

MPROVS and WORDSPIRATIONS

MProvs are short stories written in a chatroom on IRC. The way it works, each person throws out a word. The one who is writing has to incorporate all of the words into a story.

Wordspirations are similar, but a little different. Stories and poems and whatnot, written in a chat, inspired by the words or phrase or song at the top of the page. The writing doesn't have to directly use the word or phrase, just capture the idea.

Also, just so you know, the first chapter of part one of All That Glitters was written as a wordspiration, inspired by the line, "You can't change the man that I've become" from the Backstreet Boys' song, "Shape of My Heart."

MProv # 01

glue, George Michael, highlighter, monkey ... Justin's confused by the signals Joey's giving him.

MProv # 02

bitch, echoes, field hockey ... Joey asks Chris to prove that he trusts him.

MProv # 03

picture perfect, Eeyore, prioritize, stomach ... Chris is upset because Justin's not serious enough.

MProv # 04

fifteen, Nostradamus, baseline, upset stomach ... At a celebrity baseball game, Lance knows he's falling for Justin, but he doesn't know what to do about it.

MProv # 05

ibuprofen, mandible, cigarette ... JC finds Eminem waiting for him in the studio.

MProv # 06

wedding, elevator, Doritos, blanket ... Justin wants to ask Lance something terribly important.

MProv # 07

secular, mirrorball, capture, carnation ... At a charity event, one of Justin's bandmates shows just how he feels about him.

MProv # 08

officer, champagne ... Drunken Lance and co-dependent Justin (more action figures, buy yours today!) -- a precursor to my story, "Hollow Man."

MProv # 09

Columbus, nipple, Frankenstein, calorie count ... A break-up story. One of my only ones, because I don't like to write them.

MProv # 10

angelic, bicentennial, nose, onomatopoeia ... Justin wants Lance back.

MProv # 11

brainwashing, tropical fish ... JC wants some loving, even though Eminem is sound asleep.

MProv # 12

booty shaking, megalomaniac, back that ass up ... Joey's careless flirting pisses

Chris off.

MProv # 13

defenestration, doe eyes, flame, split lip, love shack, Marlboro Ultralights ... JC sees Eminem at an awards show and wants to ditch his friends to leave with his lover.

MProv # 14

pole dancing JC, glutton, penal, hot mama ... JC and Eminem are at a club and JC wants to fuck now.

MProv # 15

Siberian husky, squeal, poteen, slam dunk, 5ive ... Justin and Lance lie out under the stars, playing a game of truth.

Wordspiration # 01

"Music of Your Heart" ... Justin and Lance poetry.

Wordspiration # 02

"i want that light i see in your eyes" ... JC and Eminem poetry.

Wordspiration # 03

"Peaches and Cream" ... Justin and Lance poetry.

Wordspiration # 04

"Your simple pleasures come from someone else's pain" ... Lance wants more from Justin than just one night, but he thinks Justin only wants to forget that night ever happened.

"glue, George Michael, highlighter, monkey"
by NSyncGrrl

The lounge was quiet ... too quiet. Justin couldn't concentrate on the article he was reading. The magazine rested on the desk in front of him, but he hadn't turned the page in the last fifteen minutes, and he kept reading and re-reading the same sentence over and over again. When he closed his eyes, the words were written on the backs of his eyelids, and he didn't know what they meant any longer.

Someone was watching him.

That was why he couldn't concentrate. Someone else was in the lounge, watching him with hooded eyes that Justin could feel boring into his back. He wanted to turn around and yell at his band mate, scream at the older boy, tell him to stop staring at him, for the love of Christ just stop it already, please?

But he didn't say a word. Instead he picked up the highlighter on the desk and began doodling around the corners of the article, the yellow ink slick on the glossy paper. How long had this been going on? Justin wasn't sure anymore. He didn't even know when he first started noticing it. The way the other boy always managed to get him alone. The way he looked at him, as if Justin were the only one who existed anymore. The way his hot gaze lingered down Justin's body in the showers, so that Justin was afraid to linger too long when the others weren't around.

It was like having a monkey on his back, that constant presence. Everywhere he turned he saw those dark eyes, watching him, studying him, waiting.

For what, Justin didn't know.

He heard shuffling behind him as the other boy got up from the sofa. He heard footsteps, and he tensed, waiting, but no one came up behind him. He didn't dare turn around.

From the other side of the room, music began to play softly. Something low, something sad, something that Justin recognized and wanted to sing along with, but that's what he was waiting for, wasn't it? Justin to start singing, so he could comment on how angelic he sounded, how he was so gifted, and Justin would look into those unreadable eyes and wonder just what the hell that was supposed to mean.

And then he started to sing, his voice matching George Michael's pitch perfectly. "And I'm never gonna dance again. Guilty feet have got no rhythm. Though it's easy to pretend, I know you're not a fool."

Please, Justin thought, closing his eyes. He snapped the cap

onto

the highlighter and prayed for strength. There was no way he could listen to that voice, not now.

"Should've known better than to cheat a friend and waste this chance that I've been given. So I'm never gonna dance again the way I danced with you."

He felt his blood ignite and footsteps approach behind him. Since they had started this new leg of the tour, his friend had been on him like glue, constantly there, ever present. He felt warm hands on his shoulders, massaging gently, and when that voice whispered into his ear, the room was suddenly too hot, too close. Justin sighed shakily as the hands rubbed his shoulders insistently.

"What'cha reading, Justin?" The words were soft and gentle and Justin fought the urge to pull away.

"Nothing," he mumbled, trying to close the magazine. He didn't know what he was reading, not anymore. Since those incredibly warm hands had touched him, his mind had gone blank.

"Sing with me," his friend said.

"No," Justin replied, shaking his head. "I'm not really ... I don't know this song."

That damnable laugh. Then those hands eased along his shoulders until cool fingertips touched the heated flesh of Justin's neck, and Justin jumped.

Now he pushed his chair back, now he moved away, but the older boy was right behind him, blocking him in, holding him down. "Justin," his friend said again, and Justin bit his lower lip, trying not to whimper at the desire and lust he heard in that one word.

"Yes?" he asked, his voice cracking. He cleared his throat and tried again. "What is it, Joe?"

Behind him, Joey said nothing. Justin waited, his friend's fingers on his throat, soft like the wings of a butterfly. And then they were gone. "Nothing," Joey said, stepping away.

Justin frowned at the magazine as the rest of "Careless Whisper" faded into the air. "Joey, wait --" he cried, turning around, but his friend was already gone.

The End

"bitch, echoes, field hockey"
by NSyncGrrl

"Sit your ass down," Chris said. He chuckled the remote at Joey, who stood in front of the television set, hands on his hips like Superman standing over the world. "Your parents weren't glass makers. I can't see the TV."

Joey reached for the remote. "There's nothing good on anyway," he said, pouting. "Turn it off and follow me."

"No," Chris said. He leaned over to see past Joey. "Move it, Fatone. 'Fore I have to kick your ass."

Joey laughed and tugged the remote free from Chris's hand. "It's just field hockey, Chris," he said, clicking off the TV. "And I know you're not watching it for the girls."

"Maybe I am," Chris replied, frowning. "Turn it back on."

"I got a better idea," Joey said, his chocolate eyes lighting up prettily.

Chris narrowed his eyes. "And what would that be?" he asked, suspicious.

"Follow me," Joey said. He left the living room, not turning to see if Chris obeyed him or not.

Chris told himself he didn't want to follow Joey. He didn't. Last week he had gotten shit-faced at a party after one of their shows and kissed Joey full on the lips, just playing around, or so he told himself. He blamed it on the alcohol and the crowds and the way Joey's eyes were too bright that night, his lips too pink, but if he was going to be completely honest with himself? He had always wanted to do that.

Since their first days as a group, he had always sensed this strong desire that radiated from Joey like a thick scent, heady and intoxicating. Chris wanted to taste that, to hold it in his hands and breathe it in deeply, to wake up with the miasma clinging to him.

But Joey was his best friend, and despite the fact that they could talk about anything, anything at all, Chris was loathed to tell Joey that. What would he say? Joe, you make me sleepless. You make me horny. I just want to put you in my pocket and keep you away from the rest of the world. The very thought of confessing all that to Joey was anathema to Chris.

Still, this was Joe. And try as he might, Chris could never say no to him. So he hauled himself up off the couch and followed Joey out into the kitchen, where he held one of Justin's rhinestone studded bandannas between his hands. He looked up as Chris

entered and asked softly, "Do you trust me?"

Chris swallowed thickly. "Trust?" he squeaked, hating the sound of his own voice. "What do you mean?"

"Do you trust me?" Joey repeated again. He snapped the bandanna tight between his hands and grinned impishly. "Yes or no, Chris, this isn't multiple choice."

Fuck, Chris thought. "Yes," he said.

"Then close your eyes." Chris did as commanded. He felt the soft fabric of the bandanna placed over his eyes, sensed Joey's arms on either side of his head, and then felt the bandanna tied into a tight knot at the back of his head. He touched the bandanna and Joey tightened it more. "Can you see?" he asked.

"Fuck," Chris said, trying to slip his fingers beneath the taut cloth. "It's too damn tight, Joe. My head will ache like a bitch."

"Sorry," Joey replied, loosening the bandanna just slightly. "That better?" he asked.

Chris nodded. Reaching out, his hands found Joey's chest, and he felt one of Joey's nipples, hard through his thin t-shirt, before pulling his hands back quickly. "What is this for?"

"I want to see how much you trust me," Joey said. He stepped back and took one of Chris's hands in his. "Don't worry," he said softly, and Chris was surprised to find that of the many emotions warring inside his body right now, worry wasn't one of them.

Chris felt Joey tug on his hand slightly. "Walk this way, Chris," Joey said, and Chris complied. He heard the kitchen door open, felt a draft of cool air curl around his legs, and he stopped. "Where are we going?" he asked, uneasy.

"Trust me," Joey said again.

"Okay," Chris mumbled, stepping forward. Joey's hand was warm in his, and Chris found himself squeezing it tightly. He had never held Joey's hand before.

Suddenly Joey breathed in his ear. "Watch your step," he said. Chris stumbled out onto the porch anyway, flustered, but Joey's arms caught his and he heard Joey's infectious laughter. "Whoa!" he said, and Chris could hear the grin in his voice. "A little overeager there, aren't we?"

"Shut up," Chris muttered. "This isn't fun, Joe."

"It will be," Joey said. He led Chris out into the yard, telling him when to step down, and this time Chris didn't stumble on the stairs. He heard the swish of their feet through the tall grass, and then Joey said, "Sit down."

"Here?" Chris asked. He didn't know where "here" was.

"Yes," Joey replied. "Sit down." His hands pushed Chris's shoulders, and Chris folded his legs beneath him as he sat down on the grass.

For a long moment Joey didn't say anything. "Joe?" Chris asked. "I'm waiting."

Still nothing. "Joe?" Chris asked again, a little nervous this time. He strained to hear something, anything, Joey's breath, the wind through the trees, something.

And then he heard someone walking through the grass, walking away. "Hey!" Chris cried as he heard the echoes of footsteps on the wooden porch. "Joe, come back here! This isn't cool!"

He raised his hands to tear off the bandanna. "Don't touch that!" Joey cried, and he was on the porch. Chris was livid with rage.

"Play me like this," he muttered under his breath, his fingers working the knot of the bandanna. Damn but Joey had tied it good. "You know how I feel about you, Joe, at least I think you do, and still you go and fuck with me like this. This isn't funny. This is just cruel, plain cruel."

He heard Joey's rapid approach as he managed to work the knot free. As the bandanna slipped off his eyes, Chris stood up, his face twisting in anger. Turning to Joey, he demanded, "Just what the hell --"

Joey stood there with a single red rose in his hand. The color matched the blush in his cheeks perfectly. "For you," he said, lowering his gaze. "I just ... I couldn't just give it to you, Chris. Jeez." He grinned at the surprised look on Chris's face. "If I ask nice enough, you think you can kiss me again?"

The End

"picture perfect, Eeyore, prioritize, stomach"
by NSyncGrrl

Chris slammed the door to the studio behind him as he entered. Justin looked up from his notebook and frowned at the anger clouding Chris's face. "What's up, man?" Justin asked, a little trepidatious. When Chris didn't answer, Justin frowned and asked, "Chris?"

Chris stalked across the room to stand in front of Justin. "Just what the fuck are you trying to pull?" he asked, his voice dangerously low.

"What?" Justin asked, confused. He didn't know what Chris was talking about, unless this had something to do with ... "Oh jeez, Chris, I'm sorry," he said, trying not to grin. "I didn't mean to --"

Chris pulled out a blue stuffed animal he held behind his back and waved it in front of Justin's face. "What the hell is this?" he cried. "What the hell happened to Eeyore?"

Justin couldn't help it. He started to giggle. "Chris," he said between laughs, "Busta got a hold of it, and I just couldn't get it away ..." His stomach ached as he tried to contain his laughter, but he couldn't. He just couldn't. "I'm sorry. I'll buy you a new one, I promise."

"Fuck that," Chris growled, tossing the stuffed toy away. "I'm sick and tired of you pulling this shit, Justin. You walk around here like you're King NSync. It's all about you, isn't it? The new show centers around you -- only you. All of the magazines and newspapers have close-ups of your picture perfect face. We aren't NSync anymore -- we're Justin Timberlake and those four guys he hangs out with."

Justin frowned, the laughter drying up inside of him. "Chris --" he started. Was this really how his friend felt?

But Chris interrupted him. "It's all about you," he said again. "Justin this, and Justin that, and Justin's dating Britney and Justin's giving money to his charity and Justin's graduating from high school, whoop de doo."

Anger rose in Justin, and he closed his notebook. Rising to his feet, he said, "I don't have to listen to this. Fuck, Chris, you know the band is all of us. Me, you, the others. It's not just me and you know it."

Chris took a step closer, and although he was shorter, Justin felt as if he were cowering in front of the older man. His face was twisted into an unreadable expression, and suddenly Justin was afraid. "Justin, you may think you're the shit now," Chris whispered, "but you know what? One day it'll all disappear. It'll

fade away. Like the dream it is. And if you don't prioritize now, you'll lose everything. Every fucking thing you hold dear."

"Chris," Justin whispered, confused. "What are you talking about?"

Chris's intense gaze pinned Justin in his place. "I'm talking about love, Justin," Chris whispered. "What do you love?"

Justin shrugged. "I love you guys," he replied, thinking fast. "My family, and God, and the fans. That stuff won't fade away."

"You don't think so?" Chris asked, frowning. Justin shrugged again, and Chris grabbed the front of Justin's shirt. Justin tried to pull away but Chris was impossibly strong, and then his lips pressed against Justin's, hard and unyielding and insistent. Justin struggled to break away, but he couldn't. Chris was too strong, and when his tongue slipped between Justin's lips, Justin stopped struggling and gave into the kiss.

As Chris stepped back, Justin sighed. Looking at his friend, he whispered, incredulous, "I tear up your doll and you kiss me?"

"You said you'd buy me another one," Chris pouted. Justin watched him turn and walk away.

The End

"fifteen, Nostradamus, baseline, upset stomach"
by NSyncGrrl

Lance kicked his locker open angrily and tossed the baseball glove inside. His right thigh burned lividly where he had slid in the dirt in a desperate attempt to reach home plate, and his side ached from running, trying to stay within the baseline as he rounded the diamond after Justin's double hit.

But Nick Carter had a better arm than Lance had thought, and AJ McLean caught the ball deftly seconds before Lance's foot touched home, and he was out. Fuck, he thought, tugging the sweaty baseball jersey off over his head. Sure, this was a charity event. Sure, it was for a good cause. But he hated baseball, he hated being dirty and smelly and sweaty, and he hated the fact that he had let Joey talk him into a foot-long hot dog with the works because now he felt sick.

He rubbed his upset stomach and leaned his head against the cool metal locker, so ready for the day to be over already. How many more innings did they have left to play? He didn't know, and right now, he didn't care. He wasn't going back out there.

Behind him he heard the door to the locker room open and close gently. "Lance?" Justin asked, concern lacing his voice. "You okay, man?"

"No," Lance mumbled. He sighed. "Justin, please --" Please leave, he wanted to say, but didn't know how without making that pretty face pout. And then Lance would want to kiss that pout away, and he couldn't let Justin see the desire in his eyes. "I'm fine," he said.

Justin stepped closer. "You sure?" he asked, reaching out to place a cool hand on Lance's bare shoulder. Lance felt his skin tingle at the touch. "You took a hard dive into home plate," he said, brushing a hand along Lance's thigh, wiping away the dirt caked on his pants.

Lance stepped away. "I'm fine," he repeated, though now his heart was hammering, and when he raised his eyes to look at Justin, he swallowed thickly. When had his friend moved so close? Justin stood just inches away, one hand still on Lance's shoulder, a slight frown on his face. Lance fought the urge to take another step back.

Justin frowned, creasing his smooth brow. "Well," he drawled, letting his hand slip down Lance's arm. It lingered on Lance's wrist, and Lance looked down at it, watching the way Justin's fingers wrapped around his skin. He saw the bitten nails, dirt beneath them, and Justin said, "If you're sure you're okay ..."

"I am," Lance whispered, then he cleared his throat and pulled

his wrist away. Justin frowned again. "We only have fifteen minutes, Justin," Lance said, turning back to his locker. He felt Justin's hot gaze on his back and prayed his friend would leave him alone. Did Justin even know what his presence did to Lance anymore? When had this started? He didn't know, but whenever he was alone with Justin anymore he felt flustered and out of control. His hands shook, his heart pounded in his chest, and he couldn't breathe.

He was falling in love, he knew it, and he was falling hard.

"I suck at this game," Lance said, hoping to fill the silence between them. Suddenly the locker room was too small, the bench too close behind him, hedging them in. "I can't hit, I can't pitch, I sure as hell can't catch --"

"You might be surprised," Justin said softly, "at what you can do once you put your mind to it."

"Justin," Lance said, rolling his eyes. "You know I can't play ball. You guys would've done better to keep me on the bench the whole game. I could be a bat boy, or something."

Justin laughed, a throaty sound that made Lance's heart ache. Suddenly his hands were on Lance's shoulders again, massaging the hot muscles gently. "I can just picture that," Justin said, his voice breathy in Lance's ear. "You on the sidelines, holding my bat --" Lance got the image too, loud and clear, but he didn't think it was the same one Justin had in mind. Justin continued, his hands kneading Lance's flesh insistently. "Can I tell you a secret?"

Lance closed his eyes as Justin's fingers loosened the tension in his neck. "Hmm?" he murmured. Right now Justin could tell him anything, and Lance would listen.

Leaning closer, Justin whispered into Lance's ear, "I think you're better at this than you think. You hit harder than anyone I've ever seen, and I love to watch you run, your legs pumping, the wind in your hair, the way you smile when you touch the base --"

"Justin --" Lance cautioned, trying to move away, but there was no room and Justin was so close, oh so close ...

And then Justin's cool lips were on the back of Lance's neck, kissing gently. "Can I tell you another secret?" he whispered. Lance didn't trust himself to speak, so he simply nodded. "You have amazing energy out on the field. Sometimes? I wonder if you can put that energy to good use in any other way."

"Justin --" Lance said again, turning around. Justin ran his arms over Lance's shoulders and looked him in the eye. Lance felt his stomach flutter nervously. "Justin, I --"

But Justin's lips found his, cutting off his words, and Lance gave into the kiss. He closed his eyes as Justin's tongue eased between his lips, tentative, unsure. Lance moaned as Justin's hands ran down the front of his chest, teasing his nipples erect before slipping

around his back to pull him close.

Justin tasted like Juicy Fruit chewing gum and soda pop, and Lance wanted nothing more than to savor this moment forever. This is how the world ends, he thought. He wondered if Nostradamus had ever seen this in his visions, all those years ago.

The End

"ibuprofen, mandible, cigarette"
by NSyncGrrl

The stench of smoke burned JC's nostrils as he opened the studio door. Inside the room was dark, but the faint reddish glow of a lit cigarette winked at him. He wasn't alone. He pushed the door open wider, hoping to cast some of the light from the hall into the recording booth, but it didn't work. The light fell in a triangle at his feet and didn't venture in any further as if afraid. "Hello?" JC asked, his voice hushed.

"Close the door," came the throaty reply. JC fought to keep the grin from his face at the sound of that voice, one he hadn't heard in so long, one he hadn't expected to hear again so soon, not here, not now.

He closed the door behind him and walked towards the lit cigarette. "What are you doing here?" he asked. "And in the dark, to boot. What's wrong with the lights?"

"Nothing." JC stopped where he believed the sofa to be. He sensed the other man in the room, could almost feel his knee inches from his own, and JC reached out one hand cautiously. He touched rough denim and let his fingers trail down a hard thigh before the cigarette was ground out and the darkness was complete. Then a hand caught his and pulled him down to the couch.

JC felt eager lips on his throat, kissing hungrily, and he closed his eyes, giving into the sensation. Rough hands ran beneath his jean jacket, encircling his waist, as those hard, insistent lips sucked along his collarbone. JC reached up and ran his hands through the short-cropped hair, pulling the other man closer. "You don't know how long I've waited for this," JC whispered. "God, Marshall -- when I heard you were in town ..."

"You talk too much," came the reply, and JC grinned. How many times had he heard that from this man? Their illicit affair was kept hidden from the public, from their friends, from everyone, and JC loved it that way. What would the world think if they knew about these stolen moments between him and the angry rapper known publicly as Eminem? JC didn't know, and right now, with his lover's hands caressing his back, working beneath his shirt, he didn't care.

"Marshall," JC whispered again, and then Eminem pushed him back to the sofa. Lying on top of him, Eminem began to unbutton JC's shirt, kissing a fiery path down his chest. "Tell me what you're doing here," JC said, leaning back as those warm, damp lips closed over one of his nipples.

"I said shut up," Eminem growled. "I'm a little busy here." His tongue swirled around JC's nipple, licking it erect, and JC moaned softly. "We don't get enough time to ourselves as it is," Eminem

continued. "If you want to waste it talking, then what do I need to be here for?"

"Can't you talk and fuck at the same time?" JC asked, tugging Eminem's sweatshirt up over his head. He tossed the shirt away and let his hands roam across his lover's muscular chest.

Eminem sighed lustily. "I've had a shitty day, if you have to know," he said, and JC could hear the pout in his voice. "The fucking tour bus broke down, my bitch lawyer says I don't have a chance in hell to win that lawsuit, and I smoked myself into a fucking migraine waiting for your sorry ass to show up here. Satisfied?"

"You should take something for that," JC purred, pinching Eminem's nipples with both hands. He heard the gasp in the darkness and grinned. "I've got some ibuprofen --"

"Fuck that shit." Eminem bit JC's lower lip gently, easing his mouth open. Then he licked JC's lips before delving inside. JC grabbed Eminem's head, holding his mandible in one hand, his cheek in the other, as their kiss deepened.

JC felt Eminem's hard erection press against his thigh, and he arched his back, rubbing against his lover's groin. "Fuck me now," he whispered as Eminem breathed into his ear. His teeth caught JC's earlobe and tugged playfully, sending shivers of delight through JC's body. His own erection began to ache sweetly in the confines of his pants.

Suddenly the sound of the doorknob turning filled the studio. Eminem froze. "Who the fuck is that?" he hissed.

JC didn't know. "I locked the door," he said, sitting up, but that didn't mean anything. The recording booth was probably open, and whoever was at the door could just go into the other booth, flick a switch, and get an eyeful of the two of them together through the large mirrored glass that separated the two rooms.

"One of your friends, probably," Eminem groaned. He got up off the couch and headed for the door. "I'm going to fucking kill them --" He flung the door open wide.

JC cowered on the couch, out of sight in the darkness, and wondered who had followed him. He could see the anger on Eminem's face in the light from the door, and he hoped it wasn't one of the guys on the other side. He'd hate to have to explain to the world how NSync became a quartet all of a sudden.

"Um, hi!" came an overly bright voice, and JC covered his mouth to keep from laughing out loud. He saw Britney peek into the studio, trying to see around Eminem. "Is JC in here? I saw him come this way, and --"

"Who the fuck are you?" Eminem asked, rising to his full, intimidating height. He towered over Britney, who looked at him for the first time and realized who it was she spoke to.

"Oh God," she whispered, glancing around the room once more before turning away. "I'm sorry, I didn't ... oh my God." She turned and fled down the hall.

Eminem chuckled as he closed the door again. JC heard the lock engage. "What's that bitch want you for?" Eminem asked as he came back to the couch.

JC heard the unmistakable sound of a zipper in the darkness, and then a soft thud as Eminem's pants hit the floor. "I don't know," JC replied. He hadn't even known Britney was in the studio, to be honest. "But you have to admit, you scared her off pretty good. She won't be back again."

"She better not be," Eminem said, pushing JC down on the couch again. His lips found JC's, and he kissed him earnestly. He ran his arms around JC's waist until he cupped JC's ass in both hands. "She's just lucky I have my hands full right now. Or else I'd have to kill her for interrupting us."

The End

"wedding, elevator, Doritos, blanket"
by NSyncGrrl

Lance lay on the floor in front of the TV, his head in his hands, watching the game. Justin came in from the kitchen, a bag of Doritos in his hands, and plopped down beside his lover. Glancing up at Justin, Lance saw the bag and grinned. Holding his hand out, he asked, "Can I have some?"

"Of course," Justin replied. He took a handful of the orange chips and placed them in Lance's open palm. As Lance stuffed one of the chips into his mouth, Justin watched him carefully. He had something he wanted to ask Lance, something important, but he didn't know if this was the right time.

It was late on a Sunday afternoon, the others were out of the hotel, and it was just the two of them alone for the first time since the tour began. Justin tugged at the blanket lying on top of Lance, sticking his feet beneath the knit material and curling his toes up against Lance's waist. "Lance?" he asked softly.

"Hmm?" Lance replied, watching the TV and snacking on the chips. Justin didn't think he was really paying attention to him. He'd change that.

"What do you think of weddings?" Justin asked. He stuck a Dorito into his mouth and watched Lance carefully.

Lance shrugged. "They're okay," he said. "Boring affairs, mostly. Until someone spikes the punch."

Justin frowned. "What kind of wedding do you want to have?"

Lance laughed. "You're kidding me, right?" he asked, not looking at Justin. "I'm with you, baby. That means that I'm not going to get married in the near future. I'm not about to dream up a wedding when I'm not going to get married anytime soon."

Justin sighed. This wasn't going quite the way he had hoped.

Digging into his pocket, he pulled out the ring he had bought earlier that week. He turned it over in his hand, wiping the crumbs from the chips off on his shirt so they didn't get on the ring. The ring was a golden band embedded with diamonds, and it was beautiful. "Lance?" he asked again.

"What, Justin?" Lance asked. He finished his Doritos and reached behind him into the bag for more. He was still glued to the TV, and his hand fumbled in Justin's lap until he found the bag. Reaching in, he pulled out another handful of chips.

Justin cleared his throat. Suddenly his heart hammered in his chest, and his palms felt hot and sweaty. He was nervous as hell,

and what for? This was Lance, his lover for the last two years. There were no secrets between them. There was nothing they couldn't say to each other. Then why could he not find the words to say what he wanted to say now, of all times?

He opened his mouth to speak when a loud groaning filled the room. The damn elevator, Justin thought sourly, right next to their room. Nothing like the groan of cables in the walls to spoil a mood. Maybe this wasn't the right time to ask this, after all.

Justin started to put the ring away when Lance reached behind him again for more chips. Without thinking, Justin caught Lance's hand in his and slipped the ring onto his finger. Lance turned and saw the diamond-encrusted ring, and when he looked up at Justin, tears shone in his eyes. "You're not asking ...?" he asked, hope rising in his voice.

"I am," Justin replied, tears choking his throat. "Will you?"

Lance's kiss was all the reply he needed.

The End

"secular, mirrorball, capture, carnation"
by NSyncGrrl

It was the vodka that made the room spin like this. It was the light reflecting off the mirrorball, cascading like rain on the crowded dance floor. It was the loud music blaring through the speakers, the glitz and glitter trappings of this secular world, where the only things that mattered were fame and fortune and who fucked who to get where they were in the business.

He hated this -- awards that he was supposed to be happy about, trinkets of gold to be displayed in a curio cabinet somewhere, forgotten about and locked away. He hated the makeup and the tuxedos and the gowns no one in their right mind would be caught dead in. He hated the fake smiles and the false charm, and the way everyone talked to him as if they knew who he was, who he really was inside.

And none of them knew. Not one person in this whole fucking room knew what went on inside his mind.

He watched Justin approach over the top of his glass, those curls he ached to plunge his fingers into, those eyes that sparkled like dew, those pouty lips that begged to be kissed. Damn, he thought, watching those impossibly red lips pull into a smile like sunshine. When had this started? When had he looked at his band mate, his friend, and felt lust consume his soul?

He didn't know. Right now, on his second glass of vodka, straight up and kicking, he didn't even care.

"Hey," Justin said, grinning at him. He wasn't drinking -- Justin never drank. He shoved his hands into the pockets of his tux and looked around the room. "Is this party da bomb or what?"

Da bomb. One of Justin's sayings. One that had begun to pervade his own mind, so that he even heard it in his dreams. The dreams that woke him up at night amid wet sheets that clung to him like a nightmare. Once he even woke up with Justin's name on the top of his tongue, and wouldn't that have been embarrassing? "It's okay," he muttered into his glass. He didn't trust himself to say anything else.

But Justin knew him too well, didn't he? He looked at his friend and frowned, his brow wrinkling in that cute way he had that made him look so damn young. "Are you okay, man?" he asked, placing a hand on his friend's shoulder. Concern laced his eyes, and suddenly the room was too small, too confining. Justin was close, too close, and he had to get out, get away, from the party, the drink, away from Justin.

"I've got to go," he mumbled, handing his half-emptied glass to a passing waiter. He pushed through the star-studded crowd,

heading for the exit sign, and prayed that Justin didn't follow.

But he should've known better. He should've known that Justin would want to know what was bothering him. He walked as fast as he dared, his feet not quite touching the ground, his hands reaching out for walls that seemed to close in on him. "Wait!" he heard Justin cry, and he forced himself to ignore the plea in that angelic voice.

"Wait," Justin said again, closer this time, and then that gentle touch was back on his shoulder, turning him to face those incredible eyes. Justin, he thought, swallowing tears that burned in the back of his throat, has anyone ever told you how amazing your eyes are? How blue, how endless? He could never say that out loud. He couldn't.

He ran a shaky hand over his face, scared, confused. "Are you okay?" Justin whispered, and he shook his head. He wasn't okay -- he hadn't been okay for a long time. And now he was drunk, on the awards, on the party, on the vodka and Justin and the fact that he was so close, so damn close -- "I'm fine," he whispered.

"You're lying," Justin said. He knew it. He had never been able to keep anything a secret from Justin, could he? Nothing ... except for the way I feel about him, he thought bitterly. That he'll never know. And it depressed the hell out of him.

Shaking free of Justin's grip, he sighed. "Leave me alone," he said, stalking away. "I'll be alright."

Justin caught up with him again. "No, wait, please," he said, but then people stepped into the hall, their laughter forcing between the two men, and he managed to keep going. "We need to talk," Justin said, catching up with him easily. "Right now. Please."

He looked at Justin for a long moment, wondering what was going on behind those mercurial eyes. "Fine," he said finally. He took Justin's arm and pulled him into a darkened hallway. Justin leaned against the wall and looked at his friend, his eyes wide and shiny in the darkness. "Talk."

But now it was Justin who couldn't find the words to say, and his friend waited with baited breath. He stepped closer, and when Justin didn't move away, he risked another step, and another, until his body was pressed against Justin's, pinning him to the wall like a butterfly. Justin raised his hands between them but he didn't push him away, not yet.

And that was all he needed to lean down and brush his lips against Justin's with the gentlest of touches.

Those lips tasted like chapstick and cola, just as he always imagined they would. Justin sighed and parted his lips, his hands on the lapels of his friend's tux.

He could hear the carnation pinned to Justin's tux crumble as he pressed harder against him, his tongue forcing its way between

those full lips, insatiable now that he had tasted them for the first time. He wanted to capture that taste, bottle it in his memory and lock it away forever, so he would never forget how it felt to kiss Justin.

Then he stepped away. Justin looked at him with those large eyes, as deep as the ocean, as roiling as a storm, and sighed again. "Please," Justin whispered. One word. That was all he said.

But it was the party and the alcohol and the moment, and he knew it wasn't him Justin wanted. It was someone, anyone, right at this moment, and it wasn't specifically him. And he didn't want that. He wanted it to be only him.

So he turned and walked away, and left Justin in the darkened hallway, calling his name.

The End

"officer, champagne"
by NSyncGrrl

He comes into the room, a bottle of champagne in his hand and a gleam in those wicked green eyes. "What's the occasion?" I ask, nodding at the bottle. I hate it when he drinks. Then his teasing takes on a meanness that I don't like. I can't defend myself against it. I hope the bottle stays corked tonight.

He grins, and I know he's already drunk. "It's our night, baby," he says, popping off the cork. The champagne bubbles out of the bottle, running down his hands to splash on the carpet. "Oops."

"The carpet, Lance," I whine. I hate it when I sound like this, childish and petty, but he does this to me. He and his goddamn bittersweet love. "There goes our security deposit."

He grins again and rubs the spot into the carpet with his foot. "There you go," he says, like this is supposed to make it better somehow. "No one will ever know." He holds the bottle out to me. "Have a drink."

"I don't feel like it," I pout. I know he hates that, but I can't help it. I don't like him when he's like this. "Lance, please, can't we just --"

"Just what?" he asks, his deep voice low. He narrows his eyes and purses his lips, studying me. I try not to squirm beneath his intense gaze. "Can't we just what, Justin?"

I shrug. "Just watch TV or something," I say lamely.

But he's mad. I know he's mad. I can feel his anger like a storm brewing between us, and I close my eyes. I don't want to argue, not tonight of all nights. "Watch TV," he says, his voice even. "Is that your idea of a good time?"

"No," I whisper. It's not. A good time is him and me together, the others a million miles away. No cares, no worries, nothing to turn him from the man I love into this workaholic who feels he has to drink to loosen up, whose tongue is biting and quick when he's drunk. "I just --" I sigh. "I just want to be with you."

"And I'm here," he says, plopping down on the bed. More champagne splashes out of the bottle, soaking the sheets, and I bite my tongue. I don't want to start in on him. "You are with me," he says, drinking from the bottle. "Sit down."

I consider saying no but what's the point? Last time I did, he didn't talk to me for a week. Seven days of hell, without his voice in my ear, without his hands on my body, without his eyes turned my way. I will never say no again. I can't live like that, without him.

I sit on the edge of the bed and he pulls me close. Resting my head against his chest, I breathe deep the coppery scent of alcohol that surrounds him like a miasma, and I sigh. "What's wrong, baby boy?" he asks gently. Sometimes these mood swings of his surprise me. I like him like this, holding me, calling me his baby boy. I want to stay this way forever.

"Nothing," I mumble. He drinks from the bottle again, his arms tightening around me. I feel like a prisoner locked in the cell of his heart. He is the officer who holds the key to my freedom. The door is open, the cell unlocked. He has told me this many times. You can leave, you know, he's said. I'm not forcing you to be with me.

And then I ... what? I cry. I plead. I beg. Like it was my fault, whatever it was this time that made him so angry.

Because I can't live without him. I won't. I just won't.

The End

"Columbus, nipple, Frankenstein, calorie count"
by NSyncGrrl

Justin read the back of the cereal box as he shoveled another spoonful of Oreo-O's into his mouth. His eyes felt hot and bleary, and he wondered how horrible he looked this morning. Calorie count: 215, he read randomly. Total Fat: 5 g. He wondered if he should cut back to just two bowls in the morning. He didn't want to get fat like Joey.

Oh fuck, he thought, did I just think that?

He gulped down another spoonful of cereal and admitted to himself that maybe Joey was putting on a little weight. So was Chris, to tell the truth. And maybe Lance, maybe just a little bit, but he'd never, ever say that out loud. Besides, he liked the extra cushioning on Lance's ass. Much nicer to fuck than skin and bones.

God, he thought, raising the bowl to his lips to drink the milk, you're in rare form today. You should go back to bed and start all over again.

"Hey, babe." Justin looked over the bowl as Lance entered the kitchen. He scratched his chest and yawned, winking at Justin. "You been awake long?"

"Not too long," Justin admitted. He set the bowl down and filled it again. "Lance, do you think I'm getting fat?"

Lance narrowed his eyes and frowned. "Fat?" he asked, shaking his head. "What kind of silly question is that?"

Justin shrugged. "I eat too much," he said as he dived into the second bowl of cereal. "I feel like a pig."

"Then stop eating," Lance replied. Leave it to him to come up with the practical solution. Justin pouted, and Lance sighed lustily. "Justin, you aren't fat."

"Sometimes I feel like it, though," Justin said, petulant. "Do you think we should go on diets?"

"What's this we stuff?" Lance countered. He opened the refrigerator and took out the orange juice. Drinking from the carton, he watched Justin carefully. "Are you saying I'm fat now?"

"No," Justin mumbled, but he let his gaze linger on Lance's full ass and didn't sound too convincing.

Lance noticed his eyes and slapped his butt. "You can kiss it, too, babe, if you're thinking what I think you're thinking."

"I didn't say a word," Justin replied, grinning, but Lance didn't grin back.

"You don't have to," he said. "I can read it in your eyes. And you know what, Justin? I'm not in the mood today. So just step off, because I ain't gonna listen to it."

Justin pouted. "Lance, I didn't mean --"

But Lance turned and stalked away, leaving Justin alone in the kitchen. Justin sighed. Oh fuck, he thought bitterly. You had to go and say something, didn't you? Sometimes he wished he knew how to keep his big mouth shut and his thoughts to himself. Sometimes he wished Lance couldn't read him so well. Rising from the table, he set his empty bowl in the sink and headed for the bedroom. It was too early for another fight.

Lance sat on the edge of the bed, his back to the door, and he didn't turn around as Justin entered the room. "Lance, I'm sorry," Justin said, hoping it would be enough.

Lance snorted. "No, you're not," he replied. Justin frowned, and Lance looked over his shoulder at him. "You're not sorry, Justin. You never are. You just say the words and think that they'll make everything okay again. But you don't really feel them. If you were sorry, you'd never say them in the first place."

This is going to be bad, Justin thought, sighing. He sat on the bed and reached out to touch Lance's shoulder, but Lance shrugged off his hand. "Lance, please," he whined. "Don't make me beg."

"For what?" Lance replied. He looked at Justin with those crystalline eyes and scowled. "For forgiveness? When you probably don't even know what it is you're apologizing for?"

"I didn't mean that you had to go on a diet," Justin started, but Lance laughed.

"It's not just that," he said. Sighing, Lance rubbed his eyes and said, "It's everything, Justin. Every fucking thing with you anymore. You're obsessed with the way you look, the way I look, what we say and do and what others think of us anymore. What happened to the boy I fell in love with? The boy who brought me flowers on Columbus Day because you thought it was an official holiday? The one who would get lost in my eyes and tell me you loved me under the stars? What happened to that boy, Justin?"

"I don't know," Justin whispered. He didn't know he had changed. He didn't know when it happened, when they started to bicker like this every time they were alone. "I don't know," he repeated. "Lance, I don't want us like this. I want you happy. I want --"

"You need to think about what it is you want," Lance pointed out. Justin reached out for him again, and Lance let his hand rest on his shoulder this time. "You need to think about what you want from the group, what you want from me ..."

"I know what I want from you," Justin grinned, letting his hand stray down Lance's chest until he brushed across one of his nipples.

His fingers tweaked it erect, but Lance sighed and swatted his hand away.

"That's not what I mean," Lance replied. He stood up and frowned down at Justin. "Sometimes I think we've created a monster in you, Justin. Stripped away your innocence and your childhood and turned you into this ... this ultimate sexy boy-toy that the girls go wild for. And sometimes I don't think I like that."

"Like what?" Justin asked, anger rising in him. "The fact that I'm growing up now? The fact that I'm not a little boy? Or the fact that the fans like me best?"

Once the words were out, he wished he could take them back. The hurt on Lance's face stung, and Justin watched tears glisten in those green eyes and wanted to kiss them away. Standing up, he reached for Lance. "Lance, I'm sorry --"

Lance stepped back. "See?" he choked. "You're doing it again. Letting your thoughts escape before you think about how much they'll hurt and then thinking that you can say you're sorry and I'll forgive you." He took a deep breath, steadying himself, and his eyes hardened. "Well, fuck that, Justin. I'm not Frankenstein, I didn't create you. And I'm sure as hell not going to stick around to watch you destroy yourself."

"So that's it?" Justin asked as Lance tugged on a pair of jeans, lying discarded on the floor. "You're going to leave now? With this between us?"

"I'm sorry," Lance said, heading for the door. He stopped and looked back at Justin. "And unlike you, I mean it. I am sorry, Justin." He looked at Justin, his lower lip trembling slightly, and then he whispered, "Good-bye."

The End

"angelic, bicentennial, nose, onomatopoeia"
by NSyncGrrl

He hands me back the change with my soda, and I notice that one of the quarters is a bicentennial one. I don't know why that sticks out in my mind, but it does. "You can keep it, Justin," I say, handing it back to him, but he shakes his head.

"You paid for it," he says. "It's your money."

I sigh. He watches as I pop open the soda and take a long swallow, but I don't meet his eyes. How long have we been like this now? The air between us tense, our words strained? There is too much between us now, too many good memories, too many bad words. I don't know what it will take to clear it all up. I don't know if I want to know.

I walk away from him, but he catches my arm, holding onto me tightly. I turn and frown at him. "What?" I ask. He doesn't say anything at first. Then he wrinkles his nose in that cute way of his that always made me laugh before. It just makes me sad and tired now. I think he knows this. He looks down at his hand on my arm and sighs. "I'm sorry," he whispers.

I don't think he knows what that means anymore. "You've said that already," I say, shrugging off his hand. As I walk away, he follows behind me.

"But you don't believe me," he says, and it's true. I don't.

"Justin, please," I say, holding up a hand to cut off any further protest. He takes my hand in his and I try to twist out of his grip but he holds on tightly.

"Can't you just stop and listen to me?" he asks, and I hear the tears in his voice. "Please, just stop and look at me. Stop."

I sigh and turn towards him. I study his angelic face, his sad eyes, his pouty lips. "Okay," I say, getting angry. "I'm looking at you. I'm listening. What more do you want from me?"

"I want you back," he whispers, those blue sea eyes of his filling with tears. "Jesus, I miss you. I miss us. I miss holding you and loving you and if there's anything, anything at all I can say or do to get you back, tell me, please. I'll do it. I'll say it. Just don't leave me alone like this." His eyes plead with me. "Please."

But I turn away. "Don't do this to me, Justin. You know how I feel --"

"You love me," he says, and damn him, but it's the truth. "I know you do, you used to tell me all the time that you loved me. That hasn't changed, has it?"

"No," I whisper, and I hate myself for letting him know that.

"So what's the problem?" he asks, as if it's that simple.

"Justin --" I sigh and rub my forehead nervously. What is the problem? I'm not sure I know anymore. I just know that one day we were great together and the next, poof! It was gone. All of it, gone. And there's no way I can think of to get it back.

"I'll change," he whispers, his voice hot and urgent. "I promise. I won't get so jealous anymore, and I'll be more understanding, and I won't say anything when you go out to the clubs with Joey -- please. I can change."

"But for how long?" I want to know. I bite my lip and frown at him. "How long, Justin, before you're making those snide comments again? Before you get all bent out of shape with every touch, every glance, every guy who I talk to? You say you'll change but I know you well enough to know that you can't. You're not the type."

Tears glisten in his eyes. "But I want to be the type," he says. "I want to be the type of boyfriend you want me to be. I love you. I do. You know it."

I know. And that's part of the reason this is so damn hard for me, to look him in the eye and lie to him and say I don't want him back. Because I do. I lie awake at night and want him beside me. My arms are cold without him, my heart an empty shell.

"Justin," I say again, sighing. Why is it that I can't talk to him anymore without sighing? What happened to the friendship we once shared, before we became something more? "Justin, please don't do this to me." Tears begin to course down his cheeks, and I close my eyes so I don't have to see them. "Please don't --"

"Every time I see you," he says, as if I'm not talking to him, "every time we're together, I want to take you into my arms and never let you go. I feel like everything around me is hollow, faded, unreal without you. I need you with me."

"No you don't," I say, but I'm not so sure anymore. I know he loves me, but I didn't know he still feels for me like he says he does. But that's just it -- this is Justin, and I don't know if this is really the way he feels or if it's what he wants me to believe. He's so good at making people believe what they want to believe about him. And I fall for it every single time.

"I do," he says, emphasizing each word. He takes my hand in his and pulls me closer, but I try to stand my ground. I don't want to give into him. "Do you remember the night we stayed up until four in the morning watching that marathon of old Batman shows? Remember?"

Now tears prick my own eyes. Of course I remember. We had laughed at the cheesy dialogue and the horrid costumes, and the way Robin seemed to have it so bad for Batman. Justin laughed at

those stupid words that came up on the screen during the fights, and when I told him they were examples of onomatopoeia, he couldn't stop saying the word. Over and over again, like a broken record. I couldn't stop giggling at him.

It had been the first night we kissed. God, how long ago was that? I no longer remembered.

"Justin, that was a long time ago," I say, pulling my hand out of his. "Things were different then, we were different. And I don't think we can get that back. I'm sorry."

"Lance --" He chokes my name, but when I turn and walk away this time, he lets me. I almost wish he stops me, but he doesn't. Not this time.

The End

"brainwashing, tropical fish"
by NSyncGrrl

In the darkness of the room, JC opened his eyes. He could see the glow of the alarm clock, 4:06 in digital red numbers, and the faint light from the tropical fish tank. Shifting in the bed, he felt an arm tighten around his waist, and he grinned at the sleepy moan that tickled the back of his neck.

Rolling over, he could see the faint outline of his lover's face, the hard lines softened in sleep, the short hair disheveled and awry. JC brushed his lips against his lover's brow, and the man who held him in his arms hugged him closer. JC watched him sleep, wondering what was going on behind those closed eyes.

"Hey," JC whispered, shaking his lover. The other man didn't respond. JC frowned and tried again. "Hey," he breathed against his lover's ear.

Still no response.

"Marshall," JC moaned, slipping a hand between them to tug at Eminem's cock. "Marshall Mathers, wake up, wake up, wake up."

Eminem groaned and burrowed his head against JC's chest. "Shut up," he growled, his voice thick with sleep.

JC grinned. "Wake up now," he said, squeezing his lover gently. "Wake up and fuck me."

"No," came the sleepy reply. JC laughed softly.

With his lips against Eminem's ear, he whispered, "Wake up and fuck me, Marshall."

"No," Eminem replied, clutching JC tighter. "Go to bed, Joshua. You're too damn horny and I'm trying to sleep."

"Well, wake up then," JC said. When Eminem didn't respond, JC poked at his chest and pouted. He wondered if all the stuff he had heard about brainwashing was true -- if he could just whisper into his lover's ear all night long and in the morning Eminem would be hard for him.

Resting his lips against Eminem's ear, he licked his tongue along his lover's earlobe, twirling around the small hoop earring he wore, the taste of metal and flesh exciting him. He thrust his hips against Eminem's and moaned loudly. "Fuck me," he whispered.

In his hand he felt his lover's dick thicken. Grinning, he squeezed again. "You know you want me, Marshall," he breathed, and Eminem groaned again. "Come on, just a quick one, then you can go back to sleep."

"And if I say no?" Eminem replied, but he rolled over on top of JC and began kissing the hollow of JC's throat.

"You can't say no to me," JC replied, running his hands up Eminem's back. "You know you want me."

Eminem moaned again. "You're evil, Joshua. You know that, right?"

JC laughed, a low sound deep in his throat. "Just fuck me and then you can go back to sleep."

The End

"booty shaking, megalomaniac, back that ass up"
by NSyncGrrl

Chris left the dance floor, his entire body sheathed in sweat. As he passed Joey, he slapped his friend's butt playfully. "Come on," he yelled over the din of the club. He didn't want to be here any longer. When Joey didn't reply, Chris said louder, "Stop your booty shaking. Come on, Joe."

In response, Joey grabbed Chris by the hips and pulled him into a quick embrace. "Dance with me," he said.

Chris pulled away. "No," he replied. "I'm outta here."

"Oh no, you're not," Joey said, laughing in Chris's ear. His coppery breath curled around Chris's neck, hot and sticky in the darkness. "Back that ass up and dance." Joey pulled Chris tightly against him, grinding his groin into Chris's butt.

Chris twisted away, anger clouding his brow. "I said no," he said, letting the anger slip into his voice. Joey knew what he felt for him, just as Chris knew that Joey didn't feel the same. What kind of megalomaniac would force his best friend to dance when he knew how much his careless touch meant?

"Chris --" Joey tugged at him again, and before he could stop himself, Chris spun around, his fist catching Joey in the stomach. Joey's eyes went wide in shock and disbelief; Chris couldn't believe he just hit him. As Joey straightened up, the surprise in his eyes fading, Chris pushed his way through the crowd and outside, where the cool air chilled the sweat on his body and dulled the ache in his heart.

The door swung open behind him. "Chris --" He sighed as Joey stepped outside.

"Joe, leave me alone," he muttered.

But Joey caught Chris's arm and held on tight. "Chris, talk to me, please."

"No," Chris replied. There was nothing to say, except ... "I'm sorry, Joe. Okay? I'm sorry."

He pulled out of Joey's grasp and ran into the night, tears stinging his eyes.

The End

"defenestration, doe eyes, flame, split lip, love shack,
Marlboro Ultralights"
by NSyncGrrl

JC leaned against the wall outside of the auditorium and watched as the crowds inside emptied out into the lobby. Musicians milled around, congratulating each other on the awards and the performances of the evening, calling to old friends, making new acquaintances. JC sighed as he waited for the rest of his band to extract themselves from their seats and join him outside.

Across the lobby he saw a familiar figure standing by the exit, a thin cigarette in one hand. From experience JC knew it was a stick from the pack of Marlboro Ultralights rolled into the sleeve of the white t-shirt the man wore. Even from this distance JC could feel the weight of his stare, pinning him against the wall.

He wondered if he could make it over there to talk with the man and back again before his friends came looking for him.

"Hey JC!" He turned as Justin called out his name, waving a hand to get his attention. "We're over here, man. Come on!"

JC pushed away from the wall and glanced at the man across the lobby once more before weaving through the crowds to reach his friends. Justin leaned against Lance's shoulder, staring up at Lance with large doe eyes that Lance studiously ignored when in public. Joey had his arm around a chesty brunette, and Chris held Dani's hand tightly in his own. The only one alone again, JC thought bitterly. "We're leaving now," Lance said.

"You coming?" Chris asked. There were parties after these award shows, and JC knew his friends wanted him to make an appearance, but suddenly he wasn't up for it.

"You guys go ahead," he said, looking back over his shoulder for the man whose hot gaze still followed him. He saw the pale bleached hair and the light skin, and the brilliant blue eyes that burned like flames from across the lobby.

"You got other plans, Josh?" Joey asked, frowning.

JC nodded. "I can find some," he said, turning away. "You guys have fun. I'll see you back at the hotel." He bit off a caustic remark about it being a love shack, because he didn't want them to suspect that he wasn't planning on spending his night alone, either.

The lobby was thinning out as JC headed for the exit. Instead of pushing through the double doors, however, he stopped and shoved his hands deep into his pockets, not looking at the man who stood beside him, the lit cigarette burning down between his fingers. Watching the limos outside pull away from the curb, JC asked casually, "You busy tonight?"

The rapper known as Eminem shrugged but didn't look at him. "I'm in the mood to fuck someone," he said, crushing the cigarette out in a nearby ashtray.

JC laughed. He loved the crudeness of this man. "I'm in the mood to get fucked," he replied. "I liked your video, by the way. Especially the bit with the defenestration. Very poetic."

Eminem barked a short laugh. "What the fuck does that mean?" he asked. "Don't use those goddamn collegiate words with me. It don't impress me none to hear them roll off your silver tongue."

JC shrugged. "You liked my tongue well enough the last time we were together," he reminded him.

"Your pansy friend's coming over here," Eminem growled low. JC turned to find Lance walking across the lobby towards him, a frown on his face.

He glanced at Eminem and then hurried to JC's side. "JC," he said, a little breathless, "Justin wants you to come with us. He says that you'll have a fun time. Come on, please?"

JC shook his head. "I'm fine, Lance," he said. He didn't want to tell him to go away, not point blank, but he was so ready to leave right now, and it wasn't with the rest of the guys. "Go on, have your fun. I'll be fine."

Lance bit his lip and looked at Eminem, only to find the rapper glaring at him. "You're not mad at Justin, are you?" he asked carefully. "I mean, that thing with the hairspray back stage -- he said he was sorry ..."

Laughing, JC shook his head again. "I'm not mad, Lance, really," he said, though now that it was brought up again, anger flared through him at the memory. "I'm fine. I just want to be alone now. Okay?"

"Okay," Lance said. Then he nodded. With a final glance at Eminem, he lowered his voice and whispered, "Get back to the hotel. You don't want to hang out here too long. The company's not the greatest ..."

"I know," JC replied. He watched Lance walk away. "Have fun!" he called out.

Beside him, Eminem made a thick noise in his throat, and JC tried to suppress a grin. "Anyone else coming to bother you, Joshua?" he asked, glaring at Lance's retreating back. "His curly assed boytoy wouldn't like it if he came to bed with a split lip tonight."

"Calm down, Marshall," JC said, laughing. "Fuck, let's just leave already, okay? I'm horny and I want to get into the nearest limo we can find and out of these skin tight pants."

"I want you out of those pants, too," Eminem agreed, leading

the way outside. As he followed the rapper, JC thought maybe he'd have a fun time tonight after all.

The End

"pole dancing JC, glutton, penal, hot mama"
by NSyncGrrl

The club was too crowded and too warm and too dark, and JC couldn't even think over the pounding of the music. What was it that had everyone dancing tonight? He couldn't make out the words, let alone recognize the beat. With a beer in each hand, he pushed his way through the jostling crowd, trying not to spill the ale. When he reached the table, he slid into the booth and set the beers down. "Fuck this shit," he muttered to his friend.

The man beside him turned his icy blue gaze to JC, an evil expression on his face. "What'd you say?" Eminem hollered over the din of the crowd.

"Forget it," JC said, shaking his head. It was too loud in here to try and talk, and right now he didn't want to talk. He didn't even want to be here. He wanted to be in the backseat of Eminem's car, or in their hotel room, or even in the bathroom stall of this cheap club, somewhere away from the prying eyes where he could feel Eminem's rough hands on his body, his eager kisses burning along his skin.

But Eminem wanted to go clubbing after his show, and JC followed along because he wanted to get fucked sometime tonight and he'd be damned if he let the opportunity pass him by. He looked up as Eminem scooted closer to him, his hand resting high up on JC's thigh beneath their table. His fingers burned through JC's denim jeans. "Fuck," he cried, his voice happy as another stripper took the stage. "Pole dancing, JC. Look at that hot mama. I think you should get your ass up there and show them what you've got hidden in here." His hand closed over the bulge at JC's crotch, and JC closed his eyes at the pleasure that ran through him.

Leaning close to Eminem, JC yelled into his ear. "Let's get out of here. Now."

"Where you want to go?" Eminem growled, but JC was already sliding out of the booth, leaving their beers behind. His cock throbbed against the tight jeans and he knew he was a glutton but he was so damn horny, and he glanced back long enough to make sure that Eminem was following him as he led the way to the tiny one stall bathroom. As Eminem pushed through the crowd after him, JC smiled.

Apparently he wasn't the only one with a hard on tonight.

JC pushed into the bathroom and let the door swing closed behind him. The second the door closed, it was shoved open again, and Eminem stepped into the small room. Inside the music still bled through the walls, but it was a dull roar that they didn't have to shout over to be heard. JC looked around the place and frowned -- not his idea of a romantic moment, but he'd take what he could

get.

"What the fuck is it you want, Joshua?" Eminem asked, glaring at him. "Some ass will take our drinks, and the show's just starting up out there. I don't know about you, but I want to see some ass tonight."

JC slapped his own butt, the sound loud in the small room. "I'll show you some ass," he said, winking. Eminem's eyes widened, and JC smiled at him. "I just want you to fuck me, Marshall. Is that asking too much?"

Eminem laughed. "Right here?" he asked, casting an eye around the unkempt room.

JC shrugged. "What do you think I came out here for? To see your damn show?"

A pout pulled at Eminem's full lips. "You like that Tearin' Up My Ass bit I added? I did that just for you."

"Shit," JC drawled. He unzipped his jeans and watched as Eminem's eyes widened. "I got your night's entertainment right here. You want a strip dance? Where's the fucking pole?"

Eminem laughed. Stepping closer, he grabbed at JC's hard dick through his underwear and whispered, "I got your pole right here, Joshua. Now you gonna strip for me or what?"

It took everything JC had to push Eminem away. "Stand by the door," he said. "This is a private show."

Eminem pouted again, but he stepped back until he leaned against the door, his gaze never leaving JC's crotch. Winking at him, JC tried to hear the music out in the club. His hips began to sway in time with the fast paced music before he realized what it was. "It's Gonna Be Me" blared through the club, and JC gave into the song. He knew this one by heart.

In time with the beat, he eased his pants down to his knees, singing the words softly to himself. But when the words started, he was surprised to hear Eminem's own voice mix with his music. "Is this your newest hit?" JC asked sweetly, hooking his fingers into the waistband of his underwear.

A muscle in Eminem's jaw twitched. "It's a damn remix," he growled. "Come over here, Joshua."

JC turned and tugged his underwear down over his butt, wiggling his ass invitingly. "No," he teased. "This is one of those keep your hands to yourself affairs. You can look but you can't touch --"

"Fuck that," Eminem said, frowning as he pushed away from the door. He reached out for him but JC danced away. "Joshua, don't make me beg. You know I get pissy when I get horny. Now get the fuck over here."

"Do you want me?" JC asked coyly. He knew the answer from the bulge in Eminem's sweat pants, but he wanted to hear the words out loud. "Do you want to fuck me?"

Someone knocked on the door. As it pushed open, Eminem slammed his shoulder against the wood. "Get the fuck out of here!" he growled. "I'll fucking kill you."

Outside they heard a drunken mutter, and JC laughed. Stroking his hard erection, he watched Eminem watch his hand move up and down his own member. "Marshall," JC purred, closing his eyes as the sensations of his hand flooded through him. "Marshall --"

"You are a fucking tease, Joshua," Eminem growled. "Come here already."

JC leaned back against the sink, his hand still working slowly despite the energy pent up inside of him. He watched Eminem with hooded eyes and almost laughed when the rapper bit his lower lip in desire. "Tell me you want me," he whispered.

"I want you," Eminem spat out. "Fuck you, Joshua. You know I want you. Get the hell over here already."

Kicking his jeans off of his ankles, JC crossed the tiny room and stood in front of Eminem. The rapper turned and leaned his back against the door, his eyes lingering on JC's swollen erection before raising them to look at JC's flushed face. Stepping closer, JC ran his hands up Eminem's chest and leaned against him. He licked his lips and whispered, "How bad do you want me?"

Without another word, Eminem grabbed JC's waist in a rough embrace, his hands clumsy, his lips eager as he kissed JC hungrily. JC's hands trailed to the waistband of Eminem's baggy sweat pants, plunging down the front of them to cup the rapper's aching erection. Pulling back long enough to catch his breath, JC whispered, "You're a slut, Marshall. No underwear?"

"I came prepared," Eminem replied. JC pushed down the front of his lover's pants and knelt in front of him. Holding Eminem's thick cock in his hands, JC placed his lips around the tender tip before taking the entire length into his mouth. Eminem moaned loudly and fisted his hands in JC's hair as he thrust into the hot warmth of him.

JC let his tongue swirl around the hard cock. "Get up, Joshua," Eminem moaned, pushing JC away. "Get up, get up, get the fuck up now."

JC complied. He turned in Eminem's arms and felt the rough hands steady on his hips as Eminem pulled him tight against his body. Spreading JC's ass, Eminem slipped into him easily, a slight moan escaping his lips as JC's tightness enveloped him. He pushed deep into JC, each thrust harder and faster than the last, his breath coming in short ragged gasps, his moans growing louder and louder.

His hands slipped over JC's hips to stroke JC's hard dick, and JC thrust into his hands, on the edge of orgasm. Suddenly someone knocked on the door tentatively, the sound loud in their ears.

"It's fucking OCCUPIED!" Eminem snarled, biting the back of JC's neck as JC came in his hands.

"Sorry," came the mumbled reply, and then Eminem clutched JC to him as his own orgasm ripped through him. JC stepped away as Eminem pulled out of him, and he turned as the rapper slid to the floor, his face sheathed in sweat, his eyes sparkling like wine. "Fuck," he whispered, running his hands down JC's legs. "Fuck."

JC laughed and tugged his underwear back up. "Get off the floor, Marshall," he said, his voice tender. He took Eminem's hand in his and hauled him to his feet. As he stood, JC kissed Eminem's damp lips softly. "You still want me?" he whispered.

Eminem nodded as he tucked himself back into his pants. "You're a tease, Joshua," he said, the malice still in his voice, but his eyes said otherwise. They hinted at strong arms and the comfort of a warm bed, and JC couldn't wait to get back to the hotel.

JC laughed. "And you're a criminal," he replied, tugging on his jeans. "Isn't that how your song goes? You're a criminal? They'd love your ass in prison. You're a good fuck."

"Shut up," Eminem growled, but his eyes glistened and he grinned at the compliment. "How many other guys you let fuck you?"

"None," JC admitted, running a hand through his hair to straighten it.

"Then shut the fuck up," Eminem said. "You don't know a good fuck from a bad fuck. All you know is me."

JC kissed Eminem's pouty lips. "And that's a crime?" he asked softly. "Then I'm the criminal. Lock me up and throw away the key. I like the way you fuck."

Eminem laughed. "You wouldn't last two days in prison," he said, wrapping his arms around JC to hug him close. JC let himself be pulled into the tight embrace, and they leaned back against the door for a moment. "You're too damn pretty."

JC pouted. "I think I'd do good in there," he said. "Stick me in a penal colony and --" He frowned as Eminem laughed at him. "What?"

Eminem shook his head. "Nothing," he muttered.

But JC grinned. "You think that's a funny word?" When Eminem shrugged, JC said, "You like the word penal? Marshall, that's cute."

"Shut up," Eminem growled.

Behind them someone pounded on the door. "You gonna sit on the damn pot all night or what, buddy?" someone cried from the hallway. JC buried his face in Eminem's shoulder, giggling wildly.

Letting go of JC, Eminem flung the door open. "What the fuck is your problem?" he roared. A short drunken man fell back from the heat of Eminem's glare.

JC laughed and pushed Eminem out of the bathroom, suddenly eager to get back to the hotel.

The End

"Siberian husky, squeal, poteen, slam dunk, 5ive"
by NSyncGrrl

The only sounds are the rustling of the trees around them and the babble of the small creek a few feet away. Lance is lying on the hood of the car, the metal still warm beneath him, and he stares up at the stars twinkling above. There are so many of them, like glitter sprinkled on black velvet. He takes another swig from the bottle and sighs as the hot liquid burns down his throat. His lips tingle from the cool air.

Strong hands fumble for the bottle, slipping over his in their haste, and he lets the bottle go. Beside him Justin places the bottle to his lips, licking the glass opening before taking a sip. The alcohol rushes out of the bottle and splashes Justin's nose. "Fuck!" he sputters, sitting up. Lance laughs as Justin wipes his cheeks with the back of his arm.

"Watch it, Justin," Lance says, smiling at his friend. "That shit ain't cheap. Hell, it ain't even legal. So don't spill it all over yourself." He watches his friend's back, a slight frown on his face. "Or I'll have to drink it off of you."

Justin looks back over his shoulder at him, his eyes wet like paint in the pale canvas of his face. "Let's play a game," he says suddenly. He's drunk and Lance knows that smile all too well. "How well we know each other. You tell me something and I'll tell you if it's true or not. Okay?"

"That sounds stupid," Lance says, laughing. But really? It sounds fun, and Lance thinks maybe he can find out a thing or two about his bandmate and friend if he plays along. "You go first. It's your game."

Justin lies back on the hood of the car, and when Lance takes the bottle from him, their fingers entwine together for the briefest of moments. "I like the group 5ive," Justin says, grinning.

"Fuck, that's easy," Lance replies, sipping at the whiskey again. "That's a lie. You didn't even know who they were until JC pointed them out at that awards show last month."

Justin rolls onto his side and looks at Lance, his eyes as bright as the stars above. "Your turn."

Lance thinks for a minute and then says, "I used to brew the best poteen in all of Mississippi. My grandpaw taught me. I had a still going in the woods and everything."

"What's poteen?" Justin asks, pouting.

Lance laughs. "This shit here," he says, holding up the bottle. Justin reaches for it but Lance pulls it away. "Moonshine, baby."

White lightning."

"You used to make this stuff?" Justin asks, reaching for the bottle again.

Lance giggles. "Justin, this is a game. Hell, it's your game, and you're not even playing it right."

"Oh." Justin laughs and when he tries for the bottle a third time, Lance lets him take it. "I guess that's true. It sounds true."

"Well it's not," Lance says. "If I could make money off of moonshine, you think I'd be in the group? Shit, I'd find my ass in jail somewhere."

Justin's tongue twirls around the tip of the bottle, and Lance can't take his eyes off of the pink refracted at him when it slips into the bottle just slightly. "Your turn," he whispers. "Make this one harder."

Justin thinks for a long minute. Then swallowing another sip of the alcohol, he says, "I had a Siberian husky growing up. His name was Baron. He used to love to play with crickets." Suddenly Lance is all too aware of the crickets serenading them, their song loud in the cool night air.

"That's true," Lance says. He thinks Justin is a tad too wasted to think up a detail like the crickets.

But Justin giggles wildly and says, "No that's a lie. I'm lying. I never had a husky." That pout tugs at his lips again. "I always wanted one though."

Lance takes the bottle back from Justin and licks at it thoughtfully. He imagines he can taste Justin's tongue on the warmed glass, and he wonders if Justin thinks the same thing. He wonders if that's why Justin keeps licking the bottle. "I have never been able to slam dunk a basket," Lance says softly. This is an easy one.

Justin grins. "I know," he says. "Remember that time at the charity game when you tried? I felt so bad for you, Lance. Shit, I just throw the ball and it sinks into the basket and you can't even --"

"That's enough," Lance says, his voice taking on a sharp edge. "Don't remind me I suck at basketball. Please, Mr. Sporty Spice."

Giggling, Justin touches Lance's nose with the tip of his finger. Lance tries to look at his friend's finger but his eyes cross and he laughs, pushing Justin away. "Your turn," he says.

Leaning closer, Justin breathes, "I squeal when I have sex."

Lance's eyes widen. His mind shuts down on the image of Justin, naked and sweaty and so alive, above him in his arms and he just can't think of it, he shouldn't think of it, not Justin, not his

friend, not now, because Justin will see in his eyes that Lance has always thought that, always wondered, and what the fuck can Lance say now? "Really?" he asks, his normally deep voice just a quiet squeak.

"You guess," Justin purrs.

Lance doesn't want to guess. He wants to know, first-hand, and how can he say it without sounding like an idiot? "Um," he stammers. "Maybe?"

Justin giggles again and collapses against his shoulder. Lance feels his friend's hot coppery breath tickle along his neck and can't think straight. It's the drink and the night and the thought of Justin squealing -- "What kind of answer is that?" Justin asks.

Lance shrugs. "I don't know," he mumbles. He doesn't. He doesn't know what to say.

For a long moment Justin studies him. Then he sips from the bottle again and says, "I'll let that one slide. Your turn."

When Justin hands the bottle back to Lance, he takes it gratefully. A long swallow later, the hot whiskey burning a path down his throat, and he's ready. He stares up into Justin's stardust eyes and whispers, "I have a crush on someone I've known for a long time. I want to say something but I can't. I'm afraid."

"Of what?" Justin replies, his brow creasing.

"You have to tell me if it's the truth or not," Lance points out. "That's the way the game is played."

"Who is it?" Justin asks. He's just not getting the hang of this, Lance thinks.

"Justin," he says, rolling his eyes. He sighs. "Fine. It's a guy. You happy? I like this guy, and you know what? Don't bother guessing. Cause it's the truth." Lance meets Justin's inscrutable gaze and frowns. "It's the truth."

Justin's hand covers Lance's on the neck of the bottle. As Lance tries to pull away, Justin holds him tightly, his palm warm and his skin rough and a little too real. Justin sighs and pouts prettily. "Is it me?" he whispers.

"Justin --" Lance tries to sit up but Justin is leaning over him again, his other hand brushing through Lance's hair, and he's a prisoner of those indigo eyes. "Justin, please ..."

Justin's lips brush along Lance's, a soft crush like the petals of a rose, and when he licks Lance's lips, Lance tastes the whiskey and the night and the sweet bubblegum Justin was chewing, and he thinks he was right because this is what he always imagined it would be like. He closes his eyes and still sees the stars inside.

The End

Music of Your Heart
by NSyncGrrl

you have a heart
like a country song, sung low
in the night, the world dark
I can hear the twang
of your soul, the chords
of an acoustic guitar
humming beneath eager fingers
I can hear the longing
wrapped around every word sung
from soft lips, soft tongue
I want to touch those lips,
strum your soul, make you sing
beautiful music, earthy, sad,
I want to hear your heart
the country song you sing for me alone

The End

i want that light i see in your eyes
by NSyncGrrl

i want that light i see in your eyes
that flicker of your soul, i want to keep
it locked away so no one else can see the way
it shines when you smile at me.
i want to hold it in my cupped hands and peek
between my fingers at the shining inside
the shining glistening part of you
that tiny light i see in you
that light that i know is mine.

The End

Peaches and Cream
by NSyncGrrl

you are peaches and cream
thick, heady, sweet
you are the intoxicating scent
of the magnolia blossoms
pale in the moonlight
you are the summer breeze
warm against hot, flushed skin
you are the babble of a tiny brook
swollen with rain, straining
to break free from the sandy banks
struggling to boil over
you are the strength coiled in a horse's legs
galloping across open plains, empty expanses
caverns and canyons and arroyos
you are the rustle of the leaves
the song of the grass
the crackle of flame and sputter of sea
you are the stars and the moon and the sun and the sky
you are peaches, ripe, full, alive
you are the earth
peaches, cream, magnolia, summer, love
you are the world to me

The End

"Your simple pleasures come from someone else's pain"
by NSyncGrrl

I don't know what the fuck your problem is anymore. I know you look at me -- I can feel your hot gaze on my back, your eyes boring into me, devouring me, consuming me, but when I look at you, you look away. You don't smile at me, you don't laugh at my words, you don't even like to touch me anymore. What did I do that was so fucking horrible that I deserve this treatment? What the hell gives you the right to do this to me?

We used to be the best of friends. It was you and me and the others be damned -- it was the two of us, alone, who would spend hours on the phone long distance, just listening to each other breathe. Long nights spent breathless in anonymous hotel rooms, cuddled beneath thick covers and hiding our giggles into the starched pillows. Long days spent sitting side by side on the bus, arms just barely touching, safe in the knowledge that we were there for each other, we mattered, we cared.

But somewhere along the way, you stopped caring. You found other ways to fill your time, ways that didn't involve me. Your smile and your eyes and your laughter turned to someone else, and the times I managed to steal from you were so few and so precious that my heart ached with the memory of them. I wanted more of you, Justin. I wanted what I used to have. I still want that. I'd give anything for that back.

Fuck. It was the party and the alcohol and the way you smiled at me again, like you used to smile all those times, the smile I see when I close my eyes and smell your shaving cream and think of you. I was drunk on the moment and the night and you, and the glitter and gold blinded me until I staggered from the hall, your hand burning on my arm, your laughter hot and breathy in my ear.

I wanted you. I needed you. I convinced myself you wanted me, needed me, too.

I still remember the darkness of the closet, the way your hands slid along the satiny vest I wore, your hungry lips on my neck. I can remember the cool wall behind me, the awkward way I propped my feet up on the doorjamb, one leg on either side of you as you kissed me and moaned my name. I remember the way you smelled like honeysuckles and mint, and the way you sighed as you thrust into me, over and over and over again.

I remember the feel of your rough curls in my hands, your hot tongue on my throat, your soft chapped lips on my own, hungry, eager. You tasted like fuzzy peach navels and licorice and a sticky sweetness that could only be the orange marmalade you ate at dinner. I wanted to devour you, Justin. I wanted to hold onto you forever, to feel you holding onto me. I wanted that. I wanted forever with you.

And then what? You came and you laughed in that embarrassed "little boy" way you have that makes me grin stupidly, and then you said you were sorry. For what? I wanted that. I wanted you. I always wanted you, and when I finally got a chance, all you could say was you were sorry? I felt so dirty as we dressed, tugging on my pants and trying not to give into the tears that stung the back of my throat.

I bumped against you in the darkness and you muttered that apologetic word again and I wanted to scream at you. I wanted to tell you, Justin, that you know what? I'm not sorry. I'm not. And I'd die for the chance to have you again, to be in your arms, to feel your smile against my neck and your curls in my hands and you in me, forever.

Every time you look at me, I feel a little robbed of the moment, as if your eyes are trying to erase it from my memory, until one day you will look at me and I'll have forgotten what you tasted like in the dark that night, and I will never be able to get that back. Is that what you want? Is it that painful for you, that you'd rob me of the memory as well?

Another dull rehearsal. Another dull ache in my heart, in my arms, as I watch you dance, losing yourself in the music like I'd wish you'd lose yourself in me. Another hour and we're finished, it's over, the others are leaving and I've got to catch the flight back home and you're there, blocking my way. I look around the stage and find that it's empty, and we're alone. Where did the others go? I wonder. When did they leave?

"Lance --" My breath catches at the way you say my name, like it's a secret you've been keeping to yourself for so long and it's just begging to be told. "Lance, please --"

"Tell me, Justin," I say, my voice low, "tell me how you can forget it. Just tell me. Maybe then I can forget it too."

"Lance --"

"That's what you want, isn't it?" I glare at you, surprised to find the twin pools of your eyes sparkling with unshed tears. "You want to forget. You want me to forget. It never happened for you, did it?"

You touch my wrist, the barest hint of skin on skin, and your face crumples like a tissue. "It happens every night," you whisper. "Every night, over and over again. Lance, I can't forget. I don't want to. I want it to go on forever --"

"Forever?" I whisper. Jesus, Justin, did you just say you wanted me forever?

Your lips find mine, velvety flesh that tastes of the orange you ate before rehearsal, that sweetly sour stickiness that is all you, and the world ends in that orange crush.

The End