

The Gift

Author: Sahari

Rating: NC-17

Relationship: Brian/Michael

Summary: What if Debbie HADN'T opened that door when Brian and Michael were "discussing" Patrick Swayze? An alternate universe fic that opens up some possibilities. Read the sequel Belated Birthday

A warm breeze stirred and lifted Captain Astro curtains in boy's bedroom in a working class home in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Spring sunshine filtered filmily onto the floor, where two teenaged boys, their heads together, had been staring at a picture of Patrick Swayze.

"I can do something about that," Brian said in a husky voice, leaning in, eyes trained on the bulge in Michael's pants. Michael shivered, not daring to look into the face of his best friend and see the mockery there. Instead, he hunched his shoulders a little and stared blindly at the magazine in his hand. It was too much to ask that Brian was serious about his teasing. Brian was always teasing, but it never led anywhere. His best friend had too many other, more appealing, options. "It's no big deal, Mikey," he continued, murmuring.

Michael glanced over, then, surprised. He'd expected a quick laugh at the joke and then a continuation of the narrative that had gotten him so hard in the first place: Patrick Swayze. "What?"

"See, lay back." Brian's hands were on his shoulders, pushing him gently onto his back. The magazine was removed. Michael blinked stupidly. This was not happening. Really, he must have dozed off. Brian couldn't possibly want to...

But Brian was chewing his gum lazily, a sexy grin on his gorgeous face, his hand already popping open the buttons on Michael's jeans. Michael opened his mouth, wanting to protest, then shut it. What exactly was there to protest about? That he was a virgin and didn't know what the hell he was doing? Brian already knew that. Brian knew everything about him, whispered in the dark during sleepovers in this very same room.

He swallowed. "Lock the door," he managed in a whisper, almost cringing at the boldness of such a request.

"Huh?"

"Lock the door. Mom's always looking in on us."

"Good idea, Mikey," Brian approved, his grin widening. "Now don't you move." He got up to turn the lock and Michael blinked. Was Brian hard too? God, that wasn't possible. Maybe it was all that talk about Swayze.

The truth was, Michael himself hadn't gotten hard until Brian started talking, that purring voice reciting what he'd do to the actor's "king-sized boner." For a second, Michael could imagine what it would be like to Brian to be doing it to him, and that had done it. It was the same when Brian had told him about Mr.--, the gym teacher. Lying side by side in Michael's bed, in the dark, Brian had relayed the story in fine detail, obviously relishing the retelling, triumphant. After Brian had fallen asleep, Michael had taken a necessary trip to the bathroom, defeated.

"Now, where were we?" Brian sang rhetorically. "Oh, yeah." He straddled Michael's thighs. "Oh, that's nice. A growing boy." He giggled. "Let's pull this out..."

Michael shut his eyes and let his breath ease as Brian reached down the V of his opened jeans and took him out with one hand, working his pants and briefs down with the other. Fingers measured him with light pressure, then curled around him tightly.

"Fuck--!"

Brian glanced up, grinning, then turned his head in alarm as the doornob turned. A short rap.

"Boys, are you okay?"

"We're okay, Deb," Brian replied, thinking furiously. "We're changing clothes."

"What, in the afternoon? Right. Just make sure you hide those dirty mags away, all right?"

Brian waited until he heard Mike's mother walk away, then breathed a sigh. "Damn, that was close."

Michael whimpered, grabbing at Brian's wrist and its lazy up-and-down motion.

"Oh, sorry," Brian murmured, looking about as sorry as a cat licking its whiskers. "Mm. You're nice and thick. You should be fucking some eager little bottom with this instead doing your usual shy routine."

"Shut up," Michael groaned. He didn't want to hear about anyone else. He didn't want to hear anything except what was happening, now.

"You don't really want me to shut up," Brian whispered, leaning down and beginning to jack him off in earnest. "Do you?"

Michael's breaths were coming in pants, his body arching back. Brian ran a hand up under his shirt, letting it ride up with the ascent of his fingers. He found a perked little tit and circled it with his thumb.

Michael's breath shivered out, a groan wrenched out from deep in his gut. Brian wanted to laugh with the joy of it. His Mikey. His Mikey, losing it, because of him. His hand there, his caresses.

Boys in the back of the handball courts at school had bucked, sworn, cried, moaned under his hands, nameless boys whose dicks he remembered far more than their faces, but this was better. This was far better.

He'd never seen Mikey so ... pleased, so lost in it. It was more than just a cock in his hand -- although this particular one was more than memorable in proportion--it was his best friend's responses, echoed in his face. He'd never really examined Mikey's face, never broke it down, but he always thought it was a good face, the mouth wide and sensual, the lashes black against the pallor of his cheeks. A flush was darkening those cheeks now, the mouth open and panting, the tongue taking random sweeps of his teeth and lower lip as he struggled to thrust up into Brian's hand. Brian focused on those kissable lips and almost leaned forward to give them due obeisance. Almost.

Then he remembered that this wasn't some random boy whom he would never see again. This was his Mikey. He wouldn't push too hard with this one; he wanted his friendship with Mikey to last far after he'd come.

Instead, he leaned close, close enough to feel Michael's panting breaths against his own lips. "Is it good, Mikey?" he whispered. "You want more?" He pinched a hard nipple.

"Oh, God, Brian--" Michael's voice was a mere vibration. "Oh, yes..."

Staring intently down at Mike's glistening features, he concentrated on pumping the cock in his hand, almost rough in his eagerness to give his friend a hard and fast release. He'd already been erect when he'd begun, but now he was hurting in a way he never had before. Watching boys coming had always been pleasurable, the quickness of their breaths, their soft cries, the way they'd sometimes struggle with the orgasm as it approached, as if trying to deny it. Such a turn on, and they were so grateful afterwards. With Mikey, it was a turn on just to know that it was his best friend, the one person he loved more than himself, and it was the only kind of gift he could give him, the only thing he knew how to do for him.

And he was good at it. He knew that if he slowed down, he could show Mikey all the pleasure points, under the smooth head, along the vein, how the right pressure on the balls or smoothing the precum about on the head could make boys come so fast they looked as if they'd just survived a car wreck. Maybe later, there'd be time. Right now, he wanted to see Mikey just explode, not to think, just feel. If he slowed down, there would be a chance that his best friend would start to back-pedal, start to analyze it too much.

Mikey thought about stuff all the time, and that was his greatest liability. Pathetic, really, because Michael had so much potential, and wasted most of it by worrying too much. There were boys looking at him, but Mikey always had some explanation as to why. He could put himself down better than anyone else, and that was strange because Mikey was cute, in that boy-next-door kind of way, and even Brian liked to look at him. He was a little skinny, but so was Brian. A good face, and a nice ass. And now, confirmation that other parts of the package were just as appealing.

"You're really hot like this," he found himself saying. Mikey's eyes were closed and he was biting his lip, probably worrying about his mom hearing. "You gonna come?"

Mikey shook his head, then grabbed at his hand, trying to slow him down, probably on the edge, but Brian took the hand and pressed it down onto the carpet. No way was Mikey stopping him now!

"Then come already! What are you waiting for?"

Mikey's eyes snapped open, looking straight up into his, and for one small moment Brian thought he saw something clawing its way up through those dark, dark eyes. They weren't the kind eyes of his best friend, but something much more primal. Whatever it was made his dick even harder, and then Mikey was shooting his load all over his stomach, clamping down to keep from screaming.

Brian got up to get some Kleenex, and wiped up the mess, watching carefully for Mikey would react. At first his friend merely lay, panting, blinking dazedly at the ceiling, then when

he felt Brian's cleaning him up, got up on his elbows, looking very lost, very bewildered, watching the process with the expression of someone who was at a loss for words.

"Gee, that was wonderful, Brian," Brian supplied for him in a falsetto, playing the part of asshole to the hilt. "You're my hero. No one can jerk me off like you, Brian..."

"Shut up," Michael said, then, smiling a little, and sat all the way up. "You just stole all my lines."

"Sorry," he replied, unrepentant. "I'm my own best critic."

Michael snorted, and began to put his clothes back in order, then stopped as he was buttoning his jeans, looking at Brian. Brian, smiling affably, raised a brow at the look, then followed the direction of his gaze downward. Michael was looking at his dick, which was an obvious bulge under his own fly.

Michael slowly finished his buttons, eyes flickering to Brian's face, unsure.

Brian was amazed. Was his Mikey really considering...?

"You want me to do something about that?" Mikey asked.

As soon as the words were out of his mouth, Michael wished he had never said them. Brian's expression went from lazily sexual and self-satisfied to absolute blank. Damn, he had messed it up.

"What a laugh," he back-pedaled, forcing a smile. "I probably wouldn't be that good at it, anyway." He shifted to his feet, looking around for the magazine they had been reading, and wished he could sink right through the floor. Beam me out of here, Scotty. Situation normal, all fucked up.

"Mikey—" Brian's voice snared at him, teasing.

God, here we go.

"Yeah?" Please don't make this worse...

"Why?"

"Huh?"

"Why'd you say that?"

Michael could feel color creep up his face. "I don't know, because...it seemed..." He trailed off, blank. He couldn't say what he really felt, because he knew what Brian's reaction would be. He couldn't say, 'because I want to touch you' or 'because looking at you and seeing you hard makes me so damned hot.' No, couldn't say any of those things. "...right."

"What, 'cause I did you? Like you owe me?" Brian's leisurely tone was turning a little darker, and little sharper.

"No, though that'd be... I don't know, good manners and all."

Brian's laugh made Michael inwardly cringe. "Miss Manners etiquette in mutual jerking off? When receiving a hand-job..."

"Just forget it." Crossing the space and passing Brian, he unlocked the door. "I'm getting us some sodas."

Walking down the stairs away from that room was hard, and he swallowed several times to keep the tears from welling. He blanked his face just in case Debbie was in the kitchen. Luckily, he could hear her in the bathroom, and got the sodas out quickly. He rolled one of them across his flushed face on the way back up. He could feel himself calming down. That was good.

Entering the room, he stopped as if walking into an invisible wall.

Brian was lying back on the bed, one hand down the front of his jeans, holding the magazine above him with the other. The slow stroking of his hand hypnotized Michael until he came to himself, blinked, and wondered if he should turn around and leave Brian to it. He turned and looked at the door.

"Lock the door, will ya?" Brian said.

Well, that answered that one.

"What are you doing?" his friend snapped at him as he exited, turned and was about to shut the door.

Michael stared at him helplessly, wishing the nightmare would be over already. He cleared his throat and looked down the hallway, because he didn't want Brian to see him crying. "Locking the door."

The silence was so abrupt and so tense that Michael could hear Brian breathing, and then the springs giving on the bed. Suddenly Brian was there on the other side of the door, opening it up again. Michael didn't dare look him in the face.

"Hey," his friend's voice was unexpectedly soft. "It's okay. I meant lock the door FROM INSIDE."

"Ah shit," was all Michael could say, letting his forehead rest on the doorframe, breath heaving within him.

Gentle Brian scared him almost as much as snappy Brian, because he didn't know if he should believe the gentleness. Despite his queasy stomach and welling eyes, he let him guide back into the room, lock the door, and sit him on the edge of the bed.

"Did you really think I was kicking you out of the room?" Brian asked, sitting down next to him, their sides touching.

Michael's silence was enough.

"Fuck, Mikey, I know I'm an asshole, but I'm not THAT much of one! Besides," He took Michael's hand. "I need your help."

Michael looked at him, then, confused and emotionally blindsided by all the ups and downs of the last half hour.

“I was hoping you meant what you said.”

Michael’s eyes went wide as the importance of that statement sunk in while Brian guided his hand to the opening of his jeans.

He finally raised his eyes and looked at his best friend. “But,” he managed, “I thought...”

“You think too much,” Brian said, his voice gone all raspy. His expression was sober, thoughtful, ... strange. “I’ll teach you, if you want.”

“Oh.” Warm pubic hair tickled his fingers as Brian held his hand just millimeters from the intended target. Millions of brain cells melted and perished. “Okay.”

Brian scooted back against the headboard, making Michael follow with only the heat of his eyes. He lifted his hips and pushed his jeans and underwear down, freeing his cock. Michael couldn’t help but stare.

Brian’s grin was feral. “Go ahead and say it, Mikey.”

Michael licked his lips, unaware that his own expression was darkening with lust. “You should be making porn.”

Brian laughed. “Right. Just don’t go spouting poetry, okay? You’ve got better things to do.”

Michael took the hint and slowly straddled Brian’s legs, all the while trying to think of something witty to say; nothing was forthcoming. Putting out a hand, he stopped short of that long dick, suddenly very very unsure. What if he touched it the wrong way? Were his fingers cold? What if--?

Brian grabbed his hand and pushed it onto his cock. Michael stared down, awed, automatically closing his fingers around the hard shaft. Hard and satiny, and oh yeah, perfect.

“You jerk off, don’t you?” Brian asked, a soft groan in his voice.

“Of course.”

“Well, it’s the same.”

“No, it’s not,” Michael replied. He ran the pads of his fingers from balls to crown, thoughtfully. “First of all, it’s not my dick. I don’t know what you like.”

“That’s the fun part. You’re going to find out.”

Michael merely continued his explorations, ending once again at the crown. Glancing at Brian’s face, he smeared his thumb across the wet tip and circled, smiling when Brian groaned again, louder. With his free hand, he caressed his balls, gently pulling them down away from Brian’s shaft.

“Christ! Where the fuck did you learn --?” Brian sucked in his breath and leaned back against the headboard. “Do you...do this to yourself?”

“Yeah.” He caressed the underside of the crown, then created a funnel of his hand and gave Brian one long stroke. “I like to draw it out.” He was grinning, relieved. This wasn’t difficult at all. And it came to him: “Ode to a Cock.” Spouting poetry; ooh, yeah.

“And here I was thinking...” Brian took another deep breath. “...you were going to be all prissy about it.”

“How do you do ‘prissy’ with a penis in your hand?” He closed his hand firmly and began an up-and-down motion, holding the base with the other. “Do you always talk this much?”

Silence. Michael listened to Brian’s breath pant out in time with his hand motions. Looking up, he nearly stopped when he saw that Brian had pushed his shirt up and was rolling his nipples between his fingers, one then another, his head thrown back and his eyes closed. Michael was suddenly uncomfortably hard. Brian looked like some sultan being pleased by his concubine.

He concentrated again on that satiny cock in his hands, but licked his lips. He could be doing this to himself; there was such a lack of closeness. It was strangely disappointing, and suddenly it was not enough.

“Brian.”

“Mm.”

“I’ve never done it before, but—“

“Mm?”

“What if I sucked you?”

Brian’s hazel eyes snapped open, suddenly very aware, very surprised. And, Michael could see, very turned on. “Mikey—“ Brian ran his tongue along his teeth, staring. Michael could see the carnal thoughts flashing through his brain. “Yeah. Oh, God, yeah.”

Maneuvering himself onto his belly, Michael lowered his head over Brian’s cock and felt hands sliding up his jawline and into his hair. “No teeth,” he was warned. He nodded and licked at the crown, sliding his lips back forth over it.

“Oh fuck!”

That was more like it. No more conversation. No more talking. He had Brian incoherent, and that was where he had wanted him to be. He had no idea what he was doing, but figured just licking and sucking alone was good. He got caught up in the feeling of the flesh and the musky smell, and before he knew it, he was exploring every surface of Brian’s cock with his tongue. Brian’s fingers tightened and pulled, wordlessly telling him it was time to be serious, and he didn’t hesitate to slide his lips over the head and down the shaft.

He decided he much preferred giving head to giving hand as Brian began to thrash under him. He was swearing, nothing that made any sense, just random formations of words attempting

to echo what was happening in his body. The loudness finally penetrated. Michael slid his lips off, resisting the urge to lick the head again, and frowned down at Brian who was staring at him, hazel eyes blurry and dazed. "Shut up, already. If Mom wants to, she can find the key to the door, you know."

Brian swallowed, nodded, his eyes trained on Michael's mouth. His voice was a mere husky breath: "Maybe you should suck me off, then. You're fuckin' worshipping my cock, Mikey."

And don't you love it, Michael wanted to say. "Ode to a Cock, by Michael Novotny," he said instead. He heard Brian's startled laugh as he lowered his head again and swallowed his friend as far as he could go without gagging, trying to hollow out his cheeks to give better suction.

Brian had stopped swearing, replaced by panting moans and a renewal of those fingers that attempted to find purchase in Michael's short black hair, finally lingering at the base of his skull. In no time, he could feel his friend stiffen, and then he was coming down Michael's throat. The taste was weird, kind of sweetly acidic, which made Michael wonder if all that sugar drinks and fruit juices Brian drank had something to do with the flavor of his spunk.

When he released Brian and sat back, he couldn't help but grin, pleased with himself. Brian looked completely out of it, lying there breathing hard and glistening with sweat. He remembered the sodas and got up to get them, wincing from the renewal of his own hard-on, willing it to go down.

"Was it good for you?" Michael returned, playing along with the stereotype. He handed over the Jolt Cola.

"Shit," Brian said, stretching out the word like he was a Southerner: shiiiiiiiit. "You really enjoyed that." Which, from his tone, was both surprising and pleasing to Brian.

"Sure, I did. Don't you like doing it?"

"Not really. Some strange boy's cock in my mouth? No thank you. Easier to jerk them off by hand. Guess that makes you a bottom, Mikey. Certifiable."

"Guess so." Didn't bother him in the slightest. He always suspected he have fun doing for others, and being done to. "What, are you a top?"

"Yeah, pretty much. Like to see them bend over."

"You'd put your dick up some strange boy's ass, but not into his mouth? Yeah, Brian, that makes perfect sense."

Brian paused, the soda can half way to his lips, then laughed. "You always bring me back to earth, Mikey."

"Yeah, it's a shitty job, but someone has to do it." Michael flopped back down next to him on the bed. "Wanna go to the movies? We can see 'Dirty Dancing' again."

"That would be your sixth time."

"And your point--?"

“Okay, we’ll go see it, you pathetic fanboy.” They tucked, buttoned and cleaned themselves up. Walking down the staircase, their arms around each other and Brian’s mouth against his ear, Michael thought his face would split from grinning happily.

“You give excellent head, Mikey.”

“Why, thank you, kind sir.”

“And I think I know what I want for my birthday this year.”

“Oh, yeah? What?”

“Lessons.”

As they stepped out into the sunshine, Michael was laughing.

The Gift : Belated Birthday

Author: Sahari

Rating: NC-17

Relationship: Brian/Michael

Summary: What if Debbie HADN'T opened that door when Brian and Michael were "discussing" Patrick Swayze? An alternate universe fic that opens up some possibilities. Be sure to read The Gift.

"What a crap birthday," Brian stated, taking a long draw of his joint. "I challenge you to remember a crappier birthday, Mikey." Taking the proffered marijuana, Michael Novotny sighed. "I was thinking that time when Ma hired those stupid clowns, and they stole her jewelry. But that couldn't even top the absolute crappiness of yesterday." He exhaled slowly.

They were on Michael's bed, side by side against the headboard. It was Sunday. They were incredibly bored. They were 14. "Gee, you really know how to cheer a guy up," Brian drawled sarcastically. "You'd think he'd of least showed his face. God, I wish I was an orphan."

"The presents were pretty decent, though," Michael continued thoughtfully, purposefully avoiding the loaded subject of Brian's father. Then he handed back the joint, to make the point. "Well, yeah," Brian agreed, smiling a little. "That Paul. Wish I knew where he got this stuff, it's excellent." They both sighed and stared at the ceiling.

"Sorry I couldn't afford much," Michael ventured mournfully. "It's okay," Brian reassured him, putting an arm about his shoulders. "You're the bestest friend in the WHOLE world," he added in his little-boy voice and blew into Michael's ear.

Michael jumped a little, then laughed uncomfortably. "Yeah, right."

"Though I was disappointed," his friend went on, leaning his forehead against Michael's. "You didn't give me what I asked for." Michael took the joint back, frowning. "You're shitting me. I don't remember you asking for anything." He frowned deeper, thinking. "In fact, I know for sure you didn't."

"Oh, yes I did."

"You did not."

"I remember it clearly." Michael blinked at him and turned, forcing Brian to slide his arm away. "Are you putting me on? You really DID ask for something?"

"Oh yeah, I did." Brian grinned lasciviously at him. "Wanna do 20 questions?"

Michael let out a breath. "Why the hell not? Is it bigger than a breadbox?"

Brian laughed. "God, I WISH. No."

"Is it something you can carry?"

“Technically, no.”

“Is it involved in sports?”

Brian giggled. “No.”

Musical? Clothing? Books? Figurines? Drugs? Michael rapped them out. No no no no no. “I give up.”

“You recall a certain afternoon that you and I...” Brian stared into his dark eyes meaningfully. Michael stared back at him blankly, then his eyes widened. Simultaneously, his face went red. “You’re blushing!” Brian crowed.

“Oh god,” Michael moaned, hiding his face in his hands.

“Wow, I didn’t think ANYONE’S face could get THAT red,” Brian observed.

“Ah, shit, Brian, you had me there for a minute.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, I thought you were serious!” Michael laughed. Brian wasn't laughing. Michael looked at him. Brian has an eyebrow up and was staring back meaningfully. "You ARE joking, right?" Brian took a long draw and slid down the headboard to lay sprawled on Michael's bed. Michael took one look at that lean form, then glanced away, focusing on his poster of Patrick Swayze on the opposite wall. "I could use some instruction," came the lazy reply. "Right. YOU need instruction on fellatio. YOU, Mr. I've-done-everything."

“Well, I don’t do it that much.”

“I’m no expert myself,” Michael stalled. “I’ve only done it the once.”

“Christ, Mikey, with a talented mouth like that, we should be advertising you on bathroom walls.”

“Oh, that’s ALL I need, some jock calling me ‘cocksucker’ along with ‘faggot.’” As soon as he said it, he regretted it. Brian’s eyes narrowed.

“So, Brad’s still at it, is he?” Brad was the football quarterback, and a total asshole. He harassed Michael as much as possible. Brian had confronted him more than once about it.

“Has he been after you?” Michael just shrugged. “He’s just some Neanderthal, Brian.”

“Yeah, and if he doesn’t lay off, he’ll be a Neanderthal whose made the acquaintance with a locker door. Shit, Mikey, he’s got fifty pounds and a foot on you. That’s just not right.” When Brian was pissed or turned on, it was kind of scary. His eyes got all slanty and catty, like some agitated panther.

“Don’t,” Michael said, trying to keep the pleading out of his voice.

The joint was finished so he brushed ashes off of the bedspread conscientiously, refusing to look at his best friend. Half of him hoped that the previous subject was forgotten, and the other half wished that Brian would pursue it. Memories of the day Brian had jerked him off

swam through his brain, accompanied by the remembered feeling of having Brian in his mouth, Brian's fingers cradling his head. It had been a memory he was prepared to cherish for as long as he lived, never expecting that it would be repeated.

Brian, after all, had many options for fast and uncomplicated sex. Michael knew that screwing your best friend was an unnecessary complication for someone who had so many choices.

He got up to open the window and let the fresh air disperse the smell of marijuana in the room. Behind him, bedsprings creaked. He could hear Brian as he walked across the room; there was an audible click, then his friend walked back to the bed.

Michael didn't want to believe his own senses. Brian did not just lock the door.

Slowly turning back from the window, he stopped as if hitting an invisible wall. Brian was kneeling in the middle of the bed, waiting.

Michael's brain did a double-take, making sure that this wasn't another fantasy. But no, it was Brian Kinney, kneeling on the bed, waiting for him, waiting to...but that was as far as his brain would go, refusing to advance into dangerous territory.

"Well?" Brian asked with a grin. "Are you giving me my belated present, or what?"

Michael slowly got back on the bed and sat against the headboard, and for the first time looked into Brian's eyes. He had very rarely seen Brian looking this turned on or had felt the answering hitch in his own breath. There was something about Brian's eyes that turned panther-like when sex was on the line, but normally it was a panther who was sleepy and lethargic. Now, there was something about a predator in how his best friend was looking at him. His grin was open-mouthed and hungry.

"Should we do it like this?" he asked, a little breathlessly, still not quite believing it was happening.

"You tell me," Brian rasped.

Michael shivered at that husky tone. "This way is fine," he said after swallowing, although hazy images of Brian kneeling down in front of him made him break out into a sweat.

Brian straddled his legs, reaching forward to carefully unbutton and unzip him. He burrowed a long-fingered hand into the opening, rubbing the cotton-covered bulge there. Michael hissed and shifted his hips forward into his hand, unconsciously licking his lips.

"Nice," Brian approved with a feral narrowing of the eyes. He grasped the waistband of Michael's pants and began to pull, allowing Michael to lift his hips. Once off, Brian straddled him again, tilting his head a little, as if studying something intently.

"How do I start?" he asked.

The first frantic thought was a vision of grabbing Brian by the scruff of the neck and pulling him down on his cock, but he mentally shook his head and tried to be rational, as rational as he could be with Brian Kinney staring at him like a cat about to pounce on his favorite toy. Michael blinked, remembering that he was supposed to be teaching Brian, although he doubted anything he said would be anything new to his friend.

"I don't know...touching it or licking it, I guess." he replied.

"Sounds good to me," Brian said, curling his fingers around him and stroking him thoughtfully. "You know, I don't even remember how I did it with Mr.--; I just did, you know."

Michael didn't know, but nodded anyway. He would have agreed to anything Brian would have said at that point.

Brian bent to lick at the base. Michael grabbed a handful of comforter and twisted. He tried to think the most non-arousing things he could think of: dissecting a frog in biology, the beehived and 300 pound cafeteria worker Mrs. Crowley, that carrot-raisin "salad" they made you eat in the low income meal program at school...

But eventually these images fractured under the pressure of what Brian was doing to him. Reaching out, he ran his hand up Brian's nape and grasp at strands of silky hair, following the dip and rise of his friend's head. He was giving Brian instructions, but could not even keep track of what was coming out of his own mouth half the time.

"That's good," he managed around a dry throat, unconsciously licking his lips when Brian's agile tongue began to explore up the penile vein and work around the sensitive head.

He didn't know how long he could handle the sensation. His body was coiling tighter and tighter within him. He breathed deeply and groaned.

Brian raised his head.

"You're leaking," he said, licking his lips.

Michael tongue imitated his, unaware. "Yeah. I'm close."

Brian's smile was pure lust. "So am I," he admitted in a throaty purr, then bent down again, and slowly took him down his throat.

"Ah shit," Michael gasped, unconsciously tightening his fingers on Brian's neck. Not yet, not yet, not yet, he told his body. It was so damned hard. Brian was humming and making little throaty sounds, and was rubbing himself through his jeans in time with his sucking. Michael let his head tilt back, panting through his open mouth, trying to still his racing pulse.

Brian's mouth was so hot, so wet ... He groaned, then eyes wide, shouted, barely aware of Brian fondling his balls before he was emptying himself down his best friend's throat. He hadn't expected it to happen so suddenly and was ashamed. Brian probably didn't want to swallow.

He opened dazed eyes to see his best friend sitting back and wiping his mouth off with the back of his hand, grinning. He didn't look disgusted at all. He did look hungry, though. Michael let his eyes drop to Brian's crotch. His mouth began to water.

The look apparently was enough. Brian knelt up and unzipped one-handed, letting Michael pull him forward by the hips. He heard his other hand hit the wall behind him only vaguely, his concentration already fully engaged on the gorgeous cock Brian was pulling from his

pants and presenting to him. Their positions gave Michael perfect access; he barely had to tilt his head to take it in his mouth. Above him, he could hear Brian groaning, and then Brian's hand was cupping his head and urging him, and he stopped hearing, stopped thinking and just felt.

Brian was really close; he didn't even try to be subtle. He took Brian in as far as he could and just sucked hard, sliding his lips forwards and backwards, stroking its firm and swollen heat with his tongue when he could. He distinctly heard a breathless "Oh, fuck." The hot and rigid member in his mouth seemed to pulse, and then Brian came, moaning.

Michael kept his hands firmly on Brian's hips, sucking and licking until there was no more to be had, then reluctantly he let Brian slide out. They were both breathing hard. Brian got up to tuck himself in, and Michael arched to follow suit, too exhausted to want to get up out of the bed just then. He heard as the lock was turned, then Brian was sprawling out on the bed next to him.

Long minutes of contented silence followed, until finally Michael looked down at Brian. "Well, was it what you wanted?" Brian's smile spread. "Yeah, that was damn near as close to a perfect birthday present as anyone ever got me."

Michael smiled dreamily at the poster of Patrick Swayze. "Glad you liked it," he murmured sleepily. "One problem, though."

"Hm?"

"How am I going to top it next year, for your fifteenth?"