

# **Type 1 & Sequels**

**By Suzvoy**

Set sometime after 403 but before 406, and I guess vaguely AUish just because there's no mention of the Pink Posse.

# Type 1

Christ, he was looking forward to fucking Justin.

Well, he always looked forward to it, but even more so than usual at the moment. Setting up his own business was long, hard, even inspiring work - but it was also fucking exhausting. He didn't mind putting in long hours - he never had, if something was worth doing - but he could barely remember the last time he hadn't come home feeling completely wiped out.

Hence the need to fuck Justin. He should've been too tired for sex - not that he'd ever fucking admit it - but Justin could always raise his flagging spirits, so to speak.

Brian just hoped the little twat was at the loft, instead of at 'home' with Daphne. Frankly, Justin's constant running around between both places was getting annoying, but he also firmly believed that he should do whatever the fuck he wanted to do. If Justin needed 'his own space' or whatever the fuck, so be it.

Still, as much as he didn't want to deprive the boy of his independence, he also didn't want to deprive his cock of Justin's ass.

As it turned out he needn't have worried. Sliding open the door to the loft, he discovered that the lights were on and - upon further investigation - found Justin sprawled out on the bed, legs spread wide with a butt plug poking cheerily out of his ass.

He smiled that famous smile. "Hard day at work, dear?"

It was at times like this that Brian fully admitted to himself just how much he loved the little shit.

Dropping his briefcase, Brian shed his clothes by the steps to the bedroom and just let them fall to the floor. A mortal sin at other times, but right now? Getting inside Justin's ass was a distinct priority.

Lowering himself to the bed, he climbed on top of Justin and kissed his way up his body.

Writhing, Justin made happy, content noises. "Mmm," he practically purred. "I've been wearing this thing for hours," he said. "Thinking about you whenever I moved, feeling it press inside me. Made me so fucking hard."

Brian could see that. "You're such a little slut." Biting at a nipple, he grinned when Justin grunted and arched.

"Your slut."

Fuck, yeah.

Finally reaching Justin's lips, Brian lowered his head and they shared a long, wet, open-mouthed and frankly obscene kiss that probably would've sent any watching heteros running for the hills. Kissing him some more, Brian slid his right hand slowly down Justin's side, across his thigh and down between his ass cheeks - pressing against the butt plug, hard.

Gasping, Justin broke the kiss and tipped his head back. "Brian..."

He did it again.

Shuddering, his whole body shaking, Justin's hand grabbed at Brian's forearm, stopping him. Looking down Justin's body, Brian could see that his toes were clenched together - a sure sign that he was close, barely hanging on. "You don't like that, Sunshine?" he taunted, turning back to study his face.

"Too much," Justin panted, letting go of his arm. Sometimes, when he was really, really horny, Justin started acting like he was almost drunk. He got demanding in bed, pushy - well, even more so than usual - his speech patterns reducing to mere syllables.

This was definitely one of those times.

"Now," Justin demanded, grabbing Brian's sides and urging him up, "fuck me. C'mon. Now."

Brian wasn't about to disappoint the boy. Of course, there was nothing that said he couldn't be evil about it.

Finding the butt plug again, his fingers gained a good hold on the exposed end and started pulling it out.

Sloooooooooooooooooooooooooowly.

Justin wasn't amused. "Brian."

And he turned it, just for fun.

"Brian!"

Almost snickering by that point, he finally pulled the butt plug completely free. Ignoring the glare Justin was shooting him, he instead found himself fascinated by staring at the open, glistening hole he'd soon be burying himself in - and decided, then and there, to stop the torturing and get on with the fucking.

Everything was in its place, of course, so Brian grabbed a condom from the bedside table, ripped it open, and rolled it onto his dick. Flipping open the lube, he squeezed out a healthy dollop onto his hand and smoothed that over the condom. He doubted they'd need much - Justin had obviously prepared himself well - but he wanted to do what he could to ensure a smooth ride.

That was exactly what he got. Throwing the lube back onto the table and wiping his hand clean on the sheet, Brian took hold of Justin's thighs, spread them wide, and entered in one quick, brutal thrust.

Pure heaven, as Justin groaned and pulled him closer, bliss, as he thrust into Justin again and again, and Christ, no one else felt like Justin, no one else even fucking \*compared\*.

Eyes closed, concentrating on the feel, Brian listened as Justin's breath came out in short pants - but then his breath faltered, and Justin was slapping at his shoulder frantically and Brian snapped open his eyes.

Clutching at Brian with one hand, the other was clutching at his own throat, and Brian knew instantly that the sheer, blind terror showing on Justin's face was being reflected on his own. It'd been years since this'd happened - and never this bad - but he sure as fuck knew what it was.

Justin couldn't breathe.

Pulling out suddenly had to hurt like fuck, but Brian did it anyway, yanking out of Justin and throwing open the drawer in his bedside table, hands fumbling inside but coming up empty. Where the fuck was the EpiPen? They always kept one nearby, and now it wasn't fucking there!

Climbing over Justin, Brian yanked open the drawer in the other bedside table and still couldn't find the fucking thing. Tugging a hand fiercely through his hair, he ran across the bed and jumped over Justin, heading for the bathroom. Maybe the little shit had moved it into the bathroom cabinet and hadn't-

A loud crash behind him grabbed Brian's attention, and he turned to see that Justin had thrown the alarm clock onto the floor and was pointing frantically in the direction of the sofa. Setting off immediately, Brian ran out of the bedroom and across the loft, stopping by the sofa and immediately seeing Justin's bag.

Justin's bag. He was so fucking stupid!

Grabbing it, Brian thudded back into the bedroom and immediately ripped the bag open, turning it upside down and dumping the contents onto the bed. Throwing the bag to one side he started going through Justin's pile of crap, searching for anything the right size. Justin was seriously starting to turn a bad colour as Brian found, and rejected, three writing pens - how many pens did the fucker need? - and then he finally, finally found the fucking EpiPen.

Justin had shown him how to use one a while ago, in case he was ever unconscious and needed an injection, and Brian moved on pure instinct - taking it out of its container, pulling the safety release, and jabbing the EpiPen into Justin's thigh. Fumbling for Justin's hand with his free one, he studied his face as he counted to ten. Already Justin didn't seem to be struggling so hard, and when Brian removed the pen and massaged his thigh for another count of ten, he started taking in huge shaky, gaspy breaths.

Relief made Brian's hands shake as he reached out to touch Justin's shoulders. "Don't try and talk. You breathing okay?"

Nodding, wide-eyed, Justin heaved in another great breath.

"Good." His hands tightened momentarily as he met Justin's gaze. "I'm calling 911. I'll be right back." Waiting for another nod, Brian hoisted himself up from the bed and found the phone. He didn't know what the fuck had set Justin's allergy attack off, and told the call operator that. Justin may have had a list of allergies a mile long, but he was good at handling them - didn't have much of a choice, really.

After hanging up Brian made a quick call to Jen - probably a bad idea because she immediately turned hysterical, but he told her to meet them at the hospital and ended the call. Returning to the bed, Brian put the EpiPen safely back in its container - he'd been told they should bring it with them to the hospital. Wanting to hold Justin but worried about restricting his airflow in any way, he leant in and kissed the side of his head. "The paramedics are on their way. How you doing?"

Still looking far too pale and sweaty, Justin slid towards him until he was resting against Brian's shoulder. Appreciating the contact, Brian started breathing in rhythm with him, not really sure if it was helping or not, but it definitely made him feel better. "You think you're up to putting some pants on if I help?" Justin nodded, the breath wheezing in and out of him. Personally, Brian didn't care if anyone saw Justin naked or not, but if it got them to the hospital faster he'd do whatever he could.

"And Justin?" he continued with an angry voice. "From now on you tell me where the fuck your EpiPen is at all times."

There was no argument about that. There didn't need to be.

Good. Brian had never been so fucking terrified.

\*

Jennifer was already at the hospital by the time they arrived.

"Justin!" she yelled, running towards them. "Justin, sweetheart!"

"He's okay, he's okay," Brian told her, "let 'em go do their jobs," he insisted, the two of them grasping onto each other, watching as Justin was taken away. It was frustrating as fuck just standing there, but he knew it was best to stay out of the way - at least for now.

"What happened?" she demanded, turning towards him. "What were you doing?"

Yeah, this was a fun conversation. "We were alone at my place. What do you think we were doing?"

That made her pause, but the Jennifer of today dealt with that implication much better than the Jennifer of three years ago would have - she simply frowned. "Well...were you using fruit or something? Because strawberries make him-"

"Jennifer," he interrupted, seriously not in the mood for this, "there was no fruit involved anywhere. Believe me, I know all about Justin's allergies, and shared that information with the paramedics on the way here. It was completely normal, non-kinky, vanilla sex." He decided not to mention the butt plug. Justin probably wouldn't appreciate that.

"Somehow I doubt anything with you is normal," Jennifer retorted, staring down the hallway Justin had vanished through. When a nurse came up to her with a clipboard, she jumped. "Oh!"

"Excuse me, Mrs Taylor?"

"Yes?"

The guy held out the clipboard. "If you wouldn't mind, we need your son's information and insurance details."

"Of course," she said taking it from him. "Would you be able to let us know when we can go and see him?"

"Sure, not a problem," he answered before his gaze flicked to Brian, silently questioning. "If the doctor doesn't let you know, I'll find out for you."

The look Jennifer gave him could've frozen hell. "This is Brian. My son's boyfriend. And if you don't let him go and see Justin, I'll sue the ass off of this entire-"

"Hey, hey," the guy held his hand up, "take it easy, lady. I'm just curious by nature." Slinking away, he was probably making a mental note to avoid her at all costs.

Brian felt vaguely smug. "Thanks, Mom."

"Don't start," she eyed him, wielding the clipboard, "you're the one who nearly fucked my son to death."

\*

In one of life's massive ironies, Justin turned out to be allergic to latex.

The very concept boggled Brian's mind. "But we've always used condoms. There was no sign of a latex allergy before."

"Well," Dr Shepherd shrugged, "it is a little unusual, but not entirely unheard of, especially in someone with Justin's history of allergies. As you say, there's usually smaller warning signs before it reaches the severity of anaphylaxis - itchy skin, sneezing or coughing, which can often be mistaken for hay fever symptoms. Dermatitis, especially if you wear latex gloves a lot. But sometimes there is an instantaneous allergic reaction - as in your son's case," he finished, turning to Jennifer.

"How's he doing now?"

"He seems to be breathing quite well on his own," he smiled. "Fortunately a tracheotomy wasn't necessary, thanks to the epinephrine administered at the scene. He was given oxygen in the ambulance, and we're keeping a close eye on him in case he needs it again. There's about a four hour window after the first attack where there's a risk of the anaphylaxis reoccurring, but he seems to be doing well."

Jennifer's face fell. "It could happen again?"

"There is a risk, yes," the doctor nodded, "but as I said we're keeping a close eye on Justin, and are administering some IV fluids that'll help. To be honest, I don't think a reoccurrence is likely."

"Thank God," she breathed, slumping against Brian. "Can we go and see him?"

Dr Shepherd regarded them for a moment. "All right, but not for long. His body's been through an extremely traumatic event - he's likely to be exhausted."

"Of course," Jennifer assured him. "I just want to see him for myself."

Justin's hospital room was about as interesting as hospital rooms got - beige walls, absolutely no decor of any kind. Justin didn't seem to care, lying on the bed with his eyes closed, an IV hooked up to his left hand.

He looked like shit.

Rushing towards the bed, Jennifer carefully took Justin's hand, leaning down to kiss his forehead.

Brian kindly ignored her sniffing and the way her eyes watered. "He'll be fine, Jennifer. He's stronger than anyone I know."

"I know, I know," she nodded, running a hand over Justin's hair. "He's just...he's still my little boy."

Brian couldn't - didn't want to - imagine anything like this ever happening to Gus, and completely understood.

Walking to the other side of the bed, Brian held on to Justin's free hand, bending down at the knees himself. "Little drama queen," he murmured. "Always dying for attention."

"Got yours, didn't I?" Justin's voice whispered, and Brian's gaze snapped up to see his open eyes.

"Sweetheart!" Jennifer declared, leaning in to kiss him again - another three times, in fact.

"Mom..." Even pale, sweaty and exhausted, Justin could still sound like a typical kid even when he was anything but.

She didn't apologise, just whispered how much she loved him, and that everything was going to be fine.

That wasn't the kind of line Brian used. "So, I hear regular old condoms aren't good enough for you anymore."

Justin managed a small smile. "Apparently not," he blinked slowly.

Brian nodded. "I guess a princess like you figures you deserve the fancy, non-latex kind. Always wanting the best of things."

His smile got bigger. "I got you, didn't I?"

And damn if his insides didn't feel like they were about to burst out of his chest.

This was why he didn't do romance. The imagery was gross.

"Get some sleep," Brian ordered, bringing an end to any implied sappiness. "And think about the consequences of your actions, young man. Scaring me like that mid-fuck? I may never get it up again."

"Yeah, right," mother and son said together.

As soon as Justin fully recovered and was allowed to go home, they turned out to be right.

~FINIS

# Please Be Aware

Sequel to Type 1

It all started because Brian was bored.

As it turned out, it was a good fucking thing he *\*was\** bored, but he didn't know that at first.

Justin had been spending the last few nights at Daphne's. Apparently he'd been inspired to paint something, and Brian was too much of a distraction. Given that how whatever Justin painted usually ended up being connected to him, Brian didn't quite understand the thinking, but just told him to do whatever he had to do.

Justin had kissed him after that.

So for the third night in a row, Brian was home alone. Where things were...quiet. He was due to meet the boys - sans Justin - at Babylon in a few hours, but until then...

He could've got up and worked on a presentation. Could've put a Brando movie on. But he was kind of stoned and didn't really want to do anything, other than Justin. Christ, he was pathetic.

So it was as he was laying there, stoned and bored, that he suddenly decided that reading a box of condoms would be a good idea.

They'd been using only the non-latex one's ever since Justin's allergy attack, of course - once you became allergic to latex, that was it for life. They were ridiculously fucking expensive (something he liked to bitch about, claiming it was all Justin's fault. "Don't blame me," Justin usually retorted, "you're the one who used to shove latex up my ass at every opportunity."), but he wasn't gonna risk buying latex condoms even just for fucking tricks - just in case. Wasn't worth accidentally fucking Justin with the wrong kind.

As a result, sex had become a lot more expensive - but also better. Non-latex condoms felt thinner, which made everything feel so much fucking better, and he almost regretted that he hadn't been using them already.

Taking another hit, he picked up the newly-bought unopened box of condoms from the bedside table, and started reading.

When his breath caught in shock, he nearly coughed a fucking lung up.

Blinking his eyes to make sure he wasn't hallucinating - he *\*was\** high - Brian's distinct 'oh, fuck' feeling escalated when the words he was reading didn't magically change.

The risks of pregnancy and sexually transmitted diseases (STD's), including AIDS (HIV infection), are not known for this condom. A study is being done.

He nearly crushed the box in his hand. That was the stupidest fucking thing he'd ever heard. Read. What the fuck ever. They sold condoms and didn't know how effective they were at stopping STD's? As far as Brian was concerned, that was the fucking *\*point\** of condoms.

Crushing his smoke out in the ashtray - he didn't care if he wasted the rest, he was too fucking pissed - Brian hauled himself up from his bed and stomped out of the bedroom towards his computer. A few minutes later he was online, searching for information - which only backed up what he'd already read. In fact, it only made the news worse.

Not only were the risks of STD transmission unknown, but non-latex condoms had a much higher rate of breakage.

Jesus Christ!

The only other alternative seemed to be condoms made out of 'lambskin'. And while Brian didn't particularly relish the idea of fucking Justin through any kind of farmyard animal, he was willing to consider it - until he read that although they prevented pregnancy, they didn't protect against STDs.

Truly, fate was conspiring against him.

There was no way he was fucking Justin with anything that had a higher risk of breakage or didn't protect against STDs at all. Just no fucking way. And not fucking Justin wasn't an option either.

It was...the only thing he could do...he was going to have to...

He was \*so\* fucked.

\*

"Justin," he began, "I want us to be monogamous."

Well, what he actually said was, "Justin, we need to stop fucking other guys," but in his head it sounded exactly the same.

Once upon a time, in the early days when he was still telling himself the only reason he kept fucking the kid was because he was just that good, Justin had probably dreamed of a moment like this.

Now, he just frowned at him intently. "How much pot have you had?"

"That's not the point," Brian insisted. He'd called Justin after he'd finished scouring the internet for all useful information - and calling both the Durex and Trojan 'help lines', leaving messages giving his opinion on releasing condoms when they didn't know how fucking safe they were (he'd probably melted a few phone wires). Insisting that Justin come over immediately - inspiration notwithstanding - he'd even offered to come and pick him up himself, but Justin had just told him to stop queening out and that he'd be there soon.

And now they were sitting next to each other on the sofa. Discussing not fucking other guys.

He'd been bored less than two hours ago.

"I've been doing some reading," Brian explained. "Non-latex condoms are fucking useless."

Justin started looking concerned. "Useless?"

Okay, maybe not entirely. "They don't actually know how good they are at stopping STD's. Plus, they break easier." It'd only been a few weeks since Justin's allergy attack, and luckily they hadn't had any breakages yet.

His eyes widened. "But they're on the market \*anyway\*?"

Standing up, Brian gestured for Justin to follow him to the computer where he'd left some of the web pages up on the monitor. "Here."

Sitting down in the computer chair, Justin wheeled himself forward and grabbed the mouse. Nervously - no. Not nervously. Chewing the side of his thumb, Brian waited and watched as Justin frowned and read, and a few minutes later he sat back as his shoulders relaxed.

"It says right here," Justin nodded towards the monitor, "that these condoms are considered a suitable replacement for anyone with a latex allergy. If that's official medical opinion, I don't see what the problem is-"



"The problem," Brian interrupted, pulling his hand away from his face, "is that they're only saying that because there's no other alternative. We don't know for sure if they're \*safe\*. And I'm not fucking taking that risk."

Sighing, Justin swivelled round to face him head on, but didn't stand up. "Brian, you do get what you're implying, right? I mean you may not have actually said the M word, but if we're not fucking other guys, that's what we'll be."

Brian gritted his teeth. "I know."

Apparently that wasn't good enough. "Monogamous," Justin explained, entirely fucking unnecessarily. "You'd only be fucking me. No one else. Just you and me, forever."

"I get it, okay!" Jesus Christ. "Do you fucking get off on torturing me?"

"Well, yeah," he answered with a small grin and shrug. "But that's not why I'm saying it. You need be absolutely fucking sure, Brian. Something like monogamy has to be something \*you\* want - your own choice, not something you felt like you were forced into. You being forced into situations has never worked out well."

Okay, so he had a point.

But Brian had free will. "It's my choice to make sure you don't get sick." It was a no-brainer, really.

Expression softening, Justin stood up and took hold of Brian's forearms. "Brian, no one can guarantee that. Even regular condoms aren't one hundred per cent effective. Look, I'd love to be monogamous with you, but there's always a risk every single time you fuck. The only way to be completely safe is never to have sex at all."

"I did take my fucking health and safety class," Brian argued, a little tired of Justin's speech. "And the best way for \*us\* to be safe is to only fuck each other. Which is exactly what we'll do from now on." But it wasn't washing with Justin; Brian could see it in his expression. Shit. Justin had always been a stubborn little shit, and now he was going to have to bring out the big guns.

Say something... \*nice\*.

"I told you once that I wanted you around for a long time. That I wanted you safe." Here it went. "I meant it."

There it was.

Brian knew he'd won when Justin blinked too quickly and his lower lip wobbled. He may not have been an innocent little kid anymore, but even now, after all this time, Justin was still a sap for sap.

Forestalling any further delving into sentimentality, Brian cleared his throat and walked away from the computer. "So, we get tested tomorrow and don't fuck anybody else. In two and a half months we'll get tested again and-"

"Three," Justin interrupted. "Three months."

Brian paused by the sofa, not looking at him. "Two and a half."

"...oh." He'd obviously understood the implication. "Well, what are we gonna do for the two and a half months?"

"What do you mean?" Brian asked, finally turning to face him.

"Well I take it you still don't want to fuck with the non-latex condoms, and if that's true, how are we going to fuck at all?"

Fuck. He may not have thought this all the way through. He blamed the pot. "There's other stuff we can do," his mind raced for alternatives, even as he couldn't quite believe he was thinking up ways \*not\* to fuck Justin. "Blow

jobs, frottage, jerking each other off..." For all his pride at being regarded by some as a sexual deviant, he was coming up surprisingly empty.

Shaking his head, Justin smiled as he walked towards him. "Brian, there's no way you can go two and a half months without fucking someone. You'll probably spontaneously combust."

He wasn't sure if he should feel insulted or proud.

But, okay. They needed a plan. "Okay. Most of the time, we do all the other shit to get off," he gestured between them. "But, every now and then, if we absolutely have to fuck, we do. But carefully. Very carefully. Nothing rough."

Justin rolled his eyes. "That sounds like fun."

Brian couldn't help wondering when the fuck he turned into the responsible one. The one advocating the ultimate safe sex. \*Monogamy\*. "It's only two and a half months," he said, personally thinking that two and a half months sounded really fucking long. "And then..."

Brightening, Justin stood up on his toes and wrapped his arms around Brian's neck. "You get to fuck me raw!"

Somehow he'd managed to not quite realise that. He'd known, but he hadn't really \*known\*.

"You loved how the thinner condoms felt, didn't you? This'll be even better. Bury yourself in my tight little ass," Justin whispered, definitely not having a problem with this anymore. "Come inside me, feel your spunk running out of my hole..."

Jesus Christ. If he kept that up, Brian'd fuck him raw right here. "Justin..."

Grinning impishly, Justin pulled back and quickly fell to his knees, pulling at the zipper on Brian's jeans.

Gasping as Justin took his cock into his mouth, Brian tipped his head back and groaned, picturing Justin in two and a half months, bent over the sofa waiting for Brian's naked cock.

Coming with a loud moan, he barely managed to stop himself from slumping forward, and decided Justin's latex allergy may have been the best thing that'd ever happened to his sex life.

~FINIS

# Two Months, Five Days

Sequel to Type 1 and Please Be Aware

It was Emmett who noticed first. He didn't say anything about it - he'd learned not to, by now - but Brian knew Emmett had figured it out because he kept giving Brian these \*looks\*. In the gym. The diner. Woody's. But most of all, in Babylon, where Brian hadn't been near the back room without Justin in weeks.

He'd just sit or stand there, idly playing with something - a straw, a tooth picked cherry, the Stairmaster - and smile. Smugly.

Brian complained about it to Justin who, predictably, brushed it off.

"You're queening out because Emmett keeps looking at you? Guys look at you all the time. How is this a new development?"

For someone who was actually getting him to be monogamous, Brian thought Justin could at least \*try\* not to be such a little shit. "I am not queening out. And he's not just looking at me - he's \*looking\* at me. He knows."

Glancing up from flicking through The Nation, Justin gave Brian an indecipherable expression. "You did realise that they'd figure it out at some point, right?"

Not exactly.

\*

Vic was next. Brian had no clue how he figured it out - he never came to Babylon at all anymore - but then, Vic was Vic. He'd always seen things no one else had, and at a 'family' dinner when Brian went outside for a smoke, Vic followed him.

They didn't say anything for the entire four and a half minutes Brian was outside, but when he turned to go back inside, Brian glanced at Vic - and winced.

He was smiling.

\*

Then there was Ted. He'd been spending more time with Brian than anyone lately - Justin included - as they worked at getting Kinnetik set up. Again, like Emmett and Vic he knew better than to actually say anything, but whenever Brian quietly passed on the opportunity to fuck a new client, Ted would press his lips together and look away.

Brian let him get away with it, because it wasn't like the guy was getting much joy from anywhere else right now.

Brian was all about helping the needy and pathetic, and Theodore was both.

\*

When Mikey found out, Brian knew it'd be all over Liberty by the end of the day.

"So," Michael said one afternoon in the diner, "you haven't been at Babylon much lately, and when you are there you're only with Justin. Is everything okay? You don't have crabs again, do you?"

Sometimes having a best friend who knew your entire life history was a bad thing. "Just haven't felt like clubbing much lately, that's all."

Sometimes having a best friend who knew you so well was also a bad thing.

"Oh my God!" His glass of water thunked down on the table. "You're only fucking Justin!"

Debbie pounced from somewhere - which was frankly a scary proposition - demanding to know if it was true. Brian told her to fuck off, of course, but she took that as a confession and kissed the side of his face. He tried to swat her away like some huge, annoying fly, but she rallied on about how this was such a huge step, and he'd grown so much emotionally, and by the time she told him that lunch was on the house and how proud she was, the entire fucking diner was listening in.

"Are you fucking him without a condom?" Mikey demanded.

"Not yet," Brian retorted, still pissed off.

Michael glared.

Brian glared back.

Michael didn't let up. "I can't believe you didn't even discuss this with me before-"

"I didn't discuss it with you because it's none of your fucking business," Brian argued, standing up and throwing a twenty on the table. He was through with this. Unfortunately, Mikey scrambled after him, catching his arm just as they stepped outside the diner.

"Brian-"

"I \*get\* it, okay," Brian spun around suddenly, surprising his friend. "You and Ben can't ever fuck raw." They paused, staring at each other. "It's fucking shitty that that choice has been taken away from you, but that's not. My. Problem."

Mikey's eyes were huge and hurt, and Brian felt about three feet tall.

Fuck. "Look," he tried again, sighing. "He's allergic to latex. The other condoms are worth shit. What else can I fucking do?"

Finally letting go of Brian's arm, Mikey stepped back and seemed to consider his words. "You can't risk it," he nodded, tone understanding. "You can't risk him. And you can't leave him, either."

Jesus. Swallowing his discomfort, Brian could at least leave this conversation. Giving Mikey a kiss, assuring him everything was fine, he turned and walked away. The fags of Liberty Avenue could find a different form of entertainment for a while.

\*

Brian found his own form of entertainment when he walked into the loft.

Justin was home. He'd been off doing Justin things with Daphne, but now he had to live up to his end of the bargain of this monogamy deal - sex absolutely anytime one of them wanted it.

Admittedly, this wasn't much of a change from their previous arrangement.

"Thank fuck you're here," Brian told him, sliding the door shut behind him.

Springing up from his seat on the sofa, Justin frowned and started walking towards him. "Something wrong?"

"Not anymore," he heaved a sigh of relief as he unbuttoned his jeans. "Suck my dick."

Pausing mid-stride, Justin frowned harder and folded his arms across his chest.

Great. That usually meant he \*wasn't\* about to suck Brian's dick, despite their agreement.

"You know, Brian," he began in a tone of voice that made Brian button his jeans back up, "I don't actually expect romance."

Which was just as well, or this monogamy thing was never going to work. "But...?"

"Could you try \*not\* treating me like a battery-operated sex toy?"

Okay. Okay, there may have been some truth to that. He may have to review the way he was dealing with things. But until then...

He bit his lip and shrugged. "Okay?"

Justin sighed and rolled his eyes. But he did suck Brian's dick.

And later Brian did think about the way he was dealing with things. While he wasn't about to turn into a complete lesbian, he supposed he could be less of an asshole.

Slightly.

After all, it wasn't as if Justin had purposefully made himself allergic to latex. He'd even been against the idea of monogamy initially.

His musings were interrupted by the phone and, speaking of lesbians, Linds was on the other end of the line.

"Brian," she began in an awe-struck voice, and he knew exactly what was coming, "is it true?"

He knew exactly what to say, too. "It's none of your fucking business."

Which she apparently took as confirmation. "Wow, Brian, I..." she paused, probably composing herself. "I'm very happy for both of you."

"Right. Like I said, it's none of your-"

"Fucking business, I know," she finished, sounding amused. "Don't worry, I promise not to get too sentimental."

Brian absently started looking around for his cigarettes. "Too late."

She laughed. "Well, then how about this? I promise Mel won't get too sentimental."

For once in his life, Brian was actually glad that Melanie was so...\*Melanie\*. "In shock, is she?"

"You could say that," she still sounded amused. "Actually, to be honest she's refusing to believe it's true."

That didn't come as any surprise whatsoever. "I'm having a hard enough time believing it myself," he confessed, watching Justin dance around in the kitchen with his iPod in one hand and a spatula in the other. Brian made a mental note to get the grease stains removed from the ceiling again.

"I have to admit I was shocked at first," she agreed, "but when I thought about it...it made sense," Linds paused before continuing softly, "I always knew you'd do anything for him."

Justin flipped something grease-laden as he bopped his head up and down.

Brian groaned at her words softly. "Sentimental twat on line one, Mr Kinney," he mocked, pausing when she laughed. He knew she'd laugh. "So much for you keeping your word."

"I decided the truth was more important," she rebuked teasingly. "Isn't that one of your credos? Always tell the truth, no matter how much it hurts?"

Pursing his lips, Brian watched Justin slide whatever monstrosity he'd made himself on to a plate.

He used to have a lot of credos.

"Gotta go, Linds." Ending the call without waiting for a response, he let the hand holding the phone fall away from his ear.

Brian stayed that way, sprawled out on the bed, where Justin found him there ten minutes later. There was no sign of his iPod or the snack he'd made himself.

Which had not smelt really, really good. At all.

"Sooo..." Justin began, sliding next to Brian on the bed. "Everyone knows, huh?"

He really shouldn't have been surprised. "Yeah."

"Did you tell Michael?"

"He figured it out."

Nodding slowly, Justin pressed his lips together, resting his head on his hand. "How'd he take it?"

Even though they'd never actually talked about what they thought Mikey's reaction would be... "Exactly the way you expected him to, I imagine. But I told him - while it's shitty that he doesn't have the choice to fuck without condoms with Ben, I'm not about to feel guilty that \*I\* have that choice."

Justin eyed him. "Uh huh."

Brian ignored him until, eventually, Justin spoke again.

"Brian, are you really sure this is what you-?"

"Yes," he interrupted, meeting Justin's gaze. That was all he said about it - all he was going to say about it. "Are you?"

"Me?" Justin's eyebrows went up.

"I know you said..." He paused, his words trailing off. "And I know you're still a romantic twat, despite everything." Justin grinned. "But you're young. And I know you always know what you want, but you should be sure-"

It was Justin's turn to interrupt. "You're not taking anything away from me," he said seriously, staring at him. "Brian, I've fucked around. I've been monogamous. I've tried everything and anything, and you're right - I'm young, and I know exactly what I want."

Something bubbled up inside Brian. Something that felt...well.

\*Good\*.

He wasn't about to clarify it any more than that, but at least they were on the same fucking page. If they had to do this monogamy thing, at least they both really wanted it. Justin wanted him, and Brian wanted Justin safe. And yes, the idea of being able to fuck Justin raw was in no way unappealing.

Clearing his throat as his cock twitched, Brian gave no warning before pushing Justin onto his back. Tongue-fucking Justin's mouth as he unzipped his jeans, Brian groaned in satisfaction as he wrapped his hand around Justin's cock. Justin moaned his own satisfaction with the current situation, and started tugging at Brian's clothes.

This was good. This was very, very good.

And he was beginning to get the feeling that in two months and five days, it'd get even better.

~FINIS