

# Catching Fire

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*Timeline: Post 513*

*Rating: NC-17*

*Warnings: Underage sex is mentioned in conversation between the characters; however, there is no real depiction of it. There's also a brief mention of sexual contact between cousins, so if you live in a part of the world where this is prohibited, please be warned.*

*Summary: One night at Debbie's and the morning after.*

*Author Notes: Thanks to my beta who, as usual, kicks ass.*

If you ignored the two dozen Chinese food containers scattered across the kitchen table, it was a typical Sunday night dinner at Deb's. The sudden influx of Asian cuisine into the traditionally Italian affair was due to the fact that her oven had recently blown up after one too many pans of Manicotti.

The kitchen was filled with raucous laughter, as fortunes, followed by rowdy shouts of "in bed!" were read out loud. Michael's had been the best so far, "When your exit is blocked, push mightily." This had resulted in a lot of joking and teasing and when the noise finally died down, everyone turned expectantly toward Emmett. He was last to go.

"Maestro, please." Emmett cued Ted, who drummed his fingers on the table, trusty sidekick that he was.

Holding the cookie high in the air for all to see, Emmett waited for the drumming to reach a crescendo before breaking it open.

"Christ, you'd think he was pulling a rabbit out of the damn thing. Open it already!" Debbie said as she circled the table picking up empties.

Rolling his eyes at Deb's sudden lack of appreciation for the dramatic, Emmett cracked his cookie in two and pulled out the slip of paper. "Tonight, you'll receive your first kiss." He looked up with a puzzled laugh. "Well *that's* about 20 years too late."

"Let me see that," Ted frowned as he reached for the fortune. "That's really strange. I don't think I've ever seen one so specific."

Justin did some quick calculations. "How old were you? Fourteen?"

At his side, Brian grunted his disapproval at his participation in the conversation. They'd been feeling each other up all through dinner, and Brian had just suggested a trip to Mikey's bedroom for a quickie. Ever since he'd been banned from using it to have sex with Justin, he took every opportunity to do so. At first Justin had protested, not wanting to piss Mikey off, but after their initial trespass, he was hooked. The forbidden, childhood room had produced some of the best orgasms he'd ever had.

"Barely," Emmett replied. "It was a week before my fourteenth birthday, and I was completely boy crazy. Believe me, I had no prospects in Hazelhurst, so I decided to steal Aunt Lula's car and head for Biloxi. I waited under her bedroom window until I heard her snoring, and then I took off and didn't stop till I hit the Gulf of Mexico."

Justin pulled all the way out of Brian's arms and leaned forward to listen. Sighing, Brian sat back and consoled himself with hooking his fingers into the waistband of Justin's jeans and taking a long pull from his beer.

"You knew how to drive?" Hunter asked skeptically.

"Honey, I was driving a tractor by the time I was seven. A car was child's play."

"Literally," Ted muttered into his beer.

"Anyway, I knew exactly where to go. I'd heard the preacher's wife telling my Sunday school teacher about some bar next to Bull's Fish Market in Biloxi that God was going to smite to the ground, and I knew by the way she looked at me when she saw me listening, that it was a *homosexual* bar. So I headed to Bull's. It was famous for having the best Royal Red shrimp in Mississippi. You know, most people don't know about Royal Reds, but if you season them just right, they almost taste like lobster."

Brian made an impatient noise and pulled Justin back to whisper in his ear, "you can hear this tripe anytime, let's go fuck."

"Later. I want to hear this." He smiled when he felt Brian's hand slide back down the back of his jeans.

"Luckily, the bouncer didn't ask for ID, I guess because I was big for my age," Emmett explained. "I ordered a Shirley Temple and stood in the corner, keeping a look-out for the man of my dreams. And just when I decided he didn't exist, he walked right up and asked me to dance."

"What did he look like?" Justin asked.

"A cross between John-John and Val Kilmer."

"Bullshit," Brian coughed into his hand.

"Well, he had brown hair and a strong jaw line," Emmett conceded. "The song was Ms. Tina Turner's 'What's Love Got To Do With It' and when it was over I got what I'd driven three hours for."

"He fucked you on the dance floor?" Brian asked, moving back quickly to avoid Justin's elbow.

"No. He kissed me," Emmett replied, smiling dreamily and swaying in his chair to a distant melody.

"Christ. What a complete waste of gas," Brian laughed.

"Did you ever see him again?" Michael asked, his chin propped on his hands.

"No. He was in the Navy and heading out to sea the next day. In fact, he left right after our dance. Curfew. But I drove back to Hazelhurst one very happy boy."

"Did you ever go back?" Ben asked putting his arm around Michael's shoulders.

"Every chance I got. I caught me a fever for those salty, sea-faring sailors."

"Ladies and gentlemen, I give you, Ms. Debra Winger," Ted announced dryly.

"He kissed so many sailors, his lips went in and out with the tide!" Debbie cracked from the sink where she was busy filling ice trays.

"I had one or two Navy guys, myself," Ben said. The uncharacteristic remark turned everyone's head.

"You never told me that," Michael smiled up at him and smacked him on the chest.

"Don't ask, don't tell," Ben teased back.

"Was a Navy boy your first kiss too?" Emmett asked.

"No. That honor goes to my cousin, Aaron."

Brian pulled his hand out of Justin's pants and slapped the table. "*Now* we're talking. Please continue professor."

"Incest is more common than you think," Ted informed them. "Rudy Giuliani's first marriage was to his second cousin."

"Way to practice family values!" Hunter laughed. "Wait till I tell my fascist history professor about that."

Ben and Michael smiled proudly. Hunter was a freshman at NYU and was somewhat of a leader in campus politics.

"So, let's hear this illicit tale," Michael prompted.

"When I was fifteen, my mother and my aunt Nancy decided to send us to a summer camp in Michigan. We hadn't seen each other in years, and they figured it was a good way for us to get to know each other."

"Biblically," Brian snorted and wriggled a finger deeper into the cleft of Justin's ass.

Ben ignored him. "It didn't take long for us to figure out that we were both gay and we became the

best of friends. One night, we snuck out of our cabins to go swimming in the lake and things . . . happened."

"Things?" Ted and Michael chorused.

"Yeah, you know. We were horsing around and one thing led to another . . ." He smiled enigmatically and sipped his tea.

"And I thought Mississippi had the market cornered on kissing cousins," Emmett chuckled.

"That's West Virginia," Justin said and everybody laughed.

"Oh shit, that reminds me of that wacky porn video about those two cousins," Michael said.  
"Remember?"

"Country cousin, City Cousin, Come-Star Studios, circa 1974," Ted supplied promptly.

"I remember that!" Emmett bounced excitedly. "My favorite was when Country Cousin went to visit City Cousin and they fucked on the window cleaning platform swinging way up high in the air. Remember they got stuck and had to call the fire department to come rescue them, and they ended up having a big ole orgy at the fire house?"

"No, no," Ted said. "The best part was when City Cousin went to visit Country Cousin and they were outside fucking-"

"Yes!" Emmett squealed. "Oh my god, they were fucking in the hog pen and there were all those-"

"Pigs!" Brian, Ted and Michael yelled out.

"Running around and they were all sliding and falling in the mud, and then . . . and then . . ." Emmett gave up and put his head down on the table, convulsed in laughter over Brian and Michael's pig noises.

"That one huge hog fell on top of Country Cousin while he was fucking City Cousin and one of them kept yelling that he wanted some-" Ted gasped.

"Ham bone!" Michael wheezed out.

Hunter and Justin stared as the men pounded the table, laughing uproariously.

"Hey!" Debbie reached across the table and double-smacked Brian and Michael. "Enough with the pig porn! Ben here was telling us a lovely story."

"Yeah, real family entertainment," Ted managed between snorts.

"By all means, continue professor," Brian waved magnanimously. "But no more of this Teen Beat

bullshit." He looked at Emmett, who shot him the finger. "*Please* tell us that you fucked him."

"Sorry, just kissing and hand jobs."

"What a bunch of choir boys," Brian grouched and reached into his shirt pocket to pull out a half-smoked joint. "I need to get high if I'm expected to listen to any more of this." He lit the joint and took a deep drag before passing it to Justin who took two quick hits and reached across the table to pass it to Emmett. Before he could complete the hand-off, Hunter snatched it out of his hand.

"Hey!" Michael yelled.

"What? I'm not a kid anymore. For your information, I smoked my first blunt when I was ten and had my first sex when I was twelve, so fuck off." He smiled to take the sting out of curse, tilted his chair back on two legs and took a healthy hit off the joint.

"*Twelve?*" Ted croaked.

"Yeah," Hunter's voice was strained as he held the smoke in. "One night, one of my mom's boyfriends decided he wanted some chicken to go with his fish, so he blew me while I was sleeping. Lucky for me," Hunter exhaled and grinned at them all, "I came. When it was over, he kissed me. First blow job, first snowball, first kiss. A three-for-one special that night."

He let his chair fall forward with a thud, looked directly at Brian and said, "No choir boy here." Brian held his gaze and nodded in acknowledgment.

"Aw, honey," Debbie got up from the stool she was perched on and pulled Hunter to her chest in a rough hug.

Christ, Justin thought. Another savory tidbit from the litany of horrors that had been Hunter's childhood.

After a few moments, Emmett looked around and said brightly, "Who's next? Teddy?"

"My first kiss was Jimmy Morales, my ninth grade Biology lab partner." Ted raised his voice to be heard above the groans. "He was a new transfer student, and-"

"That explains it. He never got the memo," Brian said and stood up taking his and Justin's empty beer bottles to the garbage can.

"Fuck you," Ted said pleasantly. "He was a bit of a ruffian-"

"A ruffian?" Hunter laughed.

"Okay, a hood. Is that better? Anyway, he talked me into pouring some sort of mixture into the dissection frogs. He said it would react overnight and that they'd blow up the next day. I had the biggest crush on him, so I thought, fuck the Dean's list and went along with it."

"Hydrogen carbonate mixed with equal parts vinegar," Brian called over his shoulder as he rummaged through the fridge.

"What?" Debbie looked up in alarm, eyeing one of her two remaining appliances.

"The mixture. It usually takes eight to ten hours to react, but then ka-boom, greasy, grimy gopher guts."

"How the hell do you know that?" Hunter asked.

"Believe me, Brian knows his chemicals," Michael smiled at Hunter who was looking at Brian with renewed interest.

"So, did they blow up?" Ben asked.

"Oh yeah. They shut the biology classroom down for a week to scrape all the pieces off the walls and ceiling. That night, to celebrate my first foray into delinquency, Jimmy and I got drunk and ended up naked in his bed. First kiss, first blow job." Ted raised his beer and toasted them all before knocking it back.

"Theodore! A criminal *and* a slut. You make me so proud." Brian raised his own bottle in salute.

"Thank you, Bri. And now I think we'd all like to hear how it *should* be done. From the master, himself. I, for one, never tire of your sordid, little tale."

"Yeah Brian, tell us about the most famous shower scene since Psycho," Michael said, grinning at this friend.

Justin turned toward Brian, hoping that this time, he'd hear the unedited version and was caught off guard by the expression on Brian's face. He'd been expecting an indulgent mock-weariness at the prospect of once again telling his bawdy tale of teenage lust, but instead Brian appeared thoughtful, a curious smile in place.

"The locker room was my first sex, but my first kiss was a mechanic named Kyle."

"What?" Michael sputtered. "But . . . you and Mr. Buckingham . . . in the shower . . ." Poor Michael looked as confused as he sounded.

Ted and Emmett exchanged looks.

"It was right before I met you," Brian explained.

Justin wasn't sure what thrilled him most, that he was going to be treated to a rare glimpse of Brian's past, or that Michael was as clueless as the rest of them.

"I used to ride my bike down by the port, and one night I got a flat. I took it to a garage that stayed open late, and Kyle was the only one there, working on his motorcycle. He fixed the flat, and invited me back to help him work on his bike. He was getting ready for a cross-country trip."

"I can hear it now," Ted joked. "Would you like to put this roaring, vibrating phallic symbol between your legs, little boy?"

Brian ignored him. "I started hanging around after school. I knew he was queer and after about a week, I propositioned him, but he turned me down. He gave me a copy of *The Joy of Gay Sex* and told me to go jerk off in the office bathroom."

"Brian Kinney turned down," Ted said disbelievingly to the room at large.

"Oooh," Emmett raised his hand. "I jerked off to page sixty-seven till I was practically limping."

"Page sixty-seven was a perennial favorite," Brian agreed.

"What's on page sixty-seven?" Justin asked. Brian had a dog-eared copy that he'd looked through often enough, but that particular page didn't ring any bells.

Debbie was about to answer, but Brian held up his hand. "I'll demonstrate, when we get home."

"What did Kyle look like?" Michael asked, nearly out of his chair with curiosity.

Brian finished his beer and set it down. "I don't remember."

"You don't remember? How the fuck can you not remember?"

"It was a long time ago. I remember that he was hot."

"Yeah, but," Michael looked around for allies. "What color was his hair? What about his-"

"Christ, Michael, do you want to hear this or not? Pick a color, blue, black or who gives a shit."

Michael opened his mouth, caught the sharp look from Debbie and crossed his arms instead.

"He left a month later. I went by to see him before he took off, and he tried to give me the book. I told him that unless he wanted to be an accomplice to murder by dear old dad, it was better if he kept it. That's when he kissed me."

"Sounds like a pity kiss," Hunter scoffed. "Did he at least slip you some tongue?"

"No, but I grabbed his cock."

"Christ, where are all the pedophiles when you *really* need them?" Hunter asked, shaking his head.

Brian and Hunter smiled at each other, and Justin noted that their smiles were genuine and filled with recognition.

Michael eyed Brian suspiciously. "You never told me that story."

"Nope. I never did." Brian got up, walked over to his friend and put his hands on his shoulders. "Your turn, Mikey."

"What? Everyone knows my first kiss was you." Michael uncrossed his arms, but the sulk remained.

"Tell us anyway," Emmett said. "I don't think Justin and Hunter know all the salacious details."

"Yeah, tell us about it, Mikey," Brian said making loud kissing noises in Michael's ear.

"Fine. One day after school, we snuck into the cafeteria to steal chocolate chip cookies, and Igor the janitor saw us-

"liggoorr," Brian said in his best monster voice.

"He hated us because we were always sneaking around, stealing stuff, but he could never catch us." Michael glanced over at Debbie, but she was smiling benignly.

"He was chasing us down the hall, and I thought we were going to run out of the school and hide in the warehouses across the street, like we always did. But no, Brian got it into his head to hide in one of the janitor's closets. We barely made it. I mean, we had just turned the corner and shut the door, when Igor went running by."

"It was the last place he would've looked for us," Brian said defensively.

"Yeah well, he found us, didn't he?" Michael griped.

"Oh, you guys were brilliant," Hunter crowed. "Dumb and dumber do high school."

Michael went on. "It was a really small closet, full of mops and brooms and smelled-

"Just like the backroom, dirty mop water and stale bleach. How romantic." Emmett swooned on Ted's shoulder.

"Actually, it smelled like-

"Pine-Sol," Brian said and Michael laughed for the first time since telling his story.

"Yeah, like Pine Sol."

"Well, that explains why he won't buy anything else," Ben told the group. "I've tried to get him to buy organic, but no, it's always Pine Sol."



"That's not why," Michael protested. "It cleans the best."

"Uh huh," Ben smiled.

For probably the millionth time, Justin wondered if Michael knew just how good he had it.

"Anyway," Michael continued, "we were crammed up against each other and then . . . we just kissed." He looked around, obviously still not sure why or how it had happened.

"It was the broom handle," Brian said in a loud stage whisper. "It was poking my ass at just the right angle, and I got carried away."

"Lucky for us, Igor didn't find us until after the kiss." Michael smiled up at Brian.

"Did you get in trouble?" Hunter asked.

"Nah. He yelled, then let us go. It was enough that he finally caught us," Brian said.

"Ma?" Michael reached over and squeezed Debbie's hand. "It's your turn."

"Me?"

"Yeah, tell us Deb," Ben encouraged.

"I got all you boys beat. My first kiss was when I was nine." Debbie beamed as they whistled and clapped.

"Hey, what do you expect? I'm a hot-blooded Italian. His name was Tony Mercurio, and he was a fucking dreamboat." Debbie smiled, and for a moment Justin saw the girl that she'd once been.

"Nothing much to the story. A bunch of us were playing Spin the Bottle in his basement, and I made sure my spin ended up pointing right at him. He laid a big, ole wet one on me and yes," she winked at Hunter, "there was *plenty* of tongue action."

"Eeew," Hunter grimaced. "TMI."

Debbie laughed and turned to Justin. "Sunshine, you're the only one left."

"My first kiss was Daphne," Justin shrugged.

"God, she really *is* the perfect hag," Hunter snickered.

Emmett reached across the table and patted Justin's hand. "No, honey. Your first boy."

"Oh," Justin grinned sheepishly. "In that case, Brian." He looked over at Brian who was sitting on the

kitchen counter, watching him.

"Really?" Emmett seemed surprised.

"Yeah, I fooled around with a couple of guys during sleep-overs and once at camp," he nodded at Ben. "But I never kissed any of them."

"To sweet, adolescent fumbblings," Brian said and raised his bottle of water in a toast.

Justin tipped his own bottle in response, then folded his hands and looked around innocently.

"Oh, no you don't," Emmett said. "We want details."

"Okay, okay," Justin laughed and held up his hands in surrender. "Brian had just pulled the Jeep into his parking space and-"

"And I kissed him," Brian said. "He looked like he was getting ready to bolt."

"I did not."

"You were hyperventilating."

"I was not. I was just . . . excited."

"Whatever. I really wanted to fuck, so . . . I kissed him."

Of course. They'd seen it a thousand times. Brian's kiss had the power to drop grown men to their knees. Free will quickly became a thing of the past.

"Then what happened?" Emmett asked, gay etiquette out the window. This dish was manna from heaven, and he would not be denied.

"He came in his pants."

"I did not!" Justin laughed and flung a chopstick at Brian.

"He ran away, didn't he?" Hunter asked gleefully.

Brian looked at Hunter like he'd lost his mind. "I just told you I kissed him. Of course he didn't run away, he followed me all the way upstairs like a good, little boy."

"And then?" Hunter asked what no one else dared to.

"And then . . . it's really none of your business." Amidst good-natured booing, Brian made a big show of looking at a non-existent watch and said, "Heavens. Will you *look* at the time? We really must be going. It's been hours since our last fuck. Justin?"

"Jus-*tin*," Hunter teased. "Here, puppy, puppy."

Justin shook his head in amusement, then watched curiously as Brian wrapped an arm around Hunter's chest and whispered something in his ear. Whatever it was, it wiped the smirk right off his face.

They said their goodbyes in a flurry of jackets, scarves, kisses and promises to come back soon. When the door had finally shut behind them, they stood in the sudden quiet, looked at each other and laughed.

"What a fucking trip," Justin said and reached up to wipe the lipstick off Brian's cheek. "What did you say to him?"

"I told him that I was in the mood to get fucked, and that you were the only guy within a fifty mile radius that might do a halfway decent job."

"I'm holding you to that."

"Yeah, well, don't make a liar out of me."

They were halfway home, when it began to snow. It was the first snow of the year, and the flakes fell white and thick, swirling and dancing in the headlights.

"Every year, for as long as I can remember, my mom baked a cake in honor of the first snowfall. Molly and I got to decorate it and we always went crazy, using tons of silver sprinkles, and shaved coconut and those-"

"His eyes were blue."

"What?" Justin turned to look at Brian.

"And he was blond," Brian said, keeping his eyes on the road.

Justin shifted in his seat so he was facing Brian and waited.

Brian glanced over at him and smiled. "A dirty blond."

Justin smiled back. "Like me."

"Like you."

They rode in easy silence after that, each lost in their own thoughts. Justin thought about Brian's first kiss. It had been a goodbye kiss, and Kyle had been blond with blue eyes. He didn't think past those three, simple facts. He didn't need to. He watched the snow rush past them as they sped through the dark, and it felt like they were flying.

When Brian eased the car to a stop in front of the house, he turned to find Justin watching him with darkened eyes. "Kiss me," Justin said, his voice low with desire.

"Like the first time?" Brian asked, leaning in to nuzzle his nose against Justin's, teasing and affectionate.

Justin nodded and closed his eyes, and it was exactly like the first time. It was hands on his neck, his face, his hair. Holding him down, claiming him. It was smoky and rough, a sweet agile tongue, sure and wicked in his mouth. It was possession.

And it was nothing like the first time.

It was days and nights and months and years. It was dawns curled tight and hands that cradled and caught. It was shared breath and sure intimacy, imperfect but theirs. It was a promise.

That there would always be kisses. In cars. In the middle of the night.

Brian had branded him that first night, seared him but good. And after he'd been released from that first kiss, there was no question of flight. He'd caught fire, and had been burning ever since.

"So," Brian pulled back slightly. "Was it as good as the first time?"

Justin shook his head no, brushing his lips across Brian's mouth.

"No?"

"It was better. Way better."

"In that case, let's go inside and re-enact the first blow job you ever gave me. Now's the chance to redeem yourself.

"Fuck you!" Justin laughed and pushed him away. "You said, and I quote, "Jesse, you're a natural."

"How many times do I have to tell you? I was so fucking high by then, I didn't remember my *own* goddamn name. What I do remember is being ecstatic to get my dick back in one piece. I thought you were going to chew it off and take it home in a doggy bag."

"Revisionism, pure and simple." Justin opened the car door, got out and right before slamming it shut, leaned in and said, "don't forget that ass is mine tonight."

And this time, it was Brian that followed Justin all the way up the stairs.

Epilogue:

It was still snowing when Brian woke up the next morning, and he decided it was a good enough reason to stay home. What good was being the boss if he couldn't take off a Monday every now and then? He called Ted and filled him in on the day's meetings, then went downstairs to put on coffee and build a fire.

Half an hour later, Justin padded into the kitchen and found a bottle of Glenfiddich next to his favorite coffee mug and a post-it which read, "Join me in the study." Grinning, he poured a healthy shot of whiskey into his coffee and went to find Brian.

"What are you doing here?"

"Didn't feel like going in."

"Shit, and I had plans to jerk off to page sixty-seven all day," Justin waved Brian's copy of *The Joy of Gay Sex* at him.

"Since when has my presence ever stopped you from jerking off? From what I've seen, it seems to heighten your experience."

"Au contraire mon cher, it's you who gets off." Justin tweaked Brian's nose then stretched out on the couch with his head in Brian's lap.

"Let's see what had you all hot and bothered at such a tender age." Justin flipped to the page in question and studied the illustration. "I should've known," he poked Brian in the ribs. "Kinky, right from the start."

"Ready for a live demonstration?" Brian slid his hand into Justin's sweats and stroked the soft skin at the top of his thigh.

"Maybe later, right now I think I'm in the mood for . . ." Justin quickly found the page he was looking for and held it up for Brian to see.

"Ah, le soixante-neuf. Why am I not surprised?"

"Shut up. You know you love it." Justin took the cup out of Brian's hands and put it on the floor. "Let's do it for a long time."

"We *always* do it for a long time." This was Brian's chief complaint about sixty-nine, it wasn't immediate enough for him. Justin could suck and be sucked, floating on the edge of orgasm for hours and be perfectly content. Brian, on the other hand, wanted to come, get hard and come again.

Done talking, Justin pulled off his sweats and settled himself into position, rubbing his face into the soft flannel covering Brian's groin, breathing deeply, teasing himself before he pulled Brian's bottoms off completely. He stilled when he felt Brian take his balls into his mouth and suck hard. Gasping, eyes squeezed shut, he held on to Brian's ass, breathless from the pleasure and the ache.

Suddenly, Brian released him and bit him sharply on the thigh. "If you stop again, I'm going to sit on your face and ram my cock down your throat." This was Brian's other complaint about sixty-nine; Justin sometimes forgot to suck because he was so focused on what Brian was doing to him.

In retaliation, Justin yanked Brian's pants off and engulfed his cock in one smooth swallow. It was minutes before Brian had the presence of mind to take Justin back into his mouth. After that, there were no more threats from Brian's quarter.

Justin lost himself in the rhythm of give and take. Sometimes barely licking, sometimes sucking as hard as Brian could stand. He used his hands, his face, his hair. And when the taste of Brian's balls wasn't enough, he curled closer and feasted on his ass - pungent, dark and wild. And when he'd gorged himself and needed to rest, he trailed wet kisses up and down the inside of Brian's thighs, tracing pale, green veins with a rough and hungry tongue.

They started out on their sides, but Brian liked to switch things up, flipping and rolling them at whim. Sometimes Justin was on top, lightly balanced, clever and quick. Sometimes Justin was on the bottom, legs splayed and straining to feed his cock into Brian's mouth.

And when Brian decided he'd had enough and wanted to come, he knew what to do. Rising to his knees, he pulled Justin up with him and held him tight around the waist. Justin hung suspended, blood rushing to his head, thighs clamped around Brian's neck, fighting to stay in place. It was all he could do to hang on when Brian bowed his head and ate him, fucking Christ, ate him like no one had ever eaten him before.

When he came, it was so violent, that Brian lost his grip and Justin slid to the couch, a moaning, trembling mess. Showing no mercy, Brian fell on him immediately and thrust hard against his face, demanding his own orgasm. Justin opened his mouth and Brian fucked it, going deep and coming fast. He nearly choked Justin with his come, but cocksucker that he was, Justin swallowed it all then fell asleep with Brian's dick in his mouth.

When he woke up, Brian was still sleeping, and Justin did what he always did - he played with Brian's pubic hair, twirling it into tight, springy curls, come and saliva making it easy to fashion.

He was almost finished when he heard Brian groan, "Get off my leg. It's fucking numb."

Justin inspected his handiwork one last time and satisfied with the result, twisted around to lie face to face. Brian pulled him close and kissed him, brushed the hair back from his face, and kissed him again. "You're a fucking mess," he taunted and kissed him a third time. Justin closed his eyes and listened to the hiss and crackle of the fire.

"What do you want to do today?" Brian nudged him to make sure he was still awake.

"Let's build a snowman. It's stopped snowing and there's a little bit of sun," Justin pointed out.

"You can build a snowman. I'll watch."

"That's what you said last year, and you wound up taking over and giving it pecs and a six-pack."

"Don't forget the cock."

"Who could forget?" The snowman had sported a flashing, green dildo which had been visible for miles.

"Come on, it's almost one." Justin jumped off the couch. "Let's eat then go outside. It'll be dark by four."

"What about page sixty-seven?" Brian picked the book up off the floor and opened it, hoping to dissuade Justin from getting dressed and going outdoors.

"Only if you promise to help with the snowman," Justin called over his shoulder on his way to the kitchen.

"Are you attempting to bribe me?" Brian yelled after him, but Justin was long gone.

Brian looked at the illustration one last time and slammed the book shut. It was really a no brainer. A couple of hours pretending to help with the ridiculous snowman, in exchange for the pleasure of putting Justin into his custom-made, leather sling and fucking the shit out of him, until he either passed out or begged for mercy, which ever came first.

He pulled on his pants, banked the fire, and headed into the kitchen to carbo load.