The Spirit by Cindy

Author’s Notes: For Cait from your not-so-secret Santa. Hope you enjoy it! Thanks to my always amazing beta, Shannon Marie.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

“Brian.”

Brian was floating on the after effects of an amazing orgasm. He heard Justin say his name, but hoped that maybe, if he didn’t answer, the blond would leave him alone. No such luck.

“Brian.”

“Hmph?” the disgruntled man mumbled.

“I can’t sleep,” Justin whined.

Huffing, Brian replied, “Fine, roll over.”

Swatting at his lover’s stomach, the closest thing within reach as he lay on Brian’s chest, Justin said, “Play twenty questions with me.”

“No fucking way. I’m tired and it’s late. And you know if you don’t go to sleep now, you’ll be miserable tomorrow. And of course who do you think everyone will blame? ME, that’s who. ‘Brian, you couldn’t leave him alone, you had to keep him up all night fucking?’” the man said falsetto, imitating Deb perfectly.

Laughing softly, knowing that Brian was right, but still not able to sleep, Justin tried again. “Brian, please.” He knew it was just a matter of time until the man gave in. He always did. Sometimes Justin wondered WHY Brian put up a fight in the first place when he knew what the outcome would be. Smiling, the blond rubbed his hand leisurely up and down his lover’s flat, well-toned stomach and purred, “For me. We’ll make it ten questions instead.”

“Urrghhhh, fiiiinnne,” Brian groaned, giving in like always.

“’Kay,” Justin said excitedly, loving the affect he had on his man. He searched his mind for just the right thing and…

“Justin, let’s go,” the older man said impatiently.

Hating to be rushed, Justin picked the first thing that popped into his head. “Alright, I’m ready. You start.”

Sighing dramatically, Brian droned out, “Person, place or thing.”

“Person,” the blond answered.

“Is it a he or she?”

“Brian, it has to be yes or no answers only. Come on, you know how to play,” Justin said frustratedly.

Laughing, loving how easily he could toy with his boy, Brian said, “Okay, is it a he?”

“Yes.”

“Do we know him?”

“No.”

“Is he an actor?”

“Yes.”

God, why did Justin always have to pick actors? Brian hardly watched TV and he didn’t go to too many movies, so he wasn’t up on all the hot, new faces that seemed to pop up on the scene clamoring for their fifteen minutes of fame. Nonetheless…”Uh, is he in a movie we’ve seen?”

“No.”

“Is he in a TV show we’ve seen?”

Justin paused for a minute, trying to remember if he’d ever watched the show with Brian, and deciding that the man would rather have Cher do a private lap dance for him than watch THAT show, he said, “No.”

Brian’s brows furrowed and he lifted his head slightly to look down at the other man. ‘What the fuck? How can I guess someone that I’ve never even seen?’ he thought, knowing that the confused look on his face was sure to convey that message to Justin. And as he met the way-too-happy-for-that-time-of-the-night blue eyes in the dimly lit room, he knew the message had been received. Again he felt a small swat to his stomach and he laid his head back down on the pillow and sighed. “Is, he, uh, hot?”

Justin chucked. Of course that would be something Brian would think to ask. “Yes.”

“As hot as me?” he asked drolly.

“No. No one’s as hot as you,” Justin replied, running his hand soothingly up and down Brian’s chest and stomach, drifting his fingers through the soft tuft of pubic hair.

Smiling, confident of what his lover’s answer would be but always glad to be reassured, Brian asked, “Is he young?”

Again, Justin hesitated then said, “No,” certain of what Brian’s response would be when he found out who it was and knowing that he’d enjoy the reaction.

Rolling his eyes, realizing that he was getting nowhere and wondering just who the hell Justin was thinking of that was a hot, older actor that he had OBVIOUSLY never seen, Brian groaned, “I give up, I have no fucking clue who the hell you picked.”

Lifting up so that he could see his lover’s face and resting his chin on Brian’s chest, Justin whined, “Oh, come on, Brian, you’ve only got two questions left. Don’t be a party pooper.”

Opening his eyes he gave the other man a ‘what the fuck’ look and shook his head resignedly when Justin started laughing. He wondered, for the millionth time since he’d met the unshakable kid, just what kind of power the beautiful blond held over him, getting him to do things that he’d never have imagined he’d do. The thought constantly amazed him, but as his eyes remained focused on his lover’s perfect face, he knew he’d never want it any other way. Gently, he ran his hand across Justin’s cheek and sighed, then let his hand fall to his stomach and said, “Fine, is he, um, is he blond?”

Tipping his head to the side, trying to decide if the man would technically be labeled blond when his hair was sort of dirty-blondish to light-brown, Justin decided that it was close enough. “Yes.”

“Um, is he, uh, is he short?”

A little defensively, Justin replied, “No.”

Having no more of a clue as to WHO this mystery man was as when they’d started the game, Brian feigned a guess and said, “Jeff Bridges.”

“What? He’s not on a TV show,” Justin said.

“You never said he was in a TV show.”

“I said he wasn’t in a show that YOU’VE seen,” the blond replied with a poke of his finger to Brian’s chest for emphasis.

“Well, that sure narrows it down to about a million shows or so. God, Justin, couldn’t you have picked someone that I would know? Just once.”

“But you DO know who he is, Brian. We saw him on a commercial or talk show, promoting some show or something about a week ago,” the younger man said defensively.

Raising his eyebrows in question, Brian waited for his lover’s response.

“Jason Priestly. You know, from Beverly Hills 90210.”

“WHAT?” Brian couldn’t believe that Justin had picked HIM. Of all the other people he could have chosen, the man always seemed to find the most unbelievable ones. Ones that Brian wouldn’t be able to guess in a million years.

“You know, you said he was hot, and he just happened to be the first thing that popped into my head when you made me hurry up and choose.”

Thinking back over the answers his lover had given, he frowned and said, “But you said he wasn’t young. Therefore, that makes him old. And Jason Priestly has to be somewhere around my age…so…”

Smiling brightly with a spark of mischief in his eyes was Justin’s only reply.

“You fucker,” Brian groaned, smacking his lover upside the head.

“Hey, I only told the truth.”

“Uh-huh, then how come you said he wasn’t short? Jason Priestly has to be, what, about your height?”

“Hey,” Justin pouted, slapping Brian’s side and earning himself a laugh in return.

“Okay, now it’s my turn.”

“I thought you wanted to go to sleep. You know, tired…miserable tomorrow…everyone blaming you and all.”

Smiling his predatory smile, Brian replied, “Yeah, well, I think I’ve come up with something that I’m sure you’ll guess pretty quickly.”

“Uh, right,” the blond said, knowing just where his lover was headed, especially since he felt exactly what Brian had COME UP with rising beneath his left arm that was draped across the other man’s groin. “Alright, is it a person, place or thing?”

“Definitely a thing.”

Nodding, Justin continued. “Am I familiar with this thing?”

“Yes, very.”

“And is this thing something that I like?”

“Yes.”

“Hm, is it soft?”

“Uh, no, definitely no,” Brian purred as Justin’s hand moved downward and began to gently stroke his hard cock.

“Do I like riding this thing?”

“Urrghh, yesss,” Brian moaned as Justin’s grip tightened around his pulsing dick, mimicking the feel of his ass constricting around it.

“Mm-hmm, and do I like sucking this thing?” the blond asked, running his thumb across the leaking slit and smiling as Brian’s hips bucked off the bed in response.

“Y-yes.”

“Well, I’m not sure if I can accept your answer. I think I’m gonna have to ask the judges for a ruling on that one,” Justin said with a wicked grin, turning his head to the side and posing a question to the imaginary figures on the sideline. “Your answer, gentlemen?”

Brian’s eyes opened and he watched Justin with part amusement and part frustration as the man pretended to wait for an answer. Impatiently, he growled, “Justin.”

“Right, thank you. Oh, no, the pleasure‘s all mine,” the younger man said to the pretend judges then turned back to his lover. “They’ve decided to let me find out for myself if you’re telling the truth. Is that alright with you?” he asked innocently.

“Justin,” Brian groaned, his head dramatically dropping back down, his dick aching for the feel of the man’s hot, wet mouth on it and…

“Mmmm.”

“Ahhh, Justin,” Brian moaned, his back arching sharply into the air and his head tipping back as a rush of pleasure coursed through him with lightening speed as Justin’s mouth came down upon his erection. His hands instantly moved, his long fingers weaving themselves through Justin’s silky, golden hair.

Moving back up, dragging his tongue along the prominent vein that throbbed rapidly, Justin sucked hard on the leaking head, moaning from the sweet taste of the bubbling precum. Not able to keep the smile off his face from the loud moans flying from his lover’s lips.

“Jus…Justin…ah, yeah.”

Not able to keep still, feeling his own erection pulsing against Brian’s leg, Justin began to rub up against his lover, seeking relief.

Brian felt Justin’s movement and the wetness of his precum leaking against his leg and moaned even louder. He loved it when the blond’s needs overtook him. “Urghhhh, God, FUCK!” he shouted, so caught up in his thoughts that he didn’t feel Justin’s finger until it slid inside his hole and brushed against his prostate, sending a shockwave through his body.

Brian knew he was close. Just a little more of…’yeah…suck it…oh, God, your tongue…in my slit…stick it…urghhh…suck it…harder…uh-huh…slide your finger…ahhhhh, yeah…right there…right…fucking…there…’ “Ahhhhhhhh.”

“Mm-hmm…mm-hmm,” Justin moaned around his full mouth that was instantly flooded with Brian’s sweet cum. He swallowed greedily and gasped as the taste and smell sent him spiraling into his own explosive orgasm. His cum shot out against Brian’s leg and he continued to swallow as his hips rocked, sliding in the warm spunk as one…two…three more spurts flew out of his gaping slit.

“Ughhhh,” Brian sighed heavily, feeling euphoric as his body seemed to be floating once again. He only hoped that this time Justin would let it continue. He heard his lover grunt wearily then move up and flop down on the pillow beside him. He felt the sticky wetness of Justin’s cum on his leg and knew that he should wipe it off, but he didn’t have the strength. He smiled, reached his rubbery arm outwards as he turned on his side, and draped it across the smaller man’s sweaty back. He felt himself drifting off to sleep when he heard…

“Brian.”

Groaning dramatically, he weakly answered, “What?”

“Was it your cock?”

“Huh?” he asked, forcing his eyes open and meeting two equally exhausted looking blue ones, but not missing the mischievous smile spread across Justin’s lips.

“The THING, was it your cock?” Justin asked playfully, already more than sure of the answer.

Groaning once again, Brian shut his eyes and replied pleadingly, “Yes, yes, my cock, now go to sleep, Justin.”

“Good, then I won,” the blond answered triumphantly, then huffed when he felt Brian’s hand cuff him against the side of his head. “Hey.”

“Go to sleep, Sherlock, or I swear, I’ll never play with you again.”

Justin just smiled and placed a soft kiss against Brian’s lips then snuggled closer to the man. He knew it was an empty threat. Brian always gave in and played, and he knew that he always would. It was just this hold that he had over the older man. He knew it…and he loved it.

Happily sated, both men drifted off to sleep, their minds filled with thoughts of the following day, knowing that it would be filled with Christmas spirit.

\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

“Hey, Sunshine, get that bubble-butt of yours in here right now. I need some help getting the pies out of the oven.”

Justin raced into the kitchen at the sound of Debbie’s voice, arriving just in the nick of time as a delicious looking apple pie was about to topple to the floor.

“Oh, thank you, sweetheart. I thought I was gonna lose one there.” Removing the two remaining pies from the oven and setting them on the counter, Debbie turned around and drew her favorite blond into a warm hug. “Merry Christmas, baby.”

“Merry Christmas to you too, Deb,” Justin returned, slightly muffled by the hold the woman had him in.

“Deb…Deb, let him go before you do permanent damage,” Brian said, pulling the slightly crumpled young man from the exuberant woman’s grip.

“I’m just so happy to have all my boys together for Christmas. Shit, I’m getting all teary eyed here,” Deb replied with a sniffle.

“Yeah, the holiday spirit just gets me right here,” Brian said sarcastically, placing his hand over his heart.

Pointing her finger and wagging it warningly, Deb said, “You don’t fool me for a second, Brian Kinney.”

With a grunt and a roll of his eyes, Brian left the kitchen, pulling an apologetically smiling blond behind him.

Justin agreed with Debbie. He didn’t buy his lover’s bullshit nonchalance either. He knew that the man had never had a typical Christmas when he was growing up. His holiday memories were filled with tasteless dinners, sullen relatives and ranting alcoholics…all of it combing for the grand finale where a fist or two would be thrown in anger…usually aimed in Brian’s direction. No, not happy memories at all.

But the memories that they were creating now, with their surrogate family were what REAL Christmas’s were all about. Great company, wonderful food, laughter and love all around. That was what the true Christmas spirit was all about. And Justin was sure that Brian knew it as well. He just didn’t want everyone else to know it.

Suddenly the door flew open, and along with a gust of wind, Lindsay and Melanie walked in, carrying an excited Gus.

“Daddy…Jusin,” the little boy cried out, seeing his two favorite men.

“Sonny Boy, come here,” Brian said with a big smile, the one he usually reserved for his son, and Justin. He opened his arms and Gus ran right to him. Swooping him up, he was rewarded with a big, wet kiss, smack dab in the middle of his cheek.

“Jusin.”

“I’m right here, buddy.” Justin moved over and was given the same royal treatment as a juicy kiss was placed on his cheek. Smiling, he said, “Thanks, Gus. You’re getting to be such a great kisser. Soon you’ll be as good as your dad.”

Brian huffed, and added, “Yeah, well, don’t set his goals too high. We want him to have reasonable expectations, Sunshine.”

Everyone laughed at the overly conceited response and Gus laughed along too. He wasn’t really sure what was so funny, but he didn’t want to miss out on the fun, which caused the adults to laugh even harder.

“Okay, okay, now that everyone’s finally here, why don’t we sit down to dinner?”

“Oh, Deb, it looks fabulous. I love the whole theme you were going for this year,” Emmett gushed at the many white and red decorations splashed about the living room and kitchen. It made the whole place look so festive.

“Thanks, honey. I thought I’d take a tip or two from your party planning business and spruce the place up a bit. I know I don’t have your stunning flair, but I think it’s not too bad.”

Emmett blushed, thrilled with the praise.

They all took their places. Deb and Vic were at one end, Michael and Ben sat at the other, and everyone else filled in the spaces in between. Gus insisted on sitting next to his daddy and Justin took his place on the other side of Brian, his hand resting comfortingly on the older man’s thigh.

Brian looked down and saw the strong, lean fingers splayed across his leg, then looked up to see the equally strong young man next to him and was struck by the love and caring that seemed to emanate from Justin. His lover. His partner. His life.

“What?” Justin asked softly with a small smile, his hand brushing gently across Brian’s thigh.

Shaking his head, Brian said, “Nothing. I just…” and then he shrugged, because he really didn’t know what to say. He didn’t possess the words and the emotions were too strong to even try to translate. But then he saw it. The way that Justin’s eyes shone a little brighter and his smile got a little bigger and he knew. He knew that his lover understood all that he couldn’t say.

“Merry Christmas, Brian,” Justin whispered, moving in and placing a sweet kiss against the older man’s lips.

There it was again. That hold that his boy had on him. He felt it deep in his heart and knew that he never wanted it to end. Taking a deep breath, Brian smiled, not quite as big as Justin, and his eyes sparkled, not quite as bright as the blond’s, but pretty fucking close and he replied, “You too, baby…you too.”

Merry Christmas everyone!!

Cindy