He was next and he felt his stomach turning and his knees begin to shake.

“Justin,” Debbie said and the blond timidly moved forward and was unprepared for the level of noise that assaulted him as he did. The men cheered and whistled. They clapped and shouted out to him, some things flattering and some of them incredibly suggestive. He blushed slightly from the attention and from the obscene propositions.

He’d tried so hard to not let his eyes stray towards Brain for fear of what he’d see, but he seemed unable to stop them and was completely surprised by what he found. The man looked almost proud of him. It floored Justin and caused his heartbeat to quicken. He knew that he loved Brian, but sometimes the man would give him a reason to doubt that love and then he would turn right around and give him another reason to love him even more.

“Gentlemen, I think we have ourselves a winner,” Debbie beamed at Justin as the bar continued to cheer and applaud.

Justin was shocked but happy. He couldn’t believe he’d won. He wondered how much money he would get and was thinking about what he would do with the extra cash when he heard Debbie speak again.

She was a little nervous. She hadn’t mentioned the details to Justin when he’d asked to be a contestant and wasn’t sure if he knew about the next part. She wasn’t too happy about it. She didn’t like the idea of her Sunshine being treated like a piece of meat, but she didn’t set the rules. Taking a deep breath she raised the microphone and began to speak.

“Fellas, hey, guys, settle down. Okay, thanks. Well, here comes the next part of the evening where we auction off the winner.”

“WHAT?” Justin yelled as he turned towards the woman, his face instantly drawn of all its color.

Lowering the microphone, she leaned towards the boy and said softly, “Sunshine, this is part of the contest. The winner gets auctioned off to the highest bidder and has to spend the rest of the night with him.” At the wide-eyed response of the blond she put her hands up as if to stop his thoughts. “Not ‘spend the night‘, spend the night. Hey, we’re not running a prostitution ring here. Just spend the rest of the evening with him dancing or whatever. That’s all.” She saw the fear in the blue eyes lessen slightly and a little bit of the color returned to Justin’s pale face, but not much.

“Deb,” Justin whispered. “I can’t do that. Brian will kill me.” He didn’t even dare look in his lover’s direction and Deb didn’t chance it either.

“Well, sweetie, there’s nothing I can do. Let’s just start the bidding and see what happens,” she said, trying to make it as easy as possible on the boy.

Justin took a deep breath, resigned to the fact that he got himself into this mess and he’d just have to suffer through it. He stood back and tried to calm down as the proceedings began.

“Now I’m just giving you guys one warning here, play nicely and may the best man, well, the best man already did win,” she said with a smile directed at Justin and he couldn’t help but offer her a sweet smile in return. “Let’s just say may one of you win.” Her face turned serious and she once again shook her hand warningly towards the group of men. “And remember, I’ll have your balls if you mess with him,” she said, nodding her head in Justin’s direction. “Okay, let’s start the bidding at twenty dollars. Do I hear twenty dollars?”

“I’ll give you twenty,” a voice shouted out from the crowd.

“I’ll give you thirty.”

“Make it fifty.”

“I’m offering a hundred,” came from across the room.

“Two hundred.”

Justin was flattered but stunned. He couldn’t believe all the men shouting out, offering to pay for his company. Then the thought came to him about what was he going to do when the bidding stopped and he had to go with the winner. He closed his eyes and tried to stop the bile from rising in his throat.

“Three hundred, I’ll give you three hundred.”

“I’ll pay five hundred for that sweet piece of ass,” one man yelled out and Justin’s eyes flew open. Deb shot the man a menacing look, wiping the man’s cocky grin right off his face.

“Six hundred bucks for him.”

“I’m offering seven hundred,” came a familiar voice from down the bar and Brian looked to see the same man that he had threatened before. But the man wasn’t paying attention to him. He was too busy starring at Justin and imagining all the things he could do to the boy to work off the hefty price tag. Brian’s blood was boiling and he didn’t think he could take much more before he would run rampant and kick everyone’s ass in the place.

“One thousand dollars for the beautiful boy,” a deep, sexy voice called out from the crowd and everyone turned to see where it came from. The man was tall, muscular, wavy dark brown hair, amazing green eyes and perfect bow lips. He was stunning and everyone couldn’t help but picture the two gorgeous men together. Everyone that is except Brian who at that moment just lost it.

“Five thousand dollars,” Brian yelled, instantly getting the entire bar’s attention.

“Holy shit,” Deb screamed excitedly into the microphone and everyone grabbed their ears. “Anyone willing to top that? No?” She looked around the room, daring anyone to challenge Brian, and found that no one was that stupid. “Sold, to Brian Kinney for five THOUSAND dollars,” she beamed, then turned to Justin and said with a laugh, “Sunshine, you’d better make it good.”

Giving Debbie a humoring smile, Justin hurried off the stage towards his lover. He was still shocked by Brian’s incredible display of jealousy but he also knew that Brian had been furious with him so he approached the man with trepidation, not really sure of the reception he would get once he reached him.

Justin was pleasantly surprised as the brunet reached out and wrapped his arms possessively around his neck, pressing their foreheads together in an intimate display. Brian seemed completely unaware of the hundreds of eyes on them and Justin sighed, finally feeling safe.

After a few minutes, Justin pulled back and locked eyes with the intense hazel ones. “Brian, why did you bid on me? You didn’t have to buy me, I’m already yours.” The blond’s voice was soft and comforting. He knew how vulnerable Brian was feeling and didn’t want to cause him any further distress, but he wanted to know the answer.

Brian didn’t respond right away and Justin thought that maybe he wouldn’t. His heart fell further with every second that passed. He took a deep breath and resigned himself to the fact that once again his lover remained closed off. He tried to muster a smile but could only manage a weak one. He closed his eyes, not able to look into Brian’s penetrating ones any longer. He was sure that hours had gone by, when it was merely seconds. He was startled and his eyes shot open when he heard his lover’s voice.

“You’re mine and I want to keep it that way.” Brian’s voice was strong and sure.

Justin’s heart swelled and then again further when the older man swooped in and captured his lips in a crushing kiss. Brian intended on leaving no doubt to anyone in the bar that the boy was definitely HIS. No doubt at all.

“You owe me a hundred dollars,” Brian said with a smirk as they pulled apart.

Challenging his lover Justin said, “Well I could go back up there and give them the full frontal since they already got the rear view.”

Not even skipping a beat, Brian quickly responded, “Keep the money. It’s yours.”

The blond smiled, knowing he had won the game and in the process had gained the confirmation he so desired from his lover. Looking at Brian’s beautiful face, he knew for sure that they were both winners and when they got home, he would show him just how grateful he was.