

Life Is Full of Lessons

By Ashleigh Kinnerson

Justin is in financial trouble and the only way his mother will help him is if he settles down and marries a man of her choice.

Chapter One

Justin sat slumped over the breakfast bar wondering what he would do next.

“How could I have been so stupid?” he sighed out loud. Bradley wasn’t taking his calls, no fucking wonder. “Shit,” he swore.

He’d met Bradley Faraday in one of the worst periods of his life. His father had just left his mother for a piece of fluff even younger than him. He was angry and Bradley was always so supportive. Justin would complain for hours about his father and Bradley would listen. When his father married that floozy, Justin almost lost it completely. His mother’s life was in pieces and it hurt him that she was so distressed. He felt helpless but there was nothing he could do.

Bradley was a broker and he knew Justin had access to the first stage of his trust fund. Justin’s grandfather’s will was very specific, only allowing Justin access to the fund every five years. When he turned twenty one, he was given the first stage. To Justin, it was a dream come true. He’d never been interested in working or making a future for himself. Justin knew he would get the money anyway, so what was the point? Besides, none of his friends had a crazy grandfather who restricted their money. When he found out the terms of the trust, he was shocked. If he didn’t double his allowance in five years, he lost access to the next stage. That meant he would have to wait until he was thirty one to start again and even then the same restrictions applied. He saw a lawyer but it was iron clad. Justin had never saved or invested before, so he naturally turned to Bradley for his advice. After all, that’s what he did.

Today was his twenty sixth birthday and not only had he not doubled the fund but he was in debt for his living expenses for the last five years. Justin had just lived on his credit cards in that time. He knew the money was coming so he had no problem getting credit. The trouble was, the money wasn’t coming now. What the fuck was he going to do? He tried to reach Bradley again but was transferred to his service again.

“I have left twelve messages for Mr. Faraday but he doesn’t ring me back,” Justin yelled at the operator. He was frustrated.

“I’m sorry, sir, but he has picked up your messages.”

“Give him this message for me..... Get fucked.” Justin slammed down the phone. He glanced at the newspaper telling him that the housing development that all his money was in. was now in liquidation. He called his lawyer about that as well but he had no recourse. Frank even scolded him for signing into something without researching it properly. Just another bill, Justin sighed.

He had no choice. He would have to go to his mother for help. Justin grabbed his keys and slowly went to face the music.

Jennifer Taylor was planting petunias when her son roared up the drive in his Mercedes Sports. She stood up and took off her apron and gloves. Even though it was his birthday, she hadn’t expected to see him. Justin ran with a fast crowd, which didn’t please her at all. Rich kids with too much money to ever be responsible adults, she thought. He wasn’t exactly a dutiful son. She knew he cared but when things got difficult, Justin usually ran.

“Hi honey,” she smiled and kissed him.

“Hey Mom. Listen have you got time to talk?” Justin said nervously.

“Sure, come inside and I’ll make some tea,” she smiled.

Justin followed his Mom into the kitchen and sat down at the table. “How is everything,” he said, trying to put off the inevitable.

“Fine,” she smiled. “I’ve sold five properties this month.”

“That’s great,” Justin smiled. He still couldn’t understand why his mother wanted to work. She had plenty of money; it never made sense to him at all.

“Yeah it is, I love it. I meet lots of interesting people,” she smiled. She was proud of her achievements. When Craig left, she just started again.

Justin saw the paper on the table. “Did you read this?” he asked.

Jennifer laughed. “Why would anyone want to build a housing development on a swamp?”

“They probably didn’t know it used to be a swamp. If it was all filled in how would they know?” Justin said in his defense. He knew now he should have asked his Mom’s advice. Hell, he should have asked anyone’s advice but he believed Bradley. You idiot, Justin, he told himself again.

“You always search a properties history before you buy it,” she laughed.

Justin sighed. “That was me, Mom. I put all my money into that development.”

Jennifer stared at him for a long time. “Not your trust, Justin,” she gasped in horror.

Justin nodded.

“Justin, that means you forgo the next installment. How much do you have left?”

Justin shook his head. “Nothing and it’s worse than that. I thought I was getting the money, so I spent some in advance.”

Jennifer took a deep breath. “How much?”

“Two hundred thousand.”

Jennifer was speechless. She knew Justin always lived beyond his means but two hundred thousand plus the million dollars from the trust, oh my god.

“I need your help, Mom.”

“You want me to give you the money,” she asked. She could afford it but she wondered if bailing her son out was the best thing for him.

“Say I give you the money to get out of debt. What are you planning on living on until you turn thirty one?”

“I was hoping you would give me enough to get by. I’ll give it back to you when the next part of the trust comes in,” he smiled.

“Justin why don’t you get a job?” she asked. She could see her suggestion wasn’t well received.

Justin was shocked at his mother’s suggestion. She couldn’t be serious.

“I’ll have to think about this Justin,” she said seriously. “Come in tomorrow afternoon and we’ll talk again.

“I can’t. I’m going skiing and I’ll be gone for a week.”

“You can’t afford to go skiing,” she gasped.

“It’s already paid for,” Justin shrugged.

“Then cash in your ticket and I’ll see you tomorrow,” she frowned. This hadn’t taught her son a thing. He was planning on not altering his lifestyle at all and was expecting her to pick up the tab. This was exactly the reason her father set the trust up the way he had, he wanted Justin to be self reliant and smart not a bum who fritted his life away.

“But Mom,” Justin started.

“No but mom’s, I will see you here tomorrow at three,” she frowned again and Justin knew the conversation was over. Justin knew his mother would help him, she may make him sweat a bit but she would. He stood up and kissed her on the cheek. “I’ll see you tomorrow.”

She nodded but didn’t say anything. Her mind was racing. She had to help Justin and she had till three tomorrow to decide what was the best way.

Brian was unloading bails of hay when Jennifer arrived. He was naked from the waist up and was covered in perspiration.

Jennifer smiled. Brian was gorgeous but sadly, gay. If Brian was straight, she would have pursued him herself. He was a few years younger than her but his looks made up for that. What a shame, she laughed. She called out to him and he looked up and smiled.

“Hey Jenn, how are you? I thought we were having dinner on Friday.”

“We are but I wanted to talk to you before that,” she smiled.

Brian smiled at her and gave instructions to the boys helping him to finish the job. He grabbed a towel and walked over to her. “Want some tea?”

“Sounds great,” she smiled and followed him up to the house. Jennifer liked Brian. He was self made and a hard worker. He’d started with nothing and overcome a lousy childhood to get where he was today. She wished Justin would follow Brian’s example.

She met Brian when he was first thinking about retiring and was looking for a property and she suggested the stables. It had a beautiful home attached and generated a good source of revenue. Brian thought it was perfect. They clicked immediately and had developed their friendship into a close one over the last twelve months.

Brian pulled off his boots and left them at the door then put on the kettle and made tea. “So, what’s wrong?” he asked.

“My son has gotten himself into a mess and he wants me to help him.”

Brian waited for the rest of the story. He didn't know very much about Jennifer's son, only that he had a lot of trouble coping with her divorce.

She explained the trust to Brian and Justin's current situation.

Brian listened until she ran out of steam. "So, he knows nothing about making money just spending it. What sort of work does he do?"

"He doesn't," she shook her head.

"Never?" Brian gasped in horror.

"Unfortunately not," she frowned. "I think he never thought he had to. His trust is over ten million, he just wasn't prepared for my father's provisions," she sighed.

"Your father sounds like smart man to me. If Justin got it in one go, he would have lost it all by now," Brian said sadly.

"I know," Jennifer agreed. "I need to decide what to do," she sighed.

"It sounds like a very difficult situation. What do you want to come out of this?"

"I want Justin to grow up and be responsible. He needs to stop running with that crowd of no-hopers and settle down. Justin needs to work, Brian, and to learn the value of money," she sighed.

"Then tell him you will only help him if he settles down but don't give him the money straight away. Make him prove himself, marry him off. A good dose of responsibility will be good for him. Is he seeing anyone?"

"I don't think so. He subscribes to the 'no commitments' school of thought," she laughed.

"Then find him a nice girl to settle down with," Brian smiled.

"He's gay."

Brian stopped. He remembered their conversation last week when he said he wanted to get married but didn't have time to find the right person. "You aren't thinking what I think you're thinking, are you?"

"It did cross my mind," Jennifer smiled. Brian would be so good for Justin, he could learn so much from him. She pulled a picture of Justin from her bag. "This is Justin," she smiled.

Brian looked at the picture and felt his cock twitch, the kid was hot.

"You said you wanted your life to be more interesting," she smiled. "Justin is very interesting and he really needs the help, Brian, so do I."

"How do you know he'll even go for it?"

"If he wants the money, he will," she laughed. She knew she had Justin right where she wanted him. "Think about it and let me know. I know it's a big decision but believe me Brian, he has so much potential. It's such a waste. He's just flushing his life away."

"Does he ride?"

"Since he was four," Jennifer smiled.

"Why don't you bring him over tomorrow? We'll go for a ride and have dinner. Let me get to know him."

“What time?”

“Five?” Brian suggested.

“You have a date Mr. Kinney,” she laughed.

“If I do this, Jenn, I want a pre-nup and a legal assurance that I am not financially responsible for him. I can’t take a chance that he’ll just start spending my money too. I’ve worked too hard to lose it like that,” Brian sighed.

“I totally understand. Whatever you want but please, Brian, help me with him,” she pleaded.

“Let me meet him tomorrow,” Brian smiled. “More tea?” he smiled.

“You can’t be serious, Mom,” Justin gasped after his mother explained her plan to marry him off.

“I’m very serious, Jus. You need to settle down and be responsible.”

“You are suggesting selling me into slavery.”

“We are meeting Brian at five so he can get a look at you. If he likes what he sees, then he’ll marry you and I will make the first payment on your debts.”

“First payment?” Justin stammered.

“I won’t do it all at once,” Jennifer shook her head. “You will need to make him happy and do as you’re told. If you do that, the money will keep coming. If Brian tells me he isn’t happy, the money will stop. Brian will teach you how to invest and plan your money so when the next installment of the trust falls due, you won’t piss it away too,” she frowned.

Justin was shocked to hear his mother talking this way, another thing he could blame his father for. Maybe he could talk this guy around to just living together in name only. Surely this guy didn’t really want to marry a total stranger, Justin thought. “Mom, I don’t understand, I came to you for help and you want me to ruin my life by marrying someone I don’t even know.”

“Justin, I love you. It’s why I’m doing this. Baby, you can’t keep coasting through your life expecting other people to pick up the tab. You are twenty six years old not five. The trust is your security and by the time the next installment falls due, I will make sure that you are ready for it. I know it seems harsh but I know this is the best thing. Brian is a self made person. He will give you the benefit of all his knowledge and he will teach you the things you will need to know to be a good person.”

“I am a good person,” Justin gasped.

“Justin, you are spoilt and selfish and irresponsible. I love you honey, but you are,” she sighed. “You are always looking for an angle to get your own way,” she shook her head. “Instead of just putting your time into getting on with it, you have to do the right thing eventually anyway. It’s such a waste of time.” she sighed.

Justin could see that he wasn’t getting anywhere with his Mom. Maybe he would have some luck with this guy, perhaps they could make a deal. If he could convince the guy to have them live separate lives then his Mom would keep paying his bills and nothing would have to change. “Why does he want to get married anyway?”

Jennifer smiled. “He wants someone interesting in his life and he never finds time to go out and find someone. I told him, you are about as interesting as it gets,” she smiled.

Oh my god, Justin thought. She is making me marry a dog who can't get anyone else. "How old is he?" Justin asked. He was scared now that he was gonna be fucked every night by some creep.

Jennifer smiled. "He's forty two. If he wasn't gay, I'd marry him myself," she laughed.

This was worse than he thought. His mother had fantasies about this guy and with his mother's track record; this guy was probably just like his Dad, Ughhhhh. "Do I have to sleep with him?"

Jennifer laughed. "What's the difference, you've slept with everyone else," she shrugged.

Justin couldn't believe this whole conversation and with his own mother, no less. "Are you saying I'm a slut?" he gasped.

Jennifer rolled her eyes. She was fully aware of her son's tricking habit and so was everyone else. All her friends had told her at some stage. She knew Justin was better than the way he was living. Now she had to make Justin know it too. "Honey, let's just say your reputation precedes you at the country club," she smiled.

Justin slumped down onto the table. What could he say to that? "When do I meet him?" he sighed.

"At five, we better get going," she smiled. "He's asked us to go riding with him."

Riding, Justin thought, you've got to be kidding. He smiled. "Will we take my car?"

"No, leave it here; I have someone coming to see it tomorrow."

"Why?" Justin gasped.

"It's an unnecessary expense, Jus. You don't need an expensive car like that. We can sell it and reduce your debt level, not to mention, you can't afford the payments on it anymore."

Selling his car too, would it never end? What was he supposed to drive, some shit box? He thought about walking out but what would he do then. He needed his mother's help. He was trapped.

"We'll take mine," she smiled. "It's a good little car and gets me around, you really only need something like it."

Justin rolled his eyes but didn't say anything. Next she would want him to give up his apartment. Fuck, he thought suddenly. If I have to marry this joker, of course she will want me to give up my apartment. Now his life would really be over. He felt sick. "I don't know if I can ride today," he paused. "I'm feeling queasy."

Jennifer knew why he felt queasy; he knew the free ride was over. "Don't worry honey; you'll get over it as soon as we get out of the city. Fresh air is what you need," she smiled.

"Out of the city?" he stammered. Justin was sure he really didn't want to know just how far out of the city they were going. He followed his Mom and sat in the passenger seat in silence. They drove for an hour and pulled off the road then followed a long drive up to a big house on top of the hill. She pulled the car around to the back near the stables. It seemed like a busy place, there were people everywhere. They got out the car and Jennifer waved to someone. Justin couldn't see who she was waving at; there was a group of people in that direction. She kept waving until a man started to walk towards them. He must work here, Justin thought. He'd seen him carrying bales of hay when they arrived. He was hot and Justin noticed him straight away. The man walked towards them smiling.

"Jenn." He slipped his arm around her waist and pulled her in close to kiss her on the cheek. "How are you?" he smiled.

"I'm fine, thanks, Brian," she smiled. "This is my son, Justin."

Brian.... holy fuck.....this was the loser who wanted to marry him. Mmmm, Justin thought. It couldn't be, she said he was old.

The man held out his arm to shake Justin's hand, "Pleased to meet you, Justin, I'm Brian Kinney," he smiled.

Justin shook his hand and smiled weakly. Now he was confused. Why would this guy be prepared to do this? He had to be weird or something.

"Why don't we all change and we go for a ride," he smiled. He motioned for a guy to come over to them. "Sam, can you get Jennifer and Justin some gear?"

"Sure boss," Sam smiled.

"I'll meet you back here," he smiled at them.

"Thanks Brian," Jennifer squeezed his hand.

Justin followed the man and his mother to get changed.

Mmmm, Brian thought. His picture didn't do him justice. This kid was hot. He'd spent a long time thinking about Jennifer's proposal. He hadn't slept at all, in fact. The idea of having a protégé that he could teach everything he knew fascinated him. He said he wanted an interesting partner. You couldn't get more interesting than that. Justin was a challenge and Brian loved challenges. He knew Justin tricked, hell, everybody knew, so sex wouldn't be a problem. The kid was hot and he cared about Jennifer and wanted to help her. Brian could see Justin wasn't exactly pleased with his mother's proposal. The kid still looked a little shell shocked, he laughed to himself. He had Tom coming for dinner later just in case. Brian knew if he decided to do this, he'd want to start straight away. Mel already delivered the papers an hour ago. He rang her this morning and told her what he wanted. This was the greatest challenge he'd ever faced and he was excited.

When Jennifer and Justin returned, they went for their ride. Brian could see Justin was out of practice but it was coming back to him by the end.

When Jennifer saw Tom waiting for them as they returned, she knew Brian had made his decision. She felt relieved that finally Justin would have a strong male influence in his life. His father had never been that and Justin was suffering because of it. She jumped down and ran over to Tom and hugged him.

Justin wasn't too sure about all this hugging his mother was doing. Mother's weren't supposed to touch other guys, it was creepy. His Mom introduced Tom. He seemed nice enough.

"Let's go up to the house and get cleaned up for dinner," Brian suggested.

Jennifer and Tom walked away arm in arm and Justin followed behind with Brian.

"You don't look too thrilled with your mother's proposal," Brian smiled.

"Would you be?" Justin rolled his eyes.

"Probably not," Brian laughed. "You don't have to go through with it, you know."

Justin shook his head. "Yeah I do, I have no other choice," he said sadly.

"There are some papers I need you to sign."

"Papers?"

“Yeah, they say that you are not my financial responsibility and I don’t have claim to your trust. Even though we will be married, we will still be financially independent,” Brian smiled.

Well at least the guy wasn’t already spending his next installment. That had to be a good thing. He thought about mentioning that they keep separate lives too but he decided to wait until his Mom wasn’t there to have that conversation. “How long do we have to stay married?” Justin asked.

“Our contract will expire on your thirty first birthday, so five years.”

“And then I can walk away?”

“Yep,” Brian smiled.

Well at least it wasn’t forever, Justin thought. He would have his next installment then he would be free.

“So what do you think?” Brian asked.

“You know what I think. I have no choice. What do you think?” Justin laughed.

“Read the contract before you decide,” Brian smiled.

“What’s in the contract?” At least after that property debacle he’d learned to ask questions.

“You work here; you get paid for what you do in the stables. As my husband you are expected to be a husband. No tricking, no disappearing, no grand gestures to embarrass me. For the next five years, I want a husband in every sense.”

“I have to sleep with you,” Justin sighed.

Brian didn’t realize that sleeping with him would be so much of a bother and couldn’t help but be annoyed.

Justin could see he’d struck a nerve. “It’s not that I’m not attracted to you, I am but the situation is a real turn off,” Justin tried to explain. He didn’t want to kill this deal before it started.

Brian showed Justin to his room. “Get cleaned up. The contract is here on the desk.” Brian pulled a pen out of his pocket and flicked through the pages. He found what he was looking for and crossed out one of the paragraphs and initialed it. “Read it. This will be your room and dinner will be in an hour.” Brian closed the door and went to shower. He’d never begged anyone to sleep with him before and he wouldn’t start now.

Justin picked up the document and looked at the paragraph Brian had crossed out. He thought about the look on Brian’s face. He wasn’t angry, he looked hurt. The paragraph only said they would share the same room. How was he supposed to feel horny under these conditions? Justin threw the document on the bed and went to shower. He stayed in there for a while. When he finally came out, he flopped onto the bed and began to read.

Brian was still in the shower a half an hour later. He would need thicker skin when dealing with Justin. He was surprised that Justin had actually hurt him with his reaction. Brian supposed he couldn’t really blame him. Justin’s whole life was being reorganized without his consent. It would have been nice to wake up next to a warm body again, oh well, he would miss the closeness. He knew Justin would be banging on his door for sex eventually, he couldn’t trick but Brian had hoped for something more intimate. Anyway the challenge to turn Justin into a real human being was still there. Just putting him to work would build Justin’s character; give him a sense of achievement. Brian turned off the shower and dried off quickly. He looked at the time, dressed quickly and went downstairs to meet Jennifer and Tom.

Tom had already poured drinks and he and Jenn were chatting on the sofa.

“Did you talk to Justin?” she asked.

"I gave him the contract to read, it's up to him," Brian shrugged. "I'll be back, I want to check on dinner," he smiled.

Jenn could see something had happened between them. Brian was far too quiet. She wondered if she should ask him about it but decided that Brian could handle anything that came up. She had to trust that Brian knew what he was doing. There was so much her son could learn from Brian. He was a wonderful man.

Brian went into the kitchen and lifted on of the saucepan lids. A small woman came out of nowhere and smacked his hand. "Don't touch that Brian, you'll ruin my dumplings."

"Sorry Gertie," Brian laughed. "It smells so good and I forgot myself for a moment."

"See that you don't do it again," she scolded. "It will be ready in twenty minutes so don't go talking and forget."

Brian kissed her on the forehead. "I won't." Gertie had been with him for twelve years and didn't put up with any of his shit. He loved her to death. She was a diamond in the rough. "The table looks wonderful," Brian smiled.

"And why wouldn't it?" she growled. "Go back to your guests and leave me to do my work."

Brian backed out of the kitchen. Gertie was in a mood. Brian returned to the living room and poured himself a drink. He smiled. Gertie always put things into perspective for him. Shit was shit and that was all it was ever going to be. He had a job to do and as always he would do it.

Justin came into the room with the contract in his hand. He looked at Brian and asked for a pen.

"Is there anything you don't understand?" Brian asked.

"No, it's all very clear," Justin said. He signed the document. "I need two witnesses." He turned and handed the pen to his mother so she could sign. Justin was still reeling from the fact the he had to get up at six and be at work by seven. Who gets up at six anyway? The contract spelled everything out, it left no blurred lines at all. He would try and propose separate lives later but he didn't think he had a chance in hell of that happening. He would just have to suffer through the next five years. When he got his next installment, he could get out of here. He watched Tom sign as the other witness.

"We have ten minutes before dinner is ready," Brian smiled. "Tom, do you want to do the ceremony now. Just the quick version, we don't need any romantic gestures."

"You have to hold hands," Tom smiled.

Brian came out from behind the bar and took Justin's hand.

Tom said a few words about commitment and trust and asked them if they agreed to share their lives. Thy both said yes and he pronounced them husband and husband. "You have to kiss or it won't be real," he sighed.

Brian looked at Justin who was rolling his eyes. He bent down and pulled Justin in close.

Justin felt his breath catch as their bodies were pressed together.

Brian looked into his eyes. He could feel that Justin was hard as soon as he took hold of him. He slowly lowered his mouth to meet Justin's and brushed his lips across his new husbands, then pecked him on the forehead and released him.

Justin felt his knees go weak and struggled to stay standing but Brian had already walked away and was talking to his Mom. She was smiling. She walked over to Justin and hugged him. "Congratulations honey," she grinned.

Gertie appeared in the doorway. "Dinner is on the table."

Brian smiled. "Great, I'm starved. Brian walked into the dining room with Tom happily discussing something that Justin wasn't interested in at all.

Justin looked at his mother. "Okay, I did it. What happens now?"

"Sweetie you are married to Brian now. Shouldn't you be asking him that?"

"I meant about my bills," Justin scowled.

"Just give me a list and I'll have a look at them tomorrow. I'm hungry," she smiled. "Gertie is a fabulous cook."

They followed Tom and Brian into the dining room. Everyone chatted happily through dinner except Justin who was silent. When Brian had held him that way, it really knocked the wind out of him. He was still hard all through dinner just reliving the moment over and over. What would happen now? Brian had crossed out the paragraph about them sleeping together. He wished he had just signed and shut his mouth about the sex. When Brian held him that way, he was making a statement. Showing him what he was missing out on.

They had coffee in the living room after dinner and an hour later Tom and his mother were ready to leave. Justin waved good bye with Brian at the door. When their guests were gone, Brian began to turn out the lights.

"I'll see you in the morning. Breakfast is at six thirty and Gertie hates it if anyone's late," Brian smiled. "There should be clothes in the closet that will fit you. You just need jeans and a shirt." He turned and to walk away but Justin reached out and grabbed his arm. His cock was still hard and he needed to get off. "I'm sorry about before."

Brian looked at him blankly.

"We are married now, can we start again?" Justin said softly.

"Which part?" Brian asked with interest.

Justin stepped forward and pressed his body against Brian's. "This part." He could feel Brian was as hard as he was. He wound his arms around Brian's neck and pulled his head down so their lips touched.

Brian felt his heart start to race. He did want Justin but he knew Justin was just testing him. If he lost now, he would never win with Justin. "I don't feel like tricking tonight, maybe some other time."

"We married, it isn't tricking," Justin objected.

"If we don't sleep together, then it's tricking. We have an early rise in the morning, you should get some sleep."

Justin was shocked that Brian was rejecting him. He released Brian and stormed up the stairs to his room, banging the door. Some fucking wedding night, he growled. It was bad enough being married but to not even get laid was bullshit.

Brian smiled and continued to turn out the lights.

Chapter Two

Brian lay in his bed thinking about Justin. He knew Justin was furious when he referred to him as a trick. He wished he had just picked Justin up and carried him up here but he knew he couldn't. Justin had shown his distaste for sleeping with him when he was thinking with his head and not with his cock. Everyone looked good at the end of the night, even he had been guilty of that in his youth. When Justin really wanted him, he would be interested. Until then, he wouldn't settle for anything less. He thought far too much of himself for that. Brian reached for the lube and

played with his cock until he came. He cleaned up then turned over to get some sleep. Tomorrow would be a full day.

Justin was still seething over Brian's rejection. How dare Brian call him a trick? They were married now and he was entitled to get off. He grabbed for his contract and read furiously. There were all sorts of rules and regulations for when they were in public together, but the only paragraph remotely connected with sex was the one where they slept together. The one Brian had crossed out. He wasn't allowed to trick with anyone else. What was he supposed to do? Brian was in good shape but he was old. What if he only felt like it once a month? Justin sighed. He would go insane, that was it. Brian was trying to make him crazy. He checked for clauses about Brian getting control of his trust if he went nuts but there weren't any. It was already working, he was behaving certifiably. Justin knew he needed to get a grip on this. He was stuck in this situation for the next five years and he had to make the best of it. He looked at the clock on the nightstand. Nobody went to bed at ten; he was usually just going out now. Nobody got up at six either, that was the time you came home. His cell rang and he dived off the bed to get it.

"What?" he growled.

"Where are you?" Daphne yelled into the phone over the background noise.

"I'm already in bed."

"Are you sick?" she yelled.

"No, I got married," Justin growled.

"Say again, I can't hear you," she yelled.

"I said, I got fucking married."

"That's not funny, Jus," she spat.

"I wasn't being funny. Now if you don't mind, I'm on my honeymoon. I'll call you later." Justin closed his cell. Some fucking wedding night, he grumbled again. He was even too angry to jerk off after he set the alarm.

Brian was already sitting having breakfast when Justin wandered down. He flopped down in his chair and didn't bother to speak.

Gertie put scrambled eggs and sausage down in front of him.

Justin pushed it away. "I don't eat that," he mumbled.

Gertie rose up to her full height of five foot and glared at him. She pushed the plate back in front of Justin and lifted his face with her finger so she knew he would understand. "At six thirty, you get a choice and I will make you whatever you like, at six fifty, you eat what I put in front of you. Do you understand?"

Justin nodded and started to eat.

Brian tried not to smile. Gertie wouldn't put up with shit from anyone. At six fifty eight, Brian closed his paper. He smiled at Justin as he shoved in the last mouthful. "Let's go."

He led Justin out to the stables. "New people start cleaning stalls. When you can do it properly, you can something else."

"So now I'm a stable boy," Justin said disgusted.

“Yes,” Brian smiled. “I’ll show you what to do.” Brian walked Justin through the procedure then he showed him step by step.

Justin could feel his stomach gurgling from the combination of breakfast and horse shit. He used to have a horse when he was a kid. Justin knew what was involved and he knew what corners he could cut. He glared at Brian. “Okay, okay, I got it,” he said impatiently.

“We follow the procedure here Justin, we don’t take short cuts with the health of our animals.”

Justin nodded and rolled his eyes.

Brian wanted to hit him; he was not listening at all. Oh well, Justin would just have to learn the hard way.

“So how many do I do, today?” Justin asked.

“All of them. They are done every day,” Brian replied.

Justin looked at the double line of stables. He counted quickly. “There are thirty six,” he gasped.

Brian smiled. “Then you better get started.” He handed Justin the shovel. Brian pulled off his shirt as he walked away. He had two truck loads of hay to be unloaded and stacked.

Justin watched Brian walk away. He looked at the shovel in disgust. Married, no honeymoon, food he hated and now mornings of horse shit to look forward to, It didn’t get much better than this on the scale of ‘when will I kill myself’. He started on the next stall. After he had done three, he decided it wasn’t too bad. Brian said each one should take fifteen minutes but he was getting through them in less than ten.

Brian was standing on the top of the truck throwing down the bales of hay. He looked at his watch and noticed that Justin was not taking the right amount of time. Brian smiled. He let Justin finish ten and then jumped down off the truck. He looked at the stalls and saw that Justin wasn’t doing them properly. “Justin, could I have a word, please?” he said politely.

Justin came out of the stall he was working on. “What?” he said.

“Do you see the any difference between the one I did and what you’re doing?” Brian asked.

Justin looked at the first one again and then the one he’d finished. Sure Brian’s was clearer but what difference did it make? You only covered the floor with hay anyway. “Not really,” he shrugged.

Brian pointed out the differences. Do you see the difference now?” he asked patiently.

“But who cares anyway?” Justin sighed.

“The people who pay us to look after their horses care. If you only do half the job then they will only want to pay half the fee and then I will give you half the wages. Is that what you want?” Brian waited for an answer.

“I don’t want to do any of this at all,” Justin complained.

Brian smiled. “Fine, go.”

Justin stared at him. “What do you mean?”

“Leave.”

Justin wasn't sure what Brian was telling him. Was he going to find him something else to do or didn't he have to work anymore? That was okay, Justin thought.

"I'll get one of the boys to drop you off at your Mom's," Brian smiled. "No hard feelings, it just didn't work out." Brian turned and walked away, leaving Justin with his mouth open.

What just happened? Did he just say it was over? Fuck, he began to panic. "Brian?" Justin called out but Brian was already too far away to hear him. He couldn't go back to his Mom and say that. He needed the money. He ran after Brian and grabbed him to get his attention. "I want to try again."

"There is no point, Justin. The people who work here take pride in a job well done. If someone complains, I can say with confidence, that couldn't possibly have happened because Sam or Fred or Matt did that job. I trust them because I know they care, not just about the horses but a good job says a lot about who they are. Some people just don't know what a good job is and or worse they don't have any pride in their work or their achievements. I don't know that I have the time to train someone like that," Brian sighed. "Don't worry; you did your best now I'll get you that ride." He turned to walk away.

"I didn't do my best. I want to try again," Justin said. Listening to Brian talk about the other people who worked here made him feel guilty. "Please Brian, let me try again?"

Brian sighed. "We'll try it for today."

Justin nodded and went back to his stables.

Brian watched Justin walk away and smiled. He does have a conscience, interesting.

When Gertie called Justin for lunch, he dropped what he was doing, to be there on time.

Brian smiled as he saw Justin scamper into the house. He walked back to the stables and checked Justin's work. He smiled again. Justin was capable of doing a good job and Brian was pleased. He joined them for lunch and accepted what Gertie handed him because he was late. The boys chatted happily as usual. They weren't quite sure what to make of Justin yet. Justin finished his meal and thanked Gertie, then returned to his job. The boys left five minutes later and Brian smiled at Gertie. "What do you think?"

"He's a good boy, just never been taught is all."

"I was thinking the same thing," Brian smiled. He grabbed the phone and dialed. "Jenn, its Bri, tell me did Craig spend much time with Justin when he was growing up?"

Jennifer laughed. "Between his business and his girlfriends, Craig was lucky to see Justin at Christmas. Why?"

"Nothing, I was just wondering," Brian said.

"I sold Justin's car today and I found someone to sublet his apartment. I'll get him something simple to drive, something he can afford."

Brian felt sorry for Justin. His apartment and his car in one day, it would be too much for most people. "Leave it with me Jenn. I'll organize him something to drive."

"Thanks, Brian," Jenn smiled. "I'll see you on Friday."

"Jenn, can I rain check till next Friday? I think Justin needs some time to settle in."

"Okay, if you think that's best. I'll see you Friday week. I was just going to pack up Justin's place and bring the stuff with me but I'll send his things out to you."

“Sure Jenn, whatever. I’ll see you in a week and a bit.” Brian closed his cell.

At the end of the day, Justin still had one stall to go. Brian waited to see if he left it or stayed longer and finished. He was pleasantly surprised when Justin continued working. Brian knew that Justin had probably never done a day’s work in his life and tomorrow he would be sore. Physical work took some getting used to. When he first bought the stables, his muscles used to ache all the time, he’d always worked out at the gym but sitting behind a desk was very different to this. When he got used to it, then he was fine. Justin was in for a rough few days.

Brian wandered into the stables just as his husband was finishing for the day. He smiled when he looked at the quality of Justin’s work.

Justin looked up. “What have I done wrong?” he asked.

“Nothing, looks like a good job to me,” Brian smiled.

Justin smiled, relieved. He thought he’d done a good job.

“Dinner is in an hour,” Brian smiled. “You can use the spa in my bathroom. Soak for a while, you’ll feel better.”

“Thanks,” Justin smiled. He knew he would feel like shit tomorrow. His muscles were already aching but Justin was amazed how good he felt. He was pleased with the way he’d worked today. He felt Brian slip his arm around his waist as they walked back to the house. Justin didn’t pull away. He liked when Brian touched him. They pulled off their boots and left them at the door. Brian took Justin upstairs to his room to show him the tub. Justin was surprised the bathroom was the size of another bedroom. There was a shower and toilet and a bath and a full sized hot tub.

Brian pulled the cover off the tub and the steam rose to the ceiling. “I used to work in advertising. When I bought this place, I thought I would die the first few days. Physical labor is very different to going to the gym.” Brian smiled. “Funny, I never go to the gym anymore. I get plenty of exercise here.”

Justin stretched his neck. “I know what you mean. I always go to the gym but I am so sore.”

“Have a shower and then climb in. The hot water will soak away some of the soreness,” Brian smiled. “I’ll leave you to it. Dinner is in an hour.”

Justin nodded. As he pulled off his clothes, every part of him was hurting. God he was sore. He had a shower that was longer than he thought. It seemed to take ages to get the grime off him. Finally when he climbed into the hot tub, he sighed. Oh yes, it felt great. He closed his eyes and let the heat from the water seep into his tired muscles.

Brian looked at his watch. Justin should have been down ten minutes ago. He told Gertie to serve Justin’s meal and keep it hot for him. Justin needed to eat; he’d worked a big day. Brian finished his meal and it was twenty past. He decided to check on Justin. He ran up the steps and into his room. He knocked on the door but got no answer. Brian opened the door and found Justin fast asleep in the hot tub. He was lucky he didn’t drown. Poor kid was exhausted, Brian thought. “Justin,” Brian touched him gently but he didn’t stir. “Justin,” he said again and still nothing. He was in a dead sleep. He took off his watch and his shirt and laid a towel across his chest. He slid his hands down into the water and lifted Justin out.

Justin opened his eyes and smiled. He wrapped his arms around Brian’s neck. “I’m so tired,” he murmured.

Brian smiled. “I know you are. Hang on to me while I get the towel around you.”

Justin nodded and hung on tight to Brian.

Brian wrapped the towel around him to dry him off. "Let's get you into bed."

"Your bed?" Justin said sleepily.

Brian felt his breath catch. "No, your bed, you need to sleep," he carried Justin down the hall and put him in his bed. Justin barely stirred except to turn over. Brian covered him up. Justin was already tugging on his heart strings; he would have to be careful. Justin felt so good in his arms. When Justin said 'your bed', Brian was more than tempted. It was a miracle that he made it out of that room in one piece. He wanted Justin so much. Brian went downstairs and told Gertie Justin was asleep in the tub.

"Brian, he could have drowned," she shook her head. "I put some plastic wrap over his plate and put it in the refrigerator. If he gets up in the middle of the night, he can heat it up," she smiled. "I think he's a good boy, Brian."

Brian smiled. "I think so, too. I spoke to his Mom and she said his father didn't have much to do with him growing up."

"A bit like your Dad," she smiled.

Brian nodded. "Justin's father concentrated on business and women. Mine didn't have time for women between the club and beating the shit out of me," he laughed. He felt her wrap her arms around him.

"You are still a good boy with a big heart," she smiled. "Justin needs you and I think you may need him too."

"We'll see Gertie, we'll see," Brian wrapped his arms over hers.

"Go and do your bookwork and let me clean up," she smiled.

"Tired of hugging me?" he laughed.

She held him tighter. "No, but I know you have to get up early, scoot."

Gertie was the mother he always wished he had. He would always be grateful for the day she came into his life.

Brian looked at his watch and it was almost midnight. He put his books away and turned off the lights. When he walked past Justin's room, he heard groaning. Brian opened the door and Justin was moaning on his bed. "Justin, are you okay?" he asked concerned.

Justin turned towards him and he could see Justin was in pain.

"Where does it hurt?"

"My back and my legs," he whimpered.

"I'll be back in a minute," he smiled. Brian went to his bathroom and took the heat cream from his cabinet. He returned to Justin and said. "Roll onto your stomach and I'll rub your back."

Justin did as he was told, his back was aching.

Brian straddled Justin's butt and applied the cream to his back. He used long strokes at first to spread the cream and then worked systematically with his thumbs on all the knots in Justin's back for the next hour.

“Mmmm,” Justin sighed with relief when the pain stopped.

Brian spun around and massaged Justin’s legs. He concentrated on where his hamstrings met his buttocks. Brian knew this area would give Justin the most trouble. When he felt Justin’s muscles relax he told him to roll over. He started to do Justin’s quads and Justin was instantly hard. Brian tried to ignore it and keep rubbing but as he worked on the muscles he could see Justin was getting even harder. He looked at Justin’s face and could see his eyes were pleading with him. “Are you legs feeling better now?”

Justin nodded. “Thank you,” he said quietly.

Brian climbed off him so Justin wouldn’t feel how hard he was too. He took a deep breath, wondering what to do. Brian knew what he should do but it was in direct conflict to what he wanted to do. He kissed Justin on the forehead. “Get some sleep.”

Justin nodded but couldn’t understand why Brian had left. He could feel how much Brian wanted him. He was obviously conflicted, leaving when his cock was as hard as steel. How could Brian just walk away like that? He wondered.

Brian went to his room and turned on his shower. Fuck, he nearly didn’t get out of there. He could see in Justin’s eyes that he wanted him. Well he wanted someone, it didn’t matter who and that was the problem. He tore off his clothes and his cock bounced free. It was aching for relief, to be inside Justin, but his hand would have to do.

When Brian finally came, he cried out Justin’s name. Oh god, he thought, I am seriously fucked. It had only been two days and already he was falling head over heels in love with his young charge. He thought about how it felt to touch Justin and what he wanted to do to him and before he could stop himself, he came again. Brian rinsed off and turned off the water. He needed to take his own advice and get some sleep. When he climbed into bed, his head was only full of Justin.

Justin was surprised when he woke that he felt as good as he did. His memory of last night was hazy. Did he eat dinner? He was starving and looked at the time, it was six fifteen. He had to hurry. Gertie would give him something he hated again if he was late. He threw on his clothes and ran down the stairs to the kitchen. “Good morning, Gertie,” he smiled. “Did I eat last night?”

“I left you plate in the ice box but you didn’t have it. Brian found you asleep in the hot tub,” she smiled.

Justin remembered Brian rubbing his back and legs. Was that before the hot tub, he wondered. Wait, he remembered Brian carrying him to bed. Did they fuck? Shit, he couldn’t remember. He remembered feeling so hard he thought he would explode. Was Brian there then? Justin asked Gertie to make his eggs sunny side up. He hated scrambled. Brian didn’t come down until six forty five. Justin watched Gertie glare at him for being late. Brian looked awful, like he hadn’t slept in a week.

“Morning,” he mumbled.

“Good morning,” Justin said brightly. He felt wonderful, he was barely sore at all.

“Are you okay, today?” Brian asked.

“I feel fine. Thank you for the rub, I really needed it,” Justin smiled. “I feel great. I think I’ll get an early start on my job. I’ll see you later.”

Brian nodded and poked at his eggs. He hated runny eggs. When he complained, Gertie handed him more toast, Ughhhhhh. He ate them quickly and tried not to think about them too much. He smiled at Justin being eager to go to work. Justin impressed him more all the time.

"In case you don't know, you look like shit," Gertie nudged Brian in the ribs.

Brian rolled his eyes. "Don't worry, I know."

"Well are you going to just sit there all day or do you have work to do?" she asked. "I want to wash this floor and I can't while you're on it."

Brian stood up and went to work. Justin was already into it. He was working a lot faster today but still doing a thorough job and Brian was pleased. Brian delegated most of his duties, he felt like crap. He needed to get some sleep because he wouldn't have had an hour last night. He hoped Justin would be okay tonight and he could rest. He had client meetings all afternoon so he couldn't lie down at all. He said goodbye to the last client at six and went to see how Justin was going. He found him cleaning the bridles. Sam told him, Justin finished an hour earlier today and asked for something else to do. Brian could feel the pride radiating inside him.

Justin looked up and saw Brian watching him. "You look really tired."

During the course of the day, Justin remembered that Brian had lifted him out of the hot tub and put him to bed. Then later that night, Brian had rubbed his back and legs when he was in so much pain. No wonder he was tired, Brian had looked after him most of the night. He still wondered why Brian had left when he was so hard and wanted him so much. He had felt Brian hard a few times so he wasn't impotent. He didn't know what Brian's problem was but he intended to find out.

Justin was surprised that working made him feel good about himself. He was pleased with the job he did. He worked better today than yesterday. His Mom was right. By just getting on with it, it was done a lot faster than wasting the time whining about it.

When it was time to finish, Justin waited for Brian so they could go home together. Brian was checking one of the horses. He pulled out his cell. "Marv, its Brian, can you come and look at Bold Dancer? Yeah, as fast as you can, thanks."

"What's wrong with her?" Justin asked.

"Not sure but something with her mouth, she's uncomfortable. You go home, I'll see you later. I have to wait for the vet," Brian smiled.

Justin looked at Brian. He was dead on his feet. "Do you need to do anything for her?" Justin asked.

"Marv will be here soon."

"Then I'll wait and you go home. You won't be any good to anyone tomorrow if you don't get some sleep. I know you looked after me last night. Tonight, let me look after you."

Brian was touched by Justin's gesture. It was thoughtful. He wanted to say no and that he'd wait but Justin was taking on more responsibility and that was good. There really wasn't anything he could do for her.

"I promise to come and tell you what he says the minute he goes," Justin smiled.

Brian pulled Justin in close and held him. He whispered as his face was pressed against the side of Justin's face. "Thank you."

Justin turned his face and kissed Brian softly. "You're welcome, now go," he laughed and watched Brian trudge up to the house. Justin could see he was completely exhausted. He continued cleaning the bridles, getting a start on tomorrow.

An hour later, a short, stout, balding man drove up. He asked for Brian and Justin explained that Brian was his partner and he was doing something else and had left him to wait. Justin showed him the horse and watched as he examined her. He looked up at Justin. "She has a tooth there that should come out," he smiled and patted her. "There girl, we'll take care of that for you."

Twenty minutes later, the tooth was out.

"She'll be fine now," he smiled. "I'll give Brian a call tomorrow. It was nice to meet you Justin. Brian has been alone too long," he smiled as he left.

Justin went up to the house and found Gertie waiting for him.

"How is she?" she asked.

"Just a tooth, Marv took it out. He said she'll be fine," Justin smiled. "Did Brian eat anything?"

Gertie shook her head. "He was too tired. He works so hard and he needs to sleep. If he doesn't get it, he gets sick. I kept your dinner warm," she smiled.

"Thanks Gertie, I am hungry. You are the best cook, everything always tastes so good," he laughed. "Even your scrambled eggs are better than most people's."

"Go on with you," she laughed. "Flattery doesn't let you be late for meals. The only good reason is one of the horses is sick. Now eat," she ordered.

Justin wolfed down his meal in record time. He knew he was hungry but he didn't know how hungry till he started to eat. "That was great, thanks," Justin smiled. "I promised Brian I would tell him about Bold Dancer when the vet left."

"I know he's asleep, I just checked on him just before you came in. Have your shower first, you smell awful," she frowned. "Sometimes, if you wake him up, he won't go back to sleep."

"Do you think I should leave him?" Justin asked.

"If he does wake up and you haven't told him, he'll be worried and go down to the stables. Have your shower and then wake him. See you in the morning," she smiled.

"Night, Gertie."

Justin ran up the stairs and showered quickly. He wrapped a towel around his waist and went to tell Brian about his horse. He knocked gently but there was no answer. When he opened the door and looked in, Brian was snoring. Justin sat on the bed beside him and Brian turned towards him and snuggled against him. Justin smiled. Brian was so warm. Justin lifted his legs up onto the bed and Brian wrapped himself around Justin completely, nestling his head into Justin's chest. Justin stroked Brian's hair off his forehead and leaned down to kiss him.

Brian stirred. "Mmmm, you feel so good," Brian murmured in his sleep. "I love you, Jus."

Justin was a little surprised to hear Brian say the words but more surprised how much it pleased him to hear it. He felt Brian's fingers touching his chest and slowly sliding down to his towel. Justin felt his breath catch. Brian did want him. He pulled his towel open so Brian wouldn't stop. He closed his eyes as Brian kneaded his cock. Brian rolled onto Justin and took him in his mouth. Justin could tell he thought he was dreaming.

This was the best one yet, Brian thought. He'd been dreaming about Justin every night but this time he could actually taste him. He let Justin's cock fall from his mouth and gently sucked on his balls, one then the other, rolling them with his tongue. He took hold of Justin's cock and pumped as he sucked.

Justin tried to be quiet but he cried out Brian's name as he came.

Brian felt cum spurting down his throat and opened his eyes. Justin was lying beneath him with his eyes closed. He sat up confused. What had he done?

Justin opened his eyes and pulled Brian against him again. He pressed their lips together, slipping his tongue into Brian's mouth and exploring it.

Brian could feel his heart racing in time with Justin's. He knew he should stop but he didn't want to, he wanted Justin.

Justin didn't care what reason Brian had for not fucking him before, this time he wouldn't be put off. He pushed Brian onto his back and climbed on top of him, sucking on his neck till Brian was moaning for more. Justin could feel Brian was hard as his cock pressed against his ass. "I want you inside me," he sighed.

Brian looked at him. "Are you sure?"

Justin nodded. He lifted up and guided Brian's cock to his entry.

"Justin wait, we need to use protection," Brian panted.

"Are you negative?" Justin smiled.

Brian nodded.

"Well I'm a top and I've never bottomed before," Justin said softly. "You are my husband and I want you." He sunk down onto Brian's head slowly. He knew it would be painful but wanting Brian inside him was overwhelming. He felt his breath catch as the head of Brian's cock penetrated him. Justin waited for a few moments and then sunk down onto his husband completely. "Ohhhh yessssss," he cried out as Brian more than filled him.

Brian was in shock that Justin was a top and even more shocked that Justin wanted to bottom for him. He sighed loudly as he felt his cock inside Justin. He had to wait; he had to concentrate, so he could wait.

Brian felt Justin grinding down on his cock to get Brian further inside him.

"Oh Brian, it's so good," Justin panted. He began to slide up and down on Brian's cock.

Brian cried out. Justin was so tight, so hot. Each time Justin sunk onto him, Brian thought he would pass out from the pure pleasure of it. He felt Justin loosen and start to ride him faster. It was so much better than he'd dreamed. "Harder," Brian moaned.

Justin tightened his muscles and rode Brian until he was writhing, out of control.

Brian knew he was close, so close. He grabbed Justin's cock and fisted him roughly. Justin cried out his name and his internal muscled locked down on Brian taking him over the edge with him. Brian pumped his load into his husband and then collapsed.

Justin fell on top of Brian, exhausted. He kissed his lover's neck and whispered so Brian barely heard the words.....I love you.

"Mmmmm," Brian sighed. Oh fuck, he thought, the horse. "I know this is probably a mood breaker," Brian said meekly. "How is Bold Dancer?"

Justin smiled. “Bad tooth, it’s out now and she’s fine.” He wrapped his arms around Brian’s neck. “If I move then I’ll need to shower so I think I’ll stay here,” Justin sighed and closed his eyes.

Brian was still hard and he didn’t want to move either. He closed his eyes to sleep, his first real sleep since the first night he held Justin.

Chapter Three

Brian opened his eyes and found Justin asleep on top of him, still straddling his waist. He was momentarily startled but then smiled when he remembered the night before. He wrapped his arms around Justin and nuzzled his face into the side of Justin’s neck. This was everything he wanted, everything he’d longed for. Brian craved for a warm body beside him for so long but being with Justin was better than he’d dreamed. He glanced at the clock, it was still early. For the first time in ten years, he closed his eyes and went back to sleep.

Justin rolled off Brian onto his back and stretched his legs. He must have slept crouched over Brian all night, he thought, he was stiff.

Brian felt Justin move and rolled to find the warmth of his body. “Mmmmm,” he moaned softly as he rolled on top of Justin. “Where did you go?” he murmured, still asleep.

“I want to alter our agreement.”

Brian opened his eyes and lifted his head from Justin’s neck. “Okay,” he said cautiously. He knew he’d lost the upper hand last night when he was so damn needy to be inside his lover. “What do you have in mind?” he held his breath.

“I want the paragraph you crossed out to go back in,” Justin said tentatively.

“Why?” Brian asked. If Justin wanted this just for the sex then he wasn’t sure he could agree.

“Because I want to wake up with you every morning and feel your arms around me every night, I like to feel you close to me.” Justin wrapped his arms around Brian and held him.

“Do I have to fuck you?”

“Not if you don’t want to,” Justin said softly.

“Do you want to fuck me?”

“Only if you beg me to,” Justin smiled.

Brian laughed. He’d never begged anyone to fuck him in his life. “Then I guess we could reinstate that paragraph, if you’re sure.”

Justin smiled. “Oh I’m sure.”

“And if I want to fuck you, I can?” Brian moaned as he kissed Justin’s neck.

“Uhuh.”

“Do you need to have notice?” Brian sighed and continued his kisses.

“I don’t think so,” Justin smiled as he lifted his chin to give Brian better access to his neck. “Surprise me,” he moaned and he lifted his legs to wrap them around Brian’s waist.

Brian fully intended to surprise Justin every morning for the rest of their lives. "I want you so much," Brian moaned as he grabbed the lube and prepared his husband quickly.

Justin wanted it to be slower but right now, fast was okay too. As Brian pushed inside him, he cried out.

Brian stopped. "Am I hurting you?" he asked tenderly.

"Yes, but don't stop." He lifted up to force Brian inside him completely. He locked his ankles together, signaling for Brian to wait. Brian was so big; he needed to wait for a minute until he could adjust to Brian's girth.

Being buried inside Justin was incredible, he was so tight. Brian was glad that Justin was an anal virgin. He liked that he was the only one who had ever felt how good this was and it was so good. When Justin loosened, he began to thrust. He started slowly, wanting to savor the moment, but in no time he felt his control waning and the passion building. Brian fought to regain his composure. He didn't want to cum like a school boy before it was time. Last night, he'd lost it completely. He wanted to prove to Justin that he was the best thing that had ever happened to him. Brian took a deep breath.

Justin was lost, carried away as Brian fucked him hard. Each time Brian slid inside him, Justin held his breath filled with fear Brian would stop. He contracted his muscles to hold Brian longer each time, knowing that he was squeezing Brian's cock.

Brian was panting, trying to breathe as Justin closed in around him on each thrust. "More," he begged. "Don't stop."

"Fuck me." Justin cried out as he was tottering on the precipice of his orgasm.

Brian thrust into Justin hard three times in a row and felt his lover lock down on him as he came between them. He waited for Justin to go limp and kept thrusting until he too pumped his load, this time inside his lover.

They lay glued together with cum and perspiration, both panting for breath. It seemed to take forever before they were breathing normally again. Brian closed his eyes. He never wanted this to end.

"Brian," Justin said suddenly. "Is that the time?"

Brian opened his eyes and looked at the clock on the nightstand. He was disorientated for a second, it couldn't be. The clock said two forty five. Brian looked out the window and saw the sun streaming in. They had missed work, fuck, they weren't just late. He rolled off Justin onto his back and sighed. Brian grabbed Justin and pulled him against him.

Justin struggled to get free. "I have to get up and do my stalls. The horses don't care if we slept in."

"Stay where you are," Brian smiled. "We are entitled to a one day honeymoon."

"Are you sure?"

"I'm the boss, aren't I?" he laughed. He grabbed his cell. "Sam, its Brian. Oh did she? Yeah tomorrow, and Bold Dancer? Great, see you tomorrow." Brian closed his cell. "Gertie told them we were honeymooning this morning," Brian laughed.

Justin smiled. "Did they do my work?"

"Yeah, they all pitched in and did it first." Brian was pleased that Justin even thought about it. He'd come a long way in a few days. He thought about being inside his husband and was hard all over again.

Justin could feel Brian was ready again. He wanted to but he wasn't sure his ass could take it. "If you are going to fuck me again, it better be real slow. Remember, I'm a novice at this," he smiled.

Brian kissed him softly. "If I have to be careful then I'd better be able to see what I'm doing. He sat up and positioned Justin on his knees and elbows. As he blanketed Justin's body with his own, he kissed every bit of Justin perfect skin he could reach. Brian slid down his back, placing soft, wet kisses as he went. He slid his tongue between Justin's cheeks, making his body quiver with delight. When he lapped at Justin's entry, he could taste himself.

Justin moaned as Brian licked and sucked on the soft folds that surrounded his hole. He could feel how swollen he was from the times Brian had breeched him but this felt soft and nice. Justin felt Brian gently massaging his balls and sighed loudly. It felt so good.

"I want you," Brian sighed. His cock was straining to be inside Justin again.

Justin nodded. "Just slow okay," he sighed.

Brian knew Justin was sore but he couldn't help it. Justin was like a drug and he needed more. He tried to focus.

Justin felt Brian pressing against his entrance and groaned as Brian pushed inside him.

Brian pulled out completely and then sunk in again. He was sure single thrusts would loosen Justin up. He watched as his cock slid inside Justin over and over. It was intoxication watching his cock disappear and then reappear again. As he thrust in, Justin's head came back and Brian kissed his neck and as he pulled out, Justin's head fell forward, his body obviously mourning the loss of Brian inside him. Time stopped as Brian held his pace, the rhythm slow and steady.

Justin wanted to cum. Brian was driving him crazy. With this pace Brian would be fucking him for hours more. "Faster baby, please," he begged.

"Are you okay?" Brian panted. He wanted to go faster too but he didn't want to hurt Justin.

"Fuck me," Justin sighed. "Make me cum."

Brian increased the pace and in a few thrusts he felt his frenzy for Justin return. He grabbed Justin's hips and ground his cock deeper inside his lover before thrusting again. He angled his thrusts to hit Justin's prostate and heard Justin cry out his name as his orgasm started. He sighed and panted and moaned and groaned as his thrusts became wild and uncontrolled. As he tumbled over the edge, Brian cried out. "I love you."

Justin smiled and pumped his cock, spewing his cum all over the sheets as he felt Brian empty into him. He pressed back against Brian one last time and felt the hard cock that was pulsing inside him shiver with relief as it pumped out the last drop.

Brian pulled out straight away. He knew Justin was sore. He must be. He turned onto his back and stretched out his legs. He looked at Justin who was still on his knees asleep. Brian gently changed his position and pulled a sleeping Justin into his arms and held him tightly. He was just about to drift off to sleep when he heard a gentle rapping on the door. Brian edged away from Justin, grabbed his robe and opened the door. It was Gertie.

"I know you're busy but you can't miss a whole day of food, you'll get sick. I made some sandwiches so you can have them when you like."

Brian smiled at her. "Thanks for telling the boys we wouldn't be in."

"Not a problem," she smiled. "When Justin missed breakfast and I realized where he was, I knew you wouldn't be out today. I'm happy for you, Brian, you deserve to be happy. You're a good man. You don't have to be lonely anymore."

"Thanks Gertie, it feels really right," he smiled.

"Now take this and I'll see you at breakfast in the morning," she smiled.

Brian took the tray. There were enough sandwiches to feed an army. He put the tray on the dresser, pulled off his robe and went back to Justin.

“Where were you?” he muttered.

“Gertie bought us up some food, she thought we might be hungry,” Brian laughed.

Justin’s eyes opened at the mention of his two favorite things, hungry and food. He sat up and groaned with discomfort. Brian had killed him and hadn’t told him yet. He jumped to his feet but that hurt almost as much too.

“What’s wrong?” Brian asked concerned.

“You in my ass too many times, that’s what’s wrong,” Justin grumbled.

Brian smiled. “Do you want me to kiss it better?”

“I fell for that last time, remember,” he rolled his eyes.

Brian’s eyes dropped. “I’m sorry.” He knew he got carried away.

Justin realized that Brian didn’t understand his sense of humor yet. He knew he’d hurt him. Justin crawled back onto the bed and into Brian’s lap. “I wouldn’t swap a single second, it was wonderful.”

“Really?” Brian smiled.

“Really.” Justin kissed Brian again, lingering on his lips and then probing Brian’s mouth with his tongue.

“You are getting me going all over again,” Brian warned.

Justin stopped. Brian couldn’t want to fuck him again, could he? “I can’t Brian, I want to but I can’t. I don’t think I’ll be able to walk straight for a week the way I feel right now.”

Brian smiled. He knew what Justin meant. A few times he gotten carried away with his dildo and nearly killed himself. “Lay down,” Brian ordered.

Justin did as he was told but was terrified Brian would just fuck him again anyway. He knew he wouldn’t have the strength to say no.

Brian went into the bathroom and returned with a large jar. “Put your knees up.”

Justin complied.

Brian gently dabbed the cream around Justin’s opening, massaging his anus until it softened enough to slide the cream inside.

“Mmmm,” Justin moaned. “That’s good.” his breath caught as he felt Brian’s finger slide inside him. He relaxed quickly as he felt the cream coat his irritated opening.

Brian pulled out, took the jar back to the bathroom and washed his hands.

Justin sat up, Mmmmm, that was better. “What did Gertie bring us?” he asked, craning his neck to see what was on the tray on the dresser.

“Sandwiches, a mountain of them,” Brian laughed. He put the tray on the bed and smiled as Justin proceeded to demolish the pile. “Can I have one?” he teased.

“Just one, if you’re still hungry I can think of something else you can put in your mouth,” Justin smirked. He had never been so wiped and his cock done so little in his life. Still, it was pretty amazing. He’d never thought of himself as a bottom before, but knowing what Brian felt like inside him, made all the soreness worthwhile. Justin smiled when he remembered thinking Brian may be impotent, that was a laugh. He decided he needed to know why Brian wouldn’t touch him before. He turned onto his side and propped up on one elbow. “I need to ask you something,” he said softly, unsure how Brian would react. Justin didn’t want him turning to ice on him again.

“Sure,” Brian smiled.

“Why didn’t you fuck me the first night?”

The smile disappeared from Brian’s face and he became silent. He wasn’t sure how much to say.

Justin smiled. “Please tell me, I need to know.”

“You want the grown up truth?”

Justin nodded.

“My body wanted you but I didn’t like you very much. You didn’t want to make love with me, anyone would have done.”

Justin was stunned that Brian was so brutally honest with him and held his breath when Brian continued.

“The contract said you couldn’t trick so I knew you would try and manipulate me into bed with you eventually. It was all about you and nothing about me. I used to trick when I was younger, Justin. I know the drill. Keep them at a distance, don’t let your heart get involved, use them, throw them away. Eventually I realized it was empty. I felt more self respect when I was alone.”

“Do you think I manipulated you tonight?”

Brian smiled. “I felt real emotion from you tonight. I know you wanted me, that’s why I made love to you. I care about you Justin.”

“You told me you loved me, twice. Is that true?” Justin asked, a little afraid of the answer.

Brian hadn’t released Justin was coherent enough to remember what he said. “I never say things I don’t mean.”

“I know you married me to help my Mom and I know you didn’t like me very much at the time. What were you getting out of it?” Justin was interested in understanding how Brian’s mind worked.

“I wanted to teach someone the things to make them better than they were, show them how to be all they could be. Devote time to someone and feel the pride when they finally understood what I meant. I was so proud of you the first day when you really did a good job. I knew you were proud of yourself and that made it even better,” Brian smiled.

“I used to be busy all the time but I never got anything done. I partied and ‘wheeled and deal’d’ but if it was too hard, I just left it and did something else. That first day when I finished the stalls was the first time I ever finished something that I didn’t want to do and it’s funny because I started out not wanting to do it, but I finished, wanting to do it well.”

Brian smiled. “Most people never learn that lesson in their lifetime. It isn’t what you’re doing, it’s the fact that it’s you doing it and you are enjoying the process. Those are the times when it IS all about you.”

“I suppose I was a little self absorbed,” Justin laughed.

Brian laughed loudly. "Hmmm."

Justin flipped at him playfully.

"The second time I was proud of you was when you offered to stay with Bold Dancer because I was tired. That was thoughtful, Justin," Brian smiled. "You were tired too, you'd worked all day."

"You were kind to me the night before. You didn't have to let me use your hot tub and you didn't have to carry me to bed when I went to sleep in it. You didn't have to spend all night rubbing all my sore parts. Why did you?"

"I know how bad it can be and I didn't want you to be in pain," Brian said softly and looked into his lap.

"Why didn't you fuck me that night? I wanted you to."

"I didn't rub your back so you could pay me back by letting me fuck you. I wanted to do it for you. Most of the time it ruins the joy someone feels when they give, if you are compelled to give in return. When you offered to stay with Bold Dancer for me, did it make you feel good to do something for me?"

Justin smiled. "You were so tired and needed to rest but I didn't think you would trust me to do it."

"How did it feel when I said yes?" Brian smiled.

"I was happy to do it for you but when you trusted me, it made it even better," Justin grinned. "It made me feel closer to you. When I came into your room to tell you about the horse, I wasn't thinking about getting off at all. I wanted to touch you, to show you how I felt about you. No one ever trusted me to do anything before."

"I do trust you Justin," Brian smiled. "The only way you will lose my trust is if you throw it away. I want to always trust you. As long as you tell me the truth, I will always understand, no matter what. Please don't ever lie to me."

Justin saw something on Brian's face that he didn't recognize. He was like a small boy begging not to be betrayed. "I promise I will never lie to you." Justin lifted the tray down onto the floor and climbed into Brian's lap. "Do you want to know how I feel about you?"

Brian nodded.

"I love you, Brian." Justin pressed his lips to Brian's and wound his arm's around Brian's neck. "I love you so much," Justin murmured into Brian's mouth. He felt Brian's hard cock pressing into his ass and pulled away. "I don't love you that much," he grinned.

Brian laughed. "Nice, there are conditions on your love, are there?"

"Yes, no fucking me more than three times every night. I want that in our contract," Justin chuckled.

"So if I can't fuck you, do I get to fuck someone else?" Brian smirked.

"Why would you want to fuck someone with two black eyes and no hair?" Justin sighed.

Brian looked at him confused.

Justin grinned. "If you even think about it, I will blacken both their eyes and rip out their hair."

Brian smiled. "You will never have to worry about that. I have what I want, what I've always wanted. I waited for you Justin Taylor."

“The name is Kinney,” Justin smiled. “We need to get some sleep or we’ll miss another day of work.” He climbed off Brian’s lap. “Hold me so I can go to sleep,” Justin smiled.

Brian laid back and took Justin in his arms, held him close and closed his eyes.

Justin lay in the dark thinking about the past few days. He could feel Brian was already asleep by the way his breathing had become shallow. Justin had never slept with anyone this way. Even when Bradley would stay over and listen to him for hours complaining about his dad, they would just fuck and then Justin would turn over and go to sleep. Cuddling and feeling anyone too close to him used to be a real turnoff.

It wasn’t like that with Brian. Brian made him feel special.

Justin always told everyone that he was special but he never really felt special. People only pandered to him because he had money, he didn’t leave it to chance that they knew, he told them to make sure he gained their respect. They didn’t really respect him the way the men here respected Brian, though. Justin always worked the angles, he was good at it. But he tried the false bravado method with Brian and Brian wasn’t impressed at all. He tried being angry and demanding but Brian made him feel like a petulant child. Even after signing the contract, he tried to get out of his responsibilities and Brian told him to leave but when he did what he was supposed to do and did it well, Brian made him feel like a king. He knew Brian would have moved a mountain for him. Brian was proud of him and he was proud of himself for finishing something.

Justin hoped he wouldn’t be cleaning stables for the next five years, but if he was, he would be the best stable cleaner in the world and Brian would be proud that he was. He’d never told anyone that he loved them before, not even his Mom, but the words came so easy saying them to Brian. Part of it being, he was grateful for everything Brian was teaching him but there was something else, something that made him want Brian to hold him, kiss him, touch him and something that he felt in Brian that made Justin want to do all of the same things to him.

Justin wondered what else Brian saw in him. What else was he capable of? He used to say ‘anything’ but he knew that wasn’t true, just words to massage his own ego. He used to think, if no one was saying anything nice about you, sometimes you are the only one left to do it. Now he knew that people praised your actions. It was the only real praise there was. People that just sucked up to you all the time usually wanted something from you. He learnt that first hand with Bradley. It cost him a million dollars to cry like a baby about how badly his Dad had treated him and his Mom. He believed Bradley because he was too lazy to check on the investment. It was inconceivable that Bradley could do to him what he did to everyone else. Bradley played the angles too and gave him exactly what he wanted. Brian was giving him exactly what he needed.

Justin was still too sore in the morning so they blew each other in the shower. They came down to breakfast on time and Gertie made Brian his scrambled eggs and then made Justin’s sunny side up. Brian read his paper as usual. He liked keeping up with what was happening. This morning Brian handed Justin the business page. He scanned it for anything major and then put it down to eat.

“Nothing interesting in there?” Brian smiled.

Justin shrugged, he didn’t know very much about business at all. “Not really.”

“Did you understand what you read?” Brian smiled.

“Not really,” Justin repeated.

“We’ll go over it tonight.”

“Why?” Justin gasped. He wanted them to spend all their time in bed.

Brian laughed. "In five years, the trust will give you one million dollars again. What are you going to do with it?"

Justin stared at him blankly.

"Haven't a clue?" Brian smiled. "Not only do you need to be able to double it in the five years after but you will need to support yourself for that time. That means you need to triple it."

Justin smiled. "I'll ask you what to do with it."

"What if I make a mistake and lose it like your friend did? I'm not the one who will miss out on the next installment of the trust. You make the decisions, you take the bows and you take the falls."

"Will you help me?" Justin asked.

"Yes. By the time your trust comes due you will know everything you need to know to make informed decisions. That sort of knowledge doesn't just happen overnight. That is a long term plan," Brian smiled.

Justin laughed. "Well, I will have to start my wizard of Wall St training later because right now, I have stalls to clean. Are you coming?"

"Yeah, in a minute." Brian pulled Justin onto his lap.

"Hey, I don't have time now," Justin objected.

"One kiss and you can go."

Justin smiled. He devoured Brian hungrily, raking his fingers through Brian's hair and when he finally released him, Brian was breathless. "Think about that while you are unloading hay today," Justin grinned and ran out the door.

Gertie looked at Brian's disheveled appearance.

"I um better um go to work," Brian stammered.

Gertie looked down and then back at Brian. "I'd wait if I were you," she rolled her eyes and went to wash up.

Brian looked down at the tenting in his pants and decided she was right. By the time Brian could leave the house, everyone was already into their tasks. He smiled at Justin who was working furiously as he walked by. He poked his head around the stall. "I will punish you later for that," he smirked.

Justin raised his brow and smiled. "I'm looking forward to later."

Brian went to help the boys unload the trucks.

The time passed quickly and it was Friday again and Jennifer was coming for dinner at eight. Brian had put off telling Justin about his car and his apartment but there was no more time, he had to tell him before his mother came. Precisely at six, Brian dragged Justin away from his duties. Justin wondered what was going on. Brian dragged him down the steps near the kitchen door to a storeroom in the basement.

"Your Mom told you she was selling your car," Brian started. "I told her not to bother getting you another." He hoped Justin wouldn't be angry with him.

"I don't need one. We're always here. It doesn't matter," Justin smiled and wrapped his arms around Brian's waist. "I don't care really, it was only a car."

Brian pulled Justin's arms tighter around him. "If you want to go anywhere, you can always take one of the jeeps or.... If you want, you can drive my car."

Justin turned Brian to face him. "What car? I've never seen you drive a car."

"I don't drive it very often but if I need to, it's there," Brian sighed.

"Where?"

Brian walked over to a control that was hanging from the ceiling. He pressed the button and the back wall of the storeroom opened.

Justin gasped at the Porsche Carrera GT. "Brian, it's beautiful."

Brian smiled. "It is. It's one of my favorite things. I don't take it out on the road very often."

"What a waste, it's gorgeous," he gasped.

"I bought it for myself when I retired. I get a lot of enjoyment out of taking care of it. I polish it and maintain the engine; it's more like a hobby really."

"And you would let me drive it?" Justin said humbly.

"It's no more precious to me than you are," Brian smiled and pulled Justin close to kiss him. "Anyway, its here if you want it. There's something else I didn't tell you."

If Brian told him about the car first then this had to be worse. "Tell me."

"Jenn sublet your apartment and sent your things in boxes." Brian waved to the boxes piled in the storeroom. I guess she didn't think you needed any of the furniture anymore." Brian watched Justin's face. He could see he was upset. He grabbed Justin and held him. "I'm so sorry."

"It's okay," Justin kissed Brian's neck. "I don't care really. I'm not that person anymore. I don't need any of that junk. As long as I have you, that's all that matters."

"You have me alright," Brian smiled. He knew it wasn't about selling everything off to pay Justin's debts. It was the way she was treating him in the process. It should have been Justin selling off his possessions to pay his debts, not Jenn. Her every action was emasculating him. What she was doing wasn't teaching Justin a thing. "I know I wasn't going to get involved in your finances but please tell me. I want to know."

"I bankrolled a housing development that went bust. I trusted someone I knew, he said it was a good investment and I believed him. I didn't check and I took him at his word. I lost the last installment of the trust but I'd also borrowed against the next installment. Because I didn't double the installment, I lost the next one but I had 200K of credit card debt with no way a paying it. I went to my Mom for help and here I am," Justin shrugged.

Brian couldn't believe what he was hearing. Jenn hadn't told him any amounts; just that Justin owed a lot and needed to settle down. "I don't care what brought you to me, only that you're here with me now. I love you, Justin."

Justin smiled. He didn't care either. If he hadn't fucked up, he would still be an asshole and he wouldn't have Brian. It was worth it. He was happy, really happy for the first time in his life. "Forget about this stuff. Let's go up, Mom will be here soon and we still need to clean up." He took Brian's hand and they went upstairs to shower.

Brian could tell that Jenn was happy to see Justin but the first words out of her mouth were “Are you behaving yourself for Brian?”

Justin smiled. “I like it here. I like the people and the job. Brian has been great. I’m glad you made me marry him, smartest thing I ever did.”

Brian stood in the doorway listening to their conversation. As soon as Jenn arrived, Brian excused himself on the pretext of checking on dinner. He thought they may want some time alone. Jenn didn’t even notice the change in Justin. She just went on and on about his past mistakes. Justin took it graciously. He knew he had inconvenienced his mother by his actions and was prepared to take whatever she dished out to him. Brian was angry at her. 200K was nothing; Justin could have bounced back from that. Instead of showing him how, she decided to play God instead. He was glad she did but it didn’t excuse her behavior. He’d heard enough. Mistakes or no mistakes, he wouldn’t have his husband treated this way by anyone, including his mother. Brian strolled into the room. “Hey, Jenn, what have you been up to,” he baited her, knowing she would fall right in.

“I’ve been trying to sell off Justin’s furniture and electricals,” she sighed. “It’s so time consuming.”

“How much have you raised so far?” Brian asked.

“Forty three thousand, I know it’s not much but its a few less bills,” she sighed.

“What is the total figure still outstanding?” Brian smiled.

“A little over 150K,” she shook her head and looked at Justin.

“I’m sorry Mom.” Justin apologized for the fourth time that Brian had heard so far.

Brian sat beside her and took her hand. “Jenn, I’ve been thinking. I know I said that I wanted Justin and me to be financially independent but I’ve changed my mind. Courier everything over to us tomorrow, anything you haven’t sold and all the paperwork. Justin earns a wage now. He can pay his own bills. Give us a list of what you liquidated and how much you got, any expenses you incurred and Justin will take care of this himself.” Brian looked at Justin. “Is that okay, Jus?”

“Brian’s right Mom, thank you for everything you’ve done but I’m a man and I will solve my own problems.” As the words left Justin’s lips, he was terrified but he felt good saying them. Brian was right. He should never have tried to take the easy way and get his Mom to give him the money.

Jennifer looked at Brian in horror. “I couldn’t possibly,” she gasped. “I am so grateful to you for even taking him on. I would never financially burden you with Justin’s mistakes. He’s my responsibility, Brian, not yours. Our friendship means more to me than that. I couldn’t impose on you. You’ve been too kind already.”

“Jenn,” Brian patted her hand. “Nothing about Justin is an imposition. He’s my husband, not a puppy. There will be no financial burden because Justin is capable of doing this himself. I trust him and so should you.”

“How can I trust him after the mess he got himself into?” she gasped.

“Jenn, you are a good mother and good mothers always worry about her kids but Justin is a man now and he is willing to take responsibility for his own life,” Brian smiled. “You have to let him do this himself.”

Jenn continued to object, citing example after example of past mistakes. Brian was getting furious with her but he tried to not show it. He turned to Justin. “Jus, can you check on dinner?” he smiled.

Justin was pleased to get out of there; he knew Brian was furious with his Mom. He escaped quickly.

“Jenn, we’re friends and I value your friendship.”

"I know that Brian and I value yours," she smiled.

"Do you think I am a fool?" Brian asked.

"Far from it," she smiled.

"I'm telling you Justin will do this."

"But Brian....."

"Don't but Brian me," Brian growled. "Justin isn't in the room now so I can be blunt. I am surprised by your behavior. You haven't even seen the change in your son. The boy you brought out here two weeks ago would have told you to fuck off but Justin has been gracious and caring while you have cut off his balls at every opportunity and proceeded to rub his nose in his mistakes. I don't understand it. I've never seen you so controlling and insensitive." Brian sat back on the sofa waiting for Jenn to fully process what he'd said.

Jennifer was stunned.

"Eventually Justin will resent the way you are acting and it will affect your relationship. I don't want to see that happen and I don't want my husband to have his Mommy solving his problems. He can do that for himself."

"He's my son," she stammered.

"But now, he's my husband. You have to step back from this. I don't want to lose you as my friend but I can't let you do this to Justin. I'm sorry, I can't. I don't even need to take responsibility for him because he can be responsible for himself. Trust me, Jenn, he can."

Jennifer started to cry. Brian held her and comforted her and realized where Justin learned his manipulation skills from. She knew she was being a bitch but wanted to save face.

"Come on, it will be okay. Let's have dinner and it will be just like it always was with us," he smiled over her shoulder as he held her. Brian knew that Jennifer was punishing her son for all the times in the past that he didn't ask her advice. When she finally got control, she became a monster. Brian knew it and so did Jennifer. Why else would she have married her son off to a total stranger? She thought her friendship with him would keep him under control too. She wasn't a bad person just someone who needed to be acknowledged.

"I'm sorry," she sobbed.

"When we walk in the dining room, we will forget this ever happened. You know how much I care about you. I don't want there to be any walls between us." Brian stood up and guided her to the doorway. "Now tell me, I haven't been to the club for a while, what's happening there," he smiled and wiped her tears away.

"Fanny Warburton's husband was having an affair with one of the girls in the bar so they sacked her and he was banned. Fanny is very upset." She rambled on and on about someone he barely knew but Brian listened to her intently.

Justin was amazed that there were no tantrums and no screaming. His mother liked to get her own way but Brian handled her beautifully. Brian handled everyone beautifully. By the time she left, she was cheerful and happy. She hugged Justin and told him she would send everything over for him on Monday.

"Thanks Mom," Justin smiled. She even told him she trusted his judgment and knew he would do the right thing. Justin couldn't help being pleased. Even if Brian had to drag it out of her, it still meant a lot to him. Justin waved goodbye to her and then turned to Brian. "I love you, you are my hero."

Brian kissed him and laughed. "No, just the husband that loves you. You still need to sort out your finances but I know you can do it," Brian smiled.

“Will you help me?” Justin asked softly.

“I’ll help you sort through the options. We’ll start Monday after everything arrives. There’s plenty of room in the basement for anything she hasn’t sold yet and you can decide what you want and what you don’t. Once we have the paperwork, we’ll have a better idea of the big picture.”

“What if the picture is really bad,” Justin frowned.

“Then you will work harder and smarter to fix it,” Brian smiled. “And you will do it, I know you will.” He turned out the lights and they went to bed. They had work in the morning.

Saturday was an easier day. Most of the horses were out so the stalls were shoveled and hosed. Justin finished by lunch and had the rest of the day free. When Brian finished at two, they spent the afternoon in the pool together. The pool was totally private from the stables with large bushy trees surrounding it, like a private sanctuary. When it was too dark to see, Brian turned on the lights and they had a romantic dinner poolside. They laughed and talked and when Gertie went to bed, they made love in the moonlight. Brian was a real romantic at heart and Justin fell deeper in love with him every day. They spent a large proportion of Sunday in the hot tub and the rest of the day in bed. Tom called and had dinner with them. While Justin was helping Gertie, Brian and Tom went for a walk.

“I can’t believe the change in him,” Tom smiled. “He’s like a different kid.”

“He is everything I always wanted and more. I have never been so happy in my life. I really love him and he shows me every day how much he loves me too,” Brian smiled.

“Well you have to stop hiding him away. Everyone’s talking about it. They are saying that something’s wrong because you’ve become a hermit. Is it really good for Justin to be sequestered away like this? He’s a young man. He needs contact with the outside world.”

Brian smiled at Tom. “You are my rudder and I’m grateful you are my friend. I’m just so damn happy and I want to keep him all to myself. You’re right, that’s not fair to Justin.”

Tom smiled. “I’ll always tell you what I think, you can count on that.”

“I do,” Brian laughed.

Tom didn’t go back to the house when their walk took them close to his car. “Tell Justin, goodbye. I hope to see you see you both soon,” he laughed. “Away from here.”

“I got it okay,” Brian smiled. “We might start going to the club for dinner every now and again. It’s just that Gertie is a better cook,” Brian laughed.

“That’s true. Maybe you should have a party and bring the people to you. What about Justin’s friends? He’s young, Brian, he needs young people around him.”

“Go home, I said I got it,” Brian laughed.

“Just making sure,” Tom grinned.

Brian waved goodbye and went back to the house.

“Did Tom go?” Justin asked.

“He said to say goodbye. He also wondered what happened to your friends. He thinks I’m keeping you a prisoner here, am I?” Brian raised one eyebrow, interested in what Justin’s response would be.

Justin shrugged. “They’re okay, but I would rather be with you. We should go to bed. I wouldn’t mind another round before I went to sleep,” Justin winked at him seductively.

“I thought you had a ‘three fuck only’ rule,” Brian laughed.

“I must be getting fitter,” Justin smiled. He wasn’t sure about being anywhere near his so called friends. If he spent time with them again, would he just turn into a selfish asshole again? And what if they asked what he was doing now? None of them worked. Could he tell them he was shoveling horse shit for a living? He decided to not think about it and concentrate on Brian’s cock instead. Justin used to just pick up a trick and lie on his back and let them do everything. He liked being in control and directing the play now. He liked discovering every spot, no matter how small, to drive Brian totally wild with desire for him. He wondered what it would be like to sink his cock into his husband and fuck him till he screamed or passed out, which ever came first, maybe both, Mmmm. The idea was more than appealing.

Chapter Four

The weekend was gone so quickly and it was back to full days again. On Monday afternoon, a truck arrived with what was left of Justin’s belongings.

Brian was surprised. There was still a lot of stuff. Brian had to move his car outside so they could bring it all in via the garage. When the storeroom was brimming, Brian put his precious baby away as fast as he could. At one point there were a few drops of rain and Justin thought Brian would have a heart attack that his car was out in the weather. Now that Justin knew how doted on it was, he immediately discounted any possibility of driving it. He was sure his nerves wouldn’t be able to handle it. Apart from marrying Brian, the last year was a work in progress by Murphy. With the luck he’d been having since his Dad left, as soon as he drove Brian’s car, it would hail.

“Do you have a list of what was outstanding?” Brian asked.

Justin laughed. “I was never brave enough to look at it all at the same time.”

Brian opened his desk draw and pulled out a ledger. “Here,” he handed the book to Justin. “Sort them by due date and then on the front pages, write them all down, the amount and the date they’re due.”

Justin opened the book and took his pile of bills. He sorted the way Brian told him and then itemized them in the front of the book. It seemed to take forever but when he looked at the clock it was only an hour. “Done,” he smiled.

“Not yet,” Brian laughed. “Now we have to go to the basement and catalog everything. I checked all the paperwork and there is no list. There also doesn’t seem to be any method to the prices Jenn was letting items go for. Your Mom must have been selling it off at random,” Brian shook his head.

“And that’s not right?”

Brian chose his words carefully. He didn’t want Justin to think his mother had fucked up. “There are different schools of thought. I’m old school. Know what you have, know what will bring you the most, know what you need to make. That way you get the amount you want and not what a good bargainer will give you. Okay, let’s go to the basement and catalog this stuff,” Brian smiled.

Justin nodded. He was glad Brian knew what to do because he didn’t have a clue. Brian made him open every box and write down every item, while Brian photographed it.

Brian noticed a few items Justin hesitated over and told Justin again that anything he wanted, he should keep. He found Justin some more boxes and by the time they were finished Justin had five large storage boxes of items that he felt attached to.

Justin looked at the boxes and sighed. "I really should sell all of it. I can't really afford to keep any of it but some of that stuff means something to me."

"You don't know yet whether you can afford it or not. You just think you can't. Justin, you made a mistake, that's all. Your whole life and everything you love shouldn't be taken away from you for one mistake. You fix the mistake and then the problem is solved," Brian smiled. "The lesson is not to make the same mistake again."

It sounded good, Justin thought but he was still guilty that he fucked up.

Brian could see Justin was dwelling in the past. "You only have a certain amount of time and energy. Should you dedicate your resources to beating yourself up or fixing the problem?"

Justin laughed. "Fixing the problem?"

"Good choice," Brian smiled.

Brian looked at his watch. It was after one.

"So what do I do now?" Justin smiled.

"Well we still have to work tomorrow so maybe we should spend more time on this after work."

They walked arm in arm up the stairs and Brian turned off the lights while Justin grabbed a snack. Justin ate his sandwich in the kitchen and then met Brian in the shower. It was too late to make love so Brian set their alarm for half an hour earlier. They were both asleep as soon as their heads hit the pillow.

The next few days were spent researching the value of Justin's belongings. When they had all the prices placed, they decided the best method to liquidate. Justin owed marginally under, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Brian estimated, provided they found buyers for the items to be sold, their sale would produce easily seventy five thousand. There was quite a bit of art there. Justin obviously had no clue about it's true worth. Brian had underestimated its value to be on the safe side but he was hoping to make a sizeable reduction in the debt with the sale of those items.

The next two months, they liquidated everything, using the money as it came in, to clear the oldest debt with a small amount of anything else that was due. Brian made the first few calls to Justin's creditors while Justin listened to what he said. Justin made the rest. Justin had a ledger page for each debt and made entries of his payments. As the debt was paid, Justin enjoyed putting a red line diagonally over the payment history, signifying it was clear. He looked forward to those red lines the most. The credit cards, they paid the minimum and concentrated on the cards with the smallest balances to get rid of them. As a card was paid up, Brian suggested for it to be cut up and cancelled.

Brian had never seen so many different credit cards in use at the one time.

"But why do I cancel them?" Justin moaned. "I might need them again one day."

"Every card that you have eats into the amount that you are able to borrow. Because the money can be spent at anytime up to the limit, banks assume that you have already spent it when they calculate your borrowing potential. You only need two cards, one visa and an Amex. The Amex is a debit card so banks don't count it but the catch is anything you spend, you have to pay for when the bill comes in. It is a great way to track your money; everything is

itemized on the statement. I pay everything by card and then I write two checks a month and pay them,” Brian smiled.

The day the last item was collected, they looked at the bottom line again.

Justin smiled. He owed twenty one thousand, four hundred and twelve dollars and sixteen cents.

Brian knew Justin was pleased. He went to his desk and opened the second draw. “Now that you know where you are up to, these belong to you.”

Justin looked at the three checks made out to him that Brian handed him. “What are these?”

“They are your wages for the last three months,” Brian smiled. “You don’t think I married you for cheap labor do you? I wanted this all sorted before I gave them to you.”

“But Brian, there is eight and a half thousand dollars here,” Justin gasped.

“That’s the pay for the job you do. You work seven days a week,” Brian smiled.

Justin wasn’t sure how comfortable he was taking money from Brian. “But you’re my husband and you keep me,” Justin objected.

Brian sat down beside him. “The first issue,” Brian paused. “That is the wage that the boys get. At work you are one of the boys. You do the job, you get the pay. Second issue, yes, you are my husband and yes at the moment I am keeping you but when you are out of debt, you can keep me for a while. It isn’t a handout, it’s a hand up.”

Justin could feel the tears welling in his eyes. He hadn’t even thought about being paid for what he was doing. It was the least he could do after what Brian was doing for him. He felt Brian pull him into his arms and hold him. Justin was quiet for a long time and then he said softly. “I love you.”

Brian smiled. “I know. Now what are you going to do with the money? It’s yours. You can do anything you want.”

Justin opened his ledger. He made the entries as he had been doing for the last few months. He picked up his red pen and crossed out two more pages then pulled out his wallet and took out two more cards. He cut them in half. Justin looked at Brian and smiled. He pulled out the one card he had left and wriggled it at Brian. “When this is empty, this is the one I keep,” he grinned.

“So is that all now?” Brian smiled.

“Yep, just this one,” Justin laughed.

“I was thinking,” Brian smiled. “Why don’t you start kiddy riding classes? You would have to do them on your own time on Saturdays but I’m sure you could earn another thousand a month.”

“Could I?” Justin gasped. “Brian, that would mean in six months I wouldn’t owe anyone anything,” he stammered.

“Sounds about right,” Brian smiled. Justin had come a long way. He started out a rich spoilt brat with no value for anything and in nine months he would be debt free. So far the last three had been the happiest of Brian’s life. He hugged Justin again. “And do you know what? You have done it yourself,” Brian said proudly.

Justin laughed. “Not really, you have helped me every inch of the way.”

“I explained your options, that’s all, everyone has to learn. I still amazed your parents didn’t teach you these things. If you had to do this again and explain to someone who was in the same situation as you were, could you?”

“Sure,” Justin smiled.

“Then the lesson is learnt,” Brian smiled.

Justin felt on top of the world. He still wasn’t out of debt completely but this time he could see the light at the end of the tunnel and for the first time it wasn’t the train coming to run him over.

“Now a few months ago, Tom told me I was hiding you away and we talked about your friends. I know you didn’t feel like facing anyone because you were worried and you felt ashamed. You now have probably a lot less debt than they do. It’s time to reappear,” Brian raised his brow. “What do you think?”

“I haven’t taken anyone’s calls. I left my cell off.”

“Then now is the time to find out if they are real friends,” Brian smiled. “Who was your best friend?”

“Daphne, we went all through school together,” Justin smiled.

Brian picked up the phone and handed it to Justin. “No time like the present.”

Justin took the phone and dialed. He was nervous, not sure what reception he would get. “Daph?”

Brian could hear a woman yelling into the phone at Justin. Justin listened and let her run out of steam. “I know, I’m sorry. Yes I was serious, I did get married.” Justin smiled as he listened to Daph bubble away excited. “Yes, he’s amazing and I love him to death. Do you want to meet him?”

Brian heard the yelling again.

“Okay, okay, why don’t you come for the weekend sometime? I have to work Sundays for a few hours but you can hang out by the pool and work on your tan while I do it. Why don’t you get here for lunch on Saturday, I’m finished work by then. Yes, I work now,” Justin laughed. “Really I do. This weekend, hang on, I’ll ask.”

Brian smiled. She didn’t believe Justin worked. “This weekend’s fine.”

“Okay, got a pen?” He gave her the address. “No, it isn’t that far,” Justin said indignantly. “Shut the fuck up and I’ll see you on Saturday. Bye Daph.” Justin put down the phone and he was smiling.

“Feel good?”

Justin crawled into Brian’s lap. “Now that feels good,” he smiled. “You’ll like Daph. She is an old friend who never really liked any of my fast friends. She hated Bradley.”

Bradley? Justin had never mentioned a Bradley before. Brian felt a lump in his chest and an even bigger lump in his throat. “Bradley?” he managed to say calmly.

Justin frowned. “Yeah, the jerk who stole my money.”

“You mean the shyster you gave your money too,” Brian laughed.

“I know, I made the decision,” Justin rolled his eyes.

“Do you still have any of contracts?” Brian asked.

“Yeah, my lawyer has them. Do you want to have a look at the dumbest decision of my life?”

Brian smiled. “Would you do it again?”

Justin glared at him. “Not likely. I know, I know, then I’ve learnt something.”

Brian laughed. "How about I take you to bed and ravage you?"

Justin stood up, winked and ran upstairs.

Brian turned off the lights and ran after him.

Saturday came around quickly. Justin must have been nervous because everything took him longer to do than he thought. When Daphne arrived, he was still working and had at least another hour before he could finish. Brian offered to keep her amused until Justin finished and cleaned up. Brian knew Justin wasn't happy about meeting her covered in horse shit. When the car pulled into the driveway, Brian met her without his shirt. He apologized for the half naked introduction.

Daphne smiled. "My pleasure," she grinned.

"Justin will be about an hour," Brian laughed. He could feel Daphne's eyes moving over him slowly. Fuck, he thought. He felt like he was naked and she was inspecting the size of his cock. "Why don't I show you to your room and you can get settled while I shower. I'll get Gertie to serve lunch by the pool. Do you ride?"

"Not as much as I would like but I used to ride all the time when I was younger, Jus and I took lessons together," she smiled. Daphne was trying not to stare at Brian. Fuck, he was gorgeous. She noticed that the guys in the stable were all gorgeous.

Brian could see her looking over his shoulder at Sam who had his shirt off as well. This girl needed to get laid, she was positively drooling. "You should have bought your partner with you," Brian smiled.

"I was seeing someone but we broke up a few months ago. Most men are pigs," she said quickly and then realized. "Most straight men that is," she added just as quickly. "Sorry," she smiled.

"Sounds like it was a difficult breakup," Brian tried to be sympathetic.

"Shit happens, what do you do," she shrugged.

"Move on and try again," Brian laughed. "It took me years to find Justin and in a moment I was happy. Come on let's get your things up to your room."

Daphne opened the trunk and was amazed when Brian stepped forward to carry her case. She smiled. Justin had found himself a winner. Her last boyfriend would have expected her to carry his.

Brian took her to one of the guestrooms. He noticed that Daphne was intrigued by the house. "I liked the place the minute I saw it," he smiled.

"How long have you lived here?" Daph asked.

"Ten years," Brian smiled. "I met Justin's mother just before she divorced. We knew each other from the country club. Jenn suggested I look at this place when I told her I wanted to get something in the country. The way she described it, I told her she should be a realtor. At the time she laughed but now she is," Brian smiled.

"My parents are members there too, you probably know them, Angie and Fred Chalmers," she laughed.

"I do as a matter of fact," Brian smiled. "So you are little Daphne who won't get married and settle down like her sister."

Daphne rolled her eyes. "I can't believe they talk about me at the club. My mother thinks all women are potential incubators," she sighed.

Brian laughed. "You are more complicated than that, aren't you?"

"Hell yes," Daphne laughed.

"I'm glad," he smiled. "It would have been a very long weekend if you weren't."

"Don't worry, I will keep you amused," she smiled.

Brian noticed that she was glancing out the window, still looking at Sam who was throwing bales of hay. "He's hot," Brian smiled.

"Yeah he is," Daphne looked uncomfortable that she'd been caught. "But is he straight?" her last boyfriend wasn't sure and this time she was intent of checking before she would allow herself the luxury of noticing him.

Brian laughed. "Straight and single," he smiled. "Do you want me to invite him for lunch tomorrow?" Sam was a nice guy. He wondered if Daphne would be too much for him, Sam was shy around girls. He was twenty five and a country boy.

"Straight, huh? Mmmm, sounds like a plan," Daphne smirked, looking like the cat, who was just about to swallow the canary, whole.

It wouldn't hurt for Sam to get laid, Brian thought. He went to shower and arranged to meet Daph by the pool. When he came downstairs, he found her happily chatting with Gertie about Justin. Gertie was filling her in on the changes in her friend. Brian thought that perhaps Gertie was checking if Daphne would be supportive of the changes and his relationship with Brian. Gertie was very protective of both of them. She had become fond of Justin in the time he'd lived with them. They were talking and Gertie was smiling. Daphne was still alive, so Brian had to assume, she would be okay.

"Bring your drink with you," Brian suggested as he poured himself one. "Justin shouldn't be long now," he smiled.

"I'll see you later Gertie. If you need a hand with anything," Daphne smiled.

Brian led her out to the pool and kicked off his scuffs as he pulled off his shirt. He turned to see Daphne wearing the skimpiest string bikini he had ever seen.

Daphne saw the surprised look on Brian's face and smiled. "Well, you are gay aren't you?"

"Um yeah," Brian stammered.

"I want to work on my tan this weekend," she smiled. "Do you mind?"

"No, of course not," Brian smiled.

"That's good," she smiled. "Then I don't need this," she said and laughed as she took off her top. She covered herself with lotion enlisting Brian's help with her back, and settled in to enjoy the sun.

Poor Sam, Brian thought. Daphne had a great body as far as women's bodies went, Sam didn't stand a chance.

Justin came running out to the pool in his Speedos. He looked at Daph lying in the sun almost naked. "Daph, couldn't you wait till you've known Brian for an hour before you subject him to those?" Justin gasped.

Daphne opened her eyes, unconcerned. "Why, worried he isn't gay enough," she smiled.

Justin laughed. "No he's gay enough for me anyway," Justin laughed.

Brian watched their interaction; it was like they had only seen each other yesterday.

"Anyway, I still pissed with you for the disappearing act," she huffed. "I must have left you a hundred messages."

"Sorry Daph, I turned off my phone," Justin apologized. He sat next to her on the sun lounge.

Daphne rolled her eyes. She smiled at Brian. "Well I suppose I can see why you didn't want to be disturbed," she laughed. She sat up and hugged him. "I missed you, Jus."

Justin held her tight, oblivious to her being almost naked. "I missed you too. How come you didn't bring Greg?"

Daph shook her head. "We broke up."

"I told you he was gay," Justin laughed.

"I know, I should have believed you," she sighed. "He was just such a great fuck. Anyway, It was your fault," she rolled her eyes.

"My fault, I wasn't even there," Justin gasped.

"No, but you introduced him to that pig Bradley. Carry Jenkins saw them fucking at the back of the club."

Justin laughed. "Bradley did have a problem resisting a big cock."

"Greg was a pig but at least he had that going for him but he'll if I'm gonna share with someone as creepy as that," she spat.

"I wish I had listened to you about him," Justin sighed.

"That makes us even," she smiled. "It's beautiful here."

Justin looked around. "Yeah it is," he looked at Brian.

Brian excused himself to check on lunch. The looks Justin was giving him was making him hard and he wasn't quite ready to deal with Daphne checking out his hard on. As he walked away, he heard her say.

"Fuck, he's hot. I don't know how you get anything else done around here," she sighed.

Justin laughed. "Sometimes I don't even want to get out of bed."

"I don't blame you," she laughed. "Brian said that he's going to invite Sam for lunch tomorrow."

"Sam?"

"Yeah, Brian caught me drooling. He's hot too," she smiled.

"Sam is a great guy. Try not to scare him," Justin winked at her.

"Brian told me, my Mom talks about me at that fucking club. He knew all about that incubator shit, jeez she can be a bitch sometimes."

"Yeah, Brian knew all about me when I met him. It must be a mother thing," Justin sighed. "But her meddling got me married to Brian so I forgive her."

“Why did you get married? I still can’t believe it but after seeing him.....”

“That housing development dived and I had to go to Mom for money. I was cleaned out and negative. I had no choice.”

“Your Mom must have loved that,” Daphne laughed. “What did she say?”

“She would only help me if I married Brian.”

“What?” Daphne gasped. “She made you? You guys seem so happy.”

“We are. I fell in love with him the first day. He is incredible,” Justin smiled. “The deal was, she would pay out my debts and Brian would stop me from being an asshole,” he laughed.

“Has it worked?” Daphne laughed.

“Shut up,” he flipped at her but finally said “Yes. I don’t know what it is about Brian but I want to do things to make him proud of me. He is amazing. My Mom was doing her power thing and Brian just shut her down. He showed me what to do and Daph.... It’s only been three months and I’m almost out of debt. He’s a whiz with money and he’s made me want to go to work every day. Actually, I like it. I really feel like I’m doing a good job, like I’m necessary to the place.”

“What are you doing?”

“I clean the stables,” Justin said softly. He wasn’t going to tell her that much.

“You, clean. You never even cleaned your own apartment,” she gasped.

Justin smiled. She wasn’t judging what he did just the fact that he did anything was surprising her.

“So why did Brian marry you? Does your Mom have his balls?”

Justin laughed. “She thought she did, but he won’t let her be a bitch to me. He handles her so well. I think he did it because he’s such a nice guy. He wanted to help.”

“So do you still trick?” She raised her brow.

“I don’t want to, Brian is everything I need and the only one I want,” Justin grinned.

“Jesus,” she gasped. Justin was like he used to be when they were young. He wasn’t pretentious; he wasn’t covering his bases, all the asshole seemed to be gone. Justin was a really nice boy when they were growing up but as his Mom and Dad treated him like shit, he started to do that to everyone else. “Be careful, I might even start liking you again,” she rolled her eyes.

“How did you put up with me?” Justin wondered out loud.

Daphne smiled. “I had no choice, I love you. I just hoped you would find your way back to me.” She sat up and wrapped her arms around him, “Welcome back.”

Brian caught the end of the conversation and smiled. He was happy Justin had Daphne as a friend. He arranged for Sam to take her riding in the morning and then come for lunch. Brian wasn’t used to sharing Justin and if Daphne was with Sam, they could spend the morning in bed. They ate lunch and talked for hours, Brian fascinated they never ran out of something to say. Daphne had a sleep after lunch and Brian discreetly fucked Justin in the pool, keeping his hand over his mouth in case he cried out and woke her.

Justin leaned back against Brian, happy to feel Brian pressed against him. "You are an evil man, Brian Kinney," he whispered.

Brian kissed his ear. "You wouldn't want me any other way."

Justin woke Daphne to make her turn over; she was starting to look a little pink, which wasn't Daphne at all. As he reapplied the cream to her back, he envied her olive skin. He'd covered up before they ate to avoid lobster status. He noticed his pale skin was in direct contrast to Brian's golden tan when Brian pulled him into his arms and held him from behind.

Daphne rolled her eyes as Brian kissed across Justin's shoulders and up and down his neck. She was trying to appear disinterested but she was so happy for Justin and could see how happy the two of them were together. She wondered if she should tell Justin that Bradley was looking for him. He'd rung her nearly every day for the last week checking to see if she'd heard from him. Apparently, he went to Justin's apartment and someone else was living there and Justin's Mom had told him to politely fuck off. He said he was worried that Justin disappeared but she knew that wasn't the real reason. She didn't trust him one bit, sleazy creep.

The next day, Brian could tell by the way Sam was watching her, he was interested. He knew Sam would take a while to summon up the courage to ask her out so he invited Daphne back the next weekend. Brian felt Daphne was aggressive because she could be and advised Sam to be firmer with her the next time they met; Brian could tell she was even more interested in a forceful Sam who took the lead. Brian was impressed Sam was able to pull it off. When Brian suggested it, Sam looked scared to death.

It wasn't until she was getting ready to leave. she mentioned to Justin about Bradley. He was ringing all the time and sending her crazy. "I just thought you should know."

"Thanks Daph," Justin said and kissed her. He waited until she left to tell Brian. "Daphne told me that Bradley has been looking for me."

Brian smiled. "I'm not surprised."

Justin looked at him wondering what was going on.

"You know those papers your lawyer sent me?" Brian smiled. "I sent them to my lawyer and he may have found a way to recoup some of your money."

"Really?" Justin gasped.

"Don't get your hopes up, we'll have to wait and see but I'm sure he's looking for you to try and ward off the legal action that I started against him," Brian laughed.

"We're suing him?"

"Well you are," Brian smiled. "I was going to surprise you. You told me you would rather be surprised."

"That wasn't what I wanted to be surprised about," Justin rolled his eyes.

"Remind me again, what was I supposed to surprise you with again?" Brian smirked.

Justin grabbed Brian's crotch, hard and felt his breath catch. "I like this to surprise me but maybe tonight I may even surprise you," Justin smirked back at him. If anyone could do something about the mess with Bradley, it would be Brian. He kneaded Brian's cock with one hand and squeezed his buttocks with the other.

Brian had never seen Justin so aggressive and dominating before and was strangely intrigued.

Justin had found Brian's dildo in the bottom draw of the nightstand on his side of the bed. He knew Brian didn't use it on him so that only left one other hole. He believed Brian when he said he had never bottomed before. The dildo wasn't a large one, certainly a lot smaller than him. If Brian could fuck himself with it, Justin wanted to fuck him with it too. Justin hadn't even rimmed Brian before. He thought that was off limits until yesterday when he'd gone searching for something and found the dildo in the front of the draw with the lube. Justin wondered if Brian used it when he was asleep. The idea of being so close to Brian when he was doing it and the thought of the dildo as it disappeared inside his husband, was making him hard. He wanted to watch Brian do it. That would be hot. "This is my game Mr. Kinney," Justin smiled. He grabbed Brian's hand and dragged him up the stairs. He opened their bedroom door and shoved Brian roughly inside, closing the door behind them. Justin leaned against the door and leered at his husband. "Take it all off," he ordered.

Brian slowly undid the buttons on his shirt and slid it off his shoulders.

Justin watched it fall to the ground. He wanted to run to Brian's side but he pressed his back harder against the door to stop himself. His eyes moved over Brian's tanned skin, lingering on his cut up pecs and abs. "All of it," he ordered firmly.

Brian locked his eyes on Justin's and slowly undid the top snap of his jeans, undoing one at a time. Brian flapped them open and Justin could see he wasn't wearing any underwear. Justin moved closer to Brian and dropped to his knees. He wriggled Brian's jeans down over his hips and guided Brian's hand onto his cock. "Touch it for me," he whispered.

Brian could feel Justin's hot breath on his cock as he played with it for his lover's viewing pleasure. He closed his eyes but Justin told him to open them again. "Look at me while you touch yourself," Justin sighed. He watched as Brian's control started to fade and his breathing increased. Just before he was about to cum, Justin reached out and stopped his movements. Brian's eyes were pleading with Justin to let him cum.

"Not yet," Justin smiled. He bent down and took the dildo from the draw. He covered it in lube and told Brian to kneel on the bed.

"Jus, um... I err," Brian stammered.

"Do it," Justin demanded.

Chapter Five

Brian could see Justin wouldn't be put off. As much as he was committed to sharing his life with Justin, his secret pleasure with his dildo was private and he hadn't been prepared for Justin to know about it yet. Brian knew that it was only a matter of time now before Justin would insist on fucking him and he was terrified. "Jus, um...."

"Hard of hearing are we," Justin smiled. "I said..... On your knees, now."

There was something in Justin's voice that forced Brian do as he was told. He could feel his heart pounding because he knew what Justin's intentions were. He crawled onto the bed slowly and looked over his shoulder nervously. "Like this?"

Justin smiled. "Just like that." He knelt on the floor behind Brian and looked longingly at his entry.

Brian could feel Justin's breath teasing his opening. "Jus, I don't know about....."

"Don't talk," Justin demanded. "Drop your arms down and put your head on them."

Brian did as he was asked. He felt vulnerable and exposed but he trusted Justin, he did, he wanted to trust him about this. Brian knew Justin wouldn't hurt him, he wouldn't.

Justin circled Brian's opening with his tongue making Brian shiver.

Brian closed his eyes as Justin's tongue teased his entry.

Justin flattened his tongue and constantly lapped at the quivering hole, teasing Brian's perineum at the same time.

"Mmmm," Brian sighed as he started to relax. Nobody had ever rimmed him before. No wonder Justin loved this, it felt great. Brian usually loved being the one in control but Justin was awakening things in him with his tongue that Brian didn't think were possible. He felt his anus softening and Justin felt it too. As Justin's tongue pushed inside him, he moaned loudly.

Justin smiled. He'd wanted this the very first night before he knew Brian was a top. He massaged Brian's balls, rolling them in the palm of his hand and tugged on them gently, making Brian moan again. He could feel Brian shaking with anticipation and was more turned on than he thought was possible.

Brian was sighing as Justin's tongue thrust inside. He could feel he was shaking. Before they were married, he used his dildo all the time; he'd missed this so much but he wasn't sure if Justin would use it or just fuck him and he was scared.

Justin withdrew his tongue and picked up the dildo. He applied more lube and teased Brian's opening with it.

Brian felt the dildo at his entry and smiled. Thank god, he thought. He felt Justin slide it a little way inside him and his muscles grabbed it and pulled it the rest of the way. "Ahhhhh," he moaned. He felt Justin sucking his balls, rolling them in his mouth while Justin waited for him to adjust. It felt good.

Justin whispered. "So you like this?"

Brian nodded. "Mmmm," he moaned.

Justin rotated the dildo slowly inside Brian stretching him.

"Ohhhhh," Brian cried out from the pressure.

"Is that good?" Justin asked.

"It's good," Brian sighed.

Justin pushed it harder against Brian, forcing it in a little deeper. "And this?"

"Yes," Brian sighed, he liked the feeling of fullness when the dildo was inside him.

"Can I fuck you with it?" Justin smiled.

Brian nodded.

Justin slid out the dildo and pushed it back in again.

"Mmmmm."

Justin pushed it in and pulled it out until he developed a slow and steady rhythm. Brian's body was moving in time with his movements. As he slid it in again, this time he pressed his finger along the length of the toy, sliding his finger in at the same time.

Brian's eyes opened, startled at the sudden increase in his dildo's width. "Ohhhhh," he moaned loudly.

Justin smiled. He told Brian he would never fuck him unless he begged him to and now Justin needed to make that happen. He squeezed Brian's cheeks firmly, opening him up wider.

"That's good," Brian whispered. He wanted to touch his cock and pulled one of his arms free.

"Not yet," Justin said firmly. "Wait."

Brian leaned on both arms again; the dildo pushing inside him was making him close. "More?"

"What do you want?"

"Harder, fuck me harder," Brian sighed.

Justin smiled. "Like this?" He pushed the toy, with his finger lying along it, in hard and Brian gasped. Justin withdrew it, stood up and pushed it in again.

"Just like that," Brian panted. "I'm close, I want to cum," he sighed.

"Soon, let me fuck you. Do you want me to fuck you?" Justin sighed; watching the dildo disappear into Brian was driving him crazy.

"Fuck me hard," Brian sighed.

Justin pulled out the dildo and pressed the head of his cock at Brian's opening. He pushed inside and Brian's eyes shot open.

"Ohhhhhh Godddddddd," Brian groaned. "Jus."

Justin grabbed Brian's hips, pulling his lover back onto his cock and ground it into his husband, wanting to be as far inside him as he could get.

"Jus...." Brian sighed.

"Are you okay?" Justin asked concerned.

Brian was so overwhelmed by having Justin inside him that he pushed everything else from his mind and gasped "Fuck me."

Justin angled his thrusts to graze Brian's prostate and thrust in hard.

"Yesssssssss, more?" Brian begged.

Justin knew Brian was ready. He fucked Brian until he was screaming, his cries for more echoing through the room.

"Please, Jus," Brian begged.

Justin wanted to keep going but he knew Brian needed to cum. "Rub your cock for me," Justin whispered.

Brian didn't need to be told twice. He pumped his cock and tumbled over the edge into his orgasm. "Ahhhhhahhhhhhahhhhhh," he groaned as he came.

Justin continued to thrust hard into Brian over and over until Brian locked down on him forcing Justin's own orgasm to rip through him.

When they both collapsed as their orgasms slowed, Justin wrapped his arms around Brian and held him.

Brian could still feel Justin pulsing inside him while he struggled for breath. He had never allowed anyone to take control of his body that way before. His mind wandered to every fantasy that he'd ever had and suddenly he had to get out of there. Brian looked behind him at Justin who was getting heavy. "Jus, I have to move, my legs are going to sleep." He could feel the cum squelching inside him, as he changed positions.

Justin noticed Brian wasn't saying anything and was instantly concerned. He knew Brian liked it, Brian had begged him not to stop each time he'd hesitated but something was wrong, Brian was far too quiet.

Brian turned onto his back and stretched out his legs. They felt stiff and they were sore. He wondered how long Justin had fucked him for. His ass was sore too, Justin was a lot bigger than his dildo but he liked it, he did. He knew Justin would be worried because he wasn't talking but he just couldn't. What was he going to say? He never intended for anyone to ever fuck him. Brian was always so clear about who he was and now he wasn't so sure. For something he was always so adamant that he didn't want, in anywhere other than the fantasy in his mind, he sure did like it a lot. "I can't sleep like this, I need to take a shower." He jumped out of bed and went into the bathroom, closing the door.

Justin sat up. Fuck, he thought, Brian was upset. Justin wondered if he should go after him but decided that Brian would talk when he was ready. They loved each other; Justin knew that. He didn't doubt it for a second.

Brian stood under the scorching water, not sure why he was behaving this way. He liked it, he did. It was good to have Justin inside him so what the fuck was wrong with him? He felt incredibly sad and he didn't know why. Brian turned off the water and dried off quickly. He went back to bed and crawled into Justin's arms. "I love you," Brian whispered and closed his eyes, he needed to sleep.

Justin held his husband tight. He was relieved that Brian was okay but wished that Brian would tell him what was wrong. Brian wasn't usually moody at all. They always talked about everything, everything except this. Justin closed his eyes but couldn't sleep.

In the morning, Brian was Brian again. Justin woke to the best sex he'd ever had. Brian was amazing and Justin enjoyed being fucked into the mattress, Brian's specialty. They quickly showered and went down for breakfast. The day passed quickly and still the subject wasn't mentioned. By the time they had dinner and made their usual conversation until bedtime, Justin thought he was going to burst. When they climbed into the shower before bed, Justin couldn't wait any longer.

Brian was soaping Justin's back and a million unwanted thoughts were running through Justin's head. He knew he should wait until Brian was ready to talk, but he also knew he was more than a reasonable lover. He knew Brian liked what he did to him. The sheets were a good indication; he'd had to change them last night when Brian was in the shower. There was no way they could have slept in them with the amount of cum Brian had spewed all over them. He needed to know what was going on in Brian's head.

"You were the one that told me that if there is a problem and you know there is a problem, it's better to deal with it as fast as possible," Justin started.

Brian knew what was coming. Justin had learned his lesson too well to let this go.

"The first night you fucked me, I was terrified. It kept running through my head, what if I don't like it? I've always been a top and what if I hate bottoming? What will happen to Brian and me then?" Justin paused.

"Okay," Brian said softly and handed Justin the soap to do his back.

"If I had hated what you did to me, you would have wanted me to tell you wouldn't you?" Justin asked.

"Yes."

Brian wasn't making this any easier for him. Justin sighed. "What's the matter?"

“Nothing, I’m fine. I love you, you love me,” Brian shrugged.

Justin stopped soaping. He slipped one arm around Brian’s waist and slid his other hand down between Brian’s cheeks.

Brian held his breath as Justin massaged his opening.

“So if I wanted to do this, it would be okay?” Justin kissed Brian’s back.

Brian needed to make a decision. Justin was going to fuck him again; he could feel Justin’s hard cock resting against his butt cheek. He tried to think of what he was going to say but he found his head nodding without his permission.

“And if I wanted to do this,” Justin slipped a finger inside his husband. “Would this be okay?”

Brian felt his heart pounding. Justin was inside him again and it felt so good. He closed his eyes and concentrated on the sensations.

“Brian?”

“Mmmm,” Brian moaned.

“Is this okay?” Justin pressed for an answer.

“It’s okay,” Brian panted.

“Just okay?”

“No it’s good,” Brian panted.

“How good?” Justin needed to know what Brian was thinking but Brian wasn’t giving anything away. “Maybe we should stop. I don’t want to force you to endure anything you don’t want.” He was getting angry with Brian now. All Brian’s lectures on honesty flooded into his mind.

“Don’t stop,” Brian whimpered. “Please Jus, don’t stop.”

Justin was confused, Brian was giving him so many mixed signals, he didn’t know what to do. “You want this?”

Brian nodded. “Mmmmm.”

“You want more?”

“Mmmmm,” Brian sighed before he could stop himself. Justin lubed up his cock and pressed it against Brian’s opening. “You want this?”

“Mmmmm,” Brian moaned again.

“Tell me?”

“I want you,” Brian panted.

Justin pressed the blunt end of his cock into Brian’s entry. “Tell me what you want?”

Brian felt his breath catch. “Fuck me,” Brian sighed and put one foot up on the lip of the shower to give Justin a better angle.

Justin pushed inside his husband.

They both cried out at the same time, Brian from the fullness and Justin from the pressure. Brian grabbed the taps, to steady him and leaned forward panting. "Fuck me."

Justin began to thrust.

"OHHhhhhhh," Brian moaned, "Harder."

Justin slammed into Brian and he cried out for more.

Justin was already thrusting into Brian hard and Brian wanted more. Suddenly he understood. He grabbed Brian's nipples and squeezed them, then tugged on them hard.

"Yessssss," Brian sighed.

Justin smiled. His baby wanted to be hurt. He was being so careful not to hurt him but that's what Brian wanted and he didn't know how to tell him. He grabbed Brian's cock and kneaded it roughly as he slammed inside his husband over and over. Brian was totally enthralled with the pain. He pulled out and slapped Brian's ass cheeks hard a few times and then slid into him again.

Brian moaned at the stinging feeling. "More," he sighed.

Justin pulled out and turned off the water. "Close your eyes." Justin knew that Brian wasn't ready to fully admit what he wanted. That's why he'd avoided the topic.

Brian wondered what Justin had in mind. He felt Justin dry him off. His cock was leaking and he wanted to cum but he was intrigued with what Justin was going to do to him. He closed his eyes tighter.

Justin took Brian's hand and led him to the bed. He walked Brian backwards until he could feel the bed behind his legs and then pushed him back so Brian fell onto it. He went to the robe and grabbed two of Brian's ties. "Move up," he ordered.

Brian edged backwards until he felt the pillows. He felt Justin pull them from under his head, so his head fell onto the mattress. Justin grabbed one of his hands and lifted it over his head. He didn't dare open his eyes as Justin tied one wrist then the other wrist to the bed head. Brian's heart was racing and he could feel the pre cum dripping from his cock onto his leg.

Justin lifted Brian's legs up and slapped his buttocks hard.

"Mmmmmm," Brian sighed.

Justin alternated his blows until Brian's cheeks were red and Brian was sighing out of control. He slid back inside his husband and kissed Brian over and over.

When Brian felt his cock sandwiched between their bodies, his orgasm start in his toes. He cried out for Justin to fuck him harder as he came and then collapsed, exhausted. It was the best fucking orgasm of his life.

Justin smiled that it took him so long to realize what his husband wanted. He untied Brian's hands and pulled him into his arms. He whispered into Brian's ear. "Your body belongs to me now," Justin smiled. "To do whatever I want with, you're mine."

Brian snuggled closer into Justin's arms. He'd known that from the beginning.

The next morning when Brian opened his eyes, he felt like he had been run over by a truck.

“Good morning,” Justin smiled.

“What’s good about it,” he moaned. “Jus, I can’t move.”

“I think we’d better only play like that on weekends,” Justin smiled.

“I think you’re right,” Brian moaned. Fantasies were great but they never captured the reality of the next day, he thought.

Justin pulled Brian on top of him.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhh,” Brian moaned in pain.

Fuck, what had he done to his lover? “Was it too much?” he asked softly.

“Mmmm, no it was great then but it just doesn’t feel great now,” Brian moaned.

Justin kissed him softly. “Go back to sleep.”

“I can’t, I have to work.”

“I said,” Justin repeated. “Go back to sleep, I’ll take care of work.” He kissed Brian on the forehead.

Brian felt so lousy, he just agreed.

Justin edged out from underneath him and Brian cried out in pain from him moving. He showered quickly and went downstairs. Gertie looked at the clock. “Brian is staying in bed; he’s a bit off this morning.”

“Should I call the doctor?” Gertie asked concerned.

Justin laughed. “No, it’s sort of self inflicted or rather me inflicted,” he smiled. “We’ll see after he gets some sleep.”

Gertie nodded. She didn’t want to hear what they’d been doing so she just made Justin’s eggs.

Justin checked after lunch and Brian was still asleep. He must have needed it; Justin decided and went back to work. When he finally finished work at seven, Gertie said, Brian had just surfaced and was still moving very slowly. She’d given him dinner in bed and he was very quiet. Right, Justin thought. If Brian froze up on him again, he would just fuck him until he stopped doing it. He showered in the other bathroom and strolled into the bedroom confidently in his towel. “How was your day, dear,” he smiled.

Brian shook his head but didn’t reply.

Okay buster, you asked for it, Justin thought. “Let me see,” Justin smiled.

Brian hesitated but then turned over.

Justin grabbed the lube.

Brian looked over his shoulder to see what was taking so long. He felt Justin’s cock pushing into him. “Jus, I can’t,” he moaned. “Ohhhh yessssss,” he sighed as Justin pushed into him completely. “You are trying to kill me.”

Justin smiled. "No, I decided that every time you won't talk to me, I'll just fuck you until you do." He thrust harder.

"I'll talk, I'll talk," Brian moaned.

"Do you want me to stop?"

"Just fuck me," Brian groaned, not wanting Justin to stop now he'd started.

Justin was gentler with him this time; he knew Brian would be sore. He pumped Brian's cock and they both came quickly. Justin held him tightly.

Brian had slept for the entire day so he wasn't tired at all. He knew what Justin was doing and he decided that there was no point in being coy. His preferences were very obvious to Justin now and Justin was his partner, he didn't need to feel embarrassed. "I should have told you from the beginning," Brian sighed.

"Yeah, you should have," Justin kissed his neck. "Did you think I wouldn't love you because you liked it a little rough?"

"I don't know what I thought. I've never done any of this stuff before."

"Do you have any other fantasies you want to share with me?" Justin smiled.

"Not while your cock is still in my ass," Brian laughed.

Justin pulled out and rolled onto his side to listen.

"I've always been in control. All my adult life, I always made every decision. Until I fell in love with you, I never trusted anyone to give them control of my body. I love you, Jus, and I love the way you make me feel when you take charge and decide how to touch me," Brian smiled.

"Your last statement tells me nothing. I know you liked me to hurt you. How much did you like it?"

"It isn't the pain that I liked, but the feelings when you took control were so intense and they made me so hard, I just wanted more," Brian said softly.

"Do you still want to make love to me?"

Brian smiled. "I still like that a lot."

"Do you want to spank me?" Justin smiled.

Brian looked at him coyly. Justin did know him. "Could I?"

Justin knew that everything Brian was asking for, he wanted to do to him as well. He played all these games before and a lot of others. "Do you want me to show you what I like sometimes?"

Brian nodded.

"Sit up," Justin ordered. He scooted back so his back was supported by the bed head and pulled a pillow underneath his ass to raise himself up a bit. "Now turn and face my feet and straddle your knees on each side my hips."

Brian felt very vulnerable in this position and was instantly turned on again.

Justin ran his hands up the back of Brian's legs and massaged his buttocks.

"Jus, I don't think you can fuck me again. I'm so sore now," Brian whispered.

“This isn’t about me fucking you, just relax and stretch out,” Justin smiled as he softly continued to knead Brian’s cheeks. “Is that good?”

“Mmmm,” Brian moaned. He heard the cap on the lube flick open and panicked a little. “I thought you said you weren’t going to fuck me.”

Justin reached between Brian’s legs and lubed up his cock.

“Mmmmm, that’s nice,” Brian sighed.

“I’m not,” Justin grinned. “You are gonna fuck between my thighs. Take your weight on your hands and your elbows, its like push ups.”

Brian thrust his cock between Justin’s clenched legs. “Holy fuck,” he cried out.

Justin smiled. “Tight isn’t it,” he said as he felt Brian push his cock down between his legs.

“Ahuh,” Brian sighed and nodded as he thrust in again. Justin was still rubbing his ass cheeks as Brian was almost lying along his lower body when suddenly he felt the sting from the slap.

“Mmmmm,” Brian moaned and continued his thrusts. It was so tight between Justin’s thighs, each time he thrust in; he thought he would pass out. His cheeks were stinging now as the blows came more frequently. His senses were on overload. “Ahhhhhhhhhhhh,” Brian cried out as he came, collapsing with his full weight now on Justin.

Justin was tempted to push inside Brian but he resisted, knowing his lover needed a break. It took almost ten minutes before Brian recovered enough to talk.

Brian rolled off Justin and saw his cock was hard. “Let me try,” he smiled.

Justin moved off his pillow so Brian could sit on it and then moved into position. He swiped the lube between Brian’s legs and lay along them.

Brian was excited at the thought of watching Justin’s cheeks turn pink. He massaged his buttocks till Justin was sighing and as he felt Justin thrust, he delivered the first blow. He could see the mark, the shape of his hand appear on Justin’s cheek. He hoped it wasn’t too hard but Justin seemed to like it. Justin was already hard when he started so it didn’t take long before Justin was shooting his load between his legs. Brian looked at his cock and it was still hard. He lifted Justin up and pushed into him.

“Ahhhhhhhh,” Justin cried out as he felt Brian breach him. He rode Brian until they were both calling out each other’s name and shooting their loads. Now Brian was tired again. He scooped Justin up in his arms, held him and then closed his eyes to sleep.

Neither of them was in any condition for more in the morning so they showered and went down for breakfast. Gertie was pleased to see Brian up and around. She'd watched the confidence emerging in Justin lately and it didn’t take a genius to work out what had happened. Gertie was grateful to Justin; she had never seen Brian so happy. He was always so alone, he didn’t complain but she knew he longed to have someone to share his life with. Now he had Justin. Justin was a good boy. Occasionally he would be a bit of a brat but she wouldn’t put up with any nonsense from him at all and Justin knew it. Over time she knew Justin respected her and valued her opinion. She' watched the smiles and looked that passed between them at breakfast. They were like a couple of teenagers.

At a few minutes to seven, they went to work. Brian was still moving slowly and Gertie wondered how he would work in that condition.

Brian didn't do much laboring, he wasn't capable of it. He supervised and asked Sam to do any riding that was scheduled today. Sam was still bubbling about Daphne so he didn't notice Brian's delicate condition for which Brian was grateful. His cell rang mid morning.

"Kinney," he answered abruptly.

"Brian, its George, they want a meeting. Faraday is insisting that he has no liability."

"And what do you think?"

"It's a stretch. Quite a few of his calls to Justin about the deal came from his office and Justin was under the impression that it was a business deal because of his position."

"George, he took a twenty seven and a half percent finders fee. That makes it a professional investment. It wasn't just a friend saying, I heard about this, get on board," Brian said. "The contract says management fee. I can't see where he managed it at all. Justin even read in the paper that he lost his money. It was the first he'd heard of it. See where I'm coming from? He had a professional responsibility to manage that investment which was what he took the money for. He didn't and Justin wants his money back. Tell him we want the full amount of the investment returned. I don't think we'll get it but it will shake him up," Brian laughed.

"It will at that," George laughed. "I don't understand why Justin's lawyer said he had no recourse?"

"I asked Justin and he said Bradley advised him to see that lawyer," Brian smiled.

"It's a big firm, they can demonstrate 'Chinese Walls' easily."

"So, why did he advise Justin to forget it? Justin has a legitimate claim. I don't want Justin anywhere near Faraday yet. Say 'no' to the meeting and find out how the lawyer fits together with Bradley. If we can only get the management fee back from Faraday then we'll sue the lawyer for the rest. Their behavior is clearly unethical."

"I'll make enquiries and get back to you."

"Thanks George," Brian smiled. Faraday must have thought all his Christmas' had come at once when Justin was so naive. The fees to Justin's lawyer were excessive in the extreme considering he hadn't represented Justin at all. He just made sure Faraday's deal went through. They were obviously in it together.

A few hours later, George rang back. "They went to college together," he laughed.

"Good," Brian smiled. "Prepare the papers with a formal letter of complaint to this joker's senior partner. Don't send the letter yet but enclose a copy of it as something we intend to do next. If we have to we'll go to the police but let's see how much they want to keep it quiet. If I was them, I would want this to go away. As a matter of fact," Brian said as an afterthought. "Check if the developer can be linked to the two of them?"

"I'll get back to you."

Brian closed his cell. He would bet the developer was an old buddy too. Sure enough, Brian was right. He smelt a rat from the minute Justin told him about it. When he explained the situation to Justin, he was flabbergasted.

"They cheated me on purpose. It was never about the development," he gasped.

"They didn't even break ground; they just took your money. The project may be in liquidation but all the parties involved made sure they had no liability. Your buddy Faraday just got a little greedier and charged you a management fee."

"Did he?"

Brian shook his head. "How long since you read these contracts?"

"I never read them. The lawyer handled everything." Justin stopped and shook his head. "I'll read them now." Justin sat on the sofa and began to read. As he moved further through the document, his eyes kept getting wider. When he finally put it down, he shook his head. "I was an idiot," he sighed.

"But you aren't anymore," Brian smiled. "The way I see it, Faraday sucked you in and the lawyer backed him up. He had you sign papers that are clearly not in your best interests. I think he'll be liable but don't get your hopes up until we know more," Brian smiled.

"The meeting I had with Ron was taped. I asked him about it and he said it helped him be sure that he didn't miss anything. I even asked him if I should read them and he told me there was no need. There was nothing in the papers to worry about."

Brian smiled. "If it is standard practice at that firm to tape client interviews then he will have no choice but to produce the tape."

Bradley Faraday sat waiting for his friends to arrive. He'd tried to get a hold of Justin but that bitch Daphne wouldn't tell him where Justin was. He looked for credit card activity to try and find a location but was surprised when he learned most of Justin's cards had been cancelled. He always used to put things on Justin's cards, he never even noticed. Justin wasn't behind this. Bradley knew Justin was clueless; they needed to find out who it was. If they could stop them, it would all go away again.

Ron Butler arrived next. He threw a document at Bradley. "That little mouse is going to sue me for malpractice. He obviously isn't as stupid as you thought," he growled.

Bradley laughed. "He is stupid, he couldn't be doing this; someone is helping him. We have to find out who it is and stop them."

Jeffrey Addison arrived and sat down. "This has nothing to do with me. He can't go after me," he smiled. "I'm protected from all liability, thanks to you."

"Yeah, well if he goes after us and we have to pay him, then you better cough up the money," Ron warned. "I'm not losing my career for you or anyone else."

"He won't get any of us," Bradley smiled. "Someone is telling him what to do and paying the bill for his lawyer. If we take them out of the equation, he'll be the same as he was; a nothing. I can't get any information about him at all. Jeff can you use your contacts and see what you come up with?"

"I already checked. It seems that little Justin got married."

"What? Justin?" Bradley gasped.

"The husband is a guy called Brian Kinney. He used to own an ad agency but he retired nearly eleven years ago and bought a stable in the country. He's pretty switched on, has mega bucks."

"I knew he couldn't be doing this himself. I think Justin needs something else to think about, it will take the heat off us," Bradley smiled.

Justin wondered where Brian was. He said he would only be twenty minutes but it was over an hour and a half. Justin turned the corner of the stable and saw Brian lying in a pool of blood. He screamed out to Gertie and ran to Brian's side.

Brian was unconscious and badly beaten. There was so much blood.

Gertie ran from the house when she heard Justin's cries. She took one look at Brian and grabbed the phone to call 911. The ambulance arrived quickly and the paramedics examined him. One of them bombarded Justin with questions and he tried to answer them as best he could. Justin rode in the ambulance with his husband.

When Brian flatlined, two blocks from the hospital, Justin thought his life was over too.

Chapter Six

Justin sat waiting for news of his husband. He stared blankly into space for hours, not sure if he himself was alive. The experience in the ambulance had more than shaken him. Brian still wasn't stable but at least he was still alive. As if they appeared by magic, two detectives tried to ask him questions but the words wouldn't come out. Justin wasn't sure how long he was at the hospital before Sam and Gertie arrived.

"How is he?" Gertie asked.

Justin burst into tears. "He.....his heart stopped in the ambulance but they brought him back. Oh Gertie, I can't lose him," Justin sobbed.

She held Justin and patted his back. "Brian is strong and he'll get through this. He loves you; he won't leave you like this," her voice crackled.

Sam just stood there, he was still in shock.

The detectives approached again. Justin seemed to be more responsive than before. "We need some information."

"I don't know anything," Justin sobbed. "He was just lying there when I found him. He said he would only be twenty minutes and he was taking too long."

Sam interrupted. "I left after Justin. Brian was going into the house when I went. And that was about half an hour after Justin left. We were going over the produce lists for the next month."

"Did you see anything out of the ordinary?" one of the detectives asked.

"A black van was parked at the front gates when I drove out. I couldn't see inside, the windows were dark but I wrote down the license plate. I just didn't feel right about it. We never see strangers at that time." Sam pulled the license number from his pocket. "It was a black Toyota van. When Gertie told me something happened to Brian, I brought it with me."

"How long have you worked for Mr. Kinney?"

"I was a junior stable boy when Brian took over; he offered me a job, nearly...um ten or eleven years ago."

Gertie stepped forward. "I'm Brian's housekeeper. I've been with him for the same time period." Gertie was tough but with Brian being so close to death, she was starting to lose her composure. She felt Justin slip his hand into hers. He'd looked up and seen the tears in her eyes and was trying to show his support.

A doctor in scrubs came hurrying towards them. "Mr. Kinney?"

Justin jumped to his feet. "How is he?"

“Very lucky to still be alive, if he’d been found any later, he would certainly have died. There is some internal bleeding and he has a collapsed lung, eight broken ribs, a variety broken bones in his face, one of his arms is broken, all his fingers, both his legs and his right foot is almost totally smashed.

Justin felt his knees start to buckle. “Who would do this?” Justin cried out. “Brian never hurt anyone, everyone loves him.”

“He’s stable now,” the doctor continued. “We’ll set the bones we can and apart from that, we wait. He hasn’t regained consciousness and there is no way to predict when or if that will happen. He’s lost a lot of blood and he sustained quite a few blows to his head. I’ll let you know when he’s settled in a room. It may take a few hours to set all those bones.”

Justin nodded. He sat down next to Gertie to wait.

In the next few days, a host of people came to the hospital to check on Brian. He still hadn’t regained consciousness but some of his color returned when they got the bleeding under control. Justin had gone for coffee and when he returned a tall bald man was at Brian’s bedside and smiled at him.

“Justin, I’m George, Brian’s lawyer, how is he?” the man asked concerned.

“We still don’t know anything; he’s in pretty bad shape. Someone has nearly beaten him to death,” Justin sighed.

“Do they know who did this yet?” George asked.

“I don’t think so. Brian didn’t have any enemies, I can’t understand it.”

“Keep your chin up and if you need any money, I’ll arrange for it to be made available to you. Apart from a few small bequests, you are the major beneficiary of Brian’s estate.”

“What?” Justin gasped. “I didn’t know.”

“Brian changed his will a week after he married you. He had papers drawn up to nullify your contract. He loves you, Justin,” George smiled.

“I love him too. I just want him to wake up so I can tell him,” Justin said softly.

“He will. Brian won’t leave you without a fight. Do you have the names of the detectives investigating his attack?”

Justin nodded and pulled a card from his pocket.

“I want to keep tabs on their investigation. I’ll come by again soon,” he smiled.

Justin nodded. He watched George walk away; he seemed like a nice man. Brian certainly had faith in him. He said he wouldn’t do anything without George’s seal of approval.

George rang the phone number as soon as he reached his car. “My name is George Souros; I’m Brian Kinney’s lawyer. I have some information about some people who had a grudge against Brian. Yes, I’ll come down now.” George was positive that Faraday and his friends were in this up to their necks. The tone of their responses yesterday was very different to his previous communications with them. Initially they sounded rattled, now they were defying them to bring it on. He had power of attorney to act for Brian or Justin if something caused them to be unable to represent themselves. George had filed the complaint on their behalf today. He looked at his watch and smiled. Faraday and Butler would be served in a few hours. George drove to the police station to tell them what he knew.

"I don't care what he's doing, I want to speak to him now," Ron yelled at Brad's secretary. A few minutes later, a much frazzled Bradley answered the phone. "Yes."

"I thought you said he would stop," he gasped. "I've just been told I've been suspended pending the outcome of an investigation. They seized my interview tapes."

"I've got my own problems. My CEO received a letter from Kinney's lawyer saying they would be taking action against me personally and my firm. My boss is going apeshit."

"We got a similar letter, that's why I'm suspended. You said he would stop," Ron yelled again.

"I thought he would," Bradley countered. "It must have been organized before. Justin won't be able to manage his husband in the hospital and this at the same time. It will fizzle out."

"They took my interview tapes. When they compare them to the client contracts, I'm fucked," Ron sighed.

"Why did you keep them, you should have destroyed them, you moron," Bradley snapped.

"Listen this was all your idea. Little Justin has a bucket cash. Little Justin doesn't have a clue, easy money, I remember the whole spiel. If Kinney dies, little Justin will have more than a fucking bucket of cash to hunt us down for the rest of our fucking lives. This is your fault. We should have just given them the money back and it wouldn't have gone any further. You wanted to scare him. Those idiots you hired went too far, they just about killed him."

"Just shut up, what the fuck is wrong with you?" Bradley roared. "They can't connect us to Kinney and don't talk about this on the phone. I'll meet you at your apartment tonight." Bradley hung up the phone. Ron was a fool and he was losing it. He heard a commotion outside and the door burst open. "Bradley Faraday, you are under arrest for conspiring to attack Brian Kinney. Turn around sir." A burly detective spun him around roughly and put the cuffs on him. They led him out through his office. A few people ran out of offices to see what was going on. Faraday yelled to the onlookers. "It's a mistake, they can't prove a thing."

One of the detectives knocked on the CEO's door. "Thank you very much for your cooperation," he smiled.

"Always a pleasure to cooperate with the police," Arthur Cassidy smiled. Faraday was a greedy fool to get involved in a crazy scheme like that, he thought. There was no way he would let Faraday drag his company down with him.

Butler was having a similar experience. They both arrived at the station at the same time and were ushered into separate interview rooms. In less than a minute, Butler was trying to cut a deal to avoid prosecution. The detective in charge was watching through the glass and shook his head in disgust. They didn't have to make any deals with this slime bag. The guys who did the beating were happy to finger both of them, in exchange for reduced sentences and they had the tapped phone conversation acknowledging their involvement in the assault, thanks to information from Kinney's lawyer and Faraday's employer.

Butler and Faraday were both going down.

George smiled when he got the call. He hurried to the hospital to tell Justin. As George told him the story, Justin sat amazed. He couldn't believe it. Bradley tried to kill Brian to stop him from making Justin's claim. It was his fault this happened.

"Justin?" George was beginning to get concerned. Justin hadn't said anything.

Justin looked up at George. "It's all my fault."

George shook his head. Brian had warned George of Justin's ability to lose focus. "Brian is never afraid to stand up for what is right. They swindled you Justin and Brian wouldn't let them get away with it. It is no one's fault but the ones responsible and that isn't you. Brian told me if anything ever happened to him, I was to remind you of something."

"What?" Justin looked up.

"He said to remind you of this. How is your time best spent? I'm not sure what he meant, he didn't explain it to me." George had asked Brian at the time but he said it was something private between Justin and him.

Justin knew exactly what Brian meant. He couldn't just sit here crying like a baby. There was a stable to run and Brian needed strength not the constant whining of his blithering lover. He knew he was strong enough to see this through. He had the skills; he just had to use them. He looked at George and smiled. "Thanks, I needed to hear that. Can you stay with him while I make some calls?"

"Sure," George smiled. He could see an instant transformation in Justin. He was no longer slumped over and sobbing at Brian's bedside. Justin looked in control now. George smiled, Brian obviously knew his husband very well.

Justin stopped at a shop and purchased a notepad and pens. He sat down outside Brian's door and made his lists. He made a people list and a thing list. He headed the list with 'Action against Brian's Attackers', next came 'Stables', then 'Lawsuit'. Even though Justin didn't really care about it at all, he knew it was important to Brian and lastly, he wrote 'Other Business Affairs'. On a fresh page he listed all the people who were important to Brian and then on a fresh double page he wrote Brian. Justin dialed the stables and spoke to Sam. He knew Sam would keep everything running smoothly. He had another four days before any accounts had to be paid so he would check tomorrow if their clients were all paying their fees within terms. He smiled as he closed his book and returned to George. "Thanks for watching Brian for me. Before you go, I just have some questions."

"Fire away," George smiled.

"I'm not familiar with Brian's portfolio so I don't know if anything needs attention," Justin explained.

George opened his briefcase and pulled out a file. "I made you a copy with my recommendations based on the current market and a history of each investment. There are only a few falling due at the moment. We still have some time but we will need to meet early next week and make some decisions." Brian had hoped that if need be Justin would ask this very question.

"Okay, can you track the prosecution of Brian's attackers and keep me informed," Justin asked. He knew Brian trusted George implicitly so he didn't feel like he was abdicating responsibility by not tracking this himself. "Also, what is our position on recouping my investment now they have been charged with Brian's assault?"

"It shouldn't make any difference but I need to do some checking," George smiled. "I should have an answer for you when we have our meeting about the investments next week. Of course, if they are convicted, now we will also sue them for the injuries that Brian has sustained."

"Great, thanks George for telling me about Bradley," Justin smiled.

"I'll see you soon."

Justin sat down beside his husband and softly stroked the bandages on his hand. "It's time to wake up, Brian," he said softly. Justin was together and focused, well, on the outside anyway. He heard the door open and looked up.

Daphne was standing there, just staring at Brian.

Justin stood up and hugged her. He knew seeing Brian for the first time since the beating, shook people up, he was so bruised and swollen, not looking like Brian at all.

Daphne clung to him.

He could feel her tears falling on his neck. "Hey, he'll be fine. Brian is strong and I know he won't leave me," Justin smiled.

Daphne let go of him and looked back at Brian. "He looks so bad," she sobbed. "Who would do this to him," she sighed.

"Bradley."

"What?" Daphne gasped.

"Brian has been going after him about the money he swindled out of me. Apparently, it was a scam. Brian and his lawyer have been pursuing Bradley," Justin said softly.

"He must be crazy."

"He's a crook who was trying to cover his ass. I hope they put him away and throw away the key," Justin said bitterly. "I can't believe I used to fuck him. If Brian dies...."

Daphne could hear the hatred in Justin's voice. "Brian won't die; he won't let Bradley beat him."

Justin pulled himself together and smiled. "You're right, he won't."

"What have the doctor's said?"

"They don't know yet. He's been badly beaten and there is so much swelling, they aren't really sure what sort of permanent damage has been done. He needs to regain consciousness but a few of the blows were to his head. The doctor thinks he was beaten with a metal baseball bat. They said, if it had been wood, there would have been splinters," Justin said sadly.

"Have they arrested him?" she asked.

"Him and that phony lawyer he sent me to. They were in it together," Justin growled.

Daphne shook her head. Greed and desire for money certainly reduced some people down to who they really were. "So what happens now?"

Justin smiled. "I wait. There is no way of knowing when or if he'll wake up. But I'll wait for him, if it has to be forever, I'll keep waiting." He looked at the man in the bed, a man he barely recognized with his eyes but his heart would have known Brian anywhere. "I love him."

Daphne smiled. "I promised Sam I would go out to the stables and tell him about Brian. How is Gertie?"

"Not good, she comes in everyday with food for us. She says Brian doesn't like hospital food," he laughed.

"That sounds like Gertie," Daphne smiled. She kissed him on the cheek and then looked at Brian again. She bent over him and kissed him on the side of the face. "I'll see you later, Brian." She smiled at Justin. "I'll be back soon, ring me if you need anything."

"Thanks," Justin smiled. He picked up the newspaper and started to read to Brian. Justin knew how much he liked to stay in touch with what was going on.

The doctor saw Brian morning and night. He arranged for a cot to be put in Brian's room so Justin could stay with him. Every morning Justin would read the newspaper to Brian and during the day he would read books from Brian's library. Brian loved to read.

Slowly over the next two weeks, the swelling in his face started to subside and he started to look like Brian again. In the last week, Brian had undergone a barrage of tests. A shunt needed to be put into his head to help drain away some of the fluid as it was building up. They hoped that now the pressure was released, Brian would wake up.

Gertie had just left dinner for them. She'd made Brian's favorite, steak and kidney pie with dumplings. Justin had just begun to eat when Brian moaned softly. He put the plate down and pressed the call button while he watched Brian intently for more movement.

The doctor came in as Brian moaned again. Justin stepped back as the doctor examined Brian and heaved a sigh of relief. Brian was waking up.

Brian opened his eyes and blinked at the brightness of the room. His vision was blurry and he blinked a few times to try and bring everything into focus. There was someone leaning over him, did he know him? The man was talking to someone and then the other man spoke. "Jus?" Brian said softly.

Justin moved closer. "I'm here, baby."

"Mmmm, Jus," Brian moaned.

Justin could see he was trying to move. "Brian, it's okay, you're in the hospital."

"What?" Brian stammered. "Hospital?"

"Mr. Kinney, I'm Dr. Bartlett. You were attacked and you are in the hospital. You can't move around very much because you had some broken bones and we needed to put weights on them so they would set properly. Justin is here and you will be fine," he smiled.

"K," Brian said and closed his eyes again.

The doctor turned to Justin. "He'll be in and out for a while, I'll keep checking on him."

Justin smiled; he was so grateful that Brian was back. He wondered if he should ring people and tell them Brian was awake but decided to wait a bit until Brian was more lucid. He was in and out as the doctor predicted all night, never awake for more than a few minutes until five am when his 'awake' periods started to get longer. Each time Brian would ask more questions about what had happened to him.

Brian lay with his eyes closed trying to remember. He was about to go into the house when a van pulled up and stopped in the driveway. He watched for a minute but no one got out. He walked over to it to see what they wanted and two men jumped out of the back and dragged him into the stable. Brian could almost feel the first blow to his head again, he was dazed. Something hit him from behind and his legs buckled. The rest was just a blur. Brian opened his eyes and saw Justin's face. "Who?"

"Bradley had some people beat you up. He thought it would scare you into leaving them alone. He and Ron have been arrested." Justin had to tell Brian. He was entitled to know, he didn't feel right hiding this from him.

"Good, what about the suit?" Brian moaned.

“George is handling it, it’s under control. The stables are fine. I paid the bills and the boys are taking care of it. Sam has been wonderful. He was the one who got the license number of the van. The police arrested the guys who beat you and they were happy to implicate Bradley and Ron.”

“Gertie?”

“She’s been worried about you. She brought you steak and kidney pie for dinner tonight,” Justin smiled.

“Dumplings?”

Justin smiled. “Yes, dumplings.”

“I could smell it,” Brian smiled. “I’m so hungry.”

“I don’t know if you can eat, Brian. You only just woke up,” Justin hesitated. He heard a voice form behind him.

“If the man is hungry, feed him,” the doctor was smiling.

“I’ll heat it up,” Justin smiled.

“You can reheat dumplings, you’ll ruin them. I’ll have it cold,” Brian sighed.

Justin picked up the plate Gertie brought in for Brian and cut one of the small dumplings in half. He lifted it to Brian’s mouth and he opened it.

Brian smiled as he slowly chewed. Gertie made the best dumplings in the world. Justin gave him the other half and Brian chewed again. His face hurt to chew. “Enough, I’ll have more after.”

Justin covered the plate with plastic wrap again. He could see that just eating a single dumpling and Brian was exhausted. He leaned over Brian and kissed him softly. “Sleep, baby and you can have more when you wake up.”

“Mmmm,” Brian sighed and closed his eyes.

Justin sat down in his chair and watched Brian sleep. He was thankful that Brian was okay. He closed his eyes, finally able to rest. When he woke up, Brian was awake and smiling at him.

“You were snoring.”

“I was tired,” Justin smiled.

“How long have I been here?” Brian asked.

“Twenty four days.”

“Fuck,” Brian gasped. “What the hell did they do to me?”

“They almost beat you to death. Your heart stopped in the ambulance.”

“Oh Jus, I’m sorry,” Brian said softly. Justin must have been beside himself with worry.

“It wasn’t your fault,” Justin smiled. He leaned forward and kissed his husband and felt Brian open his mouth in response. It felt so good to finally be able to kiss him again, Justin thought.

Suddenly Brian pulled away. “Why can’t I breathe, he puffed.

“One of you lungs collapsed. It’s re-inflated now but it will take some time before you’ll be doing blow jobs again,” Justin smiled.

“Talking about blowjobs,” Brian smiled. He looked down and Justin followed his stare, the tenting under the sheets, obvious.

“No way buddy,” he laughed. “If you can’t kiss then you certainly won’t be able to cum.”

“Spoil sport,” Brian moaned.

The door opened and the doctor came in. He took one look at Brian and smiled. “You seem to have a problem.”

“Yeah, I can’t get any assistance at this hospital. The service is crummy.”

The doctor examined Brian again. “There are some tests I want you to have today; I’ll schedule them for this afternoon. How are you feeling?”

Brian glanced down and his hard on wasn’t going away. “What do you think?”

The doctor considered Brian’s problem for a minute. He found it amusing that the only part of his patient, not in bandages and plaster, was demanding attention. He smiled at Justin. “Be careful, I’ll leave you to it. I’ll see you later, Brian.” He closed the door as he left.

“See, I’m fine now, will you help me please?” Brian sighed, his eyes pleading with Justin for some relief.

Justin lifted back the sheet. Brian’s chest and stomach were yellow and blue now on the edge of the bandages, as the bruises were subsiding. His cock was hard.

“Please Jus?” Brian begged.

Justin glanced at the door and then back at Brian’s cock. “What do you want?”

“Suck it,” Brian sighed and closed his eyes.

Justin wondered how he was supposed to do this. Both Brian’s legs were attached to pulleys and suspended, so he couldn’t reach him from the side. He couldn’t straddle his chest, Brian was still too sore and what if he lent on him? Justin went to the bottom of the bed and crawled up so he was lying on his belly between Brian’s raised legs. He licked at the shaft making Brian shudder. It was difficult, there was nowhere for him to lean. Justin pulled his legs under him so he could take his weight on his knees and pressed them against the plaster at the back of Brian thighs. He licked Brian’s balls.

“Suck me, Jus. I can’t take it anymore,” Brian sighed.

Justin took hold of the base of the shaft and licked the tip.

“Mmmmm, more?” Brian moaned.

Justin sucked the head and rolled it around in his mouth.

“Yessssss,” Brian sighed. “That’s it.”

Justin took his time. Brian was moaning out of control. Justin knew Brian wanted to move but he couldn’t and it was frustrating him. Justin decided to move it along. He swallowed Brian making his husband cry out.

“MMmmmm.”

Justin pumped the base and sucked the head, sliding down the shaft a little more each time.

Brian felt his body stiffen. “Ahhhhhahhha,” he sighed as he pumped his load into Justin’s mouth.

Justin swallowed quickly and then smiled. He looked up at Brian whose eyes were still closed. “Better?”

Brian nodded. “Much,” he smiled. “You wouldn’t believe how much better. The knot in my stomach is gone,” he sighed.

Justin maneuvered himself off the bed and covered Brian up again. He kissed Brian but could tell Brian wanted more. “That’s it for you for now,” he smiled.

“Like I said, spoil sport,” Brian smiled. “How much longer do I have to be here?”

“I don’t know yet. The doctor said some tests, this afternoon. When he gets the results, we ask,” Justin smiled. He wanted to take Brian home too.

“Okay, I’m gonna close my eyes for a while. I love you,” Brian smiled. He was asleep before Justin could respond.

Gertie walked through the door.

“He’s awake,” Justin smiled. “Just not at the moment.”

“He’ll probably sleep a lot while he’s recovering,” she smiled. She arrived five minutes ago and thankfully had looked through the glass in the door before entering. If Brian was demanding sex, then he was fine. For a man who had spent the last ten years alone, he was certainly making up for lost time, she thought. She was just so grateful he would be okay.

“He woke up because of you,” Justin smiled. “He said he smelt your dumplings and he was hungry,” Justin laughed.

Gertie smiled. Brian always loved her to make that. He couldn’t keep his hands off the pot when they were cooking, he was always so impatient. She had to watch him like a hawk. “Then I’m glad I made his favorite then,” she smiled. “Do you know how much longer he’ll be here?”

“Not yet,” Justin frowned. “He hasn’t asked very much about his injuries. I haven’t made a big deal about it because he has a long way to go.”

Gertie nodded.

The tests came back and Brian’s lung was healing well. Most of the bones were healing but Dr. Bartlett was concerned about his foot and his hands. In the attack, his hands and foot had been stomped on continually. Some of the bones were crushed. They had tried to do as much as possible, surgically, at the time but he was sure Brian would need at least two additional operations later on his foot, the hands, he wasn’t sure about. He was more worried Brian’s foot would never be able to handle his weight again. Time would just have to pass. A week later, the bandages came off his hands. Brian was excited to be able to use them again. He hated Justin feeding him; it made him feel like an invalid.

Brian frowned. They looked normal but they felt like two lumps on the end of his arms. “Why can’t I move my fingers?” he gasped.

“There is some nerve damage but with intensive therapy you will have movement. I’m just not sure how much yet. All the bones were broken and they have set nicely but the muscles are frozen and they need intensive manipulation to get them moving again.”

“What are saying, that I might not be able to use my hands?” Brian gasped.

“That’s not what I’m saying. We need to wait and see Brian. Your injuries were extensive, we need some time, it won’t happen overnight,” Dr. Bartlett shook his head.

Justin was watching his husband’s face. He sat on the bed next to Brian and felt his husband lean against him. “When would Brian start his therapy?” Justin asked.

“Immediately.”

“And what sort of time frame are we talking about?”

“The plaster will come off your legs in around four to eight weeks. The bones are knitting nicely so with that period of therapy we will have a good indication of what we will be looking at.”

Brian sighed. “Okay, that’s my hands; now what other surprises do you have for me?”

“Maybe we should just take them one at a time,” the doctor suggested. He could see Brian was visibly rattled.

“No, I want to know now,” Brian said determined.

“Your right foot was almost totally smashed. We tried to do as much repair as possible but after the plaster comes off, you will be looking at least one other operation if not two.”

“And after the operations it will be fine?” Brian asked.

“I can’t promise that,” the doctor said soberly.

“Are you telling me I won’t be able to walk on it?” Brian gasped.

“I wouldn’t advise it until you have had at least the first operation and we can’t do that until the plaster comes off.” The doctor could see Brian needed some time. “We are getting ahead of ourselves. I’ll arrange for the physical therapist to see you this afternoon to start work on your hands. Try to stay calm and I’ll see you later,” the doctor smiled.

Brian nodded. He turned to Justin when the doctor left. “Did you know about this?” he said abruptly.

“I didn’t know about a problem with your hands but I did know about your foot,” Justin admitted.

Brian sighed. “I suppose it doesn’t make any difference, does it?”

Justin reached to hold one Brian’s hand on the arm that wasn’t in plaster. “Can you feel this?” He picked it up and brought it up to his face.

“Yes, but it won’t move.”

“So, you can still feel me,” Justin smiled. “You heard the doctor, we have to be patient. I’m in just as much of a hurry as you. I want you to be able to touch me.”

Brian smiled. “I want that too.”

“George told me something when you were hurt that really helped me.” Justin smiled.

“What was that?”

“How is your time best spent?” Justin smiled.

“Don’t use that on me,” Brian shook his head.

“Why? Is this any different to when I thought I’d lost everything and there was no way to get control of my life?”

“Of course it’s different,” Brian snapped.

“Because it’s you this time instead of me,” Justin frowned. “You were there for me and I will be there for you.”

“But yours could be fixed, this can’t be fixed Justin,” Brian sighed.

“That’s not what he said; he said it would take time.”

“He said that I may not be able to walk or use my hands again,” Brian growled.

“I won’t accept that.”

“You may not have a choice. You may be married to cripple who can’t do anything. That’s no life for you or me. I don’t want to talk about it. Go home and get some rest. I want to be by myself.”

“I’m not leaving,” Justin said defiantly.

“I’m going to sleep.” Brian closed his eyes.

Justin glared at his stubborn husband. He stood up, walked back to his chair and sat down. Brian shouldn’t dismiss him when Justin knew this was a time when Brian needed him the most. He wouldn’t stand for it. Brian would recover even if he had to drag him kicking and screaming the entire way.

Chapter Seven

An hour later the physical therapist came to see Brian. She breezed into the room and stood smiling at him. “Beautiful day, isn’t it?”

Brian opened one eye. “What’s good about it?” he growled.

“You’re alive aren’t you, that has to count for something,” she smiled.

Justin saw Brian rolling his eyes. “Not really,” he snapped.

“Mr. Kinney,” she smiled. “I know your injuries are extensive and I know that we both can work very hard to get you moving again. Now I’m prepared to do everything that is humanly possible to that end and with your cooperation, I’m sure you will be pleased with the results. Even if you don’t cooperate, I’ll still do my best for you but I could better spend my time on someone who does really want a good result. If you intend to be a disagreeable pain in ass, the next few months are going to awful for you and me and if that’s going to be the way it is, I’d like to know up front. I think you will have a much better outcome if you approach your therapy with more enthusiasm than I’m seeing now.”

Justin bit his lip to stop from laughing. He liked her immediately. She seemed so sweet but he could tell she was as tough as nails.

Brian was shocked at the way she spoke to him. “Can you do anything with me hands or not?”

She smiled again. “Let’s see, shall we?” She picked up Brian’s chart and studied it.

“The doctor said I won’t be able to use them,” Brian announced.

She looked up at Brian, puzzled. "That surprises me, Mr. Kinney. They have healed well..." she stared at the report again. She took out the x rays and looked at them and looked back at the report. She put down her file, sat on the bed next to Brian and picked up his unencumbered arm, inspecting the hand. She then looked at the other one and sighed. "Excuse me for a minute," she smiled and left the room.

Brian closed his eyes in disgust.

About fifteen minutes later, she returned. She smiled at Justin. "I'm Sally."

Justin smiled back. "Justin, He," he said and looked at his husband. "Is Brian."

"Well Brian, I can't see any reason, other than you being too lazy to do your therapy, for you to not be able to use your hands."

"The doctor said there was nerve damage," Brian snapped.

She picked up Brian's left hand and lightly brushed her fingers across the back of it. "Can you feel that?" she asked.

"Yeah, but it feels strange," Brian scrunched up his face.

"But you can feel it," she smiled.

"Yes I can feel it," he said impatiently.

She continued stroking the back of Brian's hand. "There are no dead areas?"

"What do you mean, dead?" Brian snapped again.

She smiled. "Areas where you have no feeling?"

"No," Brian said, raising his brow.

Justin could see Brian was interested.

"This is the only area where there is any damage to the nerve and you have feeling so the nerve isn't dead, it's still healing," she smiled. "Do I put you on my list of patients that wants to get better or not? I see a lot of people and if you aren't really interested, I can spend more time with someone who is. Which is it going to be?" she smiled.

Brian sat in silence.

"Come on Mr. Kinney, the answer makes a difference to what I have to do. Do you want to be able to use your hands again?"

"Yes."

"How much do you want it, Mr. Kinney?" she pressed.

Brian sighed. "It's Brian."

Sally smiled. "We better get started then, Brian."

Justin watched in amazement as Sally massaged Brian's stiff fingers.

She noticed Justin watching intently. "Come and sit on the bed and watch. You can do this at anytime, the more the better. We need to loosen any scar tissue that is hampering Brian's movement. They were immobilized for a long

time while the bones were healing and any soft tissue damage has also healed but the healthy tissue has been replaced with scar tissue. If we allow that to remain hard, movement will be effected but if this area can be kept soft and pliable, you will have your movement back,” she smiled at Brian. While she was talking she was making small circles with her thumbs over the surface of Brian’s little finger, concentrating on the joint areas.

“How can just rubbing help?” Brian asked.

Sally smiled. “You tell me, move your little finger for me.”

Brian wriggled his finger and it moved, not a lot but it did move. Brian smiled.

“Shall we do another?” she smiled.

Brian nodded. He watched as Sally one by one repeated the procedure on all his fingers before moving to his thumb. When she had finished, she laid her hand flat on the plaster cast for his leg and lifted one finger at a time. “That’s exercise one, this is two.” With each finger individually, I want you to scratch with your finger tip on the plaster surface, five times. Do one and then move to the next and so on. When you have done them individually then do all of them once and then start again. As your flexibility improves, the scratch you are able to do, will become longer until your fingertips hit your palm. Now show me,” she ordered. She watched Brian do each one and then all of them together. “Good,” she smiled. “I’ll see you tomorrow.”

“Wait,” Brian objected. “What about the other hand?”

“You only have time to exercise that one, concentrate on it. The other one will just seize up again without an intense amount of movement so keep the one we did today moving. Once you have those exercises under control, I’ll get you a racquetball to squeeze,” she smiled.

“I can think of another ball I’d rather squeeze,” Brian laughed.

“There is no reason why you can’t squeeze anything you like,” she laughed. “But let’s start with what I showed you.”

Brian nodded. He started his exercises straight away.

“Good,” she smiled. “We’ll get along fine. See you tomorrow.” She closed the door on her way out.

Brian repeated his exercise over and over until his hand started to ache. “It’s hurting,” he complained, looking up at Justin.

“No wonder,” Justin smiled. “Two hours ago you couldn’t move it at all and for the last two hours you haven’t stopped. I think it needs to rest Brian. Maybe that’s what the doctor meant about it taking time,” Justin suggested. He picked up Brian’s hand and rubbed it gently for a while. Brian noticed the pain starting to subside. “Maybe not so much at a time,” Justin suggested.

Brian nodded, it did feel very tired and now he wasn’t moving his hand, he was tired too. Brian closed his eyes and Justin ran his fingers through his hair until he fell asleep. He was impressed at the way Sally handled Brian. He thought his husband was about to give up. Justin knew it was a lot for Brian to deal with and he was scared. Justin knew better than anyone what it felt like to be scared that your life was over. His worst fear at the time was money. The idea of being penniless in those days, to him, was every bit as bad as Brian feeling maimed. Thank God Brian had come into his life and given him perspective. If he hadn’t, Justin knew he would always have been superficial and shallow. He liked who he was now and he owed it to Brian. This was his chance to make sure that Brian followed his own advice and made it through this without becoming bitter. He closed his eyes for a while and when he woke, Brian was sitting staring at his hand with tears running down his face. “What’s wrong?”

“It’s stiff again. I can’t move it.”

"Sure you can," Justin smiled. He took Brian's hand and massaged it the way he'd seen Sally do it. He rubbed the joints first and then the sides as firmly as he could, wriggling the fingers as he went. After a short while, the hand started to loosen again and Brian could do his exercises. "See," he smiled. "When it gets tired and you need to rest, it will stiffen up again but each time we'll loosen it again. That's why she said to do it as much as possible."

Brian nodded. When he woke up and his hand was stiff again, he was terrified. He worked with his hands, if they couldn't be used then what would he do? He didn't want to just sit and watch the boys work. He liked to work. He liked to be useful and independent and strong and..... perfect. When he stepped back from his previous life, he was perfect. It was easy to step away when you knew you were better and more handsome and more successful and..... Why would Justin love him anymore if he wasn't perfect? If Brian couldn't touch him and run with him and swim and... and... Brian felt himself starting to hyperventilate.

"Hey, hey," Justin held him. "What's wrong?"

"I'm okay," Brian said quietly, taking deep breaths, willing his control back again. "I just need to do my exercises then everything will be fine."

Justin released him and pecked Brian on the cheek. "Then do them." He knew something was going on with Brian but he felt helpless to do anything about it. His husband was obviously not going to talk to him about it so he would have to work out what was going on himself. Justin could see Brian was determined to be able to use his hands and he, was more than happy to assume Brian's normal role as coach.

Brian nodded and started his exercises over again. His tightened his jaw and forced his fingers to move again. After an hour, this time, his hand began to ache. He looked up at Justin. "Why is it aching faster this time?"

Justin automatically rubbed it again and in a much shorter period of time, it stopped hurting. He could see the relief on Brian's face. "I guess it's like the first day I worked at the stables," Justin smiled. "Seriously Brian, I thought I was going to die. But I can work day after day now and never get a twinge. I think it's the same thing, now start again."

Brian nodded and started with exercise one. When he started the second one, like Sally had said, he could scratch a much longer scratch than before. Brian became excited, "This may actually work," he smiled at Justin.

"Of course it will work, look at you. You are moving your hand," Justin smiled.

Brian's days were taken up with exercising, first the one hand and then Sally attended to the other. He knew she was right. Doing both hands was exhausting and he had to split his time between the two. After a week, he was able to do both at once and he was relieved. It frustrated Brian that in the beginning, he couldn't concentrate on moving both at the same time and when he finally could, he was jubilant. As promised, Sally gave him two racquetballs to squeeze to help to increase his dexterity.

When the strapping around his ribs was removed, Justin could see Brian was excited. Even though the days were taken up with therapy, not being able to move around was driving him crazy.

"It feels so good to finally stretch," Brian sighed and grabbed Justin's arm. He looked at his hand gripping Justin and smiled. "That makes it all worthwhile."

Justin sat next to Brian on the bed. "Hold me."

Brian wrapped his arms around Justin. "Mmmmm," he sighed. It felt good to be touching the man he loved. "They are cutting this cast off tomorrow," he smiled.

"I'm glad. I want to feel you, not plaster," Justin laughed.

“When I have two arms again, I may be able to get out of bed. Sally said she wanted me to be prepared when the cast comes off my arm,” Brian said thoughtfully.

“Prepared for what?” Justin said concerned.

“She said that all the skin will peel off it and it will look awful,” he sighed. “But, the bone is healed and I just have to do the exercises and its fine. When I can hold my weight on my arms, I can get out of this bed,” Brian smiled.

Sally was right. When the cast came off it did look awful and Justin could tell Brian was a little rattled. His arms were usually so muscular and this one was weedy looking now. Brian commenced his exercise regime immediately. Sally was pleased he was so dedicated to his recovery. She’d been keeping close tabs on his foot and she was concerned about the way it was healing. The last set of x rays showed that the healing was very slow indeed. She discussed it with Dr Bartlett and they decided to remove the cast. When Brian was finished with his session with Sally, the next day, she told him of their decision.

“Under no circumstances is this foot to be load bearing. I cannot stress that to enough. It will cause irreparable damage to it if you put any weight on it whatsoever,” she warned.

“Then why are you taking off the cast then?”

“I want to start manipulating it, while it is still healing and I can’t do that while it’s in the cast,” she explained and started to cut off his boot cast.

Brian and Justin watched her carefully cut down both sides with what looked like a set of bolt cutters. Brian wriggled uncomfortably.

“Is it hurting?” she asked.

“Not really, but it doesn’t feel good,” Brian scowled.

When she lifted the cast away, both Brian and Justin gasped. It didn’t look anything like Brian’s foot.

Sally looked at Brian. “Before you start, you are very lucky to still have it. This is your foot and I need some time with it before we schedule the surgery.”

Brian nodded. He wanted to cry. If it was just peeling skin, he could’ve coped. If it had wasted that would have been okay too but it was a lump on the bottom of his leg. His toes weren’t even in the right place for toes. “Can I move it?”

“I don’t know; can you?” Sally smiled.

“It won’t hurt it if I move it, will it?” Brian said softly.

“Wait a minute, I want Dr Bartlett to see it before we do anything,” she smiled. She paged him and he came quickly. They both stood at the end of the bed, inspecting Brian’s lump. They pushed and pulled and poked and prodded and then both excused themselves and left the room to discuss it.

Justin sat on the bed again and took Brian’s hand. He pressed his face against Brian’s neck and said softly. “You can do this.”

“I know,” Brian smiled. “Can you?”

“What do you mean?”

“It isn’t even a foot, Jus. What if it stays that way? Do you want to wake up to that every morning,” Brian sighed.

Justin dropped Brian's hand and stared at him.

"What?" Brian said. He didn't understand why Justin was staring at him.

"You think I would leave you because of a foot," Justin gasped.

"They already said it isn't a foot. I can't walk on it, so it isn't a foot," Brian snapped.

"You didn't have hands either a few weeks ago," Justin snapped back. "Why are you so impatient?"

"I just want my life back the way it was," Brian whimpered.

"Well you can't have it back, it's gone and this is our life now," Justin growled. Brian's self pity routine was getting them nowhere.

Brian frowned. "One foot, plaster, hands that work sometimes, this isn't a fucking life," he growled.

"I'm sick of your whining and I don't care if you wished they killed you. I'm happy that you survived. Having you with me and being able to love you is enough for me, why isn't it enough for you. I have things to do at the stable. I'll be back later." Justin kissed him quickly on the cheek and left.

Brian sighed. Shit. He was so worried that Justin wouldn't want him because of his injuries that he was pushing Justin away. He asked himself, what are you spending you time on Brian. He gave the only answer he could. "Being a self absorbed jerk."

Sally laughed.

Brian looked up at her surprised to see her. He hadn't heard her come back in.

"I don't think you're a jerk," she smiled.

"Then why do I behave like one?" Brian sighed.

"Because you're scared. What are you afraid of?"

"Everything," Brian laughed.

"Life is precious. You know that better than anyone. How would you have felt if it was Justin who was attacked?"

"Helpless."

"And if Justin was saying the things to you that you say to him?"

"I said I was a jerk," Brian sighed.

"Is Justin coming back?" Sally smiled.

"Yeah, he went to work for a while," Brian said casually.

"How do you know he's coming back?" she asked.

"Because he loves me."

"Then how bout we get started on this foot?" she smiled.

Brian smiled and nodded. "What do you think?"

"I think that I will tell you in a week," she smiled.

"I know, we have to wait and see," Brian laughed.

"You finally got it," she laughed. Sally massaged Brian's foot but unlike when she did his hands, this time, it wasn't just firm, it hurt. She saw Brian screwing up his face. "There is no other way to do this," she apologized.

"If it helps then hurt away," Brian tried to smile. A little further into their session, he was sorry he said it. Whatever she was doing, it fucking killed. When she finally stopped, Brian realized he had broken out into a sweat from the pain. "I liked the hands better."

"No doubt," she smiled. "I have more good news for you," she smiled again.

"What?" Brian said cautiously.

"I have to do this, four times a day for the first week."

"Great," Brian rolled his eyes. "What do I have to do?"

"Nothing for a couple of days, keep working on your arms and hands. I'll see you in a few hours."

"Don't take it personally, but I can't wait," Brian cringed.

"None taken and just a thought," she smiled. "Maybe you should apologize to your husband. I'm going, I'm going," she laughed.

Brian picked up the phone and tried Justin but it diverted to message. "Yeah, can you tell him his jerk is looking for him?"

"Did you say jerk, sir?"

"JERK," he spelt it out. "Yes, jerk, thank you. He has the number."

Daphne sat listening to Justin rave about what an ass Brian was being. He went on and on but when he started to repeat the whole thing again, Daphne stopped him. "Do you realize how hard this must be for him?"

"Of course I do," Justin said raising his voice a little. "It isn't easy just standing by and watching him go through this especially when I know it's my fault this happened."

"Justin, it isn't your fault," she said. "Do you think Brian blames you?"

"He hasn't said it but he must," Justin sighed. "This happened because Brian was helping me. If I'd done my own dirty work, then Bradley wouldn't have gone after Brian."

"The beating Brian took would have killed you. Do you think Brian would have preferred that?"

"No, but Daph, he is in so much pain and you should see his foot. It's like a big clump on the end of his leg. Brian is very active, how will we cope if he can't walk?"

"Together, the way most couples deal with things. Are they saying he won't walk again?"

“They aren’t saying anything, that’s why it’s so hard,” Justin sighed. “I need to use the can.” Justin went to the bathroom.

Daphne wanted to help but didn’t know what to do. Justin was feeling guilty, Brian was resentful because of his injuries. Justin’s phone rang and Daphne answered it. She listened and thanked the operator. When Justin returned, she was laughing.

Justin smiled. “What’s so funny?”

“I just took a message for you.”

“And?”

“Someone left you a message but the girl said he didn’t leave a name,” she smiled.

“What’s the message?” Justin asked, curious.

Daphne grinned. “Your jerk is looking for you.”

“What?”

“The message is Your jerk... is looking ...for you. I think that may be your husband,” she smiled.

Justin smiled. “I gotta go.” He kissed her on the cheek and ran out the door.

Sally had just finished her second session with Brian when Justin came back. They passed in the hallway.

“How is it going?” Justin asked.

“He is not a happy camper. These sessions are painful Justin. I’m breaking up scar tissue and trying to reshape his foot. It isn’t just painful, he would be excruciating for him. Brian has a high pain threshold but he was in tears by the end of the session.”

“How many does he need to have?” Justin asked, concerned.

“Four a day, I’ll be back again in a few hours,” she smiled uncomfortably and hurried off to her next patient.

Justin went to Brian’s room and looked through the window. Brian was half turned to one side and Justin could see he was upset. Justin heard a voice from behind him He turned and smiled.

“How are Brian’s connective tissue sessions going?” Dr Bartlett frowned.

“I wasn’t here for any of them but the last one, Sally says it hurt a lot and Brian is upset.”

The doctor looked through the window over Justin’s shoulder. “It has to be done, Justin. I haven’t said anything to Brian but if Sally can manage to do what she hopes, Brian may not need an operation or if he does it will only be minor. I don’t want to get his hopes up and for them to be dashed, he’s upset enough already.”

Justin nodded. “Do his legs need to be up all the time?”

“Not all the time, why?”

“I thought he might like a little break.”

What Justin was suggesting was unorthodox but... well it couldn't hurt, Dr Bartlett thought. He opened the door and smiled at Brian. "Justin thought you may appreciate being flat for a while."

Brian wiped his eyes, turned onto his back and nodded.

The doctor lowered both Brian's legs. "How does that feel?"

"Great," Brian sighed and sat up.

"I'll be back later to re-suspend you," he smiled.

Justin closed the door behind him and turned to look at Brian. "I missed you."

"I don't know why, I've been a real pig since this happened," Brian scowled.

"Yeah but you're my pig," he smiled. He walked over to the bed and climbed up on Brian's lap, straddling it. Justin grabbed both Brian's wrists and lifted his arms over his head, pressing Brian back against his pillows. He crashed his mouth over Brian's and kissed him over and over until they both were breathless.

"Mmmmm, I needed that," Brian sighed.

"There's something I need too," Justin smiled as he climbed off Brian's lap and stood down on the floor. He pulled the privacy curtain around the bed then opened his pants. He wriggled them down past his hips until they fell to the floor. Justin stepped out of them and opened the bottom draw and took out the lube. "Have you ever made love in a hospital before?"

Brian shook his head. He was amazed that Justin was doing this; anyone could come in at any time. Brian felt his heart start to race, this was hot. He pushed everything else from his mind and concentrated on what Justin was doing. He looked down and Justin was squeezing the lube into his hand.

Justin smiled as he guided Brian's hand onto his cock. "Show me what all that exercise has been doing for you?"

Brian smiled. He grasped Justin's cock with his hand and kneaded his fingers up and down the length. "That's exercise four," Brian grinned. He slid his thumb back and forward across Justin's slit. That's five."

Justin grabbed his hand and pushed it down between his legs to his entry. "I have a new one for you, what number are you up to?"

"Eleven."

Justin smiled. "Okay, this is eleven then." He pushed Brian's finger inside him. "Ahhh," he moaned.

Brian held his breath. He'd forgotten how much he missed this. It always felt so good to be inside Justin. "Mmmmm."

"Show me twelve," Justin panted.

Brian withdrew slowly and then pushed back inside again. Justin was so tight and he was swallowing Brian's finger, pulling him further inside. "Mmmmm," Brian moaned. It had been so long. He felt Justin grab his hand again and stop him.

"That's enough," Justin sighed. He stepped back so Brian's fingers slid out. He reached across and pulled down Brian's shorts.

"Jus, we can't," Brian sighed.

“We can.” Justin lubed up Brian’s cock and climbed back onto his lap, his knees straddling either side of Brian’s hips.

Brian closed his eyes. He could feel he was already so hard and his cock was straining for relief.

Justin sunk down onto Brian making them both cry out. He stretched out over Brian’s upper body and rested his elbows and forearms on each side of Brian’s head. His kisses were frantic as he rode his lover to almost screaming point. Justin kissed Brian over and over and when the kisses could no longer mask his cries he put his hand over Brian’s mouth as they came. Justin felt both their bodies go stiff as they rode the waves of their orgasms until they both collapsed limp when the waves subsided. “If you ever question how much I love you or how much I want to be with you again,” Justin whispered into Brian’s ear. “I’ll break your fucking dick off; then we can be miserable together,” he smiled.

“I’ll remember not to do that again,” Brian panted.

“That would be good,” Justin smiled. “You know, I don’t want to move.”

“I don’t want you to either,” Brian smiled. “Do you think I could just poke my leg out the curtain when Sally comes back and then we could continue this?”

“We’ll ask her?” Justin sighed.

A voice came from outside the curtains. “Sorry, but I need to talk to you both.”

Brian opened his eyes. “Is that you George?”

“Yeah,... um....I’m sorry to interrupt,” George said. “Do you want me to talk to you from out here?”

Justin sat up. “Give us a minute, George.” He grabbed the tissues and cleaned up Brian’s chest. Brian was shaking his head and mouthing “No.” but Justin ignored him. For George to interrupt them that way, it must be important. He lifted off Brian’s cock and Brian screwed his face up and pouted. Justin cleaned him up and pulled up his shorts and the sheet. He dressed quickly and then pulled back the curtains to reveal a very red faced George sitting in the chair.

George apologized again, his eyes darting all over the room and never making contact with either of them once.

“What is it George?” Brian said grumpily. That was the first normal moment he’d had since all this shit happened. For a short while he’d forgotten all about the crap from the last few months and then it was over with a few unwanted words.

“Faraday and Butler go to trial tomorrow. If you want, you can appear but I need to know tonight. The prosecution has to give notice to the defense that you’ll be attending.”

“Don’t they have enough evidence to put them away,” Brian grumbled.

“They do, but for the jury to see what they actually arranged to have done to you will mean they go away for a lot longer,” George shrugged. “It’s up to you.”

Brian couldn’t believe that the fuck he had waited for, dreamed about for so long, was interrupted by more of this shit. He felt Justin touch him.

“You can’t let them get away with it Brian, please?”

Brian sighed. “I’ll appear, you’ll have to clear it with my doctor but I guess it will be alright.”

"It's a good decision, Brian. I get to you in the morning with the time. They know you're coming from your hospital bed so the court will accommodate you for a time. Again, I'm sorry I intruded. I'll let you get back to it then," he smiled nervously. As he opened the door, Sally breezed in. "Are you ready?" she smiled.

Brian groaned. "Just better and better," he mumbled.

Justin leaned over and kissed him. "If you are a good boy, I'm sure you'll get a present later," he grinned.

"Okay, I'll be very good then," Brian rolled his eyes then looked at Sally, "Come on, do your worst."

Justin was cringing himself as he watched Brian's new treatment. He watched the sweat beading on Brian's forehead and couldn't begin to imagine how much that must have been hurting. He decided that Brian would need a lot of presents to get him through the next week of this therapy.

The next day Brian made a Victim Impact Statement to the court. The jurors were all visibly rattled when they saw the photographs of Brian's injuries. He showed them his foot and talked about how happy he was when he discovered he could use his hands. He detailed his therapy and talked about the hours of rehabilitation that he'd been through. The prosecution asked him to tell the jury about his life with Justin before this happened and the work he used to do and the fact they weren't sure if he would ever be able to do work again.

Justin could see tears in the eyes of three of the female jurors and the toughest looking of them men even looked away a few times as the pictures were passed out amongst the jury for them to inspect.

Faraday and Butler had chosen to trial together and both sat speechless in the dock. Faraday had tried to stop Brian from appearing, he was furious at the effect Brian was having on the jury. Butler looked devastated at the results of his actions but he was a lawyer and Justin thought he was just trying to manipulate the jury by looking remorseful. Faraday was arrogant and unapologetic and Justin could see the contempt the jury had for him.

Brian left straight after his testimony; he had therapy he needed to attend. Sally was waiting for him when he returned and the torture sessions commenced again for another day.

The jury found them guilty as charged and they were scheduled to be sentenced next month. Brian hoped his legs would be out of plaster by then. He wanted to walk into the courtroom just to show them... fuck you.

The week went by quickly for Justin but for Brian, it was one torturous session after another. The only thing that kept him going was the distinctive difference in the appearance of his foot. It was half the size and beginning to look like a foot again. For the first time since he saw his foot, he felt hopeful.

At the end of the week, Sally was pleased with the result. Dr Bartlett evaluated their progress and asked Sally to continue for another two weeks and announced they would decide if the surgery could be avoided at that time. Brian was happy that perhaps he wouldn't need another operation but all the waiting was very difficult. He noticed a new resolve about Justin because when he became a little despondent that it would be another two weeks of waiting, Justin warned him that each time he plummeted into an asshole, Justin intended to bend him over the bed and fuck his brains out, hospital or no hospital. The idea of it, however appealing it would have been in private, in public, Brian didn't think so. It guaranteed his Brian's behavior over the course of the next few weeks.

The connective tissue sessions became even more intense. The increased circulation to his foot increased the circulation in the same leg and the plaster could be removed earlier. Again, Brian looked at the peeling, dry and cracked mess that his leg had become. It was very wasted and would need therapy, fuck, more exercise. He really hated exercise. Brian just wanted to go back to throwing bales of hay, now that was exercise and you accomplished something at the same time. Justin was doing a wonderful job, managing the stables. He reorganized the rosters and with only one additional person, all the work was being completed. He was at the hospital with Brian a lot of the time but still found time to make sure the stables didn't suffer.

The two weeks flew by. Brian would sit for hours rubbing his wasted leg, wondering if the other would be the same or worse. The only good part being, his arms could lift his body now and he was allowed out of bed for a few hours

a day. Therapy, therapy, therapy, every day was the same and the days all blended together. His visitors increased and with more contact with the outside world, Brian didn't feel as isolated and disconnected from his life. The people flocked to him in droves. Jennifer was a constant visitor and even Daphne's parents came a few times, once when Daphne and Sam were there, much to Daphne's disgust. Her mother was thrilled to meet the man Daphne was dating and invited him for dinner. Angie could tell Sam was an old fashioned guy and she could smell children in the wings.

It had been three weeks since Sally had been overtly torturing him, and his foot, although larger than before, was now a foot. Sally rigged up a contraption at the bottom of his bed. It was like a mini stepper and Brian had to push the pedals down with his legs. It was grueling but Brian did it religiously and the last of his plaster was removed at the end of the week. He was so grateful to get rid of it and to be able to move freely that the sight of his withering leg didn't even upset him this time. He was free and the first thing he wanted to do was fuck.

Justin laughed at him but it felt wonderful to lie in Brian's arms feeling their bodies touching again. He couldn't deny Brian his request, but after, he had a few ideas of his own. He waited for the hospital to be quiet and in the early hours of the morning, he sunk into Brian for the first time in months.

"Jus, mmmm, more," Brian moaned, realizing how much he missed this. Justin was gentle at first but as Brian begged for more Justin relaxed into giving his lover what he wanted, what he always wanted. Brian felt Justin's hands over his mouth and was grateful. He couldn't help crying out when he came and the hospital was not the place for.... "Fuck me," to be echoing down the halls. They lay together and Brian felt normal for the first time in he couldn't remember how long. Justin helped him clean up and they went to sleep.

Sally woke them in the morning and laughed when she found them. "Come on sleepyhead," she rubbed Brian's hair. "I want to go for a walk," she smiled.

Brian sat up. "Walk?"

Sally pointed to a frame. "A walk in this," she smiled.

Justin jumped out of bed and pulled on his clothes while Sally helped Brian dress. She pulled the frame up close to the bed and locked the wheels in place. Brian stood up, holding the frame and smiled.

"How does your foot feel?" she asked. "Now remember we can't go far and...."

"It will take time," Brian interrupted.

"Yes," she laughed.

Brian's foot felt stiff now his weight was directed onto it.

"Your heel must be down first and then roll forward onto your toes," Sally instructed.

"It's hard," Brian sighed.

"I know but your foot needs to go through its full range of movement right from the beginning."

Brian nodded and persevered. He managed six steps and was exhausted. He sat back into the seat on the back of the frame. "Shit, I never realized how much hard work walking is," Brian puffed.

Sally laughed. "Rest for minute and we'll try again. Justin you'll need to do this with him when I'm not here."

"No problems. How often?" Justin asked.

"This, we'll take slowly. That foot needs to be treated very gently. Let's say five minutes every hour, no more. We'll try that for a few days. If there is any pain, you get off it immediately. Are we clear?" She looked at Brian. "In this case, more is not better and pain means stop."

Brian nodded.

"Do you want to try again?" Sally asked.

Brian stood up and walked another six steps, reaching the door. "Do we go out?" Brian smiled.

"Not today and not until you can get to the door in one go," she smiled.

Justin stood back watching his husband walking. Right now it was barely a trudge but Justin knew that Brian would put his heart and soul into it until their life together would be theirs again. They had been together less than a year, but in that time he'd learnt more about life than he had in his twenty odd years previous. Justin liked who he was now, he loved Brian and Brian was everything Justin always dreamed he was and so much more.

Sally helped Brian back into bed and said she would be back in a few hours to check on him again. Brian knew he had Sally to thank for the sixteen steps that felt like a miracle to him. She was tough and he hated her so many times in the last few months but her efforts were priceless. He had his life with Justin back.

"Tired?" Justin smiled and put his arms around his husband.

"Happy," Brian sighed. "We still have a way to go but at least now I have a way to get there," Brian smiled.

"Soon, you will be running so fast I won't be able to keep up with you," Justin laughed.

Brian smiled. He pulled Justin on top of him and held him close. Justin could feel Brian's heart pounding with excitement. "Thank you for all the times you made me try and for all the times you wouldn't let me give up and most of all thank you for being with me every step of the way."

"I'll always be with you," Justin smiled. "Our time will always be best spent loving each other."

Complete