

Break You Off

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Break You Off

by [lambsWRATH](#)

Summary

(ON HOLD FOR NOW, IM SORRY)

Jerry is alone and in need of something new after moving to Seattle. The 21 year old finds comfort from a male stripper, who needs just as much love and care.

Jerry/Layne Alternate Universe.

(I will go back and edit for grammar and spelling when I've completed the story. Sorry in advance for any mistakes!)

Notes

This story will consist of drug use/abuse, as well as alcohol use on both Jerry and Layne's part. You've been warned.

There will eventually be smut, by the way.

I will try to update this as quickly as I can.

No disrespect to Layne, Jerry or AIC. This story is an AU of Layne being a stripper, so obviously, it's fiction.

Enjoy and let me know what you think. I love you!

Purple Hue

Jerry walked along the sidewalk, his cigarette burned almost down to the filter. It was a rather wet and chilly night, but he didn't mind. The slight breeze whipping through his light blonde hair. He has already walked about five miles before he saw a neon sign flashing through the dark, cloudy sky.

'LIVE MEN! LIVE MEN! LIVE MEN!'

It flashed blue and purple and Jerry almost laughed at how full the parking lot was on a Tuesday night.

He thought for a second. He's only been to a women's strip club once. His friends back home practically drug him there to celebrate his 18th birthday. He wasn't too into it and every women looked too fake for his liking.

He shrugged to himself and decided he should go in, just to get out of the drizzling rain. Maybe have a few drinks before returning back home to his studio apartment he could barely afford.

Inside the building, music was pumping from several speakers that littered the walls. It was dim and the stage was lit with colors of the rainbow. However, there was no one on stage. Patrons sat in the recliners and at the bar, smoke hanging above their heads in a fog.

Jerry noticed older men was mostly the clientele as he reached the bar.

"What can I get for you?" The male bartender flashed as smile at Jerry and leaned over the bar on his forearms.

"Whiskey, please, straight."

The bartender slid a shot glass towards Jerry as he sat down on a stool. The bar overlooked the stage and the seating area. After his shot was poured, the music changed to a more upbeat song. Jerry, with his shot glass, turned around in his seat to see a tall figure appear on stage.

His statue was broad shouldered and Jerry could tell, however, that the only working out the male did, was at the pole.

The figure's long, curly brown hair was shaved on the sides and cascaded down his back. His outfit consisted of, what Jerry would call, black booty shorts, knee-high boots with a heel. He wore a belly shirt with shoulder straps attached to his shorts.

He was, actually, kind of beautiful under the purple hue of the lights.

As he took to the pole, Jerry watched the figure wrap his leg around the pole. He did a little spin and the older men clapped and hollered at him. All of the attention was on the figure as he began working the pole.

Jerry threw his shot back and set it on the bar.

“Another?” The bartender asked.

Jerry nodded, “Uh, yes, please.”

More whiskey filled the shot glass and Jerry turned his attention to the pole dancer.

Jerry watched as men threw money to the stage when the figure unhooked the shoulder straps. He seductively played his stomach before trailing his hand up his chest, revealing more skin.

While on the pole, the stripper took off his shirt, showing everyone his chest.

More money was being thrown his way and Jerry took his shot back.

The dancer ate up all the attention, no longer shy as he began crawling on the floor seductively. He rolled over the money on the stage and begged with his fingers to the clients in front of the stage.

Jerry watched in amusement as the dancer stood up and began playing with his shorts.

Surely he’s not gonna take those off, Jerry thought.

He watched as the dancer pulled the shorts off aggressively. The velcro holding them ripping and they fell into the hungry crowd. He had on a skimpy pair of women’s underwear. His junk held securely by some magic.

He began pole dancing again, his movements calculated and filled with purpose.

“Another, please,” Jerry told the bartender. He threw the shot back and waved no more to the bartender.

He watched as the figure spun around the pole, giving everyone a good glance at his taunt body.

After the song was over, the dancer collected his cash, blowing kisses to everyone in the crowd who cheered for him. Soon, he disappeared behind the stage.

Jerry was warm out of the rain and wind.

“We’re about to close, honey,” the bartender told him.

“Oh, uh...how much do I owe?”

“I’ve never seen you in here before,” the bartender ignored Jerry’s question.

“I’ve never been here...”

The bartender smiled and nodded, “I thought so. Since you’ve never been here, it’s on the house!”

Jerry smiled back, "Thank you. I'm willing to pay though..."

"It's no worries," he leaned across the bar again to talk to Jerry one-on-one.

"Thanks," Jerry smiled. He watched as the men began rambling out of the doors. Some of the men had dancers around their arms.

He headed out the door with the crowd. Jerry began walking back home, following the sidewalk. Cars passing by had music bumping and engines loud as they passed.

In front of him, Jerry spotted a man walking alone. He recognized the knee-high boots that the last stripper wore. He had a t-shirt on and a different pair of shorts, but no jacket.

Jerry jogged to catch up to him.

"Hey," Jerry started.

"I'm not a street-walker, fuck off," the dancer told him.

"No...I didn't think that. I just watched you in the club. Here," Jerry said as he pushed off his leather jacket. "It's cold..."

Jerry got a good look at the dancer's face and realized he was extremely young. Maybe Jerry's age.

"I'm Jerry."

The dancer stopped walking to turn to him.

"I'm not a prostitute like my coworkers..."

"I don't want sex. You just looked cold. Here," Jerry stated as he handed the dancer his jacket again.

He took it and put it on.

"Where are you headed?" Jerry asked as they began walking again.

"No where..."

"Do you...are you...?"

"Yes, I'm homeless currently," the dancer said straight.

"Oh..."

They walked for a few more minutes.

"I'm Layne," the dancer eventually said.

“Jerry,” he repeated. “I don’t normally go to random male strip clubs. It was rainy earlier so I stopped for a drink. I happened to catch your set.”

Layne nodded, “Yeah...I’ve never seen your face before. You stuck out of the crowd because you look young.”

“I’m 21...”

Layne sighed, “20.”

Jerry nodded and guessed right.

“Do those old men clamor over you a lot?”

“Yeah,” Layne laughed.

“And you’re not into it?”

“Fuck no. I leave them for my friends,” Layne’s face turned into disgust for a second. Jerry could see him smile a little more now.

“Uh...I know we just met, but...if you need a place to stay tonight...I have an apartment.”

“You have a place but no car?” Layne’s eyebrows quipped.

“Yeah...life’s a bitch,” Jerry laughed.

“Tell me about it...”

They walked some more before Layne took the offer.

“You’re not gonna kill me right?” He asked.

“Uh...no,” Jerry answered.

Studio

“Step on in,” Jerry said kindly as he held his door open for Layne to come in.

Layne walked in and surveyed the apartment. It was small, but only Jerry was living there. The living room ran into the kitchen and bedroom. The only other door was a small bathroom next to the entrance of the apartment.

“So? Whatcha think?” Jerry asked as he shut the door behind them.

Layne studied the posters and pictures hung on the white walls.

“Homey,” he answered.

“Here, let me take that,” Jerry said as he took the small travel bag Layne had with him. He set it on the small couch.

“Here’s your jacket,” Layne said as he shrugged it off.

“Toss it on the table. You hungry?”

Layne tried to think about the last time he ate something good.

“Yeah, if it’s not too much trouble...”

“Course not,” Jerry smiled. “What are you in the mood for?”

“Grilled cheese?”

“Coming right up! Make yourself at home,” Jerry said politely.

Layne sat on the couch and watched Jerry cook them grilled cheeses. He watched Jerry’s back as he stood in front of the stove, trying to understand why some stranger was being so kind and why.

After a few minutes, Jerry plated them and took them into the living room with a couple of Cola cans.

“Here you go!”

“Thank you,” Layne smiled. He looked at it for a few seconds before digging in.

Jerry watched him eat for a minute before he sat in the recliner to eat for himself.

“So Layne, why are you homeless...if I might ask?”

Layne paused for a second, “My parents kicked me out when they found out I was stripping.”

“Oh...”

“Yeah, they don’t agree with all that...and...being gay so...”

Jerry nodded, “You’re gay?”

Layne laughed a little, “I work a male strip club...yeah. I’m a little gay.”

Jerry reasoned it was probably a correct assumption.

“How long have you been stripping then?”

“About...a year,” Layne answered between chewing.

“You’ve been homeless for a year?” Jerry was stunned.

Layne cleared up Jerry’s confusion, “God, no. I got kicked out a week ago. I was able to hide it from them for a while though.”

“Where have you been staying?”

“Around. Some with my coworkers, some with friends,” Layne answered. He burped before taking a few sips of his soda.

“Do you like it?”

“What’s with all the questions?” Layne asked.

“Oh, I’m sorry. I’m just curious...I guess.”

Jerry set his plate down on the coffee table and stretched his legs out.

After a while Layne set his plate down, too.

Jerry got up and put them in the sink and began washing them.

“I don’t like it that much,” Layne finally answered. “I get gawked at while working, made to be an object for men...sometimes middle aged women celebrating their divorces. It’s a job. I started because I needed money and it was fast money. I haven’t been able to save up for my own place and I’m not good at anything.”

Jerry leaned back against the counter and listened.

“I’m sorry...”

“It’s okay. Hopefully I’ll be able to leave soon,” Layne shrugged.

“Enough about me...what about you?” Layne asked.

“Uh, I just moved here a couple weeks ago. I don’t know anyone around here,” Jerry answered.

“I’ll be your friend...” Layne suggested with a kind smile.

Jerry smiled as well, “Yeah.”

“Do you work?”

“I work down the street at the music store,” Jerry answered.

“Oh shit! Do you have any Black Sabbath records there? I’ve never been in there before.”

“I’m sure we do,” Jerry laughed.

“What made you move here?”

“I don’t know exactly. I was kicked out after my mom and grandma died. Figured I’d give the big city a shot.”

“I’m sorry about that,” Layne whispered.

“It’s okay...”

“Are you close with your dad?” Layne found himself asking all the questions now.

“Not...really,” Jerry answered. “Are you?”

“Not my biological dad. I’m kinda close with my step-dad.”

Jerry nodded, “Do you still have your mom?”

“Yeah, I do. We’re close...it’s just that...my attitude plus my career choice...lead to, uh, getting the boot.”

Jerry understood where he was coming from.

“Do you need to shower or anything?” Jerry asked.

“Uh, yeah. That would be nice,” Layne nodded.

“Showers through there. I’ll get you a pillow and some blankets.”

Layne smiled nicely and grabbed his bag before disappearing into the bathroom. Jerry took a pillow off of his bed and a blanket from a tiny closet. He set them on the couch as he heard the shower turn on.

He quickly changed out of his slightly damp clothes and into a t-shirt and his boxers. He sat back down in the recliner and finished off his Coke can. He crumpled it up and tossed it across the room and into the trash can.

After a while, Jerry heard the shower cut off and Layne sigh loudly. After a few more minutes, the door opened and steam rolled out. Layne was in a different t-shirt and a pair of shorts.

He sat the bag down on the floor next to the recliner and sat with Jerry on the couch.

“If you need anything...help yourself,” Jerry said as he stood up. “Just pretend it’s your own place.”

Layne nodded, “Thank you...”

“No problem...”

Jerry sighed as he walked to the bed. He turned off the kitchen light as Layne got up to turn off the lamp in the living room.

Once under the warm covers of the bed, Jerry closed his eyes and tried to drift off to sleep.

Layne did the same, but didn’t fall asleep as fast.

Around 3 am, Jerry woke up to Layne going to the bathroom. He didn’t think much of it and tried to fall back asleep. He could hear Layne shuffle back to the couch and get comfortable again.

Good Morning Goodbyes

Chapter Summary

Warning, drug use.

Jerry tossed and turned in bed after hearing some clutter being pushed around a few feet away from the bed in the kitchen. He glanced at the clock, 11 am.

He stretched and turned his attention to the noise while he sat up.

Layne was standing in the kitchen, shirtless with a pair of shorts on. He hovered over the stove and the smell of eggs and bacon hit Jerry's nose. He breathed in slowly and smiled a little.

"Whatcha doing?" He asked as he rolled out of bed.

The sound of Jerry's voice made Layne jump a little. His demeanor turned a little bashful and shy as Jerry came in the kitchen.

"Uh...I'm sorry. I thought, uh, I could make you some breakfast. I was kinda hungry, too. I didn't want to wake you up until I was done," Layne stumbled. "I'm sorry...I don't mean to overstep or...anything."

Jerry shook his head, "You're not. I told you to act as if this is your home. It's perfectly fine, Layne."

Layne nodded a little as he plated the eggs and sat them on the two-seated dinner table.

Jerry grabbed two cups and began pouring orange juice. He sat a cup in front of Layne and sat down in front of him.

"Fuck...this looks so good," Jerry complimented.

Layne smiled and thanked him.

"How did you learn how to cook?" Jerry asked as he stuffed his face full of bacon.

"Uh, my mom taught me the basics," Layne answered as he began eating.

"I have food but I'm not a good cook. Mostly I just get to-go or some shit," Jerry told him.

Layne laughed, "That's so unhealthy."

Jerry rolled his eyes, "Okay, Mom."

“Do you work today?” Jerry asked after a few minutes.

“I work nights,” Layne answered as he stared down at his plate. He dreaded going to work.

“Do you work today?” Layne asked after he took another bite.

Jerry nodded, “Yeah. I have to go in in about 30 minutes.”

Layne suddenly got uneasy. Was Jerry gonna kick him out? Was this a one night kind of arrangement from a kind stranger?

“Oh,” Layne managed to push out. “I should get going then.”

He stood up abruptly and pushed the rest of his uneaten eggs in the trash and placed his plate in the sink. He started for the living room to gather his things.

“Hey, wait,” Jerry interjected.

Layne paused for a second.

“What are you going to do today until work?”

“Probably just...walk around or something. Maybe go sit until it’s time for my shift,” Layne answered as he bit the inside of his cheek.

“Hey...if you don’t want to do that...you could just hang out here...?”

Was Jerry being serious?

“...as long as you don’t steal my shit and pawn it while I’m gone,” he added jokingly.

It seemed to calm Layne a little about the proposition and he managed a smile.

“Uh...okay,” he eventually nodded.

Jerry gave him a sweet smile and put his empty plate in the sink. He disappeared into the bedroom across the threshold. Layne sat on the couch and studied the way Jerry pulled off his t-shirt with one hand. He found a semi-clean t-shirt and pulled it on. He pulled on a pair of black skinny jeans and buttoned them up. When he turned around, Layne tried to act normal, as if he wasn’t watching Jerry get dressed.

Jerry brushed it off and sat on the bed to put his socks and Doc Martens on.

He walked through the house and to the bathroom. He brushed out his hair and brushed his teeth.

He appeared back in the living room, standing at the front door. He grabbed his wallet and keys from a ceramic bowl and stuffed them in his pocket. He turned his attention to Layne.

“Uh...if you need to go out and come back, there’s a spare key on top of the doorframe,” Jerry told him as he pointed up. “I left you \$40 if you get hungry.”

Layne nodded, feeling his face get hot that he was caught staring.

“What time do you go in tonight?”

“Nine, Layne answered, shifting his weight a little on the couch.

“I get off at 8. Will you be here when I get off?”

Layne shrugged, “Probably not. I have to get ready and stuff early. It takes a lot for a stripper to get ready.”

He rolled his eyes a little at the known fact and Jerry giggled.

“Okay then...”

As Jerry turned to leave, Layne piped up, “Are you coming back tonight?”

Jerry hadn’t really thought about it.

“Are you asking me to?”

Layne looked anywhere but Jerry, “If you want.”

Jerry smiled to himself a little and nodded, “okay.”

Jerry unlocked and opened the door, closing it behind him and leaving Layne alone in his apartment. He wasn’t worried about Layne doing any damage or...anything bad. For some reason, Jerry trusted the stranger...for some reason.

As he walked down the block to work, he wondered what Layne would do all day while he was gone.

Layne laid down on the couch after Jerry left, stretching out his legs and closing his eyes. After getting bored quickly, he sat back up and stared out of the window that overlooked the street. Jerry was gone.

He opened his bag and shuffled through it until his hand found a little black zipper bag. He paused, his hand waiting on the bag.

“Fuck,” he mumbled. He threw the bag at the front door and some of the contents spilled out. He ignored it and found his pack of cigarette on the table. He took one out and lit it. He sat back down on the couch and inhaled slowly, closing his eyes again.

He tried to think of something else to occupy his mind.

Meanwhile, Jerry sat behind the counter of the music store, watching as a few teenager came in to walk through the aisles of records.

He remember Layne talking about Black Sabbath records and tried to think which one could be his favorite.

The teenagers checked out with their records and Jerry was left alone again in the shop.

Layne was eyeing the bag at the door and the black zipped up bag that laid on the hardwood floor. He chewed the inside of his cheek, almost biting blood out of himself. He stood up and stretched. He found the \$40 dollars Jerry left him for food and set it on the table.

He picked up the clothes and stuffed them back in the bag, keeping a shirt out. He pulled it over his head and sat the bag on the couch, placing the black bag on top. He grabbed the \$40 and reached for the spare key.

He wasn't sure where he was going, but he needed to get away for a little bit.

At the music store, Jerry was checking out a young woman with a KISS record.

She was eyeing him and he politely smiled back.

"Here you go!" He said as he handed her the bag with the store logo on it.

"Thank you," she smiled back. "I didn't catch your name..."

"Jerry," he answered.

She pushed her hand out for him to shake, "Anna."

Her smile was painfully bright and Jerry shook her hand.

"How long have you been working here?" She asked as she pulled her hand back.

"A few weeks now."

"That explains it," she said, seemingly, to herself.

"I'm sorry?"

"Oh, I haven't been in here in a while and I've never seen you before," she replied. "Are you from around here?"

"Seattle? No."

She nodded, her brunette hair falling in her face a little.

"It was nice to meet you," she smiled again and started to walk away from the counter. Jerry watched her leave and the bell over the room rung out.

Jerry didn't think much about the encounter and turned his attention to the TV overhead that was playing music videos.

Layne walked around for a little while before he found a little hole-in-the-wall pizza shop. He went inside and stood in line for his turn to order. After a few minutes, it was Layne's turn and he placed his order and paid. He sat patiently in a booth for his order. He twirled his thumbs and his head began hurting.

“...fuck,” he mumbled as he rubbed his temples. He tried to ignore it and squirmed a little in his seat. His pizza was placed in front of him and he began digging in. He ate in silence, listening to the TV playing the news in the corner of the room.

After he ate about three slices, he got a to-go box and slid his pizza inside. He carried it back to Jerry apartment.

Once back at the apartment, he unlocked the door and placed the key back where Jerry put it and locked the door behind him. He set the pizza in the fridge and came face to face with his bag again.

He pulled his cigarettes out of his pocket instead and lit another one up.

After a couple hours, Jerry got his lunch break. He sat in the break room after his coworker took over the register. He didn't bring anything to eat and had given Layne most of his cash. He got up and looked in the work fridge.

Empty.

He rolled his eyes and shut the door.

Instead, he went back out front and went to the B section aisle to shuffle through records. He pulled up the Born Again album and thought for a bit, turning it over in his hands and looking it over.

He walked up to Marko at the counter and pulled out his wallet. He bought the record and stuffed it behind the counter, reminding himself to not forget it.

Layne paced the kitchen, his eyes trained on the floor as he smoked his 5th cigarette. His body began aching and his head was pounding, threatening to burst out of his skull.

He squeezed his eyes shut.

“Fuck it,” he said out loud as he put out his cigarette in the sink. He walked over to his bag and pulled the black zipper bag to his face. He grabbed his belt.

“Fuck you,” he spit to himself before going into the bathroom.

Even though he was home alone, he still shut and locked the door behind him. He sat in the cold tub and unzipped the bag slowly. He tried to not think about what he was about to do. He didn't want to do it...but he has to now.

He's too deep into his own shit.

He pulled out a new, unused needle and set it on the plastic edge of the bathtub. He pulled a little baggie out and studied it closely. He sighed and set it down, too. He found his tiny spoon he kept for this purpose and a small lighter.

Jerry was back working the counter and watching music videos.

“Hey, man,” Marko said as he passed by the counter. “I have to get outta here early. Can you close tonight?”

“Are you serious?” Jerry sighed.

“Yeah...can you?”

Jerry nodded a little, “Sure.”

“Thanks, man. I owe you!” Marko said as he gathered his shit and headed out of the door in a hurry. Now Jerry was left all alone to run the store, having to stay there until 9:30.

He had no way to tell Layne he would be a little late and secretly hoped he didn’t miss his set. He glanced over at the clock on the wall, 5pm.

Layne sat in the tub, staring at the contents that has wrecked his un-repairable life. He wanted to turn the water on and sit there, but he didn’t have many clothes to spare any. Instead, he placed the belt around his arm and secured it tightly.

He poured out some of the power from the baggie and held it up on the spoon. He pulled out a little citric acid bottle he had, the size of an airplane liquor bottle. He squirted some in the power and began mixing it with the flat bottom of the needle. He stared at it for a couple minutes...

He hated himself in these moments. He’s not the Layne he knew a year ago. He’s not the Layne everyone knew a year ago.

He held his lighter underneath the spoon and watched the contents liquify and bubble a little. The brown sludge turning blacker and blacker. When it was done, he got a tiny, tightly wound cotton ball and dropped it in the spoon. The liquid soaking up into the ball fast.

He injected the needle into the cotton ball and pulled back on the flat bottom, filling only a little of the syringe.

Just enough to get through the sickness, Layne thought.

He set the spoon on the edge of the tub and found a vein in his hand quickly. He pulled off the cotton ball and injected himself, wincing a little at the slight burn. He pushed back on the flat bottom, some blood coming up through the syringe, before slowly injecting himself.

He pulled the needle out and set it down, quickly undoing the belt and tossing it at the door. He held his hand up above his head and shook it lightly.

He felt hot and took slow breaths, feeling it course through his body and limbs. He equalized it to pouring warm honey over his cold body. He closed his eyes and sighed to himself.

He looked down at his hand, a little blood pooling on his hand. He wiped it off with his shirt and got up slowly. He placed everything back in the zipper bag and placed the cap back on the needle.

He picked up his belt on the way out.

He practically threw the zipper bag back into the bigger bag of clothes and zipped it up.

He was angry. He hated it.

He went back into the bathroom, looking over the bathtub for any trace of what he just did. When he didn't see anything, he rummaged through the mirror cabinet, looking for a bandaid.

He managed to find a tiny, circular one and undid the paper that stuck to the glue. He placed it over the small injection site that was seeping a little blood now.

He closed the mirror and splashed water on his face a few times. Looking in the mirror, he stared at his eyes. The pupils in his bright blue eyes were becoming dilated. The urge to punch the mirror took over, but he clenched his wet fist instead.

Lapdance

Layne took off from Jerry's apartment at 8. He almost expected to run into Jerry on the street, but no such luck. Unbeknownst to Layne, Jerry was stuck at the music store until 9:30.

He walked the five miles to the club and pushed the doors open. The lights were all on, not dimmed just yet and not open to the public until 9. He made it 15 minutes before opening and quickly made it to the back stage dressing room.

"Layne!" He heard a familiar voice call him from somewhere in the room. A male approached him and hugged him tightly.

"I didn't get to see you yesterday. How was it last night? Big crowd?"

Layne nodded as they walked to Layne's station, pushing past half naked bodies.

"You know," Layne's voice went to a whisper as he got close to the male's ear. "Old men and their young pussy."

The male laughed and shook his head.

"There's a female party coming tonight. I was told to tell you that your set is during their time."

Layne sighed. He hated pretending to be attracted to middle aged women for money.

"Starr..." Layne groaned as he sat in his chair.

"I know, I know. Look at this way, you bring in a shit ton of tips from women, man."

It was true; middle aged women had a thing for the skinny, young Layne Staley.

He shook his head and Starr took his seat next to him. Starr's station was littered with pictures of him and his boyfriend of two years. Layne had met Starr's boyfriend while he crashed at his house for a couple weeks. Sean was super goofy and the perfect match for the equally, goofy Starr.

Layne pulled off his shirt and began putting on some make up. A little glitter never hurt anyone...

"Do you have that dominatrix outfit here?" Layne asked as he stared at himself in the mirror, carefully applying the glitter to his eyelids.

"Uh...I think it's in the closet. I'll get it if you want to wear it," Starr replied.

"Yeah! Thanks, man."

Starr got up and disappeared into the outfit closet. Everyone shared outfits, except for some of the more 'high-dollar' bitches that didn't want other people touching their things. Layne stayed away from them anyways.

After he was done with his makeup, Starr came back carrying the leather outfit. He laid it across Layne's station with a smirk.

"Any special occasion for this outfit, Laneyyyy?" Mike raised his eyebrows.

"Middle aged women, man..." Layne giggled.

He was feeling better. No longer sick and still riding the small, orgasmic high of shooting up a few hours ago.

Starr laughed and starting doing his make up, covering little pimples on his cheeks.

"Actually," Layne started as he turned to Starr. They watched each other through the mirror. "I met someone last night. He let me stay over his apartment last night. Even gave me some money for food today..."

"Oh shit, wanna give me his number?" Starr joked.

Layne rolled his eyes, "No... he's actually really sweet. Didn't expect anything from me. Just a kind guy."

Starr turned to face Layne.

"You deserve someone like that, Layne."

Layne blushed a little. Maybe it was true. But Jerry doesn't know the real Layne...

"Is he coming tonight?" Starr asked as he turned his attention back to the mirror.

"I think so..."

"I wanna meet him!" He smiled at Layne through the mirror. His brown eyes sparkling and straight smile beaming.

Layne met Starr at the club. They started at the same time and quickly became the closest two in the club.

"Maybe," Layne said. "Oh, how was your little 'vacation'?"

"Ughhhh, fucking perfect. I'm a little worn out...if you catch my drift," Starr wiggled his eyebrows and Layne laughed.

"Is Sean coming tonight by chance?"

"No, he's working late. Poor thing has to make up his vacation hours," Starr answered. "Buuuuut! He is picking me up tonight."

Layne nodded.

Suddenly the loud claps of the show runner could be heard coming into the back dressing room. She read off the order of acts, and Starr was right. She announced a big group of women who reserved the whole seating area for a bachelorette party and Layne's set was in the middle of it.

"We're opening now. Get ready! There's already a crowd outside!" She hyped the men up and gave them all a sweet smile.

"Aren't you gonna get dressed?" Starr asked.

Layne shook his head, "No. I'm gonna sit at the bar for a bit and watch."

Starr nodded, "I'll join you!"

Jerry walked down the block to the apartment, the Black Sabbath album in hand and a smile on his face. He knew Layne wouldn't be home, but he was looking forward to seeing him again. He picked up the pace, fearing he would miss Layne's show.

Once inside his apartment, he set the album on the couch and walked to the bedroom. He didn't bother to change his clothes, but he laid down for a second on the bed.

As soon as his back hit the bed, he heard the crumpling of paper under him.

'Hi, I'm at work :(

I'd like you come, if you feel like it...

I got pizza today with your money it's in the fridge if you're hungry after working.

—Layne'

Jerry smiled a little and took the note with him to the kitchen. He laid the note on the dinner table and opened the fridge. Sure enough, there was a box of pizza. He pulled it out and set it on the table. He grabbed a slice and put the box back in the fridge and grabbed a beer.

Jerry sat at the table and ate his slice. The clock read 9:47 and Jerry jumped up. He ran to the front door and grabbed his keys and wallet. He had a long walk in front of him to get there, fingers crossed he hasn't missed it yet.

Starr and Layne sat at the bar with the clients, taking shots of vodka with each other and singing along to the music. They watched a couple of the guys sets, Layne occasionally eyeing the door, waiting for Jerry to walk in at any time.

Soon, Starr and Layne had to go backstage to get ready. Layne was growing worried that Jerry wasn't going to show up after all.

They quickly got changed and Starr helped Layne secure his dick in place, just in case.

"Man, if I had a dick like you...I would be giving that shit away for free," Starr rolled his eyes.

Layne shook his head, "Fuck off."

"What?! You've been blessed!"

Jerry entered the club and noticed the large crowd of women taking up most of the sitting area down below. Some male Jerry hasn't seen was on stage and the girls were cheering him on.

He made his way to the bar and the same bartender was behind the counter. He smiled at Jerry and asked him if he wanted a whiskey straight.

Jerry laughed and nodded, "Pour me one!"

The bartender slid it towards him and he took it back with a groan. The music got lower and the male left the stage after collecting his cash.

Layne was next and his nerves were coming undone.

"Go out and fucking rock it, baby!!" Starr cheered as the speakers announce Layne to the stage.

Jerry turned around on the stool and the stage lights turned to the same purple hue as last night. He watched as Layne's dark figure was walking seductively to the stage. The women had a front row seat and began screaming for him.

Jerry felt a sense of pride for Layne.

Layne finally walked in front of the light and Jerry got a full view of his outfit.

"Holy shit," he mumbled to himself. He turned around and pointed at his empty shot glass. The bartender filled it and Jerry threw it back quickly. The music began and Layne started grinding on the pole, working the crowd and stomping around the stage in high heeled stiletto leather boots.

How the fuck is he walking in those, Jerry thought.

Layne twisted himself with the pole and dropped from halfway up the pole down to a split. Jerry watched in amazement as Layne was covered in bills and rolled around.

The speakers announced the Bride-to-be in the crowd and a spotlight hit some random chick. Layne seductively walked down the stage stairs and straddled her hips.

The leather Layne was wearing was sparking in the spotlight. Jerry watched as he gave her a lap dance. The other women throwing bills on them both. Layne threw his hair around and smiled sweetly at her.

Jerry stomach turned in knots and he couldn't stop watching the show.

Layne finished up the lap dance and made his way back to the stage to finish his routine. He slowly started undoing the leather straps and stripping it off slowly. Eventually he was down to a pair of skimpy underwear again.

The music got lower and Layne blew kisses to the women before raking up all his cash. Jerry let out a long sigh as Layne and Starr passed each other on the stage and gave each other a look and came very close to kissing. The women screamed louder and Layne disappeared behind the stage.

Layne began putting the outfit in the dirty clothes basket and getting dressed in his normal clothes. He borrowed one of Starr's wet wipes to scrape the glitter off of his eyes the best he could. He ran the cash through an automatic counter and was surprised he made over \$700. He stuffed the cash into his bag.

While Starr was on stage, Layne came out from behind the side curtain and searched the crowd for Jerry. He spotted him at the bar talking to a woman he had seen in the crowd.

"Jerry! What are you doing here?!" The brunette from the store asked over the music.

"Uh...drinking!" Jerry answered.

Layne walked up the stairs and Jerry noticed him coming towards him.

"At a male strip club?! Are you gay?" Anna asked, tilting her head questioningly.

Jerry wasn't sure how to answer as Layne got closer.

"Hey!" Jerry ignored and Layne gave him a smile.

"Hey..."

"Uh, Layne this is Anna. She came in the store today."

"Your set was killer. My sister wants to give you a few extra bucks before we leave!" She told him.

He flashed a smile and blushed.

"I gotta get back! Nice to see you again..." She said before going back down the stairs.

"It really was amazing..." Jerry told him. Layne took a seat next to him and got a shot of vodka.

"Thank you! Did you get my note?" Layne asked, leaning in close to Jerry so he could hear him.

"I did! Thanks for saving me some pizza!" Jerry leaned into him and laughed.

"No problem! Thanks for the food!" Layne yelled.

He turned his attention to Starr on the stage and pointed down at him, “That’s my best friend Mike! He wants to meet you...if that’s okay?”

Jerry nodded, “Uh, sure!”

Layne smiled. They couldn’t really talk over the music, but they sat together until Starr’s set was done and he joined them at the bar.

“Nice to meet you! Layne told me a lot of good things about you today!” Starr smirked.

Layne eyed him and Jerry laughed.

“I’m glad it’s all good things!” Jerry laughed more when he noticed Layne’s expression.

“I’m Mike, but everyone calls me Starr!” He yelled over the music.

“Jerry!”

Starr nodded, “Shots?”

“Yes! Please,” Layne interjected.

Starr got the bartender to give him three shots of vodka and he handed them out to Jerry and Layne.

“To Layne’s killer fucking set tonight!” He toasted.

Jerry clinked his shot glass with them and agreed. They threw them back and groaned before placing them on the counter.

“What time do you get off?” Jerry leaned over to Layne’s ear to ask.

“Five minutes!”

Jerry nodded.

The trio watched the last act and cheered him on with everyone else. Anna returned to the bar with the Bride-to-be.

“Layne! I wanted to give you a little extra for that sexy lap dance you gave me!” She was obviously drunk and was covered in glitter. Layne couldn’t tell if it was from him though.

She slipped him a hundred dollar bill and smiled.

“Nice to see you, Jerry, again,” Anna giggled into his ear. She smiled and Layne watched Jerry expression. He smiled, close mouthed and uncomfortably. This was the third time she was coming into him. Layne sensed Jerry’s tense body language and decided to try to help.

Layne threw an arm around Jerry and held his face in his hands.

“I know! Isn’t he the best!” He smirked at Jerry and then to her possessively. Jerry’s mouth dropped open a little, watching Layne in front of him. His heartbeat was close to beating out of his chest completely.

She nodded and said her goodbyes before helping her sister and the group of drunk women out of the doors.

Layne didn’t take his arm off of Jerry until they were out of the doors.

“I’m sorry!” Layne said as he removed his arm.

“No...thank you. She tried to come onto me at the store, too,” Jerry told him.

Starr laughed loudly and told Layne they needed to get their shit from backstage.

“I’ll be right back. Can you wait here, please?” Layne smiled a little.

“Of course,” Jerry nodded, returning the smile.

He watched as Starr and Layne went back behind the side curtain. Jerry slipped the bartender the money he owes for the drinks and even covered Starr’s shots.

After a few minutes, he met Starr and Layne at the entrance and walked out with them.

“Hi, baby!” Starr called out to a tall, slender guy leaning on his car. He speed walked over to the man with straight, long brown hair.

The taller man wrapped his arms around Starr in a tight hug. Starr got up on his tippy toes to kiss the man.

“That’s Starr’s boyfriend, Sean,” Layne whispered. Jerry nodded and walked with Layne over to Sean’s car.

“Hey, Layne. How are you?” Sean asked.

It was a loaded question.

“Great! You missed a kickass show tonight. Your little fucker killed it,” Layne told him.

“Damnit! Did you do the dominatrix routine tonight?” Sean whined.

“No, Layne did,” Starr pointed at Layne.

Sean giggled, “Next time then!”

Starr tossed his bag in the backseat and hugged Layne goodnight.

“I’ll see you, babe.”

“Be safe! Wear a condom! Get tested regularly!” Layne called out as they got in the car. Starr flipped him off and Layne laughed.

“Ready to go home?” Jerry asked as they watched Sean pull out of the parking lot.

‘Home’. Layne’s body got hot and he nodded.

“Lemme carry that,” Jerry said as he took the bag off of Layne’s shoulder and slipped it onto his instead.

“Thank you,” Layne said shyly.

Born Again

Chapter Notes

I do not claim to know Layne's personal favorite album, by any means. It's just a kickass album and I know Layne liked them, so I wrote it in.

Jerry and Layne stood in the hallway of the apartment building. Jerry pulled out his keys and unlocked the door while Layne eyed his bag over Jerry's shoulder. Secretly praying that Jerry wasn't a bossy mother fucker to go through his things and find his darkest and most kept secret.

Jerry pushed the door open and flicked on the lights. He carefully sat the bag down on the couch, purposefully so that Layne would notice the record he bought him.

Layne saw it and smiled a little.

"Is...that for me?" He asked as he shut the door behind him, locking it for Jerry.

He saw Jerry nod, "Yeah! I saw it at work today and remembered asking about them."

Jerry watched as Layne picked up the record and flipped it over, reading closely with a bright smile on his face.

"You didn't have to..."

"Don't mention it," Jerry smiled at him.

Layne sat on the couch as he continued to study the record.

"I have a record player. You wanna spin it?" Jerry offered.

"Uh, fuck yes!" Layne laughed. He handed Jerry the album and watched as Jerry tore off the plastic covering. He carefully pulled out the album and gave Layne the little booklet that came with it before turning on his record player in the corner of the room.

The needle picked up and started playing 'Trashed' loudly inside the apartment.

"You want a beer?" Jerry asked as he shook off his jacket. He tossed it on the dinner table as he made his way to the fridge.

"Yes, please!" Layne called out to him.

Jerry grabbed two beer bottles and opened them with his teeth. He handed one back to Layne and sat on the recliner.

They listened to the record play, Layne occasionally singing along.

Layne's voice peaked Jerry interest as he sipped on his beer. Layne had a good voice, and to think Layne said he wasn't good at anything.

As 'Stonehenge' came on, Jerry offered the rest of the pizza for them to eat for dinner. Layne agreed that he was hungry again so Jerry reheated the last three slices.

He put them on a plate and watched as Layne laid on the couch.

He set the plate on the coffee table and Layne reached for a slice. They ate and listened some more. Jerry got them a couple more beers and by the time 'Hot Line' came on, Layne got off the couch to dance around a little.

Jerry watched in complete amusement from the recliner and laughed at Layne's drunken antics.

"Baby, put me on the hot line!" Layne sang with the record as he danced a little to himself.

Jerry joined in singing, halfway drunk himself...or at least feeling the buzz and warmth of the alcohol coursing through his skinny body.

The last song came on and Layne sipped on his beer as his body swayed to the music.

"I should totally use this song one day for my act," Layne said.

Jerry agreed, "It's kinda sexy...in a weird way." He laughed and got up and tossed the empty bottles in the trashcan.

"Oh! Feeling fine, got it right for the FIIIIIRST TIMEEEEE!" Layne sang as he swayed and laughed when Jerry danced a little in the kitchen.

"YOUR MAAANNN WILL BE HOMEEEEE!"

After the record ran its course, Jerry cut it off, but kept the record on the player in case Layne wanted to listen to it again sometime.

Layne sat back on the couch with a thud and leaned his head back on the cushions. He peaked his eyes open at Jerry, who was leaning against the kitchen counter.

"Thank you again," Layne whispered.

Jerry nodded as he walked back to the living room, "It's no problem. Really."

He stood against the wall, watching Layne eye him up. He wondered what Layne was thinking in that moment. Has anyone ever been kind to him? Supported him? Gave him a gift?

Layne licked his lips before bringing the beer bottle to his lips to take another sip.

“I’m off of work tomorrow. Is there anything you wanna do?” Jerry asked.

Layne shrugged his shoulders, “Do you know anything fun to do around here?”

Jerry laughed.

“Man, I don’t know shit about this city,” he scrunched his face up.

“Maybe...I know there is a show at The Moore tomorrow night,” Layne said as he placed his beer bottle on the table.

“Oh! Live music? I’m in!” Jerry cheered as he crossed his arms across his chest. “What do you think about inviting Starr and his boyfriend to come? They seem cool...if they can come.”

Layne rattled the idea around in his brain before nodding, “Yeah.”

Layne smiled at the thought of Jerry wanting to get to know his friends and the idea that Jerry brought it up first.

“Sounds like a double date,” Layne giggled.

Jerry rolled his eyes playfully and nodded, “It does sound like that.”

Layne stretched his legs out in front of him as Jerry spoke up again.

“Uh...I don’t mean to sound weird, it may come across that way since I’m feeling the beer a little. I’m not trying to sound, uh...um. Weird!” Jerry stumbled over his words, looking anywhere but at Layne on the couch.

“Just say it,” Layne laughed lightly.

“Your set tonight, it was really good. I didn’t know you could do that.”

Layne nodded as he grabbed his bag off of the couch. He sauntered past Jerry on the way to the bathroom. Jerry could see the left over glitter that was too stubborn to come off on Layne’s eyelashes and specks on his throat.

“There’s a lot you don’t know I could do,” he whispered out. It came across brazenly seductive and lustful, but...Layne couldn’t care how Jerry took it.

Jerry bit the inside of his lip and looked down at the floor as Layne continued into the bathroom to change.

Jerry’s heart began pounding as he walked to his bed. He pulled off his jeans and tossed them in the floor. He pulled off his shirt and tossed it with his jeans.

He heard the bathroom door open and saw Layne's shadow cross the floor as he poured himself a glass of water.

Layne walked to the sink and stood next to him and placed the plate that the pizza was on in the sink. He turned on the faucet and let the water run over the left over orange grease. Jerry felt his body tense up and they stood there.

He turned around and leaned his hips on the sink, taking a sip of the water.

"Is there a way for you to get in touch with Starr?" He asked casually, trying to not let his voice betray him.

"Probably. Sean works down the street actually. I could just run in and ask him about it," Layne answered as he turned his head to Jerry.

Jerry met his eyes and still caught sparkles of the glitter flakes on his face. Layne stood shirtless with a pair of shorts on, Jerry in only his boxers.

The sudden urge to brush the strand of hair that was covering Layne's face away came over Jerry.

He slowly raised his hand to Layne's face and pushed the strand off his face and tucked it behind his ear. His brown, wavy hair was like silk on his fingertips.

Layne stood there completely still and swallowed hard as his glaze caught Jerry's lips.

Jerry cleared his throat and drunk down the rest of the water in the cup before putting it in the sink.

He pushed himself off the counter, "Okay then. It's set. We shall go see a show tomorrow night!"

Layne looked back at the sink and turned off the faucet. He nodded with a smile, "Good."

He turned on his heel and began walking back to the couch. Jerry turned off his bedroom lamp and got into bed. He pulled the covers up to his shoulders and got comfortable.

He heard Layne flick the light switch in the living room off and get comfortable on the couch with a small groan.

"Goodnight," Layne's small voice squeaked out from the living room.

"Goodnight," Jerry replied with his eyes closed.

What the fuck just happened, he thought. Layne didn't object to the small advance he gave him. It wasn't like...anything extraordinary inappropriate. Just a friendly "tucking hair behind your ears" kind of thing. Jerry just wanted to see more of Layne's clear face.

He rolled over and tried to fall asleep as quick as he could.

Hungover or Sober?

Jerry groaned and stretched as he sat up from the comfortable bed. His head was beating against his skull and he groaned softly, pinching the top of his nose.

Jerry pushed the covers off of the bed and stood up. He found a pair of shorts on the floor and slipped them on before making his way into the kitchen. He shuffled his feet to the coffee maker and turned it on. He leaned against the counter in wait and saw that Layne was still sleeping soundly on the couch.

Layne's arm was across his face and the blanket was pulled up his neck. He looked so peaceful and comfortable laying there.

Jerry decided the coffee pot was full enough as he grabbed a mug and filled it up before placing the pot back in the maker. He spotted the note Layne left yesterday and smiled to himself. He sipped on his black coffee for a bit, deciding to take a shower before the day starts.

He would leave Layne to sleep in if he wanted to.

He poured a mug filled with coffee in another mug and quietly sat it on the coffee table for Layne if he wanted some before going into the bathroom.

He locked the door behind himself and turned on the faucet. He flipped the screw up to turn on the shower and pulled off his shorts and underwear. He pulled the curtain behind him and soaked in the hot water that began pelting his back.

He needed this.

He tilted his head back and let the water hit the top of his head, dripping down his blonde hair and soaking it in. He sighed loudly, completely contempt.

He found the bar of soap and began washing his body. Jerry covered himself in bubbly soap and spotted a few speck of the glitter from last night on his hand and arm.

After washing the soap off, he began washing his hair in shampoo. He ran his fingers through the bed hair and pulled out knots. Then came conditioner and rising it out again.

He turned and faced the shower to wash his face off, the water hitting at his chest.

He turned the faucet off and pulled the curtain back to step out. He dried off and wrapped a towel around his waist as he dried off his hair.

He stood in front of the mirror and began brushing his teeth. In the mirror he noticed glitter under his eye and smiled to himself. Jerry spit out the toothpaste and rinsed his mouth out with a handful of water.

He unlocked the door and steamed rolled out with him.

When he stepped out, he noticed Layne was sitting up and sipping on his coffee on the couch.

He felt really nervous all of the sudden. They hadn't brought up the fact Layne "pretended" that him and Jerry were together at the bar, or the moment they shared last night.

Layne noticed Jerry come out of the bathroom, "Thanks for the coffee," he whispered.

Jerry smiled as he stood there in his towel, "No problem."

He wasn't expecting Layne to wake up for a while, at least. He tried walking last him but Layne spoke up again.

"Uhm...about last night..."

Fuck.

"I'm sorry if I creeped you out at the bar. I could tell you weren't interested her in...and felt uncomfortable. It was my first instinct to help you out," Layne explained.

Jerry watched Layne's eyes trail across his body and damp hair.

"Like I said, she tried to come into me at the store," he repeated leaning against the wall. "I'm not too interested...in that, I think."

Layne let out a breathy laugh, "I wasn't doing it to be a creep. I don't even know if you're gay...or was okay that I made her assume you are."

Jerry nodded. He didn't know what the fuck he was either.

"You helped. So thanks," he replied with a laugh instead.

Suddenly Layne gagged a little and made a face. He got up and went into the bathroom, closing the door behind him.

Jerry didn't think much of it, he also felt a bit sick from the alcohol, too.

He decided to get dressed while Layne was occupied in the bathroom.

After a few minutes, Jerry knocked on the door with his knuckle. He heard Layne whimper a little behind the door.

"Layne...?"

"Yeah?" He heard a small sigh and the toilet seat being moved.

"Are you okay?" Jerry asked as he put his forehead against the wooden doorframe.

"Uh...yeah. Just a bit hung over," Layne lied.

He wasn't that drunk last night. He can hold his alcohol almost as good as any life-long alcoholic can.

He was dope sick.

“Do you have anything I can take?” Layne asked.

“Shit...I don’t think so. Do you think you can wait a bit? I’ll run to the corner store and get something for you,” Jerry asked.

“Uh, please? That would help a lot,” Layne lied as he sat back against the bathtub.

“Yeah, I’ll be right back!”

Layne heard Jerry grab his keys and wallet from the bowl and the front door unlock and open. Once it was shut behind Jerry, Layne waited a couple seconds before unlocking the bathroom door and running to the window in the living room. He saw Jerry walking down the street and grabbed his bag off of the floor.

As quickly as he could, he set his things up on the sink counter in the bathroom. He made sure the door was locked before he wrapped the belt tightly around the top of his arm.

Fuck.

Quickly, he got his syringe ready. He knew the steps like the back of his hand, he could almost do it with his eyes closed at this point.

The needle burned a little as it slid carefully into a vein on his hand.

After injecting, he took everything down and put it back in the black zipper bag. He picked up the baggie of powder and saw how little he had left of this batch and groaned out loud.

He hated buying heroin.

When he goes to see Sean later he’ll ask a favor from Starr, he reminded himself.

He found another bandaids and took the old one off, tossing it in the trash after crumpling it up. The injection site didn’t look too bad. Just a little pin-prick that nobody but him would notice.

He got dressed and went back out to the living room to wait for Jerry. He felt like shit for lying to him. What an easy way to bring up the fact you’re addicted to heroin? A joke?

Layne shook his head and held it in his hands as he sat on the couch.

Two minutes later, Jerry came back home and handed Layne a bottle of aspirin. He uncapped the bottle and took two in front of Jerry.

Compared to the heroin, the aspirin wouldn’t do shit, but Jerry had to believe that Layne was hungover...not dope sick.

He drank his pills down with his coffee and gave a sigh.

“I hope that helps,” Jerry frowned.

“I’m sure it will,” Layne closed his eyes and laid back down on the couch.

“Do you want to try something to eat? That would probably help, too.”

Layne opened his eyes and watched as Jerry began taking food out of the fridge.

“Okay,” Layne agreed and felt his stomach growl under his shirt.

While Jerry made some bacon for breakfast, Layne watched from the couch. He had rolled over on his stomach to watch, peaking from behind his pillow. Jerry hummed to himself a little, taking sips from his coffee mug every so often.

Layne couldn’t explain it, but something snapped into place. Maybe he was high or maybe his was completely stone cold sober.

He wasn’t sure.

Undoubtably, Jerry has been one of the biggest curveballs in his life...as well of the best. He felt guilty that Jerry didn’t know everything Layne felt he should. He would have to tell him the truth eventually.

He wasn’t paying attention while lost in his thoughts. Jerry had turned around and saw him watching from the couch. He wave of heat came over Jerry’s back and chest. He quickly turned back around and began setting the bacon on the plate he had set out.

He tried to not think too much about it as he walked back to the living room. He set the plate on the coffee table and Layne sat up.

“Eat as much as you want!” Jerry told him, taking a piece for himself and sitting in the recliner.

“What time are you going to see Sean?” Jerry asked as he chewed.

“Whenever I finish eating I guess...why?” Layne answered. “You wanna come with me?”

Jerry shrugged, “I can tag along.”

Layne smiled and Jerry smiled back.

They finished off the plate of bacon and Jerry set the plate back into the kitchen. He would have to wash dishes later.

He grabbed his keys and wallet again while Layne slipped on some shoes.

Once outside, Jerry and Layne walked together along the street, Layne leading the way to Sean’s workplace.

“How tall is Sean?” Jerry asked.

Layne laughed loudly, “I think he’s like 6’1...?”

“Damn, I’m gonna have competition,” Jerry giggled.

They turned the corner and Layne could see the sign in the distance. He didn’t mind Jerry tagging along, but he wasn’t sure how he was going to be able to ask Sean about the favor from Starr.

Jerry bumped into him and took him out of his thoughts. Layne smiled and watched his feet as he walked.

Was he flirting with me, Layne thought.

He bumped back into Jerry’s side and heard him let out a breathy laugh.

“I can see some food and aspirin has made you feel better,” Jerry said. Layne nodded in response.

Jerry’s fingers brushed up against Layne’s and the younger went stiff for a second.

“Here we are!” Layne interrupted as they stood in front of a restaurant.

Jerry held the door open for Layne and they went inside. It was the lunch rush. They pair walked through the crowd and Layne spotted Sean easily in the sea of people.

“Sean!” He called out as he got closer.

Sean turned and saw Layne with Jerry following closely behind him.

“Hey, Layne! Jerry! What’s up?” Sean greeted them as he motioned for them to follow him towards the back.

They went outside behind the restaurant in the alleyway.

“We wanted to know what you and Starr are up to tonight!” Layne beamed.

“Oh, uh nothing. I don’t think...”

“Would you want to come to a show with us at the Moore tonight? There’s a gig playing.”

Sean raised his eyebrows and glanced at Jerry.

“Double date?” He joked.

“...Something like that,” Jerry answered while laughing to himself.

“Sure, man. You need me to pick you guys up?”

“Please? That would be awesome!” Layne said as he hugged Sean.

“Alright! What time?”

“It starts at 10,” Layne told him.

“You guys could come over to my apartment a little early and we could pre-game with some beers,” Jerry often.

Sean nodded, “I like that idea!”

“So it’s on!” Layne cheered.

Sean led them back inside and Layne caught his arm out of view of Jerry, who was making his way back to the door.

“Hey,” he said. “Can you ask Starr a big favor for me?”

“Sure, man. What do you need?”

“Ask Starr to bring some H with him tonight. Please tell him that Jerry doesn’t know, too.”

Sean nodded slowly, “Alright, man. I’ll let him know.”

“Thank you. This is Jerry’s address,” Layne wrote down Jerry’s address on a napkin he found and Sean stuffed it in his pocket.

“I’ll see you tonight!” Layne called back to him as he made his way to the front of the restaurant.

Jerry stood outside and smoked a cigarette. Layne came out and Jerry smiled at him.

“Double date...?” Layne laughed as they started walking back to the apartment.

“He brought it up!” Jerry defended.

Layne turned to him and took the cigarette out from between Jerry’s fingers carefully. He lifted it to take a drag or two as they walked together.

“I gave him your address, since you forgot,” Layne rolled his eyes and passed the cigarette back to Jerry.

Jerry brought it to his lips slowly, thinking that Layne just had his mouth on it.

“Oh shit...thanks,” Jerry shook his head.

“Hey!” Layne shouted out, “Do you think we can swing by the music store? I really wanna go there.”

Jerry nodded, “Okay!”

Live Show

Jerry held the door to the music store open for Layne and walked in behind him. Jerry spotted Marko at the counter and nodded at him.

Layne's eyes expanded at the music selections that littered the floor and walls. The place smelled like a bookstore from the wooden crates holding the vinyl albums. Jerry's manager had decorated the place nicely, Layne thought.

Posters, tickets and merchandise covered the walls all around the room.

"Jerry! What's up, man?" Marko asked from behind the counter. Jerry walked over to him as Layne walked around the tables, flipping through the vinyl collections.

"Uh, nothing much. A friend of mine wanted to see the store," Jerry answered as he leaned his forearms on the counter. He bent over and was talking to Marko while Layne studied his surroundings.

He felt like a kid in a candy store. He couldn't believe Jerry got to work here for a living.

"Is that your friend...?" Marko asked as he pointed to Layne, who was now onto reading the concert tickets on the wall.

Jerry glanced back at him and nodded, "Yeah. That's Layne."

Layne eventually made his way to the counter and back to Jerry. Jerry stood up straight and gave him a small smile.

"What do you think?" He asked.

"I like it. It's cool," Layne smiled back.

"I'm Marko," Marko introduced himself and gave Layne his hand to shake. Layne shook his hand.

"Layne," he smiled back politely.

"Find anything you like?" Marko smiled back and asked.

Jerry watched him closely, a little jealously brewing up from Marko watching Layne. He glanced down at the floor as Layne replied.

"Yeah! I'll have to come back sometime."

Marko nodded.

"Ready? I'm getting hungry again," Jerry asked as he turned to Layne.

Layne nodded, "Yeah. Nice to meet you, Marko."

"I'll see you tomorrow," Jerry told him as he began walking out. He held the door for Layne as Marko waved them goodbye.

"What are you in the mood for?" Layne asked as they walked back up the street.

"Uh...I'm not sure," Jerry laughed. "Wanna get some Chinese to-go for lunch?"

Layne nodded, "That sounds so good!"

On the walk to a shop that Jerry knew, Layne talked about the records he wants to go back and get. Jerry listened and laughed occasionally when Layne cracked jokes.

To Jerry, it felt natural. It felt like he's known Layne for years already. They bounced dumb jokes off of each other so well and got along great, needed that they occasionally flirted...or so Jerry interpreted it was flirting.

This time, Layne held the door open for Jerry. Layne whispered his order to Jerry at the counter and they waited at a nearby table. When a pretty, young lady called Jerry's name, he got up and collected their food.

Jerry carried the bag back to the apartment and had Layne unlock the door for him.

Jerry sat the bag of food on the table while Layne shut the door and followed him. Jerry sat the boxes of food out before getting some sodas out of the fridge.

"I've actually never had Chinese food before," Layne admitted.

"Ahhh, you'll like it," Jerry replied, sitting the can in front of Layne and sitting at the dinner table. Layne sat in front of him and opened his box. He only got noodles with some vegetables mixed in. Jerry had gotten chicken, noodles and rice.

"Do you want some of my chicken?" Jerry asked as he dug into his food.

Layne shook his head, "No. I'm fine, thank you."

He laughed as Jerry sucked down a noodle, throwing sauce all over his lips and chin.

Jerry still pushed three pieces of chicken into Layne's box. Layne rolled his eyes.

"What time do you reckon Starr and Sean will get here?" Jerry asked.

"Not sure. I know Sean's gonna be working until at least 8 tonight and Starr was working day shift," Layne replied as he ate.

"Anything else you wanna do today?"

Layne shrugged, "I gotta take a shower at some point."

Jerry nodded and watched Layne eat a piece of his chicken.

“I told you so,” he remarked with a smirk.

Around 8, Layne got in the shower.

“Hey,” Jerry shouted through the door. “I need to pick up some more beers the for the guys! I’ll be back after while!”

“Okay!” Layne replied as he pulled the curtain back so Jerry could hear him over the shower running.

After a few more minutes, Layne got out. He felt 10 times better than he did earlier, but he worried that he would get sick again before the night was over with.

He didn’t have any powder left to spare and told himself to wait for Starr to bring him some.

Starr was the only person, other than Sean, that knew Layne used. He had managed to pick up a coke addiction as a teen, but kicked it. Somehow long the way, after he began stripping, heroin crept into his routine.

He didn’t believe the stereotype of “once won’t be enough”. Starr used as well, so they began using together while Layne stayed there for a few days. Before Jerry came into the picture, Layne was using, at least, three times a day with Starr. After moving out, Layne slowed down. There’s something to be said about addicts feeding off of each other’s addictions.

He was trying to ween himself off. Layne only allowed himself to use when he got severely dope sick these days.

He realized he had worn all of his clothes at this point. None were clean and decided to scavenge Jerry’s clothes for something to wear. He was sure Jerry wouldn’t mind it.

He pulled on one of Jerry’s button up shirts and a pair of holey jeans. He sat on the couch and smoked until Jerry came back home.

“Is that my clothes?” Jerry laughed as he noticed Layne on the couch when he walked in.

“Yes,” Layne giggled a little. “All of my clothes are dirty. I hope you don’t mind.”

Jerry shook his head, ““Course not. Help yourself.”

Jerry carried in a 24 pack of beer and stuffed it in the fridge for later. He bummed a cigarette off of Layne and got ready. He undressed and tried to match Layne with a button up shirt and a pair of jeans.

“You took my best pair of jeans!” Jerry laughed when he noticed they were gone.

“I think I might keep them for myself!” Layne replied before he heard knocking on the door.

“I think that’s them,” he told Jerry as he got up to open the door.

Starr and Sean stood together outside and Layne let them in.

Jerry turned the corner and saw them.

“Hey, Jerry!” Starr greeted him.

“You gotta nice bachelor pad,” Sean stated as he looked around.

“Thanks,” Jerry replied. “Make yourselves at home!”

Starr looked back at Layne, who sat back down on the couch. He scooted to the end of the couch closest to the recliner and let Starr and Sean sit on the other end together. Starr squeezed Layne’s hand and gave him a nod.

Thank God for Michael Starr, Layne thought.

“You guys want some beers?” Jerry asked as he looked through the fridge.

“Fuck yeah!” Sean called out. Jerry pulled out four cans for everyone and handed them out. He took his seat on the recliner as he popped open the can lid.

“Shit, man. You’re album collection is killer!”

“He works at at the music store down the street,” Layne added.

“You can put one on if you want,” Jerry proposed. This caused Sean to smile and riffle through them as he sat on the couch. Starr occasionally peaked over to read the titles.

Starr bummed a cigarette off of Layne as Sean put on an album on the record player. He turned it down so they could still talk.

After an hour, and a few beers down for everyone, they decided to head to the Moore.

Jerry locked up behind them and followed Layne to Sean’s car. Layne slid in the backseat and Jerry followed in after him. Sean cranked the car and the radio blasted old rock music the entire time. Everyone sang along with the windows rolled down.

Jerry felt like a teenager again.

The drive from Jerry’s apartment wasn’t a long one, but it was long enough. By the time they got to the venue, Starr had to pee, badly.

After paying the cover charge and getting in, Starr pulled Layne with him to the bathroom.

“Be right back! Gotta piss!” Starr announced, earning a few looks from strangers around them.

In the bathroom, Starr pulled Layne in the stall with him.

“Here, man,” Starr said as he pulled out a baggie filled with powder.

“I owe you the biggest dick sucking in the world,” Layne sighed. He stuffed it down in his pocket and hugged Starr tightly.

“Yeah, yeah,” Starr rolled his eyes. “You told me that last time!” He added, joking.

“I will pay you back when we get home,” Layne told him. He exited the stall and waited against the sink for Starr to pee and join Sean and Jerry.

“How long have you known Layne?” Sean asked as they stood together in front of the stage.

“Uh, couple days. I think...” Jerry nodded.

“He’s a good kid,” Sean stated. “He’s had a few bad punches thrown at him.”

Jerry could’ve guessed for that himself.

“Well, so have I. I have no problem giving him a place to crash or...lending clothes for that matter,” he added with a laugh as he spotted Starr and Layne looking for them.

“He likes you, you know,” Sean laughed.

“...I like him, too,” Jerry found himself saying.

“Layne! Starr!” Sean shouted and waved. His towering height gave away their location to Layne and Starr.

The pair pushed their way through the crowd and eventually reached them. The show began getting started with an opening band. They group jammed along and headbanger occasionally.

Layne and Starr jumped in time with the beat, making Jerry laughed when he looked over.

Feeling a little buzzed, Layne grabbed out for Jerry’s hand to keep him steady while jumping. Jerry let him hold his hand as he trashed around to the music, his brown, wavy hair going every which way.

He looked beautiful in the lights that casted down from the beams above the stage.

The openers set ended after a couple songs. The lights dimmed and people cheered for them.

Sean hollering loudly next to Jerry and clapping.

The band Layne wanted to see came out and started playing. Layne leaned in close and yelled into Jerry’s ear, “I saw them last year! They kicked ass!”

Jerry smiled and let Layne continue holding his hand for stabilization.

“I’m gonna get us some drinks!” Starr shouted, “Jerry! Come with me? Please?”

Jerry nodded and followed Starr through the crowd of people to the front of the venue. He ordered him, Jerry and Layne a round of liquor.

“What about Sean?” Jerry asked.

“Oh, he’s not drinking anymore tonight. He’s gotta drive and work in the morning,” Starr told him.

“How is living with Layne going?”

Jerry blushed. It was, definitely, going...somewhere.

“Good! He’s fun to have around!” Jerry replied as they waited for their drinks.

“Oh yeah!” Starr agreed, laughing.

Jerry started questioning their friendship all of a sudden, feeling a little jealous.

“We’re you two ever a thing?” Jerry asked.

“Me and Layne? Oh, fuck no. We’re just best friends!” Starr laughed even harder, “You don’t have any competition if that’s what you’re wondering.”

Jerry’s face went hot when he realized how transparent he was being on the subject. The bartender handed them their drinks and Starr handed Jerry and Layne’s drinks for Jerry to carry.

They found Layne and Sean in the crowd and joined them again. Jerry handed Layne his cup and Layne began drinking it while dancing in place. Jerry wasn’t sure which show to watch: the band or Layne.

After another hour of dancing and sipping on their drinks, Layne bouncing with Starr to the music and Sean taking a piss break, the show was over.

Outside the venue, Sean checked his watch, “11:11pm, make a wish!”

“That’s so corny,” Layne laughed.

Sean pushed him playfully and kissed Starr on the top of his head. They made their way back to Sean’s car and piled in.

“Thanks for coming with us,” Jerry told the couple. “And for picking us up.”

“No problem, man. We don’t have any other couple friends, so we enjoyed this,” Sean replied without thinking. Starr hit him on the arm. Jerry’s body went hot at the comment and looked over at Layne.

Layne rolled his eyes playfully and smiled.

The drive back home was filled with talking about the show and how much fun it was. They agreed to go see another show together again soon.

Sean pulled in front of the apartment building and Layne thanked him before getting out. He leaned into Starr’s window. He pulled out a 20 dollar bill and slipped it to him as Jerry headed inside.

“For gas,” Layne told him. Starr nodded and Sean took off.

Layne joined Jerry in the hallway as they walked to Jerry’s apartment.

“I had fun,” Layne told him once they were back inside. “Thanks for inviting them, too.”

Jerry smiled as he set his keys and wallet in the bowl and shut the door.

“I haven’t had a night out like that since I was 18,” Jerry agreed.

“Now, I gotta piss,” Layne said he grabbed his bag and headed for the bathroom.

Jerry unbuttoned his shirt and pulled off his jeans to get comfortable in his boxers and a plain t-shirt. He lit a cigarette and sat on the kitchen counter. Jerry propped the window open and blew his smoke outside.

Layne remembered to take the baggie out of Jerry’s jean and placed it in his black zipper bag. He wasn’t feeling dope sick. He chalked it up to being slightly drunk and it helping stave off the cravings.

He changed out of Jerry’s clothes and folded them up and changed into a old torn t-shirt and a pair shorts.

He opened the bathroom door and saw Jerry on the counter, smoke streaming out from between his lips. Layne sat his bag down on the floor and joined Jerry in the kitchen.

“Mind if I join you?” He asked shyly.

Jerry shook his head, “No.”

Layne pulled himself up on the counter on the other side of the sink. Jerry handed him a cigarette and leaned across the sink with his lighter. Layne stuck the cigarette between his lips and leaned forward. Jerry flicked the lighter to life and held it in front of Layne’s cigarette. Layne inhaled deep and they leaned back into their own spaces.

“Any reason we are smoking at the window?”

“Nah, it’s just a really pretty night,” Jerry said as he watched out of the window. It had begun to drizzle rain and they could smell the wet grass coming in through the window. It reminded Layne of being a kid and playing in the rain in the summer.

Layne peaked outside and watched the rain fall lazily, droplets starting to hit the windowsill. He pulled his knees up to his chest and sighed happily to himself.

“Layne...?” Jerry said nervously.

“Mhm?”

“...I like you,” Jerry pushed out with his closed, his cigarette between his fingers that sat on his knee.

Layne swallowed and blushed, looking down at his arms that were wrapped around his knees. His cigarette burning between his fingers.

Jerry chalked up the silence to Layne not feeling the same and all the little moments they've been having as casual friendly banter. His heart was beating so fast he felt he could faint when Layne drew in a breath beside him.

"I like you, too," Layne whispered.

Jerry finally looked at Layne, who was smiling with his face slightly pink.

He was so beautiful.

Jerry leaned across the sink and gently took Layne's face in his hand. Layne closed his eyes and smiled as Jerry leaned in more and kissed his plump, pink tinted lips.

Layne's body felt an electric shock tingle through his body when their lips collided. He was sure Jerry felt it tingle through his lips.

Layne sighed into the kiss and his hand went to Jerry's neck and held them gently in place.

Jerry pulled back after a few seconds and watched Layne's eyes closely. The blue iris was a bit darker than usual in the dimly lit apartment.

Layne's lips curled into a smile and kissed Jerry gently for a split second.

They released each other and Layne took a drag from his cigarette.

Something deep in his body wanted more. He tossed the rest of the cigarette out of the window and got down from the counter. Jerry watched as Layne positioned himself in front of him. Jerry tossed his cigarette out, too and turned his body to face Layne. He was unsure what Layne was thinking or what he was going to do.

Layne pushed Jerry's legs apart and stood in between his knees. He kissed up at Jerry's lips softly. Jerry's hands found the sides of Layne's head and slotted his fingers through the brown, wavy hair there.

Layne's tongue licked at Jerry's bottom lip a little and Jerry shuddered.

"I like...you," Layne whispered against us lips went they separated for air.

Jerry smiled and pushed himself off the counter. He held Layne in his arms and kissed him again. Layne began stumbling backwards towards Jerry's bed. Once the back of his knees hit the edge of the bed frame, he pulled Jerry down with him. Jerry helped push Layne up the mattress and Layne's head hit Jerry's pillow.

Jerry lingered above Layne as they made out slowly. Layne's left hand held Jerry's back tightly and his right hand held onto Jerry's face.

One of Jerry's hand was tangled in Layne's hair, the other holding his body up above Layne. His whole body burned with heat and excitement as he allowed Layne's tongue to explore the inside of his mouth. It licked at his lips expertly and against Jerry's tongue.

Jerry moaned a little as Layne bit down gently on his bottom lip and Layne hummed in response, continuing to kiss Jerry deeply.

Layne's hand pushed up Jerry's shirt, releaving his taunt stomach and chest. Jerry got the message and leaned up to pull it off swiftly and toss it to the floor. Layne leaned up to kiss at Jerry's bare neck.

Jerry bit his lip and leaned down to kiss Layne again. Layne shuddered as Jerry trailed his hand up his torn up t-shirt, finger fingertips ghosting over his stomach gently.

"Jerry?" Layne whispered out between them.

Jerry smiled back down at him but it quickly faulteres when he realized that Layne might be uncomfortable with this or going any further.

"Yes?" He whispered back.

"I'm glad you found me," Layne's voice was barely auditable but Jerry could hear the slight sadness behind it.

He kissed Layne gently, "I'm glad I did, too."

Layne relaxed and held onto Jerry's back tightly as they moved against the each other slowly. Layne broke the kiss to breath harder when Jerry began kissing down his face and to his neck. He arched under the kisses and felt hot everywhere Jerry planted his lips.

Layne gently trailed his fingers along Jerry's back and closed his eyes, tilting his head as Jerry kissed at his jaw.

After Dark

Layne leaned up as he kissed hungrily at Jerry lips. He pulled his torn shirt off and it fell below them on the floor. After it was off, Jerry attacked Layne's neck again. As they were sitting up, Layne's fingers twisted in Jerry long long, blonde hair.

Jerry bit down slightly on Layne's flesh, causing Layne to tremble a little.

"You're so beautiful," Jerry confessed against Layne's throat.

Layne bashfully tilted his down at the compliment. Jerry tilted his head back up to meet his eyes and kissed him softly.

"I thought you...were beautiful the...first time...I saw you," Jerry whispered between kisses.

Layne closed his eyes as Jerry laid him back down against the messy sheets on the bed. Layne's head was spinning and he was growing more and more aroused by Jerry's actions. Although, he wasn't sure Jerry wanted to do anything other than kiss. And if making out was all Jerry wanted to do, that's what they would do.

When Jerry pulled away to breathe again, it was Layne's turn to pepper Jerry with kisses along his jaw and neck. Jerry tilted his head to give Layne access and a little moan escaped his lips. Layne soaked it in and licked and sucked on his neck more.

Jerry ached into Layne's body and Layne held onto his back tighter.

After Jerry had enough of the slow shit Layne was drawing out, he pushed Layne back on the bed. A smirk spread across his face at the roughness of Jerry's actions.

Jerry watched as Layne touched his neck and trailed his finger across his own chest while looking up at Jerry.

Jerry leaned down and kissed at Layne's chest. He gently sucked on the skin on Layne's taunt stomach, leaving behind a soft bruise. Layne arched up into Jerry's mouth and sighed lowly.

"Shit," Layne said under his breath. "You're so sexy."

Jerry looked up at Layne through his hair, "I think that's you..."

Layne closed his eyes as Jerry kissed back up to his mouth. Feeling the urge, Layne flipped them over so he was on top of Jerry. He straddled his hips and bit Jerry's bottom lip roughly. He heard Jerry suck in a breath and moan.

Jerry's hands held onto Layne's skinny hips as Layne slowly and gently ground himself down on Jerry's lap. Jerry tilted his head back and groaned at the feeling.

"I like when you do that," Layne whispered out loud. Jerry felt like he was going to float away he was so turned on by Layne. He groaned again and began moving against Layne.

“Fuck,” Jerry whimpered out pathetically as Layne ground down harder on him. “I like when you do that,” Jerry replied.

Suddenly, Layne was on his back again. He breathed in the scent of Jerry on the pillow and smiled. Jerry smiled down at Layne and caught his lips in a heated kiss. Jerry began grinding his erection against Layne’s and soaking in Layne’s whimpers.

The grinding wasn’t enough for either of them anymore.

“Fuck,” Layne cried softly. “I want more...please...give me more.”

Layne arched up to meet Jerry’s thrusts. Jerry smirked and kissed at Layne’s neck.

“Really?” Jerry whispered in his ear hotly. Layne nodded quickly and scratched his blunt nails gently on Jerry’s lower back.

“Please,” Layne whimper again.

“Can I...?”

“Yes!” Layne arched up again, giving consent for Jerry to touch him.

Jerry dipped his hand into Layne’s shorts, passed his boxers and held Layne’s length in his hand. He felt the length and palmed slowly. Layne’s eyes fluttered shut and his mouth went slack. Jerry leaned down and slipped his tongue inside, Layne instinctively sucking on the tip of Jerry’s tongue.

Jerry stroked him a little faster and Layne slowly began mumbling curse words under his breath. His breath caught in his mouth as Jerry swiped over his head.

“Shit...”

Jerry watched Layne arch and squirm under him. It was the most beautiful show Layne has put on so far.

“F-faster,” Layne mumbled against Jerry’s lips.

Jerry stroked him faster and swiped over Layne’s head everytime on the upstroke. Layne’s legs and stomach tensed under him.

“Jerry...if you wanna do more...you’re gonna have to stop,” Layne panted. If Jerry wanted to do more with him, he would have to stop before he finished.

Jerry smirked about the fact Layne was always close and felt himself begin to tingle.

Were they gonna go farther?

The thought turned him on more and more.

Jerry stopped and pulled his hand back out of Layne's underwear. He kissed Layne gently on the lips before Layne pushed him back a little.

"Do you have a condom?" He whispered between them.

"I...might. I'll look," Jerry said.

"It's been a while since I...done anything with anyone," Jerry told him as he leaned over and shuffled through his bedside drawer. "I...haven't been with a guy before. Ever."

Layne watched Jerry with a smile on his face, "I'm your first?"

Jerry glanced back at him and saw his smile.

"Yes," Jerry answered quickly and continued to look for a condom.

"I feel honored," Layne blushed, his face pink with pleasure and excitement. He leaned over to Jerry on the side of the bed and kissed his shoulder.

"Don't be nervous...I can walk you through it," Layne calmed Jerry's nerves down.

"It's been a while since I done anything, too. I might be a little rusty," Layne giggled.

Jerry smiled to himself and found a condom finally. He gave it to Layne, who opened it with his teeth and kissed Jerry's chest. They laid back down, with Jerry hovering above Layne again. Layne reached down and pulled Jerry's boxers off. He slowly stroked Jerry a few times for good measure. Layne could feel Jerry trembling on top of him. Jerry's heavy breathing was, oh, so fucking hot.

Layne pulled the condom on Jerry and continued stroking him. Jerry watched Layne's face, it was concentrating hard on Jerry's dick.

Layne brought Jerry's free hand to his mouth and sucked on Jerry's fingers. He coated them in saliva and worked his tongue around the long fingers, teasing Jerry. Jerry watched with a shiver as Layne released his hand from his mouth and guided it down his body.

"Here," Layne whispered and guided Jerry's hand down lower. "You have to get me ready..."

Jerry knew where this was going and braced himself. Halfway nervous that he would fuck this up and the other half nervous he wouldn't be able to last long under the circumstances.

Jerry took the lead from Layne and leaned back over to kiss him as he inserted on slick, wet finger into Layne. Layne sighed heavily and smiled, finally feeling some release he was craving.

Jerry fingered Layne slowly, trying not to hurt the younger man. Layne couldn't take the slow speed Jerry was going...

"You could go faster," Layne nodded a little and encouraged him by wrapping his legs around Jerry's hips.

Jerry started to go faster and watched Layne's face closely for any discomfort. His eyes widened a bit when Layne's hand grabbed the pillow tightly.

"Are you okay?" He asked nervously.

"God...yes," Layne sighed with a pleased smile. "Don't stop just yet, keep going."

Jerry worked in another finger and kept his speed going, Layne squirming and moaning more and more.

Layne reached for Jerry's dick and jerked him off in time with Jerry's fingers. Jerry's hips stuttered a bit, but his fingering never faltered.

"M ready, come on," Layne kissed at Jerry's neck.

Jerry slowly pulled his fingers out and Layne spit on his hand a few times. He stroked Jerry once more, slicking him up with spit as lube. He watched as Jerry maneuvered himself to Layne's entrance and slowly pushed in. Jerry leaned up higher as he bottomed out and placed his hand on the headboard. Layne held tightly, breathing unevenly as the sensation.

Please don't let this be a dream, Layne thought.

Jerry waited for Layne to say something and looked down at him. Layne's eyes were fixed below them, watching Jerry slowly pull out and back in slowly.

He could feel Layne's fingers flex against his shoulder blades and dig in a little when he started picking up some speed.

"Goddamn," Jerry moaned out. He flipped his hair back off of his face and Layne wrapped his legs around Jerry again, pulling him in deeper.

"Oh...fuck," Layne whimpered. "More..."

His eyes screwed shut when Jerry thrustured into him harder. Layne pulled Jerry back down to his face and made out with him lazily. Jerry held on to the headboard to keep it from rocking against the wall and for stability.

Layne's hands explored Jerry's chest and they finally landed at his hips. He could feel Jerry muscles tense as they rocked together.

He could heard Jerry's breathing getting heavier and heavier above him as he moved faster into Layne's body.

Jerry moaned out against as he felt Layne pull him in more. He held Layne's neck in his free hand and kissed him deeply. He couldn't get enough of him. Layne was swallowing him whole, metaphorically and literally.

Layne gasped when Jerry began brushing up against his prostate.

"Fuck!" He screamed out of breath, "There!"

Jerry changed his position a little to hit the spot Layne was referring to and went faster. He could feel Layne trembling under him, his body tensing and chest heaving.

Jerry snaked his hand down to jerk Layne off in time with his thrusts and Layne arched into the touch.

“More,” Layne pleaded, nails digging into Jerry’s hip. He glanced down and watched Jerry working his dick and watching Jerry’s dick disappear under him. It was becoming too much.

Jerry went faster, his hips beginning to stutter and his legs shaking from the angle. He wasn’t going to give up, not yet.

He could feel Layne’s legs shaking around his hips and smiled a little against Layne’s lips.

“You’re so pretty like this,” Jerry whispered, kissing at Layne’s jaw. Layne’s head tilted back and he let out a throaty groan. His insides were bubbling with electricity and his abdomen beginning to pool with heat as Jerry relentlessly drove into his bundle of nerves.

“I’m...so close, baby...” Layne moaned out.

Layne jerked up, almost pushing Jerry off of him completely.

Layne came on his stomach and Jerry fucked him through his orgasm, feeling on edge as he watched Layne come undone.

A few seconds later, Jerry followed, doubled over and groaning curse words into Layne’s ear and breathing into his hair.

They slowly kisses a few times before they unglued themselves and Jerry pulled out slowly. He sat back on his forearms at the edge of the bed, panting. He rolled the condom off and tossed it in the trashcan beside the bed before collapsing next to Layne.

“Fuck...” Layne breathed out.

“Yeah,” Jerry added.

Layne turned over to face Jerry and was met with a pleased smile. Layne’s hand found the side of Jerry’s face and kissed him gently.

“What does this mean?”

Jerry thought for a moment.

“Together?” He asked and saw Layne’s eyes brighten to a beautiful, clear ocean blue hue.

“Together,” Layne smiled and Jerry kissed him again.

Layne sat up and pulled on his underwear and laid back down. Jerry did the same and pulled the covers up over their bodies.

“You can sleep with me,” Jerry whispered to him sweetly.

Why didn’t I ask him if he wanted to do that a couple days ago, Jerry questioned.

“I better get to,” Layne joked and snuggled up close to Jerry under the covers.

Jerry held him close to his body, the heat was impeccable and the feeling alone was bittersweet. They fell asleep soon after that.

Layne woke up sometime around 4am, feeling the common body aches from withdraw all of the sudden. Jerry’s arm was still wrapped around him and sleeping so peacefully. Layne kissed his hand before gently pulling away.

“Where you going?” Jerry asked in the dark when he felt Layne move.

“Bathroom,” Layne whispered back. He kissed Jerry again and pushed the covers off of him.

Jerry hummed and fell back to sleep. Layne quietly maneuvered to the living room. As quietly as he could, he unzipped his bag and retrieved the black zipper bag. He closed and locked the door behind him.

He sat on the toilet as he shot up a vein in his hand and squeezed his eyes closed.

After he took everything apart again, he flushed the toilet and licked the blood from the injection site. He crept back out to the living room and put the bag back in place before crawling back into bed with Jerry. Jerry wrapped his arms around Layne again and held him closely to his body.

“Go back to sleep,” Jerry whispered in his hair.

Time

The next morning, Jerry let Layne sleep in. He was peacefully sleeping, twisted up in the bedsheets and face buried in Jerry's pillow.

Jerry, as quietly as possible, got dressed and wrote Layne a note, in case he woke up without Jerry there.

'good morning! gone to get breakfast for us. be back as quick as i can!
-jerry'

As Jerry walked down the street to a little Mom N' Pop shop, he spotted Starr. Jerry guessed he was going to see Sean at work.

"Starr!" Jerry called out. Star turned around at the call of his name and smiled brightly at Jerry as he jogged across the street to get to him.

"Hey, man! What's up?" Jerry asked when he got to Starr.

"Woah..."

"What?" Jerry asked as Starr gave him a weird look.

"You're a little different..."

Jerry wasn't sure what Starr was talking about. He watched Starr look him over and grin.

"Someone had seeeeeex!" Starr sang in a jovial tone.

"How the fuck did you know that?" Jerry asked bewildered.

"I just know these things," Starr smiled. "Did you sleep with Layneeeee?"

Jerry felt awkward and nodded a little, "Uh...yeah."

"Good for you! And good for Layne! You're hot."

Jerry laughed as they began walking together.

"Are you going to see Sean?" Jerry asked.

"Uh, yeah!" Starr lied and decided to change the subject.

"Thanks for inviting us to hang out yesterday. I think you're the first boyfriend of Layne's that ISN'T a complete asshole," Starr told him.

"Of course. We had a lot of fun," Jerry nodded.

“Can you ask Layne a favor for me?”

“Sure, what’s up?”

“I need him to cover my shift tonight...if he can. Tell him my shift starts at 9,” Starr asked.

“I’ll ask him, sure. Got some big plans tonight?”

“Something like that,” Starr smirked. Jerry saw the sign for the Mom N’ Pop shop and patted Starr on the shoulder before jogging a little ahead of him.

“Come over anytime! I gotta get some breakfast!” Jerry called out to him.

Starr waved him off with a smile. The smile quickly faded, however, when he spotted who he was set to meet...and it wasn’t Sean after all.

Jerry stood at the counter, ordering his and Layne’s breakfast to-go. He took a seat at a nearby table to wait for his food to cook and wondered if Layne was awake yet.

He was.

Layne found the note and smiled to himself. After shooting up last night, he was glad Jerry let him sleep in. He would’ve slept through the rest of the day if it wasn’t for not feeling Jerry in bed.

He started the coffee pot and got ready for the day. He didn’t have to work until 10, but he wasn’t sure what Jerry’s work day was looking like for today.

He decided he would wait until the last minute to shoot up again, just to get him through work tonight.

He brushed out his tangled hair and brushed his teeth in the mirror. Layne noticed his hand was a little bruised and decided if Jerry asked him about it, he would blame it on what happened last night.

Layne couldn’t stop smiling as he replayed the night over and over in his head. Everything was perfect... He couldn’t stop hearing Jerry’s little whimpers or words of encouragement. It ran like music notes into his ears, like those cartoons he used to watch as a kid.

He sat on the counter and smoked a cigarette while drinking his coffee. Outside was beautiful and sunny. It was mildly warm as well.

Suddenly, Layne heard the front door open and Jerry came around the corner holding a bag of food.

“Morning,” Jerry smiled as he sat the food down on the dinner table.

Layne smiled shyly and his legs playfully kicked out as they dangled off the counter. Jerry walked over and held his face in his hands before kissing him gently. Layne felt his body shiver and smiled into the kiss.

"I got you some pancake!" Jerry said excitedly as he went back to unload the food onto the table.

"Thank you! I made some coffee," Layne told him as he threw his cigarette out of the window and hopped off the counter. He took a seat at the table as Jerry poured himself a cup.

"I ran into Starr on the way there. He wanted to know if you can cover his shift tonight," Jerry said as he chewed on his bacon.

"...I guess so. What time is his shift?"

"9, he said."

Layne nodded, "I have to pull double duty then!"

Jerry shrugged his shoulders.

"I'll be opening and then do my set," Layne explained.

"You have to dance twice?"

"That's what that means," Layne giggled. He cut up his pancakes that were drenched in syrup and dipped some of Jerry's bacon into it.

"What time do you work today?" Layne asked.

"I go in at 1," Jerry said before he burped. He finished his food and threw the box away before sitting on the counter to smoke and drink the rest of his coffee. Layne watched Jerry as he ate.

"What time do you get off?"

"9:30."

"Maybe you can catch my set!"

"I don't know...it's a long walk," Jerry laughed.

"You're gonna have to buy a car," Layne rolled his eyes.

"I actually saw one for sale a couple of days ago and I do have some money saved up," Jerry raised his eyebrows.

Layne gave him a look, "Other than coming to watch me strip for other people...I think you need a car of your own."

Jerry laughed a little. Layne got up and threw his box away before coming over to Jerry. He kissed Jerry's nose, which made Jerry smile.

"You don't have a problem with me stripping, right?"

Jerry shook his head, "I knew your occupation before we slept together. I don't have a problem with it..."

Layne smiled and looked down as he traced stars on Jerry clothed thigh. Jerry blow his smoke out of the window and sighed.

"...What did you think about last night?"

"For the first time with a guy...I'd say it wasn't too bad," Jerry cracked a smile as Layne's face looked a little angry. "I say it wasn't too bad, it was perfect."

Jerry never thought about being gay or into guys before. He just knew that he liked people in general. Whatever they had didn't concern him too much. When he thinks back to the times he slept with women, it was always too much...he wasn't sure what, but it wasn't enough for him. Sleeping with Layne satisfied him beyond compare. Beyond he thought possible before.

Either Jerry was just extremely sex deprived or Layne was just a good fuck.

Layne shook his head with a grin, "I'm glad..."

"What did you think?" Jerry asked.

"I liked it...a lot."

Jerry kissed his forehead and tossed his cigarette out of the window.

"For a guy who lost his gay sex virginity..it wasn't too bad," Layne shot back as he pulled away from Jerry, laughing.

Jerry gave him a playfully mean look and Layne took off running from him. Jerry jumped off the counter and caught Layne in his arms, tackling them both to the couch, laughing and giggling. He held Layne tight against him and kissed him deeply.

He could be a few minutes late.

Layne held Jerry's face in place as they made out slowly. Jerry's hand found Layne's hips and dug his blunt nails into the bare flesh above Layne's boxers.

"You have to get to work," Layne whispered against his lips.

"Fuck work," Jerry growled as they sat up. He pulled his shirt over his head and it landed on the coffee table, almost knocking over an empty beer can. Probably Starr's from last night.

Layne sat on Jerry's lap, leaning in close to kiss his collarbones and neck. Jerry wrapped his arms around Layne and let out a sigh.

"Are you already addicted to sex....you poor thing," Layne joked as he whispered in Jerry's ear.

Jerry rolled his eyes and pushed Layne off of his lap and onto his back, his head hitting the pillow cushion.

Layne looked up at him with a mischievous smile and let his hands explore Jerry's bare chest.

"You know...I think you're pretty, too," Layne told him.

Jerry shook his head a little, his hair tickling at Layne's chest and arms.

"Shut up," he moaned, rolling his eyes before placing kisses all over Layne's chest slowly. Layne's eyes fluttered shut and felt his lower half tingle.

"Work...Jerry...car...remember?" Layne moaned out when Jerry kissed above his boxers.

"I'm not too worried about it. I'm preoccupied right now," Jerry grinned against the taut skin.

Layne pushed Jerry up back into his seat and threw his left leg over his lap. He straddled Jerry's lap and kissed him harshly. Jerry was taken aback a little at Layne's forwardness, but kissed him back nevertheless.

Layne ground down on Jerry's clothed lap and let out a moan against Jerry's lips.

"Layneeee...I gotta go to work," Jerry joked.

"I'm not too worried, I'm a little preoccupied at the moment," Layne mocked as he began unbuttoning Jerry's jeans. He leaned back and unzipped them.

Jerry watched Layne's hands and when they were undone, Layne got up. Jerry held himself up and Layne pulled them off, letting them land at Jerry's ankles.

"Fuck," Jerry moaned as Layne's soft hands found their way into his boxers, massaging and stroking him slowly as he sat back on Jerry's lap.

"Mmm," Layne hummed as he kissed at Jerry's ear. Jerry's hands held onto Layne's hips and held onto the thighs, his legs tensing when Layne thumbed over his head.

"You're so good at this...."

Layne smirked and bit gently on Jerry's neck, sucking and creating a light bruise.

Layne let go to pull Jerry's boxers all the way off and to his ankles. He kissed Jerry again before standing up, "Be right back."

Jerry watched as Layne jogged to the bedroom to shuffle through Jerry's bedside table for a condom. He found one and came back to find Jerry stroking himself.

He hissed gently and rolled his eyes, "You aren't gonna wait for me?"

"Come're," Jerry sighed out.

Layne climbed back into Jerry's lap and was met with a deep kiss. Layne pulled back to open the condom and roll it onto Jerry. He pushed Jerry's hand away as he spit on his own hand a few times.

"I wanna ride," Layne smirked as Jerry bit his lip. He stroked Jerry's length, coating it spit.

"You didn't buy a ticket," Jerry joked into Layne's neck.

Layne rolled his eyes a little and pulled his boxers off, "Can you make an exception? For me?"

He asked as he slowly lowered himself down on Jerry. Jerry's head tilted back and a groan bubbled from the back of his throat.

Layne leaned his face back to kiss him, stilling himself.

"Anything for you," Jerry whispered.

Layne slowly raised up on his knees, putting his hands flat on Jerry's chest. He could feel Jerry's heart beating fast and his breathing uneven and heavy.

"I hope so," Layne whispered back when he kissed Jerry's ear.

Jerry groaned louder as Layne rode him faster. Both of them breathing hard into each other's faces, Layne whimpering lowly at the burning in his knees.

"Damn," Jerry moaned. "Don't stop."

Layne smiled and wrapped his arms around Jerry's neck. He kissed the sides of Jerry's jaw and neck below his ear.

"I don't plan on it," Layne answered.

When his knees began hindering his movements and legs tingling to sleep, Jerry held onto his hips and helped him raise up and down.

Layne let Jerry take over most of his weight before Jerry started thrusting up into him.

Instead, Jerry held Layne still in place as he fucked up into Layne's body. Layne leaned into the back of the couch when he felt Jerry hit the sensitive bundle of nerves.

"Fuck! There...more!" Layne cried out.

Jerry went faster, hitting it everytime. Layne bit down on Jerry's shoulder when a strong hand began jerking him off in time with Jerry's thrusts.

"Fuck...fuck...fuck," Layne moaned out loudly. "I'm soooo fucking close!"

Jerry kissed on Layne's throat, feeling him swallow hard.

"I'm gonna cum!" Jerry loudly whispered out.

“Cum for me,” Layne seductively whimpered.

Jerry came undone, fucking Layne through his orgasm. Layne felt the sudden heat and came on Jerry’s stomach with a cry.

He fucked himself on Jerry a few more times, jerking and his eyes screwing shut. After a few more seconds, Layne pulled off and collapsed on the couch. Jerry looked down at the sticky mess on his stomach, giggling.

“Come on,” Jerry said as he pulled off his boxers and jeans all the way. Layne took his hand and they walked to the bathroom.

Jerry unrolled the condom off of himself, tossing it in the trash and washing his stomach and dick off. He wiped what got on Layne off of him.

Back in the living room, Jerry got dressed again and Layne watched him from the couch.

“Whatcha gonna do until work?”

“Not sure. Maybe nap,” Layne answered as he laid down against the pillow.

“Do you want to help me go look at cars tomorrow?”

Layne nodded, closing his eyes as he got comfortable. Jerry smiled and kissed his forehead. He grabbed his keys and wallet, pulling out \$30 if Layne wanted something to eat from somewhere, placing it on the kitchen table.

“I’m gone,” Jerry said.

“Okay, baby. I’ll see you tonight,” Layne smiled at him.

Deep Green

Layne managed to fall asleep again on the couch. Completely tired from the afternoon sex. He didn't wake up until he had to get ready for work.

Around 8, Layne shot up, just a little to get through the nightshift. He placed everything back in his bag before getting dressed in Jerry's clothes.

He told himself to remind Jerry he needed to wash his clothes.

At work, he was the opener for the night. He hated opening, but he owed Starr for the other night.

He got dressed in a slutty little attire that Starr planned on using tonight. Layne wondered why Starr couldn't come in. Maybe he took another vacation day to be with Sean, he reasoned.

Nine o'clock on the dot, the announcer called Layne to the stage and he began his set. The men hollering and tossing money his way, just like they do every night.

Layne didn't mind stripping, it paid for what he needed. He didn't need Jerry's money, that's why he didn't get any food today. Layne didn't want Jerry to financially support him when he's capable of doing it himself. Stripping paid for the few clothes he had, sometimes food, but mostly heroin. He told himself everytime he used, this was the last time.

When he didn't have anything going on for himself, he didn't mind slowly descending into the void of death. However, now that he has Jerry, he doesn't want to be sucked back into the hole of addiction. It ruined everything he had so far.

Any relationship he was in before Jerry was abusive. Mentally, emotionally, verbally and physically. He gravitated towards those doped or coked out drug dealers who used him for the stripping money and sex.

Jerry was so vastly different that it made Layne wonder how it even happened.

He wanted to quit heroin all together, for Jerry. For their relationship For himself. But he knew that quitting something as hard as heroin wasn't possible without help and more drugs. Weening himself off of them, like he has been doing, was working. Only using to not get sick was going okay for now. He was only worried about it becoming not enough again.

After the song was over, Layne collected his money and headed backstage. He ran the money through the automatic counter. He managed to make Starr \$756.

A good night for Starr, he giggled to himself.

He bound the money in a few rubber bands and put it down in his bag, reminding himself to give it to Starr when he sees him again.

A little before his own set, his manager came to him at his station. He was done up in glitter and make up, dressed in a miniskirt and tank top to match.

“Layne, someone is here to see you. They said it’s urgent,” she said quietly.

Layne’s body went white-hot. What did that mean? Was Jerry here?

He went out front and Sean immediately caught his arm, pulling him into a little alcove on the side of the room.

“Hey- what!” Layne said, surprised and a little irritated, thinking it was a client.

“Layne you need to come with me. Starr is in the hospital,” Sean said quickly and loudly over the music that was playing for the dancer on stage.

“What?! What the fuck happened? Is he okay?” Layne asked.

“I’ll explain in the car. Can you please come with me?” Sean’s face was littered in wrinkles of worry. It scared Layne a lot.

Sean is always happy go lucky and cracking jokes. The tone of his voice and face made Layne sick to his stomach with worry.

“Yes! I’ll get my things,” Layne nodded quickly. He disappeared to the backstage and found his manager.

“I have to leave. There’s an emergency with my family,” he explained as he walked to his station. He picked up his bag and she told him that it was okay to leave.

No one knew that Layne and Starr used at work. They feared being fired, so lying was the only way out of the door tonight.

He ran out to Sean’s car and jumped in.

“Can we pick up Jerry? He’s at home,” Layne asked, his body vibrating in fear.

Sean nodded quietly.

“Can you tell me what happened?”

Sean waited a few minutes, driving rather fast to Jerry’s apartment.

“He OD’ed.”

Layne felt like a deer in the headlights. He wanted to throw up, his own high was busted into a billion pieces. He wanted to cry.

He could tell Sean had been crying.

“I...what happened?”

“I knew he shot up and he fell asleep in bed. When I tried to wake him up, he didn’t respond. I called 911 and they came and got him. I remembered he told me you were covering for him tonight, so I came to get you,” Sean explained in a painfully heartbroken voice.

“Is-is he stable?”

Sean nodded, “Yeah. They got him awake. I rode wbehind the ambulance to the hospital and they had to give him a shot of Narcan in the ambulance.”

Layne tried to breathe more steadily, learning that Starr was at least stable himself. The pit in his stomach wouldn’t go away anyhow.

“He asked Jerry if I could cover for him tonight. Did-did he plan this?”

Sean bit his lip, “No. He wanted to stay home tonight so we could go out to eat together.”

Layne let out a shaky breath.

Sean pulled up beside Jerry’s apartment building and Layne hopped out. He ran to Jerry’s door as fast as his jelly made legs could move.

He knocked on the door loudly. After a few seconds, Jerry appeared holding a beer. Layne could hear his Black Sabbath record playing lowly.

“What’s wrong?” Jerry asked when he saw Layne face. He was white as a ghost.

“Starr OD’ed. I need you,” he let out a whimpered cry.

Jerry cut the record player off and grabbed his keys. He followed Layne to Sean’s car and jumped in the backseat.

Sean sped off towards the hospital, almost running every red light on the way. Layne began taking off his stripper outfit in the front seat, replacing them with Jerry’s clothes he had borrowed.

They ran into the hospital together.

“I’m here to see Michael Starr,” Sean told the receptionist behind the counter.

“Okay. Relation?” She looked over the trio.

“Boyfriend,” Sean answered, earning a weird look from her. He ignored it. Now’s not the time.

“Best friend,” Layne said quietly.

“Uh, friend,” Jerry choked out.

Layne reached for Jerry’s hand and squeezed it. Jerry squeezed back, telling him he’s here.

“Okay. I need you all to sign this and put a badge on,” she pointed to the stickers on the counter in front of them. They complied.

“Room 506,” she told them before she began typing away again.

They rode the elevator quietly to floor five. Layne holding Jerry’s hand desperately for comfort.

Sean knocked quietly on the 6th door in the hallway. When he pushed in the door, Starr was sitting up in his bed. He was hooked up to an IV and those little patches reading his heartbeat and several other vitals.

A doctor turned around with his clipboard.

“You’re boyfriend is here,” he said quietly.

Starr smiled weakly as the trio came into the room.

“Hey, baby,” Sean said as he leaned down to kiss the top of Starr’s head. He sat down, scooting the chair closer to the bed to hold onto his boyfriend’s hand.

“Hey,” Layne said weakly, trying to smile at the sight. It made his stomach turn.

He wanted to cry. Wanted to scream at Starr for being stupid. Wanted to run the miles back to Jerry’s house and shoot up for himself.

Instead, he squeezed Jerry’s hand tighter.

“Lanieee,” Starr slurred, a little high on the medication.

Layne pulled Jerry to the other side of the bed and hugged Starr as gently as he could.

“I will come back in a while to check up on you again,” the doctor told him. “Press the button if you need anything, Michael.”

He showed himself out of the door and Sean broke down in tears finally. He held tightly on Starr’s hand and laid his forehead against the railing.

“I’m so sorry, baby. Please don’t be mad at me. I didn’t mean to,” Starr said weakly, a few tears of his own coming out.

Layne pulled a chair to the bed and Jerry sat on the window sill solemnly. He watched as Sean kissed Starr’s hand over and over, telling him he wasn’t angry, he was just upset and worried.

“It’s okay, Layne. I’m okay,” Starr reassured him with a small sigh.

“I know. You’re always okay,” Layne let out a breathy laugh, trying to make Starr feel better despite feeling like he was crumbling in the chair.

“I love you guys,” Starr sighed loudly. “I didn’t mean to do it. Not this.”

“Just...please. Dont over do it again. I don’t want to lose you, not like this. Not ever,” Sean shook his head as he watched Starr cry quietly.

“I love you so much,” Sean begged. “Please...not like this.”

Layne put his head in his hands to cover his face. He didn’t want Starr to be upset anymore.

Jerry gently held onto Layne’s shoulder, trying whatever he could do to let Layne know he was there for him.

“I’m not going anywhere. It was a mistake. I’m done. I’m really done. It’s...done,” Starr nodded.

Jerry didn’t know what to think of the situation. He didn’t know Starr used. Did Layne know? His question was answered when Layne told him he would help him quit.

“I need you,” Starr told him. “And you need to kick my ass into shape. I cant do it alone,” he told Sean.

“Whatever you need,” Layne nodded, giving him a smile.

“I’ll beat the shit out of you,” Sean finally laughed a little.

Starr nodded, “That’s what it’s gonna take. Just don’t leave me.”

Sean shook his head, “I’m not going anywhere.”

“When can you leave?” Layne asked.

“Probably tomorrow,” Starr answered as he laid back on the hospital bed.

“Is there anything we can do?” Jerry asked.

“Have sex for me,” he joked to Jerry.

Sean and Layne rolled their eyes when Starr giggled at his joke.

“Will do,” Jerry laughed. Layne turned around and smiled at him a little.

Starr always knew how to turn anything sexual. The joke rolled over everyone and made them feel better. They knew he was going to be okay.

“When does the hospital close to visitors?” Layne asked.

“Uh,” Starr said trying to focus on the board that said the time. “11.”

Jerry glanced at the clock and realized they didn’t have much time left.

“I’ll come back tomorrow,” Layne assured him with a smile. He kissed Starr’s hand and squeezed it.

Jerry didn’t mind. This was a weird scenario they were in. He would do the same for Layne.

“I’ll be here to pick you up, okay?” Sean told him as he got up.

“Ugh, I want to sleep in my own bed!”

“You can’t tonight. Just try to relax,” Sean kissed him and Starr sighed out of his nose.

“You’ll be back in our bed soon, baby.”

Layne got up and hugged him tightly.

“I love you,” he whispered in his hair.

“I love you, man,” Starr returned.

Jerry rubbed Layne’s back and Layne intertwined their fingers together.

“Don’t think you don’t get anything, Jerry,” Starr quipped. Jerry giggled and leaned down. They hugged briefly and Starr told him to watch Layne.

“I will,” Jerry agreed.

Layne felt cold. What did that mean? Did Starr buy them a bad batch? He shot up twice with the powder Starr got him.

Wait...

Did Starr use the money he gave him for drugs? It felt sick again. He didn’t want to be the reason his best friend almost died. That’s too much. It’s always too much.

Sean kissed him again before telling him goodbye.

They walked back to the car after signing out at the front desk.

“I fucking hate seeing him like that,” Layne sighed out heavily. The weight of world seemed to fit, oh, so perfectly on his shoulders. He told himself to ask where Starr got the money for that.

Please don’t let it be from me, Layne pleaded to himself.

“I don’t know what to do,” Sean said as they sat idly in the car.

“Is rehab...possible?” Jerry asked quietly.

Sean’s hook his head, “Too fucking expensive. We can’t afford it.”

“Do you think he can quit cold turkey?” Jerry asked.

“Not possible. Drugs like that make you just as sick, just as if it’s an overdose. He needs proper medications and shit,” Layne answered, leaning into Jerry’s chest as they sat in the back seat.

“Fuck!” Sean shouted. It startled Jerry and Layne.

“I’m so fucking lost... what do I fucking do?!”

Jerry didn’t have an answer to comfort him.

“Maybe we can raise money for rehab,” Layne thought.

“How?” Sean asked.

“I could get some of the guys at work to raise the money with me. We could put on like...shows and give you the money to put him in rehab.”

Sean listened intently.

“You could do like...different themes and shit,” Jerry added.

“That’s a good idea. I worked Starr’s shift tonight and made \$756 for him. We could put that to rehab,” Layne told him.

Jerry gets surprised everytime he hears how much Layne makes in a night.

“Layne,” Sean sighed. “You’re a fucking Godsend. What the fuck would we do without you, man?”

Layne leaned up and hugged Sean.

“I’m here for you. Let me know if you need something,” Layne told him.

“Same for me, man. Just let me know,” Jerry added, nodding at Sean in the rear view mirror.

“Thank you both a lot for coming with me,” Sean told them. He cranked the car and drove back to Jerry’s apartment.

“What time does he get discharged?” Layne asked as they sat in the car out front.

“5,” Sean answered.

“Come pick me up and I’ll ride with you,” Layne told him. Sean nodded and thanked them again. Layne got his bag from the front floorboard.

Jerry and Layne got out and walked slowly back up to Jerry’s apartment. Jerry unlocked the door and let Layne in. He tossed his bag on the floor with a heavy sigh.

Jerry turned him around and hugged him tightly.

“I’m sorry, baby,” he whispered into his hair. He rubbed Layne’s back and kissed his face.

“Thank you for coming with me,” Layne told him.

“Of course,” Jerry nodded against his shoulder.

“I’m tired...can we go to bed, please?” Layne asked quietly.

Jerry turned off all the lights and helped Layne get undressed. They snuggled up closely under the covers and Jerry wrapped his arms around him. He kissed his head a few times, as Layne tangled their legs together comfortably.

“I love you,” Layne whispered.

Jerry was surprised at the admission. He wasn’t expecting it. He tightened his grip and leaned to kissed Layne’s lips.

“I love you,” Jerry repeated just as quietly. Layne nodded and closed his eyes.

Magic in Money

Jerry woke up again before Layne. Layne had kept them awake for another hour, despite being tired. They laid in silence, listening to each other breathing and Layne's occasional snuffles. Jerry had held him close to his chest and played with his hair to calm him down, in hopes it would put Layne to sleep.

It worked. Layne was so tired he woke Jerry up snoring lightly in his ear.

He slowly got up from the bed and made sure Layne was still asleep. He wanted to kiss him, but decided to let him sleep instead.

He started the coffee pot and waited for it to brew. He smoked two cigarettes as he sat on the counter. He watched Layne breathing slowly, still tucked away asleep.

He planned on buying a car today, but since Starr was in the hospital, he didn't know if Layne would be up to it.

He held his breath as Layne rolled over onto his back. He scrunched his face up and rolled onto his side again.

Still asleep.

Jerry poured himself a cup of coffee and smoked another cigarette. How had Layne not managed to tell him that Starr used heroin? Did he not want him to think less of his friends? Does keeping a secret like that make Layne a good friend?

Jerry reasoned that Layne never mentioned it because it wasn't anyone business. That's fair.

After drinking only half of his coffee, Jerry wanted to take a shower.

He gathered his clothes he wanted to wear for the day and headed for the bathroom. He closed the door to muffle the noise of the shower. Jerry undressed and stretched as he turned on the water and turning the shower head on.

He sighed as the hot water hit his back, waking him up and calming his tense muscles.

He continued to wash his body and hair. He turned around and faced the shower, letting the water hit his face.

Suddenly, he heard the door handle click and open. He peaked out from behind the shower and saw Layne standing sleepily in the doorway.

"Are you okay?" He asked gently.

"Mhm," Layne nodded. "Can I pee?"

Jerry smiled and nodded, "Go ahead."

He pulled the curtain back in place and continued to shower. He could hear the toilet seat moving and Layne sigh deeply.

Jerry hopes that by knowing Starr is okay, Layne will be in better spirits today.

Layne pulled the shower curtain back gently and peaked his head in. He watched Jerry's backside.

"Can I join? I need to shower," Layne asked quietly.

Jerry turned his head and nodded, "Of course."

Layne pulled out and began undressing. Jerry's never showered with anyone before. This was gonna be new.

Layne stepped into the shower and Jerry turned around to face him.

"I was just about to get out," he told him.

"Stay in here with me," Layne smiled.

Jerry simply melted and pulled Layne under the shower head. Layne closed his eyes and let the water hit his chest. Jerry maneuvered to get behind Layne and picked back up his body wash.

"You're gonna smell like me," Jerry giggled as he smothered Layne in bubbles on his back.

"I already smell like you," Layne replied, sighing at the soft feeling.

Layne turned around and the bubbles washed off of his back. Jerry then smothered Layne's chest in body wash, slowing his actions at Layne's neck.

Layne's hands found Jerry's arm and leaned in for a wet kiss. Jerry smiled at Layne's actions and kissed him back gently.

"Turn around," Jerry whispered gently. Layne complied and the bubbles on his chest washed off. Jerry filled his palm with shampoo and ran his fingers through Layne's long hair.

Layne closed his eyes and smiled. He's never had anyone wash his hair for him before. Jerry played with Layne's hair, pulling it into a mohawk before it fell back down again. He could hear Layne giggle a little in front of him. Jerry gently turned Layne back around. He gently washed the suds out of Layne's hair.

Layne watched Jerry's face, pulled in concentration. His eyes cast down Jerry's body and back up to his face.

Jerry turned Layne around again and filled it with conditioner, repeating the process until Layne's hair was clean.

After this, Layne washed the rest of his body while Jerry watched curiously.

“I’m done,” Layne gave him a smirk when he noticed Jerry eyeing him.

“Okay...”

“Okay...?” Layne repeated curiously.

“Uh huh,” Jerry finally met Layne’s eyes.

“Whatcha looking at?” Layne giggled.

“Noooothingggg,” Jerry rolled his eyes. He held Layne’s hips and pulled them both into the water. He kissed him deeply and softly.

He didn’t want to do anything more than kiss Layne and let him know that he has Jerry for support. They pulled apart and Layne kissed his chin. Jerry just wanted Layne to feel comforted and cared for.

Jerry reached around and turned the water off. He pulled the shower curtain out of the way. Layne stepped out first and grabbed a towel, wrapping a towel around us waist and one for his hair.

Jerry followed and Layne handed him a towel to dry himself and one of his hair.

“This reminds me,” Layne started. “I need to wash my clothes somehow.”

“Oh, uh, there’s a laundry room in the basement. We can wash them when you get home tonight,” Jerry told him.

Layne nodded and grabbed his clothes off of the floor. He walked out and into the living room. He tossed the dirty clothes on the couch and Jerry followed behind him.

“Can I...?” Layne started to ask.

“Of course,” Jerry smiled. Layne followed him into the bedroom and looked through Jerry clothes with him.

He pulled out a shirt and shorts to wear. Jerry dropped his towel and started getting dressed. Layne took a few sips of Jerry’s lukewarm coffee and groaned.

“Yuck! It’s almsot cold,” Layne rolled his eyes.

“Pour some more,” Jerry shook his head.

Layne got dressed and dried his hair again. He bundled up all four towels and took them back to the bathroom to put in the basket.

Jerry smiled another cigarette as he leaned on the counter.

“Are you coming with me to look at cars before the hospital?”

Layne nodded, “Yeah. I don’t know a lot about them though.”

Jerry agreed, "I don't either."

Layne pulled the cigarette out of Jerry's lips and took a drag before putting it back in between his lips.

Jerry smiled behind the cigarette.

"You know," Layne said as he leaned on the counter with his forearms beside Jerry. "You're the first guy that isn't a complete fucking dick to me."

Jerry watched him as he smoked.

"I've only been with assholes and," Layne paused. "They weren't good people."

"You're so different that it makes me wonder how I even got you in the first place. I'm the happiest I've been in a while...this feels like Heaven. This is what my homosexual Heaven looks like."

"Fucking on the couch and smoking on the counter?"

Layne rolled his eyes.

"Almost."

Jerry smiled and kissed Layne's head.

"I just feel content. I feel excited about life. I feel loved."

Jerry got off of the counter and Layne stood up right. He wrapped his arms around Layne's waist, hugging Layne's back to his chest.

"That's what I want. You deserve it. You're like, the funniest, kindest, smartest, weirdest, loving, beautiful and caring person I've ever known. I want you to be happy," Jerry told him next to his ear.

"Plus, you're like the best fuck...I've ever had," Jerry joked which made Layne giggle.

"Ahhh, horny jokes in the morning," Layne quipped in response. "I like that in a man."

Jerry rolled his eyes and tilted them back and forth on his feet. Layne raised Jerry's arms to his shoulders and kissed his bicep.

He turned around in his arms and kissed Jerry's neck.

"You know, we have a little time before we have to fuck off to find a car..."

Jerry laughed, "Three days in a row?"

"I'm a gay, 20 year old, male stripper. My libido knows no end," Layne sighed in defeat.

Jerry mocked his sigh, "Didn't you say I was the one addicted to sex yesterday morning?"

Layne nodded, "If you weren't already, I'll make you."

"That a threat?"

Layne nodded, an innocent smile on his lips. He flashed his beautiful, straight teeth.

Jerry let out a little groan and picked Layne up to sit him on the counter. Layne grunted when he landed on the hard surface.

"On the counter?" Layne asked surprised.

"Why not?" Jerry asked as he kissed Layne's neck while he pulled off Layne's shorts.

"Mmm," Layne moaned a little. "Never done it on a counter before."

"I'm taking your counter sex virginity?"

Layne giggled, "Yes. Yes you are."

His giggles turned to little gasps when Jerry's hand started stroking him slowly. Layne wrapped his legs around Jerry's waist to hold him close. The back of his head hit the cabinet. He turned his head to the side and noticed the window.

"Baby, baby...the window is open!"

"So?" Jerry asked as he stroked Layne faster, biting and sucking on the flesh at Layne's pulse point.

"I don't care...let them hear you," Jerry smirked at Layne's face. Something about the way Layne's face twists into pleasure was addicting. He wanted to see that everyday, and with Layne as his boyfriend, he just might.

Layne groaned and blindly undone Jerry's pants. He pushed them down as far as he could before Jerry pushed them down to his ankles with his free hand.

Layne's soft hand found Jerry's length and slowly stroked him. Jerry groaned and laid his forehead against Layne's shoulder. Layne's free hand tangled in Jerry's blond hair and pulled it roughly. He pulled Jerry's head to his face and kissed him roughly.

"Faster," Layne whispered as he sped up his own stroking. Jerry watched as Layne's stomach tensed and flexed.

God, Layne was perfect.

He wasn't anything but himself. Jerry chalked it up to Layne's stripping giving him confidence about his own body.

Layne's thumb swiped across his head slowly, causing Jerry to buck his hips toward involuntarily.

“Keep going and I’ll finish before we even get started,” Jerry warned.

Layne gave him a smirk and kissed him roughly. Jerry let Layne go and pushed Layne’s boxers down to his ankles. He positioned himself between Layne’s legs again and Layne sealed Jerry in place, locking his legs at his ankles.

“God...I’m gonna fuck you. I’m the luckiest man in Seattle right now,” Jerry said, half surprised he managed to have Layne and half aroused by Layne’s body.

“Wanna cut the romantic shit and fuck me already?” Layne smirked.

Jerry jerked Layne to the edge of the counter suddenly.

“Condom?” Jerry asked. Layne nodded and let Jerry go. Jerry pulled his jeans and boxers off all the way to check in the drawer. He found one and realized it was the last one he had.

He opened it and slid it on. Layne reached for him again, he spit on his hand over and over before stroking Jerry in his lube.

Jerry groaned as he slowly thrust inside Layne. He head fell back and Layne kissed his throat.

“I can’t believe it,” Jerry joked again. “I’m fucking the hottest dude in this state.”

Layne’s eyes rolled and he moaned when Jerry fucked into him faster. Layne squirmed and held onto the cabinet and the back of Jerry’s head for stability.

Jerry’s hands squeezed at Layne’s sides, feeling himself already becoming close.

“Kiss me,” Layne whimpered. Jerry complied and kissed him gently, a stark contrast to his thrusts. Layne felt his stomach flip suddenly and squeezed Jerry’s hips tightly as he came.

Jerry watched and kissed Layne’s throat, following right after him.

He slowly pulled out and kissed Layne’s forehead, “Feel better?”

Layne giggled, “Yesss. Now I can tell Starr I had sex in order to help him out.”

Jerry giggled too as he remembered Starr’s dumb comment. He rolled off the condom and tossed it in the trashcan. He helped Layne off the counter and they washed off with a paper towel.

They got dressed again and Layne smiled a cigarette as they left the apartment building. While they walked, Jerry and Layne passed the cigarette back and forth, sharing and holding their pinky’s together in between them.

Jerry started swinging their arms and making Layne giggle. He was happy Layne felt more comfortable again, knowing Starr was going to be okay. He had mentioned starting a fundraiser for Starr and wanted to get in on it.

“Hey, do you think I can set up a jar for tips at the store to raise money?”

Layne smiled big.

“That would be really nice, baby!”

Jerry nodded, “I’ll do that then!”

Layne squeezed his hand. They walked for a couple more minutes before they reached a parking lot.

“I saw it here. I don’t know if it’s still there,” Jerry said as he drug Layne around looking for it. They passed other cars, but Layne guess that Jerry didn’t want any of those.

“There it is!” Jerry shouted, they took off jogging and Layne smiled at how excited Jerry was. He spotted a man walking over to them as Jerry looked inside the vehicle.

“Hey, guys! How can I help you?” The man introduced himself. Jerry finally noticed him and stood up to greet him.

“Hey, I’m Jerry. My boyfriend and I are looking for a car,” Jerry explained as he shook the mans hand.

“John. Nice to meet you,” He held out his hand for Layne to shake, which he did.

“Layne...”

Layne felt giddy. This was the first time Jerry used the term ‘boyfriend’ with him in public. The car salesman didn’t seem to notice or even care, which made Layne even happier.

“We’re you looking at this one?” John asked as him and Jerry walked around the car, looking it over.

“Yeah, man. It’s a beauty. Can I get in it?”

John nodded, “I’ll have to get the keys. Just give me a moment.”

John jogged back to a small office building as Layne sat on the hood. Jerry quickly pulled him off though.

“No sitting on my hood,” Jerry chastised him playfully.

“You act like I didn’t do that yesterday morning,” Layne rolled his eyes.

Jerry looked down and smirked to himself. He loved when Layne brought that shit up, especially in public. He’s never had anyone so forwardly tell him things out right, ESPECIALLY about their sex life.

John jogged back over and Layne stood outside the car, smoking a cigarette as Jerry and John got in the car. Jerry cranked it up and smiled wide. He was in love with it.

“What do you think?” John asked.

Jerry nodded, "I'll take it."

Layne raised his eyebrows and watched them get out, closing the doors. Layne grabbed his hand and pulled him to the office building to file the paper work.

Jerry left the parking lot with a used Pontiac Firebird.

"I didn't know you had your license...?" Layne said, confused from the passenger seat.

"Well...I got it when I turned 16, but I never got a car," Jerry smiled as he drove through the streets and back to the apartment.

"This is your first car?"

Jerry nodded and pulled up next to the apartment. Layne got out and waited for Jerry. He came around the car to Layne.

Jerry pulled him in for a kiss and told him he had to go to work. Layne nodded.

"I'm not going to work tonight. I'm gonna wait for Sean to come pick me up to get Starr," Layne smiled against his lips again.

"Okay, baby. I get off at 7 tonight," He told Layne as he rubbed his back.

"Okay," Layne affirmed as Jerry pulled away and went back to the drivers side.

"I left the spare key under the mat," Jerry whispered.

"Thank you!" Layne called back over his shoulder as he began walking up the stairs to Jerry's apartment.

"I'll see you tonight, beautiful," Jerry waved. Layne smiled and waved back to him.

Jerry got in his car and pulled off. Layne watched from the top of the stairs. He was glad Jerry liked his new car.

Now we don't have to walk every fucking where, Layne giggled to himself as he found the spare key. Jerry must have moved it in case Layne needed it to get in. He was always thinking ahead.

He drank a beer and smoked on the counter as he waited for Sean to come get him. Layne's cravings wasn't on his mind after Starr's OD. He was too scared. Did they have the same batch? Did he give Starr the money for it?

He was too worried until he confirmed with Starr for the answers he needed.

He also realized that he needs to tell Jerry the truth. If Jerry doesn't want to be with him after that, it will hurt, but it will save Layne a lot more hurt if it continues for too long. He dreaded it. He dreaded the conversation and the aftermath. He doubted things would be the same after it.

Layne didn't want things to be different.

Romantic or Tragic?

At work, Jerry made a makeshift tip container out of an old mason jar he found in the break room.

‘TIPS TO HELP SICK FRIEND IN NEED’

He wrote on a piece of paper in big letters. He taped it to the jar and hoped that he could help contribute something to help Starr and Sean.

Around 4:30, Layne heard someone knock on the door. He unlocked and opened it to see Sean standing there. He wore a baseball cap and his hair was pulled back into a low ponytail.

“Hey, you ready?” He asked. Layne left the door open as he grabbed his cigarettes off the counter. He followed Sean to the car and got in.

“Have you talked to him today?”

“No, I haven’t,” Sean sighed a little.

“Jerry wants to help with money. He said something about putting out a tip jar in the music store to help raise money,” Layne smiled a little as he watched out of the window.

“That’s really...nice of him. I like Jerry...don’t fuck it up,” Sean said in a serious voice. When Layne looked over, he saw Sean smiling however.

“I don’t plan on it,” Layne told him.

That’s it. He just has to tell Jerry the truth.

He needs to tell Jerry the truth.

Sean and Layne signed in, wearing their visitors stickers and heading up to Starr’s room. When they walked in, Starr was sitting on the edge of the bed, wearing his normal clothes. He smiled and stood up when Sean and Layne entered.

Sean hugged him tightly and sighed into his hair.

“Hi,” Starr said over Sean’s shoulder to Layne. Layne waved and hugged him, too.

“You smell nice,” Starr complimented.

“Thanks,” Layne let out a breathy laugh. “It’s Jerry’s body wash.”

Starr rolled his eyes playfully as they let him go, “Showering with him now?”

Layne rolled in eyes in return and Sean took Starr’s paperwork and rolled it up. He smacked Starr on the head with it.

“Are you ready to come home,” Sean asked.

“Fuck yes! Get me out of here!” Starr shouted. Sean shushed him and they began walking to the rest to sign out and sign Starr out.

Starr practically jumped for joy when the outside air hit his face.

“Fuck hospitals, dude,” He said and they pulled into the car. Layne sat in the backseat, just along for the ride and glad to have Starr on the outside.

They talked about what happened, making Layne a little nervous, on the ride back to Sean’s place.

Sean unlocked the door and Starr threw himself in the couch with a sigh.

“I gotta shower,” he said as he kissed Starr’s head before disappearing into the back rooms.

“I have something to ask you...”

Starr sat up and let Layne sit down with him, “Is it a sex question? Layne...you’re not even on birth control. I gotta set you up an appointment!”

Layne laughed and shook his head. Starr always knew how to make Layne’s tension disappear. He always knew what to say in situations where Layne found himself at a loss for words. Layne looked up to him as an older brother.

“No...not that,” Layne took a deep breath.

“Did you use the money I gave you the night we went to the concert to buy your hit?”

Starr paused for a second. It felt like an eternity to Layne, however.

“Layne...”

“Tell me, Starr. I’m serious,” He demanded as he watched Starr’s face.

“No. Okay. Don’t worry. I gave that money to Sean for actual gas. You didn’t OD me, I did.”

Layne could breathe a little better.

“Okay...and was it the same batch you gave me?”

Starr shook his head, “No. I got it yesterday. You’re safe...if that’s what you’re asking me.”

Layne nodded slowly.

“I did too much, Layne. I’m done. I can’t keep doing this to myself...or Sean for that matter.”

“Jerry still doesn’t know,” Layne whispered.

Starr tilted his head to meet Layne's eyes, "Are you going to tell him? I mean eventually he's going to find out."

Layne sighed and leaned back on the couch.

"I'm gonna tell him."

Starr raised his eyebrows, "You should. He deserves to know."

"We are raising money to get you to a rehab center, Starr."

Starr shrugged and nodded, "Could be useful."

Layne laughed a little.

"I'm gonna get some guys at work on board to raise money for you. I won't tell him anything, I promise. Just a little white lie. Jerry is collecting tips from the music store to help, too."

"Jerry is the best thing that's happened to you, don't you think?"

Layne nodded, "I think he is...and that's why I have to tell him the truth."

Starr patted his knee, "It'll be okay."

"Can you promise me something?" Layne said, looking at Starr. Starr nodded.

"Anything."

"Stay sober until we get your money. If you need something, tell me. Tell Sean. Fucking hell, tell Jerry. If you're serious about quitting, don't use again. We're getting you to a rehab," Layne asked of him.

He knew it was a big commitment. He just hopes Starr can keep the end of his promise.

"I promise," Starr smiled as he stuck out his pinky. Layne wrapped his around it and they kissed their thumbs, sealing it.

"Now you can't break it," Layne warned.

Sean came out of the bathroom and rolled his eyes at the pair on the couch. He got dressed in their room and came back.

Sean told Layne in the car on the way to the hospital that he flushed all of Starr's drugs and needles down the toilet to get rid of evidence. Layne agreed that it was smart, and if he was going to keep Starr sober, he didn't need that around anymore.

Starr knew about the flushing. He was a little irritated at the amount Sean had flushed, but it was for the best. He's gotta give it up and he has the best friends to do it. If they believe he can do it, he can.

They trio sat in the small living room, eating popcorn and watching A Clockwork Orange together. Layne hadn't seen this movie in a while and forgot how much he loved it. Sick and obscure.

When it was over, Layne glanced at the clock and remembered that Jerry was set to get off at 7 tonight.

"Hey, I need to get back home. I gotta wash clothes," Layne told them.

"Alright, let me get my jacket," Sean said as he got up from his seat.

Layne hugged Starr tightly.

"I'm glad you're home. Let me know if you need anything. You know where I am," Layne told him, whispering into his super wavy, long hair.

Starr nodded against his shoulder, "I will. I'm gonna come pound on Jerry's door at 3am."

Layne laughed as they pulled apart, "If that's what you need to do."

They said their goodbyes and Sean drove Layne back to Jerry's.

Back home, Layne unlocked the door with the spare key under the mat and was met with a dimly lit apartment.

"Jerry?" He called out. He noticed little candles on the coffee table and dinner table. Some where on the counter, and the further he walked into the house, the more he smelled them.

"In here, babe!"

Layne turned the corner and saw Jerry cooking at the stove.

"What's this?" Layne asked with a smile.

"A roooooomantic dinner between two men," Jerry said over his shoulder, a bright smile playing on his lips.

Layne hugged his hips, putting his head on Jerry's back.

"I've never had a romantic dinner before," Layne told him.

"Well you're in for a treat!"

"What are you cooking?" Layne asked as he stood on his tippy toes to see over Layne's shoulder.

"Spaghetti and meatballs," Jerry told him. He turned to the side and kissed Layne's head.

"How was Starr?" Jerry asked.

“In good spirits. Sean told me he flushed Starr’s stuff and he and I are gonna keep an eye on him.”

Jerry nodded, “You’re a good friend, you know that?”

Layne smiled a little.

“At one point, Starr was all I had.”

Jerry understood. He’s never really had any close friends before, but he knows the feeling of having one person for everything. His mother. After she passed, Jerry’s world collapsed into a billion pieces. He had no where to go and no one to call “Mom” anymore.

Layne sat down at the table and watched Jerry finish cooking with a smile on his face.

“I could get used to romantic dinners,” Layne halfway laughed.

“Yeah, yeah. Don’t say that...it might be terrible,” Jerry retorted. He poured the spaghetti he drained into a bowl and dropped the sauce inside. He rolled it around with a fork before dropping the meatballs in.

Jerry sat the bowl on the table and got two beers out of the fridge. He waited for Layne to take the first bite, a little nervous since he knew he wasn’t a good cook.

Layne smiled, “It’s very good!”

Jerry began eating as well.

“Did you happen to raise money today?” Layne asked.

“I think I got like...\$40...?”

Layne nodded, “That’s not bad!”

Jerry shook his head, “No, it’s not. What should we do with the money we get?”

“Do you have a safe place to put it?”

“Yeah. I can hide it in my drawer until we save up enough together,” Jerry told him.

“Let’s do that,” Layne replied, getting spaghetti sauce on his chin from a noodle. Jerry reached and wiped it off for him.

Layne didn’t know where to start the conversation about his addiction. He knew he needed to come clean, but he didn’t want Jerry to think less of him...or worse, break up with him. Things were just starting to go well for him.

“Jerry...”

Jerry looked up and saw Layne’s face. His expression was serious and tense.

“What’s wrong?”

Layne waited a few seconds to reply, trying to think of a gentle way to say what he needs to. Fuck, it. He couldn’t. There’s no easy way to tell someone you have a heroin problem.

“Uh...I love you.”

Jerry smiled, “I love you, too,” he whispered back.

The more Layne put telling Jerry the truth to the side, the more he knew it would hurt when Jerry ultimately breaks it off with him.

Does keeping a secret from someone count as lying?

Layne didn’t know the answer, he was still stuck on trying to think of an easy way to explain his actions. He planned on doing it tonight when he got home, however, Jerry made a romantic dinner for him and it no longer felt like the time to do it.

Layne told himself to tell Jerry when he felt was right.

Over dinner, Layne and Jerry bounced ideas off of each other for different themes Layne could use at the strip club to bring in money for Starr. They came up with some cheesy, well known stripper ideas, and ran with it. Layne would get the other men on board with raising money for Starr, by lying of course, and send him off to rehab.

If Layne tells Jerry the truth, will Jerry make Layne go, too? He tried not to think about the consequences again.

Jerry set their plates in the sink and the left over spaghetti and meatballs in the fridge. He wanted them for lunch tomorrow at work.

“Tomorrow, I’ll show you how to wash your clothes,” Jerry told him as he held his arms around Layne’s hips. Layne nodded and kissed his nose.

“Thank you.”

Jerry and Layne got out of their clothes and down to their boxers before getting in bed. They snuggled closely and Jerry played with Layne’s hair that was splayed out on the pillow.

“Thank you for helping me with Starr. He wanted to let you know that’s you’re a good guy and I’m lucky to have you.”

Jerry smiled and leaned over Layne’s shoulder to kiss him gently, “Of course.”

Dirty Laundry

Layne stretched his body under the heavy covers on Jerry's bed and rolled over to his side. Jerry was already awake, just laying there waiting for Layne to wake up.

"Morning," Layne smiled.

"Good morning. Do you want me to cook breakfast?"

Layne nodded a little. He needs an excuse to get away from Jerry, for at least 5 minutes.

After getting confirmation from Starr about his worries, Layne's cravings were back and in full swing. He needed to stave off the sickness again, even if he doesn't want to.

Jerry pushed the covers off and got up. In his boxers, he began pulling out food to cook them for a little breakfast. Afterwards, Jerry would teach Layne how to use the laundry machines in the apartment basement.

Layne got up and discreetly grabbed his little black zipper bag from the living room.

"I'm gonna have a quick shower before we eat," he said as he darted into the bathroom.

"Okay, babe!" Jerry called after him.

Layne closed and locked the bathroom door. He quickly got undressed and turned the shower on. While the showerhead filled the room with steam, Layne sat in the floor with his bag. He fixed everything up and slowly injected himself in his hand. After, he held it above his head and shook it lightly, feeling like it was oozing slowly down his arm and soon, his whole body became honey-warm.

He quickly undid everything and zipped the bag back up. He jumped into the shower and stood there, getting himself wet to make sure Jerry didn't question anything. He turned the water off and got out. He wrapped a towel around his waist and dried his hair.

He wiped blood off of his hand several times before he found another bandaid to put over it.

Just a scratch, Layne would tell him if Jerry asked.

He heard Jerry still slaving away in the kitchen, so he quietly opened the door and stepped out. When his back was to Layne, Layne put it back in his big bag and acted as if he was finding some clothes to wear.

When he noticed Jerry turned around to talk to him, he looked exasperated and sighed.

"We are washing clothes today, right?"

Jerry nodded, "Yeah. I'll teach you how to work the machines and stuff after we eat."

Layne gave him a smile and closed his bag.

“Good, because I don’t have shit to wear of my own,” he told Jerry, taking a seat in his towel at the dinner table.

“What happened to your hand?” Jerry asked before turning around to continue cooking, noticing the bandaid on Layne’s left hand.

“Oh, I hit it last night at Sean’s and scratched the scab,” Layne replied nonchalantly.

“Better put some neosporin on it, babe,” Jerry replied.

“I will.”

Now Layne was lying. The one thing he didn’t want to do. He figured NOT telling Jerry wasn’t really lying. He was “withholding the truth”.

That’s not lying.

By telling Jerry a lie that, adds up to the truth, Layne felt sick. He needed to tell him.

Today...he might have the courage.

Jerry finished up cooking and set it on the table with some orange juice.

“Eat up!”

Layne picked at his eggs, drinking a lot of his orange juice instead. He didn’t feel hungry.

“Do you work today?” Jerry asked.

“Yeah. I’m going on at 9,” Layne replied, staring down at his plate.

“Is everything okay?” Jerry asked again.

Layne nodded, “Just a little tired. I don’t really wanna go.”

“Then don’t,” Jerry laughed.

Layne cracked a smile and met Jerry’s eyes.

He was so pretty. It made Layne’s heart hurt even more. He didn’t want to go to work, just in case telling Jerry the big secret breaks them up. He wants to spend as much time as he can with his boyfriend, just in case this is the last day of their relationship.

“I have to,” Layne replied, his heart beating fast.

“I can drive you to work and see you when I get off,” Jerry wiggled his eyebrows playfully.

This made Layne feel a little better.

“Okay,” he smiled in response.

Jerry took their plates to the sink after scrapping the rest of Layne’s uneaten food in the trash.

“Get dressed! I’m gonna teach you how to wash your stinky clothes,” Jerry told him before kissing his head gently.

Layne rolled his eyes and got up, going into the bedroom and fishing through Jerry’s clothes. He found an old, shrunk t-shirt and slipped it on. It fit like a belly shirt on Layne. He also found a pair of black shorts to go with it.

While Jerry was preoccupied, Layne stashed the black zipper bag behind the couch, just in case Jerry was to see it while washing clothes.

“Ready?” Jerry asked as he walked to the door. Layne nodded and followed him outside. They walked down the steps and into another building. There was more steps down to the basement.

“Okay, so. To get into this door, you need the passcode. It’s only for residents, and since you live here now, you can use it. It’s 1029. I can write it down when we get back up to the house,” Jerry told him before punching it in and showing Layne what to do.

You could hear the door unlock mechanically, and Jerry pushed it open. Down a few more steps sat a big room with many washing machines and dryers. Some were going, cleaning others clothes. It was kinda loud and Layne found it a bit annoying by the time they reached an empty washing machine at the back of the room.

“Okay. Now. Put your dirties in there, do the settings how you please and push down on the knob. Anddddd Wahhhlaa! Clean clothes.”

Layne rolled his eyes.

Jerry helped Layne toss in clothes. Layne was thankful he was smart enough to toss the zipper bag behind the couch now. He corrected the settings on the clothes to wash for an hour.

While they stood there, watching the clothes tumble for a minute, someone else came in to collect their things out of a dryer.

“Hey, Jerry!” An older man greeted.

“Hey, Mr. K. How are you?” Jerry smiled politely back at the graying haired man.

“Just fine!” He laughed, “and who is this?”

“I’m Layne,” Layne smiled a little. The man reached his hand out and Layne shook it gently.

“Nice to meet you!” He said sweetly.

“How is Mrs. K?” Jerry asked, making light conversation for them.

“She’s...she’s doing okay for now. Doctor is keeping her comfortable...”

The older man looked sullen and Layne felt a bit sad. He didn’t know these people, but death wasn’t something Layne liked to see or talk about.

He knew he played and flirted with death everytime he shot up. Part of the magic of starting was the, ever-so-bearing feeling of death. He liked the thrill.

Now, it’s just scary.

“I’m sorry to hear that. You know where I am if you need anything,” Jerry replied. He patted the man on the back gently.

“I’ll help you with that,” Jerry told Mr. K, leaning over and helping him pull out his dry clothes.

“You need any help getting these to your apartment?”

Mr. K smiled, “Sure, Jerry. That would be nice.”

Jerry looked back at Layne, “I’ll be right back. Stay here.”

Layne watched as Jerry carried the laundry basket out of the basement with Mr. K in front of him. The door closed behind them harshly and Layne was alone. He jumped out and sat on a big table that was used for folding clothes.

He watched his clothes flip over and over, soaking in the water and suds.

Layne was trying to convince himself to come up with a way to break the horrid news to Jerry.

Maybe I’ll quit cold turkey and he’ll never have to know, Layne tried to reason.

“No, that’s stupid.”

Starr was right, Jerry was going to find out eventually. Layne reasoned that it’s better to tell him himself than Jerry find his stash or have someone break the news for him.

After a few minutes, Jerry unlocked the door and stepped in.

“Sorry, Mr. K is old and his wife has stage 4 cancer.”

Layne nodded, “It’s okay. I like that you’re thoughtful of people like that.”

Jerry smiled and stood in front of Layne. He leaned in and peaked his nose with a kiss.

“You’re thoughtful, too.”

Layne blushed and shook his head gently.

“You are,” Jerry whispered before kissing him. Layne sighed into the kiss, feeling off of his tension dissolve away.

Layne’s hands found Jerry’s waist and held him in place, continuing to kiss him. Jerry smiled at the touch and brushed Layne’s, still damp, hair away from his face gently.

“Is the door locked?” Layne whispered.

Jerry grinned, “Yes...but people a come in and out all day.”

“We gotta be quick then,” Layne replied, kissing Jerry hotly.

“We...don’t have a condom,” Jerry told him between kisses.

Layne pulled away, “I’m okay...if you’re okay.”

Jerry watched Layne’s face for a moment then nodded.

“Okay...”

Big step forward for them both.

Layne unbuttoned Jerry’s pants and slid them down a little to get access to him. He spit on his hands and stoked him fast. Jerry’s hips bucking a little into Layne’s hand.

Jerry pulled down Layne’s shorts and jerked him off in time with Layne’s hand. Both of them shaking a little, from excitement and from the thrill of possibly being caught.

Jerry spit on his fingers and gently, and as fast as he could without hurting Layne, opened him up. After Layne’s legs began shaking again his hips, Jerry pulled out of him and pushed in. Layne gasped lightly and held onto Jerry’s shoulders as Jerry pulled him closer to the edge of the table.

Jerry didn’t want to go fast, but time was against them. He thrust fast and Layne’s knees buckled, falling to the side of the table. Jerry picked them up and held onto them for Layne.

“You keep manhandling me...I like it,” Layne whispered loudly. The machines still working on getting clothes washed was background noise. He tried to focus on Jerry’s grunt and little moans next to his ear instead.

“Good,” Jerry halfway growled, thrusting deeper and deeper each time. Layne felt himself beginning to shake again and the pit at the bottom of his stomach tighten up when Jerry hit his prostate.

“Fuck!” Layne gasped, tightening his grip of Jerry’s shoulders.

Jerry let out a deep laugh when Layne covered his face in Jerry’s hair.

The closer Jerry got to releasing, he began jerking Layne off. Layne’s body was coming undone.

Layne leaned back on his elbows and watched Jerry drive into him fast and deep, holding his legs at his knees in both hands.

It was a sight to behold and Layne felt lucky to have it soaked into this memory.

“I’m gonna—“ Jerry choked out, filling Layne up and groaning, thrusting shallowly until he was finished, still stroking Layne in his palm.

A wicked smile burned across Layne and he felt Jerry’s free hand drop his other leg to pull him back up to his face. Kissing him hotly and slowly.

Layne finished with a moan, coming on Jerry’s shirt.

Jerry pulled out slowly and giggled, “Damn it.”

“Sorry,” Layne kissed his neck in return.

They got their clothes back into proper place and Jerry pulled off his shirt. He opened the washing machine, it stopping temporarily. He closed it again and restarted it.

“Let’s go!” Jerry said, finding his way to the door. Layne followed closely behind his shirtless boyfriend.

They made it back to the apartment and Layne flopped down on the couch.

“What tiktoks do you go in today?”

“In 30 minutes,” Jerry replied, slipping on another shirt.

“And you’ll be back to pick me up and take me to work?”

Jerry nodded and laid across the couch, his head in Layne’s lap.

“Yes.”

Layne smiled down at him.

Is this the right moment?

Jerry pulled Layne’s head down and kissed him.

“Whatcha gonna wear tonight?” Jerry winked.

No, not the right time.

“I’m not sure,” Layne laughed.

“What about the dominatrix outfit?”

“Nah, it’s dirty.”

“Ugh!”

“Sexy male nurse?” Layne quipped.

Jerry gave him a look, “That’s something I wanna see.”

Layne blushed and shook his head, his wavy hair tickling Jerry’s neck.

“I’m glad I have you,” Layne told him.

Jerry could feel his heart bubbling in his chest.

They already said I love you to each other, so Jerry considered this serious. He was glad to have Layne, too.

“I’m glad I have you,” Jerry repeated, kissing Layne again before getting up.

“I’m taking the rest of this spaghetti to work for lunch, is that okay?” He asked pulling out the tupperware bowl from the fridge.

“Yeah, of course,” Layne replied, laying down on the couch.

Whatever hit he took earlier was beginning to make him sleepy. Fuck heroin.

“Alright.”

Jerry grabbed a few more things and stood at the door, “I’ll see you at 8, babe.”

Layne smiled at him from the couch, “okay, ‘babe’.”

Jerry rolled his eyes playfully and walked out of the apartment.

Layne could use a little time away from Jerry to figure out his plan. But for now, he was going to sleep off this drowsy high.

Nutshell (Part One)

Layne nodded off on the couch, waking up just short of Jerry getting home. He felt sick and tired. He knew he couldn't continue this life, with Jerry, if he didn't come clean.

He noticed the time and quickly shot up on the couch, feeling terrible afterwards. Not because of the drug, but knowing he was in Jerry's space; lying and keeping a secret so dire.

He collected himself, splashing water on his face from the kitchen sink and hiding the zipper bag back behind the couch.

He sat on the kitchen counter, smoking out of the window he cracked and waited for Jerry to come back home.

He heard the door unlock as he lit his second cigarette.

"Hey," he greeted Jerry as he came into the kitchen.

"Hi," Jerry smiled and kissed him gently.

"How was work?"

"Alright, just a little slow."

Layne nodded, "make any tips?"

Jerry pulled out a hundred dollar bill with a smile.

"Uhhh! What?!"

"Yeah, some old guy came in looking for 20's records and saw my jar. He said he knew how it was to need help and just handed it to me," Jerry explained.

Layne smiled brightly and Jerry tucked the bill in his drawer with the other money he collected.

"That's very sweet of him. Did he find the records he was looking for?"

"Nah. We don't carry any of it apparently," Jerry shrugged.

Layne giggled and threw his cigarette out of the window, closing it gently and getting off of the counter.

"Ready?"

Layne nodded and followed Jerry out to his car. Jerry had bought an old Hank Williams tape, it began playing when he started the car. Layne gave him a weird look from the passenger side seat, which made Jerry laugh.

“Uh, old country root,” Jerry vaguely explained before pulling off from the curb.

He turned it down as they rode to the club.

“How did your nap go?”

Layne stared out of the window, “alright, I guess...I was asleep.”

Jerry giggled and reached his hand over, holding Layne’s hand as he drove along the street. Layne felt himself blush at the small, sweet gesture. He guessed that Jerry felt how tense Layne was about going back to work after Starr’s incident. No doubt the guys would be asking about him and where Starr has been.

He would ask the guys about starting a fundraiser for Starr, lying that Starr needed the money for some bullshit reason, to cover for his friend.

“I’ll be there all night for you,” Jerry smiled as he drove.

Layne felt comforted. He always felt safe when Jerry was around. Something about him just made Layne...calm.

He wished he didn’t have to rely on heroin to calm down the other part of him.

They reached the club and got out of the car. Jerry held the door open for Layne and kissed him.

“I’ll come see you after we meet and I know my time, okay?” Layne told him. Jerry nodded and sat at the bar.

The bartender wasn’t there yet, so he sat idly, watching the dancers come in the door and head back behind the curtain beside the stage where Layne disappeared to.

Layne sat at his station, looking at the pictures on Starr’s mirror. Cliché photobooth pictures of Starr and Sean stuck in the side of the mirror frame, along with candid pictures of them at parties and polaroids Starr took of Sean shirtless at their apartment.

Layne giggled when he noticed one of him and Starr on New Year’s Eve of this year. They held onto their drinks, big themed glasses on the tops of their head and beads around their necks. Their faces were squished together for comic effect and Layne was halfway broken into a smile as the picture was taken.

“Layne,” someone called from beside him.

Layne looked over and saw Alex leaning over his chair to talk to Layne.

“Yeah?”

“Where Starr? He’s missed a couple of days and that’s not like him...”

“That’s what I wanted to talk to everyone about,” Layne told him. “I’ll explain at the meet.”

Alex nodded and continued to get ready. Layne sat in Jerry's shrunken shirt and shorts, feeling nervous about how he was going to play this off.

After a few more minutes and all of the dancers were in the back area, Layne's manager came out.

"Hello!" She greeted. Laye got up and stood with everyone to hear roll call and his dance time.

After she told him his scheduled time was at 10, Layne told her she needed to ask something. She let him have the floor to talk.

"I know you're all wondering where Starr is. He's really sick and had be hospitalized. Starr and Sean can't afford the medical bills that are piling up and I figured we could all pitch in as friend of his to help out. I wanted to run this by everyone. We could do a fundraiser one night this week. Give however much of your profits from your dance into a fund for him. We could promote the show and have different themes!"

The guys smiled and nodded. Some added they would be glad to help, which relieved Layne.

"How much can we pitch in?" Someone asked.

"However much you want. It would really help them out," Layne answered.

"That is, of course, us raising money is okay with you..?" He asked his manager.

"I'm glad. Everyone's on board?"

The crowd of men nodded.

"I'll pitch in, too!" She smiled.

"Thanks guys. I'll let Sean and Starr know!"

A few people thanked Layne for helping and coming up with the idea, which made him happy. The first performer went out and Layne went to the front. He found Jerry at the bar, talking casually with Ted, the bartender.

"Hey! How did it go?" He asked when he saw Layne take a seat next to him.

"Good," he replied, smiling. Ted poured him a shot of vodka and he took it, tilting his head back and setting the glass on the bar.

"Great!" Jerry smiled in return. "We have to let Sean know they are on board."

Layne nodded, "Yeah. We can tell them tomorrow."

"What time are you going on?"

"10."

“Sexy male nurse?” Jerry asked, raising his eyebrows.

Layne puckered his lips, “Mhmm.”

“Good.”

Layne shook his head and turned his attention to the male performer on stage. Each one that came out as they sat there, Layne told Jerry who they were and gossiped a bit. Jerry had no idea how vicious the stripper life style could be until Layne explained it to him. He was grateful all of the sudden for not choosing this career path for himself.

Around 10, Layne kissed him goodbye and went behind the curtain to the dressing room. He found his out male nurse costume he bought at a Halloween store last year for his act. He hasn't worn it in a long time, but it still fit like a glove.

After he was dressed, he quickly applied some makeup, even eyeliner. He smiled at himself in the mirror before looking down at his hand. He pulled the bandaid off and there was no marks left behind. He sighed a little relieved and tossed it in Starr's pink trashcan.

He heard his name being called to the stage and Hot Line by Black Sabbath came on.

Jerry smiled to himself, remembering that Layne wanted to use this song for his dance.

Layne strutted on stage after putting on his leather boots. Jerry watched in amazement when the light hit Layne's face. His makeup was very noticeable and Jerry felt his face burn at how much he liked it.

Layne always knew how to look good.

He took to the pole like a fish to water, casually twisting and throwing his legs in the air.

The money began flying his way.

As much as Jerry felt comfortable about Layne stripping, a small part of him felt a little jealously still come over him when men and women gave him money to see his boyfriend half naked.

His outfit fit tightly to his body, the top buttons on his costume were unbuttoned and the shorts on the outfit were supremely short, showing a little of his ass.

He more worked the pole, the more money fell on stage. Layne began unbuttoning the buttons and threw off the nursing hat to the back of the stage.

He crawled, half naked, along the floor, on the money that laid there, working the crowd.

Jerry smiled and ordered a shot.

He watched intently. Layne glanced up at him, giving a smirk before stripping the outfit completely off. Jerry felt himself get hot and threw back the shot.

The show was impeccable, Layne grinding on the pole and twirling himself around, climbing along to the song and finishing with a split.

The song ended and Layne collected his clothes and cash before blowing kisses to the crowd, and one for Jerry. He disappeared behind the big black curtain.

Once back at his station, Layne borrowed the money counter.

\$1,398 in total. He smiled to himself. He would give Jerry 1,000 to put in the fund for Starr when they got home.

“Layne...? Can you do me a big favor?” His manager said. He glanced up to the mirror and nodded.

“Can you pull another shift tonight?”

“Oh, sure. Which time?”

“11:30.”

“Okay...”

She gave him a smile and walked away.

More money for the fund, he reasoned.

He pulled Jerry’s clothes he borrowed back on and headed up to the bar to let Jerry know.

“Hey, baby...”

Jerry’s voice was low and husky, feeling frisky and ultimately turned on by the show. Layne blushed deeply and gave him a sweet smile.

“Hi,” he answered sheepishly.

“That was...perfect,” he told Layne, pulling him in by his hips and kissing him.

Layne pulled away a little.

“What’s wrong?”

“I’m not allowed to be affectionate at work...”

Jerry raised his eyebrows, “wanna be affectionate somewhere else?”

Layne bit his lip and nodded a little.

“Follow me, but...don’t make it obvious...”

Jerry nodded, “Show me the way.”

Layne looked around inconspicuously, noticing that no one was watching and casually walked out of the front doors.

After a few seconds, Jerry got up from his stool and followed, making sure no one was looking to catch on.

Layne grabbed his hand as soon as he was out of the door, pulling him towards Jerry's car.

"Twice in a day? Fuck, Jerry...you ARE addicted," Layne joked as he opened the back door.

He crawled in and Jerry followed, rolling his eyes. Jerry shut the door behind him and crawled over Layne's body that was laying in the backseat.

"You're too hot...can't help myself," Jerry smirked, leaning down to kiss Layne passionately.

Layne grinned into the kiss and held onto Jerry's back.

"I gotta get back a little before 11:30...I have to do another set," Layne whispered between kisses.

Jerry nodded and kissed down Layne's neck.

Layne rolled his eyes, knowing Jerry was gonna take his time anyway.

Jerry's hand held himself up by the handle inside the car door frame, snaking one hand into Layne's shorts. Layne arched up into the hand and moaned lightly.

Jerry slowly palmed him while he kissed and sucked on Layne neck.

Layne groaned, "Jerry...come on."

Jerry smirked on Layne neck and leaned up. He pulled off Layne shorts and undid the buttons on his jeans.

Layne watched, amused and turned on, through half-lidded eyes.

Jerry pulled his cock out and Layne instinctively reached for it, slowly pumping his fist along the length.

"Layneeee," Jerry grinned and leaned back down on him.

Layne pulled away and spit on his hand, coating it in spit and rubbing it in Jerry's length. Jerry groaned and kissed Layne deeply.

He leaned back up and Layne leaned his head against the car door.

Jerry positioned himself and slowly pushed into Layne, feeling nothing but intense heat and flesh.

Layne's eyes fluttered shut and groaned out, "fuck..."

Jerry bottomed out, Layne wrapping his right legs around Jerry's thigh, his other foot sat flatly on the floorboard below them.

"What, baby?" Jerry asked, kissing at Layne's throat.

Layne purred lowly and smiled, finally opening his eyes.

"I love you..."

Jerry pulled back out slowly, before slamming back in.

"I fucking love you..." Jerry replied.

Layne groaned at the feeling as Jerry began thrusting into him. His hands holding onto Jerry muscular back and feeling it tense up under his fingertips.

Jerry grunted lowly into Layne's ear, speeding up.

Layne loved to hear the noises Jerry made...it made him come undone faster.

Layne arched up, trying to give Jerry the hint to jerk him off.

Jerry smiled to himself and leaned up enough to hold himself up by the back of the seat and started jerking Layne off in time with his thrusts with the other hand.

"Oh fuck..." Layne moaned out loudly.

Jerry smirked behind his hair, thrusting harder and harder.

"Not too long now, right?" Jerry quipped.

Layne growled and pulled Jerry down to his face.

"Don't stop," he said, their lips barely touching.

"I'm not gonna. It's too good," Jerry whispered back, thrusting deeper.

Layne blushed and arched up into Jerry's hand that was pumping him faster. Jerry found the perfect angle and hit Layne's prostate.

Layne moaned louder and louder the more Jerry drove into it, scratching down Jerry's back a little.

Jerry's hips stuttered, finally coming inside Layne with a moan.

Layne felt hot, his orgasm hitting himself suddenly. Layne's eyes screwed shut as he came onto his shirt.

Jerry watched, thrusting shallowly with a smile.

He pulled out gently and sat next to Layne's legs, pulling up his jeans and buttoning them back.

Layne was breathing hard with a smile on his face. Jerry pulled Layne shorts back on for himself and helped him sit up.

Layne leaned over and kissed him on the cheek.

"Feel better?"

Jerry's lips pulled into a grin, "Ooooh yeah."

Layne rolled his eyes playfully and opened the door. They collected themselves and went back inside.

"I gotta go...I'll see you when I'm done."

Jerry nodded and headed to sit back at the bar.

Layne got dressed in a casual outfit for the next set and noticed there was more people in the crowd around this time.

At 11:30, Layne's name was called to the stage for the second time tonight.

Once again, he went through his routine, working the pole and casually flirting with the clientele for more tips.

After the song was over, Layne disappeared with his clothes and cash. He counted again, \$980 in total.

"Okay... \$1,900 for Starr," Layne said to himself. He got a dollar bag to take the money home in and changed into his clothes.

After his set was over, he wanted nothing more than to go home and sleep.

The secret nagging in the back of his head that needed to get out. Tonight.

Layne told Marie, the manager, he was done for the night. She thanked him again for bringing Starr's needs to light and the idea to help out.

He grabbed Jerry at the bar and left.

The ride home, Layne was a little quiet, nervous and pensive. He still had no idea how to break the news.

When Jerry asked what was wrong, Layne played it off as being tired.

Once they got inside of the apartment, Layne threw himself on the couch with a sigh.

Jerry put his keys in the bowl, "Layne...what's wrong? You were silent the whole ride home. Did I upset you?"

Layne shook his head, “No, babe...”

Jerry closed the door and locked it for the night. He pulled off his shirt and tossed it in the dirty clothes basket in the bed room.

“Then what’s wrong?”

Layne took a deep breath and closed his eyes, “Can you come sit...please?”

Jerry gave him a weird look, but sat down in his recliner anyway.

“Okay...?”

“I have something to tell you...” Layne pushed out.

Jerry leaned forward, his arms on his knees, listening intently.

“You’re going to hate me...”

“No, Layne. I’m not. I can’t hate you. Just tell me what’s wrong,” Jerry shook his head.

Layne breathed in and out slowly, his nerves were shot and he felt sick again. Ready to vomit and run.

“Layne...It’s okay...”

“I’ve been addicted to heroin since last year.”

Nutshell (Part Two)

Chapter Summary

I should say before you read, this chapter will have mentions of past sexual assault, (not detailed), and of course, talks of drug abuse.

“I’ve been addicted to heroin since last year.”

It hung in the air of Jerry studio apartment like a cloud. Layne closed his eyes, he didn’t want to see Jerry’s face. He could hear Jerry swallow from beside him.

Layne waited in agony for Jerry to say something.

Anything.

Just something.

“What?”

Layne felt himself begin to shake as tears stung at his waterline.

Don’t cry, don’t cry, don’t cry.

He slowly opened his eyes and saw Jerry watching him closely. His body language was tense and his knee was trying to bounce off the anxiety in front of him.

“I...I’m addicted to heroin.”

Jerry shook his head lightly, “What do you mean? Why didn’t you say anything?”

Layne opened his mouth but words wouldn’t come out, the lump in his throat not letting air into his lungs. A few tears slipped down his clear face and dropped off his jaw. He quickly wiped it away.

“I didn’t want you to...not like me...”

Layne’s voice was soft and it was wavering from trying not to break down.

“Layne...”

Jerry reached his hand over and held onto Layne’s that sat in his lap.

“You could’ve told me,” he reassured.

“I didn’t know how to. And then, Starr ODeD and it didn’t feel right. It really scared me...”

Jerry listened to Layne’s voice beginning to crack from tears and moved to sit with him on the couch. He hugged his arms around Layne’s shoulders. Layne turned into him and cried softly.

“Can you explain? Like...why?”

Layne took deep breaths and nodded a little in Jerry’s hair.

“Uhm,” he stuttered out. He felt Jerry’s hand slowly caressing his back to comfort him.

“I don’t know where to start,” Layne let out a breathy laugh as he sat back down in his seat.

“Wherever you need to...I just need to know the whole truth.”

“Okay,” Layne said shakily.

“I started smoking pot in high school and then it progressed to drinking and snorting coke. I got kicked out and then I couch-surfed for a while with some friends. I met Jack. He told me to start stripping for money to feed my coke habit, and his heroin addiction. So...I did. I met Starr, who has clean at the time,” Layne explained.

Jerry sat and listened closely.

“After a few months, Jack started becoming...abusive. He would hit me and scream at me. He used me sexually and made me sleep with his drug dealer on two occasions because I wouldn’t pay for his dope. So, to cope, I started feeding him money and in return he shot me up. The first time was without my consent. And then...we started using together. Starr and I started using together, too. After Starr found out I was being abused, him and Sean reported him to the cops and he got locked up and I stayed with them for a bit before bouncing around again. I couldn’t kick the habit alone. And then I met you...”

“I want to quit. I don’t overdo it anymore. I only do some to not get sick during the day, to make sure you didn’t notice,” Layne sighed, wiping away his tears and shaking a little.

Jerry let out a sigh and kissed Layne’s head.

“When I told you that I love you, I was serious. I don’t want what happened to Starr to be our reality either...” Jerry whispered.

Layne nodded, “No, I know. I know.”

He sat for a moment.

“Do you hate me?”

Jerry laughed a little.

“No, Layne. I don’t. I just wished you told me these things earlier, maybe I could’ve helped and understood some things a little better.”

Layne nodded again, “I’m sorry I didn’t tell you.”

“I understand why. Just...don’t keep secrets from me anymore.”

Layne leaned over and kissed Jerry gently, “I promise.”

It felt like a weight off of his shoulders. Now that Jerry knew his most kept secret, he could relax a little more.

“I’m sorry that happened to you,” Jerry said quietly, drawing doodles on Layne’s bare kneecap.

Layne nodded, “It’s okay. My life has been one fucking misstep after another. I don’t want to keep going like this anymore.”

Jerry’s mind was going a mile a minute, trying to figure out everything that was just told to him and comprehending the words.

“Wait...you’ve shot up since you’ve been here...?” As Jerry stood up, Layne cowered down in his seat.

He nodded solemnly.

“What the fuck...? Why- How were you keeping it a secret for so long?”

“I have a small bag of my stuff. I did it in the bathroom when you were gone some days,” Layne whispered out, expecting the loud, angry voice of Jerry to finally come out.

Jerry paced the living room floor.

“Layne,” he said exasperated. “Am I fucking dumb?”

“No! No, you’re not!”

Jerry let out a little laugh, “I must be. I couldn’t see that my boyfriend is a dope addict.”

It kinda hurt Layne, but he knew it was the truth. His shoulder slumped down further and he stared at his hands that were in his lap.

“I’m good at hiding it now. I only do a tiny bit. It helps me not get sick,” Layne tried to explain.

“Being dope sick— HURTS. Badly. I can’t explain it. I’m miserable when I go too long without at this point.”

He glanced up at Jerry through his hair, “If you want me to leave...I will.”

Jerry sighed and sat back down next to Layne, wrapping a muscular arm around his waist and pulling him close.

“No. I don’t want you to go. I just feel— I...I feel like you keeping this from me...it hurts,” Jerry choked.

“I’m sorry. If you want, I can stay at Starr’s tonight,” Layne whispered. “Until you figure it out.”

“Layne! I’m not breaking up with you. I’m just a little hurt that you didn’t trust me enough to understand.”

“You don’t! But that’s not why I kept it from you,” Layne sighed loudly.

“Then why?” Jerry’s voice was small, like a kid that just got yelled at in public.

“I didn’t want you to hate me, I said! I didn’t want you to think of me as some fucking dope-head! I didn’t want you—“

Jerry cut Layne off with a kiss.

“I loved you before I knew the truth...and I still love you now.”

Layne let out a sob as Jerry hugged him tightly.

Never in Layne’s life has someone taken so much consideration for him. When he was kicked out of his home, he felt abandoned, then abused and used by his boyfriends, getting high everyday to the brink of death was Layne’s way of having control again.

Now that he has Jerry, Jerry will be his control.

Layne nodded and Jerry rubbed his back, kissing his head.

“Come on,” Jerry sighed, pulling Layne by his hand to stand up with him. “Let’s go to bed.”

Starr of The Show

Jerry held Layne through the rest of the night, falling asleep only momentarily- just to wake up again. He couldn't sleep, his brain was going a mile a second, trying to comprehend the bombshell conversation they had before bed.

Layne confessed something...bad. Something he has been hiding from everyone for a year.

Does his parents know? Does his work know?

How was Jerry so oblivious? How did HE not know? Was he so wrapped up in being with Layne that he neglected to pay enough attention?

He wanted to get out of bed and occupy his brain with something else, but Layne was sleeping so peacefully in his arms.

He glanced at the clock, 5am.

Jerry was tired, but his mind wouldn't let him shut the thoughts and questions he had off. He tried to look at Layne's arms for any evidence, but he didn't see anything that screamed 'HEY I DO HEROIN' there. Jerry sighed lightly, trying to smother his face in Layne's hair.

"Hmm?" Layne hummed sleepily, moving a little.

"Nothing, baby," Jerry whispered. "Go back to sleep."

Layne began moving restlessly and rolled over in Jerry's arms. He reached and brushed the hair away from Jerry's face.

"Aren't you sleeping?" Layne whispered into the dim light in the bedroom. The glow coming through the kitchen window from a street light outside.

"Uh...not really," Jerry answered, looking at Layne's sleepy face that was inches away.

"Why not?"

"I can't."

Layne sighed out of his nose and wrapped his right arm around Jerry's waist. He pressed his forehead against his boyfriends and kissed his nose gently. They laid like that for a few more minutes.

"I'm sorry," Layne finally whispered out.

"You can stop saying that," Jerry smiled a little. "I just want you to be truthful with me from now on."

Layne nodded, his head rubbing against the pillow.

"I promise," Layne told him, kissing him gently. "And I always keep my promises."

Jerry's arm wrapped back around Layne's hip, both of them holding each other closely under the covers.

"What time is it?"

"A little after 5," Jerry answered, closing his eyes. He could feel Layne's soft breaths hitting his face and it was calming him down to have Layne so close.

"Do you just want to get up?"

He felt Jerry's shoulders shrug, "It's up to you."

"Can we go see Starr and Sean today? We can tell them about the fundraiser at the club," Layne asked, his voice was still soaked in sleep. It was a little deeper than normal and slightly hoarse.

Music to Jerry's ears...next to Layne's moans, of course.

"Of course," Jerry replied.

Layne smiled and snuggled his face in between the pillow and Jerry's neck.

Jerry kissed the side of his head.

"Try to go back to sleep," Jerry told him.

Layne's arm moved up Jerry's sides and started stroking Jerry's hair to play with the long, blond locks there.

"You, too."

Layne played with Jerry's hair until his hand got tired, and by then, Jerry finally managed to drift off to sleep.

Around 11, Layne woke up feeling sick. His body aching and pounding for a fix. Jerry was still asleep and he stayed up half of the night. Layne swiped his thumb across his hip gently.

Layne untangled himself from Jerry's arm carefully. He tiptoed to the living room, and as quietly as he could, retrieved his black zipper bag. He quietly shut the bathroom door behind himself and began setting everything up as he sat on the cold floor.

Jerry felt the bed empty beside him and noticed Layne was up. He decided to get up, too and pulled himself up on the kitchen counter. Jerry cracked the window and lit up a cigarette, blowing the smoke outside. He glanced over and saw Layne walk out of the bathroom and tucked the black zipper bag behind the couch again, where he told Jerry he hid it.

Jerry acted like he didn't notice Layne when he walked over to him.

"Good morning," Layne flashed a sweet smile.

Jerry smiled back and saw a small band aid on Layne's hand. Layne had played the band aid off as a scratch the other night, now he is rethinking what Layne told him. His stomach flipped.

"Did you ju-"

Layne looked down at his feet and could only nod in response. He got up on the counter, pulling his knees to his chest and laying his head on them. Jerry passed his cigarette to him and he inhaled deeply.

"Can you do me a favor?" Jerry asked as he bit the inside of his cheek. Layne nodded and gave Jerry back his cigarette.

"Don't do it in front of me...please. I don't know if I can handle seeing you do it."

"I understand...I won't," Layne replied, looking outside at the cars passing through the alleyway and soaking in the sun.

Jerry held Layne's hand and kissed the band aid. Layne's hear cut a flip inside his chest and he felt like crying. He felt better knowing that Jerry knew the truth, but...he knew Jerry wasn't comfortable with it.

"Do you work today?"

"Yeah, but I'm going to stop by the store on the way to Sean's and tell them I have important plans today."

Layne had brought up the fundraiser idea to the men at work and they were all on board. Immediately, flyers were made and passed around about Starr and what they were going to do for him. He was excited and already had almost two thousand already saved from him and Jerry combined. He hoped the word spread around enough for a big turn out in Starr's favor.

"Thank you," Layne looked up at him and smiled.

"Have you thought about rehab?"

Layne dreaded that question. When he was drinking heavily and snorting coke every time he left his house as a teen, his mother would threaten him with rehab. When he refused help over and over, his mom and stepdad gave him the boot when it escalated into verbal fights and stripping. He regrets doing that to them, and himself. He knows they still love him though. He hopes to see them one day soon, with better news.

"Uh...somewhat," Layne shrugged and took Jerry's cigarette out of his hand, inhaling and giving it back.

"Would you go?"

"Fuck no," Layne answered lowly, getting off of the counter and walking to Jerry's drawer. He rummaged through the clothes there, even though he finally had clean clothes himself.

"And...why not?"

Layne sighed and pulled off his boxers to pull on some of Jerry's, "Because."

"Because? That's not a good explanation, Layne."

Jerry watched him change into his clothes and threw his cigarette out of the window.

"I want a real answer. You don't have to get defensive. I'm not pushing you...I just want to know your thoughts," Jerry tried to explain.

Layne turned on his heels, "Because it doesn't work, Jerry."

Jerry let out a breathy laugh, "What? Aren't you doing all of this for Starr to go to one?"

"Yes! But... they don't work unless you're absolutely ready to give up everything that makes you feel safe. Regardless of the repercussions of doing drugs, they are a safety net for people. For addicts, that's all they know. If you go to rehab without the mindset that you'll pull through it, you will NEVER get sober," Layne answered.

"Just ask my fucking father," he spit darkly as he passed Jerry on his way to the bathroom.

Jerry got off of the counter and followed him. He stood in the doorway as Layne brushed out his hair.

"Your dad is an addict?"

"Heroin."

Jerry didn't know that.

"I NEVER wanted to be like my dad. He was a piece of shit who abandoned his family. He chose EVERYTHING over me, including drugs."

Jerry nodded and watched Layne in the mirror.

"I've become the one thing I despise about him. What does that say about me?"

"That you're human," Jerry answered.

Layne sighed and turned to face Jerry, who was leaning on the doorframe.

"I've thought about rehab, yes. Am I ready? I don't know. I can't go unless that answer completely changes to a yes," Layne told him.

Jerry nodded, "I'm not pushing you. I just wanted to know..."

Layne felt a little bad about blowing up at Jerry. It was a touchy subject for him.

“I’m sorry for getting upset...”

Jerry gave him a smile anyway and leaned in. He kissed him softly.

”It’s alright...I didn’t mean to make you upset.”

”I know...”

Jerry wrapped his arms around Layne’s hips and kissed his head.

”I’m gonna go get ready, too,” he told him, kissing him one last time and disappearing into his bedroom to get dressed.

Usually, in the past, his ex boyfriend would hit him for raising his voice or even giving them a little hint of anger. Jerry wasn’t like that and Layne was so grateful. He didn’t yell, didn’t bitch, didn’t hit and didn’t make Layne feel bad about opening up.

He brushed his teeth and sat back down on the couch. Layne watched Jerry get dressed and smiled to himself.

He was extremely lucky, and he knew it.

What other man would willingly help out, even though things don’t directly effect him, like Jerry has?

He gave Jerry a smile as he turned around.

”Were you watching me again?”

”What? I can’t look at what I got?”

Jerry smirked and shook his head, “Nope.”

Layne rolled his eyes and Jerry motioned for him to follow. They locked up and Jerry drove to Sean’s.

Layne was excited to see Starr again, hoping desperately that his best friend kept his promise of staying sober until rehab. He knew Starr could do it, just a matter of doing it was going to be tough.

“It’s open!” Sean yelled from the other side of the door. Layne pushed it open, Jerry following in behind him and closing it.

”Lanieeee! What’s up? What’s going on?” Starr was surprised, he wasn’t expecting visitors. Layne could tell.

Starr and Sean were cuddled up on the couch under blankets.

”Came with good news!” Layne replied as he leaned over and kissed Starr’s head.

”Oooh! Gotta tell me now,” Starr smiled. “Pause it, babe.”

Sean paused the movie they were watching and sat up.

"The guys are total in for the fundraiser. I talked to them and Marie about it and it's happening tonight!"

Layne was beaming, Jerry could tell even with Layne's back to him that his smile was a mile long.

"No, shit..." Sean cracked a smile.

"No. Shit. I told them you were sick and needed more for medical bills. Is that okay?"

Starr got up from the couch and hugged Layne tightly.

"I love you," he said, Layne's hair tickling his face a little.

"I know," Layne hugged back.

"What time does the show start?" Sean asked.

"Doors open at 9, like usual."

Jerry sat on the recliner while Starr pulled Layne into the kitchen. Jerry watched as Layne hoisted himself up to sit on the island in the middle of the room. Layne's feet were swining and he was laughing as Starr was getting something out of the fridge.

"Hey...thanks for helping out. You didn't have to, but you did," Sean told Jerry from the couch.

"No problem, really. I like Starr...and I like you. Anything I can do to help. I know how much Layne loves you guys and what you've done for him," Jerry nodded in response.

"I told him," Layne blurted out to Starr. Starr stopped what he was doing and turned to face Layne.

"And?"

"Well, we're both here together, aren't we," Layne smiled.

Starr stood in front of Layne and held his knees in his palms.

"See. All it took was the truth. I bet you feel better now that you don't have to keep it from him," Starr said.

"I do," Layne nodded, looking down at his feet.

"But...?"

"But, I know that since he knows the truth, he's uncomfortable with it," Layne added.

"Layne. Sean found out the worst way possible. You know he walked in on me doing it. I thought for SURE I was toast and my relationship was done for. But a good man, will help pull you through. And Jerry is a good man," Star nodded.

"I know he is," Layne smiled.

"Good. Then you know the worth of having him. He knows the absolute worst about you, right? He knows about Jack, too?"

Layne nodded, "Yeah. I dumped all of that bullshit on him at once."

"Then he knows everything. For him to still be with you and care enough to help do this fundraiser," Starr stated, "he's not going anywhere."

That made Layne smile.

He's got it good.

Sean and Jerry came into the kitchen, small-talking about something that Layne couldn't quite make out, but he was happy that everyone was getting along.

Sean grabbed three beers and handed the other two to Jerry and Layne.

When Layne gave Starr a weird look, Starr laughed.

"Uh...I'm not drinking anymore...either," he explained.

Layne nodded and put his beer on the counter.

"I don't wanna drink around you then," Layne laughed.

"Ahh, come on. I'm fine. I've been without before. Drink! Enjoy yourselves!"

Layne gave him a half-smile and opened the can.

"Yeah! Someone came into the store to put flyers up for it!" Layne focused in on the conversation between Sean and Jerry.

"We should go!" Sean said, excitedly bouncing in place.

"Yeah!" Jerry said just as excited.

"Go to what?" Starr asked.

"The live show that's happening tomorrow night. Same place," Sean told him.

"Tomorrow night? I'm working..."

"Fuck the strip club, babe. Let's go hear music!" Jerry said happily, wrapping his arms around Layne's waist. Layne rolled his eyes, but smiled.

”Alright! Alright!” Layne laughed.

”You coming?” Layne turned to ask Starr.

Starr nodded, “Fuck, yeah.”

”I’ll pick you guys up tomorrow night. Paying back for you guys picking us up,” Jerry told Sean.

Sean smiled, “Whoo! I don’t have to be the designated driver then!”

Starr rolled his eyes and it made Layne laugh. Jerry kissed the side of his head.

“We should get going! I gotta stop by my job and tell them I can’t come in,” Jerry said, giving Sean the almost full beer can.

Layne nodded and hopped off the counter, doing the same. Even though Starr told him to drink, he didn’t take a single sip.

”Alright! Let us know how it goes tomorrow!” Sean called after them.

”Bye, babes!” Starr said.

Layne could hear Starr’s giggle as they went out the door. It made him happy that Starr was giving up the drugs and alcohol. He thinks it scared sense into his best friend.

Layne doesn’t need scaring. He knows how it could end.

Hes just not ready for the big step...just not yet.

Maybe Jerry could fix that.

Fundraiser

“Marko,” Layne heard Jerry sigh from down the aisle. Jerry was standing at the counter talking to Marko about getting off of work tonight while Layne was browsing and giving him space.

“I cannot come in tonight. I have important plans that just popped up and I can’t work,” Jerry explained.

“I can’t let you have off. You didn’t tell me before today. I don’t have anyone to work your shift,” Marko said.

“You owe me, Marko. You fucking owe me. This is FAMILY important.”

Layne’s heart smiled.

Family.

Marko sighed and hung his head.

“I do owe you,” Marko nodded. “Okay. This happens once.”

“Thank you! Thank you!” Jerry pleaded.

“Did you get any tips in the jar today?”

Marko nodded, “Check.”

Jerry went behind the counter and pulled out the jar. He pulled out about \$20.

“Thanks!”

Jerry grabbed Layne and pulled him out of the store and into the car.

“Family important?” Layne laughed.

“He wouldn’t let me go unless it was ‘family important’,” Jerry laughed, too.

Layne smiled and Jerry grabbed his hand, driving back to the apartment to get ready for the night.

“That’s what you’re wearing?” Jerry giggled out, seeing Layne’s outfit to go to the club.

He was sitting on the bed watching Layne get dressed.

“Yeah? I have plenty of outfits that I have to change into anyways. What’s wrong with this?”

Layne lifted his arms and turned around to face Jerry. He had on the old, torn up crop-top shirt that he had cut holes in with a pair of black leather pants.

“Nothing is wrong with it...I’m gonna have to fight dudes off of you before we even get in the door,” Jerry smirked.

Layne rolled his eyes, “Mostly women attack me at the club.”

Jerry pulled Layne in by his hips and held him in front of him.

“It’s because you’re sexy as fuck,” Jerry chuckled, his fingers playing with Layne’s sides, ticking him a little.

“Nooooo,” Layne whined, slightly moving around.

“You’re not? Fuck...I’m blind then,” Jerry rolled his eyes. Layne put his hands on Jerry’s shoulder and leaned in.

They kissed slowly, their tongues playfully touching in the kiss.

Jerry growled under his breath, “You better stoppppp...we gotta go in a few minutes.”

Layne smirked against Jerry’s lips and kissed him again.

“I can spare a few minutes,” Layne said huskily.

“I still have to get ready,” Jerry told him.

“I’ll help,” Layne proposed.

He dropped to his knees and unbuttoned Jerry’s pants. He slowly pulled down the zipper while Jerry leaned back on his elbows to watch him from above.

Layne began pulling off Jerry’s pants and Jerry lifted his lower half to help. Layne pulled down Jerry’s boxers as well, revealing his naked bottom half.

Layne reached and grabbed Jerry’s half hard cock and slowly pumped it. He could hear Jerry suck in a breath and groan. Jerry’s head rolled back, his long blond locks falling off of his shoulders.

“Still think we got time?” Layne mocked before slowly sticking his tongue out and licking a stripe along the bottom of Jerry’s shaft.

Jerry grabbed Layne’s hair in his hands and pulled him away a bit.

“Layne,” he breathed out hard. “What are you doing?”

He could see Layne’s lips pull into a smirk, “What I do the best.”

Jerry watched as he leaned back in, his knees hitting the floor again and licking slowly at Jerry. Layne hummed softly and licked back up to the top of Jerry’s head.

“Fuck...fuck...fuck...fuck,” Jerry whimpered out slowly, trying to catch his breath as Layne’s mouth slid over his dick. Jerry pulled gently at Layne’s hair again, moaning lowly and screwing his eyes shut.

Layne slowly bobbed up and down, licking and sucking on Jerry with expert movements. Jerry’s legs began shaking and his breathing became uneven, trying to stabilize himself with a loud groan.

“SHIT!” Jerry moaned out, “You ARE so fucking good at this.”

Layne hummed and began using his hand to stroke Jerry off as well, twisting and groping at him.

“Layne...I’m gonna fucking come. I’m—I’m so close....oh shit!”

Layne took him down further, his free hand reaching up under Jerry’s shirt to touch him. Jerry pushed Layne’s hair back behind his ear to see him better. He watched as his dick disappeared down Layne’s lips. He tightened his legs around Layne’s shoulders, feeling closer and closer to the edge.

“Mmm,” Layne hummed as he pulled off to stroke Jerry faster.

“Fuck!” Jerry grunted. He watched Layne’s beautiful, blue eyes flick up to meet his. He smirked before sucking Jerry back down.

Layne sucked him faster and he threw his head back, pulling Layne’s hair slightly as he came down Layne’s throat. Layne lapped it up, humming and waiting until Jerry was finished to stop.

He stood up and wiped his mouth with the side of his hand, soaking in Jerry’s pose and watching his chest heave up and down.

“Jesus fucking Christ, Layne...”

Layne laughed and leaned over him, kissing him slowly.

“Ugh!” Jerry groaned as he wiped his lips off after the kiss.

Layne rolled his eyes and handed Jerry a pair of jeans to wear for the night.

“Come on! We gotta go!” Layne told him.

Jerry finished getting ready before Layne and him brushed their hair and teeth in the bathroom.

Once they got to the club, they noticed a bunch of cars in the parking lot already.

“Oh my God! Look at the turn out! It’s not even time to open either!” Layne cheered.

They walked inside, holding hands and bumping hips. Layne was in a good mood, provided they make enough to his Starr to rehab.

“Come with me,” Layne said as he pulled Jerry backstage to the dressing room.

They passed Layne’s co-workers who were getting ready and to the lockers. Layne unlocked his and put his cigarettes inside.

“You can stay back here until showtime,” Layne told him. Jerry nodded and leaned against the lockers.

Layne drug him to his station and sat him down in Starr’s seat. He watched Layne apply a little make up, smearing some of his eyeliner on purpose and adding glitter. He pulled off his crop-top and added body glitter on his chest and taunt stomach.

He was going all out for tonight.

Jerry noticed some guys walk by, eyeing him in Starr’s seat. Once of them gave him a smile as he passed. Jerry knitted his eyebrows together turned his attention back to Layne.

“I’m gonna go get my first outfit on,” Layne said before disappearing to the shared closet.

Jerry looked at Starr’s pictures he had on his mirror. The goofy pictures of Starr and Layne making him giggle and smile to himself.

“I’ve seen you out in the crowd...” Some deep, husky voice said from behind him.

Jerry turned around to see who was talking to him.

“What’s your name?” It was the same guy who gave him a sly smile a few mintues ago. He was dressed in a “slutty” policemen outfit with large, tall Go-Go boots that went up to his thighs.

“Uh...Jerry.”

“Jerry...I’m William,” the man said, taking his place in Layne’s seat.

Jerry didn’t know what to say. He didn’t know the guy, nor did he want to try to. He didn’t know why he was trying to talk to him in the first place, since he obviously came back here with Layne.

“Are you seeing Layne?” He asked, tilting his head to the side a little, eyeing Jerry up and down.

“Yes. I am,” Jerry stated outright.

“Oh...How did you guys meet?”

“Here,” Jerry was purposefully giving him short answers, hoping it would scare him off from talking much longer.

“Mmm,” he hummed. “I wish I could’ve caught you first.”

William leaned over, he traced his fingers on Jerry’s knee gently, watching his face.

“Sorry,” Jerry said, pulling away from his touch.

“Maybe I can catch you later...Jerry,” he smiled.

“I don’t think so.”

“Will! Get the fuck out of my seat!” Layne said sharply.

William turned his attention to Layne, who stood in his sexy nurse outfit for his first show. His arms were crossed in front of his chest and his face was angry.

Jerry turned to look at Layne, shaking his head with wide eyes.

“Now,” Layne demanded.

William stood up, slowly turning around to “tease” Jerry in his outfit before sauntering up to Layne.

“Jerry, huh?” He smiled slyly.

Layne gritted his teeth when they were face to face.

“You’re high on ecstasy, Will. Get the fuck out of my face,” Layne spit.

William rolled his eyes and walked away. Layne sat back down, exhaling hard.

“What the fuck was that?” Jerry laughed.

“Will likes to hit on everyone when he’s on X. Ignore him, please,” Layne sighed.

“Not my type,” Jerry giggled, looking at Layne’s outfit.

“I’m your type?” Layne asked.

“My only type,” Jerry interjected. He leaned in and kissed Layne possessively, letting everyone else know he was there for Layne. And Layne only.

They could hear the speakers announce Layne to the stage and crowd cheer from behind the stage.

Layne had prepared to give a speech about tonight’s event.

“Go out that way and out of the curtain. Go take a seat somewhere!” Layne said, pulling Jerry to the door and giving him another kiss.

“I’ll see you in a few.”

Layne took to the stage with a microphone as Jerry looked for somewhere to go to watch. The place was packed, almost shoulder to shoulder. Jerry had to stand against a wall in the back just to see the stage.

“Hello everyone! Welcome to The Men’s House! Tonight is a big event for us. Mike Starr, a dancer and good friend, is sick. He cannot afford his medical bills and needs help. We are throwing a fundraiser for him! The profits each dancer makes tonight will be contributed to the fund. We thank you all for turning up tonight and hope you enjoy the show! Here’s Jan!” Layne announced, the crowd cheered again and he left the stage.

Jan came out to do his routine and Layne sat backstage. He watched William closely, he was hanging on every male they worked with, laughing and carrying on.

If William can be so brazenly high on X while at work, why couldn’t Layne on H?

Regardless of William being high, he tried to hit on Jerry...and that wasn’t going to stand with Layne. The more he thought about it, the more his blood boiled. If he so much as caught William look at Jerry, he’d have a few choice words to give him.

Jerry watched as money rained on the stage. He knew most of the money everyone was getting tonight was going to Starr’s rehab fund, which made him happy for Starr and Sean.

They would go to a concert tomorrow night again with them. Enjoy some time out and celebrate the fundraiser money they were going to gather.

Jerry pushed his way to the bar to order a drink.

He sipped on his beer once he was back in his place.

“Oh hey...fancy seeing you out here. You waiting for your guy?” Williams voice was heard from beside him. He stood in his police outfit, pushing his hair behind his shoulders and his legs crossed in place.

“Yes. I am.”

William nodded and inched closer.

“Layne’s hot...you’re a lucky guy,” he told Jerry.

Jerry nodded, “I know.”

“Layne’s a lucky guy, too,” William said as he reached out to touch Jerry’s hair.

“I like your hair, it’s very pretty. It suits...you,” he whispered. Jerry could hear him over the music only because he managed to get so close.

Jerry took a step back, “Yeah. I’m not interested. I’m here for Layne. I’m with Layne.”

William rolled his eyes.

“Come on, he’s practically a kid. I’m a little older. I could show your faggot ass a few new tricks,” he hummed.

Jerry gently pushed his hands away from him.

“Fuck off,” he said.

“Come on...Jerry.”

“Fuck. Off. I’m not interested,” Jerry repeated.

William groaned, “If you happen, by chance, to wanna see me again later, after my set I’ll be in the bathroom. I have coke and...maybe show you those tricks I talked about.”

He disappeared back into the crowd, Jerry made sure he was out of sight before moving to stand somewhere else, halfway scared that William might try to find him again.

He didn’t mind being hit on, but he is with Layne. He only wants Layne. Although flattered, Jerry wasn’t going to take the bait of some random guy. He genuinely loves Layne.

After an hour, it was Layne’s turn to take the pole. Jerry noticed that Layne was dancing to a song they had watched Starr dance to. It was Starr, and Jerry knew it.

His chest practically jumped out his chest with pride as everyone cheered and tossed money his way. He began stripping seductively, making eye contact and playing the crowd. Flirting and taking money out of customers fingers. He even let a few tuck some into his girly underwear when he got down to them.

Jerry watched, fully entranced by his boyfriend.

After the song, he watched Layne saunter behind the stage to get ready for his second act.

Layne counted the money in an automatic counter at his station.

\$797.

Not bad for only one set.

He took all of the money and set it in a big box that was at the door. He was giving all of his profits tonight to Starr and Sean.

The money was piling up in the box from the men before Layne and he smiled, knowing that tonight was going to be a big change for his best friend.

Jerry leaned on the wall, still sipping his beer and watching the dancer on stage. He looked around for Layne, but figured he wasn’t going to come out until the night was over. He also watched out for William, in case he needs to make himself disappear.

After finishing off his beer, Jerry decided he needed a smoke. He made his way to the door through the crowd. Once outside, he leaned against the wall of the building and pulled out his

pack of cigarettes.

He brought one to his lips and lit it up. He inhaled and exhaled his smoke out, closing his eyes. He watched some cars pull in the parking lot and people enter the building.

The music was pumping through the walls and leaking outside to where Jerry could hear it. If Layne happened to come back on stage when he was outside, he would be able to hear it in time to see him again.

He stumped out his cigarette with the bottom of his shoe and went back inside. He pushed his way to the wall to stand.

Jerry made it just in time for the announcer to call Layne to the stage again.

Layne came out to an upbeat song Jerry's never heard before. He was in Starr's dominatrix outfit again. It hugged Layne's curves so perfectly and accentuated his ass.

This was the outfit that made Jerry a little too excited when he saw it on Layne the first time.

Somehow, Layne dressed like a BDSM superstar, made Jerry extremely turned on. Even if Layne wasn't dominant in bed, for strangers, he could pretend he is.

Layne had his back to the pole, thrusting himself up and down with his legs out in front of him, soaking in the attention and smirking at the money falling around him.

He teased the crowd with his fingers and let the men and women in the crowd touch at his feet and thighs when he rolled along the stage seductively.

Eventually, Layne disappeared again behind the stage. He was done for the night.

He counted the money again and dumped it in the box. It was going to overflow soon with the dollar bills. Layne spotted a couple of 100s and even 20s in the pile.

Jerry enjoyed next dancer. He was really good, almost as good as Layne.

Nothing beats Layne.

William took the stage and he was so high he could barely dance on time. Jerry worried he might fall off the pole a few times during his set. Instead, he made it through.

He stumbled off stage and Layne caught him by the arm.

"I'll count it," he said, pulling William to his station. William sat down in Starr's seat while the automatic counter counted out his money electronically.

"\$295. How much do you wanna give to Starr?"

"Only \$295? Fuck. Just put it in the box and give me \$50."

Layne nodded slowly and gave him \$50. William disappeared into the back closet to change out of his clothes for the night while Layne dumped the money in the box.

He had changed back into his “normal” clothes and waited for the last dancer to come backstage.

Once all the dancers were done and people started leaving, Layne took the box to his station to count out everything using the counter.

He sat there, feeding it money and watching the numbers bump up higher and higher.

In total, they put in \$4,596 in the fund for Starr. Layne was exactly sure how much rehab costs, but figured it would be enough to Sean to at least get him there for a while and cover the cost.

He stacked up the money and wrapped them in rubber bands. He found a big bag to put the money in and tied it up tightly. He got his cigarettes out of his locker and headed to find Jerry.

He found Jerry in the almost empty seating area and gave him a big smile. He ran over and hugged Jerry tightly.

Jerry giggled, “How did it go?”

“\$4,596!!” Layne jumped up and down.

Jerry laughed and took the bag from Layne to carry it for him. It was kinda heavy and he tossed it over his shoulder.

“Gotta piss. I’ll be right back,” Layne said, kissing Jerry cheek and jogging to the bathroom.

He saw William bent over to the sink and snorting coke with a small straw. He was grossed out, but didn’t speak as he stood in front of the urinal.

He finished up and stood beside William to wash his hands.

William finally acknowledged Layne, “I invited Jerry to come in here for some coke. You should go get him for me.”

Layne bit his lip, “What?”

He was in disbelief.

“I said, invited your little boyfriend in here so I can give him some coke,” William reiterated. “I told him I could teach him a few tricks that you might not know.”

The smile that spread across Williams face was soon knocked off by Layne’s right hook. William was knocked back and he held onto his lip that was bleeding heavily.

“What the fuck, Layne?!”

Layne stepped in closer, “Do not fucking talk to him, or me, again. I so much as see you look at him when he’s here and I’ll have your ass in prison faster than you can say faggot.”

Layne spit out and pushed William against the wall harshly.

“Don’t fucking say a word about this and I won’t beat you to a pulp next time I lay my eyes on your coked out body,” Layne threatened, pulling the door open and stepping back outside.

Layne found Jerry outside and pulled him to the car quickly. Once they were inside, Jerry stuffed the bag in the backseat.

Layne was breathing hard and holding his hand.

“What- what happened?” Jerry asked.

“I punched Will in the face in the bathroom,” Layne replied nonchalantly.

“Uh, okay. Why?”

“He said he invited you to snort coke and ‘show you some tricks that I don’t know’ in the bathroom.”

“Yeah...he did. Why did you punch him?”

“I felt like it,” Layne shrugged. He leaned over the middle of the console and kissed Jerry roughly.

“You’re mine, right?”

“Of fucking course,” Jerry replied, kissing him again and starting the car.

Call Me

The rest of the night was uneventful. They stopped for take-out at the only place that was open at 12:30am and took it home.

Jerry and Layne sat against the headboard in bed, eating and cracking jokes. Layne had told Jerry all about William and his prowess.

Turns out, he was Starr's ex. And tonight wasn't the only time Layne had fought with him.

"I should get a phone for the house," Jerry stated. "I don't ever talk to anyone so I never thought about it before."

"That's a good idea. Now, I can call into work and tell them when I'm not coming," Layne giggled.

Jerry rolled his eyes, "Mhm."

"I would like to talk to my mom," Layne said quietly.

"You miss her?"

Layne nodded, picking at his food with his plastic fork.

"I'll stop and get a house phone tomorrow then," Jerry smiled. "Then you can call her."

Layne perked up a little and finished his food, sucking back the rest of his soda and throwing everything away.

"We need to do dishes," Layne noticed the growing pile of cups and plates in the sink.

Two grown men, with no women, can cause a lot of dirt to pile up.

"Tomorrow," Jerry told him as he walked by to throw his food away, too.

"You keep saying that...but I'm not sure you know what 'tomorrow' means," Layne laughed as he pulled off his shirt.

Jerry rolled his eyes, pulling off his own shirt and slipping out of his jeans. He pulled the covers back and Layne got into bed under the covers in his underwear.

"Uh...Layne?" Jerry asked out.

"Mhm," Layne hummed, getting comfortable and waiting for Jerry to lay down and pull the covers over them.

"Why are you...still in your stage underwear?"

Layne looked down at himself. He was still wearing the girly pair of underwear. It was a light pink, silk fabric barely covering himself.

“Shit... I forgot to take them off. Your boxers are still at the club,” Layne sighed and put his head back on the pillow.

Jerry chuckled and looked him over again. In the stage lights, despite the spotlight, Jerry hasn't ever gotten a good—up close look at Layne in them before.

“I like them,” he stated, finally laying down and pulling the covers over them.

“Hmm,” Layne hummed quietly, closing his eyes. “I like wearing them. They're kind of comfy.”

Jerry pulled Layne close and Layne rested his head against Jerry's shoulder.

“Goodnight, babe.”

Layne looked up and kissed Jerry's chin before settling back down, “Goodnight.”

Layne woke up and stretched, feeling Jerry still laying on his back next to him. He peaked his eyes open and saw Jerry sleeping peacefully, his arm across his eyes to blindly block out the sun that was coming in from the kitchen window.

Layne slowly got up and pulled on a pair of shorts that were on the floor. He found his pack of cigarettes and lit one before retreating to the kitchen to start the coffee pot. He needed some kind of caffeine in his system this morning.

He decided today was the day.

He was going to quit Heroin cold turkey. Instead, he'd fill himself with cigarettes and coffee until the sickness went away.

It wasn't totally planned out, but after talking to Jerry and feeling comfortable enough to share with him the journey of getting sober again.

He pulled himself up on the kitchen counter, cracking open the window and watching the outside. He smoked quietly, watching the smoke whisp outside the window before disappearing completely.

He tried to think about what he would say to his mom if he got the chance to call her.

“Hey...what are you doing up so early?” Layne heard Jerry's husky, sleep soaked voice from the bed.

Jerry was slowly sitting up, the covers falling down to his lap as he rubbed his eyes.

“Smoking,” Layne replied, giggling to himself when Jerry stumbled out of bed in his boxers over to him at the counter. He carefully picked out a cigarette from Layne’s pack.

Layne leaned forward to light it for him and he sighed in the smoke.

He shuffled around the kitchen to the coffee pot and poured him and Layne both a mug of hot coffee.

He handed Layne his, and yawned.

“You could’ve went back to bed, babe,” Layne smiled. “Did I wake you up?”

“Not really...I just don’t feel you in bed.”

Layne took a sip from his mug and sat it next to him.

“I’m quitting,” Layne stated.

Jerry turned around to face him and sat down at the dinner table, watching Layne kick his feet that hung over the counter.

“What?” He asked sleepily, still holding onto his mug.

“I’m quitting. Heroin. I’m not gonna do it anymore. Cold turkey,” Layne explained. “Only caffeine and cigarettes from now on.”

Jerry nodded slowly.

“Can you help me?” Layne asked, smiling a little at Jerry.

“Of course...what do you need from me?”

“I need you to watch me. I WILL get sick. I will probably be sleeping a lot, angry. Just don’t let me touch it.”

“Do you want to get rid of it?”

Layne thought for a moment.

He didn’t want to get rid of it, but he didn’t want to tell Jerry that. It’ll be an excuse that Jerry could use against him if he breaks down and shoots up after two hours.

“...Yeah. We should,” Layne said instead.

Jerry nodded, “Can I flush it?”

“You can...”

“Are you starting today?” Jerry asked, blowing on his coffee a little before taking a small sip.

“I was planning to,” Layne replied, tossing his cigarette out of the window.

“Do you want to do it now?”

Layne nodded slowly and got off the counter. He lead Jerry to the bag behind the couch. Jerry pulled out the black zipper bag and held it in his hands for a few silent moments.

“Are you sure?” He asked when he noticed Layne acting nervous.

“I have to be,” Layne agreed and walked to the bathroom. Jerry followed and they stood in front of the toilet.

Jerry unzipped the bag and opened it. He felt kinda sick to his stomach at the contents inside. He didn’t want to think about Layne slowly killing himself with the stuff inside of the bag. It made his heart hurt.

“Are you sure you wanna flush it?” Layne asked, seeing Jerry eyeing the supplies in the bag for a moment.

“I’m doing this for you. For you to get better and have a different start for yourself. I wanna do it. For you,” Jerry told him.

Layne felt like he could cry as he stood, unmoving, in his place. This would be a big moment for him, and for Jerry to be here and willingly help, meant the world.

“Alright,” Jerry said as he flipped the bag upside down.

Layne’s needle, baggie, citric acid, cotton balls and small spoon fell harshly into the toilet with a loud splash.

No going back now, Layne thought to himself.

He watched his comfort slowly floating along the top of the water. Jerry rubbed his back and leaned over to flush the toilet.

As the content swirled down the drain, Layne turned to Jerry and hugged him closely.

“It’s alright. I know you got this. I’ll be here, no matter what. I believe in you,” Jerry comforted him. Layne watched it flush completely away, down the pipe and out of his life.

A part of him was relieved, the other part, was nervous about going cold turkey and getting dopesick.

Hopefully, with Jerry’s help, it won’t be so bad.

Jerry kissed his head and took Layne’s hand in his, guiding him out of the bathroom and back into the kitchen.

“Just let me know how I can help when you need me to,” Jerry told him. “I will do the best I can for you.”

Layne smiled and kissed Jerry gently.

“Have I ever told you how lucky I am to have you?”

Jerry chuckled, “Ehhh, I think you may have mentioned it once or twice.”

“Get dressed and we will go buy a house phone,” Jerry told him.

“Go ahead and get ready, I’m gonna smoke another really quick,” Layne replied, getting another cigarette out of his pack.

Jerry started getting dressed and watched Layne from the dinner table, sipping his coffee.

“Are you going to call your mom?” Jerry asked, placing his coffee mug in the sink. He remembered he needed to clean today.

“I’m not sure,” Layne answered, exhaling white smoke out of his nose.

“Do you want to?”

Layne nodded, “I’d like to talk to her. I don’t know if she’ll want to talk if she know I’m still stripping.”

“Then...don’t tell her you do. Say you work with me at the music store.”

Layne shrugged, “I guess I could.”

Jerry smiled at him sweetly.

“Just tell her the minimum you want her to know, if you decide to talk to her. If you just want to talk and hear her voice, don’t let it get serious. Don’t let it get upsetting for you or her.”

The advice Jerry gave Layne a sense he missed his mom, too. Only difference was, Layne could talk to his mom and hear a replyack...Jerry couldn’t anymore.

“Yeah,” Layne agreed. “Imma get ready.”

He handed Jerry the rest of his cigarette and got dressed. He brushed out his hair, while Jerry pulled his up into a low ponytail.

Once in the car, it became ritual for Jerry to hold Layne’s hand in the passenger seat. Like everything Jerry does, it made Layne feel loved and appreciated. Little things like this, he’s never had in a relationship before.

They listened to some tape Layne’s never heard of on the drive to a local store.

Jerry and Layne shuffled around inside the store looking for a house phone. Jerry licked one up and read the back of the package while Layne looked at the items in the aisle shelf.

“Anything you wanna get while we are here?” Jerry asked, holding the house phone package under his arm as they walked along.

“Mmm,” Layne shrugged. “I don’t know.”

“Let’s get some food,” Jerry said. They made their way to the check out line and bought the phone.

They drove to the grocery store. Layne pushed the cart around, following Jerry everywhere around the store as he tossed different foods into the basket.

“Anything in particular you wanna eat?”

“Oreos!” Layne said happily.

“And ice cream!” He added.

Jerry smiled, “Alright. Ice cream and Oreos it is!”

They picked up a few more things and checked out, heading home.

After they got home, Jerry unloaded the groceries while Layne helped. He took the Oreos from Jerry’s hand quickly and opened them up. He could hear Jerry giggle from the fridge.

“Alright! Fully stocked! No more wasting money on take-out,” Jerry said, taking an Oreos out of the sleeve.

Layne gave him a look and Jerry giggled. He leaned in and kissed him anyways.

“I’m gonna shower,” Layne told him, handing him the sleeve of Oreos. He pulled off his shirt and jeans, tossing them in Jerry’s bed.

“I’m gonna set up the phone,” Jerry said excitedly.

“Wanna join me after?” Layne asked, walking back to kiss Jerry on the shoulder.

“Mhm,” Jerry nodded with a mouth full of an Oreo cookies.

Layne disappeared into the bathroom, not bothering to shut the door behind him and turning on the showerhead.

Jerry slumped down on the couch, pulling the phone package out of the bag. He read the instructions carefully, pulling the phone into the wall outlet and doing as the instructions said.

He was excited about a phone for the apartment.

He finished up and dialed out to his work place number. Marko answered the phone and Jerry was excited that it worked. He explained he got a phone and wanted to see if it worked.

They hung up and Jerry got undressed at the bathroom door. He slipped inside the shower and wrapped his arms around Layne’s wet body. Layne smiled and kissed him, water running over their faces.

Jerry washed Layne’s body and hair, like he had before. Then continued to wash himself off. They kissed playfully some more until the water got too cold for them to stand.

Layne handed out towels and pulled his boxers back on as they stood together in front of the mirror.

“I got the phone to work,” Jerry told him, slipping into his boxers.

Layne nodded and dried out his hair.

“That’s good!”

They finished up and Layne sat on the couch. He waited a few minutes quietly, while Jerry got dressed to go to work.

“When I get off we can go to Sean’s,” Jerry said. “Are you gonna be alright here?”

Layne nodded, “Yeah. I’ll be okay...”

“If I need to I’ll run to get a pack of smokes,” Layne told him.

“Are you going to call your mom?” Jerry asked as he stood in the living room, watching Layne sit on the couch nervously.

He nodded, “Yeah.”

“Okay, babe. I’ll leave you alone to talk then,” he kissed Layne’s head, tangling his wet hair a little as he rubbed it.

“I love you,” Layne whispered and smiled.

“I love you,” Jerry repeated, getting his things together and heading out of the door.

He waited a few more minutes quietly. He tried to think of his home phone number.

He picked up the wireless phone and dialed.

It rung for a few seconds before a voice Layne hasn’t heard in a year picked up.

“Hello?” The woman’s voice said, Layne could hear shuffling noises in the background.

“Hey, mom.”

The woman gasped a little, “Layne?”

“Hey...”

“What are you doing?”

Layne could hear the relief in her voice and it calmed his nerves. He still wasn’t sure what he would say, but he just wants to talk.

“I’m—nothing much. I wanted to call and hear your voice.”

“Is everything okay?” She asked.

“Yes. I’ve actually never been better,” Layne replied.

“I’m glad to hear from you...”

“You, too, mama. How are you?”

“I’m good, honey. Just working.”

Layne nodded, “I miss you.”

“I miss you, baby. Where are you now?”

“That’s a long story,” he chuckled. He could hear his moms smile through the phone.

“I have time...”

“Well, I met this guy. His name is Jerry. He let me crash at his place and I haven’t left yet. We’re together and I have a job...at a music store.”

“That’s wonderful, hon!”

“Yeah, he’s really great! I’m really happy with him,” Layne smiled.

“Can I see you?”

Layne was threw back a little by the question.

“Of course,” He answered anyway. “What—when can I come?”

“Whenever, darling. Your dad and I would love to see you.”

Layne sighed happily to himself, “Uh...we are going to a show tonight with some friends. Maybe tomorrow we can stop by.”

“That sounds perfect,” she agreed. “I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Bye,” Layne said quietly before hearing his mom say goodbye. He hung up and smiled a little.

He was happy she wanted to see him again.

Hard To Handle

Layne shuffled around the house, smoked the rest of his pack of cigarettes, went to the corner store and bought another pack before taking a nap. When he woke up, he remembered to call the strip club to tell them he wouldn't be coming in for his shift tonight.

He ate some more Oreos before almost making himself sick.

Eventually he did throw up, feeling the sickness coming on from lack of dope. The cravings kicking in and on the verge of crying, he called the informations center. He asked for the number to Jerry's work.

When he got the number, he dialed it out and waited for someone to pick up the phone.

"The Music Store, this is Jerry."

"Babe," Layne cried.

"Layne? What- what's wrong?" Jerry's voice grew worried and Layne could hear the bells of the door come through the phone.

"I'm getting sick. I wanted to hear you. Remind myself."

Layne sat in the fetal position, his knees drawn into his chest and his arms hugging them. He closed his eyes as he felt himself ready to throw up again. Fuck.

"Baby, it's okay. You can do this. Once you get past it, it'll be like it never happened. I believe you can do it, Layne."

Layne breathed in and out slowly, trying to calm himself and his body down.

"Drink some water, try to rest. Maybe try to sleep it off, if you can," Jerry told him.

"I...I'm sorry. You didn't sign up for this. You didn't sign up for a dope addict boyfriend. I'm sorry," Layne cried softly into the phone. His voice was quiet and breaking in some places.

"Layne. I love you. Don't apologize to me anymore," Jerry said sternly. "You got this. You can get through this. I know you can."

Layne cried a little more and groaned at his body aching.

"I love you," Jerry finally said. "I'll be home in about an hour. Take your mind off of it and I'll be there in no time. Think about tonight, okay. We're gonna have fun, okay?"

"Okay..."

"I gotta go. I'll see you soon."

“I love you,” Layne whispered back before hanging up.

He felt like he’s been hit by a truck. How did people get through this on their own. He thought that weening himself off would help when he finally decided to quit cold turkey.

Aparently not.

He laid on the couch again, curled up and shivering.

He eventually fell asleep again, but not for long, as Jerry came home.

“Babe...?” Jerry whispered to the body laying on the couch, not facing him. He slowly walked over to him and rubbed his hair away from his face.

Layne hummed and rolled over. Jerry smiled at him, almost making Layne feel sober again.

Jerry got down on his knees and kissed at his shoulder, “How are you?”

“I’m okay...”

Jerry nodded and rubbed his head.

“Do you still feel like going out?”

“Yeah, I need something to do.”

“Okay. We will leave here in a while to pick them up. Come on,” Jerry said, “let’s eat something.”

Layne sat up as Jerry pulled off his jacket and set it on the recliner. He searched in the fridge for something to cook. He figured Layne needs food, maybe it would help somehow.

Jerry started cooking something quick and easy, while Layne went to the bathroom again. He threw up, sitting in the floor and groaning.

When Jerry heard him, he went to Layne and tried to comfort him the best he could. He pulled the hair from Layne’s face and rubbed his back, putting a cold, wet rag on his head.

“It’s alright, babe. Let it out,” Jerry comforted.

He could hear Layne sniffing from the floor.

“I-“ Layne started.

“Don’t apologize, Layne,” Jerry giggled a little. “I’m here. I’m here with you.”

Layne nodded and pulled away from the toliet bowl. Jerry flushed it and dabbed the wet rag on his face some more.

He helped Layne off of the floor and to the bed to lay down.

Layne propped himself up with the pillows and smoke a cigarette, watching Jerry cook.

“What are you cooking?” His voice almost hoarse.

“Steaks,” Jerry answered with a smile.

“Sounds good,” Layne managed a smile as well.

After a few more minutes, Jerry brought two plates over to the bed. He got a soda and a glass of water for Layne.

They sat in the bed, eating together. Layne picking and cutting his steak, trying to go slowly. He sipped on his water occasionally.

The more he ate and digested, the better he was feeling.

“Is it good?” Jerry asked, chewing his piece of steak from beside him.

“Mhm,” Layne hummed.

“Good, eat all you want.”

When they were through, Jerry put the plates in the sink, feeling full and content.

He began washing the dishes like he said he would as Layne laid down in the bed watching.

“Do you want any Tylenol? Would that help at all?”

“Maybe,” Layne answered.

Jerry nodded and went to the bathroom. He got two Tylenol pills and brought them back to Layne.

Layne sat up and took them, drinking them down with his water. Jerry kissed his head gently and returned to the sink.

“When do you wanna go get Starr and Sean?” Layne asked.

“Uh...whenever I’m done here, I guess,” Jerry answered.

“I talked to my mom today,” Layne remembered.

Jerry turned to him, putting the last dish away in the cabinet. He pulled himself up on the counter and lit a cigarette.

“How did it go?”

“Surprisingly well.”

“That’s great, babe!”

“Yeah...do you mind coming with me to the house tomorrow?”

“You want me to meet your family?” Jerry asked, hiding a smile behind his cigarette.

Layne nodded, “I told my mom about us.”

“She knows you’re gay?”

“She’s been knew,” Layne answered, sitting up and feeling much better than an hour ago.

“And...she’s okay with...that?”

“Yeeeaah. I told her when I was like 16. It didn’t bother her at all. She told my stepdad and he didn’t seem to care. If they have a problem with it, they’re never said anything.”

Jerry smiled, “I’d love to go with you.”

“Does your family know?”

“That I’m with you? No. I haven’t talked to them since I moved here.”

“Do they know you’re...whatever you are?” Layne laughed.

“Uh, no. I don’t think so,” Jerry shrugged.

“Are you...gay?” Layne asked with a hint of sarcasm.

“Obviously I’m not completely straight if I’m fucking you,” Jerry rolled his eyes. “I don’t know what I am. I’ve never had a problem with finding...anyone attractive. I just don’t give a fuck, I think.”

Layne nodded, slowly getting out of bed.

“How did you know you were gay?” Jerry asked.

“David Bowie,” Layne answered with a laugh. He changed his shirt and pants and pulled on Jerry’s beanie.

“Ahhh, I see,” Jerry chuckled. He threw out his cigarette and checked the time.

He got off of the counter and hugged Layne close, kissing his shoulder.

“Ready?”

Layne nodded and followed him outside to the car.

At Sean’s, Layne knocked on the door a few times to no answer.

“Sean! Starr!! It’s Layne!” He called through the door. He pounded on it a few more times until someone opened the door.

Sean stood there in his boxers, running his hands through his long, wavy hair.

Layne laughed, “Did I interrupt something?”

Layne pushed himself in the apartment and Jerry followed, giving Sean a look.

“Yes, Layne. You did. You’re so perceptive,” Sean mocked.

Starr came out of the bedroom to hear what the fuss was about.

“What the fuck is- Layne.”

Starr rolled his eyes as he adjusted his boxers.

“Sorry,” Layne laughed loudly. “I didn’t mean to. Need us to stand outside until you’re done?”

Starr shook his head, “No. I finished. That’s what matters.”

He slapped Sean’s ass as he passed by go to into the bedroom. Layne could hear Sean grumble under his breath. Jerry giggled to himself at the exchange.

“Yeah, usually that’s all that matters,” Layne giggled as he turned to Jerry.

Jerry’s face blushed up quick, feeling himself a little embarrassed by Layne’s crassness. He doesn’t think he will ever get used to Layne being so open about things like that.

Starr raised his eyebrows at Jerry and smiled.

“Pretty good in the sack, huh, Jerry,” He asked playfully, getting Layne and Jerry a beer from the fridge.

“Uh...” Jerry stuttered.

“The best,” Layne answered for him, earning a smirk from Starr. Layne opened his beer and drunk a few sips before sighing.

He pulled himself up on the island counter to talk to Starr as Jerry leaned against it on his forearms.

“I talked to mom today,” Layne told him. “Jerry and I are going up there tomorrow to see them.”

“That’s great, babe.”

“I’m quitting H,” Layne said. “Cold turkey. I’m a little sick, of course, but beer usually helps stave off everything.”

Starr raised his eyebrows and Sean returned to the kitchen, playfully hitting Layne’s knee as he passed by. He pulled himself up on another counter and listened in while drinking his beer.

“I’m really proud of you,” Starr told him.

“You’re doing good, too...right?” Layne asked.

Sean nodded from behind Starr.

“I’m doing good,” Starr answered. “Of course, I’m still icky but I’m ready for rehab.”

“Oh! Speaking of rehab...” Layne started.

“We raised \$6,798 in total for you and Sean!” Layne’s smile lit up as Starr’s mouth fell agape.

“What?!” Sean asked bewildered.

“Yeah! It’s all in the car!” Jerry nodded.

Starr hugged Layne tightly, “I love you.”

“I know,” Layne hugged back. Sean patted Jerry on the back with a smile. Jerry scrunched up his face with a smile.

Starr moved to Jerry, hugging him just as tightly. Jerry hugged back, sitting his chin on Starr’s shoulder and feeling his unruly, curly hair tickle his face.

“Thank you,” Starr whispered out.

“Of course,” Jerry whispered back.

Layne watched Starr hug everyone tightly, feeling emotional and happy he could give his best friend the chance at a change.

Starr disappeared to get clothes on and came back, hugging Layne to his hip.

Sean glanced at the clock, “Hey, we should get going.”

Jerry nodded in response, leading everyone back outside and to his car. Layne and Starr walking side by side with their arms over each other.

Jerry got behind the wheel, Layne jumping into the passenger side while Starr and Sean piled into the back seat. They blasted the radio, Layne even singing along, which made Jerry happy to know he was feeling better than before.

When they got to the show, they paid their cover charge and went inside. The opening band was already playing as they pushed through the crowd. Layne held onto Jerry’s hand as he lead them through the sea of people. Starr clung onto Layne’s hand and Sean’s hand, following closely behind.

They finally came to a stop and stood together in the crowd. Everyone was enjoying themselves, jumping around, drinking and singing with the band.

Upon hearing music, Layne let all his troubles and sickness slide away, taking Starr's hand and dancing with him. He needed something good. He needed to have fun and remind himself of better days like this. Nights when Starr and Layne would go out in the town together, drinking and stumbling around to find live music.

Jerry smiled and laughed at Layne's antics. His hair flipping around everywhere and body moving to the beat. Layne danced to Jerry and flirted with him with everyone around.

It wasn't that Jerry was uncomfortable with the display in public, he was just worried about someone saying something ignorant to Layne or him. He wants Layne to be protected from assholes like that.

Layne leaned in close and kissed at Jerry neck.

Jerry shook it off and Layne gave him a smile before dancing with Sean, who was jumping incredibly high with his height.

After a while, Layne got in front of Jerry, dancing against his body, vibing to the music. Jerry was entranced, feeling Layne's body move against his. He held Layne's hips, encouraging him a little. Layne threw his head back against Jerry's shoulder, kissing at his neck in the dark room.

Jerry could've fell out in the floor.

Layne eventually moved away again to dance with Starr some more.

"I'm getting drinks!" Sean announced to the circle.

"I'll come with you!" Layne cheered.

"None for me!" Jerry told them, as he had to drive tonight. Sean nodded and grabbed Layne's hand.

Layne followed Sean back to the bar section and order him and Layne beers. Layne needed to get alcohol in his system to drown out the dope sickness.

He opened his bottle and followed Sean back to Starr and Jerry.

He took his place in front Jerry and sipped on his beer, gently grinding on Jerry as the band they came to see started playing.

Jerry couldn't focus on the music, his vision was like a tunnel at the beautiful, brown locks of hair that was swaying in front of him. He wasn't sure what Layne was trying to do.

Layne leaned back against him, "I think..."

Layne took a drink of his beer.

"I think we should go after this," Layne landed into his ear.

Jerry couldn't help up smile as Layne retreated to dance with Starr again.

After a few more songs, the band they came to see left the stage. Layne grabbed Starr and Jerry, pulling them outside of the venue with Sean following behind them.

They piled in the car, Sean drinking his beer in the back seat.

Jerry drove Sean and Starr back to their apartment, not bothering to get out.

"Thanks!" Sean said, holding Starrs hand with his free hand when he got to the drivers side.

"No problem, man! I'll catch you later!" Jerry replied.

Layne leaned over to Jerry's window, "Take your money!"

He pointed to the backseat and Starr opened the door and pulled the bag out, handing it to Sean.

"I love you!" Starr called out.

"I love you! I'll see you soon!" Layne told him.

Layne drank the rest of the bottle on the way back home. He was feeling a thousand times better with alcohol flowing through his system and blocking up his achy body with warmth.

As soon as they got in the door, Layne jumped on Jerry.

Jerry stumbled a bit, catching Layne and shutting the door behind them. He carried Layne to the bed, kissing him hotly.

He practically threw Layne against the bed. Layne let out a small squeak of excitement and watched Jerry pull his shirt off over his head as he stood in front of the bed.

Come On Down

Layne leaned up, his hands roaming over Jerry's bare chest. Jerry smiled a little as he began to lean over Layne's body. He caught Layne's lips in a kiss.

Layne hummed in the kiss before pulling away. Jerry pulled up Layne shirt to take it off. He tossed it on the floor and began planting kisses along his neck and chest. He slipped his lips over Layne's nipple and licked it gently, trying to see his reaction.

Layne gasped at the feeling before giggling.

Jerry played with the button on Layne's jeans, eventually popping it open.

"Ahh," he mocked in shock.

Layne was already breathing hard from below him.

Jerry left his jeans alone and kissed above the hem on Layne's stomach, feeling it tense under his lips. Layne sucked in a breath through his teeth. He was so turned on he felt like every little, micro touch Jerry was giving him would make him combust in place.

Jerry loved having this effect on his boyfriend.

Layne pulled Jerry back up to his face with his fingers, kissing him hotly. His tongue licking softly at Jerry's lips.

He pushed Jerry off and he landed on his back. Layne climbed over him, straddling his waist and kissing Jerry's neck. Sucking and biting gently there as his hands held Jerry's hands above his head on the pillows. Jerry groaned and arched into Layne.

Layne found his lips and made out with him a little more before undoing Jerry's jeans. He sat up on his knees to give Jerry room to push them off. He helped Jerry pull them off the rest of the way and they fell to the floor. Layne rubbed Jerry's dick through his boxers, watching the way Jerry's face contorted above him.

"Mmm," Jerry moaned softly. "Layne...Layne you're gonna have to stop..."

Layne faked a pout, kissing Jerry again and slowing his hand down.

He ground against Jerry in his jeans, the friction was almost too much for him as he had to stop after a few seconds. Jerry leaned up, unzipping Layne's pants.

Layne got up and pulled them off the rest of the way. He had on the girly pair of underwear from the strip club. Jerry grabbed him and pulled him back on top of him.

Layne's knees straddled either side of Jerry's hips as he leaned down to make out with Jerry slowly. Jerry's hands trailed along Layne's chest and to his hips, holding him in place.

“I wanna fuck,” Layne declared, out of breath and husky.

“I could’ve guess that,” Jerry laughed.

Layne rolled his eyes a little, “So? Are you gonna fuck me?”

Jerry pushed Layne back into his back and climbed on top of him, “Yeah. I think I will.”

His lips barely touching Layne’s as he rubbed Layne through the silky panty fabric. Layne squirmed under him, closing his eyes and letting out a moan.

Jerry kissed at his neck, “Take these off.”

Layne whimpered and pushed them down. Jerry jerked them off the rest of the way and slowly stroked Layne in the palm of his hand.

“Fuck,” Layne growled out, feeling close already.

Jerry pulled off his boxers and held his free hand in front of Layne. Layne slipped them in his mouth, sucking on them and covering them in spit for Jerry to use as lube.

He reminded himself to get Jerry to buy real lube one day. For now, his spit covered fingers would suffice.

Jerry worked one finger into the Layne slowly, still working his hand on Layne.

Layne grunted and whimpered at feeling.

“Jerry,” He moaned, “Hurry...please-please-ple-“

Jerry cut him off with a kiss as he pushed in another finger. Layne breathed into Jerry’s mouth, feeling filled and turned on.

“M ready, come on,” Layne encouraged, reaching for Jerry’s dick to stroke it at the same pace Jerry was pumping him.

Jerry’s hips stuttered in Layne’s hand and he pulled his fingers out. He spit on his hand a couple of times before Layne retreated his hand so Jerry could coat it in the lube.

Jerry stroked himself a few times for good measure and Layne propped his legs up. He pushed into Layne slowly, feeling the wall of heat pulling him in more and more.

Layne let out a low groan, one hand holding Jerry’s hair at the roots.

Once Jerry bottomed out inside of Layne, he slowly began to move against him. Layne’s legs wrapped around Jerry’s waist and tightened with each thrust.

“I love you,” Layne said in a whispered voice, his breathing uneven and hot against Jerry’s face.

Jerry smiled, “I love you.”

He quickened his thrusts and Layne was a moaning mess under him.

Jerry soaked it all in; how Layne's body reacted, how Layne's lips were being bitten, the sounds of Layne moaning hotly under him, the quick breaths Layne was drawing in, the way Layne's eyes kept rolling back a little everytime Jerry fucked him.

Everything was about Layne for Jerry.

"Oh God," Jerry groaned, needing to prop himself up by a hand on the headboard. Layne's body arched up as Jerry hit his prostate.

"Mm, don't stop," Layne moaned, scratching gently at Jerry back and closing his eyes.

He listened to Jerry's breathing on top of him. He felt himself smirking and leaning up to kiss at Jerry's throat. Layne could feel Jerry swallowing hard under his lips.

Jerry worked Layne's body harder, feeling Layne tensing and tightening around him. It was all too good.

Like Layne said, 'The Best'.

Layne gasped as Jerry jerked him off between their sticky, sweaty bodies.

"Don't you fucking stop," Layne groaned, pushing his forehead against Jerry's shoulder and watching himself be stroked.

Layne shuddered out a loud moan as he came on his chest. Jerry used it as lube to continue stroking Layne through his orgasm.

Watching his boyfriend come undone was the best thing since a CD player was invented to Jerry. He leaned in and grabbed Layne's lips with his teeth, drinking down Layne's panting and low moans as he rode out his orgasm.

Jerry wasn't far behind, his hips studded and he came deep inside Layne with a growl. Layne kissed his jaw and felt him thrust shallowly, finishing completely.

Layne unhooked his legs and Jerry carefully pulled out, collapsing next to Layne in bed.

"What brought that on?" Jerry asked, panting out his breaths and closing his eyes.

"I don't know. Music seems to do that to me," Layne giggled, scooting over and kissing Jerry's sweat caked hair.

Jerry leaned over the bed and pulled on his boxers. He left the bedroom to get a towel to wipe Layne off.

Layne smiled contently as Jerry wiped his seed from his chest, "Thank you."

Jerry laughed and told him he was welcome.

After a couple of minutes, Jerry returned and climbed back into bed with Layne. He glanced at the clock, it was nearly 1am.

He climbed into bed with Layne and pulled the covers over them, Layne still stark naked. Jerry turned off the lamp and pulled Layne in close to his body, kissing him deeply.

“Are you excited about seeing your parents?” Jerry asked quietly. He could still feel Layne’s legs shaking under the covers beside him.

“Mhm. Are you excited about meeting him?”

“Yeah, just a little nervous.”

“Why?” Layne hummed, getting comfortable and cuddling Jerry. He played with Jerry’s hair as they laid in the dim light.

“I want them to like me,” he said, letting out a breathy laugh.

He’s never met a partners parents before. He wants Layne’s parents to like him. Jerry loves Layne, and will continue to do so no matter what. He sees this relationship going somewhere...anywhere. This wasn’t a random, casual hook-up/friends with benefits type deal. They were together officially, and Jerry wants it forever. He thinks Layne does, too.

“Theyll like you,” Layne shook his head. “Promise.”

“What time are we going tomorrow?”

“Uh, whenever we get up and ready, I guess. I’ll call her when I get up and ask when a good time would be,” Layne answered, closing his eyes and mindlessly twisting Jerry’s hair between his fingers.

“Mhm,” Jerry hummed back, feeling tired from the day and sleep itching to take over.

Layne smiled and kissed his head, “Goodnight, babe.”

Good Fruit

Layne woke up, groaning and sighing to himself. He looked over and saw Jerry still sleeping soundly beside him. He breathed in deeply and got out of bed quietly, covering Jerry back up.

He picked up a pair of boxers and slid them on his hips. Layne checked the clock, 11:43am. He rubbed his eyes as he walked to the phone.

He dialed out his moms home phone number and waited for someone to pick up.

“Hello?” His mother answered.

“Hey, mom. It’s me,” Layne said, voice a little hoarse.

“Hi, honey. How are you?”

“I’m good. I was just calling to know when a good time would be to stop by today,” Layne asked, sitting down on the couch and watching Jerry as he talked into the phone.

“Anytime...we are here!”

Layne nodded, “Alright. I just got up and I need to shower and I’m sure Jerry has to, too. Well probably eat and then be on our way.”

“Sounds great. I’ll see you soon,” his mother’s calming voice rang through the phone.

“Okay, love you.”

“Love you, too.”

Layne hung up and started the coffee pot before climbing into the bed. He held himself over Jerry’s sleeping body.

He placed kisses along Jerry face gently, “Babeeeee.”

Layne continued to kiss Jerry awake.

“Hmm?” Jerry hummed, stirring awake and finally opening his eyes. Layne smiled down at him and kissed his forehead.

“Get up...let’s shower,” Layne told him, getting up and playfully shaking Jerry’s feet.

Jerry groaned as he stretched, pushing the covers off of him. He watched Layne pour a cup of coffee and pull himself on the counter, kicking his feet that dangled below him.

“What time is it?” Jerry asked, getting up and walking over to the coffee pot.

“Almost 12, babe,” Layne answered, sipping gently on his hot coffee.

Jerry grumbled and leaned against the counter. Layne pulled the hair from Jerry's face with a smile and lit a cigarette.

"You're in an oddly chipper mood..."

Layne laughed a little, "I just really want to see my family."

"...And have them meet you," He finished.

Jerry nodded and sipped his coffee a little, "Are you gonna want shower sex?"

Layne rolled his eyes with a giggle, "No, I'm fine. Thank you."

"Good," Jerry replied and stretched his arms out.

Layne ruffled his hair in response.

"Come on. Shower and food, please," Layne begged.

Jerry nodded and took another sip of his coffee before sitting it back on the counter to follow Layne.

Like the times before, Jerry washed Layne off and washed his hair for him. He knew Layne loved and appreciated the little things like that he does for him. In return, Layne washed Jerry's hair, playfully making shapes with the suds in Jerry's hair. They laughed and rinsed off under the showerhead.

They dried off and brushed their teeth in the mirror before brushing their hair.

"Do you have a blow dryer?" Layne asked.

"Uh...check under the sink," Jerry replied, moving out of the way and retreating to the bedroom to get dressed. He wanted to look presentable, but not trying too hard.

He settled for a simple white t-shirt and his favorite pair of ripped jeans.

He heard Layne turn on the blow dryer from the kitchen as he began cooking them some eggs and sausage.

After a while, Layne appeared and shuffled through his bag for something to wear. Deep down toward the bottom was a pair of overalls. He thought he had lost them somewhere. A smile spread on his lips and he pulled them out.

He shuffled back to the bathroom and got dressed, pulling on the overalls over his boxer and snapping them in the front. Shirtless and completely exposed, but comfortable. He looked at himself in the mirror for a few seconds.

Despite still not feeling 100%, coming off dope, he felt good about himself again.

He walked back into the kitchen and Jerry turned to meet him.

“Oh! Fancy!” He giggled, kissing Layne as he passed to get his coffee mug and cigarettes.

He rolled his eyes and laughed.

“You look great, babe,” Jerry told him.

“Thank you,” Layne replied with a smile as he sat at the table and waited for food, sipping on his coffee in the meantime.

Jerry slid the plate of eggs and sausage on the table, fetching two plates and sitting one in front of Layne.

“How far away do your parents live?” Jerry asked, eating his breakfast in front of Layne.

“Uh...probably 15-20 mintues away,” Layne answered.

“That’s not too bad. Why haven’t you seen them in a year then?”

Layne looked down at his plate and shuffled some of his eggs around.

“Because, I was high on Heroin and still stripping which was the entire reason I got the boot in the first place,” he finally answered.

“Oh...yeah,” Jerry said quietly.

“How are you doing today...with that?” Jerry asked.

“I’m alright. Still not at my best, but...not completely terrible as I was,” Layne nodded.

“You’re doing great, babe. I’m proud,” Jerry told him, lifting Layne’s face to meet his eyes. Layne smiled, showing his pretty teeth and shaking his head loose of Jerry’s hand.

“Thank you,” he said gently.

Jerry gave him another smile as they continued eating.

“I need to find out when Sean is getting Starr to rehab,” Layne said, taking a sip of his coffee.

“Yeah! When are you gonna talk to them?”

Layne shrugged, “Guess I can call when we get home.”

Jerry got up, full of his breakfast and shoveling the rest of his uneaten food into the trash can. He sat back down and stole one of Layne’s cigarettes to smoke as Layne continued eating.

“How long would he have to stay?”

“I think it’s usually 90 days,” Layne told him, finishing his empty plate and putting Jerry’s plate and his into the sink.

“Shit,” Jerry mumbled, taking a drag of his cigarette.

“Yeah, tell me about it,” Layne huffed.

“You ready to go now?” Jerry asked as Layne found one of Jerry’s jackets and pulled it on.

“Mhm. You ready?” Layne giggled.

“Yeah!”

Jerry locked up and got in his car, Layne pulling himself in the passenger side seat.

Layne gave Jerry directions to his parents house as they rode.

“Uh, just remember, they I work with you at the Music Store,” Layne reminded him.

Jerry nodded and kissed his hand.

“No problem,” he replied.

“Take this next turn,” Layne advised.

Within 18 minutes, Layne directed them into a driveway in a quiet suburb, tucked away from the traffic and loud, overzealous Seattle scene.

Jerry looked around after the parked the car.

“You grew up here?”

“Yeah?” Layne gave him a look and laughed.

Jerry raised his eyebrows and let out a little laugh. He took in the nice, green lawn, two cars in the driveway and white painted two story house.

“What are you expecting? A crackhouse?” Layne laughed more.

“I don’t know...just...different, I guess,” Jerry replied.

“Come on,” Layne encouraged, getting out of the car. Jerry followed Layne to the front door.

Layne knocked a few times before a nice looking, middle aged woman with light brown hair and glasses answered the door.

She gave a big smile, and without a word, pulled Layne into a hug. Layne sighed a little to himself and hugged her back.

When they pulled apart, she motioned for them to come inside.

She closed the door behind Jerry and lead them into the kitchen.

“You look great! What did you do to your hair?” She laughed, running her hands over Layne’s wavy, brown hair.

“Growing it out again,” he laughed.

“Mom, this is Jerry,” Layne introduced.

Jerry gave her a smile and stuck out his hand for her to shake.

She shook her head, “No...we’re huggers.”

She laughed before hugging Jerry gently. Layne gave him a thumbs up behind her back and Jerry let out a little giggle.

“I’ve heard a lot about you!” She told Jerry with a big smile.

“All good?” He asked.

She nodded and motioned for them to sit at the island counter stools. She leaned against the counter to talk to them.

“All good,” she told him. “Layne spoke very high of you.”

Jerry felt his face heat up and Layne gave him a smile from the seat next to him.

“How did you two meet?”

“I have a lot to tell you, mom,” Layne shook his head.

“...Well? Lemme hear it!”

“Uh, well... I couch surfed for a while. I made a best friend...his name is Mike. Him and his boyfriend let me crash there for a bit and I got a job at the music store. Jerry was working there and we kinda hit it off. After a few days, Mike and Sean got tired of me and Jerry offered me a place to stay. We kinda just...happened.”

Layne was saying through his teeth. Jerry tried to listen carefully to Layne’s ruse, in case someone asked him any questions about the situation.

“Wow! Where are you from Jerry?”

“Tacoma...I bounced around a lot as a kid, though. My dad was in the military,” he explained.

“Uh, after my mom passed, I was given the boot at my house and decided to move to Seattle.”

Layne’s mom nodded, “I’m sorry for your loss, honey. I know it’s hard losing a parent.”

Jerry nodded a little. Layne grabbed his hand and squeezed it gently, trying to make Jerry feel more comfortable.

“I’m so glad you could come, sweetie,” Layne mom smiled at Layne.

Jerry watched her face as she watched Layne. She kinda reminded Jerry of his mother. She had kind eyes and a smile that could comfort a crying child. He misses his mom a lot...

“I am, too,” Layne smiled back.

“Where is dad?”

“Oh, he should be home a little later. Can you guys stay for supper?”

Layne nodded, “Yeah, that would be cool.”

“I’m gonna show Jerry around,” Layne told her, getting up and pulling Jerry through the kitchen.

“Excuse the mess, Jerry!” She called out.

Layne walked Jerry through the house, pointing out even the smallest details and stories behind them.

“That’s where Ken, my younger stepbrother, marked his own height. He lied,” Layne giggle at the scratch on the door frame of one of the bedrooms.

“Oh! My little sister, Liz, got her hair caught in this one time. We were home alone and I had to cut a big chunk of her hair to pull her out!”

Jerry soaked it all in. Layne never really talked this much about his family before. Jerry doesn’t remember Layne bringing up the fact he had siblings.

“This was my little sisters room,” Layne pointed out.

“...Liz?”

“No, Jamie,” he laughed.

“How...many siblings do you have?” Jerry asked.

“Uh...well. My biological dad and mom had me and Liz. They divorced, you know druggie bullshit. Mom married Jim, my step-dad. He had Ken from a past marriage and together they had Jamie,” Layne elaborated.

Jerry nodded and Layne continued leading them around. Eventually they got to the basement.

“This was me and Ken’s room when dad would have visitations on weekends and stuff,” Layne told him.

Layne’s mom kept both of the boys waterbeds in their places. Jerry looked around at Layne’s childhood things with a smile on his face.

“Why do you refer to Jim as ‘dad’?”

“Cause he’s my dad,” Layne shrugged.

Jerry nodded.

“He raised me and gave me a lot more of his time than my real dad. I feel like he is my dad. So, I call him dad.”

Jerry smiled and pulled Layne kiss.

They spent the rest of the afternoon in the living room, watching TV, something neither one of them has done in a long time.

“You should get a TV for the apartment,” Layne told him.

“Ehh...”

“Why not?”

“I don’t usually watch it that much. Never thought to get one when I moved,” Jerry shrugged.

“Ah, come on. You don’t wanna watch the Waltons marathons all day with me?” He asked with a giggle.

Jerry shook his head, “No thank you.”

Eventually, Jim came home and Layne introduced him to Jerry. They shook sturdy hands and nodded to each other.

“Nice to meet you, Jerry,” Jim told him.

“Nice to meet you, too, sir.”

“You can call me Jim,” he chuckled to himself.

“Dinner is almost ready, boys!” They heard Layne’s mom call from the kitchen.

Jim disappeared to take off his dirty work clothes and get washed up to eat as Layne and Jerry found their way to the kitchen.

They all sat down together, passing each other the bowls of food Layne’s mom prepared. They small talked about Jerry’s dad and what Jerry does at work.

After a while, the conversation turned toward Layne. Jim asked him if he considered going to college out in Seattle for something.

“No...I don’t think so,” Layne said.

Jerry watched Layne laugh with his family, taking it all in that he was here with his boyfriend and his kind family.

Only a month ago, Jerry approached Layne outside of the club. Now, he’s sitting at the dinner table with his family and enjoying their company. He wasn’t sure how this all fell into place so perfectly.

But he was glad as hell that it did.

“Thank you, Mrs. Elmer,” Jerry told Layne’s mom as she passed him a bowl of mashed potatoes.

“Call me Nancy, sweetheart,” she laughed. “You’re like family now.”

Family.

There’s that word again.

Jerry had used the term ‘family’ when referring to Layne, Sean and Starr the other day. It was something so natural about how Nancy said it that made Jerry feel at home.

They talked more about Jerry’s childhood and his interests.

Layne was loving how his family asked Jerry all kinds of questions to get to know him. He was in love with his boyfriend. He’s never brought home a boyfriend before. They were all no good anyhow. Jerry was so drastically different, though. He was kind, gentle, loving. He watched how Jerry answered everything honestly and laughing with his parents. He could get used to this.

After everyone was full of conversations and food, Layne announced they should probably get back home as they had to work tomorrow.

Nancy and Jim helped them to the door, hugging Layne tightly.

“Come by anytime, hon. Okay? I’m proud of you,” She kissed the top of his head.

Layne closed his eyes.

That’s all he wanted to hear from her. How proud she was that he was turning a new leaf. He knew that he lied about how he met Jerry and his job. But like Jerry said, she doesn’t need to know the nitty gritty right now. He just wants to enjoy time with his family, who thinks he has everything working out for him. And is proud of him.

“I will,” He nodded.

Jim hugged him goodbye and shook Jerry’s hand after Nancy hugged him, too.

“You’re welcome back, too, darling. Anytime,” she told him as she hugged Jerry tightly.

“Thank you for dinner. It’s been a while since I had a good, home cooked meal like that,” He laughed.

She smiled and nodded, “Next time!”

“I’ll talk to you later,” Layne assured her.

She nodded her reply.

Layne and Jerry made their way back to Jerry car and got in, throwing their hands to Layne's parents before backing out of the driveway and heading home.

"That was really fun. They're super sweet," Jerry smiled.

He heard Layne snuffle from beside him. He looked over and Layne was crying a little. Jerry pulled over the car and parked.

"Babe...? What's wrong?" Jerry asked, pulling Layne close and watching his face. A few tear slipped down his cheeks and Jerry wiped them away.

"I've waited a long fucking time for that," Layne answered, smiling weakly.

"You're doing great, Layne. I think they know that," Jerry nodded.

Layne hugged Jerry and let a few more tears slip down his cheek.

"Thank you for coming with me," Layne told him.

"Of course...I'm glad I got to come, too."

After a few more minutes, Layne collected himself and Jerry began driving back to the apartment. It was all excitement in the car and happiness that Layne got to see his family again.

Layne explained that he wished he could've seen his siblings, too. But told Jerry next time, he would ask his parents to bring them over for Jerry to meet them as well. Jerry was on board and told Layne he would be happy to meet them.

Plans For Four

The next morning, Jerry woke up before Layne. He slipped on a pair of shorts and stretched. He turned on the coffee pot and glance outside of the kitchen window.

It was another pretty, clear day. The sun was out and not a cloud was in sight.

He was admiring the beautiful sky as he lit a cigarette and cracked the window. An idea popped up in his head.

He dialed the information center on the phone and asked for number to Sean's address. He peaked around the corner to make sure Layne was still sleeping.

"Hello?" Sean's voice was sleepily coming through the phone and making Jerry snap his attention back to the phone.

"Hey, man. It's Jerry," he said quietly into the phone.

"Oh shit! Hey, man. What's up?"

"Nothing. Listen, I had an idea. What do you and Starr have going on tonight?"

"Uh," Sean tried to think. He had taken a week off of work to be with his boyfriend during his little incident. Starr hasn't been back to work either, which Sean agreed was for the best until Starr was done with rehab.

"Nothing. What's your idea?" Sean asked.

"Well...I wanted to do something for Layne. Celebrate how well he's handling his sobriety right now," Jerry shrugged.

"I think he would like that," Sean smiled into the phone.

Sean liked Jerry for Layne, a lot. He knew Layne's exes, he had met them a couple of times and sometimes they would come by the apartment to pick him up. He knew what they were like. When Layne would come back, sometimes he would be sporting a blossoming, purple bruise on his cheek. After Jack, Sean and Starr couldn't take it anymore and called the police, reporting his dealing and domestic abuse. Sean got him locked up.

Jerry was different, obviously. Sean's never knew someone to plan something special for Layne like this.

"Maybe we could go out to eat. Double date...?" Jerry halfway asked, trying to think of something.

"There's a really nice restaurant in downtown on Summerland Avenue. It's called The Hive. We could meet you guys there around 9," Sean responded.

“That sounds good,” Jerry agreed.

“Who’s that?” Jerry could hear Starr’s sleepy voice next to Sean.

Sean leaned away from the phone to inform Starr that it was Jerry asking for a double date to celebrate Layne.

“Aw!!” Starr cheered. He took the phone from Sean.

“I love that! I’m soooo in!” He giggled.

“Good. I kinda want it to be a surprise though,” Jerry smiled.

“No problem!” Starr nodded.

“We will see you at 9,” Sean said into the phone.

“Alright, man. Thank you,” Jerry told him.

“Bye,” Sean responded.

“Bye, Jer!” Starr said behind Sean.

“Bye.”

Jerry hung up and double checked to make sure Layne was still asleep. He got up and threw his cigarette out of the window.

Layne was sleeping, one leg out of the covers and his brown hair tangled all over the pillow and against his shoulder. Jerry climbed into bed and kissed him gently on the nape of his neck. He saw Layne shiver lightly.

“Hm?” Layne hummed, moving a little.

Jerry kept planting soft kisses along Layne’s neck and up his jaw to his cheek. Layne began to stir awake slowly.

“Hi,” Jerry whispered when he saw Layne open his eyes slowly.

“Mmm,” Layne stretched slowly.

He eventually rolled over and looked up at Jerry.

“Good morning,” Jerry smiled brightly, running his hands softly over Layne’s chest. He sat down on the bed and crossed his legs in front of him.

Layne rubbed his eyes, “Morning...”

“What time is it?” He yawned and hummed softly at Jerry’s calming hand.

“Around 11,” Jerry answered.

Layne closed his eyes as Jerry rubbed his stomach.

“How are you feeling today?” Jerry asked, watching as Layne covered his eyes with the crook of his arm.

“I’m alright...”

“Really?”

“Mhm...I’m okay, babe.”

Jerry nodded, “Okay. Good.”

When they got back home from yesterday, they had a few beers and hit the bed pretty early. Layne fell asleep to Jerry playing with his hair after they discussed how well meeting his parents went. Layne was extremely happy that his parents wanted to see him and got to meet Jerry.

Jerry knew how much that meant to Layne. He could see that a weight was lifted off of Layne’s shoulders.

“Good,” Jerry repeated, slightly slapping Layne’s taunt stomach playfully.

Layne giggled and pulled his arm away from his face, “You’re in a good mood today.”

“Why not...it’s beautiful outside today,” Jerry shrugged.

“Do you work today?”

Jerry nodded with a comical frown, “Yeah...”

“I’m sorry, baby,” Layne replied, sitting up and kissin him gently.

“It’s alright. My shift will be kinda short today. I thought about going out and picking up a few things,” Jerry informed him.

“Anything you want me to pick up while I’m out?”

Layne thought for a minute.

“More Oreos. And...lube...?”

“Lube?”

Layne nodded, “Yeah. Uh, we should probably get...some.”

“Where the Christ do I buy lube?” Jerry laughed.

“Well...there’s some at the grocery store,” Layne shrugged, a smile playing on his lips at the sound of Jerry’s laugh.

“The grocery store?” Jerry shook his head in disbelief.

Layne nodded, “Yeeeeeah?”

“Alright then...” Jerry smiled and hit Layne’s leg.

“I gotta get ready,” He told him, leaning in to kiss his lips. Layne hummed into the kiss and let Jerry go.

Jerry got up and pulled his shorts off. Layne watched wistfully as Jerry got dressed next the the bed. Jerry laughed at Layne staring.

“It’s nothing you haven’t seen already,” he rolled his eyes.

“No, I know. Still good to look at,” Layne giggled.

Jerry disappeared into the bathroom and Layne decided to get up while Jerry was busy brushing his teeth. In his boxers, he poured himself a cup of coffee and jumped onto the counter. He found Jerry’s pack of cigarettes and pulled one out, lighting it and inhaling deeply as Jerry came out of the bathroom.

He watched as Jerry collected his things around the house.

He caught Jerry by the arm and pulled him into his legs. He trapped Jerry between them playfully, holding onto his hips and holding his cigarette carefully between his index and middle finger.

Jerry gave him a smile, “What?”

“Wanna see you,” Layne responded, taking in the sight of his boyfriend. Jerry leaned down and kissed him.

“Mmm,” Layne hummed as Jerry pulled away.

“Can you do me a favor?”

Layne raised his eyebrows in curiosity, “Oooh, anything.”

A smirk playing slyly on his lips as he waited to hear.

“Can you be dressed and ready when I get off of work?”

“Why? What are we doing?”

“Just going out,” Jerry smiled and kissed his forehead.

“Okay,” Layne gave him a weird look. It took everything in Jerry not to spill the beans.

It wasn’t like a huge surprise or even a really good one. He just wanted Layne to have a nice night out to celebrate how good he has been coping with sobriety.

“I’ll see you when I get home,” Jerry told him, kissing the look off of his face and grabbing the pack of cigarettes.

Layne let him go and he walked out of the front door, leaving Layne on the counter to finish smoking his cigarette.

He decided to make himself breakfast and praying out loud that he doesn’t burn Jerry apartment down in the process.

An hour later, Jerry was riffling around the music store, stocking records and re-alphabetizing them. He was on the N’s when someone from behind him spoke up.

“Hey you!”

The female voice sounded familiar but Jerry couldn’t quite place who it was until he turned around to face them. He sat the box of records on the table.

The slender, long haired woman gave him a kind smile. Her dress was extremely short and Jerry immediately realized who it was.

Anna.

“Uh, hey!” He said back.

“Working?” She asked, leaning back on the opposite table.

“Yeah,” he replied as he let out a breathy laugh.

She nodded and watched him closely. He felt a little uncomfortable under her gaze as he stood there.

“Did you need any help?” He found himself asking.

She shook her head, “No...actually just wanted to see if you were working today.”

Jerry raised his eyebrows. What did that mean?

“I wanted to ask if you wanted to join me for lunch?”

He wasn’t sure where she was coming with this. He thought Layne scared her off that night in the club.

“Oh,” Jerry stuttered. “I’m...working.”

She laughed and pushed the hair away from her face.

“When do you have a lunch break? I can always come back...”

“Uhm,” Jerry started sweating a little. “I have a boyfriend...”

Anna shrugged, “Oh! That...uh...stripper!”

She clapped and laughed as she stood in place. Jerry let out a fake laugh.

“What’s his name again?”

“Layne,” he responded.

“Yeah! He’s very talented,” she gave him a small smirk.

Jerry shifted in his place, growing more uncomfortable with her actions.

“Yeah,” he agreed. “So, I probably shouldn’t, uh, have lunch...with you...”

“Oh, well that’s okay,” she looked defeated as gave a kind smile instead. “It was nice to see you anyways.”

Jerry nodded, “You, too.”

Anna leaned back up and waved him goodbye before leaving the store. Jerry watched through the glass as she passed by.

Third time wasn't the charm for her. He continued to work putting everything back in order.

Around 7, Jerry returned home from work. He was extremely tired and worn out, but excited to spend time with Layne tonight. He could hear the shower going in the bathroom as he closed the door behind him.

He peaked his head inside, “I’m home, babe!”

“Hi! I’m almost done,” Layne told him.

Jerry closed the door back into place and set his things down. He quickly changed clothes and smoked a cigarette as Layne came out of the bathroom.

“Do I have time to dry my hair?” Layne asked, drying his hair with a towel in his boxers.

Jerry nodded, “Yeah, babe. Take your time.”

Layne smiled and kissed him.

“How was your day?”

“Weird,” Jerry said with a grossed out face. It made Layne laugh.

“Why? What happened?”

He continued drying his hair with the towel and waiting for Jerry to tell him about his day.

“You remember that chick in the club? Uh, the night you did the bachelorette party? The sister of the bride who came up and talked to me?”

Layne thought for a second before he nodded, stealing Jerry's cigarette to smoke for a second.

"Yeah...?"

"She came back into the store today and asked to go to lunch with me," Jerry shook his head.

"What?" Layne asked, half in disbelief and half amazed. Somewhere between the two, he was kinda proud that people were attracted to his boyfriend. But, that doesn't stop jealously and Jerry knows the extent of Layne's jealous wrath.

"Yeah, it was weird..."

Layne handed back his cigarette and stopped drying his hair. He leaned into Jerry's legs, fitting himself perfectly between his thigh as Jerry sat on the counter.

"I told you, you're sexy," Layne mumbled, kissing at Jerry's jawline. Jerry let out a breathy laugh and held Layne's hips in his hands.

"Yeah, yeah, yeah," Jerry sighed.

Layne kissed him one good time on the lips and playfully smacked his thighs, "Too bad that you're kinda gay."

He shrugged in a mocking way. Fuck that chick.

Jerry smirked, "Sucks."

"What a loss for women everywhere," Layne said darkly.

"I know," Jerry rolled his eyes dramatically.

"I'm gonna finish getting ready," Layne told him. Pulling away and getting dressed. He slipped into a black t-shirt and a pair of Jerry's jeans. He found one of Jerry's flannel shirts and pulled it over the t-shirt, unbuttoned.

He went to finish his hair, blow drying it until the dampness was gone and brushing his teeth.

He stepped out and showed Jerry the final look.

"Do I look okay?" He asked, his arms out and spinning in place. Jerry jumped off the counter and hugged him closely.

"You always look perfect," he replied, kissing Layne's brown hair and inhaling his scent.

"Ready?" He asked, holding Layne's hand as he went for the door.

Layne nodded and followed him out to the car.

"What are the plans?" Layne asked once they were in the car, he rolled the window down slightly and lit a cigarette.

“Uh, just out and about, I guess,” Jerry lied as he started the car. “We gotta pick up your Oreos and lube.”

Layne giggled from the passenger seat.

Promises Made

Jerry pulled into the parking lot of the grocery store. He turned off the car and looked over at Layne.

He was sitting there, legs crossed with his hand in Jerry's. The other held a cigarette between his thick lips. Smoke slowly seeped out of the crack in the window and out of the corners of Layne's mouth.

"Ready?" Jerry asked, letting go of Layne's hand to unbuckle his seatbelt and get out.

Layne followed suit and closed the door behind him. He walked, connecting his hand with Jerry's once again as they strolled to the door.

He flicked the cigarette off to the side as they reached the automatic doors.

Jerry followed Layne around to the personal hygiene section. He scanned the wall of products with a laugh.

"The fuck does a grocery store sell lube for?"

Layne shrugged, laughing as he bent down and picked up a bottle.

"I guess people always need it in a hurry," he giggled. He passed it to Jerry but Jerry shook his head.

"No, I'm carrying your Oreos," Jerry replied.

Layne rolled his eyes and followed Jerry to the snack aisle. Jerry picked up two cases of Oreos, knowing how fast Layne tore through the last one. They walked to the register to pay and get out.

Jerry was itching to see Layne's reaction to his surprise.

The clerk behind the counter gave Jerry a look as Layne sat the bottle of lube down on the conveyer belt. Jerry chuckled awkwardly as Layne gave her a big smile.

"Is that going to be all for you?" She asked, eyeing Layne as he walked around to pick up the bag.

"Yeah," Jerry nodded, handing her some cash.

He tilted back and forth on the balls of his feet, feeling uncomfortable and out of place. He felt silly buying lube and Oreos together.

Layne picked up the bag, "Can I have a pack of Marlboros, please?"

She sighed, turning around and opening the case of cigarettes. Jerry handed her a few more bucks for them. She printed Jerry's receipt and handed it to him.

"Thank you," he said as he took the pack of cigarettes from her.

Layne could barely contain his laughter as they got outside.

"That was humiliating!" Jerry said, astonished at himself.

Layne giggled harder, swaying the bag back and forth beside him. He bumped Jerry's hip with his.

"You lived," he commented as they got back into the car. Layne put the bag in the backseat and Jerry started the car.

"Here," Jerry said, handing the pack of cigarettes to Layne as he pulled out of the parking lot.

"Where are we going now?" Layne asked as he noticed Jerry was driving further into the downtown section.

"Just driving around," Jerry shrugged. He tried to remember what Sean's car looked like to avoid parking near him and alerting Layne to his scheme.

Layne looked over to Jerry, squeezing his hand and leaning in. He kissed at Jerry neck gently, teasing the driver a little when he didn't get the answer he was looking for.

Jerry shook his head, adjusting himself in the seat.

"You better quit," he chuckled, feeling Layne kiss at jaw.

"Why?" Layne whispered, his lips against the shell of Jerry's ear.

"Because..."

Jerry couldn't come up with an excuse that didn't let Layne in on the surprise.

"I'm driving," he finished.

"So? You've never heard of road head before?" Layne quipped.

"I have...but...we should wait," Jerry replied. Layne leaned back to his own seat, pouting playfully.

"Hm," Layne huffed, faking anger.

"I'll make it up to you," Jerry promised, glancing over to Layne with a smile.

"You better," Layne giggled.

The further they drove, the more Layne became nervous. He didn't know where Jerry was going and asking him was apparently moot. He wasn't buying the 'driving around' excuse he

was given. Something was up and the more Layne tried to think of why, the more he became uneasy.

Jerry saw the sign for The Hive and pulled into the parking lot. Layne was looking confused as he parked and turned the car off.

“The Hive?” Layne questioned, looking out of the window.

“Come on,” Jerry said, giving him a calming smile.

They got out and walked to the big doors. When Jerry pulled them open, they saw Starr and Sean sitting in the waiting area.

“What?” Layne asked as Starr stood up and gave him a tight hug.

“This was Jerry’s idea,” Starr told him, kissing the side of Layne’s face as he pulled away. Sean leaned in next to give Layne a hug.

Eating dinner with his best friends wasn’t on Layne’s mind. He continuously thought that Jerry was driving him to rehab, or worse, an intervention.

Now that he knew what was happening, he allowed himself to calm down as he hugged Sean back.

“Uh, booth for four, please,” Jerry told the Maître d behind a podium.

He nodded and gathered four menus.

“Follow me, please.”

The four of them followed the Maître d to a booth in the corner of the huge, high-end restaurant. Jerry wondered why and how Sean knew such a nice place.

Layne scooted into the booth first, followed by Jerry on the outside. Starr sat across from Layne and Sean in front of Jerry. The Maître d sat the menus in front of them, passing out silverware that looked expensive.

“We do not belong here,” Layne giggled after the Maître d walked away.

“No shit,” Starr laughed, pulling his silverware out of the black napkin. “Think we could steal these?”

Layne nodded, playfully joking as Sean smiled, shaking his head a little at his boyfriends antics.

“Do you see something you’d like?” Jerry asked, knocking shoulders with Layne.

“Um,” Layne scanned the small menu for something he would consider eating. “The parmesan risotto with roasted shrimp sounds really good.”

Jerry nodded, "It does."

He could feel his stomach rumble in hunger.

A waitress in an all black uniform approached their booth, she flashed a smile and introduced herself.

"I'm Megan, I'll be your waitress for tonight. Do you all know what you'd like to have or do you need a few minutes?" She asked politely.

Sean looked over to Starr to see if he needed more time.

"We know what we want," Starr told her.

She whipped out a piece of paper and pen to get their drink and food orders.

Sean ordered a beer with stuffed eggplant parm. Layne ordered the parmesan risotto with roasted shrimp and a lemon drop martini. Starr ordered smoked salmon with capers and lemon and a water.

"I'll have what he's having and a beer," Jerry told her, pointing at Layne with his thumb.

She nodded, "I'll be right back with your drinks."

"How the fuck did you know about this place?" Layne asked Jerry, hold their hands interlocked on the table.

Jerry pointed at Sean, "He told me about it."

Sean nodded, "I ate here once with my parents a month or so ago. It's so good. You'll come in your pants."

Layne laughed, "I sure hope so. It looks really expensive. They don't even have prices on the menu!"

"That doesn't matter," Jerry told him, squeezing his hand.

"What's all this for? You shipping me away to China after this?" Layne questioned, halfway laughing.

"No," Jerry giggled.

"We wanted to celebrate how well you're doing with sobriety," Starr told him.

Layne felt his chest heave.

No one has ever been so proud of him like his friends and Jerry were. He felt so content with life at this point, he wonders why the fuck he even picked up a loaded needle in the first place. He didn't know happiness was achievable or even in his grasp.

And to think, it's all because Jerry introduced himself on a off-hand night after his show.

He didn't know it would lead him here; celebrating quitting heroin once and for all and in a nice upscale restaurant to say the least.

"Thank you guys," Layne said quietly, feeling overwhelmed.

"Of course," Jerry replied.

He found himself leaning over to kiss Layne gently. Never did he think he would kiss a man so openly in public. The weight of the world came off of Jerry's shoulders every time he kissed Layne. It felt right and it felt right that Layne should feel loved outside of their apartment as well. Fuck anyone who wants to approach them to say something.

He was damn well going to kiss his boyfriend in public.

Megan returned with their drinks and passed them out to the respective owners.

"You're doing well, too, Starr," Layne said, taking a sip of his martini.

Starr nodded, "I know. I haven't touched anything since..."

Layne nodded and reached over. He rubbed Starr's free hand and gave him a smile.

"We're proud of you, too," Jerry told him with a kind smile. "This is for you, too."

Sean smiled at Jerry a little before pulling Starr close into his side and kissing his head.

"Thanks," Starr smiled. He took a sip of water and put it beside the wall.

"So get this," Layne started. "We visited mom and dad."

Starr's eyes widened. Layne had mentioned off-handedly that he was going up to see them, but he didn't think Layne would follow through. There's so much baggage to unpack between Layne and his parents.

"How did it go?" Sean asked, sliding his beer between his hands.

"Good. Surprisingly great. We stayed for dinner and Jerry got to meet them," Layne nodded.

"I didn't know how much of it was put-on because they had a guest or...if they were just genuinely happy to see me again."

Jerry didn't know that Layne thought it was a possibility. He seemed very happy to have seen them that Jerry thought Layne was content with the exchange.

"But then again...I did lie about stuff," Layne shrugged a little.

"About what?" Starr questioned.

"My job. I implied that I didn't strip anymore and I work with Jerry and that's how we met," Layne laughed a little. "So maybe their happiness was based off my little white lie."

“Either way, you got to see them. And they got to see how well you’re doing,” Sean told him. “It doesn’t matter that you still strip, Layne. You’re getting off of heroin and turning your life around. Fuck them if they feel happy only because you’re not doing what they didn’t want you to.”

Layne nodded, “Yeah. I was happy to see them, don’t get me wrong.”

“No, I know,” Sean replied.

“It was nice,” Jerry added. “I got to see all of Layne’s childhood shit.”

Layne rolled his eyes, “He saw a picture of me from when I was 16 and laughed for almost half an hour over it.”

Starr and Sean laughed.

“It was a cute picture,” Jerry shrugged, dismissing Layne’s playful eye roll.

Megan returned with a big tray filled with their plates. She passed them out and took Layne’s empty martini glass and Sean’s empty beer bottle with her.

“Fuck! This is good,” Starr said loudly. Some other people quietly enjoying their food glanced over to the booth of young, underdressed men.

“You’re right, Sean,” Layne said. “I am going to come in my pants.”

Sean laughed as he took a bite of his own food.

They ate, casually talking about music until Starr finally spoke up.

“Uh...I chose a place in Arizona,” he said out loud.

“For?” Layne questioned.

“Rehab. They have a good rehab center down there that deals specifically with heroin...and I’m going next week,” he informed Jerry and Layne.

Layne looked hurt for a split second, before giving Starr an encouraging smile.

“That’s so great, babe!” Layne told him, leaning in over the table and hugging Starr.

Starr hugged him back before Layne sat back down.

“I wasn’t sure when I was going to tell everyone. I know everyone at work is going to think I disappeared, but I told the manager what was going on. She said she was happy and she’ll miss me. I made her promise not to say anything,” Starr told them.

Layne nodded, “I’m proud of you.”

“You’ll do great, man,” Jerry nodded.

Sean gave Layne a small smile. Layne noticed how it faded and he stared down at his food without a word.

“What are you going to do, Sean?” Layne asked, poking at his food and feeling sad.

“Uh, work,” Sean laughed. “I can’t go with him, so.”

Layne nodded solemnly. He knew that Starr and Sean have never been apart since they started dating two years ago. The only downside to Starr choosing a rehab so far away would be that Sean can’t visit him whenever he wants.

“But I’m gonna visit while he’s there. The money you guys raised was more than enough for that center, so I’m gonna use some of the extra money for plane tickets,” Sean told them.

“That’s a good idea,” Layne nodded. “Let me know if you need something extra. I’m more than willing to help.”

“Thanks,” Sean smiled and continued eating.

Megan brought Sean’s and Layne’s drinks back to them, refilled and ready to be drank.

Layne sipped on his martini, slowly eating his food. It was the best food he’s had in a very long time.

After an hour, they had finished their meals and drinks. Sean and Jerry paid for them and their boyfriends meals and headed out to the parking lot.

“Layne,” Sean whispered, pulling Layne back to him and out of earshot of Starr.

“Yeah?” Layne asked, turning to face Sean.

“Um...before Starr goes to rehab...I’m gonna ask him to marry me,” Sean told him.

Layne’s smile grew big. He tried to keep himself from drawing attention to them as they stood there. He wanted to scream and bounce off of the walls with joy.

“You serious?” Layne whispered loudly, squeezing Sean’s arms.

“Deadly,” Sean laughed. “I already have a ring picked out. I have to go get it this weekend.”

“Shit!” Layne squealed quietly.

“So, don’t let him know. Okay?”

“Just between us!” Layne nodded quickly.

Sean nodded and Layne hugged him tightly.

“I love you guys,” Layne told him as they caught up with Jerry and Starr. They were standing against big columns outside and smoking cigarettes.

“Ready?” Jerry asked, taking Layne’s hand in his and putting his cigarette out under his foot. Layne kissed him and nodded.

Starr and Sean hugged them and said their goodbyes.

“I’ll talk to you soon, Laineee!” Starr called over his shoulder as Sean pulled him to the car. Layne gave him one last wave before pulling Jerry to the car, halfway running.

“Woah, woah! What’s going on?” Jerry asked, laughing as they got into the car.

“Sean’s gonna propose to Starr!”

Jerry’s mouth fell open and he smiled, “Really?”

Layne nodded, feeling excited and slightly emotional.

“Yes!”

Jerry laughed, “That’s great. They are really good together.”

He observed their relationship everytime they hung out together. The way they casually played off of each other, the smiles. Happiness exuded off of them when they were together.

Jerry found himself wanting the same with Layne.

He was completely and madly in love. Layne was, too. He hopes others see that and makes them jealous as well.

Jerry started the car and pulled out, heading the way back to the apartment.

“Thank you for that,” Layne told him, squeezing his hand that he was holding between his knees.

“Anything for you. I’m proud of you and I want you to feel proud of yourself, too. You deserve to be happy and not depend on anything to give you that happiness. I want you clear and happy all of the time. You give me hope and make me the most proud boyfriend on the planet,” Jerry told him softly.

Layne closed his eyes. He didn’t want to ruin the night by crying over how Jerry was the nicest person to him. But Jerry was right, he deserves happiness and clarity for life and getting himself off of drugs was the best shot he could take. He knew the cost and he’s willing to go the distance.

“I believe you promised me something,” Layne smirked.

“Oh! That’s the other half of your surprise I believe...?”

“Mmm, it could be,” Layne nodded, leaning over the console and kissing Jerry’s neck gently.

Promises Kept

Layne slowly licked at Jerry's neck, sucking a small bruise on the skin there. Jerry breathed in sharply, groaning at the feeling. Layne smirked and leaned over more, his hand sliding down Jerry's chest.

Jerry didn't want to stop him now; there's no reason to. Layne's hand slid down to Jerry's jean button. He popped it open without much resistance, earning a low moan from Jerry as he kissed up to his ear.

"I want you," Layne told him, whispering hotly into his ear.

"You have me," Jerry mumbled, feeling Layne playing with his zipper.

Layne kissed back down to Jerry's neck, licking and sucking another hickey.

Jerry didn't mind, who cares?

Layne unzipped his pants, palming Jerry's length in slow motions. Jerry was breathing harder and harder from above him.

Layne unbuckled his seatbelt with his free hand and leaned down to Jerry's lap. He freed Jerry's dick and slowly pumped it in his hand.

"Fuck," Jerry moaned above him, his knuckles turning white as held onto the steering wheel.

"Mmm," Layne hummed, licking playfully. It took everything in Jerry to not buck up into Layne's mouth. He didn't want to wreck, but he was also craving more.

"Layne," he breathed out harshly, taking one hand off of the wheel to curl his fingers in Layne's long hair. Layne hummed in response, still lapping at Jerry's dick in a teasing action.

"Fuck...quit teasing," Jerry halfway chuckled before sucking in a deep breath as Layne sucked him down. He could feel himself hit the back of Layne's throat.

He let out a groan and tried to concentrate on the road, slightly pulling Layne's hair. Layne lifted up, jerking him off slowly as he drug his tongue around Jerry's head.

Jerry's head hit the back of seat, moaning loudly as Layne began sucking him faster, his hand following each motion after his mouth. He pushed Layne's head gently back down when he reached the top. Layne readily agreed, sucking Jerry back down his throat, moaning around it.

He worked his mouth expertly over Jerry, causing the older to moan louder and louder.

Layne pulled off, still stroking as he asked, "Wanna wait until we get home?"

Jerry caught a glimpse of Layne's smirking lips as they passed under a streetlamp. He groaned at the sight, Layne still working his palm slowly as he waited for an answer.

"Fuck no," Jerry eventually huffed, out of breath and turned on. "When we get home...that's round two."

Layne seemed to like the idea a lot more coming from Jerry, taking Jerry back down and working his mouth over Jerry faster.

He could make out Jerry's voice—he was moaning out obscenities above him. He focused on the way Jerry moaned for him, turning him on more and more the longer he drew it out.

In a bold move, Layne blindly snaked his hand up Jerry's chest, finding his throat and holding onto it. He squeezed the sides of Jerry's throat, making Jerry close his eyes in pleasure for a second.

Layne pumped him faster, sucking harder on his head. He let go of Jerry's throat, still holding him however.

"Fuck, Layne," Jerry groaned loudly into the car. "I'm gonna come. I'm—"

Layne cut him off by pulling up and stroking him faster, he kissed Jerry's jaw and locked at his lips. Jerry could taste himself on Layne's lips, making him groan.

Layne returned to finish what he started, going harder and faster, determined to make Jerry finish. Jerry's hips stuttered, pushing deeper into Layne's mouth.

Layne could feel Jerry's short, curly hair brush up around his mouth before continuing.

Jerry gripped Layne hair tighter, making Layne moan out. The vibrations making Jerry practically scream from above him.

"Fuck!"

Jerry came down Layne's throat harshly; Layne drank and licked it all up, still slowly stroking Jerry through his orgasm.

Finally, he pulled up and gave Jerry a smirk.

"Round two?" He was breathing hard from lack of oxygen and how turned on he was. He decided to wait until they got home and let Jerry handle him the way he wanted to.

"No doubt," Jerry said, breathing deeply and laughing a little. He's never done that before.

"Good," Layne commented, fixing Jerry's pants and zipping them back up for him.

A few minutes later, Jerry pulled up in front of his apartment building. Layne grabbed the grocery bag from the backseat and ran to catch up with Jerry, who was already climbing the stairs to his floor.

Jerry unlocked his door and pushed it open.

No sooner had he closed it, Layne began climbing him. Jerry caught him just in time, wrapping Layne's legs around his waist and holding him by his ass. Layne clung onto his back, still holding the grocery bag in one hand.

"Lemme set this down," Layne giggled.

Jerry carried him over to the dinner table. Layne sat the bag down and retrieved the lube.

"Okay," he breathed with a smile. "Now you can fuck me."

"Gladly," Jerry growled, carrying Layne the rest of the way to the bed. He threw Layne off of him, earning a squeak from the slighter smaller man as he hit the mattress.

Jerry pulled his shirt off over his head and watched as Layne leaned up, pulling off his own. With shakey hands, he undone his jeans again, pushing them off and stepping out of them. Layne arched up and quickly disgarded his own jeans.

As soon as Jerry leaned over him, Layne grabbed and held him back his back.

"Eager?" Layne giggled, slightly scratching at the flesh there.

"Very," Jerry growled in response. They got up further in the bed and Layne laid his head against the pillow.

Jerry sucked his teeth, "That won't do...for now."

He roughly flipped Layne over on his stomach. Layne was breathing hard in anticipation, feeling himself already hard and leaking at the thought.

Jerry sat up and pulled Layne's boxers off. Layne lifted each leg to help and Jerry tossed them in the floor.

Layne wasn't sure where the sudden dominance Jerry was finally showing was coming from. He's been itching for good, rough sex lately and it seemed that Jerry was going to answer his prayer. He didn't want Jerry to feel uncomfortable with the thought of being rougher in bed, but it seems he's like this all on his own accord— Layne wasn't going to complain either.

Jerry leaned over Layne's back after taking his own boxers off. He kissed at Layne's shoulder blades before playfully biting him. Layne purred at the sensation, arching against Jerry's chest for more.

"Jerry," he moaned out, feeling Jerry pull him up by his hips.

"Mhm?" Jerry hummed, getting Layne into position on all fours.

"L-lube," Layne breathed out, reaching behind and handing Jerry the lube they got earlier. Jerry took it with a smirk and cracked it open.

He poured a generous amount on his fingers and slowly massaged Layne's entrance. Layne mewled under the touch, arching back more and hitting his forehead against the pillow.

Jerry slowly pushed in two fingers, opening Layne slowly. He wanted to go faster, rougher, but he was going to take his time until he could. He didn't want to hurt Layne.

"More," Layne groaned, gripping the pillow under him.

Jerry obliged, working his slippery fingers in and out faster. Layne groaned again, arching his back. Jerry took in the beautiful sight. Layne's back was beautiful, clear of any blemishes and toned in all the right places from dancing.

"Fuck," Layne moaned slowly. "Jerry-Jerry...fuck...please, fuck me."

Layne was on the verge of his orgasm already. He needed Jerry to get on with it or let him finish by his fingers only.

Jerry retraced his fingers and poured more lube into his hand. He quickly stroked himself, coating his dick in the lube and lining himself up to Layne.

He saw Layne's back brace for then incoming impact and smiled to himself.

He leaned over Layne again, pressing himself into Layne and going as deep as he could. Layne's body shook slowly at the feeling before he breathed out the breath he was holding in.

Jerry stayed still for a minute, letting Layne adjust before he pulled all the way out, feeling Layne's legs tremble. He pushed back in a little more roughly this time, rocking Layne up to the headboard with a groan.

"Goddamn," Jerry cursed, leaning back up and grabbing Layne's hips. Layne arched his back deeper, pushing himself against Jerry when he pulled back.

Layne moaned and grinder up against Jerry's midsection. Jerry smacked his ass and pushed Layne forward roughly.

"Not until I say so," he brated. Layne felt he could've finished on the spot. Jerry's never been so vocally dominate either.

Layne likes this.

Jerry moved Layne back to him in time with his thrusts. He leaned forward, one hand on Layne's hip and one against the headboard. He fucked into Layne roughly, almost hitting Layne's head on the headboard with each thrust. Layne took it all, moaning loudly each time Jerry went deeper.

Jerry could feel Layne's muscles clench and tighten around him, only pulling him in more and eliciting a low growl from Jerry.

"Oh fuck..." Layne cried out loudly, feeling Jerry snake his hand to his throat.

Suddenly, Jerry sat back on his feet, pulling Layne with him to sit on his lap. Layne instinctively ground against Jerry's lap as he took over the role.

Layne, with the help of Jerry's strength, fucked himself down on Jerry's lap, going deeper and deeper with each movement.
He was so close.

Jerry was moaning in his ear and breathing hard, only making matters worse.

Jerry's hand found Layne's throat and held him in place, pushing the back of Layne's head against his shoulder.

"I wanna hear you," Jerry told him.

Layne's eyes rolled back in his head, riding faster and groaning louder. He was inches from release when Jerry squeezed at the sides of his neck.

"F-fuck!" Layne yelled out, feeling Jerry fuck into him from the bottom in time with his movements. Everything was happening so fast that Layne's head was beginning to spin, aching for release as his precum was dripping down in between his thighs.

His stomach and chest were quivering and his legs were slowly giving up on him. Jerry noticed and pulled Layne off of him completely. He pushed Layne onto his back and loomed over his naked body.

Layne wrapped his legs around Jerry's waist again as Jerry pushed back into him. He let out a low moan, feeling Jerry bottom out and hitting the bundle of nerves.

"I wanna see your face when you come," Jerry whispered out harshly, continuing the same relentless pace from before. Layne whimpered out a response, unable to comment at the moment.

Jerry leaned up and flung the hair out of his face. Layne's eyes rolled back again as Jerry hit his spot everytime. Jerry hooked his hands under Layne's knees and pulled them up.

"Oh! Fuck me," Layne groaned, grabbing at Jerry's arms. Jerry leaned over, pressing deeper, if that was even possible. He held his forehead against Layne's and swallowed down his moans in a hot kiss.

"I'm gonna come! Fuck...Jerry, I'm close."

Jerry growled lowly in response.

"Come for me," he whispered, kissing Layne again before leaning up and pushing Layne over the edge.

Layne came fast, white spilling out over his stomach and chest. Jerry continuously fucked him through orgasm, never dropping his pace as he watched Layne's face contort and let out a high pitched moan.

Jerry came deep inside Layne, shallowing thrusting and working out every little bit he had to give. He let go of Layne's knees and they fell, shaking and trembling, to the bed on either side of Jerry's knees.

Jerry leaned in and grabbed Layne's face with his fingers, holding him still as he kissed Layne slowly. He pulled back and retracted himself from Layne. He groaned at the sudden loss of heat and fell to his side of the bed.

They laid there, chests moving rapidly to get air into the lungs.

"Holy shit," Layne managed to whisper out, his eyes closed and feeling his legs still trembling.

Jerry breathed out and smiled to himself.

"I've never been fucked like that...in my life," Layne told him, out of breath.

"I've never fucked like that in my life," Jerry replied.

"You gotta be more...more rougher sometimes," Layne commented, trying to still his legs.

Jerry rolled over and set the bottle of lube on the nightstand. He rolled back and faced Layne.

Layne still has his eyes closed as he lay there. Jerry kissed his shoulder gently.

"I love you," Jerry smiled as Layne opened his eyes to see him. He had, somewhat, blacked out, he'd imagined.

"Fuck...I love you, too," Layne giggled lowly. He reached and held Jerry's face in his hand. He kissed him gently, a stark contrast to their prior actions only moments before.

Help Wanted

Jerry woke up slowly, blinking his eyes in the light from the kitchen. He could feel Layne's naked body sticking against his under the covers.

Not longer after they had sex, did they fall asleep. It took everything out of Jerry, making him tired and sleepy. He hasn't had an orgasm twice in one day since he was a teenager.

He ran his hand over Layne's chest and stomach gently. Jerry could hear Layne humming softly at the touch.

Jerry watched as Layne's eyes fluttered open slow, slightly moving to face Jerry under the covers.

"Good morning," Jerry smiled softly. Layne leaned in and kissed him.

"Morning," Layne giggled, lightly running his fingers over Jerry's chest. He could feel the muscles quiver under his fingers as Jerry shook off a cold chill.

Layne slotted their legs together under the covers, getting closer to Jerry and running his free hand through Jerry's hair.

"Mmm," Layne hummed as he kissed Jerry deeply.

"What's got you so turned on lately?" Jerry chuckled, grinning as Layne kissed at his neck.

"I don't know," Layne rolled his eyes. "Do i need a reason to fuck my boyfriend?"

"No," Jerry's replied, pulling Layne in close to him and softly palmed his dick under the covers.

Layne moaned with a smile, arching into Jerry's touch.

Jerry worked his hand a little faster, Layne's moans becoming mildly louder. He swallowed his moan with a kiss, making Layne hum.

Layne held the back of Jerry's head and kissed him harder. He snaked his hand down Jerry's stomach to his hardness. He stroked Jerry's dick expertly, moving his hand over the head slowly everytime he reached the top.

"Fuck..." Jerry whispered.

Layne moved his hips closer, thrusting against Jerry's thigh and hand, legs shaking gently.

Jerry couldn't see it, but feeling it was hot enough. He jerked Layne off faster, feeling him shake more and more in pleasure.

“Mmm...oh, yes!” Layne practically squealed out, groaning lowly as he arched into Jerry's hand faster.

Jerry let out a growl as Layne kissed at his chest, sucking lightly and biting gently. He pulled Layne back by his hair, kissing his lips hotly.

“Fuck, Layne,” Jerry groaned against his lips, his orgasm hitting him suddenly as he stuttered into Layne's hand.

His hand on Layne faltered for a few seconds, coming down off of his own high riding wave. Once he was milked, completely spent and breathing hard, he stroked Layne faster.

Layne arched into the touch with every movement, grinding against Jerry's thigh in time with his hand. He moaned deliciously as he came hard against Jerry's midsection.

They pulled apart from each other. Layne moaned as Jerry pulled his hand off of him and giggled.

“Fuck,” he laughed a little. “I need to wash the sheets.”

Layne pushed the covers off of them, getting up, “I'll wash them while you're at work, babe.”

“Thank you,” Jerry replied, stretching and watching Layne pull on a pair of boxers and lighting a cigarette.

Jerry pushed the rest of the covers off of him and got up. He was dreading work today. If Marko left the store in the condition he did last time, Jerry is going to have a lot of work to do.

“What time are you going in tonight?” Jerry asked, getting dressed to go to work.

“9,” Layne replied, pulling the covers off of the bed and balling them up. He opened the bedside drawer and tossed the bottle lube inside, closing it.

“I get off at 9...I'll come see you and take you home,” Jerry told him. He lit a cigarette and it hung onto his bitten lips. He watched as Layne took the covers and stuffed them into a laundry basket.

“Do you have any dirty clothes you want me to wash while I'm at it?” Layne asked, picking the basket up and setting it on the bed.

“Uh, anything in floor probably,” Jerry laughed at all the disgaured clothes on the floor of his bedroom. Layne began picking them all up and tossing them in the basket.

“Do you remember the code, babe?”

“Um, no,” Layne smiled. Jerry pointed to the piec of paper beside the door.

“I wrote it down.”

Layne nodded and kissed Jerry, "Sure you can't just stay home?"

Jerry smiled, pulling the cigarette from between his lips, "I'm sorry, baby. I gotta work."

Layne rolled his eyes playfully and played with Jerry's hair that fell on his shoulder.

"Mmmkay," he smiled.

Jerry glanced at the clock and sighed, "I gotta go. How are you getting to work?"

"I'm gonna call Sean for a ride. Too rainy to walk," Layne replied, taking the cigarette from Jerry's fingers and smoking the rest of it. Jerry gathered his things to leave and blew Layne a kiss.

"What're you...gay?" Layne quipped with a laugh. Jerry rolled his eyes.

"You're the one who gets fucked..."

"You're the one fucking...so," Layne shrugged.

Either way, he pulled Jerry in for a kiss before he left, closing the door behind him.

Layne started the coffee pot, aching for caffeine and tossing Jerry's left over cigarette out of the window. He could hear Jerry's car start from down below the building and sighed to himself.

He wasn't sure what's gotten into him.

He's gonna chalk it up to Sean asking Starr to marry him. There's always something about weddings that make people horny...right?

If he stays with Jerry, will Jerry ask to marry him?

He grew hot at the thought. He wants that.

Layne pulled a shirt on and picked up the laundry basket. He set it on his hip as he grabbed the piece of paper with the code on it and headed down to the basement of the building.

He put the code in and stepped inside. There was an older man and woman in there pulling their laundry out of the dryer. Layne gave them a polite smile as he chose a washing machine. He set the basket down at his feet and opened the door, stuffing Jerry's bed clothes inside. He closed the glass door and pressed a few buttons, making the machine turn on and him lowly as the sheets flipped around inside.

He took the next machine and stuffed Jerry's dirty clothes inside, repeating the process.

After he picked the basket back up, he noticed the woman was staring at him from the other side of the room. He nodded at her with a smile and decided to leave.

He checked the machines once over to make sure they were correct and left.

Back at the apartment, he set the paper down and went to the bathroom. He's in desperate need of a shower after last night and this morning.

He pulled his shirt off at the mirror and saw a big hickey on the base of his neck. That must be why the lady was staring so hard at him in the laundry room. He gave himself a light laugh and turned the shower on.

Jerry parked and got out. The first thing he noticed was a sign on the front door asking for help. He opened the door and caught Marko going towards the back.

"Hey!" He called after him, setting his stuff down behind the counter and jogging to meet him.

"Hey," Marko nodded as he opened the work fridge, setting something inside and closing the door. He turned to Jerry, who was standing in the doorway.

"What's with the sign?"

"Oh, Nick quit. We are needing someone to fill his position," Marko explained, walking past Jerry and going up front. He sat down at the register as a couple of kids decided to check out. Jerry got behind the counter and sat down on another stool. He waited until Marko was done checking the kids out to continue the conversation.

"Why did Nick quit?"

"Uhhh, something about moving to Cali. I don't fuckin' know," Marko laughed as he shook his head.

"Has anyone came in and applied?"

"Uh, one. Some chick," Marko nodded.

"What if I have someone in mind who needs a job?" Jerry asked.

"I guess get them down here sometime this week," Marko shrugged.

Jerry nodded and got up. He decided to go to the back room where there was a ton of new records to sit out.

Layne finished his shower and pulled his shorts back on. He smoked a cigarette as he called Sean.

"Hello?" Sean's voice came through the phone. Layne could hear that he was washing dishes in their kitchen.

"Hey," Layne replied, taking a big inhale of smoke and blowing it out. "Are you busy tonight?"

"Uh, no. Just hanging at home. Why? Do you need something?"

“A ride to work, possibly?”

“Jerry can’t take you?” Sean laughed.

“No, he’s working until my time to go,” Layne answered.

“Sure. What time do I need to be there?”

“Uh, around 8:30 probably,” Layne told him.

“No problem,” Sean said, plates clinking in the back ground.

“Are you alone?” Layne asked, raising his eyebrows.

“Yeah, Starr’s sleeping,” Sean peaked around the counter towards the bedroom to double check. “Long night.”

“Tell me about it,” Layne giggled, thinking about his own night. “When are popping the question?”

“Probably friday night,” Sean answered, his voice in a whisper.

“We should have a double date night again. Maybe a party over yours...and you can do it with support there...if you want...?”

Sean smiled, “I was going to ask you guys to be here anyways, dumbass.”

Layne smiled to himself, “When are you getting the ring?”

“Shit...”

“What?”

“I need to pick it up today, actually. I wasn’t supposed to get it until tomorrow, but I can’t,” Sean told him.

“Well! Come and get me early! I wanna see it!”

“Alright then. I’ll be over later,” Sean told him.

“Okay, bye!”

Layne hung up and felt his heart beating fast. Starr would be an engaged man. But then, next week he’s off to rehab, and that won’t be easy. Layne can’t imagine leaving Jerry after he’s proposed to him.

His heart hurt in thought.

Jerry cleaned the front windows of the store as a pretty woman walked in and stood at the counter.

“Can I help you?” He asked, going to the counter and setting his cleaning supplies down.

“Are you guys looking for help?”

Jerry nodded, “Yes, ma’am. Do you wanna apply?”

“Sure!” She gave him a smile and Marko came up from the back.

Jerry slipped her a form that he guessed Marko printed out. She leaned over the counter and Jerry gave her a pen.

While she filled it out, Marko pulled Jerry to the side.

“Fuck, bro. She’s hot. I gotta give her the job!”

Jerry gave him a weird look and shook his head, “Don’t hire her just because she’s hot, fuckhead.”

“Why not?”

“That’s incredibly sexist,” Jerry sighed.

“It would be sexist to NOT employ her,” Marko retorted.

“You’re doing it for the wrong reasons. She might not know dick about music. We need someone capable.”

Marko groaned and rolled his eyes.

“Look, I have someone who is smart and could handle this job in mind. Don’t hire anyone until you at least meet him,” Jerry warned.

“Fine.”

“Thank you,” Jerry smiled and returned to woman. She slid her application back to him and smiled.

“What exactly is the job?”

“Working register and stocking,” Jerry answered. She nodded.

“I’m Carrie,” she said, handing her hand for Jerry to shake.

Jerry shook her hand, “Jerry. And this is Marko. He will look over your application.”

She pulled something out of her purse and slid it across the counter to Jerry.

“Call me...if you need to,” She told him. She leaned back up and waved to Marko.

Jerry watched as she left and began walking down the street.

“What did she give you?” Marko asked.

Jerry shrugged and opened the piece of paper.

“...Her number.”

“Fuck! What do you have that I don’t?” He growled angrily, disappearing towards the back again.

Jerry looked over her resume and application. Her number was already on there. There was no need to give Jerry her number like that.

He shook his head and tossed the tiny paper into the trashcan beside him.

Clean Sheets

Layne went back down to the laundry room to get the sheets and clothes out about an hour later. He stuffed them all into the basket and headed back upstairs.

While he waited for Sean to pick him up, he folded the clothes and put the sheets back on the bed. He got dressed and ready for work while he was at it.

Sean knocked on the door around 7 and Layne let him inside.

“Woah, you been cleaning?” Sean laughed as he shut the door behind himself.

“Yeah,” Layne replied, picking up some stuff to take with him.

Sean and Layne got in the car and Sean drove them to a local jewelry store.

“Are you nervous?” Layne asked, blowing smoke out of his window.

“Yeah...he could say no,” Sean replied.

“Fuck that. He’s not gonna say no. You’re a catch and he loves you,” Layne shook his head, flicking his cigarette out of the crack and rolling the window up.

Sean sighed, “He’s already packing some stuff for next week.”

Layne bit the inside of his cheek, feeling sad about Starr leaving and being so far away.

“It’ll work out...he’s strong and so are you. You’re giving him something to look forward to when he come home.”

Sean nodded, “That’s what I thought, too.”

He parked in the small parking lot and they went inside.

“Uh, I need to pick up a ring. It should be under Kinney,” Sean told the man behind a glass counter. He disappeared into the back room.

Layne looked around the rings, smiling to himself and wondering how Jerry would propose to him when/if the time came.

He wants marriage, kids, a big house.

Layne knew that Jerry loved him, but...he wasn’t sure Jerry’s thoughts on marriage. Or even marrying him.

Jerry was stocking some of the new records when Marko came to the front.

“I’m out,” Marko told him, getting some things behind the counter and pulling a jacket on.

“Alright, man,” Jerry nodded.

Marko left and Jerry was alone to run the store until closing. He wondered what Layne was up to and found his second wind for the night; quickly stocking the rest of the new stuff and putting music videos on the TV to watch as he patiently waited for customers to check out and leave.

“Here you go,” the man at the jewelry store said, handing Sean a box.

Sean opened it slowly and Layne returned to him, peaking over his shoulder to see.

“Oh fuck! It’s beautiful!” Layne cried, taking the small velvet box that Sean passed to him. He looked at it closely.

“Did you engrave it?!”

“Yeah,” Sean smiled.

The inside of the ring spelled out: SK & MS. It made Layne smile, too.

“It’s perfect...he will love it,” Layne told him, bumping their hips together.

“Thanks!” Sean told the man, waving as they left the store.

They got into the car and Sean stuffed the box into the glove compartment.

“Wanna get something to eat before I take you to work?” Sean asked, starting the car and pulling out of the parking lot.

“Mm, yes please!” Layne replied, feeling his stomach growl.

They made plans to meet at Sean’s Friday night, coming up with the excuse for a party so Starr wouldn’t catch on to their scheme. Layne told Sean that Jerry was excited for them, too.

“When is he gonna propose?” Sean asked playfully.

Layne rolled his eyes at the question. They’ve only been together a month. Verses Sean and Starr’s two and a half years, that’s nothing.

“He’s not,” Layne laughed. “We haven’t been together long enough.”

Sean nodded, “No shit. But still, he’s good for you. Whenever he asks, you better say yes.”

Layne smiled, “No. Shit.”

Sean drove them to a McDonalds and pulled into the drive-thru. Layne told Sean what he wanted and placed their order as the car sat idly in front of the speaker.

Jerry began winding things down at the music store. He was sweeping when the same woman, Carrie, from earlier came in.

“Jerry?” She asked, making Jerry look up from the broom.

“Yeah? Need something?”

“Just wanted to know if you’ve had a chance to look over my application...?”

Jerry shook his head, “Uh, no. It’s not my job to hire people. Marko took the applications with him tonight. He’ll look over it and let you know.”

She looked down at her heeled feet and nodded.

“Anything else?” Jerry asked.

“Are you...single by chance? We could grab some dinner,” She asked, smiling at Jerry from the door.

“Uh, I’m...I’m not...single,” Jerry replied, continuing to sweep the floor instead of looking at her.

“Well, we could go for dinner anyways, maybe?”

Jerry almost laughed. What is with women coming in here and coming onto him so brazenly.

“No thank you...I still have to work,” Jerry nodded.

“Maybe, I could give you something to think about...change your mind...for my application,” Carrie said, walking over to Jerry and running her hands seductively over the vinyls as she got closer to him.

Jerry finally looked up at her.

“Marko. You should talk to Marko about that. It’s not my business,” he repeated, feeling a little trapped and nervous.

Carrie stepped closer to him and he stepped back, his back hitting the table behind him.

“But...I like you,” Carrie told him, gently pulling on his jacket and giving him a smile.

Jerry gently pushed up and walked past her. He set the broom against the back wall and got behind the counter, sitting down and sighing. Carrie walked back to the counter, her heels clicking with each step.

“What are you? A fag or something?” She laughed darkly.

Jerry froze up, feeling more angry than nervous now. He thought about Layne and how he wanted to protect him from this kind of bigotry in public while they were out together.

“Actually,” Jerry started. “I am.”

She looked shocked and stuttered, “O-oh, uh.”

“Get the fuck out,” Jerry spit, crossing his arms over his chest.

“I didn’t mean to be rude— I,” Carrie backpedaled.

“I said, get the fuck out. You’re not welcome to work here, so forget Marko choosing you. We don’t want asshole working for us,” Jerry said sternly.

She tilted her head in defeat and turned around, walking out with a huff.

Jerry felt fridged. How dare that fucking bitch to make a comment like that. Even if she didn’t mean it the way she said it, Jerry took offense. Yeah, he had a boyfriend...so fucking what?

He stayed behind the counter the rest of the night, fuming in anger over the exchange he just had.

Layne and Sean ate their food in the parking lot of the club.

“Thanks again for the food,” Layne told him, taking a sip of his Coke.

“No problem,” Sean replied, stuffing his big mouth full of french fries.

Layne burped and crumpled up his plastic paper from his burger. He put his trash in the bag and handed it to Sean as he finished his food off, too.

Sean tossed the trash bag in the backseat floor board and took a few gulps of his drink, sighing after.

“Do you think Starr will come back to work here when he’s back?” Layne asked quietly.

“I doubt it,” Sean shrugged.

“Yeeeah, probably not.”

Layne sighed and hugged Sean goodbye, getting out and closing the car door.

“Thanks for the ride! I’ll see you friday!” Layne told him, leaning into the open window.

“Welcome!”

Layne began walking into the club, his Coke cup in hand. He could hear Sean pull away and some cars coming in.

Jerry closed the store up and drove home. He felt intense after walking through his apartment door.

The first thing he noticed was how clean the apartment was. Layne seemed to have cleaned up a bit and folded Jerry’s laundry. He set the laundry basket on the floor and fell into bed. He breathed in deep, smelling the freshly scented sheets with a smile.

He eventually got up, reminding himself he has to go to the club. He pulled off his nice work clothes and settled for a t-shirt and his good pair of holey jeans. He brushed out his hair and brushed his teeth again, grabbing his keys as he left for the second time.

Layne sat in the dressing room, leaned into the mirror trying to cover up his hickey. Starr's empty station hurt his heart a little bit. When he sees him again and gets confirmation that he's not coming back, Layne decided he would pack up Starr's things and bring them to him.

He finished applying his make up and sat back. His outfit was insanely hot tonight, he was ready; running on adrenaline from this morning still.

He smiled to himself in the mirror, eyes landing on the hickey that has disappeared behind a layer of make up. Jerry was so hot last night, so intense...it turned Layne on all over again.

After reaching the club, Jerry pushed his way through the crowd to the bar. He ordered a beer and opened it, turning to watch whoever was on stage. He wondered when Layne's set would be tonight as he took a few sips.

Ten minutes later, a sexy slow came came through the speakers on the walls. The lights turned down low and a purple hue light shown down on the stage. Jerry perked up, noticing the frame of his boyfriend waltz on stage slowly to the beat.

Jerry watched closely as Layne spun around the pole slowly, money raining down on him from the big crowd of people below him. Layne's outfit was a policeman uniform, short shorts and big, black leather boots that went to his thighs.

The sight alone made Jerry squirm in his seat.

Layne dropped to the ground, running his hands up his thighs seductively, earning a loud cheer from the wasted men in the crowd.

Jerry didn't feel angry, or even jealous. He knew that HE was the one bringing Layne home tonight and every night. They could only dream, whereas Jerry had the reality.

Layne turned around on the balls of his feet and thrust himself upward, rubbing his midsection up the pole. Layne climbed up and began doing his pole routine.

Jerry watched closely, always entranced by Layne's seductive actions. He'd ask Layne for a strip tease one night, he thought.

Layne began unbuttoning the bottoms on his police uniform, swaying his hips and flirting with the clients. He pulled off the top and it fell to the ground. Layne dropped down, near into a split and rolled around, touching himself seductively.

Jerry wanted to sprint to the stage.

Layne finished his set as the song ended and raked in his money, going to the back.

Jerry waited patiently, sipping his beer and watching the next couple of dancers halfway interested. He smiled to himself, thinking he got the best one of the bunch.

Layne was perfect.

Layne got undressed and slipped back into his normal clothes. He sat down at his station and wiped off the make up covering his hickey.

He grabbed a money bag and stuffed all his dollars inside, ready to leave and hoping Jerry was already here so they could leave.

Jerry spotted Layne coming up to the bar and gave him a sly smile.

“Hey there sexy,” Layne smirked as he got close. “Do you come here often?”

Jerry giggled, sitting his almost empty bottle of beer on the bar, “Mmm maybe.”

“See something you like?” Layne asked seductively, playing with the strands of Jerry’s hair at his chest.

“Mm, I see something I definitely want,” Jerry replied. “You wanna get outta here?”

“Yes, I do. But where should we go?” Layne asked, faking a hot pout.

“I have an apartment...big bed...”

Layne bit his lip, enjoying whatever roleplay they are carrying on.

“Oh, you gotta big bed? Plenty of room,” Layne replied, running one finger down Jerry’s chest and stopping at his jeans.

Jerry wanted Layne to touch him badly.

“Plenty of room,” Jerry repeated, halfway growling as he was getting more and more aroused.

“Let’s get out of here then,” Layne whispered hotly into Jerry’s ear, licking gently.

Jerry all but came in his pants.

Layne grabbed his hand and pulled him towards the doors.

Not Yet, Baby

Layne hands searched all over Jerry's stomach and chest, kissing hotly over his neck, as Jerry stumbled to get the key into the lock of his apartment.

Once he unlocked it, Layne slammed the door behind them, pushing Jerry inside.

"Nice place," Layne said, voice barely above a whisper as they stumbled into the kitchen. "You live alone?"

Jerry smirked, "Mm, yeah."

Jerry turned around in Layne's arms and held his face, attacking him with wet kisses. Layne leaned them down on the floor of the kitchen. Jerry finally laid on his back, the cold floor making him shiver a little as Layne straddled his hips.

"Such a shame...hot guy like you being all alone," Layne said, leaning over Jerry's body. "I'll keep you company."

Jerry nearly growled out as Layne pushed up his shirt roughly. Layne placed slow kisses over Jerry's chest, playfully licking at a nipple before going lower. He sucked and kissed his way to Jerry's jeans, the soft hair there tickling his mouth.

He could hear Jerry breathing heavy above him, his legs stuttering in place under him.

Jerry grabbed Layne's hips, grinding him against himself through their jeans. It's not gonna be enough.

"Fuck..." Jerry breathed out harshly. "Layne..."

Layne smirked and leaned up, unbuttoning Jerry's jeans. He watched as Jerry squeezed his eyes tightly. He could feel Jerry's long length already hard under his.

"Shhh," Layne whispered, pushing Jerry's jeans off of his hips. Jerry leaned his bottom half up to help Layne pull them down to his ankles.

Jerry was shaking slightly, aching for something.

Layne slowly rubbed Jerry's length through his boxers. Jerry jerked at the touch, mewling out his low moans with his eyes still closed.

"Mmm...you've got quite the dick there, baby," Layne smiled. Jerry opened his eyes to Layne's smirk and leaned up. He jerked off Layne shirt, tossing it into the living room and pulling his face to his.

They made out hotly, Layne still rubbing his hand along his length and swallowing down his hot moans.

“Fuck...I’m gonna come before...” Jerry cried out lowly. The heat between them driving him crazy already.

Layne clicked his teeth, “tsk tsk, not yet, baby.”

Jerry groaned in response.

Layne unbuttoned his jeans and leaned down, kissing Jerry’s stomach and going lower.

Jerry’s head was beginning to spin and he had to hold onto Layne’s bare back for support. Layne pulled his dick out of his boxers, licking softly at his head and making Jerry arch up off the floor.

“Please, Layne...please-please-please,” Jerry begged, inches from an orgasm. Layne sucked in his length in one fluid movement. He could feel Jerry flex in his mouth and tasted the hot precum on his tongue.

“Mmmm,” Layne hummed, shooting vibrations through Jerry’s body.

Jerry moaned loudly, breathing in a sharp breath as Layne pulled off and stroked him a few times. He leaned in and kissed Jerry, pushing his tongue inside for him to taste himself.

Jerry held Layne’s face, his fingers splayed out over his cheeks.

Layne pulled up and stood up. He pulled his jeans completely off his legs and his boxers followed. He stepped out of them and straddled Jerry’s hips again.

“Mind if I fuck you?” Layne said playfully, grinding his length against Jerry’s slowly.

Jerry groaned out his response, already more than halfway to oblivion. He was surprised he could even hear Layne speaking at all.

Layne leaned up and sat back down slowly on Jerry’s length, taking it all down in one movement. He breathed out, hard, and leaned up Jerry’s body.

Jerry pulled his knees up at Layne’s back to support him. Layne pushed back down and sat his palms on Jerry’s chest.

He rode slowly and it was making Jerry shake gently under him. Layne relished in the power, leaning back up, kissing Jerry.

It took a lot of focus to Jerry not to orgasm, he wanted it to last a while...but every little movement Layne made, it inched him closer and closer to release.

“Fuck! Layne...please,” Jerry begged out, gripping his hips tightly. Layne’s bare hip bones were turning white under the grip.

Layne gave him a sweet smile, still going at the same slow pace.

“Please, baby...” Jerry breathed hard. “I want more.”

Layne licked Jerry's lip when he tilted his head back against the floor.

Jerry's had enough.

He roughly flipped them over, landing Layne on his back. Layne wrapped his legs around Jerry waist as Jerry pounded into him. Every thrust Jerry gave made Layne moan out in stutters. It pushed him further and further up the floor until he began holding onto Jerry's hips. He could feel them rocking into him, deep and hard.

"Oh fuck!" Layne moaned, feeling Jerry's hair brush against his chest as they moved. He locked his feet together behind Jerry's back.

"Mmm," Jerry hummed, leaning down to kiss at Layne's neck. He could feel Layne tighten around him, making him groan hotly into Layne's ear.

"Fuck...I'm so close," Jerry groaned out, leaning back up and placing his hands at either side of Layne's head. His pace wouldn't let up, however. Layne was a mumbling moans underneath him, his nails digging into his hips.

"Don't fucking stop," Layne whispered, hitting his head against the floor and arching up to meet Jerry's chest.

Jerry hit his prostate, making Layne moan loudly into the space between them.

"There! Fucking God, don't stop-don't stop," Layne told him.

Jerry fucked into him, hitting his sweet spot over and over. Layne was shaking hard, so close and almost blacking out again.

He didn't however, as Jerry leaned down and kissed him gently. The kiss was a stark contrast to Jerry pounding harder into him and it made Layne's head hurt.

Jerry stroked Layne off in between them, feeling Layne arch into his hand and squirming for release.

"Please," Layne begged barely above a whisper, ready to come already. Jerry sped up, pushing Layne up more because Layne wasn't ready for it. He squealed loudly as he came on his chest and on Jerry's hand.

Jerry watched in pleasure, fucking him through his orgasm and coming undone himself. He finished deep inside Layne with a hot, low groan in Layne's ear. Layne could feel him slickly thrusting into him a few more times before pulling out and laying beside him on the floor with a harsh breath.

"You pick up men often?" Layne finally asked, rolling on his side with a content smile.

"Mmm, not often, no. You're kinda special," Jerry replied, pushing a strand of hair behind Layne's ear. Layne kissed his hand, feeling the wet between Jerry's fingers.

Jerry breathed hard, trying to even out his breaths as he closed his eyes.

"I got something I wanted to ask you," Jerry told him, getting off the floor.

He helped Layne up and watched as Layne wobbled over to the sink. He washed his stomach off with washcloth and tossed it to Jerry.

Jerry washed his hand off and fell into the bed.

Layne followed him and climbed under the covers.

"What's up?" Layne asked, getting comfortable as Jerry turned off the lamp.

He could feel Jerry get under the covers and pulled him in close.

"We need someone to work at the music store. I brought you up to Marko. I figured I'd ask if you'd be interested," Jerry shrugged, kissing Layne's shoulder.

"Really?"

"Mhmm," Jerry whispered. "If...you wanted to quit the club, that is."

"Can I think about it?" Layne asked.

He could feel Jerry nodd from beside him, "Of course. But if you make up your mind, come in with me and talk to Marko about it. I'd love to have you there...give me something to do."

Layne smiled and shook his head, "At work?"

"Mhm."

Layne rolled his eyes to himself. He could feel his legs still shaking below him. Jerry really could do a number on him.

"We have to go over Sean's friday. We are having a party with them...and Sean's gonna pop the question," Layne told him.

"Really? That's great!"

"Yeah, but, of course, Starr doesn't know. We are going over there to party and that's all he knows," Layne said, feeling Jerry nestle into his neck.

"Okay," Jerry replied, closing his eyes and giving Layne a kiss on the neck, completely tired and ready for sleep.

"I got to see the ring today. I went with Sean to pick it up...it's really pretty."

Layne wasn't sure what he was trying to say. He could tell Jerry was on the verge of sleep by the way his breathing slowed down.

"I'm sure it is. Starr will be surprised," Jerry nodded a little.

"...Would you...would you ever do, uh, something like that with me?"

It was silent in the apartment as Layne asked the question. He didn't get the immediate reply he was hoping for. He thought Jerry would jump to answer him, but he didn't.

"I don't know...possibly," Jerry answered.

"Really?"

"Yeah, why not?"

Layne shrugged.

"You wanna get married?" Jerry asked, leaning up to look at Layne. He could make out Layne on the bed from the street light shining through the window. Layne turned slightly to look up at him.

Layne almost wanted to cower down in the bed, feeling uneasy and feeling like Jerry was chastising him for asking. A lump hit his throat and he didn't know what to say.

"I...I guess. One day...I would like to," Layne finally answered.

Jerry leaned down and kissed his forehead gently. It made Layne close his eyes to relish in it before he opened his eyes again.

"One day," Jerry replied as he laid back down.

Jerry didn't know Layne wanted to get married, or even thought about marriage at all. Jerry thought about getting married one day, but he knew it probably wouldn't happen for him.

Now that he knows Layne thinks about it, and thinks about marrying him, it make his chest warm. Marriage is big. He gives all the props to Sean for willingly doing it. He knows Sean loves Starr, no doubt. Not everyone can handle what he imagines Sean has been through.

But then again, he's been through it with Layne. Minus the overdose, Layne and Starr were one in the same. Was he as strong as Sean for staying?

He likes to think he is.

He is with Layne because he loved him before Layne told him the truth. If anything, he loves him more. It was a big step for Layne to take, and Jerry was honored that Layne broke down the wall he took so long to build around himself and tell him.

He played with Layne's hair gently, listening to Layne breathe next to him.

"I love you," Jerry whispered into his hair, kissing his head.

"I love you," Layne replied back, pushing himself as far as he could against Jerry's body.

You're Hired

Chapter Notes

Hi everyone! I just wanted to thank everyone for their encouragement and comments that you guys leave me. It really helps to know that you all like this story and want more. It means a lot to me.

I also wanted to mention that, if anyone is interested, I'm writing a chapter based story about Starr/Sean. No relation to this plot, whatsoever, but a new story. If you're interested in reading that, I'll be posting it soon. :)

Layne groaned, head pounding a little as he woke up. He could feel Jerry stirring awake too from beside him. Layne rolled over on his side and grabbed his pack of cigarettes from the bedside table and lit one. He pulled himself up to sit his back to the headboard.

As he smoked, Jerry finally rolled and woke up. He grunted as he stretched, wiping his eyes a little as he sat up.

Without a word, Layne passed him the cigarette. Jerry smiled a little and took it between his lips.

"I wanna go to the music store today," Layne told him.

Jerry looked over to him and nodded, "Alright...did you decide to...?"

"Not exactly..."

Jerry raised his eyebrows and Layne continued to elaborate.

"Just seeing what I have to do and making a decision based on that. I'll be taking a serious pay cut if I stop stripping," Layne explained.

"But you hate it, don't you?"

"I don't hate the money," Layne shrugged.

Jerry passed the cigarette back to Layne.

"Well, we can stop by before I take you to work," Jerry told him, getting up and pulling on a clean pair of boxers.

Layne groaned.

Jerry jumped back into bed, attacking Layne with kisses on his chest playfully.

“Stopppp,” Layne whined, laughing and rolling to get away from him. Jerry finally quit and got back up.

“Get up,” Jerry said, smacking Layne on the ass. “Let’s go for breakfast!”

Layne sighed as he got out of bed. Jerry was, usually, a ball of energy in the mornings. Layne however, was not.

While Layne got dressed, Jerry brushed his hair and teeth in the mirror, catching glimpses of Layne’s territorial markings he left behind from last night. Jerry wasn’t quite sure what’s gotten into Layne’s lately, but he’s not gonna complain about, that’s for sure.

Layne finished up, brushing his hair and teeth beside Jerry and rolling his eyes at Jerry’s energy.

Jerry grabbed his keys and pulled Layne out of the apartment with him.

“Where do you wanna go?” Layne asked, yawning a little as he rolled down his window to smoke.

“There’s a cute little restaurant down the road. They have a killer BLT sandwich and I’m totally in the mood for it,” Jerry replied, turning down a street.

Layne nodded and watched passing buildings and cars.

“Tomorrow night...big night,” Layne smiled.

“Yeah, I know. I bet Sean is a bundle of nerves about it,” Jerry laughed.

“Yeah, but he’ll be okay. He’ll have us there to back him up,” Layne shrugged. He passed his cigarette to Jerry with a small smile.

He thought back to their conversation last night. Jerry confessed that he might wanna marry him one day. Layne’s heart beat faster in his chest.

There’s no one quite like Jerry.

The older of the two found the little diner and parked in the small parking lot that overlooked a small cliff that laid to a river below. Layne looked around, soaking in the sun and holding Jerry’s hand.

Inside, breakfast smells of all kinds hit their noses. They found a small booth in the back and slid in across from each other. A tall, blond haired waitress who was in her mid-40s came over to greet them.

“I’ll have a black coffee,” Jerry said before nodding to Layne.

“I’ll take one, too.”

She nodded with a smile before disappearing behind the counter to make their drinks. They looked over the menu for a few minutes.

“I already know what I’m getting,” Jerry’s stomach growled under the table. “See you anything you might want?”

“Pancakes and sausage sounds good right now,” Layne nodded behind his menu.

“Anything you want, baby, you can have it,” Jerry smiled, pulling the menu down to reveal Layne’s baby-face. He took Layne’s hand in his and sat them on the table, waiting for their coffees.

“Have you decided anymore about quitting?” Jerry asked, rubbing his thumb along the top of Layne’s hand.

“Not really...I would like to quit...but I need that kind of money.”

“I know, but...if you want to quit, just quit. No one is saying you HAVE to make a lot of money, especially if you’re unhappy while doing it,” Jerry shrugged.

Layne sighed hard as the waitress returned, sliding their mugs on the table to them. Jerry placed his BLT order, while Layne asked for pancakes and sausage.

“How am I supposed to help you with stuff if I don’t have a lot of money?” Layne finally pushed out after their waitress left.

“What are you talking about?” Jerry said, letting go of Layne’s hand to take a sip of his hot coffee.

“I wanted to help start pulling my weight. I can’t just live with you for free, you know. It’s been on my mind for a while and it’s starting to feel like I’m free-loading the more and more serious we get as a couple,” Layne sighed.

Jerry shook his head, “Why didn’t you just say that?”

Layne shrugged, feeling small and helpless to his situation.

“You’re not free-loading off of me, Layne. I willingly gave you a place to stay to start with. Just because we are a couple doesn’t mean you HAVE to do anything to help me. If you want to help, you can. That’s okay with me, just don’t feel pressured to. If you want to stop stripping and work at the music store with me, do it. Money isn’t a worry for me,” Jerry told him gently.

“Don’t be stressed over it. I’m also with you,” he smiled.

Layne nodded, “Just let me talk to Marko and I’ll let you know by tomorrow...is that okay?”

Jerry nodded, “Of course!”

“Jerry...?” Layne finally spoke after a few minutes of silence.

Jerry smiled at him, “Mhm?”

“Do you wanna get married? Uh, to me...”

Jerry sat his mug on the table and thought for a few seconds, a little stunned that Layne was bringing this back up again.

“Uh, yeah. I would marry you.”

Layne bit the inside of his cheek, nodding a little.

“I would marry you, too,” Layne said quietly.

The food arrived and the waitress pushed the plates to the correct owners, sliding the bill on the table in between them.

“Good...” Was all that Jerry replied with before digging into his food.

Layne began eating his pancakes after drenching them in syrup, which made Jerry wince in disgust.

“You’re drowning out the flavor!” He said, shaking his head.

“No I’m not! It tastes fine,” Layne rebutted, dipping a piece of sausage into the syrup.

Jerry rolled his eyes, “How can you tell? I bet the only thing you taste is maple!”

Layne shook his head, mouth full of pancake, “Nah huh!”

Jerry laughed and bit into his sandwich.

“Take a bite,” Jerry said, putting the sandwich in Layne’s face after swallowing.

Layne leaned in and took a small it’s before leaning back and chewing. He wiped his mouth with a nod.

“It’s good,” He replied.

He looked around and caught two elderly women enjoying their lunch on the other side of the room. He gave them a sweet smile in return.

“Those two old ladies are watching us,” he whispered to Jerry. Jerry glanced over and saw them watching, halfway in disgust at the display of affection.

“Wanna fuck with them?” Layne smiled evilly. Jerry raised his eyebrows.

Oh yeah, he’s totally into fucking with people.

He nodded, pushing a finger to Layne’s lips.

Jerry bit his lip as Layne slowly took Jerry's finger into his mouth and sucked on it gently. He pulled off of it and licked it clean, side-eyeing the two women.

He saw their eyes get big and laughed darkly.

"Fuck old people, dude," Layne laughed. "They should mind their business..."

Jerry nodded, "Howeverrrr..."

Layne looked up from his plate to see Jerry smiling wildly at him.

"What?" He laughed.

"That did...turn me on," Jerry shrugged.

"What don't I do that turns you on?" Layne quipped, shoving sausage into his mouth.

"I don't think there's any way that you can't," Jerry shook his head jokingly.

Layne finished his plate off and drunk the rest of his coffee. He followed Jerry to the register and pushed past him to pay.

Jerry watched as Layne pulled out his cash to pay for the breakfast with a look of confusion. Layne was serious about wanting to pull more weight for them, he guesses. That's alright.

Once in the car, Jerry turned the radio on. He held Layne's hand as he drove back to his apartment.

After they got him, Layne decided to take a shower while Jerry washed the few dishes that were in the sink. He figured that what they have going on now was somewhat close to domestic bliss anyways. Marriage probably wouldn't be much different than this.

He finished up and laid on the couch, waiting for Layne to get out of the shower. After about 10 minutes, he managed to fall into a nap.

When he woke up, it was an hour later and Layne wasn't in the shower anymore. He wasn't anywhere in the apartment.

Jerry sat up in a panic before he saw a small note on the coffee table.

'gone to the store be back
-layne'

He sighed to himself and got up. Jerry didn't mean to fall asleep. He didn't know how long Layne's been gone either.

Jerry decided to sit on the sink and have a smoke to wait until Layne was back home. Layne wanted to go to the music store today to talk to Marko about the position Jerry wanted him to apply for before going to the club.

He really wants Layne to consider leaving the strip club. Not for selfish reasons, of course, but for Layne's selfish reasons. Starr probably wouldn't be going back to the club when he gets home and he knew Layne would be able to handle being there alone without Starr's support. Jerry was giving Layne an opportunity to get all that negative bullshit behind and work with him.

Layne unlocked the door with the spare key and let himself inside.

"Hey, baby," Jerry greeted him. Layne's hair was still damp from the water and weighed down. His wet hair pulled down further to his waist almost. Layne smiled at him and tossed him a new pack of cigarettes.

"Thanks," Jerry said, sitting them on the counter.

"Ready to go?" Layne asked, pulling one out for himself and lighting it.

"Mhm...ready when you are," Jerry nodded, getting off the counter and flicking his cigarette butt out of the crack in the window.

Layne got his things together and followed Jerry to the car.

"How you doin', Jerry," Mr. K asked as they passed by him on the stairs.

"Doing just fine, Mr. K. How are you?" Jerry asked, leaning on the pole.

"I'm alright...say? Can you do me a huge favor?"

Jerry nodded, "Of course. What do you need?"

"My car is broken down and I can't get Mrs. K's medicine from the pharmacy..."

"Oh! I'll get it while I'm out in town. No worries. I can take a look at your car, too on Saturday, if you'd like," Jerry offered.

Mr. K gave him a big smile, "I'll pay you for your troubles."

Jerry shook his head, "You don't have to. I'll be more than happy to. I have to swing by work but I should be back in about an hour or so and I'll bring Mrs. K's medicine to you."

Mr. K nodded and headed back up the stairs.

Jerry got in the car and cranked it up.

"You're a good guy, you know that?" Layne smiled as he watched Mr. K get to his door.

"I've been told," Jerry laughed.

The music store was pretty much empty, save a few teenagers looking through the hair metal section on the floor. Layne followed Jerry to the back where Marko was eating his late lunch.

"Hey!" Marko greeted them. "Layne? How are you?"

“Good,” Layne replied, sitting with Jerry at the break room table.

“Did you wanna apply?” Marko asked, setting his fork down. Layne nodded a little.

Jerry watched him, guessing that he’s made his decision.

“Alright! I’ll be right back,” Marko told them, getting up and heading to the front counter for the paperwork.

“Are you going to quit?” Jerry asked, sneaking a piece of lettuce from Marko’s salad.

“Yeah...I think I am,” Layne nodded seriously. “Starr’s probably not going back. I need to get away from that whole scene anyways.”

Jerry kissed his head and nodded supportively, “You got it babe.”

Marko returned and slipped Layne a form. He pulled a pen from his pocket and passed it to him, too. Layne sat with them and filled it out quickly. He felt a little awkward writing his past job on the paperwork. It’s not usually something you bring up unless you have to, Layne guessed.

After he was done he pushed the paper across the table to Marko.

Marko read over it, peaking up at Layne when he got to the whole ‘I used to be a stripper’ section.

“Well, Layne...when could you start?”

Layne gave a small smile, “Anytime.”

“How about monday at 1?”

Layne nodded, “Okay.”

“Alright then. Jerry take the sign off on your way out,” he asked before returning to his salad.

“No problem,” Jerry replied, getting up.

“Thank you,” Layne said, following Jerry to the front of the building. Jerry pulled the sign off of the door and put it behind the counter.

“Holy shit! I just got a job!” Layne said excitedly as they got in the car.

“I know! I’m proud. You’ll do great here. It’s a lot less entertaining than working at a club, but it’s something. Plus, I work here. You can borrow the car on days you work and I don’t.”

Layne smiled and leaned in to kiss him.

“Okay,” he whispered.

Jerry drove to the pharmacy a few blocks down and went inside. Layne stayed in the air conditioned car and listened to the radio as he smoked. He couldn't believe it. When he got the job at the club, he had to audition, he had to maintain a certain look. He didn't think Marko would hire him because he's with Jerry—and Jerry worked there, but he didn't seem to care about it.

Jerry finally came back, white baggie in hand and drove back to the apartment.

Layne followed Jerry upstairs to the K's place and knocked on the door. Mr. K answered, holding cash in his hand.

"Here you go," Jerry smiled, handing him Mrs. K's medicine.

"Take it," Mr. K said, pushing the cash into Jerry's hand. Jerry shook his head.

"No, no, no. Keep it Mr. K."

Mr. K sighed, "Take it, but say you didn't, Jerry."

Jerry shook his head and took the cash, "I'm giving it right back on Saturday."

"No you're not," Mr. K laughed. "Goodnight fellas."

"Night," Layne replied with a smile.

Jerry shook his head after the door was closed and headed back down to the car, ready to take Layne to work.

"How do you know them?" Layne asked, feet propped up on the dashboard.

"Uh, when I moved here, they came and introduced themselves. We are neighbors after all."

Layne turned to Jerry, "They've definitely heard us have sex before."

Jerry laughed, "Yeah. Probably."

Layne sighed and leaned back into the seat. Jerry drove the rest of the way to the club and followed Layne inside. Music was bumping and clients were slowly piling in.

"Why is this place always so busy?" Jerry asked.

"Who doesn't wanna see hot men dance around almost nude?" Layne asked instead. Jerry nodded, he's probably right.

Jerry took his seat at the bar while Layne went behind the stage in the same ritual they had. Layne spotted William sitting at Starr's station.

"What are you doing?"

"Make-up...? What does it look like, asshole?" William questioned, watching Layne through the mirror.

Layne sat down and tried to ignore his presence. Ever since the night he busted Williams face, he's been avoiding him. Then again, William has been avoiding him, too. Layne fucked him up pretty good.

William left a few minutes later to go get dressed, making Layne relax once he was alone. He did his own make-up and stared at himself through the mirror. He needs to talk to Marie about quitting. His first day would be monday...

He decided on finding her later tonight after his set to let her know.

I'm Gone

Layne was waiting for his turn to take the stage. He was a little nervous about finding Marie after the show and telling her that today was his last day. After a year of being here, he considered Marie to be a friend. She gave him the job, despite Layne only being 19 and liked him enough to allow him to perform, sometimes, more than once a night. At the time, her decision was only fueling his addiction, unbeknownst to her, of course. Now that he's kicking the habit, he doesn't need so much money in a night. He doesn't need to put himself through emotional trauma of taking off his clothes anymore. Jack wasn't always around every corner, poking and prodding Layne to earn high bucks to feed their selfish addictions.

The strip club would be history after tonight.

He contemplated letting everyone know that he won't come back, but decided to leave the dramatics up to William.

Layne's name roared through the speakers and he felt a sudden hit of nostalgia. It was all coming to a bittersweet end.

Although Layne loved to complain about his career choice, he also felt like it helped him figure his sexuality out. It gave him a lot of confidence- something he severely lacked before coming here. He hated to admit it, but he would miss this Godforsaken place.

As he hit the stage, the purple hue that he purposefully chose to dance under hit his body. It illuminated him perfectly; his light, pale skin was on full display in the soft, dark underglow of the color.

Jerry perked up, watching Layne begin to dance sexually for the big crowd in the building. He twisted himself up in knots on the pole, cutting splits and working the crowd as hard as he could to the upbeat, pop song he chose. He wanted to go out in a burst of flames, something to remember his time here.

Jerry couldn't help but watch with a smile playing on his lips.

'All mine', Jerry thought to himself. 'He's all mine.'

"Another?" The bartender asked from behind his back. Jerry gave him a nod and handed his empty beer glass back to him.

The bartender, who was a different guy than the other times Jerry was here, filled Jerry's glass up at the tap and slid it back to him. Jerry took a sip, taking in the light brushing of foam at the top and turned around to face the stage again.

The way Layne was dancing tonight was reminiscent of the first night Jerry saw him. He was so full of energy and the crowd hung onto every move he made. Jerry's mind began to wander about that night.

After watching Layne's set, he caught him outside, completely unintentional. However, the gentleman that Jerry was offered Layne his jacket in the wet drizzle.

Flash forward to about an hour later when they were going to bed, Jerry had woke up to Layne using the bathroom. Did he do Heroin that night? Was he on Heroin when they talked for the first time?

The thought hurt Jerry to think about, so instead, he tried to clear his mind. He turned his full attention to Layne on the pole, pushing out any bad thoughts that threatened to cloud over the good ones.

The song came to an end. Layne raked up the money and blew a kiss to the swarming crowd before going behind the curtain. On his way to his station, he pulled a money bag off the shelf and the automatic counter from Andy's station. He sat, feeding money through the counter, watching the numbers bump up and up. Mostly, the were dollar bills, but the occasional 20s and 100s surprised him every time.

\$723 in total. A good last night.

He quickly changed into his normal, pedestrian clothes and started wiping his make-up off in the mirror.

Jerry watched the next dancer. Andy, if he remembers Layne correctly.

Maybe he was a little biased, but Layne was by far the most talented of all of them. None of them got the crowd riled up like Layne could, or even did splits like Layne could. He decided that he should probably stop drinking tonight; he did have to drive home after all.

Layne scooted over to Starr's station with a small smile. He pulled off the polaroid pictures from the mirror and smiled at all the memories. He thought back on the nights when he lived with Starr and Sean; how they baked cupcakes together completely drunk and almost burnt the apartment down. How they sung karaoke to KISS at 5am, earning a few hard knocks against the wall from the neighbors. But then, there was nights where Starr would wake him up in the middle of the night, asking Layne to do a few shots of Heroin with him. On the one-off occasions that Layne didn't want to get as high as Starr, he would still wake up and watch over him after he passed out on the floor. There was also that one time that Sean and Layne stayed up drinking wine like a couple of old queens and watched reruns of soap operas together on the couch.

He tucked the pictures into his bag carefully.

After the pictures were gone, Layne had to grab an extra bag for all of Starr's knick-knacks, stage make-up, cleaner and hairsprays.

'What a fag', Layne joked to himself, shaking his head lightly with a laugh.

Marie happened to pass by, telling Layne he did well tonight.

"Uh, Marie!" Layne called after her.

She turned around, a smile on her face, "Yeah?"

"Could I talk to you for a minute...it's important," Layne got up, shifting his weight from foot to foot with nerves.

She nodded and sat down at his station, while Layne sat back down at Starr's.

"I'm sorry...but tonight has to be my last night," Layne told her, biting the inside of his cheek. She gave him a small smile and took a deep breath.

"Can I ask why?"

"I found another job...I don't want to be stripping forever, you know. I'm making a lot of changes to my life and this just has to be one of them..."

"I understand, Layne. So no second dance tonight?" She joked, hitting his knee gently.

"Noooo second dance tonight," Layne laughed.

"Alright then, honey," She said as she stood up. Layne copied her and she pulled him into a hug. "You're always welcome back, you know."

Layne nodded against her shoulder, "I know...thank you."

She kissed the side of his head before pulling away, "Don't be afraid to come see me once in a while."

"I gotcha," Layne replied. He watched as she walked to her small office on the other side of the dressing room. It felt heavy to leave like this.

He gathered up all of his things and began walking to the front of the club. Layne spotted Jerry talking to someone. He couldn't see their face with their back to him, but the closer he got, he realized who it was.

"Will?" Layne halfway growled when he reached Jerry.

William turned around on the balls of his feet, facing Layne with a smile.

"Yeah?"

Layne smiled back, feeling completely like a bull who has seen a red flag waving in front of his face. He set his bags on the bar and gave Jerry a look. Jerry sat emotionless, having already tried twice tonight to get away from William. He felt Layne's anger, he could see it written all over his face when Layne gave him the look.

"Guess what?" Layne asked happily.

"What?" William laughed darkly, noticing how angry Layne was that he didn't keep up his end of the bargain.

Layne reared back, slamming his tightly wound fist into William's nose. It caught everyone around them by surprise, Jerry even jumped a little in his seat. He watched as William doubled over, holding his nose that was now beginning to leak blood. Layne pulled William up to take a look at his face and punched him again, landing the hard blow of knuckles right below his eyebrow.

"I fucking quit," Layne spat, leaning over into William's personal space as he heaved and groaned from his wounds. Layne almost spit on him again, but Jerry got out of his seat and pushed Layne away from him a few times. He knew Layne's wrath from before, but seeing it was different. He could tell that Layne couldn't see straight, angry and becoming pensive over his actions in front of everyone that turned to look.

"Hey," Jerry loudly whispered to him, edging him closer to the doors. "What the fuck?"

Layne let a laugh slip out, watching as William fled to the bathroom, "I'm sorry...I couldn't help it."

"Get in the car," Jerry motioned his head to the entrance. "I'll grab your stuff."

Layne walked out, feeling better than he ever did high at the moment. Something about beating the fuck out of William gave him a sense of pride. Before the strip club and Jerry, Layne would have never hurt another human being intentionally. Now that he has more self-worth and a better boyfriend, Layne felt like he could finally stand up for himself. And he was for sure going to take the risk of an ass beating to prove it.

Jerry pulled out his wallet, feeling all of the eyes in the club on him as he paid for his two beers. He swiped the bags off of the bar and nodded to someone on his way out.

Layne was in the car already, smoking a cigarette with his eyes closed. He jumped a little when Jerry opened his drivers side door. Jerry tossed the bags into the back seat and got in.

"Layne," he laughed, feeling the adrenaline rush from watching Layne's jealousy.

"Mhm?" Layne smiled, giggling a little from the passenger seat.

"You know that I'm all yours, right?"

Layne looked down at his hand that was holding the cigarette. His skinny fingers surrounding the long white stick between his fingers and nodded.

"I know. I just really wanted to do that again," Layne confessed. Jerry shook his head with a smile as he started the car, pulling out of the parking lot and heading home.

Layne unlocked the door for Jerry and let them in. Jerry carried in Layne's bags for him and set them down on the couch.

"What is all this shit?" He asked, fixing his shirt that had managed to get crumpled up.

"Uh...money and Starr's things," Layne answered, closing the door and going into the kitchen.

"Are we taking this stuff to him tomorrow?" Jerry asked, undoing his jeans as he walked to the other side of the room. He stopped at his bed and kicked his pants off.

Layne nodded, "Holy shit! Tomorrow! Sean is popping the question! Oh my God!"

Layne bounced excitedly, feeling overwhelmed like he did when Sean brought him up to speed with his plans for the first time. Jerry watched Layne bounce up and down, coming all the way over to him and jumping into Jerry's arms. Jerry stumbled back when Layne's chest hit his, falling to the bed and knocking their bodies together. They laughed and Jerry shook his head.

Layne rolled off of his lap with a smile, "I'm glad...Starr deserves some good."

Jerry rolled on his side to face him, "You do, too, you know."

Layne glanced at Jerry, a small hint of blush creeping onto his cheeks as Jerry closed the gap between them with a soft kiss.

Friday (Part One)

Chapter Notes

Sorry for such a late update. I should be posting part two of this chapter some time later tonight! Part two will be longer to make up for how short this probably will be.

Jerry woke up, feeling Layne run his fingers gently across his back as he laid on his stomach. He let out a little shiver and felt goosebumps rising on his arms.

Jerry rolled over slightly, facing Layne with sleepy eyes, “Morning.”

“Good morning,” Layne smiled and leaned in to kiss Jerry’s forehead.

“Why are you in such a good mood this morning?” Jerry mumbled into his pillow.

“Uh...one, I quit my toxic job and beat up William, again. Two, my two best friends are getting engaged tonight. Three, I have a wonderful boyfriend.”

Jerry giggled and nodded, “I’d say those are pretty good reasons.”

“Mhmm...I thought so to.”

“I gotta shower,” Jerry said, pushing the covers off of himself and getting out of bed. “You wanna join?”

Layne shook his head a little, “No...I’m gonna call Sean and confirm if we are still going over there tonight.”

Jerry nodded, “Alright.”

He grabbed some fresh, clean clothes and headed to the bathroom. Layne lit a cigarette and got up. As Jerry got into the bathroom, Layne sat on the couch.

He exhaled some smoke before dialing Sean’s number.

“Hello?”

“Hey!”

“Hey...what’s up?”

“Nothing, I just wanted to know if we are still on for tonight...?”

Sean smiled, “Oh fuck yeah. Be here around 7 or so.”

“No problem,” Layne nodded, smoking some more. “Anything we should bring?”

“Maybe stop and get some beer. We are a little low.”

“Drinking all the beer here lately Sean?” Layne giggled.

“Uh, yeah. I’m proposing to my boyfriend tonight. I’m chugging them until then,” Sean said, a hint of seriousness behind his laugh.

“So...Starr thinks y’all are coming over to hang and drink.”

“Yes,” Layne nodded. “Zipped lips. We got it.”

“Thanks.”

“Of course. How are you feeling?”

“Nervous. Very nervous,” Sean huffed out, feeling awkward and shaky. He was gonna do it. No backing out.

“Well, that’s normal, I think. It’ll go perfectly. A story to tell your future children,” Layne joked.

“Kids? Fuck that,” Sean laughed.

“Alright. Jerry’s out of the shower now,” Layne told him, watching as Jerry retreated to the kitchen in his towel. “I gotta go.”

“Alright, man. I’ll see you when you get here.”

“Bye,” Layne said, hanging up and following Jerry. He pulled himself up on the counter and tossed what was left of his cigarette butt out of the window.

“We gotta stop and get beers,” Layne said. “That okay?”

Jerry nodded, pouring himself a cup of coffee, “Yeah, sure.”

“Anything you wanna do until then?”

“Uh...you wanna go shopping?”

Layne tilted his head, a smile playing at his lips. He nodded and leaned into Jerry’s shoulder.

“I’d like that. I haven’t been shopping in forever. I could go for some new clothes,” he replied. Jerry nodded.

“Get dressed!” He smacked Layne ass as he got off the counter.

Layne hasn’t had new clothes in years. He was stuck wearing the same eight outfits over and over. Only time he got to wear something a little out of the ordinary was at the club.

He got dressed in his overalls and cut up t-shirt while Jerry finished getting ready, too.

After about five minutes, they piled into the car and Jerry turned the radio on. It played lowly as they discussed which stores they should hit and look in. Layne tossed around the idea of a thrift store; he always found something cute in there to wear. Jerry agreed and drove in the city until they found one.

Layne was looking through the racks while Jerry walked around with him. He wasn't finding anything worth buying in here.

Layne pulled a few sweaters and shirts out and held them, draped over his arm as he walked around. Jerry smiled, knowing Layne is appreciating his little trip out.

"Babe! Look!" Layne pulled out a mesh t-shirt. It was black and see through, sleeves and all.

Jerry shook his head, "Yeah?"

"I'm getting this for you," Layne laughed, putting it in the growing pile on his arm. Jerry shook his head. It was an alright shirt, not really his style. His figures Layne just wants him to wear it around the house or something.

After 30 minutes of picking through hand-me-down clothes, Layne decided it was time to check out. All \$49 dollars were towards his new clothes, plus Jerry's mesh shirt.

Jerry helped Layne carry his plastic bags to the car and toss them in the back.

"Where to now?" Jerry asked, starting the car again.

"Uh...mall?"

Jerry pulled out of the parking lot.

The mall parking lot was packed. Jerry thanked whatever higher being that he was able to find a parking space. Layne jumped out; obviously in a good mood.

The last time he was at this mall, Starr and Sean made him take these cheesy photo booth pictures with them. He was third wheeling, but not really. They never made him feel left out.

Layne snaked his hand into Jerry's as they walked to the door.

Jerry was already mentally preparing himself for some asshole to say something about them today in public. He wasn't hoping for an altercation, but the looming presence of bigots are always around the corner in places like this. In the club, it's pretty much a gay safe-haven. Meanwhile, places like malls and restaurants are open game for idiots to pick them apart. He didn't want Layne to be caught in the middle of anything.

Anything could put a big set back in Layne's sobriety.

Layne pulled Jerry to a pretzel stand, ordering two, big salty pretzels for their lunch.

“Hey, wanna go in the photo booth?” Layne asked, pointing to the small, white photo station. Jerry glanced over and saw two girls coming out and picking up their strips of pictures.

He doesn’t have any pictures with Layne yet.

“Yeah,” Jerry smiled, taking his pretzel from the vendor and walking over it to.

Layne slid in first, Jerry following and closing the curtain.

One the screen, Jerry could see what camera showing them on the little bench. Layne fed the machine two bucks and pressed start. They held their pretzels down so you couldn’t see them.

“Serious face,” Layne laughed as the screen counted down.

Jerry scrunched his face up and knitted his eyebrows together. Layne copied him with a pout on his face. The machine flashed a bulb and began counting down again.

“Now a funny one,” Jerry offered. Layne giggled and threw his arms around Jerry’s shoulders. He leaned in and acted like he was going to lick Jerry’s cheek. Jerry raised his eyebrows and stuck out his tongue.

The machine took another picture and Layne let go of Jerry.

As the screen counted down again, Jerry pulled Layne onto his lap.

“Cute one?”

“Yes, please.”

Jerry held Layne and Layne nuzzled with a smile into his neck. Jerry smiled sweetly as the machine took their picture.

“Uhhh,” Layne stuttered, unsure what pose they should do next as the counter started again.

Jerry had an idea.

With Layne still on his lap, he held his face and kissed him deeply. Layne tangled his fingers in Jerry hair as they made out until the flash went off again. They pulled apart, smiling to themselves.

Layne sat down on the bench again and pulled hair in front of his face. Jerry copied and stuck his middle fingers up to the camera. Layne wrapped his hand around one finger as the machine took the picture.

They laughed as they pulled the curtain back and waited for them to be printed.

A few seconds later, the photo booth printed two strips of their pictures. They looked them over, giggling at their faces as they continued to walk to some stores.

Jerry walked into some store he's never heard of and browsed around for some new jeans. Layne went on the opposite side, looking through some of the women's clothes.

He spotted a cute pair of leather jeans. They were slit up the sides and tied back together. He debated if he should get them while Jerry pulled a few pairs of jeans in his size off of the shelf.

Layne decided in favor of buying the leather pants. Maybe he would have somewhere to wear them.

"What's that?" Jerry pointed at the pants.

"Uh, leather pants," Layne answered while following Jerry to check out.

Jerry sat his stuff on the counter and took Layne's pants from him.

"I'll buy them babe," Jerry offered.

The cashier looked between them and began scanning their things. Jerry gave him a polite smile and handed him some cash to cover. He man bagged their clothes up and gave Jerry his change.

Jerry picked up the bag and pulled Layne out of the store before they buy anything else.

They walked around for a while, still eating on their pretzels.

Layne found a silver pair of dangly earrings, a new pair of black boots and another shirt. Jerry had gotten a few new pairs of jeans and shoes for himself, too.

After they spent all they wanted, they headed back to the car with their bags hanging beside them.

"We gotta stop and get drinks for the party," Layne remembered as they drove home.

"We can pick those up on the way," Jerry replied.

Friday (Part Two)

Chapter Notes

I lied. I got very busy and couldn't update back to back. I'm sorry for that. Here's part two! <3

Once Jerry and Layne got back home, they unloaded all of their bags on Jerry's bed. Jerry stuck the photo booth picture strips on the refrigerator with a smile.

Layne decided to get out of his overalls and try on some of the new clothes he got. He tossed Jerry the mesh shirt he bought him with a smirk on his lips.

"Put it on," he demanded.

Jerry caught it and looked down at it. Layne was giggling as Jerry shook his head; hair flowing every which way and shrugging heavily.

Jerry pulled his shirt off and slipped the mesh shirt on.

Layne sat down on the couch, watching Jerry look over his chest and stomach in the see through fabric. He hummed as Jerry walked over and showed him in the light of the living room.

"Do you like it?" Layne asked, smiling brightly. Jerry ran his hands over the thin fabric and nodded with a shrug.

"It's new...not really my style."

"I think it looks perfect," Layne replied. He stood up and continued trying on the rest of his clothes.

"What are you planning on wearing tonight?" He asked Jerry, trying to figure out the best combination for an outfit from his new clothes.

"Uh...I'm not sure," Jerry shrugged, lighting a cigarette and leaning against the frame of the bedroom, watching Layne pick through his clothes.

"What should I wear?"

Jerry pushed off the frame and over to the bed. He looked over Layne's clothes and thought for a few moments.

He picked up a black crop top Layne got from the thrift store and Layne's black leather pants. Layne smiled to himself.

"Ooooh, you're good at this," Layne giggled, taking them from Jerry.

He changed again into the clothes Jerry picked out while Jerry took off his clothes. He tied the leather pants in the front. Jerry slipped into a black t-shirt and a new pair of his jeans.

"Aw, we match," Layne smiled, leaning in to Jerry softly.

"That was the plan," Jerry whispered against his lips.

Layne pulled away and took the cigarette from Jerry's fingers; smoking it as he walked to the bathroom.

Jerry opened a few drawers and scooted some of his own clothes to make room for Layne's. He considered Layne to be moved in. He deserves to have his clothes in a nice place and not stuffed in a bag on the living room floor. Layne noticed his clothes were gone when he returned.

"What? Where did my clothes go?"

"I put them in these drawers for you," Jerry motioned to the dresser with a smile.

Layne blushed.

It was a sweet notion. Layne felt wanted and needed— like he had a home again.

"We gotta go, babe," Jerry said, glancing at the clock. He grabbed his keys and waiting for Layne at the front door.

They drove to a liquor store that was on the way to Sean's apartment. They got out and went inside.

As they browsed, Layne picked up a nice bottle of vodka. Jerry opened the refrigerated shelf and picked up a case of beers like Sean asked. They took them to the check out counter and paid for them. Layne carried the bag of vodka and the case of beer to the car. He set them in the back and go into the passenger seat.

"Are you excited?" Jerry asked, starting the car and pulling out of the parking lot.

"Yes! A little nervous— for Sean. I know he's a wreck of nerves though," Layne nodded.

"I think every guy is nervous when he's gonna propose," Jerry added.

Layne reached over and pulled Jerry's right hand off of the steering wheel gently. He held it in his lap as they rode.

"Starr is going to be so caught off guard," Layne giggled.

Jerry pulled up to the curb and parked. He leaned over and kissed Layne, holding his face in his palm. Layne smiled and kissed him back just as gentle.

“Let’s go!” He quietly cheered, unbuckling and getting out.

Jerry carried the case of beer, while Layne handled the vodka. Layne knocked on the door and Starr answered with a smile.

“Laineeeee!” He squealed, practically pulling him inside and into a hug. Layne smiled and put his chin against Starr’s shoulder. Jerry followed Layne inside and set the case of cold beers on the kitchen island.

“Hey, man,” Sean greeted coming from the back room, smacking him on the shoulder a couple times as he passed.

There was music playing off of the TV quietly in the living room. Layne passed Jerry the bottle of vodka and he set it on the island. Starr pulled Layne into the living room to sit and talk.

“How are you?” Layne asked, sitting on the couch.

“Uh— first off, what’s up with the outfit?” He giggled, taking in Layne’s clothes during a glance over.

“Oh, we went shopping today,” Layne replied, smiling down at his clothes. “Also, Jerry made room for all my shit in his dresser.”

Starr raised his eyebrows, “Oh shit. Gettin’ serious.” He smirked and knocked their shoulders together.

“That reminds me,” Layne said, standing up. “I brought your stuff from the club. I wasn’t sure if you were coming back after...rehab...so I brought it to give it back.”

Starr smiled, “Thanks.”

“I also quit...stripping.”

Starr was shocked, throwing his head back and laughing.

“Good! Both of us are getting out of it then!”

Layne nodded, “Jerry got me a job at the music store.”

“Oh shit. It IS getting serious!” Starr smiled, looking over at Jerry and Sean in the kitchen. They were smoking and making small talk about something that Starr couldn’t hear.

“I’ll go get your stuff,” Layne told him, leaving to go to the car.

Starr joined his boyfriend and Jerry in the kitchen, pulling himself up on the island. Sean passed him his cigarette.

Layne reappeared, closing the door behind himself and handing Starr his things in the bag. Starr nodded and got off the counter, giving Sean back the cigarette and heading to the back room.

“When are you gonna do it?” Layne whispered, leaning back to make sure Starr was out of earshot.

“Uh,” Sean nervously stumbled. “In a few minutes...can you guys, uh, maybe sit on the couch?”

“Wait! Go secretly give me your camera! I’ll take pictures!” Layne offered, practically bouncing on his feet. Sean nodded and quickly went into the extra bed room. He grabbed a little polaroid camera that was Starr’s and came back, giving it to Layne.

Layne and Jerry sat on the couch. Jerry put his arm around Layne, trying to not look suspicious. Layne tucked the camera to his side, hiding it against the couch. Sean nervously got a can of beer out of the case and opened it. He took a few gulps before double checking his pocket for the box.

Starr came back into the kitchen, smiling and kissing Sean on the lip. As he tried to sit with Layne and Jerry, Sean caught him by the arm.

“Can I talk to you, babe?”

Starr’s face looked scared— like he almost expected Sean to say: “Surprise! You’re going to rehab tonight! This is a going away party!”

“Sure,” he nodded. He gave Layne a weird look as he turned back around. He was going into defense mode on the inside.

“There’s something I’ve been meaning to ask you....”

“Uh huh,” Starr nodded slowly, watching Sean set his beer down. He turned Starr completely face him. Starr noticed how quiet Jerry and Layne were, watching from the couch.

“It’s really important...”

Starr felt like he could throw up.

“Michael Christopher Starr...will you— will you do me the biggest fucking honor...and marry me?” Sean finally asked, pulling out the small velvet box from his pants and getting down on one knee. Layne pulled the camera up and took a picture from the couch.

Starr looked genuinely surprised. He didn’t know this was where this night was heading.

“Oh fuck...fuck yeah!” Starr shouted, nodding his head quickly. Sean smiled, big and bright, standing up and sliding the ring over Starr’s shaking ring finger.

Layne took more pictures, sniffing to hold back from sobbing.

Starr pulled Sean into a hug, their height difference was obvious. He could feel Sean's heart beating fast behind his ribcage.

"Eeeee!" Starr squealed, looking over to Layne and Jerry. A few tears slipped down his clear face. Layne gave Jerry the camera, jumping up and running to Starr. They hugged tightly, jumping up and down in place as they cried a little.

Jerry raised the camera and took a picture.

He decided to join them, hugging Starr and Sean, congratulating them.

"I love you," Starr said, getting up on his tippy toes and placing a kiss on Sean's lips.

"I love you," Sean repeated, holding Starr by his hips. "Now let's party?"

"Hell yeah!" Layne cheered.

Starr wasn't going to drink tonight. He was swearing off any substances— trying to stay on track with sobriety the best he could. He always knew how to have a good time, with or without alcohol or heroin.

Sean pulled some shot glasses out of the cabinet, lining them up on the island as Layne fished his big bottle of vodka from the bag. Starr pulled himself up on the island, staring at his new ring and twisting it with his fingers.

"Sean had it engraved...look," Layne told him, knocking his knee playfully.

Starr pulled it off, reading the inside engraving with a smile, "I love it...it's perfect..."

Sean blushed and kissed him, holding his face gently.

Layne poured the three of them a shot of vodka. Sean, Jerry and him picked them up and waited.

Starr reached and got his bottle of water.

"To Starr and Sean!" Jerry announced. They clinked their glasses together and took their shots; Starr taking a sip of water.

Layne groaned, the vodka burning at the back of his throat as he sucked it down. He shook his head, coughing a little. It's been a while since he had some vodka in his system.

Starr got down off the counter in favor of tuning the music that was playing on the TV up so they could hear it better.

They drank and laughed, cracking jokes and playfully roughhousing the drunker they got.

At some point, Jerry took a few pictures with the camera, pulling them out and setting them in the living room to dry and appear. He took some of Layne and Starr; Layne's tongue sticking out and holding Starr in his arms. He took a few of Sean and Starr.

As the night wore on, Starr— completely sober, took the camera and captured a few pictures of the group. One, an up close shot of Sean with his shirt off and his eyes rolled back. One of Jerry and Layne making out as Layne sat on the counter.

They placed all the pictures they took in a small pile to look through when they sobered up.

They sung and danced along to the music, Layne grinding against Jerry, drunk and practically half naked in his crop top. Sean bounced to the music— surely going to get a complaint from the people below his apartment.

Around 1am, Starr told everyone that he was tired and wanted to go to bed. Sean agreed, crushing a beer can and burping loudly. He tossed the can at the trashcan, completely missing and hitting the floor with a metallic sound.

Layne and Jerry were in the living room, laying on the floor with what was the last of the vodka in the bottle. Neither one of them have been this drunk in a long time.

“Night!” Sean slurred, stumbling his way through the hallway to get to his room. Starr was already in bed by then. He turned all the light off in the apartment as he stumbled around.

“Mmm,” Jerry hummed, drinking straight from the bottle with his head tilted back.

“Save me some!” Layne pouted as he watched. Some vodka slipped from the corner of Jerry’s mouth and he instinctively leaned in to lick it off.

Jerry passed the bottle to him, “Finish it!”

He reached and got the remote, turning the music down and flipping through the channels. He found some movie— he wasn’t sure what movie exactly. It seemed to be a horror flick from the 80s; real cheesy looking.

Layne giggled after finishing the last few sips from the bottle. He screwed the cap back on and rolled it across the floor. Sean’s house was now a wreck. It was littered with the empty beer cans, crumbs of chips and soda bottles.

Jerry leaned back against the couch, spreading his legs apart to get comfortable.

“Come’re,” he whispered to Layne, seeing the bedroom light switch off from the hallway.

Layne crawled over to Jerry, placing himself between Jerry’s legs. He rested his back against Jerry’s chest, focused on the movie.

They laughed quietly, making jokes about how bad it was— but not bothering to change it.

Jerry’s hand moved off of Layne hip, in favor of sliding down his chest and stomach. He stopped short of the leather pants. Layne looked down, feeling Jerry’s hand softly scratching at his skin.

He smirked to himself as Jerry began slowly undoing the string that was tied into a knot, trying to open Layne’s pants up.

Once it was open, he kissed Layne's head, "I wanna touch you..."

"Touch me," Layne replied, sliding Jerry's hand into his pants. He arched into the touch as Jerry gently caressed and stroked his hard length. Layne moaned slightly, pushing his back against Jerry's chest.

Jerry used his other hand to push Layne's head against his shoulder and hold it there. Layne began breathing harder the more pace Jerry's hand picked up. His hand flew to the back of Jerry's neck— trying to ground himself by touching him.

"Fuck," Layne harshly whispered.

Jerry turned Layne's head to him and kissed him hard. All they could taste was the alcohol on each other lips and mouths. Jerry moaned, feeling Layne lick at his tongue.

He jerked Layne off faster, feeling his arch his hips to meet his hand with every stroke. Layne's legs shook in front of them, getting closer and closer. He pulled away from Jerry, breathing hard against his lips.

"I fuckin' love you," Jerry groaned.

Getting Layne off was probably more intoxicating than the alcohol they just devoured. Jerry loved every smutty second of having sex with Layne.

"Uh-uh, baby...I'm gonna cum...I-I!" Layne practically screamed, pushing himself into Jerry's mouth to quiet him down.

Jerry held him by the back of his neck, swallowing down his moans as he came hard and fast into Jerry's hand. Jerry slowly pumped him through his orgasm, kissing him more softly as he came down.

He pulled his sticky hand from Layne's pants, breathing hard and feeling dizzy from lack of oxygen.

Layne giggled, seeing all of his semen on Jerry's hand. He was also dizzy— heavily intoxicated and fucked from all pleasure.

Jerry leaned Layne off his chest, retreating to the kitchen and washing his hands in the sink.

He returned to Layne and pulled him onto the couch. It wasn't very big, but he laid Layne on top of him, kissing him lazily.

"M tired," Layne said, his breathing slowing down and getting comfortable on Jerry's body.

"Sleep," Jerry replied, playing with Layne's long hair. He kissed the top of Layne's head and closed his eyes. Layne weight felt just right for him, making him even more drowsy.

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