

Collar Bound

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/181397) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/181397>.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Queer as Folk (US)
Relationships:	Brian Kinney/Justin Taylor , Brian Kinney/OMC
Characters:	Brian Kinney , Justin Taylor , Melanie Marcus , Lindsay Peterson , Michael Novotny , Debbie Novotny
Additional Tags:	Alternate Universe , BDSM , Out of Character , Violence
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Bound Serie
Stats:	Published: 2011-04-10 Completed: 2017-09-14 Words: 42,791 Chapters: 20/20

Collar Bound

by [Elyxer](#)

Summary

Sequel to Leather Bound and it would make more sense if you read LB first. We revisit the gang about a year after LB ended. Brian and Justin are settling into their new life together with family and friends. However, not everyone is happy with Brian's new life.

Notes

Warnings: AU, OOC, BDSM, Other Characters, Violence

The Demo

Brian felt each drop of sweat trickle down his sides one by one. He was cocooned in darkness and the only thing he could hear was the rapid thumping of his heart echoing inside his head. He focused on keeping his breathing steady, but the little spark of apprehension was growing and coiling inside him like a snake ready to strike.

At this moment, he was no longer, Brian Kinney, the 37 year old President and CEO of Kinnetik, one of the most prominent boutique advertising agencies in Pittsburgh. Right now, he was just cookie, Master Web's boy, and he couldn't be happier.

The latex hood that covered his head blocked out all light and sound, leaving only his nose and mouth uncovered. How long had he been here? Physically, he wasn't uncomfortable at all, but mentally, well that was another story. When he'd first seen this new spanking bench, he'd been more than a little wary. It incorporated the medieval stocks with state-of-the-art technology. The holes where his neck and wrists were resting were padded and not too tight. His chest was resting on padding as were his knees. Everything had been adjusted so he was completely secure but every part of him was easily accessible. His hips were pushed up and back so his ass was positioned for anything. His knees were spread opening his cheeks slightly and his hard-on jutted from between his legs, proof of how much he was turned on by what was happening.

Justin Taylor, the 25 year old President and CEO of WebDom and Taylored Originals, sat in the corner preparing his tools and placing them on his silver rolling medical cart. His slight frame, schoolboy young looks, soft voice and easy manner in no way gave away the fact that he was involved in the leather lifestyle. As a matter of fact, given all the stereotypes regarding BDSM, he definitely didn't fit into the "perceived" criteria for a Dom. He'd learned to deal with the many misconceptions some people had about his life and the way he'd chosen to live it. Every once in a while his eyes would shift so he could study his boy. Licking his lips, he took in Brian's perfectly muscled frame secured to the spanking bench with his ass perfectly positioned. Each time he glanced in that direction, he smiled. It was amazing how far cookie had come in the last year. He couldn't have been any prouder. He placed the final piece of equipment, the violet wand, onto the table next to his favorite flogger. He'd already cleaned and tested it for tonight's demonstration. He glanced at his watch just as he heard the buzzer sounding. It was time to get this show on the road. He left the playroom and went to let his guests inside.

Justin greeted the eight men as they filed into the loft with a smile. He recognized all of them from his last class at the center where he gave lectures on different aspects of the BDSM lifestyle. He quickly closed and secured the door. "I'm glad you could all make it tonight. I promised you all a demonstration at the last class, and tonight you'll see everything I've told you about. If you plan on trying this yourself with your own subs, I suggest you become familiar with the equipment and all the safety precautions. I always try new things out on myself before trying them on my sub. To me, that's just the safest way about doing things of this nature. Since tonight is cookie's first time doing a public demonstration, I'd like to ask

that you all write down any questions you have and we'll discuss them at the next class." He turned and headed for the playroom. "If you gentlemen will just follow me."

Justin led the men into the playroom and motioned for them to take a seat. He'd placed chairs in a half circle around the spanking bench so everyone would have an unobstructed view. He rolled his cart over next to the bench and ran a hand down cookie's back.

Brian jumped as he felt a warm hand trailing down his back. He kept the gasp from escaping, but just barely. He wasn't sure how long he'd been waiting here but it had definitely caused his anxiety level to peak. He was fully aware of what was going to happen, but that still didn't stop the inkling of fear from blossoming. He felt the hood being removed and kept his eyes closed as strong fingers combed through his sweat dampened hair, pushing it back off his forehead.

"Open your eyes, cookie. I've dimmed the lights."

Brian opened his eyes and immediately focused on his Master for a second before they drifted closed again. He moaned softly into the kiss, surrendering his tongue as it was drawn into that warm, familiar mouth. Much too soon for his liking, the kiss was broken, but he quickly licked his lips trying to recapture the taste and warmth he'd just lost. He looked at the leather clad body of his Master and felt a reaction between his legs. It never failed to amaze him how just the sight of the man standing in front of him could affect him so violently. There was a time, not too long ago, when he'd never have admitted something like that even to himself, but he'd learned a lot since then. He'd come to accept that some of his former beliefs were nothing more than bullshit he'd conjured up in an attempt to keep himself sheltered from some of the world's harsh realities.

Justin moved around to the side out of Brian's line of vision. He gently massaged his boy's shoulders. "Are you ready, cookie?"

Brian took a deep breath to steady himself. "Yes, Master."

Justin continued to run his palm down Brian's back as he used his free hand to pick up his favorite flogger. He took a moment to smile at the men sitting in attendance before taking a few steps back.

Brian heard the rustle of the flogger's fingers flying through the air before he felt the first lick of fire on his sweat slick back. He bit his bottom lip as the burning sensation worked its way from where each sliver of leather had made contact with his back down his spine to blossom around his already leaking erection. After ten strokes, his back and buttocks were burning. His skin was sensitized to the point that he jumped when he felt fingers tracing a line down his crack to play around his hole.

Justin placed the flogger on the bottom shelf of the table and reached for the lube and a sterling silver butt plug, which was curved so that it would press firmly against his boy's prostate when inserted. He heard Brian's sharp in-drawn breath as he squirted the cool liquid directly onto his skin letting it drizzled down his crack and used his free hand to push and probe inside making sure cookie was well prepared. He removed his fingers and quickly pushed in the plug with one swift motion.

Brian grunted as he felt the cold metal of the plug driving inside him. "C-cold." He grunted again this time from the pain of the sharp slap on his left cheek. He bit his lip and tried to concentrate. He knew better than to speak without permission, and here he'd done it during Master's demonstration. He wanted to make Justin proud of him and he'd managed to embarrass him. He felt a warm hand sliding up his back to circle his neck behind the wooden stock just moments before he felt a breath of air brush against his ear.

"It's okay, cookie. You're doing a great job. I'm so proud of you."

Brian's emotions were on a rollercoaster ride from euphoria to shame, but those softly spoken words sent him spiraling higher once again. The soft hum invaded his senses and he knew the wand had been turned on. There was always this element of fear each time he played with electricity. He trusted his Master completely, but still that fear seemed to leak into his pores, which added to his excitement immeasurably.

Justin ran the wand over the top of his metal cart watching as the lightening bolts of blue shot out like those static electricity balls at science shows. He heard a few gasps from his audience before moving the wand over Brian's back and slowly lowering it until the first blue streak jumped toward his boy's skin.

Brian felt the zap and jerked in response to the slightly painful sensation. He knew he felt it more intensely because the flogging had over-sensitized his skin. He sucked in a deep breath, holding it and waiting for the next jolt to hit him. The next sensation slammed into him causing him to release his breath with a strangled moan. His skin was tingling all over and the next zap that hit the base of the plug buried deep inside him caused his hips to convulse as he desperately tried to thrust forward to get some relief. The shocks kept coming with shorter and shorter intervals. It was getting harder and harder to catch his breath between grunts and groans. Sweat was running down his back only giving the shocks more potency.

Justin watched his boy's reactions very carefully. God, he was beautiful when he let go and just experienced the sensations. He gripped the end of the wand firmly in his left hand feeling the electrical current hum through his body. Using his right hand, he directed the flow of the current feeling the sharp zap in his finger each time a blue lightening bolt would jump from his hand to Brian's skin. He smiled when he heard the collective gasps from the men seated around the bench. This was always a show stopper, and he was an artist, so he loved the wow factor. He moved his hands between his boy's legs, watching as the current danced between his fingers and sensitive skin behind Brian's sac.

Brian was groaning with a continuous moan which was silent only long enough for him to suck more air into his lungs. It was too much. He was thinking about saying his safe word when the sensations suddenly stopped. His body slumped as if it were boneless. He struggled to breathe between little gasps of "Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck." He was floating and felt lethargic. His body seemed disconnected but at the same time his need was burning so hotly that he felt like all it would take was a breath of air across his aching flesh to make him come.

He felt his Master's hands strong, and sure moving across his back and down over his hips. He bit off the whimper as the plug was pulled from his body, barely stopping himself from begging his Master to let him come. A part of him was embarrassed that others were seeing

him like this, but it also excited him. He moaned loudly as he felt the latex covered hardness push into him. The moan he heard sent shivers dancing up his spine. Yessss! This is what he needed.

Justin thrust deeply allowing himself a moment to enjoy the heat surrounding his cock. He reached and picked the wand back up, switching it on and gripping it in his left hand. He reached around and brought his fingers close to the leaking tip of his boy's erection. "Come for me, cookie."

Brian was lost in the sensations of his Master thrusting deeper and harder inside him. When he felt the white hot shock on the head of his cock, he shoved his hips back as far as he could, impaling himself as a strangled scream escaped his throat just before stars exploded behind his eyelids.

Justin switched off the wand and kept up his steady pace as he felt his boy convulse and shudder. He threw his head back and groaned as he came with a lightening intensity. He fell down across Brian's back feeling the tremors running through his boy's body and placed a gentle kiss between muscular shoulder blades. "I'm so proud of you, cookie."

Brian was floating on the edge of darkness only slightly conscious as his body trembled. He was using every ounce of strength he had left just to breathe. He whimpered softly as he felt his Master pull out leaving him empty. He wavered in and out catching bits and pieces of what was going on around him.

Justin disposed of the condom and zipped his pants. He turned to the people in the room with him and motioned for them to follow. He let them all out of the playroom and quickly escorted them to the door. "I'll see you all next month. Thanks for coming." He shut and locked the door and rushed back into the playroom. He quickly released Brian's legs and opened the stock helping his boy sit up.

Brian felt so groggy that he had to lean against Justin. He wasn't sure if his legs would carry him, but he somehow made it to the large bed before collapsing. He was semi-aware of Justin cleaning him up and making him drink some water. Finally he felt the bed dip and rolled into his Master's waiting arms.

Justin hugged his boy tightly and gently rubbed his hands down his back and arms. "You really did a great job. Now get some sleep." He tilted Brian's head up and kissed him, gently sucking his tongue and lower lip.

Brian moaned and melted against Justin's body mumbling sleepily, "Night, Master."

Justin kissed the top of Brian's head. "Night, cookie."

Another Obstacle

Brian woke up and stretched, feeling the strain in his muscles that reminded him of last night, and smiled. He looked over at Justin who was still sound asleep. He slid from the bed and headed toward the kitchen. If he was lucky, he'd have enough time to fix a light breakfast and coffee before his partner woke up. He couldn't keep the smile off his face as he moved around the kitchen, cutting fruit, spreading cream cheese on toasted bagels, and pouring two cups of coffee. He put everything on the tray and carefully made his way back to the playroom. After placing the tray on the little table next to the bed, he crawled under the covers and rubbed his body against Justin's.

"Mmmmmm. Morning." Justin pulled Brian closer.

"I made breakfast and coffee."

Justin grinned at the self-satisfied tone he heard in his boy's voice. He combed his fingers through the auburn locks gently massaging the scalp. "This is my week to make breakfast."

"I know, but you looked so peaceful. I didn't want to wake you until I had to." Brian rubbed his palm across the slightly muscular stomach.

Justin quickly kissed the top of Brian's head. "Okay, let's have this breakfast. I'm starved."

Brian laughed and rolled over moving the tray from the table to the bed. He picked up a cup of coffee and handed it to Justin. "I made it just the way you like."

Closing his eyes and breathing in the heady aroma of his favorite coffee, Justin moaned softly in appreciation as he took a sip. "Why does the coffee always taste better when you make it?"

Brian snorted. "Because you just want to be lazy and think if you ply me with compliments, I'll be more inclined to make the coffee every morning so you don't have to."

Justin gasped. "How can you say such things to me? I thought you knew me better than that."

Brian picked up his bagel and wiggled his eyebrows suggestively. "Oh, I do know you. I also know how to get you up."

"Is that a fact? You think you have me all figured out, do you?"

Brian tapped the bagel against Justin's lips watching as the blond took a bite and moaned softly. "I know enough to keep you happy."

Justin chewed and swallowed before reaching up to run his thumb across Brian's bottom lip. "Yeah, I guess you do."

They finished their breakfast between teasing comments, sexual innuendoes, and light touches. When they were finished, Justin pulled on a pair of sweat pants, put everything back

on the tray, and headed to the kitchen. Brian pulled on a matching pair of sweats and started cleaning up the playroom, putting everything back in order.

After putting the kitchen back in order, Justin walked into the playroom coming up behind Brian and wrapping his arms around his partner's waist. "Are you sore?"

Brian placed his hands on top of Justin's and leaned his head back a bit. "I'm faaaaabulous."

Justin pressed his face between Brian's shoulder blades and laughed. "You're awful and I'm going to tell Miguel that you were making fun of him."

Brian turned and rested his arms across Justin's shoulders. "Just what makes you think I was imitating Miguel? Maybe I was channeling Emmett."

Justin tilted his head and looked into sparkling hazel eyes. "Were you?"

Brian pushed his tongue into his cheek. "You can't tell can you?"

Justin shook his head and smacked Brian on the ass. "Well if you aren't sore then you can join me."

Brian clapped his hands. "Oh my God! Let's dance."

"Okay, that was so Emmett."

Brian laughed as he took his place in the middle of the floor. Justin turned on the music and walked over taking his place next to Brian, smiling brightly. They started moving together in perfect sync, performing the difficult movements of the capoeira routine. This was one of Brian's second favorite activities. After he'd learned the moves and how to follow Justin's lead, he was able to perform automatically. This was his time to meditate and reflect. It was just another way his life had changed, but he enjoyed every minute.

When their thirty minute work-out was complete, they hit the shower and enjoyed Brian's favorite activity. As they were getting dressed, Justin asked, "So when is this surprise party again?"

Brian rolled his eyes. "You know perfectly well it's this Saturday. Emmett, Miguel, and Alex have been working their asses off to make sure it's faaaabulous."

"So if it's supposed to be a surprise, how did you find out about it?"

Brian raised his eyebrow. "You must be joking. Emmett can't keep a secret if his life depended on it. Besides, when I threatened to rip his balls off if he didn't tell me what the three of them were up to; I guess he figured his life did depend on it."

Justin studied Brian for a moment. "You really enjoy hanging out with them, don't you?"

Brian shrugged and sat down on the end of the bed. "When they aren't giving me migraines, I find their company tolerable."

Brian walked around the desk and sat down in his chair. "Of course I know, Theodore. Did you really think you losers could pull something off without me finding out?"

"I guess I'll pick you up at seven then."

Brian looked at Ted and grinned. "Couldn't you have come up with a better story than that? I mean when have I ever shown any interest in the opera?"

Ted shook his head. "I told them to get someone else to do it, but it seems everyone else already has a job to do."

Brian leaned forward. "So who is supposed to play the patsy and get Justin to the party?"

"Jake." Ted closed his eyes waiting for the explosion.

"Well, I certainly hope Jake is doing a better job of conning Justin than you did with me." Brian started flipping through the papers on his desk.

Cynthia looked at Ted. "What a rip-off. I thought you said he was going to freak out."

Brian grinned behind the papers for a moment before schooling his face into a scowl. He lowered the documents and looked at Ted. "Been telling lies again, Theodore?"

Ted sputtered and shifted around in his chair. "I-I thought. You- Jake. You d-don't like him. I figured..."

"Now Theodore, you should know me well enough by now to know that I'm not going to queen out over something this asinine."

Ted blushed. "Sorry, Boss."

"As well you should be. I could easily fire you for spreading rumors and gossip around the workplace and then where would poor Blake get the money to buy those opera tickets?"

Ted stood up. "I'll just be going back to my office now. If you need anything, yell."

Brian laughed, stood up and gave Ted a pat on the shoulder. "Don't worry, I will. Now get out of here and go earn that ridiculously high salary that I pay you."

Ted quickly left the office and Brian turned to Cynthia. "As for you, young lady, how can you condone such gossip?"

Cynthia stood and winked. "I have no life, so I have to live through your adventures." She laughed and walked out.

Brian shook his head and sat back down just as his phone rang. "Kinney, here."

"Brian, I need to talk to you. I'm coming by your office now, so I'd appreciate it if you could free up some time."

"Don't do this Lindsay. You can't honestly want to take my son away from me. This is that cunt's idea isn't it?"

Lindsay met Brian's eyes. "Don't talk about her like that Brian. Especially when you live with that deviant."

Brian stepped to the side to allow Lindsay to exit his office. "This isn't over. If you think I'm just going to disappear, you have another think coming. Get the fuck out of my office."

Brian walked back to his chair and collapsed into it. He stared off into space for a moment letting his eyes wander around his office. He had one of Miguel's painting hanging beside one of Justin's on the far wall. He looked in the corner at Alex's glass sculpture. His eyes scanned the various awards he'd won before he covered his face with his hands. He couldn't lose his son. He never thought he'd make a good father, but with Justin's help, he'd learned a lot about himself. He picked up the phone and dialed Justin's office.

As soon as he heard the familiar voice on the line he whispered hoarsely, "I need you, Master."

Protecting Brian

Justin heard Brian's voice echoing angrily around the reception area as soon as he stepped inside the door. He knew it was bad as soon as he got the call, but this must be something worse than he expected to have Brian screaming at his staff in such a manner. He quickly made his way towards Brian's office.

Cynthia rushed up to Justin as soon as she saw him. "Thank God you're here. He's been impossible every since Lindsay left."

Justin nodded and patted her on the shoulder. "I'll take care of it."

He opened the office door and entered quickly locking the door behind him. He turned and waited for Brian to slam the phone down before approaching. "Want to tell me what's going on?"

"That fucking bitch is trying to make sure I never see my son! I was just informed that they filed a temporary restraining order against me! I'm not allowed within a hundred feet of them until the custody hearing! All this fucking shit because she says I live with a deviant!"

Justin felt like he'd been slapped hearing those words leave Brian's mouth. He couldn't believe that Lindsay would use him as a means to keep Brian from Gus. "Calm down and we'll see what our options are."

Brian turned to glare at Justin. "Don't fucking tell me to calm down. This is my son!"

"Precisely why we can't go off half cocked."

Brian took a deep breath and sank into his chair. "I can't lose him. I don't want to be a full-time father, but I can't lose him completely."

Justin walked behind the chair and started rubbing Brian's shoulders. "You won't lose him, cookie. Do you trust me?"

Brian nodded. "Of course I do."

"Here's what's going to happen. I'm going to sink to my knees and suck you off right here in your office. Then you're going to give that presentation and win yourself another high profile client while I start proceedings to take care of this matter with Gus." Justin turned the chair around and sank to his knees in front of Brian. He ran his hands up the muscular thighs as he looked up into his boy's hazel eyes. "You are going to trust me to handle this and know that I'll do everything in my power to make this all go away."

Brian gasped softly as he felt Justin's hand grip his cock. He threaded his fingers in the silky blond hair and pulled his Master's head forward biting his lip as he felt the warm, wet heat surround him. He leaned his head back and closed his eyes as he experienced the wonderful

sensations. He relaxed into the pleasure enjoying every flick of that wicked tongue. It didn't take long for him to find release.

Justin tucked Brian's cock back into his pants then stood up and looked into his boy's eyes. "I will take care of this." He leaned down kissing his partner before heading out of the office.

As soon as Justin stepped outside the building, he pulled out his cell and hit the speed dial number to connect him to Jake. When he heard his friend's voice answer, he said, "I need the name and number of the best family law attorney that you know. I don't care how much it costs as long as this guy is willing to do whatever it takes to win."

"Hello to you too, Justin. What has your balls in a knot?" Jake leaned back in his chair and listened.

"Lindsay and Melanie are trying to take away Brian's right to see his son and I have to stop it." Justin slid into his car.

"Fuck! What the hell do they think they're doing?"

Justin put the keys into the ignition. "They think they're protecting Gus from the deviant Brian lives with."

"Son-of-a-bitch! Hang on a second." Jake hit the buzzer for his secretary.

Justin could hear Jake issuing orders. "Don't be so hard on your staff, Jake."

"They get paid to put up with me and my moods. If they don't like it they can always get another job." Jake barked into the intercom, "I need Cole Raines private number now."

"Cole Raines? I thought he was some big shot trial lawyer in New York. I need a family lawyer not a criminal one."

"He retired from criminal law and has his own firm here in the Pitts. His mother moved here a few years ago to be closer to her sister, so Raines just decided to move here as well." Jake tapped his fingers on his desk.

Justin got the information and thanked Jake for all his help. He needed to make a stop by the gallery and give Lindsay a little visit. It was time for the deviant to show his true colors.

Thirty minutes later, Justin walked into the Sidney Bloom Gallery and was greeted by an overly enthusiastic, Sidney.

"Mr. Taylor! What brings you down to our neck of the woods?"

Justin pasted a big smile on his face and shook the other man's hand. "I just dropped by to see Lindsay. After all, she is family."

Sidney's eyes grew large. "Wait right here, Mr. Taylor. I'll get her."

Sidney walked to the back of the gallery as fast as he could without looking rushed. He pushed open the office door and almost slammed it behind him. "Lindsay, you sly she-devil. You've been holding out on me."

Lindsay looked up from her work. "Excuse me? What are you talking about?"

Sidney rubbed his hands together excitedly. "Justin Taylor. Why didn't you tell me you were related to him?"

"I'm not." Lindsay shook her head.

"Well he seems to think otherwise, and he's in the showroom waiting to see you."

"Just tell him I'm busy." Lindsay went back to shuffling papers.

"Are you out of your mind?! He's a friend of yours and you're blowing him off?! Don't you know what this could do to our annual sales if we could get him to sponsor one of our events?" Sidney leaned over the desk and stared into Lindsay's eyes. "I think you know what you need to do. Go make Mr. Taylor happy."

Justin smiled brightly as he watched a very nervous Lindsay walk towards him followed closely by Sidney. "You know Lindsay, I really appreciate the fact that you don't want to come across like you're exploiting me because of my connection to your family, but you could have told your boss."

Lindsay blushed furiously. "I just never thought to tell him."

"Well I really appreciate your discretion on my behalf, but you know I'm always willing to help out family." Justin made sure to put extra emphasis on "family."

Sidney's smile broadened. "Just how are you related to our Lindsay, Mr. Taylor?"

"Call me Justin, please. Well, it's a bit of long story, but Lindsay's best friend, Brian Kinney, is my partner. Lindsay and Brian have a son together."

"Oh yes. I know Mr. Kinney. Well it sure is a small world isn't it?" Sidney was beside himself.

"I realize it's a bit early for lunch, but I was wondering if I could take Lindsay out for a cup of coffee so we can catch up. It's been ages since we got to spend any time together."

"That's perfectly fine. I can handle things around here. You two go have fun." Sidney turned so his back was to Justin and mouthed to Lindsay, "Make him happy."

"I'll just get my purse." Lindsay turned and almost ran back into her office.

"So, Justin. I realize that you have your own gallery, but have you ever considered showing a few pieces at another gallery?"

Justin smiled at the man. "Well no, I hadn't thought about it until now, but if it would help out Lindsay, I'm always open to new options."

Lindsay walked back out. "I'm ready."

"It was nice talking to you, Sidney. I'm sure we'll be seeing a lot of each other."

"My pleasure, Justin. Enjoy your coffee break, Lindsay."

Lindsay waved and followed Justin outside. As soon as they were in the parking lot, she turned and glared at Justin. "Just what kind of game are you playing here?"

The smile was gone and Justin's eyes held only contempt. "The first mistake you made was thinking this was a game. The second mistake you made was believing that Brian would roll over and let you walk all over him. However, your fatal mistake was thinking that I'd allow anyone, even the mother of his child, to hurt him in any way."

"This has nothing to do with you." Lindsay's voice was weak.

"Anything that concerns Brian is my number one priority." Lindsay heard the steel in Justin's voice.

"Melanie and I are just trying to protect Gus, and there isn't a court in this country that will side with the likes of you over us." Lindsay's voice lacked the conviction she was hoping to convey.

Justin leaned back against his car and smiled. "I think I need to give you some valuable information. I'm a very wealthy man. I have very influential and wealthy friends. I can keep this thing tied up in courts for years if I wanted. Now, without any money from Brian, and be damn sure you won't receive a penny from him if he's not allowed to see his son, how long do you think you and Melanie can afford to fight this?"

Lindsay licked her lips nervously and stuttered. "I-I'm not going to discuss this with you any further."

"Fine. We don't have to discuss anything. You just need to listen and run back to tell Melanie everything I've said. I'm retaining Cole Raines as Brian's counsel. I'm sure Melanie will recognize the name. I'm not playing around here Lindsay. Be very sure of one thing. I will use every resource I have to make sure that Brian doesn't lose contact with his son. Have I made myself clear?"

Lindsay simply nodded her head.

"Good. Now you run back inside and tell your boss that I'm seriously considering showing a few of my paintings in his fine establishment. Of course, that will be contingent on you. I wonder how well he'll take the news if I have to refuse to show my work in his gallery simply because you're employed there."

Lindsay sucked in a shock breath. "You wouldn't."

Justin smiled. "Oh, but I would." He climbed into his car and drove off, leaving a very scared and nervous Lindsay staring after him.

Lindsay pulled out her cell phone and dialed Melanie's number. "I think we have a problem. I'll tell you when I get home."

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

Brian walked back into his office with Ted after winning the latest account.

"You were brilliant as always, Boss."

"How many times have I told you not to call me boss, Theodore?"

Ted recognized that something was wrong. "Anything I can do to help, Boss...umm... Brian?"

Brian sat down in his chair and motioned for Ted to take a seat. "Lindsay and Melanie want me to sever all contact with Gus."

Ted shook his head. "There must be some mistake. The girls wouldn't do that."

Brian pushed the copy of the restraining order across his desk. "Lindsay came to see me this morning and not ten minutes after she walked out of my office, I was served with this."

"I'll talk to Melanie. I'm sure there is some mistake here. Why now?" Ted looked at Brian with concern.

"Fuck if I know, but I'm not going to lose Gus without a fight. This could get really ugly and I know you and Melanie are pretty close."

"Listen Brian, if she's really trying to do this, she's not the woman I thought I knew. I'm behind you all the way and I'm not saying that because you can fire me. Hell, you fire me at least once a week anyway." Ted grinned weakly.

"Keep that up, Theodore, and I'll think you really care." Brian winked at his finance officer.

Brian's phone picked that moment to ring and he picked it up. "Kinney, here."

"Listen you fucking asshole. I don't know what you did, but Lindsay is at work crying her eyes out."

Brian heard the menace in Melanie's voice and replied in kind. "I have no idea what the fuck is wrong with Lindsay, but at this point, I'm sure she deserved whatever it was." He slammed the phone down muttering, "Fucking cunt."

"Melanie, I presume." Ted shook his head.

Brian nodded. "Listen. I'm going to head out for the day. Can you hold down the fort?"

"Sure, no sweat. You go do what ever you've got to do."

"Thanks, Ted. I appreciate it. I'll see you tomorrow, and I won't let on to anyone that you fucked up the party thing." Brian patted Ted on the shoulder as he made his way out of the office. He needed to see Justin.

Top or Bottom, Who Cares?

Miguel Barton, 25 year old freelance artist, jewelry designer and the sole heir to the Barton family fortune, sat on the muted gold colored sofa in the outrageously extravagant mansion that he and Jake had purchased and completely renovated. When he'd first seen it, he'd thought his partner was completely out of his mind due to the size of the place, but Jake was so adamant about buying it that he'd agreed to allow him a free hand in decorating. A smirk curved on his lips as he looked around. Okay, so he'd gone a little overboard with his rebellion and it showed in the sheer opulence of his surroundings. Even if he'd purposely picked the scheme to be pretentious in an attempt to teach Jake a lesson, he had to admit the place really reflected his flamboyant nature. He'd chosen rich gold and red tones which seemed to scream rich, but not understated, sophisticated wealth; it shouted highfalutin, gaudy fags with money. He still recalled the look on his partner's face as the man had taken the grand tour of their newly refurbished and decorated home. Miguel knew that Jake had been horrified, but he had to give his Master credit for never once letting it show as he walked through each garishly decorated room.

Miguel brought himself out of his musing and returned his attention to his partner who was pacing a trench in the gold and red Lincolnshire wool rug, waving his hands as he carried on a conversation with no one in particular. "Who do those bitches think they are dealing with? Did they think that Brian would just disappear into the woodwork? I can't fucking believe they're trying to pull this shit."

Jake Carson, 38 year old President and CEO of Stark International, a software and game design company, stopped and looked at Miguel. "Well?"

Miguel licked his lips and leaned forward. "I think..."

Jake resumed his pacing, cutting off anything Miguel had been about to say. "It's just fucking ridiculous is what it is. Using Brian's son against him like that. Well, I won't stand for it. I'm not going to sit around while Brian's so-called friends walk all over him." He stopped pacing again and turned to Miguel. "I'm right and you know it."

Miguel gave a little nod of his head. "As I was about to say..."

Jake spun around and started his agitated walk all over again. "Damn right, I'm right. We can't let them get away with this." He walked over to Miguel, leaned down, and kissed his partner. "I always feel better when I've talked things over with you, mouse." He kissed Miguel again and left the room mumbling under his breath.

Miguel leaned back on the sofa and laughed out loud.

A few miles away the same scenario was going on in another household. Alex Glaser, 26 year old renowned glass artist, glared at his partner. "I can't believe you're not upset about this!"

Christian Schwan, 37 year old ophthalmologist specializing in eye surgery, regarded his boy with a raised eyebrow. "Just because I don't choose to lose my mind and act like a little queen

doesn't mean that I don't care."

Alex threw his hands up in the air. "Well excuse the fuck out of me for showing I'm upset about this."

Chris grinned at his partner. "You're excused."

"You piss me off so badly sometimes I don't know whether to smack you or kiss you. How can you sit there so calmly when Brian and Justin are going through hell? You're supposed to be Justin's friend! I haven't known Brian any where near as long as you've known Justin and I'm extremely upset about this situation." Alex accentuated his verbal tirade with sporadic pokes of his finger against Chris's chest.

Chris grabbed his boy's wrist and brought the tightly clenched fist to his lips placing a little kiss against the white knuckles. "I'm upset too, halfling. I just don't think we can be any help to them if we don't keep our cool. Justin knows I'm here for him and if he needs anything I'm sure he'll ask."

Alex opened his hand and cupped his Master's cheek. "Brian won't ask. He'll clam up and act all macho, growling and spitting like a hurt cat. We have to do something to help them."

Chris pulled his partner against his chest, hugging him tightly. "We will."

~~~~~

Justin entered the loft and immediately headed for the playroom. He knew he'd find Brian running on the treadmill and wanted to make sure his boy was doing okay. As expected, he found Brian drenched in sweat, breathing extremely hard, and pushing his body recklessly by steadily increasing the speed of the treadmill. He made sure he had his boy's attention before approaching as he didn't want to startle Brian and possibly cause him to hurt himself. He reached out and pushed the button that would slow the treadmill down and finally switched it off.

Brian yanked the earplugs out of his ears and gasped a bit breathlessly, "What the fuck?"

"You're done. I'm not about to let you punish yourself over this thing with Gus. Go take a shower and we'll talk." Justin turned to leave so he could get some towels for Brian.

Brian bent over holding his sides and trying to catch his breath. "Fuck you."

Justin rounded and advanced on Brian. "I know you're hurting, but you won't take it out on me, and you're not going to goad me into punishing you either. So, suck it up and go take a shower."

For a brief moment, Brian's hazel eyes flashed with rebellious fury. Justin reached out and caressed his boy's face. "Everything is going to be alright, cookie. I promise."

The tension seemed to deflate out of Brian's body and he sagged, leaning against the machine and Justin. "I just feel so helpless."

"You're not helpless. I've made arrangements to meet with a lawyer. We're not going to take this lying down."

Brian sighed audibly and nodded his head. "I know."

"Good. Go take a shower and meet me in the bedroom." Justin winked and grinned.

"Not the playroom?" Brian looked into Justin's eyes expectantly.

Justin shook his head. "No, not with you in this mood."

Brian's shoulders slumped a bit. "I'll meet you in the bedroom."

"Good boy." Justin gave Brian a quick kiss and headed out leaving Brian to take his shower.

Brian rushed through his shower and walked into the bedroom wearing nothing but a towel around his waist. He never knew exactly what to expect when dealing with Justin, and he actually loved that. It was never boring and he was always satisfied.

Justin smiled at Brian, walked over to his partner, pushed Brian's head to the side and attacked the elegant neck that was revealed by sucking, licking, nibbling and biting his way up to the earlobe and back down to the collar that gleamed on his boy's neck.

Brian tangled his fingers in the blond hair pulling Justin's mouth away from his neck so he could look into the desire filled blue eyes. He dipped his head placing a chaste little kiss on Justin's lips and pulling back waiting for his partner to open his eyes before leaning in again to repeat the brief touch. Brian held Justin's head in place so he was the one in charge of the kiss and continued to tease and taunt with quick flicks of his tongue.

Justin tried to deepen the kiss but Brian pulled back each time and waited before continuing his assault. "Kiss me, damn it!"

Brian chuckled softly. "Is that an order?"

Justin growled low in his throat. "I think you're getting too sure of yourself, cookie."

"Ah-ah. You said we weren't going to play, so that means I can take the lead a little." Brian bent down and nibbled on the full bottom lip before pulling back.

Justin reached up sliding his fingers through Brian's hair trying to force his boy to kiss him properly. "You've become a bossy little bottom, haven't you?"

Brian kissed the tip of Justin's nose. "I'm not a bottom. I'm versatile. I just happen to enjoy submitting to you. You should feel privileged and honored."

Justin smiled radiantly. "I do. Now, would you fucking kiss me?"

"Who sounds like the bossy little bottom now?" Brian touched his nose to Justin's.

Justin licked his lips. "Damn right, I'm bossy whether on bottom or top. Think you have what it takes to satisfy me?"

"I know I do." Brian slowly started walking toward the bed taking Justin with him. He pushed Justin back and watched him bounce on the bed for a second before scrambling up leaving enough room for him to crawl on the bed too. He ran his hands up the slightly muscular legs, over the taut stomach, and finally across the hard chest finding the nipples and pinching slightly.

Justin arched his back and hissed softly as he felt the pinching pain mix with the wet heat of Brian's mouth engulfing his hard shaft. His hips rose as he tried to push deeper into that talented mouth only to be restrained by strong hands holding on to his hips. His fingers found their way back into the soft hair tugging and pulling silently demanding more.

Brian lifted his head and used his tongue to bathe a path to the base before seeking out the vein and pressing against it as he worked his way back to the tip. He ran the back of his tongue across the slit before circling the head a few times only to press the tip of his tongue inside flicking gently.

Justin rolled his head from side to side gasping from the intense sensations flowing through his body. "Fuck me already!"

Brian chuckled around the tip of Justin's cock before sitting up to grab the necessary supplies from the bedside table. He quickly lathered his fingers and bent back to the task at hand.

Justin groaned as he felt Brian's throat constrict around him at the same moment he felt a finger pressing inside. He released Brian's head to grip handfuls of the sheet as he thrust his hips upwards. His lungs seemed to expand on their own as he sucked in more air, feeling a second finger penetrate, stretching him and causing a delicious burn to start in his toes and work slowly up his legs.

Brian twisted his fingers moving them in and out for a few moments before curling them to seek out that sensitive bundle of nerves. He wiggled his fingers as he continued to suck and swallow using his free hand to cup and squeeze the heavy sack as well as the base of Justin's cock. He enjoyed the sounds that he was forcing out of his partner and continued to torment him until he heard the change in Justin's breathing, signaling that he was about to come. Brian lifted his head and pulled his fingers out, stopping all sensations simultaneously and causing Justin to groan loudly.

Brian grabbed the condom, ripping it open with his teeth and sliding it on his aching shaft. He positioned himself between Justin's spread legs lifting his partner's hips until he had the right angle and pushed inside slowly.

Justin moaned as he felt the pleasurable burn ripple across his body. He wrapped his legs around Brian's waist and tightened them pulling his boy forward. He used the strength of his legs to fuck himself on Brian's cock, too impatient to wait.

Brian gasped and pressed deeper, losing himself in the tight, wet heat. He felt Justin's legs gripping him tighter and yanked on the slim hips forcefully plunging deeper. He rocked his

hips faster and faster purposely keeping the pace steady instead of the chaotic thrusts his partner seemed to crave. He reached down and very slowly pumped on the hard cock between their bodies giving Justin only about half the stimulation he was receiving.

Justin placed his hand over Brian's and fisted himself hard and fast, throwing his head back and arching his body as he shot stream after stream onto his chest.

Brian felt the walls gripping him in spasms and cried out as he emptied himself into the condom and collapsed onto Justin's chest, breathing harder than he'd been breathing when he got off the treadmill. Between gasping breaths he asked, "Are you satisfied?"

Justin chuckled weakly. "Ask me when I'm not dead."

## Legalities

Justin slipped out of the bed and headed into the kitchen to make some coffee, smiling as he recalled the previous day's activities. It'd been a while since he and Brian had shut out the world and spent the day together refusing all visitors. It always seemed to recharge his batteries after spending the day focusing on cookie. He pulled down some coffee mugs while he waited for the machine to finish percolating. He just couldn't get the image of Brian sitting alone in the dark, blindly staring at a picture of himself with Gus out of his head. It was so hard for cookie to open himself up and allow others in, and just when he seemed to be doing so well, something like this had to happen.

Justin prepared two cups of coffee and headed back into the bedroom, placing their drinks on the bedside table before climbing back into bed. He ran his hand over Brian's shoulder leaning down to whisper, "Wake up, sleepy head."

Brian grunted and grabbed the pillow putting it over his head mumbling unintelligibly.

"We have to meet your lawyer this morning." Justin chuckled as he watched Brian shake his head beneath the pillow. "I made you an appointment."

Brian flung the pillow off his head and glared at his partner. "I'm not three, you're not my mother, and I don't need you to book my appointments for me."

"I'm not going to put up with your attitude. I'm stressed out too." Justin smacked Brian's ass.

"Ouch! This is my son we're talking about."

"All the more reason for you to get your ass up so we can meet your lawyer." Justin picked up a cup of coffee and handed it to Brian.

Brian took a sip of his coffee and glared. "You are way too fucking cheerful this morning."

Justin laughed. "It's a beautiful day."

"Well excuse the fuck out of me if I don't share in your sunshiny outlook when I'm on the verge of losing my son."

Justin leaned down until his eyes were level with Brian's. "As long as I'm breathing, that will never happen."

Brian studied the blue eyes for a long moment seeing the sincerity. He let his eyes close for a second before reopening them and attempting to smile. "I know you'll do everything you can, but some things even you can't do."

"Well this isn't one of them. As a matter of fact, if you want to go for full custody, I'll back you all the way."



Brian shook his head. "I don't want to take Gus away from his mother and his home. I just don't want to lose him. Besides, with the way you and I work, he'd spend most of the time either in daycare or with a sitter. It's better for him to live with Lindsay."

"I just wanted you to know that I'd support you in that decision if you wanted to go that way." Justin rubbed his nose against Brian's. "Now, let's take a shower and get out of here."

~~~~~

Alex leaned across the seat and kissed Chris hard on the lips. "Thanks for dropping me off."

Chris rolled his eyes and made a little grunting sound. "As if I had a choice in the matter."

"I'll make it worth the effort tonight," Alex whispered seductively before winking and climbing out of the BMW with a little wave. He entered the Diner, made his way to their "usual" table, sat down and glanced at his watch.

Miguel breezed into the diner, spotted Alex and announced to the world. "Your boredom is over. I have arrived."

Alex slid down in his seat a bit asking himself again why he kept hanging around with the flashy man headed for his booth. "Could you be any more gay?"

Miguel stopped, put a hand on his hip, held the other one up in a limp wrist pose, raised his voice an octave and replied, "I just don't know, sweetie. Is this more gay?"

"Would you just sit your ass down before you draw any more attention to yourself." Alex looked around the diner, taking note of all the eyes aimed at them.

Miguel slid into the booth like a king claiming his throne. "Lighten up, munchkin."

"Don't call me munchkin, you flaming queen." Alex winked at Miguel.

"It's nice to know someone besides me keeps his flame burning bright." Alex and Miguel turned to see Emmett who had walked in on their usual bickering.

Alex grinned at the newest member of their party. "Remind me again why I hang out with you guys."

"Because you can't resist our devastatingly sexy bodies, our amazingly witty charm, and our unendingly fabulous fashion sense." Miguel nodded his head in full agreement of Emmett's statement.

"Oh puh-leeze. It's probably more like I'm in serious need of mental help." Alex couldn't keep the grin off his face. Despite everything, he felt lucky to have friends as wonderful as the men he was verbally sparring with at the moment. At least there was never a dull moment when either man was around. "I need Brian to help even things up. It's no fair for me to be outnumbered by the flamboyant factor."

"Careful now, munchkin. Your jealousy at being a boring little fashion nobody is showing." Miguel gripped Alex's hand, pulled him close and leaned over the table to give his friend a kiss on the cheek.

"Why is it that you boys can't seem to keep your hands and lips off one another whenever I'm around?" Blake Wyzecki, a 26 year old drug counselor and Ted's partner for the last three years, smiled at his friends as he sat down next to Alex.

Alex put an arm across Blake's shoulder and pulled his friend close in a semi-hug. "Damn I'm glad to see you. I was beginning to feel the strain of trying to ward off the flamboyant factor all on my own."

Blake covered his heart and looked at Alex with mischief filled eyes. "I'm shocked that you don't detect my fabulous flamboyancy."

Emmett and Miguel laughed out loud giving Blake pats on the shoulder. "You tell him, sweetie," Emmett said with a smirk.

Alex's eyes widen in mock horror. "Oh no! They've infected you!"

All four men laughed until Miguel asked, "So what are we going to do about this situation?"

Alex focused on his friend. "I tell you what I'd like to do, but Chris said he wouldn't bail me out of jail."

Emmett leaned forward and whispered in a conspiratorial tone, "I think we just need to be there for them when they need us, and in the meantime, we can give them the best party ever."

"I've been practicing and I've finally got it down." Blake nodded in satisfaction.

"Yeah, me too. Chris is amazing and it's been fun practicing with him." Alex winked at his companions with a knowing smile.

"And just what have you been practicing, dear boy? We want all the naughty details." Miguel wiggled his eyebrows and licked his lips.

"Like I'd tell you," Alex quipped.

"So, how is your part coming along?" Blake looked at Miguel and grinned.

"Jake already has his part down and I'm doing better. I guess we'll find out tomorrow night, huh?"

Emmett spoke in a very high pitched voice waving his hands around. "Oh it's just going to be maaah-vah-lous."

Everyone laughed and started bickering over who was going to order what.

~~~~~\*

Brian followed Justin into the Quantum Meruit Law Offices and smirked when he read the name. "Well who ever this guy is, he has style... 'as much as he deserved' indeed."

Justin nodded and walked over to the receptionist. "Brian Kinney to see Cole Raines."

The woman smiled as her eyes slid over first Justin's and then Brian's body with an appreciative glance. "If you'll just take a seat, Mr. Kinney, Mr. Raines will be right with you when he finishes his conference call to New York."

Brian and Justin waited in the luxurious lobby. After a ten minute wait, Justin noticed a tall, blond man walking towards them. This couldn't be their lawyer because he looked like he was in his mid-twenties, much too young to have a reputation like Jake claimed. Justin's eyes traveled over the man's athletic body in an appreciative manner. He turned to look at Brian and saw the knowing look reflected in his boy's eyes. This guy could definitely be considered eye candy.

"I couldn't believe it when I was told that I had an appointment with Brian Kinney, but here you are." Cole Raines extended his hand to Brian.

Brian shook Cole's hand and smirked. "Ah yes, the Amadeus Club in New York."

Cole grinned. "So you remember me, huh?"

"Vaguely." Brian shrugged. "So many faces, you know?"

Cole turned to Justin and extended his hand again. "Cole Raines and you would be?"

Justin took the hand and smiled. "Justin Taylor."

"Well, now that that's out of the way, follow me to my office where we can talk." Cole turned and led the way down the hall. He entered an office and took a seat behind a large mahogany desk, motioning for Brian and Justin to take a seat. "So, what can I do for you?"

Brian leaned forward. "Long story, short. I donated sperm to a friend and we had a son. Gus lives with his mothers and I pay child support. Everything was going fine until just recently Lindsay, Gus's mother, informed me that I was no longer allowed any contact with my son."

"What are her reasons?"

Justin shifted in his chair. "Gus's mothers don't approve of our lifestyle and feel that we're not fit."

Cole turned to Justin. "Exactly what is it that the mothers don't approve of?"

"We're into leather and pain," stated Brian in a deadpan voice.

Cole held up his hand. "Say no more. I understand. So tell me exactly what you hope to accomplish."

"I want to be able to see my son."

Cole studied both men. "That's it? You don't want full custody?"

Brian shook his head. "I don't want to upset his life. I just want to be a part of it."

"Fine. Can you prove that you're the father?"

"Yes. I'm listed on the birth certificate, and I'd be willing to take a DNA test if needed." Brian leaned back in the chair.

"Can you prove that you've been paying child support and for how long?"

"Yes and I've been paying since conception."

Cole looked a bit shocked. "Conception?"

Brian nodded. "I've paid for all the medical bills not covered by Lindsay's insurance and I even paid to furnish the nursery."

"I'm impressed. So, all you want is to be allowed visitation rights?"

Brian and Justin both nodded.

"So, you don't necessarily have to take this to court?"

Brian scratched his head. "I'd prefer to keep this out of the courts if at all possible, but if we have to go before a judge, so be it."

"If it's okay with you, I'd like to visit your home and talk to your friends. I like to have all my bases covered just in case we do need to go to court. The judge will send in a social worker to do that, and I'd like to have the upper hand."

Justin nodded and looked at Brian. "Anything you need is fine with us."

Cole handed some paperwork to Brian. "Take these home with you and fill them out. Don't leave out any details. Drop them off here as soon as you can and I'll be in touch."

"What do we do in the meantime? They filed a temporary restraining order against us." Justin laid his hand on Brian's thigh.

"Give me a few days and I'll see what I can do, but don't make waves at the moment. Let them think they've won."

Justin leaned forward. "I guess you need to know that I paid a visit to Lindsay while she was at work and basically threatened her."

Cole raised an eyebrow. "What do you mean by you threatened her?"

Justin sighed. "I told her that I'd use every resource at my disposal to ensure she didn't take Gus away from Brian and implied that I'd get her fired."

Cole relaxed visibly. "Oh, I thought you'd actually threatened her with violence. That's not too bad and nothing to worry about at this stage."

Brian stood and held his hand out to Cole. "Our friends are throwing us a surprise party at Babylon this Saturday. Why don't you show up and then you can question our friends at your leisure."

"Doesn't sound like it's much of a surprise, but good idea. I'll see you both on Saturday."

Brian and Justin exited the office and as they headed out of the building Justin started laughing.

"What's so funny," Brian asked.

Justin looked at his boy and tried to control his laughter. "Seems you and Jake have more in common than either of you would like to believe."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

Justin gave Brian's shoulder a little pat. "Looks like you've both fucked the lawyer."

## The Party Begins

"Tell me again Theodore. Exactly why did you agree to close my club on one of the busiest nights?" Brian raised his eyebrow and glared at Ted.

Ted fidgeted. "Well it's not exactly closed. Actually, it's almost packed to capacity."

Brian tilted his head to the side never wavering in his determination to maintain eye contact with his accountant. "I'm waiting, Theodore."

"Jake made some calls. He figured if we were going to throw you guys an anniversary party, then you deserved something big. He also knew you wouldn't feel comfortable around a bunch of people who didn't understand the lifestyle." Ted dropped his head momentarily breaking eye contact.

"Meaning that I wouldn't feel comfortable being around people as a sub?"

Ted licked his lips and nodded nervously. "He said that you've been through enough with your 'so-called' family and you deserved to have a night where you didn't have to pretend."

"Is that so? Of course you believed the 'all-knowing' Jake."

"Brian I know you don't like the guy, and I even understand why, but he's really not that bad. I mean Blake and I have been hanging out with Miguel and Jake for a while now. He's actually a standup guy." Ted met Brian's eyes.

Brian smiled. "I know that, Ted. I admit we had some issues in the beginning, and I still think he's a pompous over-bearing asshole...no wait...that's what he thinks of me."

Ted's eye grew very large. "So, you aren't really mad at us?"

Brian put his hand on Ted's shoulder. "You're one of the few people in my life that I don't mind sharing things with. I'll never repeat this and if you do, I'll swear you're lying, but I respect you and what you've gone through. I trust you not to judge me out of hand and so far I've been right in that assessment. I still love to give you a hard time though."

Ted laughed, still a bit nervous. "I won't tell a soul. Besides, who'd believe me anyway, right?"

Brian laughed and gave Ted's back a hearty slap. "Let's get this show on the road, Theodore. I can't wait to see what you guys have done with my club."

Ted grinned. "We filled it with leather."

~~~~~

Brian looked at Ted as he and Justin were pushed through the crowd of leather clad bodies until they were standing directly in front of the stage. "What the fuck, Theodore?"

Ted gestured for them to look toward the stage and they both saw Cole dressed in leather standing next to Todd. Brian laughed. "Boy it didn't take Todd long to latch on to the new meat, did it?"

Justin gave Brian a nudge in the ribs with his elbow. "Be nice, cookie. I'm sure you have things you don't want spread around about you, too. Leave Todd alone."

As soon as they reached the other couple, Brian grinned and said, "Hey, Todd, how's it going?"

Todd's eye grew large and he swallowed a few times. "Fine."

Brian nodded and looked at Cole. "Nice to see you could make it, counselor."

"I wasn't about to miss the biggest leather party in the state. I see you know my partner." Cole put his arm around Todd's shoulder.

Brian looked at Justin and mouthed, "What the fuck?"

Justin squinted his eyes and gave Brian a stern look before turning his attention to Cole. "Actually we don't really know Todd at all. We've just seen him around."

Todd leaned into Cole's side blushing and trying not to make eye contact. "I told you that I had a reputation around here."

Brian leaned in and stated in a clear voice. "Don't we all?"

Todd smiled up at Brian gratefully. "Yes, I guess we do."

Ted pointed to the stage and said, "It's about to start."

As if on cue, the lights stopped flashing and the loud thumpa thumpa music silenced as Emmett walked out on the stage. He held his hands up to quiet the crowd. "As you all know, we're celebrating the anniversary of Master Web collaring his boy cookie." The crowd erupted with loud whistles and shouts. Emmett waved his hands again and struck a pose. "We were trying to decide what to give as a gift, but what do you buy for two men that have everything and have fucked everyone?" Laughter followed that statement and he fanned himself dramatically. He waited for the crowd to quiet again. "So, a few of their closest friends decided to do something a little outrageous. Without further ado, please welcome... The Boys of Leather."

The stage became illuminated as Chris walked out, wearing black leather pants, a sapphire blue, silk muscle shirt, and combat boots. He went straight to the keyboard and started playing a soft tune. Jake walked out dressed identical to Chris, holding an electric guitar. He took his place on stage and started playing along.

Justin covered his mouth to hide his shock before looking at Brian. "Holy fuck!"

Brian's eyes were a bit wide and he nodded. "I had no idea they could play...wait, they can't."

Justin laughed and smacked Brian's shoulder playfully. "They're actually pretty good."

Next, Alex walked on stage. He was wearing the same black leather pants and combat boots, but he wasn't wearing a shirt. His chest looked like it had been rubbed down with baby oil and covered in glitter. Around his head was a sapphire blue bandana, and he was wearing his collar. As he made his way to the center of the stage, he twirled his drumsticks for a moment, took a deep bow and moved to the drums taking his seat and started playing along.

Blake walked out carrying a bass guitar, dressed like Chris and Jake, and took his place, blending in with the rest of the gang. Finally, Miguel walked onto the stage dressed identical to Alex. He stopped in front of the microphone located out front. "Let me introduce you to the band." He took the mic, walked over, and placed a hand on Chris' shoulder. "On the keyboard, we have Edge." Chris played a run and nodded to the crowd. Miguel walked over and kissed Jake playing up to the cheering crowd. "On lead guitar, we have Stark." Jake played a wavering high note and nodded. Miguel pointed to Alex. "On drums, we have halfling." Alex played a little drum roll and winked at the crowd. Miguel walked up behind Blake reaching around and running his hands over Blake's chest. "On bass, we have Blake." Just as all the others, Blake played a little solo and nodded.

Miguel gripped the microphone. "And I'm mouse, and for tonight, we are The Boys of Leather."

Brian was trying to keep his jaw from dropping as he watched the action on the stage and listened to the crowd cheering. He had to admit they all looked hot, but he couldn't pass up this opportunity. "Miguel is going to sing. Holy shit! Miguel is going to sing! They'll close the club. I could lose everything."

Justin punched Brian's arm. "Be quiet."

The music changed becoming a quick thumping beat as all of the men on stage started singing "Ooooh" allowing their voices to blend and waver for four stanzas until Miguel started singing: "Strain this chaos turn it into light, I've gotta see you one last night, Before the lions take their share, Leave us in pieces, scattered everywhere." Miguel looked like a predator stalking across the stage. He turned his body swayed with the music and shook his ass at appropriate points, completely mesmerizing the audience. The rest of the boys joined in to sing: "Just give me a chance to hold on, Just give me something to hold on to, It's so clear now that you are all that I have, I have no fear cause you are all that I have."

Miguel pointed down to Brian and Justin and continued. "You're cinematic razor sharp." He placed a hand over his heart and sang, "A welcome arrow through the heart." He walked up to Jake and sang directly to his lover. "Under your skin feels like home, Electric shocks on aching bones." The crowd went wild at Miguel's antics as once again everyone on stage sang together. "Give me a chance to hold on, Just give me something to hold onto, It's so clear now that you are all that I have, I have no fear cause you are all that I have."

The heavy music died leaving only Jake playing his guitar softly as Miguel continued. He molded his body to Jake's side thrusting his hips against his Master's leg before leaning in and licking that stong neck. "There is a darkness deep in you, A frightening magic I cling to." The crowd screamed its approval as the music changed back to the hard beat and all the guys

sang together. "Give me a chance to hold on, Just give me something hold on to, It's so clear now that you are all that I have, I have no fear now you are all that I have." The song ended as it had begun with the guys singing "Oooh" until that final drum beat and the stage went dark.

The crowd went nuts clapping and cheering. Brian looked at Justin with a slightly stunned expression on his face. "They didn't totally suck."

Justin was smiling brightly and clapping loudly. "They were fucking awesome."

Brian shrugged. "As much money as they have combined, why couldn't they just have bought me a new wardrobe? The new Armani line is out."

"Brian! They must have worked very hard to do this." Justin's face showed his shock.

Brian laughed. "I know, but I'm still gonna give 'em all hell."

Cole laughed. "You must be hell to have as an enemy, Kinney."

"Actually, I am, but what makes you say that, Raines?"

Cole winked at Justin. "Well if you treat your friends like this, I can only imagine the horror you release on your enemies."

Justin laughed and nodded. "You can say that again."

Ted tapped Brian on the shoulder. "We need to get to the VIP room. That's where everyone will be waiting."

Brian nodded and turned to Cole. "Why don't you two join us in the VIP room?"

"We'd love to, wouldn't we, Todd?"

Todd smiled up at Cole and nodded. "Yes, I do believe we would."

The group made their way through the crowd and headed up to the VIP room near Brian's private office. As soon as they walked in, everyone screamed, "SURPRISE!!!!"

Brian nodded his head and covered his ears. "Fuck! Are you morons trying to make me deaf?"

Alex walked up and gave Brian a quick hug. "Suck it up, big guy. We all know you're getting on in years, but you aren't at the geriatric stage just yet."

"Fuck you, too. I'm sure Chris just loves to hear that you think I'm almost a geriatric. If that's true what does that make him?" Brian tried to keep the smile off his face.

Chris walked up behind Alex placing his hands on his boy's shoulders before addressing Brian's question. "It makes him the hottest man here tonight, that's what."

Brian laughed and shook Chris' hand. "I'll give you, one of the hottest. After all, everyone knows I'm the hottest man in Babylon."

Jake walked up and clapped Brian on the shoulder. "Yeah, must be nice to have the power to kick out anyone who looks better than you do in order to maintain your status quo."

The little crowd that had gathered around Brian and Justin laughed.

Brian grinned at Jake. "Well old man, I see you were able to crawl your aging ass out of the bed to grace us with your disgustingly obnoxious self."

Justin shook his head, leaned in and gave Jake a warm hug. "Don't you two start your shenanigans tonight. As amusing as it is to watch you try to take a bite out of one another, I don't want to deal with it."

Miguel walked up and gave Justin a hug and kiss. "You won't have to deal, Sunshine. I made Jake promise to be a good boy tonight."

Jake gave a little growl in the back of his throat and narrowed his eyes on his boy. "You will pay for that, mouse."

Miguel smiled brightly. "I look forward to it, Master."

Brian looked around giving a wave to everyone else in attendance before announcing, "Let's get this party started people!"

Let's Party

Emmett rushed around making sure the food was perfect. "Drewsie can you hand me that platter?"

Drew Boyd, Emmett's partner and quarterback for the Pittsburgh Ironmen, passed the platter. "Would you relax. Everything looks great and I'm sure Brian and Justin won't mind if a platter is slightly out of place."

"That's not the point. I'll know. I just want everything to be perfect."

Drew wrapped his arms around Emmett. "It is perfect."

Brian and Justin slowly made their way into the center of the large room. All the furniture had been arranged to give plenty of room for everyone to sit and talk. Michael walked up to Brian and gave him a hug. "I'm really happy for you, Brian."

"Thanks, Mikey. I'm glad you could make it." Brian kissed his friend on the lips.

"Well I was hoping we'd have a chance to talk tonight. It's been awhile." Michael shifted his eyes to his feet.

Brian slapped his friend on the shoulder. "Sure thing, Mikey. I'll talk to you before we leave."

"Thanks, Brian." Michael turned and walked over to the buffet table.

Miguel grabbed Brian's wrist and pulled him over to the large sofa and pushed him down. He motioned for Justin to follow. "Okay, let's get the gift giving over with so we can party."

Brian looked up at Miguel and smirked. "I thought I'd already been given a gift. I may never enjoy music again as long as I live."

Miguel put his hands on his hips and stared down at Brian. "Listen stud, you should be grateful that you had the opportunity to listen to our fine selves. You're just jealous that you don't have one of these marvelous little outfits."

"I don't do jealous, Miguel. You know that."

Jake put his arm around his boy's waist. "Sure you don't, cookie. You weren't jealous of my relationship with Justin at all."

Brian glared at Jake. "Boy you're just aching for an ass kicking aren't you, old man?"

"Absolutely. When do you think you'll be able to pull it off?" Jake winked at Brian and smiled.

Alex walked over and sat down on Brian's lap. "Hey big guy, I have been instructed to keep you out of trouble tonight."

Brian tried to push Alex off his lap, but the man had a firm grip around his neck. "Get off me! You weigh a ton."

Alex laughed and wiggled his ass on Brian's lap. "Shame on you, big guy. You're just getting turned on."

Brian looked over at Chris. "Would you control this little monster?"

Chris shrugged and held up his hands. "When he's like this, there's no dealing with him."

Justin patted Alex's cheek affectionately. "Are you getting my boy all worked up, halfling?"

Alex grinned and nodded. "I'm trying to get a rise out of him."

Everyone groaned at the lame joke.

"Hey! That was great material. You people are all sticks-in-the-mud. You wouldn't know a good joke if it bit your dicks off." Alex threw his head back causing his unbound hair to fly around and smack Brian in the face.

Brian pushed the hair back. "Would you stop swinging your head around like some pole dancer on crack."

Everyone laughed and Cole said, "Now that was funny."

Chris stuck out his hand. "I'm Christian Schwan and that little menace on Brian's lap is Alex Glaser, my partner."

Cole took the hand in a firm shake. "I'm Cole Raines and this," he tilted his head to the side to indicate Todd, "is my partner, Todd Lee."

"We're all acquainted with Todd. I'm Jake Carson and the gorgeous blond is my partner, Miguel Barton."

Todd's face turned a bright shade of pink and he dropped his head. He shifted a little closer to Cole's side wondering if it was such a great idea to come to this party.

Justin points towards Miguel. "He means that gorgeous blond. I'm taken. Hey Todd, why don't you come over here and sit with me." He patted the cushion next to him.

Todd looked up and smiled gratefully as he made his way to the large sofa and sat down next to Justin. He leaned over and whispered, "Thanks."

Justin smiled and spoke loudly enough for all to hear. "Jake really didn't mean any harm. He just never knows when to keep his mouth shut and he has as much tact as a run-away freight train."

Jake looked over and his eyes got big. "What? What did I do now?"

Miguel hugged his Master. "You opened that sexy mouth of yours when you really should have just remained quiet."

Jake shook his head. "I wasn't being insulting. Why do you all naturally assume I'm trying to be an ass?"

"Because you generally are, old man." Brian lifted his glass and saluted Jake. "It's one of your most redeeming qualities in my eyes."

Emmett clapped his hands together. "Okay, people. It is time to present the gift. Who wants to do the honors?"

Ben stood up and walked up to Emmett. "I believe I was elected the honor." He looked down at Brian and Justin and smiled. "We all got together and tried to decide what would be the best gift to give you guys. It's not like you really need anything and you're damn hard to buy for, so we decided on putting together the little show for your amusement. However, we thought we'd do something that could help our community too. So, we pooled our finances. Jake found, renovated and donated the property, and we founded the Jason Kemp Home for Boys with you two as their primary benefactors."

Justin stood up and hugged Ben tightly. "That is the perfect gift."

"We thought so, too. Now we can just donate money to the Home every time we need to give either one of you a gift. Makes our lives so much easier." Jake nodded.

Justin laughed and hugged Jake. "Leave it up to you to choose a gift with your comfort in mind."

"Hey they all thought it too. I'm just the only one with the balls to say it." Jake hugged Justin tightly and whispered in his ear, "I'm really happy for you, Sunshine."

Justin tightened his arms around Jake. "Thanks. It means a lot to hear you say that."

Jake released Justin and stepped back. "Well I guess you could have done worse, although I'm not sure how."

Brian raised an eyebrow and looked up at his partner and Jake. "Give it a rest, old man. You know I'm the best around."

Miguel laughed. "In your dreams, stud."

Alex nodded and gave Miguel the thumbs up sign. "You tell him, Miguel. He just wishes he could compare to us."

Justin shook his head, stepped over Cole's legs to sit down between Brian and Todd. He leaned over and looked at Cole. "This is what I have to put up with every single time this group gets together."

Cole grinned. "I think you might have a case. They could all be held accountable for sanity subversion."

Alex slid off Brian's lap and pulled him to his feet. "Come on, big guy. Let's get some food. I'm starving."

Brian looked back over his shoulder at Justin and mouthed, "Help me."

Jake sat down in the space Brian vacated, leaned back and propped his feet on the table. "So, how does it feel to have made it a year?"

Justin grinned. "Well it hasn't always been easy, but it's definitely never been boring, so I'd say I'm doing great."

Cole leaned forward and looked at Jake. "I'm new to this group. How did you meet Brian and Justin?"

Jake grinned and leaned over Justin. "It's funny you should ask. Justin here was my sub for a few years. Then he decides he's going to try the other side for a while."

Cole looked at Justin and then over at Brian who was pushing Miguel's hands off his hair. "Brian knows about this?"

Jake laughed out loud. "Yeah, he knows. Almost busted a gut when he found out too. Can't say I blame him. I mean we are talking about me here."

Cole raised his eyebrows not sure how to take this man at all. "I see you and Brian have a lot in common."

Jake tilted his head and eyed Cole. "So, he fucked you too, huh?"

Todd almost choked on his drink. Cole gave his back a few pats and looked over at Jake. "What can I say? Until I met Todd, I had a penchant for running into assholes."

Jake winked, raised his glass and said, "Touché!"

Brian and Alex returned with plates loaded down with food. Alex handed his plate to Chris and sat down on the floor between his Master's legs. Brian took note of Alex's actions, handed his own plate to Justin, pushed his Master's knees apart and sat down on the floor between them. He leaned back and smiled when he felt strong fingers gliding through his hair.

Jake elbowed Justin. "Looks like you finally got your boy trained."

Miguel sauntered up to Jake, handed him a plate of food, and took his seat between his Master's legs. He looked over at Todd wanting to change the subject. "So, tell us how you met the hunky lawyer, Todd."

Todd blushed and looked sideways at Cole. "I answered his ad in the paper asking for help setting up his new offices."

Miguel turned and propped one elbow on Jake's knee. "Details dear boy, details!"

Todd blushed a brighter shade. "I went to the address and knocked on the door. When I heard this really deep, sexy voice yell, 'Come in.'" Todd met Cole's eyes for a moment and smiled. "I didn't know I'd just sealed my fate by opening that door. He was kneeling on the floor with papers scattered all around him. He had dirt smudges on his face and his hair was a mess, but I took one look and thought he was the most gorgeous man I'd ever seen."

Cole pulled Todd's head forward and kissed him hard. "Well you made an impression on me too. I looked up and thought an angel had come to deliver me from all the chaos."

Alex grinned. "That's so cool how you two met like that. I believe that if you're destined to be with someone, then you'll be together no matter what."

Todd nodded and leaned against Cole's shoulder. "I knew I belonged with Cole the moment I saw him."

Miguel got a far away look on his face. "That must be really wonderful. To be so sure from the start."

Jake bent down and whispered into Miguel's ear and everyone watched as whatever he'd said seemed to brighten the blond right up. "Continue."

Cole cleared his throat. "Well I needed a paralegal and Todd was by far the most qualified, not to mention the hottest, so I hired him and the rest is history."

Everyone laughed and Todd asked Justin, "So how did you meet Brian?"

A collective groan went up from everyone. Jake flopped back on the couch and groaned, "Here we go again."

Justin smacked Jake's shoulder. "Well, I had recently relocated back to Pittsburgh and went out looking for a little action."

Brian laughed. "Yes and you got lucky enough to land the hottest guy in town your first night out."

Jake rolled his eyes. "Give us a break, Kinney."

Miguel ran his hand up Jake's thigh. "I love hearing this."

Justin continued. "I was headed back to my car trying to decide whether to give it up and head home, when I saw him." He combed his fingers through Brian's hair as he spoke. "He was the most beautiful creature I'd ever seen."

"Creature is the right word," Jake stated earning him a sharp slap on the thigh from Miguel.

Brian spoke up. "I saw this totally hot blond kid checking me out, and since he was the best looking thing I'd seen in a while, I figured I'd give him a shot."

Justin laughed. "You gave me something alright, cookie."

"He took me back to his place and fucked my brains out. He couldn't resist me after that. Chased me shamelessly. He was a regular little stalker." Brian rubbed his cheek against his Master's thigh.

Justin gave a gentle tug on Brian's hair. "Funny, that's not exactly how I remember it. I seem to recall a certain hazel eyed predator stalking me like he was ready to go in for the kill."

Brian winked up at Justin. "Well, I always get my man."

Justin leaned down and kissed Brian. "Yes you do, cookie."

Todd looked around at the other couples. "So, how did you guys all meet?"

How We Met

Miguel took a deep breath and met Todd's gaze, leaning a little more over Jake's thigh. His voice had a somewhat dreamy quality to it. "I'll never forget the first time I saw Jake. He was performing at a local club. I stood in the audience and watched every move he made, wishing with all my might that I was the sub receiving his attention."

"You never told me that before. I thought the first time you saw me was when Sunshine brought you home to play." Jake leaned down and ran his fingers through Miguel's hair.

Miguel shrugged. "It just never came up, and didn't seem all that important."

"I think I'll be the judge of what's important. I remember Sunshine was training to be a Dom under my tutelage and he brought you home with him one night. I thought there was something special about you then." Jake caressed Miguel's cheek.

Miguel turned and looked at Justin. "I knew Sunshine was your sub. That's the only reason I went with him that night."

Justin smiled and winked at Miguel. He remembered the night in question vividly. He'd felt so bad about wanting to break away from Jake because he didn't want to leave the man alone. He'd picked up instantly on Miguel's feeling for his former Dom, so he'd purposely pushed the relationship.

Michael leaned forward. "So let me get this right. Jake was with Justin and Miguel came along and took Jake away from Justin?"

Jake glared at Michael. "No, that's not what happened at all."

Michael disregarded the subtle warning in Jake's voice and said, "You must feel like shit knowing that you're second best and the only reason you have Jake is because Justin wanted to leave."

Miguel got to his feet in one elegant move. He kept his head high and walked out of the room without a backwards glance.

Jake waited until his boy exited the room, because he'd promised to be on his best behavior tonight, before he turned his attention to Michael. He growled low in his throat for a second. "Let me tell you something, you know-nothing little prick. You need to learn to keep your mouth shut." Jake stood up and headed out, following Miguel then abruptly turned around and faced the group as a whole. "And if anyone ever says any thing like that to hurt Miguel again, you'll deal with me."

Michael's eye grew large as he looked at everyone. "What did I say?"

Jake found Miguel leaning against the wall just outside the door. He walked in front of his boy and pushed his curly hair back off his forehead. "Hey, mouse."

Miguel lifted his eyes and met Jake's gaze. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to embarrass you in there. I just..."

Jake leaned down and kissed Miguel. "You didn't embarrass me. You really think I care what people like Mikey think of me?"

Miguel shook his head. "I meant Brian, Justin, Alex...well the rest of them."

"I'm pretty sure they all understand the score." Jake chuckled softly.

"It just got to me because he said what I used to think." Miguel shifted against the wall.

"Used to think, or still think?" Jake pulled his boy against his chest.

Miguel wrapped his arms around Jake's waist. "Used to think. I figured out a while ago that you wouldn't be with me if you didn't want to be."

"Damn straight." Jake lifted Miguel's chin. "I'm not sure I could take it if I ever felt that you doubted me. You're my biggest supporter. What would I do without you?"

Miguel grinned and shook his head. "You'll never have to find out, you big oaf. You're stuck with me whether you like it or not."

"Ready to go back to the party, or do you want to head home?" Jake kissed the top of Miguel's head.

"I don't want to miss the party, but I know you're not happy about being here. We can go if you want." Miguel looked up and smiled brightly.

"You decide, mouse. After all, you worked hard putting all this together."

Miguel lowered his eyes for a moment then looked back up. "So, I can either go back in there and listen to everyone talking or I can go home with the best looking man in the building. Yeah, that's a hard choice. Take me home and spank me for being a bad, bad boy."

Jake reached up and grabbed a hand full of Miguel's curly, blond hair, yanking his boy's head back. "I'll take you home and spank you until you're begging me to fuck you because I love to hear you beg. You have never been a bad boy."

Miguel pressed his body against Jake's and wiggled. "But I love being a bad boy for you."

Jake chuckled. "Well that's a completely different kind of bad, mouse. Let's go home."

Inside the room, Brian looked at Justin. "Will Miguel be okay?"

Justin winked at his boy. "Miguel will be just fine in about half an hour."

Brian nodded and smiled. "Damn. Do you think we can make an exit like that?"

Justin rolled his eyes at Brian and looked over at Chris. "I guess it's your turn to tell your life story."

Chris continued to run his fingers through Alex's hair. "Nothing special to tell. This arrogant little shit came into my office needing laser surgery on his right eye. He was bossy, bitchy, and full of himself. He was also adorable, sexy, and cute."

Alex made a sound in the back of his throat. "Oh puh-leeze. You were so hot for me that you had a hard-on the entire time you were examining my eyes."

Chris arched an eyebrow. "Yeah, and that had nothing to do with the fact that your fingers kept brushing against my thigh, now did it?"

Alex shrugged. "What can I say? You were fucking hot, but you wouldn't cooperate with me."

Chris laughed softly. "There was no way I was going to fuck my patient right after treating him, no matter how desirable I found him."

Todd grinned and leaned forward. "So what happened?"

Chris met Todd's eyes. "Well, the very next day, I received a package."

"Yeah, and?" Todd asked.

"Well when I opened it, I saw the most beautiful glass rose. It was breathtakingly life-like. There was also a little glass plaque that read, 'The beauty of this rose pales in comparison to you.'"

Emmett fanned his face. "Oh my God, that's so romantic."

Brian looked at Emmett, opened his mouth and poked a finger inside, imitating the gesture of someone trying to make himself vomit.

Drew laughed and pointed at Brian. "Do you want us to share some of your romantic gestures with the group, Brian?"

Brian glared at Drew and lifted his fist with his middle finger extended. "Fuck off, Drew boy."

Todd waved his hand to try and shush the group. "Go on with your story."

Alex leaned forward. "Well, I was working on a piece for an upcoming show, when my phone rings. I know it's the fine doctor, so I let it go to voicemail."

"You did what?!" Todd's voice revealed his shock.

Alex chuckled. "I knew I wanted the guy, and I also knew I wasn't going to stop until I got him, but no way was I going to look desperate."

Chris gave the side of Alex's head a little slap. "Yeah, this little shit put me through hell. He left messages with my answering service and then wouldn't answer the damn phone when I called him back. He sent me all these little gifts, but refused to meet with me. I was about ready to tell him to go fuck himself, when he showed up at my house."

Alex grinned and rubbed his cheek against Chris' thigh. "I was worth the wait, now wasn't I?"

"You were more than worth the wait, halfling." Chris kissed his boy on top of the head.

Cole decided to try and get some information from the dark haired man that kept eyeing Brian. "So, Michael is it? How do fit into this little world?"

"I'm Brian's best friend. I've known him longer than anyone. Just who the hell are you, and how do you fit in here?"

Cole glanced at Brian and Justin briefly. "I thought everyone knew who I was. I'd think that you, being Brian's best friend and all, would definitely know who I am."

Michael looked at Brian a moment before returning his gaze toward Cole. "I haven't got a clue who you are."

"I'm the man who's going to make sure that Brian retains his custodial rights to his son."

Michael gaped at first Cole then at Brian. "You've hired a lawyer? When did this happen?"

Justin caressed Brian's neck gently. "We talked to Cole earlier this week."

"We? This has nothing to do with you, Justin. This is a private matter between family." Michael eyed the blond with a mixture of distaste and jealousy.

Brian sighed. "He is my family, Mikey. I thought we'd settled that issue."

"Brian, I want to talk to you in private." Michael stood and waited.

Justin patted Brian's shoulder. "You can talk to Brian another day, Michael. We're celebrating here and there is no need to discuss these matters tonight."

"I think Brian can speak for himself. He certainly doesn't need *you* to do it for him. You're the reason he's going to lose his son!"

Brian leapt to his feet and got right up in Michael's face. "Fuck you, Mikey. He has nothing to do with why I'm going through this mess."

Michael backed up a step. "How can you say that? The reason the girls don't want Gus around you is because of him!"

"They're just being bitches! I'm not going to take it sitting down."

Michael shook his head. "I was hoping we could talk about this like adults."

"You'd need two adults to have an adult conversation. You're still a scared little boy doing whatever anyone tells you to do, aren't you?" Brian tightened his hands into fists.

"Well, at least I'm not acting like some weak-assed little faggot taking orders from a kid half my age," Michael huffed.

Justin stood and wrapped his arms around Brian's waist, pressing a kiss against his shoulder and whispering, "Sit down, cookie. I'll handle this."

Brian leaned back against Justin and tried to calm the raging emotions flowing through his body. He wanted to hit Michael so hard, but Justin's calming touch was helping him get a grip. He took a breath and stepped around Justin taking a seat on the sofa.

Justin looked at Michael and forced a smile to curve on his lips. "I think it's time for you to leave, Mikey. I also suggest that you stay away from Brian until this custody matter is settled."

"You can't tell me what to do." Michael waved his arms around.

Ben stood up and put his arm across Michael's shoulder. "I think it's time we went home."

"I'm not going to let *him* run me off. I need to try and make Brian see reason." Michael tried to throw off Ben's arm.

Ben's voice took on a very menacing tone. "Michael, I said it was time for us to go home."

Michael looked at Ben and then back at Justin. "Fine! This isn't over." He looked at Brian. "I'll talk to you later, when your watch dog isn't around."

Ben guided and practically pushed Michael out of the room.

Justin turned and pulled Brian up into a big hug. "You know that I won't let you lose your son, right?"

Brian nodded and hugged his Master tighter. "I know."

Cole shook his head and sat back. "He's a charming fellow, isn't he?"

Todd rested his head against Cole's shoulder. "He's a total shit, if you ask me."

Alex heard what Todd said and nodded his head. "I see you know dear sweet, Mikey well."

Emmett looked around and clapped his hands. "So, who wants some dessert?"

Reconnecting

Justin walked into the loft in front of Brian, still silently seething. Why did Michael have to open his mouth and ruin this night for Brian? It was up to him to make sure his boy could relax and get a good night's sleep. He grinned. "Go take a shower and meet me in the bedroom, cookie."

Brian had just shut the door when he heard what Justin said. He grinned and headed straight for the bathroom. It looked like Master wanted to play, and that was just fine with him. "Yes, Master."

After a quick shower, Brian walked back into the bedroom to find the only source of light came from two fragrant candles. His eyes scanned the bed which had been stripped of its duvet and then moved to take in a very naked Justin. He licked his lips as he felt himself growing hard.

"Get on the bed, face down."

Brian dropped the towel from around his waist and crawled up on the bed lying flat. His anticipation was palpable. He had no idea what Master had in mind, but he couldn't wait to find out. He'd learned over the last year that certain surprises could be very good indeed.

Justin picked up the silk blindfold and slipped it over his boy's head. "Relax, cookie. Tonight your body belongs to me completely. I want you to take deep breaths."

Brian closed his eyes because he couldn't see anything anyway. He took a deep breath and released it as he felt strong fingers massaging his scalp.

"That's good. Just keep taking slow breaths. Concentrate on regulating your breathing, the touch of my hands, and the sound of my voice."

Brian focused on each movement those fingers made as he kept his breathing slow. He moaned softly as he felt the fingers travel down the back of his neck. He'd felt a headache coming on from his confrontation with Michael, but those fingers had a magic quality. They searched out and found every ache and soothed it.

Justin picked up the bottle of oil and squirted some on his palm, rubbing his hands together vigorously before starting on Brian's shoulders.

Brian felt his muscles relaxing as those hands moved across the top of his shoulders and down each arm. He never realized how much tension seemed to be in his hands and wrists until he felt those fingers working their magic.

Justin got some more oil and raked his hands down Brian's back, rubbing and kneading.

Brian was concentrating on his breathing, but didn't realize that he was moaning on each exhale...just a very low humming noise. He gasped as he felt a slick finger slide down the

cleft between his ass cheeks. He didn't know how to process what he was feeling. His muscles felt lethargic and unresponsive, but he was also extremely turned on. He moaned louder on each exhale as the finger moved in small circles around his hole.

Justin smiled as he listened to the change in Brian's breathing. "Slow breaths, cookie. Keep your breathing slow and even." He gripped a cheek in each hand and kneaded the muscles before moving down working on each thigh.

Brian tried to concentrate on his breathing, but his body seemed to be floating. It was really strange because his limbs felt like they weighed a ton. When Master told him to flip over, it took an almost herculean effort to accomplish the task.

Justin grabbed the pillow he had on the side and pushed it beneath Brian's hips as his boy practically flopped over. "Spread your legs wide."

Brian groaned at the effort it took him to follow instructions, but was rewarded when he felt Master's fingers moving over his forehead and down his cheeks. He barely registered the fact that he was hard and leaking. It was almost as if he were in a hypnotic trance with his deep breathing and Master's fingers the only things keeping him grounded. His body seemed to sink into the mattress. He had no control over his muscles.

Justin moved down his boy's chest with sure steady strokes ending just above his navel. He moved on to each leg working his way down and rubbing each foot before working his way back up. Finally, he concentrated on Brian's erection, using his oil slick hands to firmly squeeze and stroke until he noticed the change in cookie's breathing. "Slow deep breaths. Concentrate on your breathing."

Brian was moaning louder with each exhaled breath. Those fingers found the spot behind his sac and pressed firmly causing him to moan even louder as that feeling was transferred deep inside him. He couldn't lift his hips to apply more pressure. The only thing he could do was endure the waves of pleasure that radiated throughout his entire body. His muscles didn't tense at the onslaught of the feelings but remained relaxed and pliant which only seemed to intensify the pleasure he was experiencing.

Justin focused all his attention on the hard shaft alternating between firm and light strokes, enjoying the sounds his boy was making without even seeming to know. "I'm going to possess you completely. Every inch of your body will feel me." He continued stroking for a few more seconds before breaking contact to sheath himself and add extra lubrication. He positioned himself and pressed forward, feeling very little resistance as he slid all the way inside in one stroke.

Brian released his breath with a long soft moan as he felt Master sliding inside. There was no pain, only a full sensation that seemed to drive him higher. It felt like he was being massaged from the inside out as his muscles seemed to follow every movement. He tried to concentrate on his breathing but it was a bit difficult considering he'd stopped breathing.

"Breathe, cookie. Just listen to my voice and feel." Justin pulled out very slowly and sank back inside with the same unhurried motion of his hips.

Brian finally took a deep breath and let it out with a low moan. He wanted to move his hips or use his arms to pull his Master down for a kiss, but his body wouldn't cooperate. All he could do was feel the intense sensations ripple through him. His body was so relaxed he didn't even flinch when he felt a sharp pain on his right nipple. It just blended in with everything else. He felt as if he'd been on the verge of coming for hours. His confused brain was trying to determine if it was pleasure or pain that he was feeling, but it really didn't matter because it all felt good.

Justin continued his slow languid thrusts and reached down to stroke his boy where he needed it the most. His movements were deliberate and leisurely, lingering inside for a moment before replaying the whole scenario again. He leaned down and kissed his boy gently. "Come for me, cookie."

Brian groaned softly. He wanted to come so badly, but it was like his body didn't have the energy any longer. He was rocking on the edge and didn't have the strength to tip forward just that little bit. He felt his Master pull out slowly and then push back inside. It was maddening. He was moaning almost constantly which was the only thing he was capable of doing.

Justin rubbed his thumb over the head of Brian's erection quickly as he slowly sank inside his boy once again. "Come for me, cookie."

Brian felt the sensation starting in his toes. It seemed to climb up his legs and settle between them for a moment before it burst forth with the force of a tidal wave and crashed over his entire body submerging in a pleasure so intense he was unable to force even the smallest sound from his throat. Time seemed to stop as his body shivered in reaction. His muscles seemed to come back to life as his body arched high off the bed and a low groan was ripped from his lips. His eyes rolled back and he couldn't catch his breath. In the next instant, everything went completely dark.

Justin pushed back inside once more and rode out the fury of his own orgasm as Brian's body spasmed. He collapsed on top of his boy until he was finally able to catch his breath. He gently pulled out, disposed of the condom, and removed the pillow from beneath Brian's hips. After cleaning both their stomachs with the towel he'd brought out earlier, he pulled the duvet back up, crawling in beside his boy and covering them both. He kissed the top of Brian's head. "Sleep, cookie. I've got you. I've always got your back."

Everyone Has Secrets

Cole Raines sat back in his chair and glanced out his office window. It'd been three days since the anniversary party and he'd discovered a lot about Brian's friends and so-called family. He'd done extensive background searches on all of them, including Brian and Justin, and hadn't found anything that really shocked or surprised him. He glanced back at his desk and looked at the two names he'd printed on the top sheet...Alex Glaser and Miguel Barton. He'd need to talk to these two a bit more and get some facts straight. He also needed to talk to Justin's family and that wasn't going to be any fun if the phone conversation he'd had with Craig Taylor was any indication. He shook his head in disgust and wondered why some people even bothered to have children at all.

Todd knocked lightly on Cole's door before opening it and entering quietly. His partner looked worried and that was never a good thing. He laid the files on Cole's desk and asked, "Anything I can do to help?"

Cole looked up at Todd and sighed tiredly. "I hate my job sometimes."

Todd walked behind the chair and started rubbing Cole's shoulders. "Want to talk about it?"

"It seems that Melanie and Lindsay have somehow been able to retain Robert Cohen as their counsel."

Todd whistled softly. "Isn't he the one who won that huge settlement for Ivana Trump and got her custody of the kids?"

Cole nodded. "The one and only."

"How the hell can they afford him?" Todd asked.

"It seems that Miss Peterson's parents are footing the bill."

"Damn. Have you told Brian?"

Cole shook his head. "Not yet. I figured I'd finish up my interviews and get some of my questions answered before I speak to him and Justin."

"You know I have the utmost respect for you and your abilities, but are you sure that we're equipped to fight someone like Robert Cohen?"

"He's good, but I'm better."

Todd smiled and kissed the top of Cole's head. "That's all I needed to hear. I can't have you losing faith in yourself."

Cole turned his chair around and yanked Todd down onto his lap. "That'll never happen. I'm the best. Cohen is about to get his ass handed to him on a silver platter."

Todd laughed. "That's my man."

~~~~~

Emmett heard the banging on the metal door of the loft over the sound of his blender going on full blast. He turned off the appliance and headed for the door, pulling it back and coming face to face with Michael.

"What the hell are you doing here, Emmett? Where's Brian?"

Emmett stepped back and allowed Michael to walk into the newly redecorated loft. He waited, giving Michael time to take in the new furnishings before speaking. "I live here now, and Brian's at work as far as I know."

Michael couldn't believe his eyes. All Brian's tasteful furniture had been replaced with some pretty outlandish pieces. The entire loft looked different. "What the hell did you do?"

"I redecorated *my* loft."

"This is not *your* loft! This is Brian's loft! Now where is he?!"

Emmett sighed and walked back into the kitchen. "I live here now, Michael. Brian was nice enough to offer me the place when he moved in with Justin."

Michael's mouth fell open. "He moved in with Justin?! Now I understand why Mel and Lindsay have a problem with him seeing Gus."

"What the hell do you mean? There isn't any problem with him seeing Gus," Emmett stated in an angry voice.

"Well he shouldn't have moved in with *him* if he wanted to continue to see his son, but then he always did put his dick before everything else in his life. Why should his son be any different?"

Emmett slammed the spoon he'd picked up back onto the counter with a loud bang. "Get the hell out, Michael. How could you talk about Brian like that? I thought he was your best friend."

"Well obviously Brian doesn't think of me as his best friend. I didn't even know he'd moved or that he'd let you have his loft."

"I wasn't aware that Brian needed to get your permission to move." Emmett glared at Michael. "You need to leave before I say something I might regret. As my great Aunt Lula always used to say, 'If you can't say something nice, don't say anything at all.'"

Michael headed for the door. "Fine! I'm out of here, but you need to tell Brian that he's really fucking up. The girls just hired some big name attorney from New York to represent them. He supposedly won Ivana Trump a lot of money in her divorce."

Emmett's eye grew wide. "How could they afford to do that?"

"Testy today are we?" Alex chuckled softly.

"Sheesh, you are testy today. Listen, Em called and said the girls have hired some hotshot attorney and he's all worked up about it. We're meeting here at my place in two hours, can you make it?"

Alex made a little groaning noise. "Please, by all means, leave the fucking bells at home."

Brian walked into the Diner and immediately saw Lindsay sitting in a booth with Gus. His first instinct was to walk over and pick up his son, but Lindsay had that restraining order and Cole said they needed to abide by it until he could file a temporary injunction. He froze in the doorway and stared at his little boy. He wanted to hold him so badly that he ached, but he took a deep breath and turned around to leave.

Brian's heart felt like it was breaking as he pushed the door of the diner open and stepped outside walking away from the sound of his son's voice. His fingers curled into tight fists and he whispered, "Don't hate me, Sonny boy. I'd get you if I could." He quickly climbed into his car and headed back to Kinnetik. He wasn't going to be able to deal with this for much longer.

He'd just hung up the phone from telling Justin about what happened when Cynthia buzzed him. "What is it, Cynthia? I told you that I didn't want to be disturbed."

"Send her in." Brian sat up straighter in his chair and waited.

Lindsay pushed Gus into Brian's office and shut the door behind her. "Why did you run away? Didn't you hear your son calling for you?"

"Then why didn't you come over and spend some time with him? You supposedly want to see more of him, but you walk away when he calls for you."

Brian clutched the side of his desk trying to remain calm. "I can't see him, Lindz. You have a restraining order against me, remember?"

"Well, that was just for when you're with *him*. I never meant that you couldn't see your son when *he* wasn't around."

"It doesn't matter what you meant, Lindz. The restraining order means I can't come near him regardless of whether I'm with Justin at that moment or not."

"Well, we're here now so you can spend some time with Gus." Lindsay picked up the little boy and carried him over to Brian.

Brian stood up and took Gus into his arms, hugging his little boy close. "Hey, Sonnyboy."

"Da-da. Me up." Gus smacked his lips together and smiled brightly.

Brian laughed. "You're getting so big, and you're a very smart boy."

Gus reached up and gently smacked the side of Brian's face.

Brian turned his head and captured the little fist in his mouth and made a growling noise.

Gus squealed in delight and squirmed in Brian's arms. "No no no. Mine!"

Brian kept his back to Lindsay and walked over toward the paintings hanging on the wall. He pointed up to the colorful painting done by Miguel. "See the pretty picture, Gus?"

Gus nodded. "Petty, Da-da."

Brian laughed. "Pretty, Sonnyboy. Not petty."

Gus nodded his head again. "Petty."

Lindsay walked up behind Brian and put her arm around his waist. "I could bring him by a couple of times a week so you could spend time with him."

Brian stiffened and felt extremely uncomfortable with Lindsay's close proximity. "I'd love to see him, so I'm not going to say no, but what about Melanie?"

"Melanie agrees with me that we don't want Gus around Justin and his influence. She'd be okay with me letting you see Gus in private."

Brian kissed the top of his son's head and wondered what kind of game Lindsay was trying to play. "Like I said, I'm not about to turn down the chance to see Gus."

Lindsay gave Brian's waist a squeeze. "I knew we could work things out without all the legal issues."

Brian stepped away from the woman he'd once considered a friend. "I'm not going to stop fighting for my rights to see my son, and I'm not giving up Justin to appease your misguided thinking."

Lindsay stared at Brian in shock. "We can work something out. All you have to do is move back into your loft and keep that deviant away from our son."

"If you call him a deviant, what am I?"

"Brian we all know that he's somehow warped your mind, but I'm sure you'll do the right thing for your son."

"So I should just give up the person who makes me happy so that everyone else can feel better about being my friend? What if I said you had to leave Melanie or I was going to take Gus away from you?"

"That's different, Brian. Melanie and I are married and in a committed relationship."

Brian kissed the top of Gus's head again and handed the boy back to his mother. "I love my son, Lindsay, but I won't be manipulated by you or anyone else."

"Brian you really don't want to fight me on this. I know too much about you and your past." Lindsay took Gus and buckled him back into his stroller.

Brian watched as she headed for the door before speaking. "Never forget that I know just as much about you and your past, Lindz. I believe I'm the only one who knows that you had an abortion in college."

Lindsay turned around and glared at Brian. "You wouldn't tell anyone about that. You promised!"

"This is my son we're talking about Lindz. Push me and for the first time in my life, I'll break a promise."

# Stripped Bare

## Chapter Summary

Sequel to Leather Bound and it would make more sense if you read LB first. We revisit the gang about a year after LB ended. Brian and Justin are settling into their new life together with family and friends. However, not everyone is happy with Brian's new life.

Brian left his office, informing Cynthia that he'd be gone for the rest of the day and to let Ted handle his two afternoon appointments. He knew Justin had a full morning of meetings, but he needed to be near him. He parked in his spot and entered the building through the back entrance, heading for WebDom's main offices. He waved at Daphne. "Is he busy?"

"He's in conference room two with a client, but you can go on in." Daphne grinned up at Brian.

"I don't want to disturb him if he's busy." Brian looked around the office.

"We have standing orders around here to allow you in at any time, regardless of what he's doing. So head on back." Daphne tilted her head in the direction of the conference rooms.

Brian smiled as he made his way toward the conference room. It made him feel really special that Justin would go to all the trouble to make sure he wasn't denied entrance. He quietly slipped into the room, made eye contact with Justin, and took a seat. He loved watching his Master in action, and he was in top form today.

"As you can see, the changes I've proposed for your website will double your revenues in the first quarter alone." Justin kept his attention on his client even though he was a little worried about Brian just showing up in the middle of a work day; especially after the phone call about Lindsay.

Brian watched as Justin expertly closed the deal. It never failed to amaze him how at ease Justin looked regardless of what he was doing or how he was dressed. Here in this conference room dressed in an Armani suit, he looked as confident and self-assured as he did dressed in his finest leather performing a demo or playing in a scene. During the time he'd known his Master, he'd learned there were many facets to the man that he admired. He watched as Justin escorted his clients out of the room and waited on his Master's return.

Justin re-entered the conference room and closed the door, locking it behind him. "What brings you by unannounced?"

"I didn't realize I needed a reason to drop by." Brian chewed on his lower lip as he looked into Justin's eyes.

Justin leaned against the door and smiled. “No. You don’t necessarily need a reason, but you generally always have one.”

“No reason. I just wanted to see you.”

“Well I have an hour to kill before my next client arrives and I need to relax. Why don’t you put on a little show for me?” Justin dimmed the lights and sat down at the end of the conference table. He opened the console and flipped a switch, turning on the power point display. A bright light illuminated the far wall. “I want you to strip for me.”

Brian smiled, stood up, and walked into the light, slowly turning and facing Justin. He reached up and quickly removed his tie tossing it on the table.

“No. Go slower. I want you to imagine that you’re a hustler who’s fallen on hard times and owes a lot of money to loan shark. You’re performing for a wealthy man who’s agreed to pay off all your debts and take you on as his personal slave boy, so you won’t have to grovel on the streets anymore. If you don’t impress this man, you’re going to be whored out by the loan shark to any man willing to pay for a chance to fuck you.”

Brian listened to Justin’s words and felt himself getting harder. He licked his lips, closed his eyes and thought about his morning exercise routine with his Master. In his mind, he could clearly see Justin’s body moving to the music as sweat glistened on his chest. He ran one hand slowly over his chest and moaned softly. His body swayed to the music inside his head as his fingers worked the buttons on his shirt open.

Justin sat back and watched his boy unbutton his shirt revealing his toned chest inch by slow inch. He reached down and adjusted himself because he was becoming rather uncomfortable in his designer pants.

Brian let his head fall back as he peeled his shirt off. He ran both hands over his chest, pinching his nipples and moving down over his belly, dipping into his dress pants. Only it wasn’t his hands touching him, it was Justin’s hands moving over his overheated skin. He toed off his shoes as he unfastened his pants, pushing them over his hips and down his legs along with his underwear.

Justin sat forward and licked his lips as he felt his body temperature rising. He reached up and wiped the perspiration from his forehead as his eyes focused on Brian’s undulating body. His boy was in a place far away from this conference room and it was a beautiful sight to see. “Turn around and bend over.”

Brian heard the softly spoken command and his body reacted as if on autopilot. He twisted around and leaned forward pushing his ass high. He reached back and ran his hands over his cheeks and moaned softly, gasping for each breath.

Justin sucked in a deep breath and cupped his shaft. “Open yourself for me.”

Brian spread his cheeks apart shivering as the cool air touched his very core. He moved a finger around the small pucker, panting and groaning.



Justin squeezed himself and bit back a moan of his own. He squirmed in his chair finding it difficult to sit still. "Turn back around, cookie. I want to watch you touch yourself."

Brian straightened and turned back around to face his Master. He kept his eyes closed as he ran a finger along the side of his hard shaft and down between his legs to cup his heavy balls. His fingers found that spot behind his sac and pressed firmly as he slowly stroked himself with his free hand. His hips were swaying forward, pushing his cock into his fist and causing him to grunt.

"That's it, cookie." Justin slowly mirrored Brian's movements, pumping his own cock through his pants.

Brian opened his eyes and searched for Justin, but the bright light blinded him, so he moved around the table, continuing to stroke himself as he walked until he was standing proudly in front of his Master. His fingers tighten around his dick as he pumped his hips forward. He was so turned on he felt like he could come at any second.

Justin leaned forward and blew across the head, sticking his tongue out to scoop up the clear liquid before it could drip off. "Do you want to come, cookie?"

Brian felt the liquid fire of that tongue lapping across his cock and felt his knees begin to quake as his hand continued its slow stroking motion. "Oh fuck yes, Master."

"Then come for me." Justin wrapped his lips around the head of Brian's shaft firmly without giving any additional stimulation.

Brian had been watching Justin intently but he couldn't focus anymore, so he let his head fall back as he stroked himself faster feeling his fist come into contact with Justin's lips on each upward movement. He felt his toes curling and bit his lip in an attempt to quiet the strangled groan as he emptied himself into that wet, hot mouth. His legs no longer had the ability to hold his weight so he sank to his knees between Justin's legs, fingers groping madly trying to release his Master's shaft.

Justin swallowed and was still savoring the taste when he felt Brian's mouth surround his own cock. His eyes rolled back in his head and his fingers grabbed handfuls of auburn hair. He wasn't going to last long. When he felt Brian's throat tighten around him, he shot hard, still savoring the taste of his boy. He tugged on Brian's hair, pulling him up and devouring his mouth.

Brian's moans intermingled with Justin's as their tongues met, touched, and danced in unison. After what seemed like hours of soft kisses, Justin pulled back and touched his forehead to Brian's. "You're the sexiest man I've ever seen."

A smile curved on Brian's lips. "I know."

Justin chuckled softly and cupped the side of Brian's face. "I'm glad to see that your ego is still as large as ever."

Brian met Justin's eyes. "You've always been able to enlarge my ego."

Brian got to his feet and started retrieving his clothing. “Well if you’re sure, I guess I’ll call Alex and see what trouble we can get into.”

~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~Alex's House~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

As soon as Emmett had gathered his things and left, Cole looked at the two men sitting across from him. “I think I need to speak to you individually.”

Miguel looked at Alex and shook his head. "I don't mind talking in front of Alex."

Alex shrugged his shoulders. "I'm good."

Cole nodded. "Fine. I did background searches on all of Brian's friends and you two had a few things I need to clarify."

Miguel closed his eyes and took a breath. "You're wondering why there is a block of time where there is no record of my existence, aren't you?"

"Actually, yes. I need to know if there are any surprises I need to prepare for."

Miguel clasped his hands together. "I was in BryLin Hospital."

Cole looked at Miguel. "The psychiatric care facility?"

"Yes, I tried to kill myself, so I was under a suicide watch."

Alex gasped. "Holy shit, Miguel. When did this happen?"

Miguel turned and looked at his friend. "Right before I got with Jake, actually. He doesn't know anything about this and I'd like to keep it that way."

Cole shook his head. "I certainly won't mention it, but I can't promise what Robert will do."

Miguel nodded. "I understand."

Cole looked at Alex. "So, want to tell me about your time in Juvenile Detention and what it was for?"

Alex licked his lips and looked at Cole. "My old man had me arrested for stealing his car."

"Did you steal it?"

Alex shrugged. "I'd call it more like borrowing it to escape."

"What happened?"

"My old man liked to hit me. I didn't realize it was because he was a closeted faggot and hitting me was his way to keep from sexually abusing me. The day I turned sixteen, he must have figured I was old enough, so he brutally raped me. I only took his car to get the fuck away from him."

Cole cleared his throat. "I'm sorry. I'll try to keep all this information private."

"I'd really appreciate it. Chris knows I was abused, but he doesn't know by whom."

Cole gathered his things and stood. "I'll keep your confidences if I possibly can, but you may want to warn your partners just in case Robert gets his hands on this information."

Alex walked Cole to the door and returned to the living room. “How do you think Jake will react when he finds out?”

Miguel turned and looked at Alex with torture filled eyes. “I know how he’ll react. He’ll freak out; especially considering he’s part of the reason I tried to kill myself.”

# Friendship

## Chapter Summary

Sequel to Leather Bound and it would make more sense if you read LB first. We revisit the gang about a year after LB ended. Brian and Justin are settling into their new life together with family and friends. However, not everyone is happy with Brian's new life.

Alex pulled Miguel into a hug and gently rubbed his friend's back. "Hey, I'm sure you guys can work out anything. I've seen the way he is around you."

Miguel took a shuddering breath. "I know he loves me. I know that. And it really wasn't his fault that I stupidly tried to kill myself. I mean I don't blame him, but I'm afraid he might blame himself."

Alex stepped back and pulled Miguel over to the sofa and sat down. "If you want to talk about it, I'm here."

Miguel sat down and stared at his fists. His fingers were clenched with so much pressure that his knuckles were white. He took another breath and started talking in a monotone voice, almost as if he were speaking about something that happened to someone else. "The first time I saw Jake, he simply took my breath away. I just knew that I had to make him mine. Then I met Sunshine. You really can't help liking Justin, even now, but back then...he was just so adorable. Jake was in the middle of a scene, so I chatted quietly with Justin and found we had so much in common. I felt like I'd met someone who could become a very close friend. When I saw Jake walking towards us, my heart didn't know whether to stop or beat hard enough to leap from my chest. I just knew he'd seen me and decided he wanted to get to know me, but he walked behind Justin and hugged him tightly. I think my brain stopped functioning for a short period because the next thing I knew, Justin was introducing me to his Master...HIS Master."

Miguel took another shuddering breath and continued. "My parents had died just a month before, and I was finding it pretty difficult to come to terms with them being gone. I'd just turned twenty-one and had all this responsibility thrust on my shoulders. I couldn't tell who was my friend because they liked me, or if they wanted to be friends with me for my money. Then there was Justin who was someone I knew I could get close to, and he was with the man of my dreams. Jake only had eyes for his Sunshine."

Alex placed a hand on Miguel's knee and squeezed. He could feel his friend's pain and wanted to offer some sort of comfort.

"After some idle talk, I found out they'd been together for three years, so I figured there was no hope for me at all. Then, I got the surprise of my life when Jake walked away to talk to

some friends. Justin leaned in really close and asked me if I'd like to join them. Well, I wasn't about to pass up an opportunity like that. It was an amazing night. I know it sounds crazy, but I left feeling like the only man I'd ever be able to give myself to belonged to another. I was so confused. I had all these feelings coiling inside me and I felt as if I would die if I didn't let them out. The only problem was I had no idea how to do that. I walked back into the family mansion, looked around at all the empty rooms, and wondered what the hell I was going to do with myself. I found myself in my parent's bedroom just walking around mindlessly. I don't remember going into their bathroom, opening the medicine cabinet and taking out my mother's prescription of valium, but I know I must have done it. I don't even remember swallowing the pills. I do remember sitting on the bathroom floor, staring up at the ceiling, feeling nothing but the erratic beating of my heart, and wondering if I'd find happiness in the next life."

Miguel turned his head and looked into Alex's eyes. "I wasn't scared. I didn't pray. I just sat there wondering how long it would take. I found out later that our house keeper had heard me come home and she was worried about me. She found me passed out on the bathroom floor, called 911 and held me until they got there. I woke up three days later, got transferred to BryLan Hospital, and spent the next three months trying to come to terms with my life and what I'd done."

Alex shook his head and pulled Miguel into another hug. "I can't imagine the amount of pressure you must have been under. I'm just happy you worked through everything. I'm honored to have you as my friend."

Miguel's lips turned up into a little smile. "Fuck Alex, I tell you a little story and you turn all lezzy on me."

"Well, I didn't want to say that the only reason I love having you around is because you're so much fun to pick on, now could I?" Alex raised an eyebrow and bit his bottom lip to keep from laughing.

Miguel sputtered and tried to hold back the laughter until he just couldn't. He leaned back and laughed. "Now that's more like the Alex I've come to know and love."

"Miguel, I think you're stronger and more in touch with yourself than most of us, and it's because you went through all this. I don't think Jake will see you any differently." Alex shook his head.

Miguel sighed. "I just don't want him blaming himself. Hell, I'd have done it sometime. It just so happened that I did it on the night I met him."

"Jake is a very intelligent man. I'm sure he'll see the truth if you tell him."

"I hope you're right, Alex. I'll never try to take my own life again, but if I lose him, I won't have much of a life to live."

"I know what you mean. I hate the thought of having to tell Chris about the things my father did to me." Alex stared toward the kitchen.

“You can tell me.” Miguel reached over and squeezed his friend’s arm. “After all, I just unloaded on you.”

Alex shrugged his shoulders nonchalantly. “Not much to tell. I mean it’s just your basic ‘father can’t face the fact that he’s gay so he beats the hell out of his son until the kid is old enough to fuck’ scenario.”

“I can’t even imagine how hard that would be on a child.” Miguel shook his head.

“Yeah, well I got through it.” Alex shifted his position.

Miguel noticed the slight flinch as he reached out to touch Alex again and pulled back. “I really think it would help if you talked to someone. If not me, then maybe Brian or even go see a professional.”

Alex barked out a bitter laugh. “Yeah, like a head doctor can actually do anything for you. Been there, done that, thank you very much.” Alex saw the pain that crossed Miguel’s face and remembered the man just told him he was under psychiatric care for almost three months. “Shit, Miguel. I didn’t mean...”

“It’s okay, Alex. I know some people don’t believe in it, but it really helped me. I still think you should talk to someone.”

“No offense, Miguel, but I’m not sure what good it would do to talk to someone who had the perfect childhood with the perfect parents.”

Miguel smirked. “My childhood was far from perfect, but my parents loved me and they certainly never abused me.”

Alex’s head jerked back like he’d been slapped. “Well, as I said, we all can’t have perfect fucking parents.”

“Fuck! Alex I didn’t mean to imply anything about you or your parents.”

Alex shook his head and patted his friend’s knee. “I know that, Miguel. I think I’m just a little messed up in the head at the moment with all these confessions.”

Miguel nodded. “Now that I can relate to.”

Alex heard the doorbell and groaned, “Who the hell is that?” He stood and walked toward the door mumbling, “What ever happened to calling before you drop by?”

Brian grinned at Alex as soon as the door opened. “I tried to call but you won’t answer your damn phone, so I just figured I’d see if you were home.”

“I’ve been here all morning and never heard my phone ring, big guy. Come on in.” Alex stepped back and motioned Brian into the house.

“Well you need to learn to keep your cell phone charged and on you at all times.” Brian walked into the living room and waved at Miguel. “Hey, I didn’t know you’d be here.”

Miguel stood up and started gathering his stuff. “Actually, I was just leaving. I have some errands to run before Jake gets back into town.”

Alex gave Miguel a hug and whispered, “You call me any time you need to talk.”

Miguel smiled and nodded. “I will and the same goes for you.” He turned and gave Brian a quick hug. “Later, stud.”

Brian gingerly hugged Miguel. “I’ll see you later.”

Alex showed Miguel to the door and got another hug before returning to the living room. “Take a seat, Brian. I have some pastries and coffee. Do you want anything?”

Brian noticed how agitated his friend was acting and shook his head. “No, I’m good. Listen, if this is a bad time I can head over to the diner.”

“No, it’s okay. I had a visit from Cole earlier and he asked some questions that I really wasn’t expecting to have to answer.” Alex motioned for Brian to keep his seat.

“What kind of questions? I didn’t realize you guys would be dragged into this mess.” Brian sat back, covered his face with his hand for a second and sighed.

“He’s just being thorough, Brian. Besides, he’s only trying to do a good job for you.” Alex sat down next to his friend.

“So what kind of questions did he ask you?”

Alex took a breath and released it slowly. “He wanted to know why I’d done a stint in juvenile detention.”

“Holy shit, man. What did you do?” Brian turned and looked closely at Alex.

“Took my old man’s car and he reported it stolen.”

“Fuck! I thought my parents would win the ‘worst parenting’ award.” Brian shook his head.

“Yeah, well my old man beat the shit out of me for years. I really wouldn’t expect anything less from him.” Alex shrugged.

Brian whistled softly. “Seems we have that in common. Jack loved to smack me around when he was drunk.”

“How did you deal with it?” Alex dipped his head for a moment before meeting Brian’s eyes.

Brian bit his lip. “I went to Mikey’s house and pretended they were my family.”

Alex nodded. “It was good that you had somewhere to go.”

“What did you do?” asked Brian softly.

“I tried to stay out of his way mostly. I really didn’t have any where to go.”



Brian reached out and patted Alex on the shoulder. “Well, we survived and we’re more successful than our fucked up fathers could ever hope to be. That’s a pretty sweet revenge.”

“I wish I could be satisfied with thinking like that, but most days I just want to hunt the bastard down and kill him,” Alex spat angrily.

Brian looked at Alex’s face. “He did more than beat you, didn’t he?”

Alex’s eyes darted up quickly before shifting to the side to avoid contact. “What do you mean?”

“I don’t mean to pry and you certainly don’t have to tell me a thing. I just want you to know that I’m here if you need to talk.” Brian gave his friend a little smile.

Alex hadn’t thought about his father in a very long time and all the emotions he’d felt back then seemed to be building up inside him. He felt the tears pooling in his eyes and blinked rapidly to keep them at bay. “He was my father, Brian. He was supposed to love and protect me, but instead, he hurt me in the worst way possible.”

Brian felt his stomach lurch. He knew what the son of a bitch had done to Alex. He felt a slow burning rage coiling in his stomach along with the sick feeling. People like Alex’s father got to abuse their children, and here the girls were trying to take Gus away from him and he’d never hurt his little boy like that. “He didn’t deserve to be your father.”

Alex raised his glistening eyes and gave Brian a little smile. “Careful there, big guy. I might think you actually care.”

Brian rolled his eyes and pulled Alex into a tight hug. “I do care, you little twat, but I’ll deny it until the day I die.”

# The Surprise

## Chapter Summary

Sequel to Leather Bound and it would make more sense if you read LB first. We revisit the gang about a year after LB ended. Brian and Justin are settling into their new life together with family and friends. However, not everyone is happy with Brian's new life.

After spending some time with Alex, Brian left and drove around, trying to clear his head. He never thought he'd ever be grateful for having Jack Kinney as a father, but after hearing about the bastard who'd fathered Alex, he grudgingly admitted that Jack was the lesser of two evils. He found himself parked in front of Mel and Lindz's house. He wasn't going to cause any trouble; he was just hoping they'd step out of the house and he'd get a little glimpse of Gus. This was so hard. He'd never wanted to be a father, but now, he just wanted an opportunity to spend some time with his son. His head fell back against the headrest and he closed his eyes. Why couldn't his friends accept him? Taking a deep breath to calm his nerves, he pulled out his cell, hit the speed dial and waited for Justin to answer.

"Hey Brian, how was your visit?" Justin put his cell on speaker so he could continue to work on his latest project.

Brian sighed. "This thing is getting out of hand. Cole paid a visit to Alex this morning, asking a lot of personal questions."

"Well, he did warn us that he'd want to talk to our friends." Justin was trying to figure out what Brian was thinking.

"I know. It's just so hard."

"Gus is worth it. You don't need to worry about your friends, Brian. They'll be there no matter what."

Brian squeezed his eyes shut. "I'm just tired, Master."

Justin heard the despair in his boy's voice and made a quick decision. "I want you to get something to eat, go home, take a nap, then shower and dress to kill."

"I'm not really hungr—"

Justin cut him off. "That wasn't a request, cookie. I want you ready to go when I get home. We have some place to be at eight tonight."

Brian reacted to the authority in the voice without even thinking. "Yes, Master."



Justin looked into his boy's eyes. "Just exactly what did you think I was going to make you wear tonight, cookie? Did you see me parading you around in your leather thong and collar?"

Brian shook his head. "Actually, I saw you parading me around wearing my leather thong, collar, with wrist and ankle cuffs."

Justin laughed heartily. "I said we were going to push your limits, not have you arrested and thrown in jail for exposing yourself in public."

Brian sighed as he felt his body relax then looked at his partner with a devilish twinkle in his eye. "Well if you were the arresting officer, I think being thrown in jail might be fun."

"Let's get going. We don't want to be late." Justin winked and headed for the elevator.

"Where are we going?" Brian asked as he followed Justin into the elevator.

"It wouldn't be a surprise if I told you, now would it?"

Brian sighed and tried to calm his nerves. He knew that Justin wouldn't allow anything to happen to him, but he was still a bit apprehensive. After a short, uneventful drive, they arrived at what looked to be an abandoned warehouse. He followed his Master's lead as they approached the large metal door and watched in silence as Justin swiped a card to gain entrance. His eyes quickly adjusted to the dim lighting, and he looked around at the tastefully decorated interior. A very attractive man dressed in a crisp white shirt and black trousers greeted them immediately.

"Mr. Taylor, how nice of you to join us this evening. We have your table ready if you'd just follow me."

Brian continued to follow Justin through the main dining area. This was probably the weirdest restaurant he'd ever seen. The tables were all surrounded by six feet tall wooden and etched glass screens, giving the diners complete privacy. The waiter opened up one of the screened off areas and stepped aside so they could enter. Inside, there was a very wide padded bench, and Brian quickly sat down next to Justin, watching the waiter pull down the table. It was really rather ingenious; like an ironing board that folded up into a cabinet.

"My name is Mark, and I'll be your server this evening. Our specials are the pheasant and the Angus steak. I can take your drink orders now, or you can call me by turning on your light. Is there anything I can do for you now?"

Brian took the menu from the waiter as he listened. "What light and why do we need to call you?"

Mark smiled and pointed to a switch on the pole that held the table. "If you want me to enter, just push that button, otherwise you won't be disturbed."

"I think that'll be all for now. We'll call you when we're ready."

Mark bowed to Justin. "Certainly, Sir. Enjoy your evening." He left and closed the screen securely behind him.

Brian looked at Justin and lifted an eyebrow. "Exactly what is this place?"

"This is a new client. I've been commissioned to design a website and I figured what better way to make sure I create something as unique as this place than to try it out for myself? I figure if you can have fun at work, you're more apt to do a better job. Besides, this is a really fun place."

"Want to tell me what's so special about this place?"

Justin leaned back and let his eyes travel over Brian's body. "Take off your clothes."

Brian's breath hitched at the desire so clearly radiating from Justin's eyes. He slowly pulled the silk shirt off, folding it neatly and laying it on the end of the padded bench. He stood up and reached for the button on his pants. "You know I'm not wearing any underwear, right?"

Justin licked his lips and nodded, keeping his eyes on Brian's hands. "You realize you won't be wearing any clothes for the rest of the evening, right?"

Brian quickly toed off his shoes, pulled his pants off, folding them and placed them with the shirt. Finally, he removed his socks, placing them with the rest of his clothing. "Now what?"

Justin patted the bench. "Just sit down and decide what you want to eat." As soon as his boy was seated, he quickly pulled Brian close and kissed him, picking up the menu as if it were perfectly normal for him to be sitting in a high class restaurant next to a naked man.

Brian picked up his own menu and scanned the selection. "Are the salads good here?"

"I honestly don't know what's good here, so we're going to try a bit of everything."

"You know I don't eat this late as a general rule."

"Tonight is special, cookie."

Hearing the familiar name always made a little spark zip right between his legs and Brian shifted on the padded bench. "I take it that means we're going to play tonight."

Justin slid his hand down Brian's thigh using his fingers to draw little patterns along the sensitive skin before moving up to stroke his length. "We're definitely going to play tonight."

Brian's eyes closed and he tilted his head back, spreading his legs. "I'm rather fond of our games." Strong fingers circled his dick and he bit his lip to keep from moaning his pleasure.

Justin leaned into his boy and bit his earlobe gently. "You know I love to hear you, so you don't get to be quiet just because we're in a public place."

"Oh fuck," Brian groaned softly as he felt those fingers gripping him firmly and gently manipulating his arousal.

"I brought you a present, cookie. It's a new toy we're going to try, so I need you to get on your knees for me."

Brian turned and leaned down on the padded bench, drawing his long legs up, twisting until he was on all fours with his ass within easy reach of his Master.

“Good boy.” Justin flipped open his messenger bag and put some items on the table.

Brian was trying to control his breathing when he heard the familiar snap of surgical gloves and wondered what kind of toy they were going to be playing with.

Justin gave one of Brian’s upturned cheeks a little slap before sliding his latex covered fingers into the cleft, finding the puckered hole and tapping against it. He picked up the lube he’d laid on the table and squeezed some directly onto the sensitive spot.

Brian gasped as the cool liquid made contact with his overheated skin. He moaned softly as he felt Justin’s fingers rubbing and pushing against his opening.

Justin smiled as he watched his boy squirming slightly. He pressed a finger inside and rotated until he brushed against the sensitive bundle of nerves. “This little toy that I’ve brought has a very special name. It’s called The Rude Boy.” He pressed another finger inside, adding more lube as he gently prepared Brian. After a few moments, he picked up the specially designed vibrator, pulled out his fingers and pressed the tip against the slightly stretched hole, pushing it inside.

Brian groaned as he felt the fingers leave him, only to moan as they were replaced by something a bit larger.

“This little toy is special because it’s specifically designed to stimulate your prostate both inside and out simultaneously. I also had Jake fix it so it could be operated by wireless remote.” Justin finished pushing the vibrator into place, adjusting it properly. “Okay, sit down gently and figure out what you want to eat.”

Brian slid his legs off the bench and sat next to Justin squirming a bit as he felt the vibrator shifting with every move of his body. As soon as he was sitting properly he felt the vibrator come to life and almost jumped off the bench. “Fuck!”

“Get used to it, cookie. You’ll never know when I’m going to turn it on or off. Just so you know, this is the lowest setting and we have four more to try out.”

Brian moaned, bit his lip and tried to sit still as he watched Justin push the button to call the waiter back into their little cubicle.

# The Surprise Continues

## Chapter Summary

Sequel to Leather Bound and it would make more sense if you read LB first. We revisit the gang about a year after LB ended. Brian and Justin are settling into their new life together with family and friends. However, not everyone is happy with Brian's new life.

Brian felt the vibrator sending steady jolts of pleasure to the very core of his being. His legs were shaking and his muscles were clenching with a will of their own, refusing to allow him even the most minimum amount of control. He felt sweat trickle down his spine and the taste of blood alerted him to the fact that he'd bitten his lip too hard in his attempt to distract his body from the maddening and pleasurable torture.

He wasn't worried about the waiter coming in and discovering him naked, but he was worried about making a spectacle of himself and losing control in front of a perfect stranger.

Justin placed his hand on Brian's thigh and slowly drew small circles with his fingers. "I love watching. Do you have any idea how much of a turn on it is to see you like this?"

Brian turned his head so he could meet Justin's gaze and grinned. "I'm hot."

"Yes, you are." Justin gave a little nod of his head and chuckled softly. "But you want to know what will make you look even hotter?"

Brian licked his lips and pushed his tongue into his cheek. "Nothing can make me look hotter."

Justin reached into his bag and pulled out Brian's leather collar and held it up in front of his boy's face. "I think this would."

Brian's left hand went to his neck and felt the collar that he wore all the time. "You like it when I wear both collars, don't you?"

Justin shrugged. "Who wouldn't want to have two collars on you?"

"Good point." Brian lowered his head so Justin could secure the leather collar around his neck.

There was a discreet knock on the panel.

"Enter," Justin said, never breaking eye contact with Brian.

The panel slid back and the waiter entered. Brian noticed that he didn't seem shocked or bothered by what was going on. After a cursory glance at the collar around the brunet's neck, the waiter kept his eyes on Justin. "What can I do for you, Sir?"

"I'll have the steak medium-rare, a baked potato and house salad with a light vinaigrette." Justin turned, looked at Brian and smiled as he slowly slid his hand up the muscled thigh. "My partner will have the pheasant, steamed asparagus, and avocado salad."

The waiter wrote down the order and nodded. "Very good, Sir, and what to drink?"

Justin looked up at the waiter. "We'll have a bottle of Chateaufort du Pape, please."

Brian's eyebrow raised a fraction as he watched Justin order the expensive French wine. Tonight was going to be something special and just what he needed. It still amazed him that this man could make him feel safe regardless of what particular hell he was going through.

The waiter nodded and smiled brightly. "Right away, Sir." He exited as quietly as he'd appeared.

Justin squeezed Brian's thigh. "Was there something else you wanted?"

"No, you know what I like." Brian grinned and leaned down to give Justin a kiss when he felt a jolt slam into his body making him jerk almost violently. "Fuck!"

"Do you like that?" Justin's finger curved slightly and brushed across the delicate skin.

Brian closed his eyes, trying to keep from moaning out loud as the vibrator hummed with more urgency and the sensations caused him to feel like he was about to explode. "Y-yes."

"Good. I want you to enjoy tonight." Justin pushed Brian back, leaning over and licking one of his nipples before taking it between his teeth and biting down.

Brian's hand gripped Justin's hair almost painfully as his back arched, pressing himself more firmly against his Master's mouth, silently begging for more. Just as he felt that hot mouth attach to his other nipple, there was a discreet knock on the panel.

Justin lifted his head only long enough to say, "Enter," and went back to sucking and biting his way across Brian's chest.

Brian was only semi-aware of the waiter as he entered, placed glasses on the table and poured a bit of wine into one of the glasses before taking a step back and waiting silently. He felt Justin's fingers close around his aching cock, stroking very slowly as the heat left his chest. His eyes finally focused enough to watch as Justin picked up the wine glass, swirled the rich, red liquid and sniffed it before taking a sip. "That's perfect."

The waiter smiled, filled both glasses and put the bottle into the silver ice bucket before leaving once again.

"You have no idea how sexy you look right now," Justin groaned before attacking Brian's neck. After sucking and biting for a moment, he lifted his head and whispered urgently into



his boy's ear. "I'm going to paddle you right here so all these people at the tables around us can hear you."

Brian bit back a strangled moan and rubbed his body against Justin's feeling the soft fabric caress his overheated skin. There was something extremely decadent about him being completely naked while his Master remained fully clothed. He knew the other diners would be able to hear him, because he'd heard some interesting sounds coming from the other cubicles.

"Get on your knees facing away from me."

Brian turned and leaned away from Justin, crawling forward and pulling his knees up, positioning himself. He licked his lips as he felt Justin's hand caressing his lower back.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes," Brian groaned softly.

After a moment that seemed to stretch into eternity, he felt the soft leather covered paddle brush against his skin and shivered. Just knowing that other people were going to hear him was actually adding to his already over-stimulated senses. He heard the loud pop and jerked even though the pain was minimal. He quickly stiffened his arms and waited for the next strike.

Beads of sweat started forming on his brow as he concentrated on keeping his position. He felt another stinging slap land and struggled to remain still. Every movement of his body caused the vibrator to shift and rub against that bundle of nerves, sending zaps of pleasure directly to his core. The pain barely registered in his pleasure overloaded brain. Instinctively, he knew Justin wasn't using much force behind his swings, but he also knew that, at this particular moment, he wouldn't have cared if his Master was swinging with all his strength.

Justin ran his free hand over the slightly pink tinged skin, feeling the warmth before resuming his task.

Brian heard the knock just before another stinging pain brought his mind back to the matter at hand. He heard Justin's command of "enter" then another quick slap of the paddle, causing him to groan. His mind was captured in a chaos of pleasure as he felt Justin's fingers gliding over his upturned cheeks. He heard dishes clinking as the waiter delivered their dinners. Just when he thought he had safely survived the intrusion without calling any more attention to himself, he felt the vibrator intensify. This caused his entire body to arch and he couldn't stop the loud moan that tore itself from his lips.

"Will there be anything else, Sir?"

"Not at the moment, thanks, but I'll be sure to call if we need any further assistance."

"Enjoy your meal."

Brian heard the panel open and close before feeling another stinging slap.

“I’m so proud of you, cookie.” The words penetrated the fog of animalistic lust that had consumed his mind. Suddenly the vibrator was silent and all he could hear was his own strangled breathing. “Sit down and let’s enjoy our meal.”

Brian slowly moved, letting his legs slide down off the bench and pushing himself up into a sitting position.

“Put your hands behind your head, cookie.”

Brian quickly raised his arms and locked his fingers together behind his head wondering how he was supposed to eat in this position. He watched as Justin reached into his bag and pulled out a set of alligator clamps. He sucked in a sharp breath as he felt the pain of the first clamp biting into his sensitive left nipple followed by a similar pain in his right.

“Let’s eat.” Justin gave Brian’s thigh a light slap and took a drink of his wine.

Brian took a deep breath, noting how just the act of breathing caused the pain from the clamps to intensify. Well at least he didn’t have to worry about the vibrator. He’d no sooner had that thought when the vibrator sprang into life once again. His hands were shaking so badly that he could barely pick up his fork, but he forced himself to concentrate on eating. He was so centered on trying to control his body enough to allow him to get through the meal that he didn’t notice that Justin had turned on the light to call the waiter, so he was a bit shocked when the panel slid open.

“What can I get for you, Sir?”

“I’d like some sour cream, please.”

“Certainly, Sir.”

On some level, Brian recognized that the waiter’s interruptions were just another tool in Justin’s arsenal to keep him on this wave of uncertainty. Never knowing when the vibrator was going to be turned on or up, never knowing when the waiter was going to pop into their little hideaway, and never knowing exactly what his Master was going to require of him at any given moment.

When the waiter returned with the sour cream, Brian watched as Justin picked up a piece of ice from the wine bucket and very slowly lowered his hand under the table. Brian’s eyes grew larger as that piece of ice slowly approached his swollen and defenseless dick. He hissed as he felt the cold travel through his entire body and jerked before he could regain control of his muscles.

“That’ll be all for now.”

“As you wish, Sir.”

It didn’t take long for the ice to melt completely as Justin moved it over every sensitive inch of his length and down between his legs, making sure that no part of him was left untouched

by the biting the cold. Brian watched as Justin dried his hand on the napkin and resumed eating his steak.

“You’re not eating, cookie.”

Brian choked back the snarky reply that immediately sprang to mind. How the hell was he supposed to eat when his body was being bombarded by so many sensations at once? Instead he nodded. “I’m trying, Master.”

Justin smiled and turned off the vibrator. He was completely aware of his boy’s predicament and was enjoying watching his struggles. “There. That should help you.”

“Thank you, Master.” Brian breathed a little sigh of relief when the vibrator stopped, but he still felt the heat from the paddling on his tender ass cheeks and the cold from the ice on his cock. He took a deep breath, picked up his fork and took a bite of his salad.

“So, what do you think of the place so far?” Justin took a sip of his wine and watched Brian’s reactions carefully.

Brian swallowed and met Justin’s gaze. “It’s a novel idea, but is there enough of a market to keep a place like this running?”

“You’d be surprised at the clientele this place draws in,” Justin said as he continued to eat.

“But they can’t have that many tables in here. Doesn’t the fact that they’re taking up so much space by enclosing the tables curb their profit margin?” Brian took a bite of the pheasant.

“It’s a private club, so there are dues that must be paid by each member in addition to paying for your meal and any of the other services you may wish to use.”

“Are you thinking of joining?”

Justin smiled at Brian. “That depends on you.”

“It would be nice to be able to go out and not have to worry about running into Mikey.”

Justin laughed, leaned over and kissed Brian hard. “I do love how you think.”

They finished the meal amid laughs, touches, and kisses. As soon as Brian pushed his plate back, he felt the vibrator come to life with a vengeance. He groaned loudly and his body arched so violently that he almost caused the table to collapse. “Holy shit!”

“Back on your knees, cookie.”

Brian scrambled to crawl back onto the bench and positioned himself. He didn’t know what was going to happen next, but he needed to come and he needed it now.

“I told you I was going to fuck you in a public place. While this isn’t exactly the backroom at Babylon, I think it’ll do for our first time out.”

Brian felt Justin get into position behind him and moaned as he felt the vibrator slowly leave his body. He didn't have time to mourn the loss before he felt Justin's latex covered cock ram into him almost violently. He put his forehead down and rested it against the cool leather that covered the bench's surface, moaning almost continuously as he shoved back to meet each thrust. The sensitive skin of his cheeks meeting the rough material alerted him to the fact that Justin was still fully clothed. He knew he wasn't going to be able to last as the first electric zap of pleasure exploded through him when Justin bumped his over-stimulated prostate. "Oh yessssss."

Justin gripped his boy's hips tightly and slammed into him over and over. He reached around and squeezed Brian's cock, pumping it with the same urgency. "Come for me."

Brian groaned loudly as he felt his body obey the command. His muscles clenched on the invading hardness with a vice-like grip as he jerked and shuddered through his climax. He felt an intense pain in both nipples as Justin removed the clamps, making his orgasm last longer and become much more intense.

Justin continued to pound into Brian, making sure to hit his prostate, loving the sounds that his boy just couldn't stop making. With a final vicious plunge, he buried himself as deep as possible and moaned through his own violent orgasm. He rested on his boy's back for a few moments before slowly pulling out and disposing of the condom. After zipping himself back up, he gathered up all the toys, placing them back into his bag and gave Brian's ass a little slap. "Get dressed. We still have to tour this place."

# Miguel's Anguish

## Chapter Summary

Sequel to *Leather Bound* and it would make more sense if you read LB first. We revisit the gang about a year after LB ended. Brian and Justin are settling into their new life together with family and friends. However, not everyone is happy with Brian's new life.

As Brian and Justin finished their tour of Stella's, checking out the private dungeon playroom and the executive lounge, Miguel was across town pacing in his living room, waiting on Jake's arrival with a mixture of elation and dread. He'd just finished another hypothetical scenario in his head when he heard the distinct sound of Jake's car in the driveway. He quickly plopped down on the chaise lounge and grabbed a magazine.

Jake locked his car and made his way inside. The long drive, with only one stop to re-fuel, left him exhausted but happy to be home. It never failed to amaze him just how much he missed Miguel, and he was definitely looking forward to seeing his boy. However, as soon as he stepping into the foyer he knew something was terribly wrong. The place, while not a total wreck, was definitely not up to Miguel's usual standards. His boy's shoes looked like they'd been kicked off haphazardly, one at the foot of the stairs and the other under the hall table where Miguel's coat was splayed across the top.

He sighed deeply when he saw one of his shirts hanging from the banister. Miguel always wore his clothes when he needed to feel closer to his Master. Add that to the fact that Miguel had shirked his daily duties and it only confirmed that something was wrong.

Jake gathered up the shirt, jacket and shoes from the floor, storing them in the hall closet before heading into the living room where he was confronted with even more signs of his boy's distress. Take-out cartons littered the coffee table and Miguel looked like he hadn't bothered to comb his hair, so his naturally curly locks were in total disarray. "Sooooooo. Want to tell me what's bothering you?"

Miguel looked up from his magazine and smiled, only the smile didn't reach his eyes. "What makes you think I have something bothering me?"

Jake shrugged his shoulders and held his hands out as he made a great show of looking around their living room. "Oh, I don't know. Maybe it was the fact that you didn't bother to put your things away when you came home. No? Well, it could have been the fact that this room looks like you had a party for homeless people and decided to let them redo the décor. No, wait, now I remember. Maybe it's the fact that you're holding that magazine upside down."

Miguel glanced down only to find he was actually holding the magazine wrong and quickly turned it around. “Did it ever occur to you that I was just trying to get a different perspective on a piece of art?”

“Oh reeeeeaaaaly? Since when did they start putting pictures of art in Sport’s Illustrated?”

Miguel slammed the magazine shut and looked at the front cover, realizing he’d picked up one of Jake’s magazines by mistake before slapping it down on the side table. He stood up and crossed his arms over his chest, glaring at Jake before huffing, “Well maybe I was just trying to get a better view of one of those hunky ball players.”

Jake rubbed the back of his neck to relieve some of the tension from the long drive before slowly approaching his partner. “Listen, if you don’t want to tell me that’s okay. I just don’t like to see you this upset.”

Miguel took a step back and kept the glare on his face even though he wanted nothing more than to sink into the welcoming warmth of his partner’s arms. He met Jake’s eyes, responding in a voice that was clearly an octave higher than his normal one. “What makes you think I’m upset? Do I look like I’m upset?”

“Yes, actually; you look like you’re about to blow a gasket.”

“You think you know everything! You think you can solve all the world’s problems! Big, bad Jake to the rescue. Well you can’t solve everything! You’re not God, you know!”

Jake’s eyes went wide as he watched Miguel waving his arms around before he practically yelled, “What the hell is going on, mouse?”

Miguel didn’t know whether it was the concerned look on his partner’s face, the ache he could plainly hear in Jake’s voice, or the use of his scene name, but he felt the tear slide down his cheek and couldn’t seem to stop his hands from trembling. He looked away from Jake and mumbled, “I don’t want you to hate me.”

Jake stepped forward quickly and wrapped his arms around Miguel’s quaking figure. “I could never hate you, mouse.”

Miguel turned his face and pressed it against Jake’s neck, breathing in the familiar scent of his Master as he tried to calm the tidal wave of emotions that were threatening to break him. “There’s something I need to tell you and I don’t know how you’re going to react.”

Jake’s entire body stiffened for a fraction of a second. It was almost a sense of déjà vu that invaded his mind. The last time he’d heard words like that had been when sunshine wanted to explain that he needed to end their relationship. Was Miguel about to do the same thing? He didn’t think Miguel had any interest in being a Dom, but maybe he’d found someone else he’d rather sub for. Jake swallowed hard and gently ran his fingers through Miguel’s soft curls. He couldn’t quite remember it hurting this much when sunshine had said those words. How was he going to survive if his little mouse was about to run away? “You can tell me anything, mouse, anything at all. Even if you think it’ll hurt me.”

Miguel nodded against Jake's neck and whispered, "I don't want to hurt you."

Jake closed his eyes and tightened his hold on Miguel, his greatest fear just being confirmed. He'd get through this for his boy. After all, he only wanted what was best for Miguel. He bit down on the inside of his mouth until the coppery taste of his blood bathed his tongue. He kissed the top of Miguel's head. "Hey. I'm a big boy remember? I can handle anything you say to me."

Miguel reached up to slide his fingers through Jake's hair, keeping his face pressed against his Master's neck. "That's not true. I know that's not true. You keep everything closed off from the rest of the world, but you could never do that with me. I know you, remember?"

Jake nodded. "Yeah, you always could see through my bullshit. None of that matters right now, though. You need to tell me what's bothering you."

Miguel pulled away from Jake and held on to both his hands. "I think I fell in lust with you the first time I saw you."

Jake grinned and tightened his fingers around Miguel's. "You were something that night."

Miguel lifted his head and looked into Jake's eyes. "At the time, that was the greatest night of my life. Unfortunately, it was also the worst."

Jake's eyes clouded over for a second. "Why? I thought we had a great time."

"We did have a great time. We had an amazing time. I guess that's what made it so hard on me." Miguel smiled a little sadly.

"What do you mean?"

"Ah hell, Jake. I'd just lost my parents and found the man of my dreams, only to discover that he belonged to someone else and I could never have him."

Jake looked at Miguel with an almost goofy grin. "Man of your dreams, huh?"

Miguel rolled his eyes. "Is that the only thing I've said that you heard?"

"It's the best part of what you said." Jake shrugged.

"Yes, I'd found the man who was perfect for me in every way and he belonged to my friend. I left that night thinking that I'd reached the pinnacle and nothing was ever going to compare."

"Naturally you felt that way. This is me we're talking about."

Miguel couldn't help it; he laughed softly. "Only you could make me laugh at a time like this."

"Come on, mouse. Tell me what's bothering you." Jake pulled Miguel onto his lap.

Miguel took a deep breath. "After I left you that night, I went home and tried to kill myself."

Miguel shook his head. “No! That’s what I don’t want you to think. I was feeling sorry for myself and wishing you were with me. What I did wasn’t your fault. I was just in a bad place and I fucked up. I spent some time in a hospital and I can honestly say that I’ll never do anything like that again.”

“Brian’s lawyer, Cole, came around to get some answers about that time in my life. He seems to think it could be brought up at the trial and I just didn’t want you to be blindsided.” Miguel broke eye contact.

“You don’t think I’m weak and pathetic?”

Miguel leaned into Jake and laughed, really laughed, for the first time since he'd started worrying about telling his partner about his suicide attempt. "I tell you that I tried to kill myself and you insult my wardrobe."

Miguel turned and put his arms around Jake's neck and grinned. "I never thought of it that way, but you're right; I do scare a lot of people."

Miguel laughed and leaned in to kiss Jake, stopping just before their lips met. “What do you say to me terrifying you right now?”

~\*\*~\*\*~\*\*~\*\*~\*\*~\*\*Brian and Justin's Loft~\*\*~\*\*~\*\*~\*\*~\*\*~\*\*

“Did you have fun tonight?” Justin tossed his jacket across the back of the sofa.



Brian picked up Justin's coat and hung it neatly on the coat rack along with his. "What? You couldn't tell? I think you're slipping."

Justin chuckled. "Always the smartass."

Brian grinned and looked at his partner. "Takes one to know one."

"Now you're just being pertinacious with your childish behavior," replied Justin.

Brian raised his eyebrow. "And you're very perspicacious."

Justin laughed. "I guess I wasn't the only one who scored geek on my SATs."

"I'll have you know that I was neither a geek nor a nerd. I was simply a very intelligent and gorgeous jock." Brian flexed his arm to show off his muscles.

Justin gripped Brian's arm feeling his muscle. "You're my big, strong jock."

"Does that make you my little geeky nerd?" asked Brian.

Justin pulled Brian's head down and whispered just before their lips touched, "Whatever floats your boat."

They slowly made their way toward the bedroom while continuing to kiss and fondle one another. They were making a game out of who could get their clothes off the quickest without breaking their kiss. Brian finally reached the bed completely naked. "I win!"

Justin's eyes traveled over Brian's long lean body and clouded over with desire. "Wrong, I win."

# Alex's Agony

## Chapter Summary

Sequel to Leather Bound and it would make more sense if you read LB first. We revisit the gang about a year after LB ended. Brian and Justin are settling into their new life together with family and friends. However, not everyone is happy with Brian's new life.

Justin pushed Brian back onto the bed and followed him, quickly straddling his partner's legs and looking down with a predatory smirk on his face. "Ha! I told you. I win."

Brian grabbed Justin's wrists and arched his back, flipping them over until he was lying on top. He wiggled his hips spreading the rock hard thighs that were still wrapped securely around him and pinned Justin's hands. "Now who's winning?"

Justin lifted his hips and rubbed his aching erection against Brian's, moaning softly. "As you can plainly see...I am."

"But I'm on top." Brian's eyes were full of laughter.

Justin rolled his eyes. "Pffft. Like that really matters. I'll still be receiving pleasure from one of the hottest guys around."

"Damn! I hate it when you're right. Unfortunately, I can't fuck myself so I'll have to settle for you." Brian leaned down and gently bit Justin's neck.

Justin made a show of fighting against Brian's hold on him. "Settle? Settle?! I'll show you settle!"

"That's right. Fight me. It'll be all the more satisfying to me when I render you a quivering mass of sexually gratified flesh."

Justin stopped his half-hearted attempts at struggling and burst into gales of loud laughter. "What the fuck did you just say?"

Brian snorted and tried not to laugh himself. Instead, he continued to lick and suck around Justin's neck and down across the smooth skin of the still vibrating chest, latching onto a nipple as he attempted to stop the younger man's laughter.

Justin made a little hissing sound as he felt the sharp tug of Brian's teeth on his right nipple. He quickly slid his fingers through his boy's silky hair and gave a gentle tug, pulling Brian's head up until he could nibble, lick and suck on those lips that drove him to distraction. After spending some time toying with Brian's bottom lip, he pushed his tongue inside... sliding, circling, sucking, conquering and being conquered.

Brian broke the kiss and grabbed Justin's hands, pinning them to the mattress once again. "Not this time. I'm in charge and you'll just have to live with it."

Justin lifted his hips and thrust up against Brian. “What? Do you think I can’t handle it?”

“I know you can.” Brian kissed Justin’s mouth hard with a ferocity that bordered on cruel, using his teeth and tongue as weapons to declare his dominance.

Justin moaned, allowing Brian's tongue to ravage his mouth without conceding defeat in any way. He lifted his legs, wrapping them more securely around his partner's waist and squeezed.

Brian lifted his head and stared into Justin's eyes. He never let his gaze falter as he lubed up his fingers and gently probed, pressing into that tight, hot channel that would soon welcome his length. He quickly added a second then third finger barely giving Justin time to adjust before pulling his fingers free. Quickly rolling the condom on and positioning himself, he looked up and gasped, "You ready?"

“Fuck me,” growled Justin as he pushed his hips down in an attempt to meet Brian’s thrust.

Brian gripped Justin's thighs tightly and thrust forward, moaning as nearly half his length sank inside. He paused for a moment to give both Justin and himself time to adjust before groaning, "Bossy little bottom, aren't you?"

Justin reached down between their bodies to stroke his aching dick, gasping as he felt Brian slide deeper. “Who’re you calling little? And I’m always bossy!”

Brian grunted and started thrusting his hips faster, angling for that bundle of nerves he knew would give his partner pleasure. “Ummm, not gonna last long.”

“Me either,” Justin gasped as he stroked his hand, matching Brian’s thrusts. He squeezed his eyes shut and bit his lip as bright lights flashed behind his eyelids while his body jerked and trembled through his orgasm.

Brian thrust a couple more times, feeling the muscles clenching him tightly before throwing his head back and groaned almost silently as his body quaked in release. He collapsed on top of Justin gasping to get enough air. "I've still got it."

Justin hugged Brian tightly and laughed. “What ever made you think you’d lost it?”

Brian rose up as he felt his cock slide out and removed the condom, disposing of it before pulling Justin into his arms. “Nothing. I was just stating a fact.”

~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~Alex and Chris's House~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*

Chris unlocked the door and entered the house he shared with Alex. He'd had a long day and wanted to kick back and relax. He deposited his briefcase near the door, hung his jacket in the hall closet and walked into the living room. He was momentarily stunned by the ethereal

beauty of his partner. It took him a moment to regain his senses enough to allow him to slowly walk around the vision that always sparked his most debauched fantasies.

His boy's luxurious mane was hanging loosely around his bowed head, hiding his face completely. The black leather collar contrasted with his pale skin, making it clearly visible and terribly sensual. It never ceased to amaze him how his body reacted to the sight of Alex. It didn't matter if his boy was dressed in a suit, tight leather pants, or simply sporting his birthday suit. One would think that a naked body would be more visually erotic, but with Alex, it seemed that even wearing clothes he exuded sensuality to the point of making him irresistible.

Chris felt himself hardening to the point that he had to press against his pants in order to relieve some of the pressure. His eyes roamed over Alex's body and his breathing escalated with every image that flashed through his mind. He could clearly visualize his boy laid out in front of him, tied and completely helpless, begging him to touch, feel, taste, take, own. He reached out and slid his fingers through the mass of golden hair, biting back a moan as the silken strands caressed his fingers.

When he felt Alex tilt his head and press against his hand, he was once again humbled by the trust and faith his boy had in him. The soft little sounds that were emanating from Alex's throat only added to the fire that was surging through his body and centering between his legs in an almost painful way.

His fingers tightened, pulling Alex's head back so he could gaze down into those expressive green eyes. When he noticed the glistening quality and the pain buried in their depths, he sucked in a harsh breath and felt his arm tremble. He finally broke eye contact and saw the whip curled up next to his boy's knee. What had happened to cause this? He knew it had to be bad. The whip was evidence of Alex's overwhelming emotional state even if his eyes weren't expressive enough to reveal the haunted sadness of the situation. "What happened, halfling?"

Alex tried to shake his head as his tongue snuck out to lick across his bottom lip. There just weren't words to describe how he was feeling inside. He needed Chris to make things okay. It was like this huge ball of despair was sitting on his shoulders and he needed Chris to bring him back from the brink of oblivion. He felt empty, hollow, and devoid of anything remotely resembling happiness. "I need... Please, Master. Make it stop."

Chris watched as a lone tear escaped and slid down Alex's pale cheek. He swallowed hard as the familiar fear invaded his heart. Some unknown event had brought the monster back full force and he knew if something didn't happen quick, he'd once again lose his boy to the pain that seemed to constantly smolder just beneath the surface. His long fingers slid down to cup Alex's face. "What do you need?"

Alex closed his eyes tightly unable to bear the fear and helplessness he'd seen in Chris's eyes. He hated it! He hated being this weak and needy. He loathed himself for once again giving in to the demons that seemed to constantly hound his every step. Would he ever truly be free of the shadows that lurked just beyond his consciousness, taunting him with all his failures and short comings? Would he ever be worthy of this man who gladly fought the darkness that threatened to suck him into the abyss? "Make it stop. Please just make it stop."

Chris closed his eyes for a second and took a deep breath to steady his nerves. He knew what his boy needed and unfortunately it was something he loathed and was impossible for him to give...at least on the level he felt Alex expected. Years of experience had taught him the only way to defeat this particular demon was for him to remain strong and appear unaffected. He knew anything else would look like pity to Alex and his boy didn't react well at all to that particular emotion. He slid his fingers back through the blond hair and tightened them, giving an almost brutal tug. He licked his lips and his voice sounded harsh and cruel to his own ears. "You want me to stop you from feeling sorry for yourself?"

Alex whimpered as his body reacted to the vicious timber of Chris's voice. He bit his bottom lip, trying to gain more control over his emotions. "I just don't want you to hate me."

Chris felt his heart constrict at the pain in his partner's voice. He gave Alex's hair another tug, using the same low menacing voice he replied, "I see you aren't feeling sorry for yourself at all. You've just lost your mind. I could never hate you."

Alex opened his eyes and looked up into Chris's. "I lied to you. I've never told you the whole story about my past."

Chris felt something squeezing his heart painfully and tried to keep a look of indifference on his face as he tried to control his breathing. "Did you lie to me or just forget to mention something?"

"I never told you who abused me." The barely audible words tumbled from his boy's lips.

"So you lied to me by omission?"

Alex tried to nod his head, but the firm grip on his hair prevented any such movement so he whispered in a broken voice, "Yes, Master."

Chris had suspected for years that there was more to the story than his boy had revealed but he'd figured Alex would tell him when he was ready. The whip was evidence that this was going to be something horrible or his boy wouldn't have tried to hide it in the first place. He squatted down in front of Alex and used his free hand to cup his boy's cheek. His voice lost the hard edge, softening as he asked, "Will you tell me now?" An eternity passed as he gazed into those glistening, green eyes. He watched as emotion after emotion flashed by...fear, pain, uncertainty, and finally, self loathing.

Alex felt his entire body start to shake as he stared into Chris's eyes. He wanted to look away, but he knew his Master wouldn't allow that. "It was my father."

Chris gritted his teeth and his fingers tightened even more only relaxing when he heard the painful whimper Alex made. Even though he'd suspected something like this, hearing it verified sent a coil of unsuppressed rage through his entire body. How could anyone hurt Alex, especially someone who was supposed to love him unconditionally? He couldn't stop the howl of pain from erupting just before he whispered in a deadly calm voice. "I'll kill the bastard."

A part of Alex was wondering if this would change how Chris felt about him. The fear was a tangible being that seemed to cocoon him. "He's not worth it. Neither am I."

Chris released Alex's hair and stood up abruptly. His fingers curled into his palms as he tried to control the hurt and rage. "Fuck you, Alex! You're the most important thing in my life."

Alex hung his head in shame as he tried to reign in his emotions. He never wanted to hurt Chris with all his fucked up ways. "I'm sorry."

"You have nothing to be sorry for except talking bullshit. Do you really think that little of me?"

Alex's head snapped up and he met Chris's gaze head on. "NO! I think you're the best man I know."

Chris dropped to his knees in front of Alex and cupped both his cheeks. "And you're the best man I know."

Suddenly, there was a bright light eradicating the oppressive darkness. Alex wrapped his arms around Chris's neck and hugged him tightly. He felt light as a feather when he realized he wasn't going to lose his Master's respect. He actually giggled. He needed to lighten the mood, so he leaned back and looked into Chris's eyes, asking, "Does this mean I'm not going to get a spanking?"

# Enough is Enough

## Chapter Summary

Sequel to Leather Bound and it would make more sense if you read LB first. We revisit the gang about a year after LB ended. Brian and Justin are settling into their new life together with family and friends. However, not everyone is happy with Brian's new life.

Miguel sat on the golden chaise lounge and watched Jake pace back and forth. He'd been afraid Jake would blame himself, but his tender ass was more than enough evidence to prove that little theory wrong. No, Jake wasn't at all concerned or worried about Miguel's past actions. He was concerned with only one thing at the moment.

"I don't know who I want to hurt more right now, that fucking lawyer, Cole, or the two bitches of Pittsburgh." Jake ran a hand through his hair for the hundredth time and looked at Miguel. "You tell me who deserves it more."

Miguel smiled up at his partner and leaned forward. "The way I see it—"

"Exactly!" Jake cut off anything else Miguel was going to say. "They all deserve to suffer! No one gets away with hurting my boy...no one!"

"Listen, Jake. I'm not sure that we should interfere—"

"Oh, don't worry, mouse. I'd never do anything to hurt Brian or Justin, but I can't let those people get away with this. You understand, right?"

Miguel sighed. "Jake I think you may be taking this too—"

Once again Jake cut Miguel off. "I think I've been very patient with this situation. I've kept my mouth shut and look what's happened. I think it's time for some action and I don't think I'm the only one that feels that way. I bet Chris is just as pissed off about this as I am."

"I'm sure you're right, Jake."

"You're damn right I'm right! Do those women have any idea who they're messing with? We're Brian's friends and we're not going to sit back and let this continue any longer. Hell, Miguel, you have enough money to crush those cunts all by yourself with no help from anyone." Jake stopped pacing and stood in front of Miguel.

"You're right and I'd be more than happy to—"

"I know you'd do anything you could to help. So would I. Hell, all of us want to help Brian. I'm going to call Chris and Justin. It's time we show everyone what the 'deviants' can do

when we put our minds and our wallets to work.”

Miguel smiled and watched Jake pace, enjoying the way his muscles moved beneath the fabric of his clothing. Jake reminded him of a caged tiger, pacing back and forth growling at the bars that imprisoned him. “I’m sure that both Chris and Justin would love to hear—”

Jake's lips captured Miguel's, cutting off anything else he was saying. After a few moments, a very breathless and smiling Jake whispered, "I love talking to you. You always make everything seem so much easier. Thanks, mouse."

Miguel grabbed the front of Jake's shirt and pulled him back down until their faces were a couple of inches apart. "You realize that I let you get away with this because I know you're only using me as a sounding board, but if you ever treat me this way when I really need to talk to you, I'll cut off a part of your body that you'll miss greatly."

Jake blinked and smiled. “I always listen to you, Miguel, even when you’re not making a sound. As for severing a part of my body, I think you’d miss it too.”

Miguel rolled his eyes and gave Jake's lip a quick little peck. "That's true, but I could always go shopping to lessen the pain."

Jake wrapped his arms around Miguel, squeezing a bit too tightly. “You keep me on my toes, mouse.”

Miguel rubbed his cheek against Jake's shoulder. "And don't you forget it."

“Why don’t I ask Brian and Alex if they want to meet you at the diner? You can keep each other out of trouble while Justin, Chris and I figure out a strategy to settle this whole mess.”

“You do that. Besides, Alex, Brian and I will need time to come up with a plan of our own in case yours doesn’t work.” Miguel winked.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*Liberty Diner 2 Hours Later~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~

Brian walked into the diner, took off his designer sunglasses and looked toward the booth at the back. He sighed when he realized that he'd arrived before Alex and Miguel. With an arrogant smirk on his face, he headed toward his normal booth with a natural swagger, causing more than a few patrons to give him an appreciative stare. After removing his leather jacket and laying it across the back of the booth, he slid into his seat, turning sideways and stretching out his legs to ensure that no one would sit next to him.

The bell over the door tinkled and Brian turned, expecting to see Miguel or Alex, but grimaced when he noticed Mikey, walking straight for his booth. He quickly schooled his features and smirked. “If it isn’t Mikey.”

Michael slid into the booth opposite Brian. “I’m amazed to see you out without your watchdog or your little playmates.”



Brian's eyes hardened as he looked at his childhood friend. "I don't have a watchdog, and I never will."

"Sure you do. That's how everyone sees Justin, but they're just too afraid to tell you." Michael tilted his head and let his eyes roam over Brian's face.

Brian felt his blood start to boil as his temper escalated. He closed his eyes for a second and took a breath, reigning in all those raging emotions. He opened his eyes and looked at Michael, thinking he'd try once more to explain his relationship to Justin. He didn't want to explain anything. He'd never explained himself, and it wasn't something he was comfortable doing, but Justin was always reminding him that people just didn't understand their lifestyle. "Michael, I'd like to explain my relationship to you, if you're willing to listen."

Michael saw the sincerity in Brian's eyes and nodded. "I'm listening."

"Okay, I'll try to explain so you can understand. Do you take care of Ben when he's sick?"

Michael sat up straighter and said in an indignant voice, "Of course I do."

Brian nodded. "Well, Justin takes care of me all the time. He makes sure I eat right, exercise, and sleep, in addition to monitoring my alcohol and drug intake."

"You're a grown man, Brian. I think you're capable of doing all that for yourself."

"Of course I am, but you're missing the point. Okay, let me try to explain this so even you can understand. Do you and Ben argue and hurt each other's feelings?"

"Sure. Every couple argues." Michael frowned.

"No they don't, Michael." Brian paused because he hated saying the word couple. "People disagree about things, but they don't have to argue about them."

"It's the same thing, Brian."

"No it's not, Mikey. Justin and I don't argue."

"I know! He just tells you what to think and what to do and you follow along."

Brian growled in frustration. "He doesn't tell me what to think and he certainly doesn't control my every action. Does the government control every action you take?"

"Hell no!" Michael shook his head.

"Well it sets the laws that we have to live by, and it can certainly punish us if we break any of those laws. In addition, the government has the final say in a lot of legal disputes."

"What the hell has that got to do with what we're talking about, Brian?"

Brian took another breath. "Think of Justin as the government and I'm the voter in a democracy. I have to follow certain laws that Justin imposes, but he has to listen to my

opinion on those laws before hand. Justin wouldn't hold his position unless I gave him the power, and in return, he looks out for my best interest. At least that's supposed to be the job of the government, not that it always works out that way."

Michael shook his head. "It's more like a dictatorship than a democracy."

"I'm never going to get you to understand, am I?" Brian sighed and leaned back.

Michael shifted and leaned farther across the table. "He's brainwashed you, Brian, but you just can't see it. Why else would you give up your family, friends and your son?"

"He didn't give up his family, his friends or his son, you ignorant little shit." Alex leaned against the end of the table with Miguel standing directly behind him. "His so-called family and his fly-by-night friends all abandoned him and are trying to steal his son away."

Miguel stepped around Alex, smiled at Brian and turned to face Michael. "His real family and his real friends are all still standing by his side and we'll fight to make sure he doesn't lose his son."

Brian had been so distracted by his conversation with Michael to notice when Alex and Miguel entered the diner. He quickly moved his legs and slid against the wall giving them both room to sit on his side of the table.

Alex slid in next to Brian, kissing him full on the mouth. "How is my bestest friend, today?"

Miguel slid into the booth, shoving Alex against Brian and fluttered his eyelashes. "I thought you were my bestest friend, Brian."

Brian dropped his head into his hands and mumbled, "You guys aren't helping."

Michael glared at both Alex and Miguel. "He's my best friend. Always has been and always will be, right Brian?"

Brian lifted his head and looked up at the ceiling, whispering, "Why me?"

Alex glanced at Brian before returning his attention to Michael. "Oh get a life, Mikey. I've never seen you act like a friend to Brian, especially not his best friend. Now, why don't you run home to Ben so the adults can have serious conversation?"

"Listen, you little shit, I am Brian's best friend and I was here first. If anyone should run it's you." Michael glared at Alex before turning to Brian. "Are you going to let him get away with that?"

"For fuck's sake, Michael. What the hell do you expect me to do about it?" Brian shifted and put his arm around Alex's shoulders.

Alex took full advantage of the new position by leaning in really close and rubbing his cheek against Brian's neck. "If you wanted to cuddle, big guy, all you had to do was ask."

Brian rolled his eyes and lightly smacked the side of Alex's head. "Get off me, munchkin."

“Oh no you didn’t just call me that.” Alex leaned away from Brian’s shoulder. “I’m telling Justin that you hurt my feelings.”

“As if,” Brian stated as he wiggled his eyebrows.

“So this is how it’s going to be?” Michael slammed his hand down on the table. “You’re going to forget about your entire life before you met these freaks?”

Miguel fluttered his eyelashes, placed a hand over his heart and exclaimed in his most camp voice, “I do declare! I’m so honored to have reached freak status in the eyes of someone as unimportant as you Mr. Novotny.”

Michael slid out of the booth and crossed his arms over his chest. “I should have known you wouldn’t listen to reason, Brian. You’re going to lose your son because you hang around with these people, but do you care? No, not ‘I only care about what my dick wants’ Brian Kinney.”

Brian looked up at Michael and said in a deadly soft voice, “I know the wicked bitch of the west is carrying your spawn and you feel that you have to stay in her good graces, but I don’t care who I have to hurt when it comes to fighting for my son. So if you get in my way, Mikey, I’ll crush you. Have I made myself clear?”

“I know you have a lot of money and power, Brian, but money isn’t everything.”

Brian pushed his tongue into his cheek and blinked his eyes a couple of times. “You’re right. Money isn’t everything, but it certainly makes things easier, and I’ll spend every last dime I have to make sure no one takes my son away from me. So you run back and report that.”

Miguel leaned forward so he could look into Michael’s eyes. “And while you’re reporting that, make sure you inform the girls that Brian has the entire Barton family fortune backing him as well.”

Alex nodded his head. “Yeah, and he has the entire Glaser family fortune backing him as well.”

Miguel turned and looked at Alex, mouthing, “The entire Glaser family fortune?”

Alex rolled his eyes and shrugged. “I was feeling left out.”

“Whatever,” Michael huffed. “Just don’t come crawling to me when all this blows up in your face, Brian. I tried to help you. Just remember that.” He turned and stalked out of the diner.

As soon as Michael was out of the restaurant, Miguel threw his head back and laughed. “Entire Glaser family fortune. That’s rich, Alex.”

Alex huffed, “I may not have as much money as you, but I can call my meager wealth the ‘Glaser family fortune’ if I want.”

# The Confrontation

## Chapter Summary

Sequel to Leather Bound and it would make more sense if you read LB first. We revisit the gang about a year after LB ended. Brian and Justin are settling into their new life together with family and friends. However, not everyone is happy with Brian's new life.

While his boy was off making plans with Brian and Alex, Jake sat outside Mel and Lindsay's house waiting for Chris and Justin to arrive. A part of him wanted to march right in there and tell them exactly how it was going to be...no questions asked; however, he'd learned to control his impulses when needed. He'd spent half an hour on the phone with Justin and Chris, so he knew the plan and his part in it. He'd just have to bite his tongue and follow Justin's lead.

He was startled out of his reverie when his car door opened and Chris climbed in beside him. "Fuck, Chris!"

Chris laughed when he saw his friend jump. "Hey, you knew we were coming. What's got you so jumpy?"

"I. Am. Not. Jumpy!"

Chris nodded. "Right. Do you always attempt to make a sunroof on your car whenever the passenger door is opened?"

Jake glared at him and growled, "I did no such thing. Are you sure you don't need to see an eye specialist?"

"I see one every single day...when I look in the mirror."

Jake saw Justin's car pull up and park. When Justin looked and nodded his head, both Jake and Chris got out of the car to follow him up the steps. They all huddled on the porch as Justin's rang the doorbell.

Lindsay opened the door and glared at Justin. "We told you that we didn't have anything to say to you, so just leave."

Justin smiled brightly. "You don't have to say anything; you just need to listen."

Melanie walked up behind Lindsay. "Let them in. I'm very interested in what they have to say. I wouldn't mind the opportunity of taking them all to court for harassment."

Justin tipped his head at Melanie. "I'm hoping we can all come to a mutually beneficial decision without involving the courts."

"Oh this I have to hear." Melanie stepped back and motioned with her arm for them to enter.

The three men walked quietly into the house and sat in the living room.

"Say what you have to say and get out." Melanie glared at each one of them.

Justin leaned forward and looked directly into Melanie's eyes. "I understand that the reason you feel the need to keep Gus away from Brian is because of our lifestyle. While I find it extremely narrow-minded of you, and I can see how something like this could scare you, you have to know that it isn't in Gus's best interests."

"Are you saying that we don't know what's best for our own son?" asked Lindsay.

"Not at all, Lindsay. I know that you think you're doing the right thing, but we both know that you don't really want to exclude Brian from Gus's life."

"So now you're professing to know how Lindsay feels, is that right?" Melanie leaned back and rolled her eyes.

"I know that she took Gus to see Brian at Kinnetik. I know that she told Brian if he would end our relationship, she'd drop all the court proceedings." Justin looked directly into Mel's eyes.

Melanie turned and looked at Lindsay with a shocked expression. "You did what?!"

Lindsay looked at her hands and fidgeted. "I was only trying to stop all this insanity before it got out of hand."

"Exactly! That's what I'm trying to do." Justin nodded and smiled at Lindsay.

"How could you, Lindz? You realize that you broke the restraining order. How could you be so stupid?" Melanie waved her hands in front of Lindsay's face.

Lindsay bit her lip as tears pooled in her eyes. "I was only trying to help."

Justin nodded at Lindsay. "That's the very reason we're here. Brian is our family, so that makes you part of our family as well, and we take care of our own."

Melanie turned and glared at Justin. "Just what the hell is that supposed to mean?"

Justin took a deep breath. "It's no secret that you're having some financial problems, especially since Brian has only been paying the minimal amount required for child support. I was amazed when I went over his records and found out just how much money he's given you; money you both know that he wasn't required to give."

Melanie snarled, "We don't need his money."

“Oh, I think you do. Who do you think has been paying your OB-GYN bills, Melanie?”

Melanie’s eyes went round. “I thought Michael was paying for that.”

Justin shook his head. “No, Michael asked Brian to help out. Brian has been the one paying all those bills.”

Melanie collapsed back on the couch and rubbed her temples. “So, he’s been paying for all my appointments and medication?”

Justin nodded. “I’ll be honest with you. I told him to stop paying for all that. I mean, you are trying to take his child away from him. If it were up to me, he’d have stopped paying you a cent until this was all settled, but he said he couldn’t because he’d promised Michael.”

“I’m going to fucking kill Michael.” Melanie dropped her face into her hands and mumbled, “I’ll just get another doctor.”

Lindsay turned and grabbed Melanie’s shoulder. “No! You can’t do that. With all the problems you’ve had, you need to see the best doctor.”

“And there’s absolutely no reason for you to have to change doctors.” Justin nodded in Melanie’s direction. “As I said, you’re family and we take care of our own.”

Melanie dropped her hands and glared at Justin. “So, this is what this little visit is all about. You’re here to coerce us into dropping the custody case.”

Justin chuckled. “Melanie, how in the world am I coercing you? Brian has no legal obligation to help you. He does it because he thinks of you as part of his family, and since you’re part of his family, that makes you part of our family.”

“Right! So if I want to continue seeing my doctor, all I have to do is drop the custody battle.” Melanie shook her head in disgust.

“I’m not telling you to drop anything. We’re just having a friendly conversation, and I’m pointing out a few things that you may not have thought through.” Justin tilted his head.

“Just get to the fucking point,” growled Melanie.

Jake stiffened and leaned forward, but Chris put a hand on his shoulder and shook his head.

“I believe this is all just a misunderstanding, and I’m willing to admit to my part. I never made it my priority to get to know you, and I certainly didn’t make it a priority to allow you the opportunity to get to know me. I breezed into your lives with no thought as to how my relationship with Brian would affect his family, but I’d like the chance to rectify that.” Justin looked from Melanie to Lindsay. “I think we could all learn to accept one another if we worked together. After all, we only want what’s best for Gus.”

Melanie shook her head. “How can you possibly have room in your life for a child? I don’t want my son exposed to all that sick shit.”

Jake growled low in his throat and Chris nudged his shoulder, whispering, “Just hold it together a little longer.”

Justin held his hands out. “Melanie, do I look all that different from any other guy? I’m not sure what you think my lifestyle is like, but I can assure you that I don’t go around carrying a whip. I’m just like you. I get up in the morning, eat breakfast, go to work, visit friends, and come home. I just enjoy spicing up my sex life. Please tell me how, exactly, does that hurt Gus? It’s not like Brian and I would ever have sex in front of him.”

“You people are freaks and no child should be exposed to that.”

“What the fuck?!” Jake exploded, leaning forward to stand. Chris grabbed his shoulder and had to physically pull him back onto the couch.

Justin took a calming breath. “I’m sure all those homophobic assholes out there think they’re also right when they say, ‘Queers shouldn’t be allowed anywhere near a child,’ huh?”

Melanie blinked in shock. “Are you comparing me to those people?”

“Yes, I am. Look at what you’re doing here. You’ve made up your mind about my life with no factual knowledge and decided that I’m too freakish to be around your child. How is that any different from what those homophobic idiots are spouting?”

“I never...I mean...it’s just that...Oh God!” Melanie looked at Lindsay. “He’s right.”

“Chris, Jake and I were talking about this before we came over. Regardless of what you two decide, we wanted to give some things to Gus.”

“What sort of things?” Lindsay asked.

“Well, I’d like to pay off this house. It’s Gus’s home after all.” Justin smiled.

“I knew it! You’re trying to bribe us.” Melanie shook her finger in Justin’s face.

Justin sighed. “I’m not trying to bribe you. I just told you that no matter what you decide, I’m doing this for Gus, so this has nothing to do with whether or not you take Brian to court.”

Chris sat forward and looked at the girls. “Alex and I would like to set up a college fund for Gus.”

Jake gritted his teeth and cleared his throat. He looked at Melanie and tried to keep his face neutral. “Miguel and I would like to pay for him to go to the very best private schools. Of course you two would decide which ones. We’d also cover all costs for uniforms, computers, supplies and anything else he would need.”

Justin nodded. “And, of course, Brian would continue to pay child support and all of your medical bills for the new baby.”

Chris shifted forward. “Actually, Alex and I could set up a college fund for the new baby as well. This child will be Gus’s brother or sister, so it’s only fair.”

Jake looked at Chris like he'd lost his mind, but Chris only nodded toward the girls. After a brief hesitation, Jake faced Melanie. "Yes, and we'd also be willing to finance the new baby's schooling."

Lindsay looked over the three men with a shocked expression on her face. "Why are you offering to do this?"

"Because you're family," stated Justin.

Melanie looked into Justin's eyes. "So, you will do all this even if we continue with the custody case?"

All three men nodded and Jake leaned over the coffee table. "If you decide to continue with the custody battle, we won't take any of these things away from the children, but you can bet every last penny you'll ever hope to earn in your lifetimes that we'll fight with everything we have to ensure that Brian doesn't lose his son."

Melanie grinned at Jake. "You don't pull any punches, do you?"

Jake tilted his head to the side and smiled at Melanie. "Not when it comes to the people I care about."

"Listen, Gus's birthday is next weekend. If it's okay with you two, I'd like to hire Emmett to plan a party for him. You can decide on what you'd like to do, but I would like Brian to be able to attend. Normally, I wouldn't do this, but I'll agree to stay away if you'll allow Brian to spend some time with his son."

Lindsay sat forward. "Well, if you're offering to stop seeing Brian, we don't have a problem at all."

Justin glared at Lindsay. "I'm not offering to stop seeing Brian. That isn't going to happen any time soon. I was offering not to attend the party."

Chris stood up and tugged Jake to his feet. "I think we've taken enough of your time. We'll have our lawyer contact you with the paperwork for the college funds."

Justin stood and looked down at the girls. "I'm willing to do whatever I can to make sure Brian has the opportunity to be a part of his son's life, but I'm not willing to walk away from him. Are we clear?"

Melanie stood and led the way to the door, opening it. Chris and Jake nodded as they left the house, but she put her hand on Justin's arm. "I think I was wrong about you, and I just wanted to thank you for thinking of this child." She rubbed her hand over her stomach.

"This child will be a part of our family, so of course I'll look out for him or her."

"I think Lindsay and I have a lot of things to talk about."

Justin smiled and walked out to join Chris and Jake.





# Tides Turn

## Chapter Summary

Sequel to *Leather Bound* and it would make more sense if you read LB first. We revisit the gang about a year after LB ended. Brian and Justin are settling into their new life together with family and friends. However, not everyone is happy with Brian's new life.

Melanie walked into Kinnetik with a determined look on her face. It'd been three days since she'd had the visit from Brian's friends. She was still dubious about exposing her son to Brian's new life style, but she'd done a lot of thinking and finally concluded that she couldn't continue with the custody battle. Make no mistake, she still held a lot of resentment for Brian Kinney and she hated that she felt obligated to him, but under the circumstances, she'd have to try and make peace with the man.

She walked past the receptionist, ignoring the woman's questions about who she was here to see. After stepping around some men carrying large boards, she made her way towards Brian's office. Not bothering to knock, she opened the door and entered, spotting Brian sitting behind his desk. "I need to talk to you."

When he lifted his head, she was shocked to see a real smile on his face, not a forced or fake smile, and it certainly wasn't one of his smirks. Of course, it didn't last long when he realized who'd entered his office.

She watched as he straightened in his chair and hated the way his eyes, which only a moment ago had been filled with warmth and laughter, but were now cold and hard, swept over her with such an air of disdain.

"What can I do for you, Miss Marcus?"

She gritted her teeth for a moment. God, she hated his superior tone and the way it made her feel inferior. He wasn't better than she was by anyone's standards, but he'd always had this way of looking at her that made her feel like scum beneath his shoes. She cleared her throat. "Your little friends paid me and Lindsay a visit the other day."

She noticed how he stiffened and watched as he placed the folder he'd been looking at on the corner of his immaculate desk. His perfectly manicured nails made little strumming noises as his fingers drummed on the glass desktop. If she hadn't known better, she would have sworn he was nervous.

"I know, and I'm not happy about it. I'm perfectly capable of handling my own affairs, but I assure you, they were only doing what they thought was best for Gus."

Melanie raked a hand through her cropped hair and moved closer to the desk. Her back was killing her, so she sat down in the plush chair across from him. "I'm not here to bitch about their visit; I'm here to get some answers from you."

She watched his left eyebrow arch up and his cheek puff out a bit. He was obviously pushing his tongue against the side of his mouth...just another of his traits that annoyed the hell out of her.

"Just exactly what answers do I owe you?"

She bit her bottom lip. There it was again. That fucking superior, know-it-all tone he seemed to reserve especially for people that didn't measure up. Her fingers curled, and she felt her nails biting into her palms. "I want to know why you're paying all my medical bills." There she'd gotten that out without sneering too badly.

She watched him lean back in his chair and turn a bit to the side. His eyes never left hers, and she hated the feeling of shame that washed over her, making her want to look anywhere but into those glinting hazel eyes.

His head tilted to the side as he studied her. He sucked his bottom lip between his teeth for a moment and leaned forward, clasping his hands together on the desk.

"Michael asked me to."

Melanie took a deep breath. The bastard just wasn't going to make this easy for her. "I know that, but why did you agree to do it, especially considering what was going on?"

There was that smirk. Her fingers tightened so much that she knew she'd have marks on her palms when this was over. She'd promised herself that no matter what he said or did, she wouldn't succumb to her basic instincts.

"You mean considering that you and the woman you're married to were trying to make sure I couldn't see my son again?"

She forced her fingers to uncurl and rubbed her palms along her denim clad legs. "Something like that."

She watched as the smirk disappeared and he regarded her with a look that clearly was reserved for people he hated or at the very least, disliked intensely.

"That baby had nothing to do with what's going on. I can't hold the child responsible simply because it was unfortunate enough to have you as a mother. Besides, that's Mikey's baby, too."

Melanie couldn't help but notice the way his voice became softer when he mentioned Michael. "Yes it is, but Michael took our side in the custody issue. So, again I ask...why?"

"I don't have to explain myself to you. I did a favor for a friend...that's all. I don't know what you've cooked up in that little head of yours, but I wasn't trying to make you feel

obligated so you'd drop the custody case. I consider Mikey my family, even if he does act like a fucking jackass."

Melanie nodded her head. It was true. He'd paid for her expenses just because he'd been asked. A small part of her had hoped to discover some underhanded reasoning to his gesture, but she couldn't mistake the honesty in his eyes. "Listen, Brian. I'm not going to pretend that I'm okay with whatever it is that you're doing, but I'm sick of all this shit. I talked it over with Lindsay, and we're willing to sign papers, stating that you can have Gus every other weekend, most of the summer, and we'll share major holidays. And while I'm being so honest, I just wanted to say that I'm sorry I ever doubted your devotion to Gus."

If she'd had any lingering doubts about her decision, they disappeared as soon as she saw the smile that lit up his face for a moment before he could school his features back into that cold mask. This was just another reason for her to hate him. She couldn't stand the fact that they were more alike than she'd ever be willing to admit.

"I'll have my lawyer write up the papers and get them to you as soon as possible."

She smiled at him, hoping he didn't think she was making fun of him. "I won't change my mind, but the sooner this is over, the better it will be for everyone."

Melanie gave a quick nod of her head, stood and headed for the door. She gasped when she felt his hand on her shoulder. After an awkward moment, she felt his hand drop and she turned to face him. "Yes?"

This time he did look nervous and a bit unsure of himself as he shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

"I was just wondering. After the baby's born. Maybe he or she could stay with me and Justin sometime. I mean when we have Gus."

Her eyes widened and she shook her head. "Why the hell would you want to do that? This child is nothing to you."

She watched as his head dropped and he shoved his hands into his pockets. She almost didn't hear the softly whispered words.

"It could have been."

"What? What are you talking about?"

She watched as he raised his head and once again met her eyes.

"I could have been the father of this baby if I hadn't been such a bastard."

Nothing he could have said would have affected her more. She was so shocked it took her a moment to reply. "Well... It's not really up to me, but I'll talk to Lindsay and Michael. I think we can work something out."

He nodded and pulled the door open for her. She gave a little shake of her head and walked past him. As if she hadn't been shocked enough for one day, he had to have that one parting shot that left her feeling a bit gutted.

“Thank you, Melanie. I really appreciate this.”

She was too astounded to do more than nod her head and quickly walked out. Who the fuck was that and what the hell had he done with Brian Kinney?

As soon as Melanie was out of the office, Brian buzzed Cynthia. “I’m taking the rest of the day off. Handle everything.”

“Sure thing, Boss. Anything else I can do?”

“Yeah. Call Justin and tell him we’re celebrating tonight.”

Cynthia watched him grab his briefcase and coat, practically jogging out of the building. She turned and looked at Ted. “I’d say someone is in for a fun evening.”

“Lucky bastard,” Ted answered with a big smile.

~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~WebDom Offices~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~\*~

Brian walked into WebDom like he owned the place. He gave a little wave to Daphne and continued towards Justin's office. As he passed the board room, he heard Justin's voice, changed directions, and walked into room. He grinned because he was behind Justin who seemed to be having a staff meeting. He held a finger in front of his lips, signaled for everyone to be quiet, crept up behind Justin, wrapped his arms around the solid chest he loved to lay his head on every night, and whispered, "Melanie came by the office and said they're dropping the custody case."

Justin spun around in Brian's arms, made an undignified squealing sound and attacked Brian's lips. The room exploded with whistles and catcalls. Justin finally broke the kiss and turned to his staff, announcing, "We just got some really great news, so I'm taking the rest of the day off to celebrate." He grabbed Brian's hand and pulled him out of the room, hearing even more whistles from his staff.

“I can’t believe Melanie agreed to drop the case.” Justin was smiling and practically jumping at Brian’s side.

“Neither can I, but I’m so glad it’s over.” Brian smiled and kissed Justin’s lips gently. “I think I owe some people a huge thank you.”

Justin wiggled his eyebrows. “Well, I know how you can thank me.”

“Is that right?”

Justin nodded his head and ran a hand across Brian's chest, down over his stomach and stopped at his waist band. "Yeah, I believe I can think of something I want really, really badly."

Brian sucked air into his lungs, making a little gasping sound. "Will I be expected to thank the others in the same fashion?"

Justin tilted his head and grinned evilly. "Oh, I don't know. You might enjoy it."

"I know I would. Chris is hot."

"So is Jake," replied Justin with a wink.

Brian winced and bit his bottom lip. "I guess he could be found slightly attractive if he wasn't such an asshole."

Justin slapped Brian's shoulder. "Hey! That's my friend you're talking about. Besides, I thought you two had settled your differences."

Brian smirked. "Oh, we have. I'm even willing to admit that I like the guy, but less is more when dealing with Jake."

Justin laughed as they headed through the back door that led into the garage. "I'm sure he'd be ecstatic to learn that you felt so highly of him."

Brian snorted. "I bet, but I'm sure he thinks just as highly of me."

Justin unlocked his Mustang and opened Brian's door. "Enough about Jake, I want to talk about how you can repay me."

Brian slid into the car. "I'm all ears. How can I serve you, Master?"

Justin winked and closed the car door, walking around and climbing in behind the steering wheel. "What I have in mind involves a lot of water, bubbles and friction."

Brian licked his lips and ran a hand up Justin's thigh. "I love having sex in the shower."

Justin put his arm around Brian's shoulders, pulling him close. "I love having sex in the shower too, but that's not what I had in mind as your repayment."

Brian leaned back and looked into Justin's eyes. "The hot tub works just as well."

Justin laughed. "The hot tub is more than wonderful, but I was thinking that you could..." He paused and licked his lips.

"What?" Brian gasped as images of what they could do in warm soapy water ran through his head.

Justin leaned closer until his lips were practically touching Brian's. "I want you to..." He licked Brian's bottom lip.

“What? You want me to what?” Brian was panting and squirming in his seat.

Justin sat up straight in his seat and grinned. “I want you to wash my car.”

# Changing Attitudes

## Chapter Summary

Sequel to Leather Bound and it would make more sense if you read LB first. We revisit the gang about a year after LB ended. Brian and Justin are settling into their new life together with family and friends. However, not everyone is happy with Brian's new life.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Brian gripped the leather tethers attached to his wrist cuffs, pulling so hard his knuckles turned a pasty white. His leg muscles started to spasm from the strain of being pulled up to his chest and spread wide. The dull ache in his back was causing him to squirm in an attempt to find a more comfortable position. His labored breathing almost drowned out the thunderous roar of his pounding heart. Every inch of his skin was tingling from the power of his orgasm, and his inner muscles clenched greedily around the vibrator as it was slowly pulled from his body. When it slipped from his body, he gasped and his body relaxed as his muscles mourned the loss by going slack. He was empty, sore and exhausted.

“God, Brian,” Justin breathed as his eyes slowly raked over Brian’s body. “Do you have any idea what you do to me?”

Brian’s eyelids flickered as he tried to focus on Justin’s face, but he was still lost in his post-coital high, so all he could manage was a soft, “Uh hmm.”

He was about to drift off when his eyes popped open and his body clenched around the hard intruder plunging deep inside him. It was too much. His fingers scrambled to wrap around the tethers, and he pulled with all his strength. He needed to escape the barrage of sensations slamming into his overly sensitized body. “No more. Oh...umm...stop.”

“You can take it, cookie.”

His body was rocked by another brutal plunge. That voice permeated every cell. It was soft and not very authoritative, but he wanted to obey, he needed to obey, so he relaxed, absorbing each overwhelming sensation. All thoughts of saying his safe word vanished as his eyes rolled back from another massive shockwave slamming into him. His skin tingled with little sparks of electricity that caused his body to jerk with each thrust. “Unnnngh”

“Oh fucking hell...yes.” Justin’s cry echoed around the room.

Brian cried out as one last lunge battered against the sensitive spot inside him, panting little groans as his body shook beneath the added weight of Justin’s body. A long, low moan broke the staccato of panting as Justin slipped from Brian’s body.



Another little shiver ran through Brian's body as he felt the cool air brush his sweat dampened skin now devoid of Justin's body heat. He was skirting the edge of darkness as he struggled to stay alert. He moaned as his legs were slowly lowered to the bed and sighed as strong fingers gently worked his sore muscles. His arms were released one by one and got the same gentle massage. He was trying to force his eyelids to open, but they refused to obey, so he was left drifting in this warm haze.

“You were incredible. You are incredible. I’m the luckiest man alive,” Justin panted softly into Brian’s ear.

Brian reached up and pulled Justin onto his chest, squeezing as tightly as his sore arms would allow. “Mmmm too.”

~~~~~Gus's Party~~~~~

Brian looked around the huge big-top tent and blinked. He turned to Justin with his jaw hanging open just a little. “What the fuck?! This is a party for a two year old for fuck’s sake.”

Justin smiled brightly. “I know. Isn’t it great? Oh, and you might want to watch your language.”

Brian pointed to the huge cages. “Those are live tigers...LIVE TIGERS.”

Justin nodded as he shoved another piece of blue cotton candy in his mouth. “Who knew Jake had such connections?”

“I did.” Miguel walked up behind them giving Justin a hug. “He’s been working with tigers for years.”

Justin shook his head. “I never knew that.”

Miguel smiled. “Well, you know Jake. He doesn’t really share much of himself, but I’m nose-ey. He can’t get away with hiding half his life from me.”

As soon as he'd said it, Miguel's face turned a brilliant shade of red. "I'm sorry, Justin. I didn't mean..."

Justin laughed. “It’s alright, Miguel. I know Jake and I never had anything that would compare to what you have with him. I think on some level, I always knew he and I would never work out, so I didn’t bother to dig around in his life too much.”

“I love watching him with the tigers. I was terrified the first time, but he’s so good with them.” Miguel’s eyes followed Jake as he walked between the cages, petting the huge cats.

“This is a party for a two year old.” Brian looked around at all the animals and clowns. “This is an actual circus, not a birthday party.”

Miguel gave Brian a hug. "Relax, handsome. We knew that there would be more adults than kids, so we decided to go with something everyone could enjoy. Besides, it gives Jake an opportunity to spend extra time with his babies."

Brian pinched the bridge of his nose. "I'm in hell."

Justin bumped his shoulder against Brian's. "Loosen up, Brian. This is for Gus, so go get your son and have fun with him."

"He would have had fun with cake and ice cream. He won't even remember this fiasco," mumbled Brian as he walked towards Mel and Lindsay.

"Brian." Melanie nodded.

"Melanie." Brian nodded at her before turning to Lindsay. "So, can I show Gus the tigers?"

Lindsay handed Gus to Brian. "Sure, I'll come with you."

Melanie put her hand on Lindsay's shoulder. "No, you'll stay with me." She turned and looked at Brian. "Be careful with him."

Brian rolled his eyes and looked at Gus with a smile. "I was planning on feeding him to the tigers." Gus gave a squeal of delight and patted his father's cheek. "See. He wants to be tiger food."

"Don't be an ass," Melanie hissed.

"Oh give me a break." Brian shifted Gus to his hip and walked towards the tiger cages.

Jake grinned at Brian and ruffled Gus's hair. "Hi there, little guy. Do you want to see the big kitties?"

Brian's eyebrow rose and he pushed his tongue into his cheek. "Aren't you just too sweet for words, old man?"

Jake mirrored Brian's expression. "One of these days I'm going to show you exactly what this old man can do." He made sure to keep his tone light and made a goofy face at Gus, causing the little boy to clap his hands.

Cole and Todd walked up behind them and Cole snarked, "Nothing turns a couple of fags into big nelly queens quicker than a baby."

Jake turned so Gus couldn't see his face and glared at Cole. "Just who are you calling a nelly queen? Isn't that a bit of the pot calling the kettle black there bud?"

Todd swallowed nervously. "The tigers are beautiful."

Jake looked at Todd and smiled. "Yes they are. Would you like to pet one?"

Todd nodded his head excitedly. "Can I?"

“Sure, follow me.” Jake walked around the cage with Todd following close behind.

Cole rested his arm across Brian’s shoulder as he watched Todd practically skipping along behind Jake. “I got a call from Mel and Lindsay’s lawyer. We’re drawing up joint custody papers for you guys to sign.”

“Justin got tired of waiting around, so he took it upon himself to find a solution.” Brian rubbed his cheek against Gus’s hair.

“I’m glad it all worked out for you, Brian. I’m not even mad about all the money I’m losing.”

Brian laughed. “I think you’ll be well compensated, and I really appreciate you taking the case.”

On the other side of the tent Emmett stepped up onto the little stage and clapped his hands. “Attention everyone. We have the buffet set up, so let’s eat.”

Alex walked up to Brian and Cole, grinning. “Hey, stud. It’s my turn to take Gus.”

Brian kissed the top of Gus’s head. “Suppose I don’t want to share him with you.”

“Well that’s just too da... umm, it’s just too bad. I happen to have a vested interest in the little stud’s future, so hand him over to Uncle Alex.”

“Just when did you become Uncle Alex?”

“When I agreed to pay for half his college education, that’s when. Now hand him over.” Alex reached out and scooped Gus into his arms.

Gus let out a loud giggle and smacked the side of Alex’s face.

“That’s my Sonny Boy,” said Brian with a smirk. “Show Uncle Alex who’s boss.”

Alex rolled his eyes and walked toward the buffet, making goo goo faces at Gus. “Don’t listen to Daddy, Gus. He’s just jealous because Uncle Alex is better looking than he is.”

Brian looked at Cole. “I’m going to go find Justin. I suggest you go rescue your boy before Jake feeds him to a tiger.”

Cole laughed. “Sounds like good advice. I’ll call you on Monday and we’ll get those papers signed.”

Brian nodded and walked towards the buffet, looking for Justin. When he reached the buffet line, he stopped and scanned the crowd, looking for that familiar blond head. He felt arms wrap around him from behind and leaned back a bit. “There you are.”

“You didn’t think you could escape my clutches that easily, did you?”

“No, and I’m not ready to escape your clutches.”

Justin squeezed his arms around Brian a little tighter. “Good. I’m not ready to let you go just yet.”

Brian sighed as he looked around at all his friends enjoying themselves.

“I’m sorry Michael refused to come.” Justin rubbed his hand across Brian’s chest.

“Mikey will come around eventually. He’s just feeling a little left out, and that’s partially my fault. I’m willing to bet Mel chewed him a new asshole over the whole issue of me paying her medical bills, too. I’ll take him to the comic book convention next month and we’ll work things out.”

Justin kissed the side of Brian’s neck. “You’re amazing. You’re always surprising me.”

Brian chuckled and pointed towards Miguel, Chris and Alex. “Would you look at them. I hope someone is taking pictures, because this will make great blackmail material.”

Justin looked at what Brian was pointing at and laughed. “It would be hilarious if their faces froze in those expressions.”

“Check out Jake. I’d never have believed it if I hadn’t seen it with my own eyes. The old man is smitten with my son.”

Justin bit the side of Brian’s neck gently to keep from laughing. “Yeah, I think we all are.”

Brian turned in Justin’s arms and kissed him. “I’m going to go rescue my Sonny Boy before those idiots scar him for life.”

“You better hurry up. I see Ted and Blake heading that way.”

“Oh, hell no. I can’t have my kid exposed to that.” Brian headed off towards the gang of men gathered around Gus.

Justin spotted Melanie and Lindsay standing by the buffet table and joined them. “Hello ladies. I hope you’re enjoying the party.”

Lindsay’s face seemed to pale a bit, but Melanie smiled and answered, “This is more than I was expecting.”

Justin laughed. “Yeah, this is what happens when you tell Emmett not to worry about the cost.” Justin leaned closer and whispered into Melanie’s ear. “Just imagine what it’s going to be like next year. He’ll always be trying to do bigger and better and then when we turn him loose with the new baby’s parties as well...it’s almost too scary to imagine.”

Lindsay stiffened and glared at Justin. “Maybe we don’t want our children’s birthdays turned into some three ring circus.”

Melanie leaned close to Lindsay and growled, “Maybe you need to remember what we talked about.” She turned back to Justin. “Don’t mind Lindsay. She’s dealing with some issues.”

Justin looked into Lindsay's eyes. "We all have issues, but I'm sure we'll be able to work things out in a friendly fashion. After all, I plan on being with Brian for a very long time." He smiled brightly at both of them. "Let's eat."

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~Home Sweet Home~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

When the elevator closed behind them, Brian turned and pushed Justin against the metal doors, kissing him roughly.

Justin wrapped his arms around Brian, holding him tightly and pushed his tongue into Brian's mouth. When they finally broke apart, he gasped, "What did I do to deserve that?"

Brian shook his head and grinned. “Just you being you.”

“Then I’ll definitely have to be me more often.”

Brian sighed and pulled Justin into a hug. “That party was insane.”

“I know, but everyone had a good time.” Justin looked up, meeting Brian’s eyes. “What’s wrong, cookie?”

Brian walked over to the sofa and sat down, pulling Justin down with him. “Nothing is wrong. Everything’s terrific.”

Justin leaned against Brian's side. "But? I feel a but in there somewhere."

Brian looked into Justin's eyes. "I'm not unhappy at all. I just want you to know that. I'm perfectly happy with things staying exactly as they are."

Justin rubbed his hand up Brian's thigh to hide the fact that his hand was trembling. "Just say whatever it is you need to say."

Brian took a deep breath. “How would feel about me learning how to Dom?”

Justin blinked and started to chuckle which quickly turned into a very loud laugh.

Brian frowned and stared at Justin. "I don't think it's funny."

Justin shook his head and bit his lip trying to get himself under control. "I thought you were about to say something bad. I have no problem with you being a Dom."

“You don’t?”

Justin shook his head. “No, I knew you’d eventually get around to asking.”

“So, you don’t have a problem subbing?”

Justin kissed Brian. “I don’t have a problem subbing for you.”

Brian hugged Justin closer. “Would it mean that I couldn’t sub for you anymore?”

Justin chuckled. “Haven’t you learned by now that we make our own rules in this relationship?”

“I just don’t want to mess up what we have.”

Justin ran his fingers through Brian’s hair. “We’ve come a long way in the last couple of years. I think we can survive anything...even you being in control.”

Brian’s eyes went wide and he looked at the grin on Justin’s face. “Why you! I’ll show you who’s in control.”

Justin moaned softly as Brian practically attacked his neck. “I can’t wait, Master.”

The End.

Chapter End Notes

Hey Guys,

This is the final chapter of Collar Bound. It's been a long ride, but I like the ending and I hope you all agree. I'd like to thank all the guinea pigs who offered advice. You guys are the best! All praise to my beta, Emily...she's the greatest. Finally, to all my loyal readers, thanks for all your wonderful comments. It really inspires me to keep writing.

Hugs,
Rena

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!