

## THE WAY I AM

A series of stories pairing JC and Eminem. Yes, the rapper. A most unusual pairing, I know.

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No Strings Attached  
by NSyncGrrl

The Video Music Awards after party. JC Chasez stood against the wall and surveyed the room with hooded eyes, the drink in his hands warm and more than half gone already. Around him a bevy of celebrities circled the room, talking and drinking and laughing and dancing, a whirlwind of the famous in today's music industry. His friends were out there somewhere -- he could see Justin and Lance, laughing at something Britney Spears just said, Lance on Justin's knees and Justin's hand resting discreetly on Lance's stomach. Discreet, my ass, JC thought, a little bitter. He had heard the moans coming from Justin's room late at night, and he was surprised that Justin had managed to keep his distance from Lance throughout the night. He knew he would hear them tonight, though, and he frowned at the thought of his own vast, empty, cold bed. Was he jealous? Hell, yes.

Looking around the room, JC spotted Chris and Dani, standing among a group of musicians that included the girls from Destiny's Child. Joey had his arm draped over Beyonce's shoulders, but JC could see the winks he threw at Chris, the way he reached out and touched Chris's arm every time he spoke, the way his fingers lingered on Chris's shoulder before pulling away. He wondered what Dani would say if she knew JC had seen Chris stumble from Joey's room in the morning when he thought no one else was awake. Was he the only one of the group who wasn't getting any? Sometimes he wished they had held out for one more guy before settling on the group. With only five members, he was the odd man out.

True, he didn't go out of his way to be popular. He concentrated on the music, maybe a little too much at times, and when the other guys wanted to go out, the only thing JC wanted was to sleep. But he wasn't the partygoer like Joey or Chris, and it seemed like people just gravitated towards them, parties erupted around them, everyone had a great time but him. And Justin and Lance were too damn intense, all wrapped up in each other when they were together, and JC always felt like a voyeur when he was with them, watching their small touches and eager grins and secret kisses until he couldn't take it anymore and he had to leave.

Face it, Josh, he told himself, taking another sip of his drink, you're lonely. You're so damn lonely it's not even funny. Here you are, at a party full of people who speak the same language you do -- music -- and you haven't said one word to anyone. You're propped against the wall as if you're the only thing holding it up, and you're watching your friends flirt with each other, and the more you drink, the more you get pissed. You just won three awards tonight. You should be happy. And you know what? You're not. Jesus Christ, you're not.

JC took another sip of his drink and watched as Joey extracted himself from Beyonce and headed his way. Weaving through the crowd, he came over to stand beside JC and leaned down over him,

the alcohol on his breath hot and coppery. "Hey, Josh!" Joey yelled over the din of the crowd. "Why don't 'cha come on over, talk to us a bit? The girls are asking about you."

Yeah, right, JC thought bitterly. He shook his head. "No thanks," he replied, raising his voice to be heard.

Joey looked at him closely and frowned. "You need someone, Josh," he said, running a finger down the back of JC's hand. JC jumped at the touch. Joey scanned the room and pretended not to notice the slight blush that rose into JC's cheeks. "Pick someone. Anyone. I'll go get 'em for you."

JC laughed at that. Joey would do it, too, just walk up to anyone here and tell them he just wanted to talk, could they step over here with him for a minute? He had someone he wanted them to meet. JC shook his head. What would you do, Joe, he thought, watching Joey's eyes wander the room, if I told you that it was you I wanted? What would you do then? "I'm fine," he said, "really, Joey. Go back to Chris and your girls."

"Not until you're hooked up," Joey said, looking around the room. "How about Britney? You know her, right? Or Christina? But I don't see her here."

Neither of them sounded like a good prospect to him, so JC shook his head again and said, "Really, Joey, I'm fine." The crowds shifted around them, and JC could see a posse of rappers huddled together on the other side of the room. He had been throwing glances their way all night long, but from behind the safety of the people around him, sure they didn't see him watching them. And now it seemed as if a path had opened in the crowd, clearing his view, and damned if they weren't looking his way. He could almost hear their angry, bitter thoughts at the awards he won, and suddenly JC felt embarrassed. To be a member of the hottest pop group in the nation. To have done that whole TV stint on the stage earlier. To have danced so provocatively during their performance.

And his drink got the better of him. "You know, Joey," JC said, laughing, "I think he's kinda cute." He pointed over at Eminem, who stood with the other rappers, a sour expression on his face. He looked as if he was someone JC could relate to -- standing in the midst of this crowd, his friends around him, Eminem looked as alone and bored as JC felt.

Joey glanced up and laughed. "You're drunk," he said, clapping JC on his back.

True, he was drunk. Or rather, he was getting there. He knew it was an excuse, and one he would fall back on in the morning, but suddenly he wanted to take Joey up on his offer. He wanted to call Joey's bluff. There was no way Joey would hook him up with Eminem ... but it would be fun to see how Joey squirmed his way out of it. "I want him," JC said, finishing his drink. "Go get him for me."

Joey looked at him, incredulous. "You're joking."

JC shrugged. Maybe he was. But he was lonely, and Eminem

looked lonely, too. And the guy wasn't bad looking -- he had this bad ass attitude problem, he dissed 'N Sync in almost every song he sang, he had this whole angry white boy thing going, but suddenly JC noticed how young he looked, and he wondered what that pale skin and pale hair would look like pressed against the white, sterile sheets of his bed. And he wanted to find out. "You said --"

"I know what I said," Joey replied, a little angry that JC was pushing him. "I thought you wanted me to get you a girl --"

"Why?" JC countered. "Justin and Lance, you and Chris --" Joey looked at him sharply. "Please, Joe, you think I'm stupid? Or blind? Fuck, I'm lonely. And right now I think I'd like to try something different."

"Something deadly," Joey said. "You think he's going to just come back here with me? You think he'll even let me walk away after suggesting you two hook up? He's married."

JC shrugged. "That's his problem. Come on, I'll go with you." He pulled Joey into the crowd, and for a moment he faltered, unsure. What the hell was he doing?

And then Joey pushed past him, leading the way. They stopped in front of Eminem, and Joey cleared his throat. The white rapper turned around, distrust shining bright in his eyes. "Who are you guys?" he asked, his voice already angry. He glared at them, and JC wanted to shift from foot to foot beneath that intense, hot gaze.

"Joey Fatone," Joey said, holding out his hand. Eminem looked at it warily, as if Joey were offering him a snake that might bite. Jerking his thumb at JC, he added, "JC Chasz. We're from --"

"'N Sync," Eminem said, frowning. "I know. What do you want?"

Joey shrugged, and JC wanted to laugh at the discomfort that crossed Joey's features and was gone. "Just wanted to say hey," he said easily.

Eminem looked at JC. "Is this a joke?" he asked.

JC opened his mouth to speak, but those violent eyes stopped the words dead in his throat, and JC wondered if those eyes softened during sex. He wondered if he'd have a chance to find out. "No," he whispered, unable to look away from the prison of those eyes. "No joke."

Joey laughed and slapped Eminem's arm. "Congrats on your wins tonight, man," he said.

Eminem glared at Joey. "Don't touch me," he said, and JC heard the huge black rappers behind him rumble like thunder. He glanced at JC again. "That's all you wanted?"

No, JC thought, I want you. But he kept his mouth closed, afraid the words would escape if he opened it. Joey laughed again. "I loved your performance," he added, and began to rap what he could remember from the songs.

Eminem frowned, his eyes wide. "You're whacked," he said, shaking his head, but JC saw the small grin that tugged at the corners of his mouth and found himself wondering if he had a pretty smile. Glancing at JC, the rapper said, "You don't say much."

JC shrugged. "Not much to say," he replied, raising his glass to his lips before remembering that he had emptied it already. He set it down on a nearby table and let his gaze roam down Eminem's body, hidden beneath the baggy clothes he wore. When he raised his eyes, he saw Eminem watching him intently, a strange look on his face. With a glance at Joey, JC felt his heart leap into his throat as he asked, "You want to go someplace a little quieter?" Please, he pleaded, hoping Eminem could read his thoughts in his eyes, please say yes.

To his surprise, Eminem shrugged. "Why the fuck not?" he asked. JC led the way from the room, Eminem right behind him, and when he looked back at Joey, the astonished look on his friend's face bolstered his courage. See? he thought triumphantly. You don't need him to hook you up with anyone. You can do just fine on your own.

Now if he could only control this fire he set aflame.

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The limousine. JC sat on one side of the seat, his back to the partition that separated them from the driver. Eminem sat across from him, one foot tapping nervously as he looked around the plush interior of the limo and laughed. "Not bad," he commented. Glancing at JC, he asked, "You got anything hard in here?"

Do I ever, JC thought, shifting his erection into a more comfortable position as he leaned forward to open the fridge beneath his seat. "Jack Daniels," he offered. "Southern Comfort. What's your poison?"

Eminem reached between JC's legs. JC caught his breath sharply, but Eminem was intent on a bottle of booze, and he sat back once he managed to snag something to drink. "We have glasses," JC offered, but the rapper popped the cork off the bottle with expert ease and began to gulp down the vodka. JC watched as Eminem's cheeks flushed from the heat of the alcohol, a thin sweat breaking out along his pale brow, and JC wondered if that's what he looked like after an orgasm, mouth open, breathing rapidly, eyes half-closed. He thought maybe it was.

They sat in silence, JC waiting while Eminem finished off the bottle. When he bent down to reach for a second one, JC caught his hand and pulled him up into his lap. Eminem's hand fumbled at JC's groin, a sweet ache that made JC's knees weak, and then JC's lips brushed against the rapper's with just the briefest of touches. A heartbeat later, Eminem pushed JC back against the seat roughly, moaning as his lips closed over JC's, his tongue shoving into JC's mouth. The liquor on Eminem's breath was intoxicating, and JC wrapped his arms around Eminem's narrow waist, pulling him closer. Eminem knelt on the seat, one leg on either side of JC's,

his hands finding JC's head and grabbing into his hair as their kiss deepened. JC thrust up into Eminem's crotch, glad to feel a budding erection through the baggy clothes.

Eminem broke away first. "Fuck," he muttered, and fear gripped JC at the disbelief that flooded Eminem's blue eyes.

"Don't think about it," JC whispered. "If it feels good --"

Eminem cut off his words with another kiss, this one hungry and sure. He held JC's chin in his hand as his tongue probed JC's mouth, his lips soft and demanding. JC ran his hands beneath the rapper's shirt, the feel of hidden flesh warm, invigorating. He rubbed Eminem's back gently, and then slid his hands down to the waistband of the rapper's jeans. He felt the tightness of briefs where the jeans hung from Eminem's narrow waist, and he slipping his hands into the denim easily, cupping the rapper's ass through his underwear. Eminem kissed his chin and neck and moaned again, louder this time, when JC squeezed his butt. "Fuck you," he whispered, but there was no malice in the words. Eminem looked at him with wavering eyes, slightly breathless from their kisses.

"Do you want to?" JC asked, grinning.

But Eminem slid off of his lap and crawled back onto his side of the limo. Flopping back against the seat, he stared at the roof of the car and gulped once, twice, trying to regain his composure. His arms were flung out at his sides, his legs spread invitingly, and without another word, JC fell to his knees on the floor of the limo and reached for Eminem's zipper. "No," the rapper said, pushing his hand away.

JC was insistent. "Yes," he replied, tugging the zipper down easily. He felt Eminem's erection already hard beneath the thin fabric of his underwear. He rubbed the rapper's thick cock through his briefs, a slight smile on his face at the way Eminem closed his eyes, his breath short and even bursts from his open mouth. With exaggerated care, JC eased down the snug waistband of Eminem's underwear until his red, swollen member lay exposed amid a patch of light hair. Eminem shifted lower in the seat as JC rubbed his dick with one hand, holding the underwear down with the other. Cupping his hand beneath Eminem's balls, JC let the waistband rest below them and began to stroke with both hands, watching the pleasure on the rapper's face. "This isn't so bad now, is it?" JC asked softly.

Eminem moaned in reply. Slipping his fingers beneath Eminem's cock, JC squeezed gently, feeling him harden in his hands. JC kneaded until the thick shaft was solid between his fingers, and then he opened his mouth, taking just the tip of Eminem's penis inside. The rapper thrust into his mouth, his hands fisting into JC's hair as he pushed him down onto him, thrusting further inside. JC choked once before relaxing. His lips rubbed Eminem's cock insistently, greedy, as his tongue worked its way around and around the hard dick. The sensitive tip of Eminem's penis tickled the back of his throat, and JC sucked hungrily, one hand encircling the base of his dick while the other fondled his balls. Eminem fucked into his mouth, harder and harder, over and over again, and JC kept up with the steady rhythm, his gaze never leaving the

rapper's face. He saw those piercing eyes close in ecstasy, those pouty lips form a perfect O, that inebriated tongue sticking out like a promise, and then his mouth was flooded with bittersweet cum. JC swallowed quickly, sucking and squeezing until Eminem fell back to the seat, exhausted and spent.

He watched with a cloaked expression as JC sat back and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "Fuck," Eminem whispered, breathless, but he made no move to tuck his wilting dick into his pants. Carefully, oh so gently, JC did that for him. As he zipped up Eminem's jeans, Eminem ran a gentle hand through his hair. "What's your name again?" he asked softly.

"JC," came the reply.

But Eminem shook his head. "Your real name," he said.

JC took a seat beside him and dared to drape an arm around Eminem's shoulders. "Joshua," he said. He touched the rapper's hair cautiously, and to his surprise, Eminem leaned back into his touch.

"I'm Marshall," Eminem said. And then he shrugged. "If you wanted to know."

"I did," JC replied.

"I better get back to my posse," Eminem said. Here in the limo his voice didn't sound so angry, his eyes not quite so vicious, and suddenly JC didn't want to open the door and let the rest of the world in. The world that had hardened those eyes, added the edge to that voice. Eminem looked up at him and smiled sadly. "Thanks."

"My pleasure," JC said softly. He leaned down and kissed Eminem one more time, his lips lingering. Of this night he would always remember the smell of the leather seats of the limo, the taste of vodka on Eminem's breath, and the way his hands grabbed onto JC's waist desperately as they kissed, as if he didn't want to let him go.

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Yet another hotel room in a string of faceless hotels. It had been a little more than a month since the VMAs, and JC could still feel Marshall's tongue in his mouth late at night. In his mind he called him Marshall, like a secret name that only he knew. He wished he had called him that after they kissed, the taste of his cum still on JC's tongue. But he hadn't said his name at all. And he wondered if Marshall remembered him.

Since the tour started, he found himself sleeping fitfully at night, tossing and turning only to awake in sweaty sheets with the memory of blazing eyes burning into his mind. Once or twice he woke up with an aching erection that a few good strokes eased, and as he came, he thought of how it felt to hold Eminem in his mouth, the musky scent of his sex as intoxicating as the vodka on his breath. Sometimes he even woke up with the sheets already slick with his own juices, and he was glad he was the only one of

the group not sharing a room with someone else. What would the others think if they knew JC was having wet dreams about a guy who publicly admitted to hating their group?

Joey would think it was funny, JC was sure. He had hounded JC for details of what happened that night, but JC never said a word. The others thought Joey was kidding, and for a while they laughed at the thought of JC hooking up with Eminem, calling him whenever one of his videos came on the TV, turning up the radio when they played that Slim Shady song. "It's your boy," Justin would say before collapsing into Lance's lap in a fit of giggles. JC just smiled and ignored them.

But at night? He couldn't ignore the way he felt, the way he wanted someone to hold him, the way his mind painted the memory of that night vividly into his dreams. He told himself he was fine -- he had his music, the group, and that was all he needed to survive. He didn't want a relationship right now, he didn't want a crush on someone who didn't want him. You lie well, a small voice inside of him whispered into the darkness of the hotel rooms, when he lay beneath thin covers after another exhausting show, but you can't lie to yourself. You don't want a relationship, true, but you're horny and you want him so badly you can still taste him on your tongue, you can still feel him in your mouth, his hands clutching you because for that moment he wanted you too.

When he checked into the hotel at Indianapolis with the others, JC wasn't thinking of anything but sleep. They had just spent the last three days on the road, and every bone in his body ached. He hoped he was tired enough that he could just crawl between the sheets and sleep the rest of the day away without the dreams or the memories or the desires waking him up.

And then the girl behind the counter slipped him a folded piece of paper with his key. "What's this?" he asked.

She shrugged. "Message for you. Someone called just before you came in, asked me to give you their number."

JC opened the paper and read the ten digits. "Where is this?" he asked.

Glancing at the number, the girl said, "I think that's Michigan," she said. "Up near Detroit. About six hours away. It's a long distance call."

Detroit -- he didn't dare to hope. Folding the paper back up again, he shoved it into his back pocket and asked, "Did they say who it was calling?"

She shook her head. "Just some guy. Wanted to talk to Joshua Chasez. That's you, right?"

His heartbeat quickened. "Yeah, that's me. Thanks." He started to walk away, and then he said, "If he calls back, patch him through to my room, will you?"

"Sure," she said, nodding, as she turned away.

Detroit, his mind whispered, and JC wondered if it was him.



Suddenly he wasn't as tired as he thought he had been a few moments earlier.

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The hotel room a few hours later. The phone rang shrilly, and JC fumbled with the receiver, half awake. "Hello?" he muttered into the receiver, sure it was one of the guys telling him to get his lazy ass out of bed because dinner was on its way.

But there was just the empty silence of an open connection, and long distance filled the static. "Hello?" JC asked again, a little more awake.

"Did you get my message?" The voice was soft but it held a hint of malice there, a dangerous edge that set JC's heart beating. It was Eminem.

"Marshall," JC whispered, lying back into the pillow. "God, yes." He closed his mouth before he could ramble on.

"I need to see you again," Eminem said, lowering his voice into the phone, and JC wondered where he was that he was afraid of being overheard. "I never forgot about that night."

"I didn't either," JC admitted for the first time. "I'd love to see you. We have a show here tomorrow --"

"I mean tonight," Eminem said. "I'm ... I'll be there in fifteen minutes. I'm already on my way."

JC felt a familiar stirring in his groin at the words. I'm already on my way. "You're serious?" JC asked, yawning. Please say yes.

He heard Eminem sigh distractedly. Through the phone he heard a screech of brakes, then a horn blowing insistently. "Fuck you!" Eminem yelled, and JC laughed. "Not you," he said into the phone. "Fucking assholes can't fucking drive."

"Maybe you should pull over," JC suggested.

"Fuck that," Eminem growled. "I'm almost there. Are you going to let me in?"

JC shivered at the memory of those few hungry kisses stolen in the back of the limo. "Yeah," he whispered. His hand drifted to his crotch, where he was already growing hard in anticipation, and he rubbed his dick through his jeans. Closing his eyes in delight, he moaned, "Where are you now?"

"Pulling into the parking lot," Eminem said, and JC heard the squeal of tires over the phone. "Stop touching yourself and just open the damn door for me."

JC smiled as the phone went dead in his hand. Replacing the receiver, he stretched languidly in the bed, the covers slightly rumpled but not too badly disturbed, since JC had laid down on top of them when he took his nap. Standing up, he clicked on a lamp

on the far side of the room, throwing a warm light onto the bed, and he waited.

Within minutes, there was a rapid, eager knock on his door. JC wiped his sweaty hands on his jeans to dry them off and crossed the room in three steps. Unlocking the door, he threw it wide and found Eminem standing on the other side, the scowl on his face hidden by a black baseball hat, his body draped in a baggy sweatshirt and huge jeans. He glanced at JC and pushed his way into the room without a word. JC closed the door behind him, locking it.

And then he felt strong, warm hands on his chest, pulling him back against Eminem's body. Needy lips kissed at the back of his neck, sucking hungrily. JC closed his eyes as Eminem's hands roamed down to his aching erection, cupping it through his jeans, and JC gasped, leaning his head back on Eminem's shoulder as his lips sucked along his neck and the chiseled set of his jaw. With sure fingers the rapper unzipped JC's jeans, his hands slipping inside to stroke JC's hard dick.

JC turned in Eminem's embrace, his hands cradling the rapper's neck as their lips found each other's, their kisses breathy and hot. As JC licked Eminem's lips, his tongue tasting the pouty sweetness before slipping into the rapper's greedy mouth, he felt his jeans slip down his legs, and strong hands cupped his buttocks, pulling him close. His cock throbbed between them, and he could feel Eminem's own erection through his heavy jeans. Suddenly they both were wearing too many clothes, and JC struggled to get the rapper's sweatshirt off over his head. When he tossed it aside, Eminem unzipped his own jeans, pushing them to the ground and pulling at JC's shirt in the same fluid motion.

A light knock landed on the door, and JC looked at Eminem, fear in his eyes. "You're alone, right?" he whispered, breathless.

The rapper nodded. Then JC heard someone in the hall laugh and Joey called his name. "Wake up, sleepyhead! Time for dinner."

"Fuck," JC muttered, and a smile crossed Eminem's face at the word. Raising his voice, JC called, "I'm not hungry."

Silence. JC suddenly felt cold and naked, standing there in his underwear, and he crossed his arms in front of his chest, awkward. But Eminem reached out and trailed a finger down the bulge in his underwear, and JC closed his eyes in delight. Then Eminem's warm lips were on his, and JC breathed his name. "Marshall --"

"You okay?" Joey asked, concern lacing his voice.

Eminem sighed. "Fuck," he growled against JC's neck, his arms wrapping around JC protectively. "Tell them to go away."

"Go away," JC said. "Please Joey, I'm fine. I'm just ..."  
pre-occupied, he thought, for lack of a better word. "I'm just tired. I'll catch up with you guys later. Please."

For a long moment, he held his breath, waiting. Eminem leaned against him, his lips on JC's shoulder, and waited as well. Then he

heard a muffled "Okay" through the door, and footsteps and laughter faded away down the hall. JC let out a sigh of relief. "They're gone," he whispered.

In reply, Eminem slipped his hands into the back of JC's underwear, his hands rough on JC's smooth ass. JC uncrossed his arms and folded them around Eminem's neck, hugging him as he kissed the rapper's lips fervently. "I've thought about you constantly," Eminem whispered into JC's mouth, and the words stirred JC's blood. "I've got a wife and kid and all I can think about at night is you."

JC smiled and thrust his hips against Eminem's, rubbing their erections together with a sweet pain. "I have wet dreams about you," he admitted, and Eminem laughed.

"That's got to be the best thing anyone's ever said to me," he whispered, nipping at JC's neck. "You come just thinking about me?"

JC nodded. "Sometimes. I remember the way you tasted that night."

Eminem hooked his fingers into the waistband of JC's underwear and pulled them down. "Let's see how you taste," he whispered, kneeling in front of him. As his underwear fell to the floor, JC felt Eminem's lips encase his throbbing cock, warm and hot and so impossibly soft. Without warning, JC's knees buckled at the sensation, but Eminem's strong hands were on his butt, holding him up, as the rapper took his full length into his mouth and sucked hungrily. JC closed his eyes and leaned back against the door, thrusting into Eminem's willing mouth. When was the last time someone did this for him? He didn't know, he didn't care. The only thing he was conscious of was the hot dampness on his dick, the soft tongue licking his hard shaft, the spit drooling down onto his balls, the way the overly sensitive tip of his cock tickled along the roof of Eminem's mouth. He felt strong hands cupping his ass, spreading his cheeks apart as he sat down, thrust forward, harder, faster, so close ... he grabbed Eminem's head and pushed into him, so close, oh so close ...

He came explosively, and Eminem choked on the force of his ejaculation. As JC collapsed back against the wall, he saw his own white cum dripping down Eminem's chin. JC sank down to the floor, exhausted, and Eminem's hands were on his back, pulling him into a tender embrace. Wiping his juices away from Eminem's mouth, JC giggled. "You remind me of one of those milk ads," he said softly.

Eminem laughed. "It doesn't taste like milk."

JC laughed too. "No, it doesn't." He kissed away the cum on Eminem's lips, his hands tracing lightly across the rapper's chest. He pinched Eminem's nipples, teasing them erect, and murmured, "Fuck me."

The rapper's eyes lit up. "You cussing or asking?" he whispered as JC sat down on his knees.

"Both," JC replied. "Marshall --"

"Shut up, Joshua," Eminem whispered, and JC kissed him again. He wanted this man, who held him around the waist, whose erection was thick and hard against his crotch, awakening his own dick again, whose lips were so damn sweet and whose face looked so young in this soft amber light that barely illuminated the room. Gently JC pushed his tongue into Eminem's mouth, tasting his own juices on the rapper's teeth and lips. Eminem moaned beneath him and let JC ease him down to the floor. "The bed," Eminem said as JC covered his face with small fluttery kisses.

"Why not here?" JC asked, straddling Eminem's waist. He sat down on Eminem's crotch, feeling the stiff erection confined in the rapper's underwear solid and hard beneath his ass.

"Rug burns," Eminem replied, sitting back up. JC climbed off of him and laid down on the bed, the comforter cool beneath his hot skin. Propping himself up on one elbow, he watched as Eminem stripped off his underwear and crawled onto the bed beside him. JC licked his lips and sighed as the rapper ran one hand down his arm, the touch so gentle, so soft, so unexpected that JC found himself hard all over again. "I never thought I'd do this," Eminem whispered.

"Do what?" JC asked. He let Eminem lay him down onto the pillows.

Leaning over him, Eminem looked at JC with a naked hunger in his eyes. "Fuck a guy," Eminem said, and JC laughed. "What?"

"You're so cute," JC said, sighing. "Fuck me already, will you?"

Eminem grinned. "I like it when you say that word. It sounds so prim and proper on your lips, like you're afraid someone will yell at you for saying it." Kissing JC's nipple, his tongue tracing circles around the tender bud, Eminem commanded, "Say it again."

"Fuck?" JC asked, and Eminem bit his nipple playfully. "Fuck," JC moaned, reaching for his aching cock. Eminem slapped his hands away. "Fuck fuckfuckfuck," JC cried in a breathless litany as Eminem slipped a finger into his tight ass, working his way deep inside of him. JC shifted on the bed as another finger slid inside, stretching him open. Then Eminem spit into his palm and rubbed his own dick, lathering it with saliva before guiding it to where his fingers held JC wide. "Fuck," JC moaned loudly as Eminem eased his hard length inside of him, filling him completely.

"Say it again," Eminem whispered, thrusting into him. "Tell me how good I am."

JC moved his hips beneath the rapper, his arms wrapped around the narrow waist, clutching him tight. "Fuck me," he whispered, and between them his own erection ached with each thrust as Eminem's body pressed against his. "God, harder, Marshall, harder, harder." The bed began to hit the wall in a steady rhythm, and JC was glad the others were out to dinner right now. He would hate to have to explain this to them.

"Joshua," Eminem breathed, thrusting into him faster and faster. JC felt himself come again, his juices hot and wet between them, and still Eminem kept fucking, harder, faster, driving into him with a passion and lust that he had only dreamed of. Then JC felt the rapper's hands on his waist, pulling him closer as he thrust into him as far as he could possibly go, and when he came, his face went slack with release, his eyes closing, his cheeks flushed, his brow sweaty and oh so pale. As he collapsed on top of JC, he wrapped his arms around JC's shoulders and nuzzled against his neck. "You're so fucking tight," Eminem whispered. "I've never had it like that before."

JC hugged him close, holding him as the sweat cooled on both of their bodies. Inside of him, he felt Eminem's dick soften, but he didn't pull out. "Marshall," JC sighed. "Jesus, just stay here a minute, will you? Please. Just let me hold you."

Kissing JC's neck with small, tender kisses, Eminem replied, "I'm not going anywhere. I'm staying here tonight."

JC thought it was a marvelous idea.

\* \* \*

The hotel parking lot. The show was over and it was time to move on. JC stood beside Eminem's car and looked at the tour bus, parked on the other side of the lot. His friends were inside, waiting for him. Eminem leaned against his car, his hand in JC's. "Hey," he said softly, tugging on JC's hand. JC turned and looked at him sadly. "I won't forget you."

JC sighed. "I don't want you to," he whispered. Blinking back tears, he tried not to think of the lonely nights ahead or remember the last two days spent in his room, wrapped in each other's arms. "I ..." He sighed. "Oh fuck this."

A faint smile crossed Eminem's lips. "Come here," he said gruffly, pulling JC into a warm embrace. With his lips against JC's ear, he whispered, "You have my number. We'll hook up again."

"You promise?" JC asked, hugging him tightly.

Eminem took JC's face in his hands and rubbed his cheeks gently with his thumbs. "I promise," he replied. He closed his eyes and pulled JC into a sweet kiss, their lips sucking at each other, almost afraid to let go. JC ran his hands along Eminem's arms, holding onto his wrists, as the rapper's tongue slipped inside his mouth with a intimacy that made JC's groin ache. Tears pricked at his eyes as he savored their last kiss.

And then Eminem pulled away. "I'll see you around, Joshua," he said.

JC nodded. "Okay, Marshall. Take care."

"Dream about me," Eminem said, grinning. He opened the door to his car and climbed inside.

"I will," JC whispered. "Remember me."

"I will," Eminem replied. With a wink at JC, he tugged on his baseball cap and, turning on the car, pulled away.

JC sighed, a sad, shaky sound, and headed for the tour bus, the familiar loneliness settling into his bones once again.

The End

Happy Birthday  
by NSyncGrrl

His flight landed at the Charlotte airport a little after eight that night, and by the time he got his rental car and managed to extract himself from the traffic, the rapper known to the world as Eminem was pissed. The show started at 7:30 and already he was late. Fuck, he thought as he swerved down the road. There's always an opening act. They won't go onstage yet. But he couldn't keep his foot off the pedal and he cursed obscenities out the window at every car he passed.

As he neared the coliseum, traffic slowed to a crawl. He inched along, each flash of brakes on the SUV in front of him fueling his anger. Someone inside had painted on the back of the SUV, in gawdy letters, Honk if you're 'N Sync! Frowning, he laid on the horn. "Get the fuck out of my way," he muttered as car horns around him joined in a cacophany of noise. This is why I hate going to any shows but my own, he thought bitterly. And recently, I haven't liked those very much, either.

When he managed to get into the parking lot, an attendant in a reflective orange vest stopped him. "Five dollars," she said, holding out her hand.

"For what?" he asked, glaring at her.

"To park," she replied, but she looked around nervously, suddenly unsure.

He scowled and bit back the sharp retort on the tip of his tongue. He wasn't in the mood for this shit. He stared at her for long minutes, trying to rein in his anger, until she took an involuntary step back. When she open her mouth to speak, he pulled out the laminated VIP pass he wore around his neck. "I ain't paying to park," he growled.

She blanched when she recognized his name and waved him on. He had to show the pass three more times before someone realized he wasn't a stupid teeny and took him backstage. In the hallway, a gaggle of girls crowded around a mirror, congratulating each other with false hugs and insincere kisses. The opening act, he thought, scowling at them. When one of the girls looked his way, the smile on her face slipped away. He considered flipping her off but settled for the sulking pout that seemed to be working so well tonight. She edged her friends away from him, leaving him alone.

He moved closer to the stage. From here he could hear the crowd, screaming insanely. He could hear the music thumping through the floor, through his body, drowning out the sound of his own heartbeat. He could see the light show and wondered if the routines were any different from the ones the group did on HBO over the summer. He doubted it.

Stepping out from behind the stage, hands shoved deep into

the pockets of his baggy jeans, he walked amid the sound crew, glancing up at the performance. With his loose dark sweatshirt and his baseball cap pulled down low over his eyes, he looked like one of the crew. The pass around his neck kept people from questioning his presence. No one stopped him as he walked towards the front of the stage, where bodyguards in white shirts kept the screaming girls in the audience at bay.

And then he saw them -- he saw him. The man he had come here to see. He didn't know what song they were on -- he thought it was that Jerusalem one, he couldn't remember the names of their tunes to save his life -- but he hadn't missed too much of the show. And there wasn't much more left, either, he hoped. He watched the group dance, their bodies moving in beat with the music, with each other, driving the fans wild.

Then JC glanced down, looking right at him, and smiled. The next dance move had more thrust in it, and Eminem wondered if it was meant for him. When JC winked, he grinned back. He couldn't wait for the show to be over already.

\* \* \*

After the concert, JC lingered in the dressing room. His ears rang incessantly from the sheer volume of the crowd -- what an awesome gathering, he thought, packing up the items strewn about on his dresser. Perfect way to kick off the new leg of the tour. His heart pounded in his chest, his arms and legs tingled like a million bees were prickling his skin, he couldn't seem to remember how to breathe -- he loved performing. He never felt more alive than he did when he stepped out on the stage.

And you saw him, his mind whispered. A silly grin spread across his face. Before the show, JC had paced the floor nervously, waiting. Joey told him to stop wearing a hole in the carpet, and Justin said he'd knock his ass flat on the ground if he didn't sit down. But he hadn't been able to shake the anxiety that clutched at his heart and throat. What if he doesn't come? he thought, the words racing around inside of him. What if he doesn't want to come? What if he's got other plans? What if his plane is delayed? Fuck, what if his plane crashes? That was going a bit far, but still ... he had told JC he'd be there for the first show, and yet he still hadn't arrived by the time they went onstage.

But you saw him, he reminded himself. Halfway through the show, JC saw him in the pit with the crew. Scooping up the clothes he wore for the show, he left the dressing room, heading for wardrobe. He was sweaty from the energy expended onstage, and the jeans he wore stuck to his thighs, his tight shirt hugged his chest. He couldn't wait to get out of the clothes. And into his arms, he thought, grinning again. JC wondered where Marshall had disappeared to after the show.

"Hey, JC!" JC turned to find Lance running to catch up with him. Justin was right behind him. As Lance approached, JC could see the exhaustion shining in his eyes. "Chris wants to go out for a drink," he said, catching his breath. "You coming?"



JC shook his head. "I'm really tired," he said, ignoring the energy coursing through his body. He hoped Lance couldn't hear the excitement in his voice or see the way his hands shook with adrenaline.

Chris stepped out of his dressing room. "Come on," he cajoled, tossing his costume at JC. The clothing fell to the floor in a rumpled heap. "It's my birthday. Come celebrate it with me."

Laughing, JC shook his head again. "We did that already, remember?" Before the show, they had a private dinner party. "Would it be really horrible of me to beg off this once?"

"You always beg off," Justin pointed out. "What're you going to do instead, go back to the hotel and crash?"

JC shrugged. "Doesn't sound like a bad idea," he said, though it was the farthest thing from his mind at the moment. He wanted to get laid, get something to eat, and find Marshall, and not necessarily in that order. He shifted on his feet, hoping his impatience wasn't too apparent.

Chris looked at him closely. "Did that friend of yours ever show up?" he asked. JC nodded. "Well, bring her along," he said. "Dani's coming, Justin and Lance are going to be there, Joey'll find someone, I'm sure -- it'll be fun."

But JC just shook his head. "I don't think that's such a good idea," he said, heading for the wardrobe room again. He hadn't told the others who he was expecting to show up at this concert; they'd never believe him if he told them that he had a ... a what? A boyfriend? Marshall wasn't that, not exactly. They talked dirty to each other on the phone, sent nasty emails back and forth, and fucked each other senseless when they met up. Did that make them boyfriends? JC didn't think so. He went out with the guys, picked up girls for a night every now and then, but he spent his nights wanting strong arms around him, hard hands on his body, hot breath in his ear, that angry, sullen voice he found so damn sexy. When he called Marshall and asked him to come to their first show, he had been terrified Marshall would say no. And now that he was here, JC wasn't about to let the moment slip by. Pushing open the door to the wardrobe, he smiled weakly at Chris. "Happy birthday, man. Go out and have a good time, all of you. Drink one for me, okay?"

Justin sighed. "Fine," he said, taking Lance's arm in his. JC entered the wardrobe, letting the door close behind him. Tossing his clothes into the laundry cart, he sighed and wondered again where Marshall was hiding.

Behind him he heard the soft catch of the lock and then the room went dark. JC turned nervously. "Hello?" he called out, wondering if one of the guys had followed him into the wardrobe.

Suddenly hot lips pressed against his neck, startling him. Rough hands grabbed at his shirt, tugging at him. "Fuck you, Joshua," Eminem moaned into his throat. "No one should be able to move the way you do."

JC laughed and wrapped his arms around Eminem, pulling him closer. He felt a hard bulge thrust into his own crotch, exciting him. "It takes lots of practice," he replied, moaning slightly. An eager tongue licked along beneath his chin, teeth biting playfully, and JC closed his eyes, savoring the sensation. How long had it been since they were last together? He stumbled back, his knees weakening beneath the kisses, the hands, the tongue. "Marshall," JC warned, taking another step back, "the guys are outside --"

"Fuck them," Eminem growled. "The door's locked. I want you now."

JC laughed again. He raised his hands between them, meaning to get some space between them -- he wanted this man so badly but not here, not where the others might overhear -- but instead he fumbled with the strings on the rapper's hooded sweatshirt, twisting them around his long, slender fingers, pulling him closer. His mouth found Eminem's, and he tasted malty beer and salt as he licked the pouty lips. "Not here," he whispered.

Eminem grabbed JC's ass in both hands and squeezed. "Yes here," he said, pulling JC's hips into his. "Right here. Right now."

"We're fully dressed," JC pointed out, laughing as he heard the man in his arms growl against his throat. God, he loved playing with this fire.

"I'm going to fuck you through those jeans in a minute," Eminem replied. His hands tugged at the waistband of JC's pants. "Now take them off."

JC twisted away. "No," he replied. "I said not here."

Eminem's grip tightened on JC's pants. "I fly all the way out here to fuck you, I sit throughout your whole damn dance routine with the worst hard-on for you, and when I finally get you alone you tell me no? What the fuck is that all about? Are you going to put out for me or not?"

Leaning forward slightly, JC trailed a finger down Eminem's arm, feeling the bunched muscles sheathed beneath the comfy sweatshirt. "I never said I wasn't going to fuck you," he said softly, and he smiled to hear the quickening of Eminem's breath. "I didn't send you that VIP pass for the hell of it. You know how freaky-deaky it makes me to hear you get all cussy and frustrated when you're horny?"

"And people think I'm the evil one," Eminem said, the smile in his voice menacing. He slipped two fingers beneath the waistband of JC's jeans, tickling JC's stomach. "Not here?"

"No," JC whispered, but as Eminem's fingers eased further down the front of his jeans, he wondered if maybe he should reconsider.

Eminem wiggled his fingers, unbuttoning JC's jeans in the process. As his zipper slid down like a sigh in the darkness, he asked, "Do you know what today is?"

"October 17th," JC replied, catching his breath as the tips of

Eminem's fingers brushed his erection through his underwear. JC caught his wrist in both hands and sighed. "Not here, remember?"

"Right," Eminem said, nodding, but his hand stroked JC's cock insistently, and JC didn't think he'd make it very far now.

"Today is Chris's birthday," JC added, hoping to dampen the fire in his veins, but Eminem's hand squeezed him gently and fanned the flames.

"And ...?" Eminem prompted. JC stepped out of his reach, the back of his knee hitting the low edge of a sofa behind him. He plopped down on the sofa, spreading his legs so Eminem could step between them.

"And today is your birthday," JC replied. "You think I didn't know? Why do you think I wanted you to come to this show and not the one in Indianapolis at the end of the month?" With nimble fingers, JC unzipped the rapper's jeans and let them fall to the floor. Then he tugged off the white briefs, gleaming dully in the dark room. His hands encircled Eminem's thick cock and he grinned as he heard the rapper's quick intake of breath. "I didn't buy you a present, though ..."

"Just suck me," Eminem hissed. "Fuck, Joshua, you're such a damn tease. Anyone ever tell you that? Suck it already."

JC laughed and leaned forward. Taking the tip of Eminem's penis into his mouth, he swirled his tongue around and down the hard shaft. His hands cupped the rapper's ass and pulled him closer, deeper into him. As he leaned back against the sofa, he felt Eminem straddle his thighs, kneeling on the cushions. His hands gripped the back of the sofa on either side above JC's head. JC slid down further, his own dick throbbing against the taut fabric of his pants, and as his tongue and lips worked on Eminem's cock, he wiggled his hips, working the pants off. Eminem began to thrust into JC's mouth, hard, long thrusts that tickled the back of JC's throat. As JC managed to free himself of his pants, he pushed Eminem's hips away from his face. "Fuck me," he whispered, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

"I thought you'd never ask," came the menacing reply. JC rolled over onto his stomach, pulling his underwear down to expose his pale, sculpted ass. Eminem climbed onto the sofa behind him and spread his buttocks apart. One good, hard thrust was all it took to slide into JC, who buried his face into the cushions to stifle his moans of pleasure. Eminem held onto JC's hips tightly, thrusting into him with a vengeance that ignited JC's blood. JC took his own dick in his hands, squeezing and kneading until he came, his juices spraying the cushions. As Eminem groaned above him, JC moved his hips in rhythm with the thrusts, working his lover faster and faster until he came explosively inside of him.

He collapsed on top of JC, his anger and energy spent. JC turned beneath him and sighed, wrapping his arms around Eminem's narrow waist. Tiny kisses licked along JC's chin, and then those hard teeth latched onto one of JC's earlobes. "Is that my present?" Eminem whispered.

JC shuddered with delight. "Happy birthday," he replied.

Eminem's hand found JC's softening dick, and a few expert strokes make it hard again. "My birthday's not over yet," he pointed out. "I should get one fuck for each year of my life."

"You think I can do that?" JC asked, laughing. "I just spent an hour and a half onstage, singing and dancing my heart out. You want me to stay up all night long fucking you, too?"

"Well," Eminem whispered, "that was one. Only twenty-seven more left to go." His hand squeezed JC slowly, maddeningly. "Unless you don't think you can keep up."

"Shit," JC drawled. He didn't know if he could or not, but he sure as hell wanted to find out.

The End

Sick and Tired  
by NSyncGrrl

JC held his head in his hands and groaned. His head ached fiercely, his nose was so stuffed up he couldn't even breathe, and his eyes watered constantly behind the pale blue glasses he wore. Jesus Christ, he thought, rubbing his temple. He didn't want to be at the studio today -- he wanted to crawl back into bed and hide beneath the covers and wake up once he felt better. But no. He had promised himself he'd get this album remixed while on break from the tour, and without the others around, he had looked forward to some down time spent alone in the studio. And then this bug hit, and he hadn't felt like doing anything at all. I have to finish this damn album, he thought bitterly. Glancing at the clock, he groaned. God, it's only noon. I've been here forever already and what do I have to show for it? Nothing. Not a single damn thing. He considered calling it a day and heading back to the hotel and his half-empty bottle of NyQuil.

A loud knock shook the studio door. "It's open," JC called, not looking up. Just stop banging already, he added to himself. He hoped it was someone claiming to have time scheduled in the studio. On the weekends a lot of artists did that, just showed up at the studio and tried to talk their way into a time slot. Usually JC was willing to share the studio with someone else but today he thought maybe he'd just head on out and let whoever wanted the place have it all to themselves.

"Joshua," a low voice growled, and the door clicked shut. JC heard the lock latch into place and looked up to find the rapper known as Eminem standing with his back against the door. He wore a baggy navy jacket over a gray t-shirt and sweatpants, a scowl on his face. "Fuck, do you know how hard it is to get in this damn place?"

JC grinned despite the pounding in his head. "You have to have a card," he said, holding up the security pass he wore around his neck. "If I had known you were in town, I would've given you clearance."

Eminem frowned. "You look like shit," he said, stepping further into the sound room. "You okay?"

JC shook his head. "I'm sick," he said, feeling an ignoble pout pull at his lips. Pushing his glasses up, he rubbed his eyes with both hands and sighed. "Fuck, Marshall."

"I guess you don't want to then, eh?" Eminem asked, laughing.

JC looked at him out of the corner of his eye. "I don't think it's very funny." When Eminem didn't reply, JC sighed again. "You can leave if you want to. I won't hold it against you."

"What, you think I just came here to fuck you and that's it?" Eminem asked, scowling.

JC nodded. "Yeah, that's exactly what I think. And normally I wouldn't mind, because I want to get fucked by you. But not today. Not right now. I feel like shit."

Eminem looked at him, his intense gaze in the close room bringing a sheath of sweat to JC's brow. You're just sick, he thought, running a hand through his hair. "You should be in bed," Eminem said softly, and JC laughed.

"No shit," he said. "But I have to get this damn album mixed."

"You can do it tomorrow," Eminem said. He sank down into the chair next the JC and frowned at him. "Fuck, Joshua. You're making yourself worse. Get home and get to bed and get better so we can fuck already."

JC laughed again. "Marshall --"

"I'm serious," Eminem said. "You'll kill yourself pulling this crap. Come on." He tugged at JC's arm.

JC tried to stay in the chair but Eminem was stronger and easily hauled him to his feet. "Marshall, no --" JC started, placing a hand on Eminem's chest.

Eminem's arms wrapped around his shoulders, and before he could stop himself, JC rested his head on Eminem's shoulder. As he rubbed JC's back, Eminem whispered, "You're burning up. What the fuck possessed you to try and work today?"

"I don't know," JC admitted. He let his hands find their way around Eminem's waist and closed his eyes, enjoying the strong embrace. "Marshall, I'm sorry --"

"For what?" Eminem asked brusquely. "Shit, Joshua, you're sick. You can't help that." His lips kissed JC's neck softly, belying the hardness in his voice. His tongue was cool on JC's throat, his breath gentle. JC sighed and hugged him closer. "Now if you don't get better, then I'll be mad."

JC grinned. "You can find someone else to fuck, I'm sure."

"Maybe," Eminem admitted. He kissed the sharp line of JC's jaw. "But I don't want anyone else. I want you. So I want you to get better."

Sniffling loudly, JC said, "I will."

"Now," Eminem said, releasing JC long enough to gather up JC's coat from the back of the chair. Draping it over JC's shoulders, he said, "I'm taking you home."

"I can't --" JC started, but Eminem was already leading him to the door, ignoring his protests. Fuck, JC thought, but he didn't have the energy to argue right now. And the idea of the comfort of his bed was almost too much to bear.

JC awoke in his darkened hotel room. The only light came from the TV, turned away from his bed, the volume down very low. "Marshall?" JC croaked, his throat scratchy. His head felt light and dizzy, but sometime while he slept his headache had left and his fever broke, leaving him cold and weak and shaky but better than he felt before lying down. "Marshall?" he called out again, pushing himself up carefully.

Eminem stepped around the TV, the light from the set illuminating his pale skin and paler hair, a grimace on his face. "Jesus, Joshua," he said, sitting on the edge of the bed. "You're never going to get better if you don't stay in bed."

"I'm feeling better already," JC replied. He sat up against the pillows and touched Eminem's knee. "Thanks for staying here with me."

Eminem shrugged. "Where else would I go?" he asked. He picked at the skin on JC's knuckles and frowned. "I bought you some soup for dinner."

"Thanks," JC said again. As Eminem stood up, JC caught his hand and pulled him down towards him. He kissed Eminem's cheek gently before letting him go.

Two containers of hot chicken soup sat on the dresser by the TV. Eminem clicked on a lamp and opened one of the containers. Handing it to JC, he said, "Be careful. It's fucking hot."

"I can see that," JC replied, blowing in the container to cool off the soup. He watched Eminem turn the TV around to face him, and then he sat at the foot of the bed, his own container of soup in his hand. "Marshall?" JC asked softly.

"Hmm?" Eminem replied, spooning the soup into his mouth.

"Come sit back here with me," JC said. "I'm feeling better."

Eminem scooted back onto the bed until he sat up against the headboard beside JC. He draped an arm around JC's knee, still hidden beneath the covers, his arm resting heavily along JC's inner thigh. "You look better," he said, studying JC for a minute before turning back to his soup.

Leaning his head against Eminem's shoulder, JC sighed. "Thanks," he said, eating the soup. They sat in silence as they watched the news on TV, and then Eminem slipped an arm around JC's shoulders, hugging him closer. As JC scraped up the last few spoonfuls of soup, he said, "You know what? I need a shower. And then I might be in the mood to fuck."

Eminem laughed. "See? I knew it would pay to stay here." He ran his hand down JC's back as JC sat up on his knees. "Get that shower and get back here."

"Kiss me," JC commanded. He leaned across Eminem to put his soup container on the bedstand, and Eminem caught him in a tight embrace. Pushing JC back to the bed, Eminem kissed him hungrily, his tongue still warm from the soup. His hands roamed down JC's

chest to tug at the waistband of his pants. JC wrapped his arms around Eminem's neck and moaned as he felt Eminem's thick erection press against his thigh. "You horny or what?" JC breathed.

"Fuck, Joshua," Eminem moaned. "I've been wanting you all day long. Now take that shower and come back so I can have you."

JC laughed as Eminem rolled off of him. "Fine," he said, sighing dramatically. He stripped off his shirt and tossed it at Eminem, who watched him from the bed.

As he slipped off his pants, Eminem growled, "You might not make it to the shower, Joshua. You're a fucking tease."

JC laughed. "You like it like that, Marshall," he pointed out. He pulled down his underwear and shook his ass as he danced out of the white briefs. When Eminem launched himself off the bed, JC hurried into the bathroom and shut the door, laughing. "I'll be right out," he promised.

"You better be," Eminem said, his voice loud through the door. "Or you'll be the one explaining to management why the door to your bathroom was torn off."

JC laughed again and turned on the water in the tub. God, he was feeling better and better by the minute.

The End



Foolish Pride  
by NSyncGrrl

Outside of the NBC television studios, JC climbed into the waiting limo and slid across the back seat until he pressed against the opposite door. Chris sat down beside him, and Justin laughed as he sat across from his friends. Lance and Joey got into the limo and the door shut behind them, cutting the screams and cries of fans gathered outside to a dull roar. From the corner of his eye, JC noticed Justin take Lance's hand in his, a small gesture that made JC's heart ache. He stared out of the window as the limo pulled away from the studios, a slight smile for the fans that didn't reach his eyes.

"Nice sweater," Justin said, grinning at JC. He looked at the black cardigan JC wore, bright orange, red, pink, and yellow birds embroidered on the front, and snickered.

"Shut up," JC growled. He personally liked the sweater.

On the far side of Chris, Joey laughed. "You should turn on the light in the morning when you get dressed," he said, his eyes crinkling as he grinned. "That usually helps me."

"Fuck, Joe," Chris said, "it doesn't help you much."

JC listened to his friends' laughter and sighed. "Just shut up, all of you," he said sourly. Lance opened his mouth to say something, a smile already lighting up his eyes, but JC glared at him and warned, "Don't even think it."

A high ringing filled the limo. All five men checked their belts, reaching for cell phones and pagers. "It's me," JC said, thankful for the diversion. He clicked on his phone and put it to his ear, turning away from his friends as he asked, "Hello?"

"Well damn, Joshua," the familiar voice drawled in his ear, angry in a raw, sexy way that made JC's stomach flutter, "what the fuck were you wearing on Rosie today?"

"Shut the fuck up," JC said softly, ignoring the curious glances from his band mates.

Eminem's malicious laughter curled into his ear. "You are so damn gay," he said. "Fuck, you almost burst into flames --"

"Well, thank you for pointing that out to me." JC scowled at his reflection in the window. "Did you just call to bitch, or was there something you actually had to say?"

"Fuck you, Joshua," Eminem said bitterly. "Shit. Don't be like that with me. I didn't have to call your sorry ass up."

JC pursed his lips and didn't say anything for a long moment. In his ear he heard Eminem's steady breath as he waited for JC to respond. Finally JC said, "You know what, Marshall? Fine. Fuck you."

Fuck everyone who hates this damn sweater, because you know what? I like it. I don't care what the hell you think about it. You're right. You didn't have to call." When Eminem didn't respond, JC considered saying something else, but everything running through his mind was bitter and angry and something he would have to apologize for later, and right now the thought of begging forgiveness was just too tiring. So he said simply, "Good-bye."

"Joshua --" Eminem started, but JC turned the phone off, terminating the call.

"Who was that?" Justin asked, curious. JC ignored him and clipped the phone to his belt. "JC?"

"None of your business," JC replied. His heart pounded in his chest, and he wiped his sweaty palms down the thighs of his leather pants. I didn't just hang up on Marshall, he thought, surprised to find that he felt slightly ill. Oh fuck. I didn't hang up on him. I didn't.

But he had. And he didn't know what he was going to do about it now.

\* \* \*

Back at the hotel, JC stormed to his room and slammed the door before anyone could say anything else to him. He stripped off the damn sweater and threw it on the bed as he kicked off his shoes. Fuck this crap, he thought bitterly. He had been in a good mood this morning, mostly, and everything was cool at the studios, but then on a commercial break Rosie said she liked his cardigan and the guys thought that was the funniest thing they heard all day. Justin and Joey couldn't stop picking on him about it. By the time they left, JC had been in a foul mood, and then -- I fucking hung up on Marshall, he thought lying down on the newly made bed. He rolled onto his side and crossed his arms in front of his chest, his head sinking into the soft pillows gratefully. I can't believe I hung up the damn phone. JC didn't know whether to laugh or cry, so he pushed all thought from his mind and closed his eyes. Curling his knees to his chest, he fell asleep.

A livid pounding woke him up. He blinked in the sudden darkness of his room, bleary eyes drawn to the red LED display of his alarm clock. 5:45 -- shit damn fuck, he thought as the pounding started up again. "Open up this fucking door, you prick!" someone yelled through the door, and JC groaned. Just kill me now. It was Marshall.

"Go away," JC groaned, burying his head into the pillow. He didn't want to fix this right now. He just wanted to go back to sleep and forget about everything, including the angry man pounding on his door.

"Open this door now, Joshua," Eminem growled, "or I'll break it down. I fucking swear it."

"Shit," JC muttered, pushing himself up out of the bed. He

stumbled to the door and unlocked it. As he touched the knob, it twisted violently in his grip, and the door flew open, the knob catching him in the stomach, as Eminem pushed his way into the room.

Icy blue eyes pierced JC with a deadly stare. "What the fuck is your problem, Joshua?" Eminem scowled, kicking the door closed behind him.

JC rubbed his stomach and glared at Eminem. "What the hell are you doing here?" he asked, pouting. "What if the others see you?"

"You hung up on me," Eminem said, poking JC's shoulder with one strong finger. A spot of pain drilled into him beneath the rough touch. "No one fucking hangs up on me, Joshua. You hear me? I've killed for less than that."

"Fuck," JC said, but he took a step back from the evil look Eminem threw his way. Sighing, he covered his eyes with one hand. Lord, give me the strength, he prayed, not quite sure what he needed it for. "If you're so fucking pissed, why don't you just leave?" He didn't dare look up to meet Eminem's gaze.

Just when he thought Eminem wouldn't answer, the rapper pouted and said, "Because I don't want to."

JC sighed. "Well," he said, but he couldn't think of anything to add to that so he closed his mouth again, waiting for Eminem to speak.

"I want to fuck," Eminem said suddenly, catching JC offguard. "That's why I came over here."

"I hung up on you --" JC started.

Eminem cut him off. "And that pisses the hell out of me. When I get pissed, I get horny. So you want to fuck or not?"

JC thought about it. He was tired and upset, and right now the idea of sex didn't appeal to him in the least. "No," he replied, still angry.

"What?" Eminem asked. Confusion crossed his features, and then his brow clouded like the sky during a thunderstorm, and high spots of color tinted his cheeks just below his deep eyes. "What the fuck is that supposed to mean?"

"It means no," JC replied, crossing his arms in front of his chest defiantly. His narrowed his eyes as he watched the emotions flicker across the rapper's closed face, and his shoulder still ached from where he had been poked. "What the hell do you think it means? No. I don't want to fuck right now. So you might as well leave."

Without warning, Eminem swooped down on him, his hands gripping JC's biceps like steel bands, his fingers digging into the soft flesh. "Don't play me like this," Eminem whispered, his face mere inches from JC's. His eyes sparkled brightly, his lips full and pink and pulled into a grimace. "I'm not going to ask you nicely, Joshua. You pissed me off. You got me into this mood. And you're

going to get me out of it. You hear? You're going to let me fuck you. I didn't come all this way for nothing."

JC tried to push Eminem away but the rapper was the stronger man, and he held JC's arms in a death grip. "I said no," JC hissed, his hands on Eminem's chest, holding the man at bay. "Let me go, Marshall." When Eminem didn't move, JC pushed against him harder. "I said, let me go. Now."

"What if that's not good enough for me?" Eminem asked, his voice dangerously low. "What if I want to fuck you anyway? What the hell are you going to do about it?"

"I said --"

"You think you can hold me off?" Eminem continued, angrily overriding JC's protests. He pulled JC closer, ignoring the hands on his chest, the fear in JC's eyes. "You think you can stop me if I want you?"

"No," JC whispered, suddenly afraid at what he saw in Eminem's icy eyes. "I said no."

Eminem frowned, his hands squeezing JC's arms, and JC bit his lip to keep from crying out. They stared at each other, anger and lust written plainly on Eminem's face, the fear coursing through JC's veins only hinted at in his eyes. He would not be cowed by this man. He would not.

Finally Eminem pushed JC away from him and spun on his heel. JC staggered back, catching himself on the corner of the dresser, and he watched the rapper's jaw clench tightly. "Fuck you, Joshua," he growled over his shoulder.

"Marshall --" JC sighed. "I'm sorry," he whispered. "Jesus, Marshall, I'm --"

Eminem opened the door and left without another word. As the door slammed shut behind him, JC closed his eyes. They burned like his shoulder and his arms, where he still felt Eminem's hands imprinted on his skin. What the hell did you just do, Joshua? he asked himself. He had never felt so alone. What the hell did you just lose?

\* \* \*

He could've raped you, JC thought, staring at the ceiling. He lay on the hotel bed, the room dark around him. He didn't know what time it was -- after Eminem left so abruptly, JC had swept everything off the bedside table in a fit of rage, and the alarm clock now rested on the floor, blinking up at the ceiling. 12:00 12:00 12:00 -- it was always noon or midnight to the clock now. No other time existed. JC could see the red lighted display flashing from the corner of his eye and wondered how long he had been lying there, trying desperately not to think. He could've fucking killed you --

But he didn't. The voice whispered softly, and JC blinked in surprise. He didn't. You pissed the hell out of him and sure, he got

a little bitchy about it, but he left. He didn't hurt you.

Well, JC's arms still throbbed slightly from Eminem's harsh touch, but the dull ache was nothing compared to the hollow torment in his soul. In the short time he had known the rapper, JC had grown fond of the man's crude language, his rough love, his intense eyes that burned with lust every time he looked at him. Fond? he thought ruefully. Admit it, Joshua. You're fucking obsessed with Marshall. You think of him every time you go to the bathroom. In the shower, in bed, anytime something even brushes your crotch, you go hard thinking of him and the way he looks at you like you're the only person he's ever desired. How's his song go? "I hope you can't sleep and you dream about it. And when you dream, I hope you can't sleep and you scream about it." That's how JC felt at times. He couldn't sleep without thinking of that strong, hard body pressed against him. The few times they managed to spend nights in each other's arms JC felt so wanted, so needed, so damn alive, in a way he had never felt with anyone else before.

You need him, he told himself, and it was true. You need him like a drug. You need to feel him kissing you and touching you and you need to feel him now, right now, and you've fucked up whatever it was between you two all because you were upset that he laughed at your damn sweater. You told him to get lost and he did, and it's all your fault. You and your damn ego. You and your foolish pride.

So now what're you going to do? JC pushed himself up off the bed and slipped his shoes on. He reached for the sweater but decided against wearing it again. Instead he pulled on a black sweatshirt that he had swiped from the rapper a few months ago and, picking up his keys, left the room. He was going to find Eminem. And he was going to get down on his hands and knees and beg and plead to be forgiven. Fuck, he wouldn't come back to the room unless Eminem was with him. He wasn't going to lose him now. He couldn't.

\* \* \*

The hotel's small bar was dark and dingy and crowded, and it was the first place JC stopped. He didn't know where Eminem was staying in the city, and there were so many clubs and bars and shitholes and dives where he could hide, but JC hoped maybe Eminem really wanted him and wouldn't go too far from the hotel. As JC pushed through the double doors of the room and saw the pale cropped hair and hunched shoulders at the bar, he suppressed a sigh of relief. Thank you, he silently prayed as he made his way to the bar. Thank you for letting his damn libido override his anger. Thank you for keeping him close by. Now if you can just keep him from kicking the shit out of me as I grovel, that would rock.

"Marshall," JC started, touching Eminem's shoulder gently.

The rapper shrugged JC's hand away. "Fuck you, Joshua," he growled. He stared balefully at JC's reflection in the mirror behind the bar, his eyes twin pools of indigo shadows. "Leave me the fuck alone."

"Oh God, please," JC whispered, his face crumbling. His heart twisted in his chest, and he looked at himself in the mirror, his own eyes tortured and shimmering with sudden tears. "I'm sorry, Marshall. I'm so fucking sorry. I don't know what got into me, you know? I was pissy and I know it wasn't your fault. It was the guys and their comments and you didn't know, you didn't fucking know --"

"You told me to fuck off," Eminem reminded him. He took a swig from the longneck bottle he held in one hand and looked around the bar, but no one was watching them. "You told me to fucking leave, Joshua."

"I know," JC whispered. He reached out to touch Eminem's shoulder again, and this time the rapper didn't move away. "I'm sorry, Marshall. For hanging up on you, and for bitching at you, and for saying no." He took a deep shuddery breath and met Eminem's livid gaze in the mirror. "Most of all I'm sorry for saying no. Because I want you, Marshall. I do. I can't live without your touch." Swallowing thickly, he added, "Come back to my room."

Eminem pouted, but JC saw a change in the darkness of his eyes that made his heart soar. "You can't fucking play me like a toy," he growled, downing the rest of his drink. "Kim tried that and found it didn't work. I don't fuck around."

"Will you please come back with me?" JC asked softly. He tugged at Eminem's sleeve, feeling the strength coiled in the arm hidden beneath the baggy fabric. Eminem looked down at JC's hand, a slight frown on his face. "Don't make me beg, Marshall, but I will if I have to. I need you. Please?"

Eminem raised his eyes to JC's, indecision written plainly on his angry features. "Don't fuck with me, Joshua," he said softly.

"I won't," JC said, shaking his head.

Sighing, Eminem pushed the bottle away and stood up. JC stepped back and waited as Eminem dug a few dollars out of his wallet and threw them onto the bar. Then he caught JC's elbow as he headed out of the bar, his grip strong and sure. There was no malice in his touch, not now, and JC let himself be led away, willing to follow. "Come on then," he said as they left. "I still want to fuck you."

JC laughed, feeling a familiar stirring in his groin at the thought of Eminem's naked body against his own. "Well now I feel like getting fucked," he said, smiling at the faint grin he saw cross Eminem's face.

\* \* \*

Back in his room, JC closed the door behind them as Eminem sat on the edge of the bed. JC felt the weight of Eminem's heated gaze on his shoulders, and with his back to the rapper, he slowly pulled the heavy sweatshirt off over his head, stretching for the ceiling. His jeans sank a little lower on his hips, and he heard

Eminem growl deep in his throat. "Joshua, come over here," he said, his gruff voice soft.

JC turned and looked at Eminem with smoldering eyes, a half-smile on his face. Stepping over to the bed, he looked down at Eminem, reaching out to cradle the rapper's face in his hands. Eminem closed his eyes beneath JC's gentle touch, opening his lips slightly. JC slipped a finger into the warm darkness of Eminem's mouth, and the rapper closed his lips over it, sucking hungrily. His hands roamed JC's chest blindly, pinching at the pink nipples, splaying across the smooth muscles. "Marshall," JC whispered, his lips trailing cool kisses along the rapper's fevered brow. "Oh God, Marshall. Don't fucking leave me again."

"Don't fucking piss me off," Eminem breathed, the malice gone from his words. His voice sounded so young, so vulnerable, and JC felt his skin tingle at the soft words.

"I won't," JC promised, his lips closing over Eminem's as he eased his finger out from between them. He bit at Eminem's lower lip, causing the rapper to moan, a low animal sound that made JC's cock ache. With eager hands, he tugged off Eminem's sweatshirt, his hands feeling the hard nipples beneath the thin white undershirt. "Fuck me, Marshall. Please."

Standing, Eminem stripped off his undershirt and shucked off his jeans, followed by his briefs. Nimbly he unzipped JC's jeans and pushed them down, sitting down on the bed again as JC stepped out of them. Eminem cupped the bulge in JC's underwear, rough hands squeezing gently. JC gripped Eminem's shoulders and arched his back, thrusting into the rapper's palm. Then Eminem slid the briefs down JC's legs, his lips nipping at JC's swollen erection playfully.

"Stop it," JC said, grinning, as he tried to dance out of Eminem's reach, but the rapper's arms encircled his waist and pulled him back. He licked JC's thick shaft, his tongue tickling along the tip, and JC gasped at the sensation. "Marshall, please." He pushed Eminem to the bed, kissing the rapper's full lips greedily. Tenderly he ran his hands down Eminem's chest, tweaking the erect nipples until he felt the warm body beneath him buck in pleasure.

Crawling onto the bed, JC straddled Eminem's hips, his erection lying along the length of the rapper's own, and his tongue traced the curve of Eminem's set jaw, the bend of his long neck, the hard cliff of his collarbone. His teeth found one of Eminem's nipples, closing over the tender bud until Eminem hissed in delight, his hands covering JC's ears, his fingers entwining in JC's hair. JC's fingers picked at Eminem's other nipple, thumbing it until it stood at attention beneath his touch. Eminem thrust his hips into JC, their dicks rubbing hard together. Tracing the solid muscles on Eminem's chest, JC kissed his way down the thin trail of hair along his lover's stomach, his lips fluttering across the inky tattoo etched into the dusky skin before pressing against the ashy blonde hair at his crotch. Eminem gasped, fisting his hands in JC's spiked hair as JC licked his lover's hard cock, his lips taking the thick shaft into his mouth.

Eminem thrust into JC's mouth, his hips shoving his dick further into the hot wetness. "Joshua," he moaned, as JC took the full length into him, his tongue swirling around the hard shaft. He sucked as he pulled back, his lips massaging the sensitive tip until he tasted the salt, the sex, the scent of the man beneath him. "Joshua, are you gonna let me fuck you or are you just gonna blow me all night long?"

JC let his lover's dick slip from between his lips. "You not enjoying this?" he asked, grinning wickedly.

Eminem tugged him up over his body, his hands wandering down JC's sides until they cupped his ass, spreading him open. As he eased inside, JC spread his legs further apart, his knees slipping on the bedcovers, driving Eminem deeper into him. He leaned over the rapper, grabbing onto Eminem's shoulders as his lover's thickness filled him completely. Rough hands rubbed his thighs with each thrust, pushing him down as Eminem rose up into him, over and over again. JC stared down into the intense blue eyes that stared back, devouring him, the lust shining brightly in their dark depths. Every thrust of their hips brought a grunt to Eminem's lips, the sound arousing JC, weaving into his mind so that it eclipsed all thought, until there was just the warmth of the body beneath him, the steady rhythm of blood and bone and fuck and those incredible eyes boring into him, consuming him, claiming him. Strong hands encircled his aching erection, squeezing, kneading, tugging him to the edge of orgasm before he gave in and fell into the surging emotions that roiled through him, erupting with volcanic intensity as he came. Several hard thrusts later and Eminem's face went slack in release as he came as well. JC let his arms collapse, like cut strings of a marionette, and he fell into Eminem's arms, encircling him, hugging him close. "Joshua," Eminem whispered, biting JC's ear gently as he rolled over onto him. "Have I ever told you what a great fuck you are?"

JC laughed breathlessly. "I see it in your eyes," he whispered, searching Eminem's bright gaze. When he opened his mouth to respond, JC closed it with a kiss. "Don't say anything, Marshall. I'm sorry about earlier. Don't say anything at all. Just stay here with me, please? Stay here and hold me and let's not talk about what happened before, okay?" He sighed. "Please?"

Eminem nipped at JC's neck, his tongue licking along the hollow of JC's throat, igniting him again. "Where else do you think I want to go?" he murmured.

JC shrugged in his tight embrace. "Just shut up and fuck me again," he whispered. Eminem laughed, a husky sound in the small hotel room, and when JC closed his eyes he saw that dark gaze like wet paint covering his soul.

The End



In Too Deep  
by NSyncGrrl

JC was the last to leave the studio, trailing behind his four friends, who were laughing at something Chris just said. The lobby was dark, the staff at the studio having left hours ago, the only light illuminating the posh waiting area from the halogens lighting the parking lot outside. The harsh light, as pale as moonlight, flooded into the lobby through the sliding glass doors at one end, and outside JC could see a handful of large, burly men, made larger by the heavy winter coats they huddled in to keep out the cold Detroit night. There were five men in all, large black fellows with ski hats pulled down to their brows and angry looks twisting their features. Sudden unease flitted through JC's stomach at the thought of passing through the gauntlet of those men, but the main lobby entrance was the only exit to the building this late in the evening. All others were sealed and armed with the studio's alarm system.

If the others noticed JC's nervousness, they didn't remark on it, but as the five members of 'N Sync left the studio, their talk quieted and they kept their eyes on the cars ahead, just a few feet from the studio. Joey held the door open for JC, who met his friend's gaze briefly before shoving his hands deep into the pockets of his denim jacket. As they passed the men, someone coughed, the word "boyband" hidden in the sound, and the men laughed.

JC risked a glance up and his heart stopped. There against the side of the building, not visible from inside the studio, stood the rapper known as Eminem. Bright blue eyes bored into him with an almost painful intensity, and JC stumbled off the curb. Keep walking, he told himself. Just keep walking or they'll know. His posse, your guys, they'll all know. With extreme difficulty, JC wrenched his gaze from Eminem's and followed his friends to the cars, his heart hammering in his chest. His knees felt rubbery, his arms hummed with electric energy, and suddenly he thought he might pass out. There was no way he could drive home now.

At his car, JC turned and watched as the men filed into the studio. Eminem glanced back at him, a scowl on his face that might have been more shadow than malice, but JC couldn't really tell in the darkness and the bright overhead lights. As the door closed behind the rapper, JC felt someone touch his shoulder, and then he heard Joey ask, "Josh?"

"I left my notebook in there," JC said suddenly. In his mind's eye he could see it clearly, the black and white marbled composition book sitting on the battered couch at the back of the sound booth, his chewed ballpoint pen resting on the closed cover. Inside were his poems, his songs, his journal entries that he never showed anyone else -- fuck, he thought, an ill feeling curling into the pit of his stomach. He hadn't named names in there, had he? He couldn't remember. There was one thing he had written, a very erotic snippet of prose, in the second and first person, but if Marshall were to hear the words out loud ... "I have to go back and

get it," he said suddenly. "You guys go on. I'll catch up."

"You're going back in there?" Chris asked, incredulous. "Shit, JC, those guys'll chew you up and spit you out."

"He's right," Justin said, leaning out the open window of Lance's car. "Just come back and get it in the morning."

JC shook his head. "You don't understand," he said quietly. It wasn't just the notebook -- he wanted to see Eminem's eyes again, he wanted to drown in that blue gaze and feel those rough hands on him. You can't do that with those guys in there with him, he admonished himself, but the memory of his lover's hard body gave him the courage to head back into the studio. "You guys go on. I'll come back to the hotel shortly."

"Josh --" Joey called, but JC brushed the comment aside with a careless wave of his hand. In a few steps he was inside again, the coolness of the evening left behind, his cheeks flushed with the sudden warmth of the lobby and the thought of seeing Eminem again.

\* \* \*

Eminem listened to the stupid banter of the men he was with and kept the frown on his lips so they wouldn't suspect his mind still lingered on the thin, sexy boyband member who just passed them outside. Even in the darkness he had seen the heat and lust in JC's glance, and it made him hard just thinking about wrapping that tight pretty package in his arms and losing himself in the moment and the sex and Joshua. He had known they were in town, and he hoped to just drop in on JC unexpectedly, at the hotel where he knew they were staying, but then Dre called him up and wanted him to meet these lame ass rappers at the studio tonight, and Eminem couldn't say no to Dre. He owed the man too much.

But he knew these guys didn't have what it took to make it in the music industry, and he hadn't even heard anything more than an impromptu beatbox rap they put together outside of the studio. Their lyrics sucked, the rhythm sounded better when Vanilla Ice did it the first time around, and Eminem had drifted away from them in the hopes of maybe melting into the night and losing himself in lustful thoughts of JC's naked body. He wanted to bury his head in warmth and comfort and safety and forget about the drugs and guns and bitches for a little while, and he knew just where he wanted to be. But no. He had to baby-sit these would-be thugs and waste the rest of his night at this damn studio, and then JC came strutting out like a peacock in full bloom and fuck but Eminem was horny now. Thank God he was wearing baggy sweats, but his dick ached something fierce and he was going to be livid by the time he managed to get away from this place. Fuck this shit, he thought bitterly, bypassing the studio door and heading for the restroom.

"Where you going, man?" someone called. It was the tall, lanky guy who reminded Eminem of that geeky character on the old Fat Albert cartoon. Eminem hadn't liked the guy when they met, and he didn't even try to remember his name.

"What the fuck do you care?" Eminem growled, pushing through the small posse in an effort to get away from them all. He didn't need this shit, not now, not when he ached for something more. One hour, he promised himself. He'd give these jackasses one hour of his precious time before telling them they sucked dick hard, that they'd never cut it in the industry, not with their sappy rhymes about their mothers and their girlfriends and their fucking dogs. He'd tell them to stop kissing up to him just because he had the balls to say "fuck" every other word and tell it like it was in his own songs, and he'd tell them to crawl back to Dre because he had nothing else to tell them. Then he'd go to Joshua and fuck his brains out because right now that's all Eminem wanted. Just to curl up in those warm arms and die in that tight embrace.

He wondered if JC was lying in his hotel bed already, undressed and touching himself and thinking of him. The hint of a smile crossed his face at that image. In one hour, he'd find out.

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JC stopped in the hallway when he saw the five men clogging up the corridor. They stood outside of the studio door, their loud voices echoing through the empty building, and Eminem wasn't with them. JC considered turning around and just leaving, but he needed that notebook. And face it, Josh, he told himself, stepping closer to the rappers, you need to see him again. You need to.

He did. His groin ached sweetly and he shifted his pants slightly, trying to ease the pressure on his throbbing erection. His eyes never left the men in front of him, and when one of them glanced his way, JC's steps faltered. As he approached, their talk drifted off, and angry stares turned on him, intimidating in their intensity. "Um," he said, clearing his throat. He stopped a safe distance from the rappers and tried to look past them, but they were blocking the hall and JC couldn't see Eminem anywhere. Pointing at the door one of the men leaned against, he forced a half-smile to his face and said, "I think I left something in the studio."

For a moment they just stared at him, and JC shifted uncomfortably beneath the weight of their smoldering eyes. Just when he thought no one would answer him, a tall, skinny guy stepped in front of his friends and sneered. "You left the studio, man. Tough shit."

His friends laughed, and JC felt heat rise into his cheeks. "I'll just be a minute," he said, trying to step around the man, but a bony hand pushed against his chest, hard.

"I said, tough shit," the rapper said again, an edge to his voice that caused JC to look around warily at the others. "I don't think you understand. We're here now. Whatever you left behind belongs to us."

"Fuck," JC muttered beneath his breath. He shrugged off the hand on his chest and clenched his hands into fists at his sides to keep from crossing his arms. He glared at the ground and took a

deep breath, telling himself it wasn't important, it was just a stupid notebook, it wasn't worth a fight, but it was his notebook, filled with his words, and he wanted them back.

"What did you say?" The thug's voice was low and rumbled like thunder down the hall. He shoved JC's shoulder, pushing him back a step.

"Nothing," JC mumbled, taking another step back to place some distance between him and the other man, but the rapper closed the gap between them and shoved him again, harder this time. JC felt pain flare through his shoulder at the touch. When the rapper pushed again, JC raised his hand and slapped the other man's arm away, suddenly very angry. "Watch it," he said, his eyes bright with fear.

Instantly the rapper had JC's collar in both hands, his face in JC's own, alive with rage. "What the fuck you trying to do?" the rapper snarled, throwing JC back against the cold wall. JC looked into those dark hateful eyes and knew Joey had been right, Chris had been right, fuck even Justin had been right -- it was stupid to come back in here. Just for his notebook. And to see Marshall, he reminded himself, but Marshall wasn't here now, was he? It was just JC and these angry men who seemed to want to hold his own race and looks against him. "You want a fight, you pansy-assed prick?" the rapper asked, and JC shook his head numbly. "Cause I'll kick your ass, you faggot. I'll give you a fucking fight."

JC closed his eyes and cursed his deadly, stupid luck.

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Fuck, Eminem thought as he pushed through the bathroom door, back into the hall. His dick ached horribly and he had such a raging hard-on, there was no way he would be able to concentrate on mixing that damn crappy album tonight. He was going to tell these guys, Sorry but you know what? You fucking suck. Don't call me, I'll call you. And don't hold your breath waiting for that to happen. Then he'd wrap it up here and head on over to the hotel to take care of the --

He heard wicked laughter and looked up to find the five men he was with huddled together, and in their midst JC was pinned to the wall like a captured butterfly. Anger roared through him like the incoming tide, a rage so red and blinding that it threw him across the hall, his hands pushing aside the men who shrank back from the fury they saw in his brilliant gaze. His fingers sank into the soft flesh of that damn Fat Albert kid's throat, sinking into the corded muscle and choking the air from his lungs. "What the fuck do you think you're doing?" he hissed, tightening his grip. The man released JC, who slid down the wall, his hands rubbing his shoulders where he had been held so roughly. The thug's knees buckled beneath the weight of Eminem's hands, and he fell to the ground, gasping for breath as Eminem released his grip. Lashing out, Eminem kicked the man's ribs with one foot, his face twisted in a demonic wrath.

"Yo, Em, chill," one of the others said, and Eminem turned his defiant gaze on that one until he withered beneath those icy blue eyes.

"Get out," he whispered, trying to control the emotions that threatened to engulf him. With each word his voice rose until he was shouting through the hall, the building ringing with his rage. "All of you, get the fuck out of here before I kill every last one of you. I'll slit your throats and drag your sorry asses out into the woods, just get the fuck out of here now!"

At his feet the man struggled to breathe, his friends tugging on his arms in an effort to help him stand. When he rose, Eminem lunged at him, a gesture that sent the five men scurrying into the lobby. Taking deep breaths, Eminem fought with his emotions, his fists clenched at his sides, his body humming and alive with adrenaline. He waited until he heard the soft swish of the sliding doors closing and then he turned to see JC huddled on the floor, his knees pulled up to his chest, his arms wrapped around his chest protectively. He looked up at Eminem with tear-filled eyes and whispered, "I'm sorry, Marshall. I'm so fucking sorry --"

"Shit, Joshua," Eminem said softly, the anger dissipating as a lone tear streaked down JC's face. Kneeling beside him, he frowned at JC and asked, "Did they hurt you? I'll fucking kill them if they hurt you. What the fuck did you come back here for anyway?"

JC took a hitching breath. "To see you," he mumbled, covering his face with his hands.

"Fuck," Eminem growled. "I was coming by after we finished up here. Shit."

"I left my notebook in the studio," JC whispered, his voice muffled. "I came back to get it and I wanted to see you again, but --"

"Fuck," Eminem said again, his voice low between them. Wrapping an arm around JC's shoulders, he pulled him into a tight embrace. JC's arms hugged Eminem's neck and he buried his face in the strong chest of his lover. "You could've been killed, Joshua. It was a stupid thing to do."

"I know," JC admitted, his breath hot against Eminem's skin where his coat was unzipped. "But I wanted to see you again. I'm sorry, Marshall. Jesus Christ, I'm sorry."

"Stop apologizing," Eminem said, his lips finding JC's. He kissed him tenderly, the earlier anger gone now that he held what he wanted in his hands. "Joshua," he moaned, his lips parting JC's own as his tongue slipped into the warm, minty mouth he had longed for all day. He helped JC to his feet and whispered, "We might not make it back to the hotel."

JC shivered in Eminem's arms. "There's a couch in the sound booth," he whispered back. "My notebook's in there. Maybe we can --"

And then Eminem was pushing him against the wall, his hands

roaming JC's body eagerly, easing beneath his shirt, tugging at his jeans. His lips closed over JC's mouth, kissing the breath away, his tongue licking the salty tears from JC's cheeks. JC moaned into him, his hands finding the hard bulge at Eminem's crotch, and Eminem whispered, "Where's this fucking sofa again?"

"This way," JC panted, pulling Eminem towards the studio door by the waistband of his sweats. His fingers brushed along Eminem's lower stomach as the rapper followed him into the sound room.

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JC's notebook sat just where he had left it, on the edge of the old sofa that was pushed against the back wall of the sound booth. As he picked up the book, running his hands over the smooth cover, he felt strong, warm arms encircle his waist, and Eminem pulled JC tight against his body. JC felt a hardness press into his buttocks, and then hot lips were on his neck, soothing and soft, kissing away the chills left behind from the thug's evil stare and unkind hands. Closing his eyes, JC set the notebook down and covered Eminem's hands with his own, leaning back into the sturdy embrace. "Marshall, I'm so sorry," he whispered for what seemed to be the hundredth time that night.

Damp lips closed over one earlobe, the sensation sending shivers down JC's spine. "Fuck, Joshua," Eminem growled, his voice low in JC's ear. "They could've killed you. What the hell were you thinking?"

"I thought you were there ..." JC let his voice trail off, remembering the blazing hateful eyes and the evil laughter that made him feel so dirty, so small, so weak. He turned in Eminem's arms and ran his hands down his lover's chest, unzipping the heavy coat and the sweatsuit jacket underneath to rub against the thin white tank top that was all that separated Eminem's hot flesh from JC's eager hands. He looked up at Eminem's icy eyes and frowned. "I fucked it all up, didn't I? Now those guys think --"

"Fuck what they think," Eminem snarled, kissing the corner of JC's mouth with such tenderness that JC felt his heart swell in his chest. "They're just some poser rappers who think I'm the shit for cussing in my rhymes. I agreed to hear them because Dre thought I might like what I heard. I didn't. So fuck them. If I ever see them again --"

"It's okay," JC whispered, cradling Eminem's face in his hands. Beneath his cool hands, the rapper's flesh was heated and flushed, and JC kissed the full, pouty lips hungrily. Eminem hugged him closer, his tongue anxious in JC's mouth. His hands slipped down to cup JC's buttocks, pulling his hips into him until their erections flared beneath the pressure and JC thrust against him, wanting more than the simple touch, the crush of hidden flesh. "Fuck me, Marshall," JC whispered, his lips fluttering across the pale cheeks, the curved jaw, smoothing out the harsh lines with gentle kisses. "Jesus, Marshall, please, just fuck me and make me forget about them, okay? I want to forget their words and their jokes and their eyes --"

"I'll kill them," Eminem whispered, the threat a promise between them. "I'll kill every damn son of a bitch who fucks with you. I'll strangle each and every one and force their fucking balls down their throats --"

JC giggled at the cruel words spoken in such a tender voice. "You're such a sweet talker," he said, sighing. "I'm surprised the girls don't just fall all over you."

"Shut up," Eminem growled, but his eyes smiled at JC with a wicked gleam and JC laughed again. Eminem kissed him quiet, one of his hands working around the front of JC's pants until his fingers unzipped JC's jeans. JC moaned as his lover stroked his erection through the thin fabric of his underwear, and then Eminem eased his hand up under JC's shirt, the touch of skin on skin warming him as Eminem fingered his nipples, tweaking them erect. JC's own hands slipped into the confines of Eminem's sweatpants, gripping the hard thickness in his briefs and squeezing it in his hands until Eminem gasped in delight. "Joshua," he moaned, his breath hot against JC's cheek.

From the hall, JC heard someone call his name, an eerie echo in the silence of the studio. "Josh?"

"Oh fuck," JC whispered, pushing back from Eminem. His lover's arm tightened around his waist, not letting him go. "That's Joey --"

"Fuck him," Eminem grumbled, his tongue licking along JC's jaw.

Beyond the door, JC heard his friend call him again. "Josh?"

A second voice chimed in. "Hey, JC, you in here?"

"Chris," JC groaned, twisting out of Eminem's embrace. "Damn, they must've waited for me --"

Eminem sighed lustily, his hands finding JC's waist again. "Joshua," he said, kissing the back of JC's neck again. "Tell them to go away."

"I will," JC promised. Eminem sank to the sofa as JC unlocked the door to the sound booth, opening it just a crack. Out in the hall he saw Joey and Chris, glancing around warily. Chris had his arms on his hips, a sour expression on his face, and Joey looked worried and upset. "Hey you guys," JC said softly, stepping out into the hall. He pulled the door closed behind him, leaving it open only a crack, but his hand didn't leave the knob. "I thought you two had left already."

"We were waiting for you," Chris started, his gaze dropping to JC's waist, where JC's shirt partially covered his unzipped fly. "You okay?"

"Fine," JC said, tugging his shirttail down over his crotch. A light blush crept into his cheeks and he mumbled, "I'm fine, really."

Joey frowned. "You shouldn't be here alone," he said, watching JC with troubled eyes. "What if those guys decide to come back?"

"What guys?" JC asked. Then he realized Joey must be referring to the rappers, and he said, "Oh, those guys. No, you guys go on. I'm going to stay here for a bit, catch up on some writing, or something, um ...". He trailed off, unsure of what else he could say to convince his friends to leave. "Joe, Chris, listen -- I'm fine. Honestly. I'm perfectly safe here. You just wouldn't understand --"

"Is someone here with you?" Joey asked suddenly, stepping closer to JC to place one hand on the studio door. He pushed it open, but JC held onto the knob, keeping it closed. "Josh --"

"Joe, I'm fine," JC insisted. "Please. Believe me." Glancing at Chris, he added, "I can't tell you and I know you can't understand it but you have to trust me on this. Please."

For a moment neither of his friends spoke. Joey looked at Chris skeptically and finally said in a quiet voice, "You aren't alone." It wasn't a question.

Sighing, JC replied, "No, I'm not."

"Who --" Chris started, but JC cut him off.

"That's all I'm going to say," he said, shaking his head. "You guys have to trust me, trust my judgment. This is where I want to be right now. I'll get back to the hotel tonight, honest. Nothing's going to happen to me. I promise."

"You trust him that much?" Joey whispered.

JC nodded. "Yes," he replied. He met Joey's steady gaze and knew his friend knew who was in the sound booth behind them, who was waiting for JC to return. Silently he thanked his friend for not saying Eminem's name out loud. "I do, Joey. I trust him completely."

Joey looked at him as if weighing his words carefully before he said, "Okay. If that's what you want --"

"It is," JC admitted. "You don't know how bad --"

"Then we'll leave you alone." Joey took Chris's elbow and headed for the lobby. Over his shoulder he called, "You be careful, Josh. And call if you need us. Promise me you'll call if you have to."

"I promise," JC said, waiting until he heard his friends leave the building before returning to the sound booth and the man waiting inside for him.

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"They gone?" Eminem asked from his spot on the couch. He sat slouched against the black leather cushions, his legs wide apart, the bulge at his crotch obscene in the baggy sweats he wore. JC locked the door and clicked off the light, plunging the room into darkness. Eminem heard the soft click of footsteps as his lover crossed the sound booth, and then JC was between his knees, his hands reaching down to spread apart the heavy material of



Eminem's bulky coat until his fingers danced across Eminem's tank top, pinching his nipples through the fabric. Eminem's hands shoved the jeans down past JC's narrow hips, tugging off the briefs beneath until they pooled at JC's ankles. "Come here," Eminem growled, lifting JC up into his lap, his knees straddling Eminem's waist as he slid against him. With eager hands Eminem unbuttoned JC's shirt, pushing it open to kiss JC's chest.

"Marshall," JC moaned, running his hands through Eminem's short hair as tender lips kissed one of his nipples, teasing it erect. "Fuck me already."

Eminem laughed, a low growl, JC's words making his hard cock throb. Taking JC in his arms, Eminem laid him down on the couch and leaned over him. The smooth, firm body beneath his hands filled his mind with wicked carnal thoughts, images of JC writhing in pleasure as Eminem licked every inch of that glorious body, eliciting wild cries of passion from those pink lips. JC's hand found Eminem's crotch, and he tugged down the waistband of the rapper's sweats and briefs, pushing the material down below the cleft of his buttocks, exposing his hard, thick length. Raising his knees, JC spread his legs until Eminem rested between them, his cock rubbing along JC's own erection. Eminem licked his palm and used his own saliva to wet his dick, and then JC whispered his lover's name, over and over again, the words tumbling into nonsensical whimpers of pleasure as Eminem eased inside of him. The world fell away, until there was just the tightness and the desire and the moans and the movement of Joshua beneath him, repeating his name until he was just Marshall, and there was nothing in him hidden from the man in his arms. No past, no present, no hatred in his soul. Just Joshua and the sweet way his eyes sparkled wetly in the darkness and the intoxicating scent that filled Eminem's senses, more potent than any drug he'd ever had before. With each thrust he hugged JC tighter, as if trying to burrow into him so deeply he would never find his way out.

But then JC came, his juices slick between them, and with the sounds he made during orgasm, Eminem came too, letting the moment sweep him away. With JC's arms wrapped around him, holding him close beneath the thick coat he wore, Eminem rested his head on JC's shoulder, his body suddenly bathed in a cold sweat. "Joshua, fuck," he breathed, forgetting anything else but those two words. He thrust into his lover weakly, his erection already beginning to stiffen again.

"Marshall," JC sighed, whispering the name like a promise. After a moment he roused himself and asked, "You still coming back to the hotel with me?"

"Can we fuck again?" Eminem asked, his voice gruff and husky.

"I'd be disappointed if we didn't," JC said, and Eminem could hear that damn grin in his voice. Just picturing it on those kissable lips made him harden in anticipation.

He thrust into JC again, already hungry for more, and he licked the grin from those lips.

The End

Misunderstood  
by NSyncGrrl

"What's this?" Joey asked, tossing the notebook onto JC's lap. JC looked up at his friend and frowned at the concern he saw in Joey's eyes.

"What's what?" JC asked, closing the notebook. It was his notebook, and he had let Joey read the two songs he wrote late the night before. One of the songs he just loved -- it was about a guy who lost everything in life, his family, his friends, his fortune, and in the end realized none of it had ever really belonged to him in the first place. The other song he had been a little leery to show to Joey, because he wrote it after listening to Eminem's CD. He wanted to see if there was any anger or hatred inside of himself that he could tap into for a song of his own, and the results were a little harsh, a little scary, but JC thought maybe it was one of the better things he'd ever written. "What did you think?"

Joey sighed and sat down on the couch beside JC. Steepling his fingers in front of his chest, he studied JC for a long moment before he asked, "Is everything okay, Josh?"

"What?" JC asked, confused. "Joey, they're just songs --"

"They aren't ..." Joey shrugged. "They aren't you."

JC laughed. "You're kidding, right?" When Joey didn't smile, JC felt his heart begin to hammer in his chest. "What makes them not me?"

"They're sad," Joey said, looking at the notebook in JC's hands. "And that one is ... I don't know. Do you want to talk, or something? I mean, these aren't like songs that we'd put out, you know?"

"I know," JC said, rolling his eyes. "I didn't write them to put them on an album or to get fans or to be popular. I wrote them because I had to write them. They were rolling around inside of me and I just had to get them out." He sighed and pushed up his glasses to pinch the bridge of his nose. "You don't understand, do you, Joey? You don't get it."

Joey shrugged. "Well, tell me, then. What don't I get?" JC sighed again. "They aren't happy songs, Josh --"

"Is there a rule somewhere that I forgot to read," JC started, feeling anger rise within him, "that says that everything I write or think or feel needs to be nice and happy? That I have to do something because that's what people think I should do? Isn't that what our album's about, Joe? No strings -- we aren't puppets. We aren't going to let ourselves be played. We're going to be dirty and we're going to be real." Slapping the cover of the notebook with the back of his hand, he met Joey's troubled gaze with his own steady stare and said softly, "These are the real me, Joey. This is what I felt when I wrote these songs. I'm sorry it didn't mesh with your

idea of who I am."

"Maybe it's the company you're keeping lately," Joey suggested, his voice low. He looked at JC meaningfully. "Maybe you need to find someone different --"

"Why don't you just come out and say it?" JC exploded, rising to his feet. He held the notebook in one shaky hand and pointing it at Joey. "Why don't you just say it's Marshall's fault, because that's what you're thinking, isn't it? Well, you know what, Joe? Maybe I've always felt this way, and I've only been hiding it all this time. It has nothing to do with him. It's me, it's truly me, more than those bubblegum pop songs we sing and the sappy ballads and Top 40 hits."

Rising to his feet, Joey reached out and caught JC's arm, his hand hot on JC's skin. "Josh, I know there's more to you than a few corny songs. But maybe it's not healthy to write about it, you know? Maybe --"

"Maybe what?" JC asked, shrugging out of Joey's grip. "Maybe I should just let it fester inside until it grows old and stale and hope it goes away? Well, I've got news for you, Joey. It never goes away. If I don't write, I'll die. If I can't get it out in words, I'll find another outlet for it, something more deadly, more dangerous, than just putting pen to paper and bleeding into a journal. You don't understand. You just can't see --"

"Josh," Joey started, placing a hand on JC's shoulder, but JC moved away, heading for the door.

"Fuck this shit," JC muttered as he grabbed his coat from the closet in the hall. Tugging it on, he glared at Joey and said, "If you're my friend, Joey, you'll realize that this writing is as much a part of me as anything else I've written. You'll like the real me, not the words on the paper or the picture in the magazines or the smiling face on the TV. Even if you don't understand, you'll accept me for the way I am."

Joey sighed and squeezed his eyes shut. "Shit, Josh," he said quietly. "You sound like that fucking song of his. Where the hell are you going?"

"I'm leaving." JC slammed the front door as he left. Outside the cold wintry air bit into his cheeks, and he shoved his hands deep into the pockets of his jacket as he trotted across the yard to his car. He didn't wait for the car to warm up before he put it into gear and spun out of the icy driveway, leaving the house and his friends behind as he drove away into the night.

\* \* \*

No one understands, JC thought, leading the car down empty side streets and dark roads lit with neon lights and shining signs. No one understands I'm more than what they see, what I let them see. And when I try to show them, what? They say it's not me. They say I've changed, and I've just never really let them see it

before. They just don't know the real me.

Beside him, his cell phone rang, a shrill sound shattering the sulking silence in the car. Clicking it on, he growled, "I don't want to talk about it, Joe --"

"Who the fuck is Joe?" came the snarled reply, and JC suppressed a grin at the malice he heard coiled in Eminem's voice, ready to strike. "You fucking around on me, Joshua?"

"Jesus Christ," JC sighed, stopping the car at a red light. His was the only car on the road, and he sat back in the driver's seat, the tension in his shoulders easing for the first time since he left the house. "Marshall, you know who Joey is. He's one of the guys in the group." In a softer voice, he added, "You know I ain't fucking around on you."

Defiant laughter erupted in his ear. "He piss you off or something?" Eminem asked. "You want me to come over there and kick his ass?"

The thought made JC grin. He could just imagine the look on Joey's face if Eminem showed up at the house looking for him. "I want you to come over here," he said coyly, "but it's not his ass I'm thinking about right now." He shifted in the seat, an ache already in his crotch at the thought of Eminem's naked body against his. The red light changed to green, and as he hit the gas, JC let one hand rub against the bulge in his jeans, the brief touch sending shivers through his body.

"You're touching yourself, aren't you?" Eminem asked, and JC could hear the smile in his voice. "Fuck, Joshua. You know how fucking horny it makes me to think of you doing that?"

"Doing what?" JC asked, and before Eminem could answer, he said, "I have to see you, Marshall. Right now. I don't care where you are. I'll drive all night to get there. I'm just so fucking pissed right now, no one fucking understands -- I just want to lose myself tonight and I think you're what I need to do that. Where the hell are you?"

That laughter again. "You'll never believe me," Eminem said, his voice young and boyish in his amusement. "Guess."

"Fuck," JC said. "I don't know. Where?"

"I told you to guess," Eminem growled. "I didn't just say that to fucking say it. I want you to guess."

Shit. JC tried to remember what he knew of Eminem's schedule, but he thought the rapper was already finished with his tour, and he didn't know of anything else on his agenda. "Detroit?"

Eminem laughed. "Guess again."

"Is that a no?" JC asked, grinning. He heard Eminem's quiet breathing in his ear, and he wanted him now, he wanted him so badly, and he didn't want to guess where he was. "Atlanta? New York? Los Angeles? Fuck if I know, just tell me already!"

"You know," Eminem breathed into JC's ear, "I love the way you say fuck. Especially when you're all pissy like you are now. What did that asshole say to make you go postal?"

JC sighed. "I don't want to talk about it right now," he pouted.

"Who the fuck do you think you're talking to?" Eminem asked, his voice hardening. "Tell me, Joshua. I ain't asking just to hear my own damn voice."

Sighing again, JC tried to think of a way to tell Eminem what was bothering him without sounding like he was whining or just being petty. Because it was his writing, it was his soul, and it wasn't petty to him. "I showed Joey something I wrote," he started carefully, "and he didn't like it."

"So?" Eminem asked. "Fuck him. It's your writing. You didn't ask him to fucking like it."

"True," JC said, nodding. His cell phone beeped in his ear -- the battery was low. "Marshall, my phone's about to die. I've got to go." He didn't want to hang up -- he wanted to listen to Marshall's angry voice and picture those icy eyes and let the rough hands of his lover rub away all the pain and the hurt and the ire inside of him. "I want to talk to you --"

"Fuck that," Eminem said, laughing. "I'm in Orlando, Joshua. You didn't guess right."

JC's heart stopped in his chest. "Where?" he asked, suddenly light-headed and giddy. "You're here? Where the hell are you?"

"At the Hyatt," Eminem said. He gave JC the room number and said, "Get your ass over here now. I'm in the mood to fuck."

"Shit," JC drawled, the grin back on his face. He did an illegal U-turn in the middle of the intersection, cutting off the only other car on the road in his haste to make it to the hotel and Eminem's bed and the promise of his lover's arms.

\* \* \*

JC only knocked once before the door flew open and Eminem stood there in jeans and a white tank top, his dark tattoos etched like shadows into his arms. He stepped aside to let JC into the room, but the moment the door was closed behind him, JC felt rough hands on his shoulders and arms, rubbing through the heavy thickness of his coat. As he turned, hot, damp lips found his, and Eminem's hands ran beneath his coat, arousing his nipples before easing around his waist and beneath his shirt, until the harsh sough of skin on skin and the muffled moans escaping their kiss were the only sounds that mattered. Raising his hands to cradle Eminem's face, JC let himself get lost in the woodsy scent of the man in his arms, the spicy taste of his tongue in JC's mouth, the eager hands on his body. "Marshall," JC breathed when Eminem's lips kissed down the curve of his jaw. "Oh fuck, Marshall, just make everything go away."

"What'd he say to you?" Eminem murmured against JC's ear, his breath warm along JC's neck. "Tell me what he said, I'll fucking kill him."

Grabbing the back of Eminem's tank top in both of his fists, JC tugged it over his lover's head and whispered, "I don't want to talk about it right now, Marshall." He tossed the tank top away and ran his hands down Eminem's bare chest, his fingers picking at the hard nipples until Eminem gasped in pleasure. "I don't want to talk about anything right now. I just want you to fuck me."

Eminem pushed JC's coat off of his shoulders. It fell to the floor at their feet, the rustle of material loud between them. Then Eminem pulled off JC's shirt and threw it aside, his lips latching onto JC's neck right above the ridge of his collarbone, his tongue licking the soft skin eagerly. His hands rubbed warmth into JC's bare back, his arms hugging JC tighter. JC wrapped his arms around Eminem's neck and sighed as his lover sucked on his neck hungrily. He felt the strong hands slip beneath the waistband of his jeans, making the fabric taut against his hard erection as Eminem cupped his buttocks in both hands. Pulling JC closer, Eminem hissed, "Take off your fucking clothes, Joshua."

JC laughed. "If you'd let me go long enough for me to get my pants off," he said as Eminem thrust his hips against him, the thickness in his own jeans hard against JC's erection. When Eminem moved back, JC unzipped his jeans and pushed them down to his feet. "Damn," he said, stepping out of his jeans, "you're the horniest man I know."

Eminem grinned as he watched JC strip off his underwear. "Shit," he drawled, reaching for JC's swollen cock, "I ain't the only one." JC danced out of reach and laughed. Shrugging, Eminem turned away as if disinterested and said, "If you're complaining, I can just jerk off in the shower --"

"I ain't complaining," JC said, winking at the rapper. Crossing his arms before his naked chest, he looked at the bulge at Eminem's crotch and asked, "You gonna fuck with your jeans on or what?"

"Shut the fuck up," Eminem growled softly, unbuttoning his jeans. JC waited until the rapper bent over, pushing his jeans to his knees, before he brushed past him and crawled onto the bed. Eminem's arm snaked out and caught JC's waist in a rough embrace, and he laughed as he climbed onto JC, kicking off his pants as he pressed JC into the mattress. "Where do you think you're going?"

Wiggling beneath his lover's hard, naked body, JC turned over in Eminem's arms and said coyly, "For someone who wants to fuck, you sure are talking a lot tonight."

"Shut up," Eminem said again, silencing JC with a kiss. Taking JC's knees in his hands, Eminem knelt between JC's legs and lifted his firm buttocks onto his thighs. He licked his palm and rubbed the saliva onto his thick cock, kneading JC's own erection until JC thrust into his other hand, moaning his lover's name. Wrapping his legs around Eminem's narrow waist, JC let the rapper

ease his hard length inside of him, his hands fisting into the sheets of the hotel bed. "Fuck, Joshua," Eminem moaned, breathless, as he found a fast, even rhythm and began to thrust into JC, over and over again. His hands supported the small of JC's back, and each thrust made JC shudder in delight. Arching his back, he drove Eminem deeper into him, his hand finding his own dick and stroking the throbbing erection, squeezing in time with Eminem's eager thrusts. Soon everything disappeared, Joey and the songs and the anger within him, and all that mattered was the man inside of him and the hands on his back and the strong voice calling his name out into the anonymous hotel room.

When JC came, he wiped his hand absently on the bedsheets and held onto Eminem's corded arms until the rapper thrust one final time, his mouth opening in a perfect pink circle as his orgasm flooded through him and into JC. After a moment Eminem pulled out of him, and JC crawled beneath the blankets, suddenly sleepy and spent. When Eminem pressed against him beneath the covers, his body sheathed in sweat, the scent of their musky sex thick in the air, JC let his lover hug him close, their bodies spooning together perfectly. With the tiniest kiss, Eminem took JC's earlobe in his mouth and hummed breathlessly, his arms wrapped protectively around JC's waist and chest. JC held onto Eminem's arm tightly, as if afraid to let go, and thought about calling the others. Joey would be worried about him when he didn't come home that night. Fuck, JC thought bitterly. He didn't want to call Joey and tell him he wasn't coming back until after Marshall left Orlando. He didn't want to have to deal with that right now.

So instead he closed his eyes and tried to let the comforting body against his soothe his troubled mind to sleep.

\* \* \*

"Joshua." The voice was unbelievably soft in his ear, weaving through his mind. "You ain't falling asleep on me already, are you?"

"Hmm?" JC murmured, rolling onto his back in Eminem's arms. "I'm not sleeping."

"Bullshit," Eminem said, his lips curving into a wide grin. One finger traced the jut of JC's jaw, the touch tender in the darkness of the hotel room. "You're practically snoring already. Fuck, I ain't that boring, am I?"

JC shook his head slightly. "No," he whispered, frowning. He was trying to ignore the pain and hurt inside that had taken root when Joey told him maybe he was keeping the wrong company lately. But lying beneath the covers of this bed, the strong arms around him, keeping him safe and warm -- how could that be wrong? Sighing, JC said, "They just don't understand, Marshall. Fuck."

"Tell me," Eminem whispered.

"You don't want to hear it," JC replied. He stared at the patterns of light on the ceiling, strange symbols cast by the city lights

outside the drawn curtains, and sighed again. "I don't want to waste your time --"

"Fuck that," Eminem growled, pushing himself up on one elbow so he could look down at JC. His dark eyes were livid pools of shadow, and JC watched the pout pull at Eminem's full lips as he studied JC's face. "I didn't tell you to come here just to fuck you and send you home. You think I won't understand either?" When JC didn't reply, Eminem said, "Try me."

JC bit his lip and wondered how to begin. "I showed him my songs," he said softly. "They weren't ... I don't know, they aren't exactly 'N Sync material, you know? I didn't write them to be. I wrote them because I wanted to write something different, see if I had it in me, and I think they're probably some of the best things I've ever written. And you know what he said?"

"They suck?" Eminem offered, but JC shook his head. Eminem brushed the hair from JC's brow, his touch cool on JC's fevered forehead.

"No, he said they weren't me," JC replied. He felt a frown tug at his lips, which Eminem brushed away with one thumb. "Fuck, Marshall! How can he say that? How can he think they're not me when I'm the one who wrote them?" He kissed the thumb against his mouth and added, "He thinks it's you that's making me write stuff like that. He didn't come out and say it, but I can tell --"

"Fuck him," Eminem said, malice curling beneath his words. JC looked at him sharply, the tender hand cradling his cheek belying the anger in Eminem's voice. "What the fuck does he know about me?" JC shrugged, and Eminem continued. "All he knows is what I put out there, what I want him to know. Those songs aren't me. Those songs are a part of me, but they aren't all that I am."

"I know," JC whispered. With a slight grin on his face, he sang softly, "I'm just a regular guy, don't know why all this fuss about me."

Eminem laughed. "Fuck, Joshua," he said, grinning broadly. "Don't tell me you own my damn CD."

"Don't ask then," JC replied. Eminem's thumb slipped between his lips and rested against his bottom teeth. JC bit at it gently, enjoying the salty taste of the skin in his mouth.

"Sometimes I write things to keep from doing them," Eminem said, his voice thoughtful. He stared at JC, his eyes, his nose, his smooth brow, and frowned. "I say that's the Slim in me. I keep it hidden away so I don't end up in jail again, so I don't throw away all the shit I've finally managed to get. I give Slim Shady a pen and let him write about what he wants to do, and I get it all out of my system. And fuck anyone who doesn't like it. Because they don't understand it. They won't let themselves understand it. We all feel the same way, Joshua, deep down inside. It's all the same feelings. We just get them out in different ways."

JC sighed and snuggled closer to Eminem's warm body. "It just hurt, you know? To know that my own friends didn't want to know



that part of me. Joey didn't even want to acknowledge that it existed, really. It's like he thought I was someone different because I wasn't writing what he expected of me --"

"Fuck that," Eminem said, the anger in his voice softening. "You write what you have to write, Joshua. That's all you can write. That's all you feel, or think, or know. They can't control that. That's who you are. You can't apologize for it."

"Maybe you're right," JC said, pouting. He didn't want to apologize for the songs or the way he felt sometimes -- he didn't want to apologize to anyone for being who he was inside, who he had to be. "Sometimes I'm just sick of pretending to be something I'm not," he said. "You know, everyone thinks I'm ..." He laughed. "I'm Mr. 'N Sync, or something. And I'm not."

Eminem grinned. "You're not what your friends think, eh?" JC laughed and shook his head. "You think it's easy for me? Shit, Joshua -- every fucking album is an uphill battle. My producer hates the songs, he thinks I need to cut down on the cussing so I'll be more popular. Fuck that." With the hint of a smile on his face, he added, "I think you should work the word fuck onto your next album."

"God," JC cried, rolling his eyes. "Do you know they would die? Jesus Christ, I'd be banned from the studio forever!" But the idea made him smile, and just picturing the looks on his friends' faces started him giggling. "They'd kill me."

"But it would be funny," Eminem pointed out. His thumb slipped out from between JC's lips and trailed down his chin, leaving wetness that chilled in its wake. "If it helps any, I understand."

"I know you do." JC grinned and caught Eminem's hand in his. Pressing it against his throat, he felt his lover's fingers close around his neck gently. Then the velvety touch loosened and the fingers smoothed down, caressing the hollow of his throat. "Can we fuck again?"

"Do you even have to ask?" Eminem replied, leaning down to catch JC's lips in a kiss as he rolled onto him. With his lover's body pressing him into the mattress, JC let the greedy kisses and the rough hands and the harsh moans erase the rest of his evening, and all that mattered was Marshall and the movement of their bodies in the darkness together.

The End

You Don't Have to Be Alone  
by NSyncGrrl

Fuck Christmas. The rapper known as Eminem stared out at the rainy streets of Los Angeles and wondered if it was snowing in Detroit. Probably. December fucking sucked in the city, the days bitter and windy and the nights so damn cold, icy roads and slick sidewalks and that hard black snow piled up on the side of the street dingy and ugly as shit, the crap didn't fucking melt until March or so -- the songs all spoke of white fluffy snow, angels and snowmen and jingle bells. That wasn't December. That wasn't Christmas. December was a cold month, frozen and locked in ice. Christmas was nothing but a commodity, a holiday thought up by the rich as a way to get more presents, more gifts, and throw money away to charities so they could write off the good deeds as tax deductions. Fuck that. What was so damn jolly about this Christmas? Nothing. Not one damn thing. Kim had Hallie, wouldn't let him fucking see his own daughter, didn't even want him to call. And his mother -- he just didn't want to think about that. It took everything his lawyer had to wrangle a weekend out of Detroit from the court, what with his sentencing still up in the air, and Eminem took the opportunity to fly to California, where it was hot and rainy and not wintry, not snowy, not Christmasy at all, and he could forget everything that pissed the fuck out of him.

What the hell good was Christmas anyway? He had no one to share it with. He spent a shitload of money on Hallie and Kim hadn't even said thanks. Fuck her. Even as a kid, he never liked Christmas. He never got what he wanted. He felt like the kid in that stupid movie, the Ralphie boy who wanted a fucking gun and everyone laughed at him, told him he'd shoot his eye out, and damn if that hadn't happened when he was younger and wanted a gun, and he got clothes and shoes and CDs and never a gun, never even a cheap plastic toy gun. And now he was somebody, he had money, he had everything he wanted to buy, he had guns, and every time he bought one he thought of that asshole Ralphie kid and wanted to say look at this, boy, I finally got a gun, I finally got what I fucking wanted.

Then why was he in California, a million miles away from his daughter, his friends, his home, watching the rain fall on Christmas Eve? There was no Christmas tree here, no presents, nothing personal in this stale hotel room, and he leaned his forehead against the cool glass of the window and told himself he wasn't lonely, not really, because he wasn't in the mood to talk to anyone right now anyway. He'd just sleep through tomorrow and fly back home after the holiday was over and all the ornaments and mistletoe and cards were marked down and tossed into clearance bins, the holly and trees and decorations put away to gather dust for another year.

Maybe he'd call Joshua before it got too late, just to say hey, but he didn't want to ruin his holiday, too, with this pissy attitude. He could just see Joshua, his skin glowing and glittery, his eyes blue like ice chips, his mocking grin and the way he laughed and

the way he fucking touched himself that just made Eminem so damn hard. His tight ass, his eager lips, his hands and his hair and his scent, that deep musk cologne that tingled Eminem's nose and enflamed his blood and covered his clothes, his arms, everything when he and Joshua parted. He could taste that scent for days when Joshua went away. And just thinking of it now made him angry. Fuck. It was Christmas and he couldn't even get laid because Joshua wasn't here. Eminem didn't know where he was but he wasn't here, in this room, naked in his arms, his eyes laughing and his mouth hot and hungry and damn ... he had to call Joshua, tonight, wherever the fuck he was and at least wish him a merry fucking Christmas.

\* \* \*

Fuck this, JC thought, staring morosely at the TV screen, where Rudolph was prancing around crying, "I'm cute! I'm cute! She thinks I'm cute!" to anyone who cared. JC didn't. He didn't give a fuck if one damn reindeer liked the other, because he knew the way the story ended. Happily. Well, fuck that. Here it was, Christmas Eve, and where the hell was he? Some damn hotel suite in San Diego, when his family was on the other side of the country, singing carols and sipping cider and watching the fire crackle in the fireplace, the lights blink on the tree. Whoever thought it would be a great idea to schedule yet another appearance in California the week of Christmas was a fucking idiot. Sure, they would be on a flight tomorrow morning, ten o'clock to Orlando, but that wasn't enough. Christmas Eve was the big day at his family's house, not Christmas Day. And he was missing it this year.

It didn't help that Chris was at Dani's house, or that Joey had found a friend at a local club to crash with, or that Justin and Lance had fallen asleep on the couch while watching TV, snuggled on top of each other and holding on as if they'd never let go. Justin's head rested on Lance's chest, a thick afghan covering both of them, and in sleep they looked like proverbial children nestled in their beds, dreaming of sugar plums and candy canes and Santa Claus and whatever it was that children dreamed of anymore. There was a tree in the hotel suite -- Justin had seen to that -- and presents beneath it, but was it so bad to want to be home this night? Or to want to be held, to be kissed and cuddled and loved? JC didn't think so. Why couldn't they have scheduled something in Detroit this weekend, so he could at least sneak away from the group for a while and find Marshall and get fucked? Damn, he wanted that man again, and badly. They hadn't seen each other in forever, it seemed, and JC ached at night, wanting those strong arms clutching him close, those rough hands, those hungry lips, those angry eyes.

He's with Hallie, I'm sure, JC thought, sighing. Where he should be. But is it so awful to wish he was here with me? Maybe then he wouldn't feel so bitter, watching cheesy Christmas specials he knew by heart and watching his friends' cherubic faces as they slept in each others' arms on the sofa. A part of him wanted to kick them awake, tear them apart, force them to get up and stop all that lovey-dovey shit because if he couldn't have it, why the hell should they? The one person he wanted tonight of all nights was a million

miles away, stuck in Detroit because of a stupid fight he got into at a bar a few weeks back and the courts didn't want him leaving the state until his arraignment. Just because some prick started talking trash and Slim Shady pulled a gun, albeit empty, and now the papers said Marshall might do time, even though he assured JC his lawyer was the best money could buy and he'd get off, the asshole just wanted to fuck with him because he was famous, that was it. JC had even tried to book a flight into Detroit, just to see him, but all the money in the world couldn't buy him a ticket this time of the year, on such short notice. Fuck, JC thought bitterly, mostly because he couldn't think of anything else to say. Fuck, fuck, fuck.

His cell phone rang. JC stared at the tiny black receiver, sitting on the coffee table, and considered letting it ring and ring and ring until it woke up Justin or Lance, and then he'd answer it, at least have a little satisfaction that he wasn't the only thing stirring in the suite tonight, but what if it was his mom, calling him again tonight to wish him a merry Christmas? With herculean effort, JC pushed himself up from the recliner and snagged the phone. Thumbing the talk button, he put the phone to his ear and said simply, "What."

Mocking laughter filled his ear, and then that malicious ghetto accent trilled through him, and damn but he wouldn't be able to sleep tonight, JC just knew it. "Joshua," Eminem growled, "try not to sound too happy I called."

"I won't," JC said, but the grin splitting his face was loud in his voice, and when he closed his eyes he could see that hard stare softened by the afterglow of hot, heavy, fast sex, just the way they both liked it. Suddenly he was glad Justin and Lance were still asleep as his hand drifted to his crotch and he pressed against the bulge of his cock, sending splinters of pleasure through him. "I was just thinking about you, Marshall."

Eminem laughed again. "Do you use your left hand or your right hand for that?" he asked.

"Just my left hand," JC said, laughing. "I'm holding the phone in my right."

"Fuck," Eminem sighed. "You're touching yourself, aren't you, Joshua? You know what that fucking does to me."

JC rubbed along the length of his cock through his jeans and moaned as loud as he dared into the receiver, opening one eye to make sure his friends were still asleep. "Tell me what that does for you," he purred, listening to the sharp intake of breath through the receiver. "Does it make you hard? Does it make you want me?"

"You know it does," Eminem said softly, and then he moaned, a low breathless sound that made JC's knees weak. "I hope you ain't in your mother's kitchen, playing with yourself and talking to me."

JC laughed. "I wish," he said, a little bitterly. "I'm nowhere near home for the holidays. Can't even get Christmas Eve off, you know?"

"Where are you?" Eminem wanted to know.

"San Diego," JC replied. Easing down the zipper of his jeans, he slipped his hand into the fly and stroked the swollen thickness in his boxer briefs. "Sitting here in this lonely hotel suite, thinking of you, your hands on my body, your lips, your tongue --"

"What the fuck?" Eminem asked suddenly.

JC frowned. "What the fuck what?" he asked.

"You're not in San Diego," Eminem said.

"I'm not?" JC asked, that broad grin back again. "Well, it must be a conspiracy then, because that's what everyone's telling me this place is. Where do you think I really am?"

Silence filled the connection, and for a long moment JC didn't think Eminem would answer. He'd said something to piss him off, JC couldn't imagine what, and now Marshall was going to hang up on him. On Christmas Eve, of all nights. Just as JC was about to apologize, Eminem said, "If you're fucking lying ..." His voice trailed off, but there was no mistaking the hope in it.

"I'm not," JC said, zipping up his pants. "I swear, Marshall, I'm not." Then it hit him. "Don't tell me you're ... you're in Detroit, right?"

"L.A.," Eminem said, and then he laughed. "Fuck, Joshua. I can't believe --"

"I'm on my way," JC interrupted, his heart hammering in his chest. Los Angeles -- Marshall was in L.A.! Fuck. And here he was, fooling around with himself when he could be there already. "Talk to me, Marshall. I'm out the door. Tell me how to get there."

\* \* \*

Eminem paced the small hotel room anxiously. He couldn't believe Joshua was in California. What were the chances of that? He had toyed with the idea of going to Florida for the weekend -- it was hot there, and sunny, and he knew JC would be in Orlando with his family, he just knew it -- but in the end he decided Joshua wouldn't want to see him, not with his parents and his friends around, so he flew to California and told himself he'd settle for talking on the phone, maybe jerking off afterwards, waking up cold and alone and he couldn't believe JC was driving over here this very minute, he couldn't fucking believe it. When someone knocked on the door, Eminem stumbled in his haste to reach it. Flinging it open, he found JC standing on the other side, that infuriating grin on his face, his hands shoved deep into the pockets of his jeans. With his black turtleneck and dark denim jacket he looked like a poet in a coffeehouse somewhere, and the trimmed goatee he sported added to the image. Pointing at it, Eminem asked, "You trying to drop the pretty boy look or something?"

Pushing his way into the room, JC shrugged off his coat and laughed. "You don't like it?" he asked.

In reply, Eminem ran a finger over the thin hair on JC's chin,

and then JC's lips were on his, insistent, demanding, his hands cradling Eminem's face as he leaned into him. Eminem pushed JC back against the door, hungry for him, letting his hands trail down JC's chest, his fingers picking at JC's nipples through the warm fabric of his shirt. "What are you doing here?" Eminem whispered.

"Fuck if I know," JC admitted. He moaned as Eminem licked along the curve of his throat, his lips hot on JC's neck. "Some guy called me up, told me come on over, get fucked and spend the night --"

Eminem chuckled. "I meant in California," he breathed. Leaning against JC, he pressed his hips against JC's, grinding their erections together with a sweet ache. "It's Christmas Eve. You should be home."

"You should be, too," JC pointed out. As Eminem wrapped his arms around JC's waist, JC hugged him close. "I thought you couldn't even leave the city."

"That's what I pay my lawyer for," Eminem said, laughing. He looked into JC's deep eyes and frowned.

"What about your daughter?" JC prompted gently. If he wasn't holding Eminem so tightly, and if he didn't sound so damn sincere, Eminem might have gotten mad. He didn't like people talking about Hallie, he'd kill someone for even mentioning her, but this was Joshua. It hurt to think about his daughter, sleeping and dreaming of Santa and not even knowing that her father wouldn't be there for Christmas, just like his father was never there for his Christmases, and he had always vowed to himself that he wouldn't be like that, he would be better, and fuck Kim for not letting him. Seeing the anger clouding Eminem's brow, JC whispered, "I'm sorry, Marshall. I didn't mean --"

"Fuck Kim," Eminem growled. "Fuck her and the court and anyone who thinks I'm a bad father. I'm not. Just because I say the shit I say and do the shit I do they think I don't want to see my girl? It's Christmas, Joshua. What the fuck's up with that?"

JC sighed. "I'm sorry," he whispered, and before Eminem could reply, JC was kissing him again, his lips and tongue and hands making everything else -- the rain, the holiday, the pain, everything -- disappear.

"Stay the night," Eminem moaned. "Please, Joshua. You can leave early in the morning, just stay with me tonight."

"I didn't plan on leaving anytime soon," JC replied, slipping his hands beneath Eminem's shirt, the press of their flesh arousing. "Merry Christmas, Marshall."

"It'll get merrier once we start fucking," Eminem growled, and JC laughed as he pulled off his turtleneck. "You are in the mood, aren't you?"

"When am I not?" JC countered, unzipping his jeans. As he pushed them to his knees, he glanced up at Eminem and grinned. "You gonna just stand there and watch while I do everything

myself?"

The thought had its merits -- JC on the bed, naked, stroking himself until he came in his hand. Damn but that was a nice image. "Maybe," Eminem said, crossing his arms in front of his chest to keep from touching the thick bulge in JC's underwear.

JC laughed again and kicked off his shoes before slipping out of his jeans and briefs. "Fine," he said, heading for the bed. As he passed, Eminem reached out and slapped his ass, causing JC to jump. Swatting away Eminem's hand, JC stretched out along the bed and ran a finger up the length of his thick cock, his thumb swirling around the tender tip until he closed his eyes from the sensation. "I hope you're enjoying this as much as I am."

"Fuck," Eminem cursed softly as he stripped out of his sweat shirt and pants. Leaning down, he brushed JC's hand away and pressed his body along JC's, his skin tingling where it touched JC's own. A sudden tenderness took him and he stroked JC's cheek gently, staring into those blue eyes, and he wanted to forget everything but this moment, this man, here in his arms. JC's hands tickled his chest and sides before caressing along his spine and drifting to his buttocks, where they clutched him tight. Slowly Eminem began to move his hips, rubbing his erection against JC's, watching his lover's lips part with a moan and his eyes flutter close. His thumb slipped into JC's mouth, where JC nipped at it playfully, biting as Eminem kissed the curve of his jaw. "You don't want to do it alone, do you, Joshua?" Eminem purred. "You want me to do it for you. I know you do. Tell me."

"I want you," JC moaned, sucking on the tip of Eminem's thumb. "I want you in me, Marshall. Fuck me already."

Eminem kissed JC's neck, his lips soft and damp and warm, his tongue licking the hollow of JC's throat. One of JC's hands slid between them to stroke Eminem's thick cock, squeezing and kneading him until he ached for release. "Joshua," Eminem breathed, his mouth covering JC's as his lover's hand guided his dick. As he eased inside of JC, he moaned at the hot tightness that enveloped him, drawing him in deeper, further, the pressure making him blind with desire and need. Each slow thrust burst through him with a sweet pain like cymbals crashing, and JC moved beneath him, moaning, his hands gripping Eminem to him tightly. As their rhythm increased, JC bit down on the fleshy pad of Eminem's thumb and moaned, short, quick grunts urging Eminem faster, harder, faster, deeper, faster, JC's hands squeezing him, pulling him closer, wanting him in further, in deeper, in more. When JC came, arching his back as warm fluid slicked their bellies, Eminem stifled his cries of pleasure with a greedy kiss, and he pushed in as far as he dared as his own orgasm ripped through him and flooded JC.

With a sigh, JC fell back to the bed and wiped the beads of sweat from Eminem's brow. "Was that merrier?" he whispered, kissing Eminem's pouty lips.

"Very merry," Eminem replied. He pushed JC down to the mattress, covering his lover's body with his own as he held him close. "Merry Christmas, Joshua."

JC laughed softly. Turning into Eminem's embrace, he snuggled closer, burying his head against Eminem's chest and wrapping his arms around his waist. "I'm glad you called," he sighed. "I was so damn lonely."

"I know what you mean," Eminem replied. He kissed JC's forehead and hugged him tightly. Maybe Christmas wasn't so bad after all.

The End



Unspoken  
by NSyncGrrl

The Grammy's. Of all the award shows throughout the year, this was it, this was the place to be, the one that mattered. And we didn't win shit, JC thought sullenly, gulping down the rest of the wine in his glass as he stared at the crowd around him. Another after show party and no one he wanted to talk to, nothing to do but stand by the bar and get shit-faced. Because you didn't say anything to Marshall when you saw him backstage, his mind whispered. Why not? Because he was pissed about not winning and you were with the guys and he saw you, he fucking glared at you, his eyes dared you to speak, and you didn't. JC motioned for the bartender to refill his glass. He didn't know where Eminem was staying the night and when he called the cell number he had, he got an out of range message, and he'd been so busy lately, with the new album and the upcoming tour and just everything, that he hadn't seen or talked with Marshall in what, two months? Since Christmas. It seemed like forever.

Maybe he doesn't want to talk to you anymore, he thought. That was the alcohol talking, he was sure of it -- by the end of the night he'd be so damn depressed, and his room back at the hotel was so damn lonely, and they didn't even win a fucking Grammy ... Just shoot me now, he thought, swirling his wine around in his glass as he searched the room for his bandmates. Justin and Lance had conveniently disappeared, but Chris and Joey were by the buffet table laughing with Jon Stewart and why couldn't he be like that? That happy and that carefree? Because you didn't talk to Marshall, he thought wearily. You could've at least said congrats -- who would've thought anything of THAT? He only won a half dozen awards tonight. But no, you had to keep walking. Like Joey doesn't know who it is you fuck anymore. Like none of the other guys suspect anything.

But Eminem had been with the guys from D-12, and he was fairly sure they didn't know their token white boy liked to fuck one of the guys from 'N Sync. Hell, no one knew, and he liked it that way, he loved the irony of the whole situation -- it made their few trysts together that much hotter, that much sexier, as if he were doing something wicked and if only the fans knew, if only anyone knew, what the hell would they say?

JC didn't care what they'd say. He scanned the crowds, telling himself he wasn't looking for Marshall, he wasn't -- and it's a good thing you're not, he thought, finishing his wine. Because he's not here.

A high, thin ringing interrupted his thoughts. He looked around but he was the only person by the bar, and when the ringing came again he pulled his cell phone out of his pocket. It was probably his mother calling. Sorry you didn't win, honey, she'd say. And how could he respond to that? Thanks, Mom. Maybe next year.

But maybe it's him, he thought, and on the third ring he

answered. "This better be who I hope it is," he said. Please let it be him.

Eminem's angry voice brought a smile to his face. "You better be hoping it's me," he replied, and JC laughed for the first time since the party started. "Where the fuck are you, Joshua?"

"Still here," JC said, though right now he wasn't quite sure where here was. "That damn party. Where are you?"

"Outside." Eminem moaned into the phone, a breathy, thick sound that made JC's cock ache. "I'm pissed that I didn't win Album of the Year --"

"Yeah," JC sighed. "That sucks."

"I'm alone," Eminem continued as if he hadn't spoken, "and I'm looking to fuck something other than my hand. You coming out here or do I have to come in there and get you?"

JC grinned. "Is that a promise or a threat?" he wanted to know.

"Fuck, Joshua," Eminem growled. "You want to get laid tonight or what?"

JC didn't have to be asked twice. "You're outside here?" he asked. "Why aren't you inside at the party?"

"Because I want to fuck you," Eminem explained. "I want you to get your scrawny ass out here --"

"On my way," JC replied. He set his glass down on the bar and started across the room, already looking for the exit sign. "And here I thought I was going to have to sleep alone tonight."

"Not if I can help it," Eminem promised. "Black limo on the curb. If you're not here in five --"

"I will be," JC said, hanging up the phone. As he passed his friends at the buffet, he touched Joey's elbow to get his attention. "I'm heading out," he said.

Joey frowned at him. "You okay?" he asked, concern lacing his voice. Beside him Chris watched JC closely, crunching on the hors d'oeuvres from his plate. "If you wait a few minutes, we'll be heading out, too. If you want to ride back with us."

Marshall's waiting for me, JC thought as he shook his head. What would Joey say if he told him that? "I've got a ride," he said evasively. He didn't add that he wasn't going back to his room tonight, not if things worked out the way he planned. He'd be sleeping with Marshall, in his arms, in his bed, and that thought made him shove his hands deeper into his pockets until his fingers brushed along the tip of his dick, already growing hard. "I'll be fine."

But Joey's frown deepened. "Josh --" he started, and then he sighed. Lowering his voice, he leaned closer and whispered, "Is it worth it, Josh? Is he worth it?"

"You just don't know," JC gushed, smiling at the memory of those rough hands on his body, those hungry lips, those piercing eyes. "I'll catch up with you guys in the morning, okay?"

"Is it just the sex?" Joey wanted to know. My five minutes are almost up, JC thought randomly. He had to get out of here. His whole body throbbed with the thought of Eminem out in his limo, waiting, and he had to get out of here now. When JC didn't answer, Joey pressed, "Josh, don't you want anything more than that?"

JC laughed. "Listen to yourself, Joe," he said, shaking his head. "Mr. Fuck 'em and Leave 'em himself, telling me I need something more than sex. What do you look for, Joe? Love? Is that what you say it is?" Anger flared through him. Why was it that everyone could have a good time but him? Was there some law he didn't know about, some rule that said he was the only one who had to be alone, and the minute things started looking up for him, someone had to come along and kick him down again? Well, fuck that. Fuck it all. And fuck me, he thought, glaring at Joey. Tonight he's going to fuck me, Joe, and despite what you think, he likes it, I like it, and we're both happy doing it. So there. "I'm going," he said. When Joey started to say something else, JC turned away. "Goodbye."

He headed for the exit, hoping no one else stopped him before he could crawl into Marshall's arms and forget the rest of the world existed tonight.

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Eminem glared out of the window and tried to tell himself the Album of the Year award didn't matter shit. The whole fucking show was rigged -- for all the talk about being open-minded and music speaking for the generation and that crappy nonsense that ass prattled on about before his number, he still didn't win the one goddamn award that would've made it worth his while. Album of the Year would've shoved it up all their asses, all his critics, the press, the parents, his own fucking mom and Kim and all of them, and in the end the academy wimped out and gave the award to some losers older than dirt. What the hell was up with that? Eminem didn't know but it pissed the fuck out of him. He glanced at his watch sullenly. Joshua better get his ass in gear, he thought, or I'll fucking leave without him.

Little chance of that happening, though. Eminem wanted to fuck something tonight and it was going to be Joshua. If he ever gets here.

Suddenly someone rapped on the window and Eminem kicked the door open. "About fucking time," he growled as JC slid into the seat across from him.

"You miss me?" JC asked, grinning. He pulled the door shut and leaned back, one foot propped up on the seat beside Eminem. Absently he ran one hand along his thigh, his fingers pressing into his crotch, and Eminem watched as JC's eyes slipped closed from the sensation.

Eminem laughed. "I didn't call you up to watch you jack off in my car," he said. "Come over here, Joshua."

JC pursed his lips as if considering it. "What if I say no?" he asked, the hint of a tease in his voice.

Eminem frowned. "Then I'll jump your ass right there. I know you want me so quit touching yourself and get over here already."

JC knocked the rapper's foot off his knee and stretched out beside him on the seat, resting his head in Eminem's lap. Pushing back against the thick erection at the rapper's crotch, JC smiled when Eminem gasped. "You want to fuck now?"

But Eminem shook his head. He picked at the blonde strands at JC's forehead, bright highlights that stood out against rest of his dark brown hair, and thought again how great it would've been, how fucking awesome, if he had that damn Album of the Year Grammy to take home to his little girl. JC frowned up at him. "You don't want to fuck?" he asked. "Damn, Marshall, you're not getting sappy on me, are you? God, that's the last thing I need."

"Fuck no," Eminem growled, and JC grinned. "You want to fuck? Fine. Roll over." But neither of them moved, and Eminem sighed as he cupped JC's chin in his hand. Stroking one smooth cheek beneath his thumb, he frowned at JC and said, "Fuck this, yo. I just wanted one award. Just one. And it's the one I didn't get."

JC laughed, and for a moment Eminem's brow clouded dangerously. "Shit," JC drawled. "I didn't get any. At least you got something." With a wink he added, "And I saw the way Elton was feeling you up, Marshall -- don't think I didn't."

That brought a grin to Eminem's face. "What the fuck are you talking about?"

JC winked again and took Eminem's hand in both of his. "I'm talking about him hugging you like that," JC said, easing Eminem's hand down his chest and further, until the rapper's fingers danced over the waistband of his pants, and then further, until he closed his hand over the bulge at JC's crotch. JC arched into his touch, pressing his head back into Eminem's own erection sweetly. Through clenched teeth JC hissed, "I thought I was going to have to kick his ass."

"For what?" Eminem wanted to know. He squeezed JC's hard dick through his pants and damn ... he didn't know if he could hold out until they got to the hotel now. He leaned down and kissed JC, tasting wine on his lover's lips. "You're drunk."

"For touching my bitch," JC said. The words stunned Eminem ... my bitch -- but before he could respond JC jumped off the seat and onto the far side of the car, giggling wildly.

Eminem launched himself after JC, who tried to twist away but couldn't. He was trapped in the rapper's arms, and his laughter turned breathless as Eminem laid down on top of him, his body shoving JC into the leather seat of the limo. "Your bitch?" he wanted to know, but he was laughing now, too, and the awards,

the performance, everything from earlier disappeared as his hands pulled JC close, his teeth closing over JC's earlobe to bite gently. "Your bitch?" he asked again.

JC laughed. "Fuck me," he said, moaning as Eminem licked behind his ear.

"Just for that comment," Eminem sighed, "I'm going to make you wait until we get back to my room."

But JC was warm beneath him and he couldn't keep his hands from roaming along his lover's taut muscles. JC turned, his mouth finding Eminem's as the limo started to life. "I think you're my bitch," Eminem whispered against JC's lips.

JC grinned. "If that means I get fucked later --"

"It does," Eminem promised.

"Then I'm your bitch tonight," JC said, laughing. He kissed Eminem before the rapper could reply.

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JC stood in the middle of the darkened hotel room and shrugged out of his blazer as Eminem closed the door behind him. Suddenly hot lips were on his neck, warm hands strong on his arms, kneading his muscles and sending shivers of pleasure down his spine. "Marshall," he sighed. Eminem's hands rubbed down his arms and across his stomach until his fingers fumbled with the button of JC's pants. Behind him the rapper pressed his body against JC's, his erection hard against JC's ass. "Fuck me now," JC said, pushing Eminem's hands away so he could slip out of his pants.

He heard the faint sound of a zipper in the darkness, and when he bent to remove his pants he heard Eminem's jeans hit the floor. And then the rapper's hands were on his hips, pulling him against the bulge at his crotch. When Eminem rubbed into him and moaned, JC laughed. "It's easier without the underwear, Marshall."

Eminem squeezed JC's cock through his boxer briefs. "Shut up," he growled, easing JC to the floor. JC turned, lying down on the rough berber carpet, and pulled up Eminem's t-shirt when the rapper knelt down over him. His hands found Eminem's nipples and he picked at them until the tender buds stood erect beneath his fingers. "Jesus, Joshua," Eminem gasped.

JC pulled him down, covering the rapper's mouth with his own greedy lips. "Are you going to fuck me tonight or what?" he whispered as Eminem tugged at his underwear. The tight fabric bit into his cock, making it throb and ache and ... "Marshall, now," JC said, pushing the rapper back to pull off the underwear himself. "I want you so bad, I'm going to come just thinking about it. And that won't be much fun for either of us."

"You'd get it up again," Eminem said, laughing, but he sat back and spread JC's knees apart as he leaned down, his breath tickling

JC's naked flesh.

Before JC could reply, Eminem's lips closed over the weeping tip of his dick and he thrust into the hot, hungry mouth blindly, grabbing at the carpet as he arched off the floor. Eminem's hands cradled his ass, his fingers working into JC as his tongue swirled down JC's dick and around his tender balls. "Marshall," JC breathed, but anything else he might have said was lost when the rapper began to suck at him, and each thrust sent him deeper into the warm wetness of his lover's mouth, sent the fingers further inside of him, until he came in an explosive rush that left him breathless and empty and so damn hollow inside. "Oh Jesus," he sighed, collapsing back to the floor. His fingers burned from where he gripped the carpet tight, and his whole body shook slightly, exhausted and spent. When he spoke, his voice was just a whisper. "Fuck."

Above him Eminem laughed, and then the rapper's hard body pressed into his, pushing him against the floor with a welcome heaviness that he didn't want to lose. As he wrapped his arms around Eminem's narrow waist, he felt a sudden wetness drip onto his chest. "You're all over me," Eminem said, laughing, and then he shook his head, shaking JC's juices from his face and hair like a dog. "Next time warn me before you spray."

JC giggled. "I still want that fuck," he said, thrusting weakly against Eminem. The rapper wiped his face on JC's shirt to clean himself up, balling the fabric as he rubbed the cum away. JC pushed against him as he tried to sit. "Get up."

"I already am up," Eminem replied, wiggling his hips to grind his thick erection into JC's crotch. He kissed JC's chin with damp lips, his teeth nipping at the skin gently as he held him close. With one hand he eased down the front of his briefs and finally, JC thought, feeling the delicious crush of Eminem's erection against his own. He was already thick and hard and ready, and when he pushed into him, JC rose his hips to meet him, already aroused again. "Joshua," Eminem moaned, thrusting into him, and JC moved beneath him, hurrying him on because he was close, so damn close and it would just take a few minutes and he'd come, they'd get this heady fervor out of their system and they could spend the rest of the night taking it slow. With hard, quick thrusts Eminem moved in him and JC hugged him desperately, riding the waves of pleasure that threatened to engulf him. "Jesus, you're so tight," Eminem sighed. "Josh --"

A heavy knock on the door froze them both in mid-thrust. "Who's that?" JC whispered, fear gripping his heart. It's the guys, he thought wildly. Joey and Chris, they followed me, they're going to tell me this is wrong, I have to leave, they're going to RUIN this --

"I don't know," Eminem growled, "but they can fucking wait." He resumed his thrusts, pushing into JC with a mindless fury that made them both moan in delight. JC whimpered when Eminem came, filling him with a thick warmth that matched the fiery kisses the rapper trailed down JC's neck. The knock came again, and this time the door rattled against the frame. "I'm going to fucking kill that ass," he threatened, pulling free from JC. He shoved his dick

back into his briefs and tugged his jeans up roughly. "Jesus fucking Christ --" Whoever it was in the hall knocked again, and Eminem raised his voice angrily. "I'm coming, fuckhead! Lay off the goddamn door already. Fuck."

JC scrambled to pull up his own underwear, slipping back into his pants as Eminem unlatched the door. "What the fuck's your problem, Em?" came a thick menacing voice, and suddenly JC's veins turned to ice. He knew that voice. Dre. The heat of passion left him like a flash in a frying pan. Oh fuck. That's Dr. Dre out there, out in the HALL -- "Well? You gonna let me in or what? You got a bitch in there with you?"

"Fuck you, Dre," Eminem scowled, but JC could hear the anger in his reply. Fuck, he thought, his mind racing. Don't let him in, Marshall, please don't let him in. What the hell will he say when he sees me? Fuck. With a glance behind him into the darkened room, Eminem said, "Get your black ass in here."

As he stepped aside, JC backed into the bathroom. He slammed the door and leaned his head against the door, listening. "She in the john?" Dre asked, his voice loud in the small hotel room. "You guys fucking in here? No wonder it took you long enough to answer the door. This place reeks of sex." Dre laughed, an evil sound that filled JC with dread. "Tell her to come out here, I could use a fuck myself."

"Get your own damn bitch," Eminem said bitterly, "and keep your hands off mine."

God, JC prayed, wrapping his arms around himself tightly. Please don't let him find out I'm here. Please don't let him find out it's me. As quietly as he could, he locked the bathroom door and turned on the light. Leaning against the sink, he stared at his own fear-filled eyes in the dingy mirror and prayed Dr. Dre didn't plan on staying long.

\* \* \*

Time had no meaning in the white tiled bathroom. JC didn't have a watch and he didn't know what time it was, how long he'd been here, sitting on the closed lid of the toilet seat and waiting for Dre to leave. Fifteen minutes, maybe, but it felt like a lifetime. The whole night narrowed down to this, the harsh light glaring off the porcelain sink, the sudden rush of water every so often when the toilet ran, the steady drip of the showerhead behind the ragged curtain. I should leave, JC thought, but how could he possibly get past Dre? Was Marshall going to leave him in this damn bathroom all night long? Get rid of him already, Jesus.

But the mood was shot, wasn't it? There was nothing he wanted to do now, nothing except crawl back to his room and hug his pillow tight and try to forget that Dr. fucking Dre almost caught him with his pants down in Eminem's hotel room. How the hell would that look? You're playing with fire, he told himself, looking around the bathroom for something, anything to do to alleviate his boredom and keep him busy, take his mind off the situation. You

knew it when you started this damn affair. And you knew you were going to get burned, sooner or later, you HAD to. Something had to give. You couldn't do this forever.

Marshall was probably pissed. How could he sit out there and pretend nothing happened? Talk to Dre as if JC wasn't hiding in his bedroom, as if he hadn't just fucked a guy -- God, what would Dre say to that? He'd call him a faggot, JC thought, and he could almost hear the words spoken out loud, he could imagine the anger that would flash in Marshall's eyes and the fight that would ensue, a fight that would leave someone hurt, one of them, and JC suspected that someone would be him. Maybe it's not just the thrill or the sex, he admitted to himself, but he shook the thought away. He didn't want to think there was more to it than that. There wasn't.

Eminem's shaving kit sat on the edge of the sink, a black bag bulging with toiletries. JC could see the disposable yellow razor peeking through the open zipper, a few thin bars of hotel soap shoved into its depths, and because he had nothing else to do, he picked up the bag. He pulled out the razor and the soap, a half-empty tube of toothpaste, a worn toothbrush with prickly bristles that tickled when he ran his thumb down them, and then his fingers closed around a small plastic baggy. Pulling it out, he held the baggy up to the light and grinned at the dark grass inside. Shit, he thought. Maybe once Dre left they could do this.

He tossed the marijuana onto the sink and reached back into the bag. This time he found a baggy full of white powder, and he threw it onto the sink beside the weed -- he didn't know enough about drugs to know what that was, and he told himself he didn't want to know. This was a side of Marshall he never saw, a side the rapper kept from him. He's different with me, JC thought, rummaging through the shaving kit. He pulled out a crumpled pack of cigarettes, a lighter shoved beneath the plastic wrapping. I make him someone different. Someone who doesn't need the drugs to hide away. I hope so, anyway.

With trembling fingers JC shook out a bent cigarette, and when he stuck it between his lips, he almost grimaced at the taste. Unfiltered, ugh. He'd had a puff or two before -- he hated smoking, really he did, but right now he needed something to calm his nerves, something to make him a little less edgy. Something like Dre taking his ass outta here, he thought, lighting up the cigarette. When he took a long draw on the smoke, his lungs burned and he bent over as a fit of coughing seized him, locking up his throat and nose and Jesus, he thought, setting the lit cigarette on the edge of the sink. His night was only getting worse, and now his eyes watered from the smoke, his head throbbed with a dull ache, and he had a horrible sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach that maybe, just maybe, he might have to spend the night in this damn bathroom. The thought of sleeping on the cold linoleum didn't appeal to him in the least.

He shook the shaving kit and heard the rattle of pills in a bottle. Maybe it's aspirin, JC thought, and he could really use some of that right about now. If he could convince himself that powder by the sink was BC he would swallow a mouthful, but he seriously doubted that. He was thinking crack or cocaine, something like that. But



pills ... in a bottle, even ... might be something to make the pain that was beginning to blossom behind his eyes go away.

It was a prescription bottle. JC turned it around in nerveless fingers and read the label. Kimberly Mathers, Vicodin. These were his wife's pills. Ex-wife's, JC corrected himself. Vicodin? Wasn't that codeine? Or some form of pain-killer? He thought maybe it was. Maybe one would make him feel better. 500 megs ... That's not much. Vin vin VIN. He popped the top off of the bottle and shook one long capsule out into the palm of his hand. Just one --

Someone knocked on the bathroom door. "Joshua?" Marshall, JC thought, putting the lid back on the bottle. "Open this door."

"Is he gone?" JC wanted to know. He shoved the bottle back into the bag, followed by the weed and the powder and the cigarette ...

Stupid! He took the cigarette out and tossed it into the sink as Eminem rattled the doorknob. "Open this fucking door," he said, malice curled in his voice. "I'm not asking again."

"You're not asking at all," JC muttered. Suddenly the door shook as Eminem kicked it from the other side, splintering the wood around the lock, but the door held. Before he could kick it again, JC threw it open. "There," he said, frowning at Eminem, his hair still damp and his face flushed and angry. "It's open."

"Don't fuck with me," Eminem scowled. He crushed out the cigarette in the sink. "He's gone."

"No shit," JC replied, tossing the pill into his mouth. "You wouldn't be here otherwise."

Eminem grabbed JC's cheeks in one hand and squeezed. "What the fuck is that?" he asked. Against his will, JC's tongue popped out of his mouth, the pill still on the tip. "Shit, Joshua, what the hell are you doing?" With rough fingers Eminem picked the pill off of JC's tongue. "This isn't shit you fuck around with." He tossed the pill into the sink.

"I have a headache," JC said wearily. He didn't feel like fighting, not now. Let Eminem have his damn drugs, JC didn't care. He'd call a cab and go back to his hotel room. Fuck this. Fuck it all. "I'm going."

"Where?" Eminem asked. JC pushed past him into the room, glad to finally be out of that damn bathroom. "Joshua, what the fuck's gotten into you? Where the hell do you think you're going?"

JC sighed. "I'm going back to my room," he said, gathering up his blazer where it lay on the floor. "I can't stay here."

"Why not?" Eminem stepped up behind him, blocking his path. The rapper stood so close, JC could feel his breath on the back of his neck, and he tried to ignore the way it made his blood race, he tried to tell himself he didn't want this man, not now, not tonight. What if Dre comes back? he thought. That scared him more than he was willing to admit, even to himself. "Joshua --"

"You know," JC said bitterly, "Joey knows about you. At least, I think he does. And he thinks I'm a fool and he keeps telling me I'm wrong but he's just looking out for me. Chris might know -- if he does, he doesn't care. Justin and Lance ..." He laughed and pulled on his blazer. "They live in their own little fantasy world. They don't give a fuck about me." Turning, he met Eminem's level gaze and swallowed against the emotions those icy eyes arose in him. "But your friends? Shit, Marshall. If they even knew about me --"

"What the fuck do they matter?" Eminem wanted to know. He crossed his arms and stared at JC menacingly, waiting for a reply. "Let them think what they fucking want to think."

JC sighed. "They'd kill me," he mumbled. "They'd fight with you and kill me and what for? A quick fuck, someone to hold once in a while? Is it worth it, Marshall?" He shrugged helplessly. "I mean, is it really?"

For a moment he didn't think Eminem would say anything else and he edged past the rapper, heading for the door. "Is that all this is to you?" came the soft response.

JC stopped, hand on the doorknob. "What?" he asked, his voice thick. God Marshall, he pleaded silently, you're making this harder than it has to be. Please don't say it, don't say the words, PLEASE.

"A quick fuck?" Eminem said. His voice was dangerously low, and at any minute JC expected to be shoved into the door and dragged back into the room. But he's not like that, he reminded himself. Not with me. "Is that all this is to you?"

JC bit his lower lip and told himself he wouldn't say anything, but he shook his head slightly because it wasn't just that. It looked like that, and sometimes it felt like that, but a quick fuck didn't explain the way he thought of Marshall at odd times, how he listened to the CDs and imagined the rapper with him again, in his arms, in his bed -- it was more than that, it had to be, despite whatever Joey thought. Because he's in my dreams, JC thought. When he calls I can't stop smiling and when he kisses me, nothing else matters, nothing at all. "Marshall --"

"Do you want me to say it?" Eminem asked. "Is that what this is all about? I'll fucking say the words, Joshua, if that's what you want to hear. If it'll keep you here, I'll say I --"

"Don't," JC said quickly. He didn't think he wanted to hear the words, even though he had listened to them on the first CD, playing that snippet of "Role Model" over and over again, but he wouldn't admit that. He turned and leaned back against the door, frowning at Eminem. "You don't have to say it."

"Then don't fucking leave," Eminem replied. "Dre ain't coming back. I thought you wanted to fuck."

JC whispered, "I have a headache." Reaching behind him, he twisted the doorknob but he knew he wouldn't leave. Even if the words weren't spoken, the thought that Eminem would even consider saying them was enough. Wasn't it? "Marshall --"

"Come here," Eminem said, scowling at him when he didn't move. "Joshua? Get your ass over here. Now."

JC pushed away from the door and stopped in front of Eminem, head down. He stared at their shoes and the light carpet and how long had it been since he laid there, the rapper's hands on his body, the air between them hot and heavy and electric with the moment and the sex and the danger? And admit it, he thought as Eminem reached out and ran his hands down JC's arms. When that knock interrupted you, that made it even MORE deadly, didn't it? More exciting, more dangerous, more ALIVE -- he smiled at the memory of the two of them, desperately fucking to come when Dr. Dre stood just on the other side of the door ... the thought made JC harden again. He heard us, he thought, grinning. Eminem pulled him into a tight hug and JC rested his forehead against his lover's shoulder, hiding his smile in the rapper's t-shirt. That smells like me. He heard us and if he only KNEW who it was in here with Em ... "God," he sighed, clutching Eminem close. "What was he doing here?"

Eminem laughed. "I have no fucking clue," he admitted. "You're staying here."

The way he said it left no room for argument. "I don't want to leave," JC whispered. "I just want to go to sleep and forget all about tonight."

"Even the fucking part?" Eminem asked.

JC laughed. "No, not that part." He let the rapper help him out of his blazer, and when Eminem pulled his shirt off, JC didn't stop him. Then his pants followed, and his underwear, and when he was naked, he picked at the button on Eminem's jeans. "Maybe I'll want to fuck again in the morning," he said, but when he pushed down the rapper's briefs and saw his lover hard again, he grinned. "Or maybe sooner. Damn, Marshall -- you stick this thing in the fridge or something?"

Eminem eased JC back to the hotel bed, his hands smoothing along JC's chest and down to tug at his own budding erection. "Shut up, Joshua," he growled, but the malice was gone from his voice and his kisses wiped everything else away.

The End

Just An Accident  
by NSyncGrrl

He's behind the wheel and Lance sits beside him, laughing into his cell phone at something Justin says, something JC can't hear but he's sure it's cute and mushy and sickening. He wonders if Lance ever tells Justin to fuck him, or if it's always love when they're together. He thinks maybe Justin would have an apoplectic fit if Lance suggested they do something as crude and animalistic and unbearably HUMAN as fuck ... he thinks if angels had sex then that would be something akin to whatever it is Justin and Lance do when they're together. He wonders if calling it love makes a difference.

But he likes saying fuck, and he knows Marshall likes hearing him say it, it turns them both on and gets the blood pumping and before long they're both hard and eager and can't keep their hands off each other, and didn't he almost say it the last time they were together? After Dre left, didn't Marshall almost say he loved him? Josh thought maybe that's what he was going to say, if only to keep him there for the night, and he said he didn't have to say it but now he wonders if anything would have changed if the words HAD been spoken out loud. Would their morning fuck have been something more? Something grand and heavenly and euphoric instead of hot and heavy and full of wanton lust?

JC doesn't think so. He thinks he likes it hot and heavy, and he likes it when Marshall growls because it makes him think he's the only thing holding the beast at bay, he's all that keeps the rapper in check. It's a heady thought, that he alone can control the real Slim Shady. He'd mention it the next time he talks to Marshall but part of him thinks his lover would try to deny it.

Beside him Lance laughs and JC can't even imagine what Justin's whispering through the phone. They spent the day at a photo shoot for one of those teeny-bopper magazines, just the two of them because the other guys were out of town -- Joey and Chris in Orlando for something or other, Justin halfway across the country on a flight headed their way -- and the girls behind the camera kept talking about Marshall because he came in earlier for a shoot of his own. JC tried not to seem too interested but he couldn't help the way the name made his blood rush, his hands shake. He wonders if the rapper is still in town, if Marshall will stay the night at his place if he asks ... maybe he should follow Lance's lead and call him up now, tell him they just missed each other at the Tiger Beat studios and was he looking to fuck something because JC was in the mood ...

He reaches for his cell phone but it catches on his seat belt and he can't get it free. With one hand on the steering wheel, he tugs at the phone, swerving as he tries to work it loose. He should just wait until he stops, they're on the interstate and he's driving too fast, there are too many other cars around, an eighteen wheeler barreling down the highway behind them, he should just wait until he can stop and THEN he can get the phone free, THEN he can call

Marshall --

He hears Lance tell him to slow down and he sees red taillights and he slams on the brakes, his hand tangling in his seat belt, the world skidding to a stop, glass breaking and tires squealing and somewhere far away his cell phone starts to ring, over and over and over again, a shrill sound he somehow hears over everything else. It's Marshall calling him, he knows it's him, and he'll never be able to answer it now ...

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JC jerked awake and blinked in the darkness of his living room. Just another dream, he told himself, but he shivered with a cold sweat and he still heard the crunch of steel, he still felt the impact jar through him from when he rammed the car in front of theirs. How fast had he been going? He didn't remember anymore. For a moment the world was nothing but sharp noise that cut through him like shattered glass, splintering everything into fragments that glistened on the hot tarmac. And somewhere between the accident and the hospital, his phone stopped ringing.

He was waiting for it to start again, but it hadn't.

The LED display didn't even light up anymore, but buying a new cell phone was the least of his worries. He didn't want to get behind the wheel again, he couldn't, not when he couldn't close his eyes without reliving every second of this afternoon. Lance beside him, telling him to slow down. The car in front of him, braking to a stop. That truck looming in his rearview mirror, his foot slipping off the brake pedal, his seat belt biting into his chest, the squeal of tires, the twinkle of glass, the damn phone ringing forever because he wasn't paying attention and he couldn't wait until he stopped to call Marshall, he had to fool around with the phone while he was driving, he couldn't even stop --

Stop it, he told himself, shaking his head. He was fine, Lance was fine, they were all fine -- except the car, it's totaled but I can buy another one, if I want another one, which I don't, not right now, because there's no way in HELL I'm driving anywhere for a long time. The thought of sliding into the driver's seat made his hands shake worse than they already did, and he clenched his fingers into his palms, trying to squeeze the numbness away. We're alive, he reminded himself. He lay on his stomach on the couch and didn't move, and around him the house was silent, dark and brooding. We're alive. That's all that matters. That's all that counts.

It was just a fender bender, a small accident, the kind that happens a million times a day. He sighed and rubbed his grainy eyes, wishing he had answered the phone. Then he wouldn't be alone. Marshall would be with him and he'd tell him it was okay because it had only been a small accident ... Well, not THAT small -- the car's wrecked and the interstate was tied up for HOURS -- but no one was killed and that's a good thing, right?

Then why couldn't he get over it already?

Sometime later a steady pounding at the door woke him up. He didn't even realize he had fallen asleep again but he didn't want to wake up because this time the dream hadn't come, this time it didn't shatter his sleep and maybe if he could just hold onto this peacefulness a little while longer, maybe it would be gone for good. Maybe --

"Open this fucking door!" JC sat up with a jolt when he heard the voice through the front door. Marshall, he thought -- it was Marshall, it had to be, no one else he knew cussed like that. He staggered to the door, bumping his shin against the coffee table in the dark room. Dizziness washed over him and JC shook his head, trying to clear his mind. Marshall -- "Joshua, I know you're in there. Open this damn --"

JC threw the door open and Eminem burst into his home, his face a mask of fury barely held in check, his eyes livid with rage. "Marshall," JC whispered. Suddenly he was thirsty and exhausted and he hugged himself tightly because the shivering was back and he couldn't seem to make it stop. "Jesus --"

"Are you alright?" Eminem asked, kicking the door closed behind him.

"I'm fine," JC muttered, even though he didn't feel fine. "How'd you find out?"

"It was on the news." JC nodded, though he knew Eminem couldn't see the gesture in the darkness. Two members of the hottest boyband in the country in a four car pile-up, of course it made the headlines. His mother called earlier when she saw it on the six o'clock news. And Joey called after dinner, Chris in the background asking if he was okay, if Lance was okay, if the car was okay because it had been Dani's car and JC was only borrowing it -- the only person he hadn't heard from was Justin and he didn't expect to, because Justin had heard the accident first hand through Lance's cell phone and he was sure when his friend finally said something to him, it wouldn't be pleasant. JC was trying not to think of that. "Joshua --"

"I'm okay," JC asserted. "You didn't have to come here."

Eminem stepped forward. "Fuck that," he growled softly, and then his arms were around JC, holding him tight. Suddenly the world stopped shaking -- these strong arms kept him safe, kept everything else away and JC buried his head in Eminem's shoulder as the rapper's hands smoothed across his back. "Damn," he murmured, his lips pressed against JC's ear. "You're not fine, Joshua. You're a fucking idiot if you think you're okay. What the hell are you doing all alone?"

"Waiting for you," JC admitted. "Marshall, God ..." His voice trailed off. "Just hold me. Please. Make it all go away. Make it stop --"

"Shh," Eminem purred. JC pressed closer to him and breathed in his lover's roughly clean scent, a mix of sweat and soap that made him sob silently.

He didn't think he'd ever be here again, in these arms, with this man -- I could've been killed ... the thought left him nauseous and weak. I could've been dead now, and he'd never hold me again. "I don't feel like fucking tonight," he whispered. Please don't leave, though, he wanted to add, but his throat closed up and he couldn't find the words.

But Eminem laughed, a short, brusque sound that surprised him. "I didn't think you would," he said, and his hands were warm on JC's back, his arms tight around him, so maybe he didn't come over just for that. Maybe he's here for me, JC thought. Not my body but ME. He bit his lower lip to keep another sob inside him. "God, Joshua, don't fucking scare me like that. Why didn't you call? I see the news and what the fuck am I supposed to think?"

"I don't know your number," JC said softly. "It's saved on my phone and I think that broke in the crash. It doesn't work." Lowering his voice, he added, "I wanted to call you. I was trying to get my phone when I ran into the other car because I wanted to hear your voice, Marshall. I wanted to hear you tell me ..." He sighed. "I don't know, I just wanted to talk to you."

"Well I'm here now," Eminem replied. He hugged JC tightly and kissed his neck, his lips soft and gentle and warm on JC's skin. "You're alright and I ain't going nowhere."

JC grinned. "Aight," he said, mimicking the rapper's accent.

Eminem laughed. "You get hit in the head or something?" he growled. "Last guy who picked on me ended up dead."

"You like the way I do it," JC said. He unfolded his arms and wrapped them around Eminem's waist. In a low voice he whispered, "I'm glad you're here." Maybe his lover's hands could smooth away the memories of the accident, and his arms could keep the dreams from bothering him when he slept.

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The car in front of him stops suddenly and he can't react fast enough. He hits the brakes but the car skids out from beneath him, and he's in the far lane, he feels the front tire scrape against the concrete median, he hears the truck behind them squeal as the driver tries to stop, but they're all going so fast, everything is a rush and he can't stop, he doesn't know how to make it stop --

JC sat up in bed, instantly awake, and blinked away the tears that pricked his eyes. Fuck. He sighed, running one hand through his disheveled hair. Jesus Christ. Beside him Eminem stirred awake. "Joshua?" he mumbled sleepily. "You okay?"

"Fine," JC whispered. How long would this go on, these memories eating away at his dreams, leaving him too terrified to sleep? How was Lance dealing with them? He had to find out. "I

have to call Lance."

"Who?" Eminem asked, propping himself up on one elbow. "Fuck, it's four in the morning. Who the hell do you have to call right this second?"

"Lance," JC said again. He reached for the phone only to knock the receiver to the floor where it clattered beneath the bed. "Shit," he muttered as he bent down and retrieved the phone. Sitting on the edge of the bed, he dialed Britney's number -- Lance was staying at her house while he was in California, and so what if it was late? He probably can't sleep either, JC told himself, listening to the phone ring in his ear. He's probably reliving the damn accident every time he closes his eyes, just like me, and it's all my fault but maybe if he tells me I'm not the only one, maybe then it'll be a little easier. Here's hoping.

Behind him, Eminem crawled out of the bed. JC heard his bare feet pad across the hardwood floor and then the bathroom light clicked on, throwing a golden triangle into the room before the door closed and cut off the light. "Come on," JC breathed. "Answer the damn phone already, Lance. I know you're there. I know --" The phone clicked in his ear. "Lance?" he asked, his voice hushed in the darkness.

"Who's this?" came the sleepy reply. Justin. JC closed his eyes, his heart thudding in his chest. It was Justin, he finally made it into town and he was the last person JC wanted to talk to right now.

"Is Lance there?" JC asked quietly.

Suspicion coiled in Justin's words. "Who are you?" He was awake now, and JC could hear the rustle of a bedsheet in the background. "JC, is this you? What the hell --"

"Is Lance there?" he asked again. "I just want to talk to him, Justin. Just to see if he's okay --"

Justin's voice hardened. "You almost killed him, Josh. Do you think he's okay?"

The bathroom door opened, light spilling into the room again, and when it clicked off the night was even darker than before. "Justin, I'm sorry," JC sighed. "I just want to --"

"You're sorry?" Justin asked, incredulous. "I'll never forget the sounds I heard through the phone, JC, never. I didn't know what to think on my flight here. I didn't know what the fuck had happened and all you can say is you're sorry?"

JC looked up as Eminem came into the room. "Justin --" he tried again, but he knew he wasn't going to get a chance to talk to Lance, not tonight.

The rapper stopped in front of him. "Hang up," Eminem said gently.

"Fuck that," Justin cried in his ear, and JC sighed again. "Let me tell you where you can stick your damn apology --"



"Hang up the phone." When JC didn't reply, Eminem took the receiver from him and set it back in its cradle, cutting off Justin's hot words in midstream. "You don't need to take that shit from him."

"It's my fault," JC whispered. His arms folded around his chest as he hugged himself tight.

"It was an accident," Eminem reminded him.

JC shook his head. "God," he sobbed. "I could've killed us both."

Eminem knelt in front of him and held out his hands -- a small white pill was in one palm, a half empty glass of water in the other. "But you didn't," he said, his rough voice unusually soft. "Take this, Joshua. You need to sleep."

Cautiously JC took the pill. "What is it?" he asked as he popped it into his mouth, grimacing at the bitter taste. He washed it down quickly with the water.

"Percocet," the rapper replied. "It's for pain but it'll help you sleep. Now lay down."

JC obeyed. He slid beneath the covers and grinned as Eminem climbed over him. "Marshall," he whispered, reaching out to run his hands down his lover's hard muscles. "Hold me."

Eminem wrapped his arms around JC and hugged him close. "Get some sleep," he whispered as JC settled back against him. His butt pressed against a hardness at the rapper's crotch and in the darkness he wiggled his hips, grinding the erection into him. "Joshua," Eminem warned, his arms tightening around JC's waist. He kissed the nape of JC's neck, his lips cool and damp. "You need to sleep."

"It feels like you need to fuck," JC replied with a small laugh.

"Maybe," came the grumbled reply. Slowly the rapper's hands began to caress his stomach, his fingers entwining in JC's own as his lips sucked at a tender spot on JC's neck. JC snuggled closer to his lover, letting the touch and the kisses brush away the memory of the crash. Soon the hands moved lower, stroking the thick hair at his groin, and JC moaned as the fingers grasped his hardening dick. "You like that?" Eminem breathed, and JC simply nodded. His whole body felt disconnected, his mind fuzzy, and he closed his eyes against the dizziness that tugged at the corners of his vision. It was the pill Eminem gave him, it had to be, already making him feel distant and far away. The sensations of hands on his body came through in waves of pleasure that ebbed over him with the rhythm of his heartbeat, and he rolled into his lover's arms, already gasping for more. Soft kisses crushed his lips, a warm tongue danced across his, and he thrust into a strong hand that cupped his throbbing erection. "Joshua," he heard, the breath against his cheek but the voice impossibly faint, miles away.

JC let his body respond for him. He raised his hips to meet his lover's, and when the rapper entered him, he blinked against the drowsiness that threatened to swallow him, concentrating on the

sex and the moans above him, the hard body thrusting into his, the hands holding him close. Deeper, farther, harder -- each thrust threatened to break through his cloudy mind, but everything was going so slow, so incredibly slow that JC didn't know if he'd ever come. He'd fall asleep with Eminem above him, grunting his name in low guttural whispers that made his blood pound in his ears, and when he woke he'd still have the rapper in him, these hands on his body, these lips kissing his breath away.

Finally he felt his lover come, and for a brief moment the cocoon around him shattered like glass and he arched into Eminem, his own orgasm tearing through him almost violently, tearing through the pill and the memories and everything, ripping his world in two. When he collapsed back to the bed, Eminem kissed the sweat from his cheeks and brow. "Marshall," JC sighed as his heartbeat returned to normal. He blinked slowly once, twice, and then didn't have the strength to open his eyes again.

"Shh," Eminem whispered. He smoothed JC's hair back from his brow and kissed him tenderly as he pulled JC into his arms. Holding him close, he breathed, "Get some sleep."

In the safety of his lover's embrace, JC wanted to ask about the last time they were together, when Eminem almost said he loved him. That's what I think he was going to say, he thought, and he wanted to ask because right now he wanted to hear the words. He wanted to say he might love this man, too, because he loved being with him, he loved the sex and the cuddling and the cussing -- he loved every minute they were together, and so he must love him, right?

But when he tried to open his mouth to say the words, he couldn't. He was too tired, the pill was working its way through his body, and it was so much easier just to lie in these arms and not think about the words. He'd say them some other time.

You could have died this afternoon, he reminded himself, and never had a chance to say them at all.

Pressing his lips against Eminem's arm, he whispered, "I love you." He couldn't hear the words but he had said them, didn't he? He thought he did. The words echoed through him. I love you.

And then he fell spinning into the dark, and the only thing real were the strong hands holding him tight.

\* \* \*

When JC opened his eyes again, sunlight slanted into the room and he rolled over to find himself alone in the bed. I didn't say I loved him, did I? he thought, but the drug still clouded his mind and he couldn't remember anything after Eminem hung up on Justin. He thought they made love -- had sex, he corrected himself, we fuck, we don't make love -- and he thought he said the words and maybe he did because where was the rapper now? Gone. He was alone now and all because he said he loved the man after taking that pill. Shit. Maybe he could say it had been an accident.

Marshall, I didn't mean it ... he sat up but his stomach churned sickly, his head swam and he pressed his palms to his temples as a sudden wave of dizziness washed over him. "Jesus, I feel like shit."

"You need to sleep it off," Eminem replied.

JC started as the rapper came out of the bathroom, already dressed in sweat pants and a baggy t-shirt. "You're still here?" JC asked softly.

"Where the fuck else would I be?" Eminem wanted to know. A sudden scowl crossed his face and he sat on the edge of the bed, glaring at him. "Lie down, Joshua. You ain't fully awake yet."

JC sank back to the pillows gratefully. "I'm a little groggy," he admitted, touching the rapper's knee to ensure himself he was real, he was here. He was still here. "Where are you going?" he whispered.

"Just to get some breakfast," Eminem said. He brushed JC's hair back from his brow, his hand cool against JC's fevered skin. "I'll be right back."

"Okay," JC conceded. Breakfast sounded good. It sounded excellent, and despite the sickness curling through his body, his stomach rumbled hungrily. "You're coming back, right?" He hated the neediness in his voice, but he didn't think he could make it through the day by himself and admit it, he told himself, you LIKE having him here. You do.

"Fifteen minutes," Eminem promised. "Where's the nearest Mickey D's?"

\* \* \*

JC heard the door slam as the rapper left, and the faint sound of tires crunching over his gravel drive drifted through the bedroom window, the only disturbance in the early morning air. He's coming back, he thought as he closed his eyes, and for some reason the thought made him smile. So what if I said I loved him? Maybe he didn't hear me. If he did, maybe we can just pretend it never happened, the words were never spoken. Nothing's changed between us, has it? So maybe he didn't hear me say it.

Even with his eyes closed he still felt as if the world dipped away in sickening lurches, and he hated the dizziness that swirled through him, leaving him unsteady and shaking. But at least he slept last night -- at least the dreams stayed away, and he could live through this discomfort if it meant he could get some rest. Today he wasn't as nervous as he had been the day before, and maybe tomorrow he would be okay, he could go look at the car and empty out the trunk and glove compartment and don't rush things, he admonished silently as his stomach churned at the thought of getting into that car again. How long had they been trapped in that steel coffin, waiting for rescue crews to arrive? Too long. Five minutes was too long and it had been almost an hour before they were cut out of the car, Lance had grown stony and silent beside

him, JC couldn't even get him to smile as they waited, and his thighs still ached from where the steering wheel bent into them, his whole body hummed with a sweet pain that made him want to fall back to sleep and never wake up until the bruises went away.

But the morning light peeked through the curtains and his eyes kept opening of their own accord, no matter how tightly he squeezed them shut. JC found himself staring at the clock on the far side of the bed. Five minutes since Eminem left and he was awake now. Why was he even lying here? He knew he wouldn't be able to go back to sleep. Sure he was a little dizzy but he could walk it off. Have to get up sometime anyway, he mused, pushing himself up in the bed. His whole body protested, creaking like an rusted hinge, and somehow he made it into the bathroom, stumbling and limping and Jesus, he thought, turning on the water full blast as he stepped into the shower. The hot water pinked his skin but felt so good on his tight muscles -- everything ached, everything, and JC didn't think he'd be fucking Eminem again any time soon. He felt as if he'd been hit by a truck -- oh wait, he corrected. I WAS hit by a truck. Remember? He couldn't seem to forget.

After the shower, he felt a little better. Just a little, he thought as he made his way gingerly down the stairs, the railing tight in his hand. I'll feel better when Marshall gets back. Much better. In the kitchen he started a pot of coffee, not because he wanted a cup but because it gave him something to do, something to focus on to take his mind off his back and his legs and his arms that shrieked with every move he made. As he waited for the java to brew, he thought he heard a car in the driveway, and he folded his arms across his chest, staring at the coffee dribbling into the glass pot. Already? he wondered. That was quick.

Heavy footsteps clomped across the porch and then someone knocked on the door, fast and furious. JC frowned -- he thought Eminem would have taken his keys to let himself back in when he returned. He told JC to stay in bed, hadn't he? So why didn't he take the key? As the knocking continued, JC hurried through the living room. "I'm coming," he called out. Lowering his voice, he muttered, "Stop with the pounding already." His fingers fumbled with the lock as he opened the door. "I said I'm coming, Mar -- oh. It's you."

From the porch Justin glared at him balefully. Behind him Lance looked as horrible as JC felt, his hair disheveled, his eyes puffy, his face red and tired. Justin held onto his hand tightly as if afraid to let go, and suddenly JC didn't want to deal with his friends. He didn't want to apologize anymore -- was that asking too much? He wanted to forget the whole thing ever happened ... couldn't they do that? "Justin," he started with a sigh.

"Let me in," Justin muttered, and he pushed past JC as he entered the house, Lance in tow. "I don't know what the hell your problem is lately, Josh --"

JC closed the door behind Justin and leaned his head against the cool wood. "I don't have a problem," he started, but Justin cut him off again.

"You almost kill Lance yesterday," Justin continued as if JC hadn't spoken. He rounded on his friend, one finger poking JC's chest to emphasize his arguments. "You fucking total Dani's car, you don't give a shit about anything anymore and you have the audacity to call me this morning and hang up -- you hung up on me, JC. No one does that shit."

JC laughed at that. "It wasn't me," he said, his gaze shifting to Lance, but his friend didn't look his way. Instead Lance held Justin's hand in both of his and waited out the turbulent anger his lover unleashed. Because he's not the target here, JC thought. I am. "I only wanted to see how you guys were coping, that's all. I couldn't sleep --"

"So what," Justin wanted to know, "no one can? You call to see if he's okay when you know he isn't? Do you even know what you put him through? What you put both of us through?"

Anger flared through JC. "You act like I did it on purpose," he said hotly. Justin took a step back as he moved away from the door, giving into his own fears, his own rage. Of course he knew what they were going through -- he had been there with Lance, trapped in the car and he had the bruises on his chest and arms from the airbag, he had the cuts on his neck and face from the windshield, his legs fucking ached from the crunch of metal ... "It was an accident, Justin. Could've happened to anyone, anyone at all --"

"But it didn't," Justin replied. "It happened to you, JC, and Lance was with you and I was on the phone with him and I can't get the sounds out of my head, the brakes and the screams and the damn crash -- what the hell was I supposed to think? I flew here thinking he was dead. God, I almost died myself, JC. What the fuck was I supposed to think?"

"I don't know," JC admitted. He didn't. Crossing his arms, he hugged himself tightly and wished he had stayed in bed. "Justin, I'm sorry, okay? What else can I say? I can't make the sounds go away. I can't make it better but it could've been worse, right? At least we're alive. At least --"

Justin lunged at him, and suddenly his friend's hands were fisted in his shirt, that young face he had known all his life twisted in rage. "Sorry doesn't cut it, Josh. Sorry doesn't mean shit."

Behind him Lance pulled at Justin's arms, trying to rein him in. "Justin," he sighed, and he sounded as if he hadn't slept in days. JC wanted to tell him to try one of Eminem's pills -- they work wonders, he thought crazily as he stared into Justin's angry visage. "Justin, please. You're only making it worse. Justin, baby --"

Suddenly the front door pushed open and JC heard a paper bag hit the floor as Eminem growled, "Get your damn hands off him."

For a moment surprise leapt into Justin's eyes when he saw the rapper, and JC took the opportunity to twist out of his friend's grip. "What the hell?" Justin started, looking between Eminem and JC. He tried again. "Who the fuck --"

And then Eminem was there, shoving Justin back as he stepped in front of JC protectively. "Who the fuck are you?" he wanted to know, his hand on Justin's chest to hold him off. When Justin tried to slap it away, Eminem pushed him again. "Can't you fucking hear? I'm talking to you, asshole. I wanna know who the fuck you think you are."

"They're my friends," JC whispered, but Eminem reached back and caught his wrist in his other hand, squeezing to silence him. Please, Justin, he prayed as he watched the indecision play across his friend's face. Please just back down. Oh shit just please --

But this was Justin, and JC should've known better than to expect him to walk away from a fight. Especially when he was livid and scared and looking for an outlet for his frustrations. "What the fuck are you doing here?" Justin asked, pushing Eminem's hand away once more as he stepped closer, a challenge in his voice. "Don't touch me again."

Eminem let go of JC and shoved hard into Justin, knocking him back against Lance. "Or what, faggot?" he asked, and JC groaned. Fuck, he thought. This isn't going well at ALL. "What the hell you gonna do? Huh? What the fuck --"

Without warning Justin barreled into Eminem, catching the rapper off-guard. JC stepped out of the way as they rammed into the wall behind him, Justin's fists pummeling Eminem's chest and stomach, the rapper grabbing at Justin's shirt and hair, trying to pull him off. For a moment JC thought about letting them fight it out, let the better man win, they'd all laugh about it later, and it was a tempting thought. The anger on Eminem's face made lust rise in him and he didn't care how much he ached, he knew he'd want to fuck later. He's defending me, he thought, grinning. ME.

But then Lance pushed past him. "Don't just stand there," he scowled, ducking beneath Justin's swinging elbows to wrap his arms around his lover's chest. "Justin, stop it already. Both of you." Lance pulled Justin up and away from the rapper, and it took all he had to hold the boy back. "Justin baby, please --" Eminem launched himself at Justin, trying to push Lance aside as he punched Justin in the stomach, doubling him over. "Josh, a little help here?" Lance pleaded, trying to cover Justin from Eminem's blows.

"Marshall, stop," JC said, stepping between his lover and his friends. Justin sank to the floor, slipping out of Lance's arms as he massaged his jaw, bruised from Eminem's fists and already starting to swell. Bending over him, Lance rubbed the tender spot gently, talking quietly to placate his lover. "You guys should leave," JC said, his voice low.

Justin glared up at him. "I guess you're sorry for this, too," he muttered.

"Just go," JC replied. "Please."

"Come on," Lance said softly, helping Justin to his feet. He frowned at JC as he led his lover to the door, Eminem behind him watching them carefully. "I thought Joey was kidding," Lance said

as Justin opened the door and stepped out onto the porch. "I thought it was just some sick joke --"

JC sighed. "You of all people should be able to understand," he whispered. Eminem bent to retrieve the bag with their breakfast in it from the floor, warily eyeing Justin through the open door as if he expected another fight. "Tell him I'm sorry."

"He'll get over it," Lance replied. "He always has before."

"I know," JC said. "I'm sorry."

"I know." With a glance at Eminem, Lance forced a smile and closed the door.

With a wry smile, JC turned to his lover. The anger still smoldered in the rapper's eyes, but for the first time JC noticed the blood smeared on his lip and chin, and concern laced his voice when he stepped forward, hands already reaching for Eminem. "You're bleeding," he said, wiping the smudge gently with his thumb. "Marshall --"

"I'm fine," Eminem growled, brushing JC's hand away. "The fucker just got a lucky punch, that's it. And you thought my friends were bad? What the hell was that all about?"

JC followed Eminem into the kitchen. The smell of fresh coffee permeated the air and JC busied himself with pouring two steaming cups while the rapper unwrapped breakfast sandwiches from the paper bag he carried. You knew this would happen, JC told himself as he set the cups down on the table between them. Justin can be as stubborn and angry as Marshall can so what did you expect when they finally met face to face? At least it was just a small fight. At least Lance was here to help break them up.

But now everyone would know who he spent his time with anymore. Before Joey might have guessed -- didn't Lance say he thought Joey was kidding? And maybe Chris suspected, but JC had hoped maybe the guys wouldn't find out about Eminem. The next time he saw them, the questions would never stop, and already he dreaded the barrage. When did you meet? How the hell did that happen? So what is it you two DO exactly? He expected Justin to ask that one, as if he couldn't figure it out. The same thing you and Lance do, he'd say, and God, he couldn't wait to see the shocked expression on his friend's face then. Only you wouldn't imagine how crude we are, you wouldn't believe I have it in me if I told you. As he bit into his biscuit, Eminem asked, "Well? You gonna tell me what they were doing here or do I have to fucking guess?"

"Justin's mad about the accident," JC said softly. "I could've killed Lance --"

"You didn't," Eminem reminded him. Shoving half of his sandwich into his mouth, he chewed thoughtfully and added, "It was an accident. Not like you meant to do it."

"I know," JC replied. He picked at the hash browns and frowned into his coffee. "You know, maybe this isn't working out --"

"What the hell are you talking about?" Eminem wanted to know.

He glared across the table at JC, trying to hide the confusion on his face with anger. "What's not working out?"

JC shrugged. "I don't know," he admitted. Justin knows about you, he thought, and that can't be good. What happens now? "Maybe ... I don't know, Marshall. I just --"

"You saying you lied last night?" Eminem asked, his voice low and dangerous. Last night -- JC's mind raced wildly. So I did say it. And you heard it. Jesus Christ, you HEARD it and you're still here and so maybe -- "Don't fucking lie to me, Joshua," Eminem growled. "You won't like it, I promise you."

"I didn't lie," JC said softly. He met the rapper's harsh gaze and flashed him a quick smile before taking another bite of his biscuit. "Do you know how horny I am right now? You in full Street Fighter mode -- makes me hard just thinking about it."

Eminem grinned. "Well, eat your damn breakfast," he said, "and then we can fuck again."

Laughing, JC finished his sandwich.

The End



Come for Me  
by NSyncGrrl

JC had hoped Eminem would be at the VMAs. He looked good that night, he knew he did, in his old-fashioned suit and during their performance? He just felt it, the energy, the love, the dayum I look FINE attitude that Justin always managed to have because Lance was always there to tell him he looked hot -- JC finally felt that onstage, and he wanted his lover to be there, to see that, to feel it too.

But things weren't going all that great for the rapper known as Eminem. Earlier in the summer JC got a phone call late one night, waking him up from a fitful sleep after one of their shows. He didn't even manage to say hello before Eminem was growling in his ear. "They fucking dropped us from the tour! Do you believe that shit? Jesus fucking Christ, I spent too much time with that group, I worked my fucking ass off for them, and those motherfuckers get themselves kicked from the tour. What the fuck is up with that?" A breathless pause, and then, in a softer voice, "Did I wake your sleeping ass up?"

And now MTV had banned D12's videos, something else Eminem wasn't happy about. "Fuck those bastards," he told JC the last time they talked, a week before the awards show. "They're not gonna play me like that. I can come to their fucking show because I've got nominations but I can't talk up my boys if I get the chance? They can suck my dick. I ain't going."

"I'll be lonely afterwards," JC purred, trying to soothe his lover. Truth was, any time Eminem spoke of D12, it always made him angry and bitter. The rappers weren't doing as well as Eminem had hoped they would, their one single had been so badly edited for airplay that the damn title had to be changed -- Marshall himself even admitted it was a raunchy album in a weak moment, when JC called him up before their DC show just to jerk off over the phone. "It'll just be me and Britney after the others cut out."

That elicited a laugh from his lover. "Oh fuck," he said. "Poor Joshua. You only want me there to rescue you from that slut."

JC grinned into the phone and let his hand trail down the inside of his thigh. He was at Wade's house -- they all were, learning new steps for their upcoming performance, but he had snuck away from the studio downstairs and was in his room, the door shut, sprawled out on the bed just so he could talk to his lover. Why not? Justin was all over Lance downstairs, and if Chris hit on Wade any harder, the boy would be bruised by dinnertime. When they stopped for a fifteen minute break, Joey joked that maybe JC wanted to give him a whirl, just so he wouldn't feel left out. He hates the fact that you're fucking me, JC thought as he listened to Eminem's breath quicken on the line. "You're touching yourself," he moaned, squeezing his hard dick through his jeans. He'd never be able to keep his mind on the dance steps now.

"So?" Eminem countered. "It bothers you that much, get your ass over here so I can fuck you instead."

JC laughed. "If only I could," he sighed. He didn't really feel like finishing this rehearsal -- he knew these steps. It wasn't that hard a routine. "If you came to the show --"

"I ain't coming," Eminem growled, and then his breath grew shallow as he moaned in the back of his throat, tiny little noises JC knew all too well.

"Sounds like you're about there to me," he teased. His hand gripped his own dick, rubbed its hard length through his jeans, pushed against it until it throbbed beneath his palm.

Then Eminem gasped his name. "Fuck, Joshua," he sighed.

"Surprise me," JC told him. "Show up and fuck me blind, Marshall. Do you want me to beg?"

"I'm not going," Eminem said again. "Don't fucking badger me about it. I got principles I gotta stand for, you know?"

JC smoothed the denim down around the bulge in his crotch and sighed. "Marshall," he said softly. "I want you there. Fuck them. Come for me." As Eminem started to reply, someone knocked on JC's door. "I gotta go," he whispered. His jeans bit into his erection as he sat up and he tried to shift it into a more comfortable position. "Come, Marshall. Do it for me."

"I gotta stand by my boys, yo," Eminem growled.

Another knock. "Yeah, well," JC sighed, climbing off the bed, "think about it."

And he thought Eminem would think about it. He was so sure he'd show up anyway, just for him, that JC couldn't sit still throughout the whole show. He kept turning around, trying to look everywhere at once, trying to see the man he wanted there more than anyone else that night. "Who are you looking for?" his brother Tyler asked. He followed JC's gaze, turning to look at the people behind them.

"Just looking," JC told him. He caught Joey watching him from the end of their aisle and forced a tight grin. He didn't come. The thought looped through his mind all night long. Even for me, he didn't come. Fuck.

It bothered him more than he wanted to believe.

\* \* \*

After the show was over, JC climbed into the limo with the rest of his friends and stared out the window as they headed for the hotel. He wanted to call Marshall's cell phone, ask him where the hell he was already, wasn't he supposed to be here for him? But he couldn't because the limo was crowded, he'd have no privacy. Britney sat beside him, picking at the hem of her too-short dress,

biting the inside of her lip so she wouldn't say anything as Justin held Lance's hand across from them. Chris sat on the other side of her, talking about her performance and where she should have draped the snake, if she really wanted to get provocative. "I can show you sometime," he said, easing an arm around her shoulders. "If you're interested ..."

She shrugged his arm off and took JC's hand almost in defense. "I'm fine," she whispered, tugging at the bottom of her dress. "Really, thank you. Fine."

Joey sat on the other side of Lance and kicked Chris's foot. "You're scaring her," he warned.

"No, really," she protested, but she squeezed JC's hand until he thought his fingers would fall off. "I'm fine."

In an effort to lighten the mood, Chris asked, "So what did you guys think of Jamie Foxx? Did he flop or what? Damn, who wrote that shit?"

Justin laughed. Staring at JC, he said, "I liked his Eminem jokes. Those were hella funny. I'm in him? Is that the way it works, JC?"

JC glared out of the window and didn't take the bait. You have no fucking clue, he thought, trying to ignore the clasped hands resting on Justin's knee. His friend laughed maliciously. "Don't tell me he lets you --"

"Then don't ask," JC muttered. He glanced at Lance, studiously avoiding his gaze, and then he frowned at Justin. "We fuck, okay? Is that what you want to hear? We do the same shit you and Lance do when you're alone, only with us it's not all rose petals and silk. It's not making love. It's nothing that pure. It's just out and out sex, okay? He fucks me --"

"Josh," Joey warned. JC's fingers were numb where Britney held them too tightly. "Maybe this isn't the best time --"

"And I like it," JC finished. "So we fuck. You fuck Lance all the time. It's the same thing."

Justin's jaw clenched in anger, and JC could see his fingers turn white where he squeezed Lance's hand in his. "Fuck you," he muttered. "It's not the same thing. You said yourself it wasn't love. It's just sex so don't even try to compare it."

JC didn't reply. Instead he shook his hand free from Britney's death grip and crossed his arms defiantly in front of his chest. From the other end of the limo, Chris cleared his throat. "So you guys weren't shitting me when you said he was getting it from Marshall Mathers, were you?" he asked. When no one answered, he grinned. "Damn, boy. You go. How did that happen?"

"Long story," JC mumbled. It's been a year, though, he mused. Almost a year ago today. We met at the VMAs, didn't we? And look where we are now. Fuck. Look at me trying to explain the way we are to my friends, to Justin who can't even comprehend sex without love, to Chris who thinks this is all a joke. To Joey who

thinks I shouldn't get into it, he thinks I'm in too deep as it is, and Lance ... well what the hell would HE think? He's fucking Boy Wonder, he's not going to say shit to go against whatever Justin says. And Britney -- God, I forgot she was even here. In a low voice he muttered, "I'm sorry, Brit. I didn't mean --"

"It's okay," she said. Forcing a quick laugh, she picked at her skirt and slapped Chris's hand away when he touched her knee. "He's cute. I wouldn't have thought he'd be like that but hey, what do I know? Appearances aren't everything."

Glaring across the seat at Justin, who refused to meet his gaze, JC said, "Hell, appearances mean nothing. Look at you. Dating Justin Timberlake, right? Engaged to be married?" He laughed. "Yeah, right?"

"Shut the fuck up," Justin growled.

Don't you get lonely living this lie? JC wanted to ask. It wasn't just Britney, either, it was all of them. Justin and Lance, himself, Marshall -- even Joey, who found comfort in Chris's arms from time to time, JC knew he did. And they actually hired people to create those lies for them, PR agents who decided JC liked older women, he looked good with that girl Bobbee from that magazine, so they spun the fairy tale and the fans ate it up. When Justin was getting a little too flaming for their tastes, when too many tabloids claimed he was gay, when that one actually published pictures of him and Lance shopping -- how stupid could he have been to let those get out? -- public relations stepped in with rumors of an engagement, and then presto! Instant girlfriend. Of course Britney would go for it -- she had the worst crush on their friend. She loved gushing about him to the magazines, knowing girls the world over hated her because they thought she was dating him, and what would they say if they knew their Prince of Pop spent his nights in Lance's arms? Joey's girlfriend was an on-again, off-again thing that the media couldn't quite figure out how to handle, and Chris just did whatever the hell he felt like doing, flirted with who he wanted to, hooked up with anyone at all and let the press pick up the pieces and sort them out after the dust settled. At least you all have each other, JC thought, staring out the window again. At least Justin tours with his boy, Chris gets busy with everyone, even Joey gets a piece of the action. Me? I have to be fucking the last man one would ever expect. Wonder what PR would have to say about THAT?

He didn't care. Because he's not here. It's our anniversary in a way, isn't it? And he's not here. Fuck. It was going to be a long night, and JC knew Britney wouldn't be the only lonely one, the only one sleeping alone tonight.

\* \* \*

When the elevator opened on their floor, Justin kissed Britney's cheek. "Later, love," he mumbled, breezing down the hall with Lance in tow. "You looked good tonight."

"Thanks," she sighed. Chris snaked an arm around her waist

but she stepped out of his reach, took JC's hand as if he were a refuge.

Joey noticed her forced smile and draped an arm around Chris's shoulders. "Come on, man," he said, his voice low. "Keep your hands to yourself tonight, what do you say?"

Chris laughed, wrapped his arms around Joey's waist. "How about I keep them on you instead?" he asked, letting their friend lead him down the hall.

For a moment JC wondered how he ended up with Britney alone. Hadn't he told Marshall it would be like this? The odd couple out, how sad. He ran a hand through his mussied hair and extracted his other hand from hers. Placing it against the small of her back, he said, "I'll walk you to your room, Brit. Come on."

She led the way -- past Justin's door, already closed; past Chris's door, closing on Joey's laughter as they walked by; past JC's door, closed on an empty room. At the end of the hall she stopped, pulled out her keycard, ran it through the lock. With a deep sigh, she asked, "Do you want to come in or something?"

JC shook his head. "I really can't," he said. "I've ... I have to call Marshall."

Brit nodded as if she understood. "Is he good to you?" she asked. When JC frowned, she blushed and turned away. "I mean ... God, he's just so angry all the time, you know? I can't imagine him doing ..." She waved her hand distractedly. "Whatever it is you do together. I mean, you don't seem the type who likes it ..." She grinned, embarrassed. "Nevermind. None of your business, Brit, stop asking questions."

With a laugh, JC said, "It's okay. He's not -- he's got a dark side, it's all he shows the world, but he's different when he's with me. It's hard to explain --"

"You don't have to," Britney said.

But he felt as if he should, to prove to her it wasn't whatever she thought it might be. "I trust him completely," JC told her. "He's rough around the edges and he talks a lot of shit, but he'd never hurt me, I know it. He's not as evil as everyone seems to think."

Britney grinned. "He's just a big ole softie at heart, is that it?"

JC shook his head and laughed. "I wouldn't got that far," he said. Kissing her cheek, he said, "I have to call him, Brit. He's probably wondering where I am now. Take care, girl."

She touched her cheek, her lower lip trembling. "You too, Josh. Don't listen to Justin, okay? I'm glad you have someone. I'm ..." She sighed. "Even if it's him. If he's what you want ..."

JC gave her a quick hug. "He is," he assured her. "Night, Britney."

"Night," she whispered.

In his own hotel room, JC leafed through the room service menu and wondered if he should get something to drink. He wasn't much on alcohol but he thought maybe a bottle of champagne might be in order. It was their anniversary, right? Sort of? In an odd, roundabout way. Order up some bubbly, strip off his clothes, stretch out over the covers and call Marshall, talk dirty until they both came. It wasn't much of a night but it was something at least.

Fuck it, he thought, picking up the phone. He dialed room service and unbuttoned his shirt as he listened to the ring. When someone answered, he shrugged out of his suit coat and ordered the most expensive bottle of champagne the hotel had, and two long-stemmed glasses. I should just get one. Two will make me too damned depressed. But by the time he thought of it, the phone was dead in his ear. Replacing the receiver, he untucked his shirt from his pants and kicked off his shoes when someone knocked on the door. Already? he mused. Well, it was late. There probably weren't very many orders this time of the evening. When the knock came again, JC stumbled over the coat he had discarded on the floor and called out, "Hold on, will you? Jesus." It was only a bottle of champagne, nothing flambé.

He unlocked the door and was opening it when someone pushed it hard from the other side, knocking him back. "Hey," he started, and then Eminem entered the room, anger clouding his face. His windsuit crackled as he shut the door, locking it behind him. "Christ," JC sighed, his heart hammering in his chest.

"No, it's just me," Eminem growled, and that was as far as he got before JC caught fists full of his jacket and pulled him close, their lips meeting in a harsh crush that ached with sudden lust. "Joshua," Eminem moaned, ripping at the buttons on JC's half-opened shirt. JC heard the tear of fabric and tiny pings as one by one the buttons popped free and hit the floor. With rough hands Eminem tore the shirt, pushed it aside, his palms hot on JC's chest and stomach and back. "You could've taken that damn gum out of your mouth before you got up onstage," he muttered against JC's neck.

JC's fingers fumbled for the zipper of the jacket, and when he found it, he pulled it down in a hurried rush, his hands smoothing across Eminem's t-shirt before he started to tug it up. "Take it off," JC sighed, stepping back. "Come on, Marshall, fuck me already. Take it off now."

Eminem laughed, slipped his hands into the waistband of JC's pants. "You trying to tell me something, Joshua?" he asked, cupping JC's ass in both hands.

Without answering, JC unzipped his own pants and caught the teeth in the fabric of his shirt. "Oh fuck me," he muttered, trying to tear at the material.

"That's what I came here for," Eminem told him. He kissed JC hungrily, his lips hot and damp on JC's mouth. His tongue forced its

way between JC's lips as his hands smoothed around JC's hips, clutched at his hard dick, his tender balls, and then he yanked the pants open, the rip of fabric loud between them.

"Fuck," JC mumbled, pushing down the tattered pants. "I liked this suit, too."

"I'll buy you another one," Eminem promised. He caught the waistband of the pants and pulled, ripping them off of JC. "I'll buy you a hundred suits, and rip each one right off your scrawny ass."

JC laughed at that. Kicking away the remnants of the pants, he shrugged out of his shirt and tripped, landed on the edge of the bed. "Don't be waiting for me to tear those off you," he said, nodding at Eminem's windsuit. "Just get out of them already, will you?"

Eminem didn't need further prompting. He slid the pants off easily, then pulled down his briefs, his erection thick and red where it stood up from the dark triangle of hair at his crotch. Lifting his t-shirt up over his head, he stretched, his body sheathed in tight muscles that JC wanted to touch, to taste, to feel against him and in him and on him. "Joshua," Eminem started, the shirt still covering his face, "you thought I wasn't coming?"

Reaching out, JC wrapped his hand around his lover's hard cock and sank to his knees. "I knew you'd come for me," JC said, taking the thick length in his mouth. He heard his lover gasp as his tongue swirled down his erection, his lips massaging the shaft, his hand cupping the soft sac below his dick. JC began to suck, rubbing the tender tip against the inside of his cheek, tasting salty juices.

His fingers worked lower, caressing hidden skin, rubbing gentle circles into flesh no one had touched before. Eminem threw his shirt away and grabbed JC's hair, his fingers working their way into the thick tresses. When JC slid a finger further, dared to circle tender skin that begged to be entered, Eminem's grip tightened painfully. "Don't even go there," he growled. "Joshua --"

JC let his lover's dick slip from his mouth and grinned despite the fingers pulling at his hair. His hand continued to work between Eminem's legs and he watched his lover carefully, trying to gauge just how much he could get away with before he went too far. "Come on, Marshall," he said softly, his fingers rubbing, stroking, smoothing below Eminem's balls. "Trust me."

"You fucking deaf, Joshua?" Eminem asked. JC pressed further, pushed against his lover, almost got inside when Eminem jerked on his hair, hard enough to pull his head back so he could stare up into the angry visage glaring down at him. "Can't you fucking hear? I said --"

JC moved his hands, held them out at his sides to show he wasn't touching him anymore. "I heard you," JC said. "Jesus, Marshall. Let me go."

For a minute he thought he had pushed too hard. Eminem would hit him now, punch him, hurt him, he had been wrong, he wasn't safe with this man, he was an idiot to ever think he could

control this beast. "Marshall," he started, wondering just how much he would have to apologize for to get back where they had been two seconds before his fingers decided to get overeager. "I'm --"

Eminem pulled him up, still holding his hair. JC surged to his feet, confused, and then strong arms wrapped around him, turned him, laid him down on the bed. Rough hands parted his ass and he gripped the bedsheets as Eminem pressed his hard cock into him, still wet with JC's own saliva. He wrapped his legs around Eminem's thighs, arched his back to meet his lover's quick thrusts, bit at the bedsheets to keep from crying out too loudly. "Marshall," he sighed, pushing himself up on his hands, locking his arms as he pushed back into his lover. "Fuck me, Marshall. Oh Jesus yes just fuck me, please fuck me, yes."

Eminem pushed into him, thrusting, fucking, harder, deeper, harder, his hands holding JC's hips up, his fingers digging into JC's skin. The slap of skin on skin was loud between them but their moans almost drowned it out, and when the bed started to thump against the wall, JC laughed. What do you think of THAT, Justin? he thought, lowering his head as his breaths quickened, his blood pounding in his ears. I know you can hear us. It's the same shit I hear from your room most nights only we don't stare into each other's eyes afterwards and we don't promise forever, we don't fool ourselves into thinking it's more than right now. Only it was more, wasn't it? Hadn't he said the "L" word, if only once? Weren't they lovers?

He shook those thoughts away, gasped as one of Eminem's hands found his dick, started to pump his hard cock, stroking and squeezing and then he felt his lover come in him, a hot rush that filled him, coursing down his legs, making his own orgasm rip through him. Just because he knew Justin was listening, probably getting it on with Lance as they heard them through the wall, he cried out as loudly as he dared when he came as well, a wet mess in his lover's hand, his lover's name straining from his throat. "God," JC sighed, collapsing to the bed, spent.

Eminem crawled on top of him, covering him with the warmth of his own body. "Damn, Joshua," he growled softly, lifting the hair from JC's neck and kissing away the sweat that beaded on his skin. "What's gotten into you? You're never that loud."

JC rolled onto his side, backing up against Eminem until their bodies spooned together. "What, you don't like it?" he asked, his hands holding onto his lover's ass, keeping them close.

"You want people to hear us?" Eminem asked, incredulous.

JC laughed. "Fuck them," he said, grinding his butt into his lover's crotch. He heard faint knocks on the wall, the bed on the other side hitting it in a steady rhythm, just as he suspected. He hoped Justin got off on hearing them. He knew it sure made him hornier, knowing someone was listening.

"I like fucking you," Eminem said, kissing behind JC's ear. His hands trailed across JC's stomach and found his dick, already stiffening again.



"Then fuck me again," JC told him as he turned in his lover's embrace.

Eminem grinned. "What if I say no?" he asked. He nipped at JC's shoulder, bit playfully into his flesh.

"Can you?" JC teased. He caught Eminem's hardening cock in his hand and squeezed. "Come on, Marshall. What did you come here for if we're not going to fuck?"

"We just did," Eminem reminded him.

"I want to do it again," JC said. With a wink, he added, "Unless you're getting too old ..."

Eminem's brow creased in a deep frown and he rolled onto JC, crushing him into the mattress. "I'll show you old, Joshua," he growled, rubbing against him.

JC laughed. He wondered if Justin and Lance could keep up with them all night long.

The End

Sunshine and Flowers  
by NSyncGrrl

JC lay on his stomach, stretched out on a towel on the deck of his California home, soaking up the warm, end of summer sun. A nice breeze blew in off the ocean, every few minutes or so, and it lifted the hair resting on the back of his neck like a gentle hand. It had been a hectic summer, with the release of their new album and their sold out tour. Now he finally had a little downtime to himself and he couldn't think of a better way to spend it than this -- lying in the sun, letting the tension drain out of his body, waiting for his lover to return from a burger run ...

His lover. It was still odd to call Marshall that, even if it was only in the safety of his own mind. But he had said he loved him, right? And they fucked like animals during mating season -- his whole being throbbed with a sweet ache from their frantic lust-filled sex the night before. So they were lovers, even if they hid it from the world and didn't call it love when they fucked. Even if he never said the word out loud and Marshall never admitted it. Lovers.

JC heard the sliding door open and footsteps made the deck beneath him tremble. Marshall was back.

Pushing himself up, JC grinned at the man they called Eminem. The rapper had a deli bag in one hand, a bouquet of wildflowers in the other. "What's with the flowers?" JC asked.

Eminem scowled. The look was so incongruous with the bright bouquet that JC started to laugh. The sound made Eminem's scowl deepen. "Shut up," he growled. "They were half priced at the grocer's. I thought you needed to liven this place up." He tossed the flowers onto the deck. JC looked at them, bemused. He couldn't seem to get the smile off his face. "Jesus fucking Christ," Eminem muttered, "they're just plants."

JC laughed again. "So they're for me?" he asked, reaching for the bouquet.

"No," Eminem growled, sitting down beside him, cross-legged on the deck. "They're not for you." He opened the deli bag and began to unpack the sandwiches he had bought for their lunch.

JC watched him closely but Eminem didn't look his way. Finally, Eminem muttered, "They're not for you." He unwrapped his sandwich, a fresh grilled burger dripping with hot cheese, and took a huge bite. Around a mouthful of food, he added, "But you can have them if you want them."

JC fingered the flowers. He didn't recognize most of them -- tiny blue cups, a spray of white bells, a few wide-eyed yellow daisies, the delicate purple scrotum-shaped irises. Then he looked at Eminem -- at Marshall, his lover, a rough, hard man who would never in a million years admit to buying flowers for another man, even one who shared his bed. "Well?" Eminem asked, his voice gruff. "You gonna eat this shit or not?"

"I'm going to eat it," JC said. He pushed himself up into a sitting position and reached for his sandwich, still wrapped, that rested between Eminem's legs. But instead of taking it, he rested his hand on his lover's thigh, leaned forward, and planted a quick kiss on Eminem's lips. "Thank you for the flowers," he whispered.

"I didn't --" Eminem started, but JC dared to interrupt him with another kiss, this one deeper, making them both hungry for something more than these sandwiches.

"Fuck me," JC told him.

Eminem laughed. "Shit," he drawled. "Flowers make you want to fuck?" JC laughed and pulled off his tank top. "I'm gonna grow you a goddamned garden, Joshua."

JC laughed again. "Stop talking and let's just fuck already." With mirth-filled eyes, he winked and added, "Unless you'd rather eat ..."

Swallowing the rest of his burger, Eminem told him, "I'm done." Then he grabbed JC's shorts, pulled at them until they slipped down his legs, and he pressed JC to the deck. Beneath them the flowers crinkled, the soft noise lost in their eager moans.

The End