

SAT's- A 116 Gapfiller

by scoobygang8

What the fuck was wrong with me?

In one moment, the little twat is making me proud of him for being a genius, then he springs it on me that he's planning on moving away. I don't know what the fuck I thought he'd do; to be honest, I hadn't even actually considered the fact that he was in his senior year, and was therefore gonna go away to school. But of course he was; he'd be an idiot not to get out of this pitiful 'Burg. And then in the next moment, he totally has my balls, with the accusations of "giving a shit" which I would argue with...except I don't bullshit. I only tell the cold hard truth. And when the fuck did that become the truth? And now he's singing. And accusing me of loving him. And somehow, I'm not opening the passenger door, undoing his seatbelt and telling him to tuck-and-roll. I'm not even arguing it. Because I don't even know what the fuck this thing is, so how can I tell him what it isn't? Luckily for him, I bring the car to a full stop before telling him to get out. On the drive to work, I miss my turn and have to add an additional 5 minutes to my drive to go around. Luckily, I didn't actually have to be at work for a while since I left 40 minutes early to make sure Justin got to school on time....shitmotherfuckergoddamnasshellfuck.

When did this become my life?

Later that day he comes into Woody's and tells us he was suspended for telling his homophobic teacher to fuck off. Five minutes later I take him home to fuck the shit out of him, because it was pretty fucking necessary. He's prattling on about some gay/straight student alliance and being obnoxiously endearing, and it's another ten minutes before I finally get inside him.

And it's times like these when I realize that the worst fuck I've had with Justin is better than any other fuck I've had with anyone else. And it's times like this particular moment when he's crying out with abandon and calling my name like no one else bothers to, to serve as a reminder that when I fuck him he knows he's with me, *me* Brian Kinney and not some nameless face... and his skin is so fucking soft and I'm stretched out across him and keeping as much contact as humanly possible like I don't do with any other trick, and it's about so much more than getting my rocks off because every second is *just that good*, that I realize... pretty soon he's gonna be in another state. And for whatever illogical fucked up reason, that matters to me.

So for that, once we're both done and cleaned off, I let him crawl towards me and settle his head on my chest, his fingers tapping the beat of my heart on my sternum, and I pull the blankets over both of us. It's late anyway. Too late to drive him home.

"So you managed to get 1500 on your SAT's and get suspended from school in the same day?" I ask him. He laughs softly and his breath rushes across my sweat-sheened skin.

"Well, technically I got my test results back last week."

"And you didn't tell me before?"

He lifted his head and looked up at me, smirking. "I'm sorry, *mom*, I didn't know I had to give you my report card."

Jesus, sometimes he really made me remember he was only 18. "I just would've thought you'd come running to brag about it the moment you got the results back."

He shrugged. "It never came up."

He settled his head back on my chest, and his hair tickled my collarbone, but I didn't mind. After a silent moment passed, he said quietly, "I've been looking into the University of Pennsylvania too, you know."

I hated that he had his head on my chest right now, because he probably fucking heard my heart skip a beat. Kinney, you're getting pathetic.

"Penn State? I went there."

"Really?" he said quietly, and I could feel him smile a bit.

Another silent moment.

Then-

"What did you get on your SAT's, Brian?" Fuck.

I stroked his arm soothingly. "Go to sleep, Sunshine."

He chuckled, and I felt his eyelashes brush against my skin as he closed his eyes and his breathing evened out.

In the morning, I woke up to find our legs entangled, my arms wrapped around him and my face an inch away from his. How the fuck did that happen? His eyes were closed. I disentangled myself carefully so that he wouldn't wake up, before I noticed the smirk he was trying to suppress. Fucking busted.