

## The 513 You Should Have Seen

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/12069771) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/12069771>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Queer as Folk (US)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Brian Kinney/Justin Taylor (Queer as Folk)</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Gus Peterson-Marcus</a> , <a href="#">Lindsay Peterson</a> , <a href="#">Michael Novotny</a> , <a href="#">Ben Bruckner</a> , <a href="#">Justin Taylor (Queer as Folk)</a> , <a href="#">Debbie Novotny</a> , <a href="#">Blake Wyzecki</a> , <a href="#">Ted Schmidt</a> , <a href="#">Brian Kinney (Queer as Folk)</a> , <a href="#">Emmett Honeycutt</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Romance</a> , <a href="#">Season/Series 05</a> , <a href="#">Canon</a> , <a href="#">Episode Related</a>
Language:	English
Collections:	<a href="#">The Brian/Justin Fanfiction Archive</a>
Stats:	Published: 2007-02-21 Words: 5,182 Chapters: 1/1

# The 513 You Should Have Seen

by daisy [archived by [bjfic\\_archivist](#)]

## Summary

What really happened in the lives of Brian and Justin after the cameras stopped rolling.

## Notes

Note from IrishCaelan, the archivist: this story was originally archived at [The Brian/Justin Fanfiction Archive](#). To preserve the archive, I began importing its works to the AO3 as an Open Doors-approved project in September 2017. I posted announcements, but may not have reached everyone. If you are (or know) this creator, please contact me using the e-mail address on [The Brian/Justin Fanfiction Archive collection profile](#).

Author's notes: basically takes the last 5 minutes of episode 513 and fixes them.

---

Hazy smoke rings drifted up toward the vaulted ceiling of the stylish loft, expanding as they floated higher. A deep sigh escaped the smoker's mouth, sending forth a blast of smoke at an angle. Tapered fingers stubbed out the cigarette which no longer held his interest.

A few inches from the ashtray, a cell phone began ringing. The hand moved from the extinguished cigarette to the phone, snatching it up and flipping it open to draw to his ear. "Kinney," he answered simply. He listened as the caller began rambling nervously. "You're sure everything is ready for tonight, Theodore?" He paused to listen to his employee rush to assure him everything had been taken care of. "And you made sure to get extra cases of liquor?" Again he was being told that precautions had been taken to see them smoothly through their latest venture. Ted, Cynthia, and the troops had thought of everything. "Make sure you've got extra guys near the entrance to deal with new memberships and updating old cards. I trust you can handle the first couple of hours without me. I'll be there around nine," Brian flicked his phone shut and set it back down on the kitchen island. He knew Ted was more than capable of handling the details of Babylon's grand reopening. He just liked to make him squirm.

A glance at the clock told him it was a quarter til seven. For what had to be the hundredth time that day, he looked at his phone. He was tempted to dial a number so familiar to him he could punch it in faster than the speed dial. He knew he was a changed man when he realized the sound of his long-distance partner's voice was more precious to him than almost any other sound in the world, with the exception of his son's laugh.

Brian was about to go browse through his closet to pick the perfect ensemble for the evening, and to distract himself from the pressing loneliness he refused to acknowledge when his phone began ringing again. He recognized Lindsay and Melanie's home number in Toronto immediately and answered.

"Hello," his tone was much warmer than when he had been on the phone with Ted.

"I've got a very excited young man here who wants to talk to you," he heard Lindsay's voice and could tell she was smiling. He could also hear Gus in the background, no doubt jumping up and down tugging on his mother's arm while chanting 'daddy.'

"I've never been one to turn down the request of an excited young man," Brian replied, tongue in cheek. He waited while Lindsay passed the phone down to Gus.

"Hi, Daddy!" Brian had to pull the phone away from his ear due to his son's volume.

"Hey there, Sonny Boy," Brian couldn't stop the smile that crept across his lips.

"I miss you, Daddy," Gus sighed heavily into the phone.

"I know, buddy. I miss you, too. But you're coming down to visit in a couple of weeks, remember? You and your mommies and sister are coming for Thanksgiving," Brian reminded him. He had managed to convince Mel and Lindsay to stay through til Gus's birthday so Brian could celebrate with him.

"Is a couple of weeks soon, Daddy?" Gus asked.

"It's very soon," Brian told him, hoping to lift his spirits. To Brian, it wasn't soon enough.

"Mommy says you have a new club house," Gus was off on the next topic in the short attention spanned tradition instilled in the young.

"I guess you could call it that," Brian chuckled at Gus's innocent interpretation of Babylon.

"Can I play in the new club house?" Gus asked eagerly.

Brian had been on the verge of letting him down gently when a thought occurred to him.

"Sure, Sonny Boy. We'll pick a day to go play at the club house."

"Yay!" Gus yelled, forcing Brian to pull the phone away again. "Thanks, Daddy." Gus paused a moment and Brian could hear Lindsay talking to him in the background. "Mommy says I hafta give the phone to her."

"Ok, Gus. I'm glad I got to talk to you," Brian told him in all sincerity.

"Me too. Love you, Daddy," Gus's voice was brimming with sunshine. "Ok, here's Mommy."

There was a slight rustling as the phone was passed back to Lindsay. "Did I just hear you promise our four-year old that he could go to Babylon?" she asked without preamble.

"Relax, Linds. I figured we could go one day before lunch. Maybe bring some of the gang along and fire up the lights and music so Gus can have his own little dance party," Brian explained.

"Well, in that case, I have no argument," Lindsay replied.

"Gus should wait until he's at least thirteen before visiting Babylon in full swing," Brian's smirk was obvious in his voice.

"Brian," Lindsay grumbled.

"I've gotta run, Linds. I have a financial empire to oversee," Brian cut her off before she could begin lecturing.

"Good luck tonight," Lindsay told him.

"Thanks," Brian decided to forgo one of his typical smart ass remarks. He flipped his phone closed and hurried to get into the shower before his mind drifted back to a certain young blonde hundreds of miles away. He found, however, that he couldn't escape the thought of Justin. Everywhere he looked in the loft held one memory or another the pair made together.

The only place worse than the shower had to be the bed. With a sigh, Brian hurried through his shower and dressed quickly, opting for a simple black shirt with no sleeves and dark jeans. Maybe he could catch Mikey and the Professor for dinner before heading over to Babylon. He'd likely get there earlier than expected. But that way he could catch Ted and his other employees off guard and see how well they really handled things when he wasn't around.

\*\*\*\*\*

Tapered fingers drummed on the arm of a rather uncomfortable chair. The restless artist picked up his sketch pad and began doodling. His thoughts began wandering to the lover he hadn't been able to see much in the past three months. He lifted his free hand to brush a lengthy blonde strand from his brilliant blue eyes. A sigh escaped his lips when he noticed his simple doodle had become a face he knew so well, he could draw it blindfolded.

Justin thought they had been doing ok. His move to New York had harder than he ever imagined, but it was something he had to do . . . wasn't it? Maybe Brian was angry with Justin for actually moving to New York. But if that were true, wouldn't their contact have disintegrated dramatically? The pair of them talked on the phone almost every single day, and Brian had even been up to New York for the weekend on four different occasions. Justin simply couldn't understand the logic behind the communicative inconsistencies.

Brian's eyes stared up at him from the page of his sketch book. Though he had just drawn them, Justin still couldn't read the enigmatic expression they wore.

Deciding he needed to try and distract himself, Justin flipped back in his sketch book to a preliminary drawing he had been doing for a painting he had planned.

Life in New York City both was and wasn't everything he'd expected. He was fortunate enough to move in with one of Daphne's friends from college who had transferred to Mount Sinai School of Medicine. The apartment was nice enough, by New York standards, and Justin was able to make do using the fire escape just outside his bedroom window for painting. The light was perfect in the afternoon, and they were high enough up that noise wasn't much of an issue. When he wasn't painting, he kept his canvases and supplies inside away from the elements. It wasn't the ideal studio but it was better than nothing.

While he was able to live off of both the money from 'Rage' and with what he made doing free lance work for a local graphic arts firm, Justin couldn't possibly afford rental for a real studio. His roommate, Eric, had heard him grumbling one day about how one of his paintings had narrowly escaped water damage when it started to rain and suggested Justin try placing an ad to find someone to share a studio space with. Soon Justin had not one but two other artists to share a month to month lease with. With job and school hours being so varied among the three of them, there wasn't much point in trying to come up with a permanent schedule for usage of the studio. They basically just showed up whenever and if more than one of them happened to be there, it was never an issue. Not only was it nice to split the rental with the other two, but there were other benefits as well. Kelsey was an art student just beginning her junior year. She had a lot of contacts at the school and through one of the professors Justin was able to find an agent. Vinny, the other renter, was a sophomore at a different art school. He worked part-time at an art supply store and was able to pick up

supplies for Justin and Kelsey using his employee discount. Kelsey brought a coffee maker to the studio, which they were all grateful for. Justin brought along a portable cd player that they all made use of. And it was nice to have fellow artists to chat with about new pieces and gallery shows.

Finding an agent had been a life saver for Justin. He was able to focus more on his art and freelancing while Emma, his agent, took care of the dirty work. The article about him in the 'Art Forum' was definitely beneficial in helping him to get in some of the emerging artist shows in the local galleries. He had even come to a point where galleries were seeking him out as well. Things were going better than he could have hoped . . . except for one small thing.

Michael and Justin had been talking on the phone planning the latest issue of 'Rage' just a couple of weeks prior when Michael mentioned something about Babylon. When Justin had asked if Brian was considering rebuilding it, Michael awkwardly informed him that the work was nearly complete and the grand reopening was already in the works. Justin had been stunned. Why wouldn't Brian have mentioned something this important? Babylon had been a huge part of their lives all through their relationship. Its demise had been something that affected them all. Didn't he think Justin would be interested in the fact that it was reopening? He wasn't sure what was going on, but he had every intention of finding out. He put away his sketch book and stretched his limbs. An hour and a half in this chair was more than enough. He breathed a sigh of relief when he heard a voice speaking over the intercom. "Ladies and gentlemen, this is your captain speaking. I'd like to be the first to welcome you to Pittsburgh."

\*\*\*\*\*

A handful of red nailed fingers pushed back the sleeve of a bulky purple coat to compare the time on the wall clock with the exposed wrist watch.

"Checking your watch every thirty seconds won't make him get off the plane any faster," a baritone voice spoke softly in the redhead's ear.

"I'm allowed to fret, Carl. It's one of my rights as a mother," Debbie responded, her baubled earrings jingling with the movement of her head.

"I must admit, you're one hell of a mother . . . and grandmother," Carl took Debbie's hands into his to keep her from compulsively checking her watch anymore.

"If I didn't know any better, Detective, I'd swear you were trying to get lucky," Debbie grinned broadly before standing on her tiptoes to press a wet kiss to his mouth. When they separated, they found themselves being watched.

"Heteroes kissing in public. What is this world coming to?" Justin stood with his arms folded over his chest and a wry smile on his lips.

"Sunshine!" Debbie pulled him into such a tight hug that his duffel bag fell from his grasp while his arms were pinned helplessly to his sides.

"I've missed you too, Debbie," Justin laughed softly after he managed to pull in a breath. Finally Debbie loosened her grip on Justin and let him free.

"How're you doing?" Carl patted Justin on the shoulder.

"I'm good, thanks. I take it this isn't a coincidence, you two being here?" Justin quirked a pale gold brow.

"You know better than I do how this family works," Carl nodded at Justin's intuition.

"You guys didn't need to come get me. I told Michael I would just take a cab from the airport," Justin said, but it was obvious from his tone that he was happy to see them.

"This is your first trip back home. There is no way we were going to have you show up with no one here to meet you!" Debbie sounded scandalized at the very notion.

Carl picked up Justin's heavy duffel bag while Debbie laced her arm through Justin's and the three of them made their way out of the terminal. The drive to Brian's loft was a relatively short one. Debbie made Justin swear he would be at the family dinner on Sunday before she let him get out of the car. Carl offered to help Justin get his bag up to the loft, but Justin declined. After one last sloppy kiss from Debbie, they said their goodbyes and the car pulled away from the curb once Justin had disappeared into the building.

The familiar shuddering of the elevator raising him up to the top floor both thrilled and relaxed him. It was one of the millions of things he missed about Pittsburgh. Setting his duffel bag on the ground, Justin slid his key into the latch then pulled the door open. He stepped inside and disarmed the alarm before retrieving his bag. A quick glance around told him Brian was out. Though he was aching to see him, Justin was a little relieved to find the loft empty. He needed a chance to gather his thoughts and get cleaned up after his trip. The clock said it was almost eight-thirty so he decided to take a quick shower. He grabbed his bag and brought it into the bedroom, setting it on the end of the platform bed. Justin's gaze took in the sight of the spacious bed where he had made so many memories with Brian. Without giving it a second thought, Justin leapt onto the mattress, burying his face in the pillows. He inhaled deeply to breathe in Brian's scent. He groaned when he felt himself begin to stiffen in response. He allowed himself a moment to imagine Brian there with him in the bed. Sighing, he hauled himself up to get ready for Babylon. After a quick shower, Justin placed a call for a cab so it would be there by the time he was dressed and ready. He was just pulling his powder blue cashmere shirt down over his abdomen when the intercom buzzed to announce the cab's arrival. He grabbed his jacket, wallet, and keys and headed out, making sure to set the alarm before leaving.

Upon reaching Babylon, Justin stopped to take in the welcome sight of the club in all its glory. Throngs of men of every gay classification were lined up to get through the door. The music was blaring loudly. He could practically feel the pulse through the pavement. This was the way it should be. He was about to head for the door when it occurred to him that this was the first time he had been there since the bombing. In fact, he was standing almost exactly where he and Brian had been that night when Brian finally told him how he felt. At first Justin wasn't sure he had heard him right. Not only were those words that Brian Kinney would never say, but that voice was so unlike his as well. It was tinged with fear and

desperation. Justin had never seen Brian so vulnerable and helpless, not even when his body was being tortured with radiation treatments. It was all Justin could do to release a strangled moan and cling to Brian in that moment, wanting it to last forever. Even with the chaos of the bombing around them, for a brief period of time, all was right with the world. And though over the next weeks Brian altered himself into something he wasn't in an attempt to please him, Justin knew he meant those words with every fiber of his being, and that would never change. Taking a deep breath, Justin decided to enter the club.

\*\*\*\*\*

Brian let his lashes sink over his gold-hued eyes. His head tilted back as he allowed the beat of the music to entrance him. His bare arms waved through the air while his long lean body swayed with the pulsing rhythm given off by the speakers. His head fell back with a sigh while he danced. He knew now that reopening Babylon had been the right thing to do. This place was what made him who he was. For better or for worse, it was a part of him, it was in his blood. When his eyes opened again, he looked around him, taking in the sights of his friends. Michael and Ben were smiling and dancing, gazing at one another with love in their eyes, relishing every moment they had together. Ted and Blake were pressed close together, thankful that fate had brought them together again, both healthy and clean and ready for their future together. Emmett and his long-lost school mate Calvin from Hazelhurst were laughing and dancing and enjoying life. Everyone looked so blissful, so content. The evening was perfect. Almost. There was definitely something missing. Brian dropped his arms and headed toward the bar for a drink. The bartender recognized Brian's "I need a shot of Beam" face and had it waiting the moment Brian reached the counter. Brian grunted his thanks before lifting the shot to his lips and downing it quickly. He pressed the side of his thumb to his lips as he felt the burn of the alcohol tickle his throat on its way down. He set the glass down and was about to signal for another when he felt several pairs of hands grasp him from behind and drag him back toward the dance floor. Brian put up a slight fight just for appearances sake when the gang lured him into dancing with them. The ruse didn't last long. Brian gave in and danced with them, he even allowed Emmett to pull him into a good-natured hug. Though he'd had his doubts, Brian knew he would be able to go on with life. He wasn't really alone. He felt himself relax as he let his inhibitions go and decided to enjoy the night to the fullest. The gang mobbed into a little group and they all began dancing together, Brian somehow ending up in the middle of it all. But wasn't he always in the middle of it all?

He was lost in his own little world and didn't notice when the gang suddenly dissipated to let someone through to Brian. Warm breath caressed Brian's ear, making him shiver as a familiar voice spoke, echoing words he himself had said more than three years before. "Hey stud, wanna dance?"

Brian spun around, finding himself face to face with his lost youth. He was at a loss for words as he drank in the sight of the young blond. Rather than stuttering to find something to say, he found a better use for his mouth. His arms wrapped around the shorter man's frame, pulling their bodies together. Their mouths met in a heated kiss that conveyed better than words the emotions the pair was feeling. They were so wrapped up in each other, literally, that they didn't notice the knowing smiles the rest of their friends wore. The song blaring through the club ended and another one was more than halfway over before the lovers parted lips.



"How did you . . . When did you . . . What are you doing here?" Brian wasn't sure what to ask first. His arms were wrapped firmly around Justin's waist, keeping the younger man up against his body.

"I couldn't miss the grand reopening of Babylon, could I?" Justin's arms remained draped over Brian's shoulders. He gave Brian a look that made him feel slightly guilty.

"Look I know-" Brian started to explain, but Justin cut him off.

"Not right now. Let's enjoy the evening and talk about it later," he gave Brian a small smile.

Brian nodded his agreement.

"You never did answer my question," Justin spoke again after a short silence.

"Which question was that?" Brian had been more focused on Justin's voice than his words when he first approached him.

"Do you want to dance?" Justin asked again.

"With you? Always," Brian spun around with Justin safely wrapped in his arms. Justin's smile broadened into one of his most radiant and Brian just basked in that warm glow.

For the next hour the two of them danced together on the floor of Babylon's reincarnation. They hardly spoke a word, opting to just enjoy one another's company. Besides, there weren't words enough to convey what they were feeling. Since the moment Brian had taken Justin into his arms, they hadn't broken contact with one another. It was as though they were trying to make up for the hundreds of miles that had separated them for so many months.

After a particularly fast paced song mixed with plenty of groping, the pair found themselves in a state of high arousal. Their mouths sought each other out instinctively, zeroing in on the heat to meet in a fiery kiss.

"I want you inside me," Justin moaned against Brian's lips. His thick blond lashes fluttered over Brian's cheek, sending a shiver through the brunet.

"I think I can fulfill that request," Brian growled softly, pulling Justin's body closer to him so the younger man could feel his erection.

"Backroom?" Justin looked up at him.

Brian shook his head in negation, spilling chestnut locks across his brow. "Office," Brian nodded in the direction of the metal stairs leading to the second floor office. "I want you all to myself." He took a nip at Justin's throat before grabbing his hand and pulling him toward the stairs. They made it through the mob of dancers with surprising ease. When they reached the office door, however, Brian had difficulty finding the right key on his key chain due to the amorous blond rubbing his impressive erection against Brian's thigh.

"I'm never going to get this door open if you keep doing that," Brian growled.

"Guess you'll just have to fuck me on the stairs," Justin smiled suggestively.

"You think I won't?" Brian lifted a brow at his blond as he finally located the right key and slit it into the lock.

"I'm sure you would. It's one of the many things I love about you," Justin replied as Brian grabbed him and pulled him into his office. As soon as the office door was closed, Brian had Justin pinned against it, stooping to capture his mouth. Brian lost his breath when Justin literally growled with need. He tangled his leg with Brian's, smiling when he felt Brian grinding his stiffened cock against his leg. Brian broke their kiss to pull off Justin's pale blue shirt then proceeded to nip his way up the blond's slender throat. Justin's fingers buried themselves in the thick dark hair of his lover. After reaching Justin's chin, Brian began kissing a trail downward, brushing his tongue against Justin's bare skin. One arm slipped around the blond to caress his back while his tongue delved into his navel. Brian drew Justin's pants and briefs off so discretely, that Justin wasn't aware of it until he found himself standing naked with a fully clad Brian kneeling before him. He moaned loudly as Brian dipped his head, following the trail of blond hair below his navel to his twitching arousal. It was all Justin could do not to cum on the spot when Brian swallowed him whole. Every last inch was surrounded by Brian's talented mouth, so hot and wet. As it was, Justin barely lasted a minute before he was shooting down Brian's throat. He was thankful both for the wall behind him, and for Brian's hand upon his abdomen which steadied him. Brian rose to his feet and pressed his mouth against Justin's, sweeping his tongue through the blond's mouth to let him taste himself.

"Fuck, I've missed you," Justin groaned around Brian's tongue. His hands roughly yanked off Brian's shirt, sending buttons in all directions while Brian dropped his pants.

"I'm going to fuck you," Brian whispered in his ear. "I'm going to fuck you all night long," he drew out the words, sending shivers through Justin.

The pair naturally gravitated toward the sleek black leather couch lining one wall of Brian's Babylon office. Justin was about to settle himself on his hands and knees when Brian flipped him over onto his back.

"I want to see your face," Brian drank in the sight of him with an unmistakable look of longing. "I've missed seeing your face." Fortunately Brian had thought ahead and grabbed a handful of condoms and a packet of lube before dragging Justin over to the sofa. He tore open the lube and began preparing Justin's hole. All the while his eyes focused on Justin's face, taking in every pleased expression. Brian had barely begun scissoring his fingers when Justin began thrusting his hips forward in an effort to take in more of their length. Knowing Justin needed more, Brian reluctantly pulled his fingers out and centered his latex clad cock at the eager entrance. Brian's intention had been to enter Justin slowly and carefully, but Justin had other ideas. His legs wrapped around his lover and he used his heels to pull Brian forward and into him. Brian groaned and held himself as still as possible so he wouldn't climax early. After a few moments to get control of himself, Brian was ready. His body stretched out atop Justin's, hips rocking in graceful fluid motions, filling him over and over. The exquisite friction created each time Brian pushed fully in and pulled almost entirely out was driving Justin to a point of sexual madness. Justin's hands reached up to cup Brian's

face, kissing him hungrily while they expressed their emotions physically. Justin was thankful Brian had gotten him off already, as he was certain he wouldn't have lasted very long otherwise with Brian now inside him. He missed the sensation, the fullness, the completion, the possession. Brian was lost in every possible way. Mind, body, and soul, he wanted Justin to possess them all and told him so by the way they made love.

Justin felt as if every inch of him was on fire when his second climax hit. Warm white ribbons of cum splattered against Brian's abdomen and his own. Pinpoints of light glistened behind his eyelids while he rode the waves of orgasmic pleasure. The sound he made and the look of euphoria on Justin's face was enough to nudge Brian over the edge himself. His breathing hitched and his body convulsed as he filled the condom deep inside Justin. Hot erratic breaths fanned out over Justin's neck and chest. Brian savored every last second, making sure to enjoy his time with Justin to the fullest.

Even after a few minutes of rest, Brian's breathing still came in shuddery gasps. His arms clung to the man beneath him as if his life depended on it.

"Brian, are you all right?" Justin asked with concern, trying to get a better look at Brian's face.

"Yes . . . and no," his reply was muffled due to the fact that his face was buried in Justin's neck. He sighed, knowing this was going to be one of the most lesbionic conversations in his life, but resigning himself to that fact. "I miss this. I miss us," he moved to roll himself off of Justin but the blond stopped him from doing so.

"If you miss me so much, Brian, why didn't you tell me about Babylon reopening? Or invite me down for it? Hell, I had hoped you would follow me to the airport to stop me from getting on the plane in the first place. Did you know I spent my whole first night in New York lying awake hoping you would show up at the door to beg me to come home?" Justin tried to keep the confused hurt out of his voice as he asked the questions that had been bothering him for days. Honestly he hadn't wanted to get into it this evening, but since Brian had started things, they might as well get it out in the open.

It took Brian a few moments before he responded. "I thought it would hurt too much. To see you back home, only to have to let you go again. I didn't think I could do it . . . I still don't," Brian continued to bare his soul and Justin could swear that Brian's hold on him tightened a bit.

"It doesn't have to be like this," Justin's voice was soft and soothing.

"How can it not be?" Brian lifted his head to gaze down at his lover.

"Just say the word and I'll come back," Justin ran his fingers through Brian's disheveled locks.

"Justin, I can't ask you to give up New York and your dream," Brian hated the words coming out of his mouth, but he loved Justin too much to hold him back. "You've worked too hard."

"New York is not my dream. You are. I can do my art anywhere."

"But you'll regret giving up the chance to be a big success," Brian insisted.

"Who's to say I can't be a big success based out of Pittsburgh? And besides, losing you would be the biggest regret of my life . . . I've been there before," Justin kissed Brian's temple to assure him his mind was made up.

After several moments of deep thought, Brian spoke again. "Are you sure? Are you really sure?"

"I've never been more sure of anything in my life," Justin replied solemnly.

Brian gazed down upon Justin's face, memorizing every shade of blue in his eyes. "Justin, come home." It was a plea and a prayer.

"I thought you'd never ask," Justin's radiant smile vanished the gloom before he captured Brian's mouth with a passionate kiss and an answer to his prayer.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!