

The Letter

By Edom56

Brian receives a letter from Justin 5 months after the blond left without explanation. Thank you, as always to my wonderful beta, TayTay4936. I couldn't do any of it without you. I still own nothing, wouldn't mind owning Brian Kinney, though.

Warning: MPreg

It was a Friday night and Brian was at a family dinner at Deb's. He hadn't been to one in the last 5 months, not since Justin had left him without a word. The only reason he was here tonight was because Michael had pressured him into coming. It had been quite a shock when Justin left. Brian thought that they were doing really well. If he had been asked, he would have said that they were happy. That was before he came home from work one day and found all of Justin's things gone, though. He had been devastated and had thrown himself into his work. He hadn't been drinking or drugging; he hadn't even been tricking all that much.

They were all sitting in the living room waiting for dinner to be ready when the doorbell rang. Carl got up to open it and saw a rather big man standing outside.

"Hello, may I help you?"

"I'm looking for Brian Kinney."

"And what do you want with Brian?"

"I have a letter for him."

“I can give it to him.”

“No, I was told to give it to him directly. I was warned that someone might offer to take it to him, and then never do it.”

“Ok. Brian, it’s for you.”

Brian got up and went to the door.

“Hi? Who are you?”

“I’m a friend of a friend. I have a letter for you.”

The man got the letter out of his pocket and handed it to Brian. Brian took it and froze; he recognized the handwriting as Justin’s. He went back into the living room and sat on the couch as if in a trance. He opened the letter and started reading. His eyes grew wider and wider the more he read, and it was plain to see that he was pissed beyond words. When he was done, he got up, went to Michael, grabbed him by the collar and slammed him against the wall.

“Brian, what the hell are you doing?”

Deb shrieked, and Ben tried to wrestle his husband free of Brian’s death grip.

“Mel, would you be kind enough to read the letter out loud? Then, maybe you will all understand why I’m doing what I’m doing.”

Mel looked somewhat puzzled, but took the letter and started reading.

“Dear, Brian.

First, congratulations on your upcoming wedding to Michael. It was quite a shock when he told me that the two of you were getting married. I didn’t know that he and Ben were breaking it off, and I thought you didn’t believe in marriage, but I hope you will be very happy together.

I guess he has told you my secret by now. That’s the reason I left you. I couldn’t turn into your mother, but more importantly, I couldn’t allow you to turn into your father and stay with somebody just because they got pregnant. I chose to leave you instead of letting that happen.

What I will not do, though, is deprive you of our child. I will name you as the other father unless you tell me not to. I will not ask you to give up your parental rights and I will not ask any money of you. I have seen how hurt you have been when Mel and Lindz have made some decision about Gus without asking you, and then turned around and ask you to pay for it. That is never going to happen with our son.

If you wish to be a part of your son’s life, get word to my mother and she will get word to you when he is born. We can make some sort of arrangement where I drop him off at my mother’s and you can pick him up there. That way, you don’t have to deal with me. I’m sorry if it will be uncomfortable for you to see my mother, but I don’t see any other way. I don’t really want to see any of the gang; they are yours and Michael’s friends, and Deb is his mother. I’m sorry, but I can’t handle to see her happy for the two of you and know that she is your mother-in-law.

As you have probably deduced from this, I'm expecting a boy. He is healthy, or so the doctors tell me. He is due in about two weeks. If you have any ideas about names, tell my mother that too and I will give our son the name unless I hate it. Would you like him to have your last name? I have considered giving him both and calling him Taylor-Kinney.

I hope you will choose to be a part of his life, but if you don't, I can understand that. I promise to tell our son what a wonderful man you are, anyway.

Well, the last thing to say is, I love you, Brian, have from the first night I met you, and I don't expect that to ever change. I wish you all the happiness in the world.

Love, always,

Justin"

The entire family was quiet and very still. The first one to speak was Ben.

"Michael, why does Justin think that you and Brian are getting married?"

"I don't know."

Nobody believed him because he had guilt written all over his face.

“The more important question is why did he leave me in the first place? I know that I told you about the broken condom. I also told you how worried I was about Justin because he wasn’t feeling well. You were the one who told me to get him to a doctor; but then the day of the appointment, you called me with an emergency, which turned out to be nothing. That night at family dinner, you steered the conversation into deadbeat dads and asked me why my father had married my mother, if he couldn’t stand her. That was when I told you all about how my mother had gotten pregnant to trap him with her. My guess would be that you had somehow figured out that Justin was pregnant and you wanted to make sure that he left me. You knew that he would never tell me about the pregnancy after that little story. Well, congratulations, Michael. The only damn thing you have accomplished is that I have lost 5 months of Justin’s pregnancy. If you think for even a second that I won’t find him and beg him to forgive me for not figuring it out myself, you are sorely mistaken.”

Brian was seething, and not a single member of the family came to Michael’s defense.

“That’s not the only thing you have accomplished. You have also accomplished putting a huge strain on our marriage. You will have to have a very good reason for what you did if you are to have even a chance at saving our relationship.”

Ben was white in the face with shock, and Ted hurried to him and helped him to sit down in a chair.

Brian finally let Michael go and grabbed his cell phone.

“Jennifer? It’s Brian. Please tell me where he is.”

Brian listened to the answer before talking again.

“I had no idea he was pregnant when he left. He never said a thing to me; he packed all of his things while I was at work. If he had talked to me, none of this would have ever happened.”

He listened again and wrote something down on a piece of paper.

“Thank you, Jennifer. I’ll go over there right now. See you soon.”

He pushed the ‘End’ button and went to put on his coat.

“What are you going to do? We all know that you have never wanted to be a full time father. I was just trying to spare you the inconvenience of having to tell Boy Wonder that.”

“You don’t know shit, Michael. You are right; I never wanted to be a full time father, not until Gus was born. I realized that I was capable of unconditional love for my son, that there was no chance in hell that I would ever turn into my father. And one thing is for sure; I would never leave Justin because he was pregnant with my child.”

With that, he left the house and let the family deal with Michael for now.

When he got to the address Jennifer had given him, he parked the car and looked around. The place was a dump, but he assumed it was the only thing Justin could afford. He walked up the stairs and knocked on the door. When Justin opened the door, he stared at Brian with an open mouth.

“Hey, Sunshine, you look beautiful.”

“Brian! What are you doing here? I thought you were getting married.”

“I’m not. Michael is still married to Ben, at least for the time being. He was not too impressed when he heard that his husband had told you he was going to marry me.”

Brian’s tongue was in his cheek.

“You told them?”

“I had Mel read the letter out loud. I would have done it myself, but I had Michael pinned to the wall at the time. May I come in?”

Justin stepped aside and motioned for Brian to come in.

“What are you doing here?”

“I’m here to take you home.”

“What? No, Brian. I don’t want you to do that. I don’t ever want to be a burden to you. Like I said in the letter, I don’t want you to stay with me out of obligation to the baby.”

“Justin, I was tricked into telling that story. Michael had apparently figured out that you were pregnant and wanted to ‘spare me the inconvenience of telling you myself’. That story was about my parents, not me. I don’t feel obligated. We made this baby together. If I tell you that he is my responsibility, will you not jump to the wrong conclusion? I don’t mean that in a bad way. You know that I will love this baby as much as I love Gus; the fact is I might even love him a little more because he is yours.”

Justin looked at him with an open mouth, again. Brian gently put his finger under his chin and closed his mouth. He then proceeded to give him a gentle kiss.

“I love you, Justin. I have been miserable the last 5 months. The only fucking thing I have been doing is work. Tonight was the first family dinner since you left. Michael guilted me into going. I think he figured that you would try and contact me after that little revelation from him today. What he didn’t count on was you sending a messenger with a letter and you remembering Friday night dinner.”

“Why would I forget Friday night dinner? I have been to enough of them.”

“I never said he was the sharpest tool in the shed. I think it was a rare stroke of luck that he guessed that you were pregnant.”

Justin laughed and then became very serious.

“Did you mean it?”

“Yes, I love you and I want you to come home. We will have to look for somewhere else to live. The loft is really not set up for more than two at the max. We might have to look for a house; we will have to talk to your mother and see what she can come up with.”

Justin’s whole face lit up and he leaned into Brian as much as he could with his rather large stomach.

“I love you, Brian, and it almost broke my heart when Michael told me you were getting married. I thought that you had just said you didn’t believe in marriage when it was with me, that you had really only been waiting for the right time and then made your move with Michael, that maybe I was just a place holder until you were ready to settle down with your true love.”

Justin looked sad, disdainful and relieved all at once.

“You could never be a place holder for anybody, Sunshine.”

He took Justin’s hands and helped him stand.

“I’ll pack you a bag with the things you’ll need until tomorrow. I’ll call Ted and Emmett and have them come over here first thing in the morning to help me pack up the rest of it. Is that ok, baby?”

The blond was floored. Brian was not one for cute nicknames; the closest he had ever come was to call him Sunshine.

“That sounds fine. Do you think they will do it? They’re not all mad at me for leaving like that?”

“No, Justin, they were all convinced it was something I had done. Now they know it was something Michael did, and they are not mad at you at all, any of them.”

“Not even Mel and Lindz? I mean, I wasn’t exactly nice to them in the letter.”

“They did look a little uncomfortable. I think they have a lot of thinking to do tonight; and then they have some talking to each other to do tomorrow. Let’s see what happens then, but I don’t think they will end up being mad at you. Me, maybe.”

He smirked and Justin backhanded him gently in the arm.

Brian found a duffel and packed up a set of clothes, toiletries and a sketchpad and pencils. They left the apartment and went to the Corvette. It turned out that the vehicle wasn’t exactly easy to get into while eight and a half months pregnant. They managed, but had just as much trouble when they arrived at the loft and Justin had to get out again.

“I’ll get another car before we have to go to the hospital. You’re going to need a car, anyway. No son of mine is going to be riding on public transportation.”

He shuddered at the thought, and Justin just laughed at him. When they got to the big metal door of the loft, Justin started breathing a little easier; and when they were finally inside, he heaved a great big sigh and visibly relaxed.

“It’s good to be home.”



The Letter 2

Warning: M-Preg, Anti-Mikey

Summary: The day after Brian brings a very pregnant Justin home.

The morning after Brian had brought Justin back to the loft, they woke up the same way they had fallen asleep. Brian was spooning Justin from behind, resting his hands on the bulging stomach holding his unborn son.

They had fucked the night before, or made love might be a more accurate way to describe what they did. It was very gentle, even if it was urgent. They had missed each other, and neither man had had any real release in close to 5 months.

Brian inhaled deeply, breathing in the smell of Justin's hair. He could feel him moving around a little, slowly waking up.

“Good morning, Sunshine, how did you sleep?”

“Good morning; I slept better than I have since leaving you.”

Justin turned around and looked Brian in the eyes.

“I’m so sorry for doing that to you, Brian; I really did think it was for the best.”

Brian took his face between both of his hands.

“You don’t need to apologize; I know why you did it, and I’m not mad at you at all.”

He gave him a little kiss that was just about to turn passionate when Justin’s stomach started growling.

“I guess our son is hungry,”

Brian said, smiling, and Justin gave him a radiant smile in answer.

“You want to go to the diner? We could call and ask if your mother could meet us there with some house listings.”

“Are you sure that is a good idea? What if we run into some of the gang there, more specifically Michael?”

“He has to face us at some point, Justin; I’m not about to hide because he was a damn petty asshole.”

They got up, and Justin called his mother, who promised to meet them at the diner in an hour. That way, they had time for a quick fuck in the shower. Brian made sure he supported Justin; he had some difficulty staying on his feet while Brian fucked him in his condition.

When they got out of the shower, Justin looked at Brian with a speculative expression on his face.

“What? Out with it, Sunshine.”

Brian smirked, and Justin couldn’t help the smile that crept out.

“Did you have any time to think about the thing I asked you in my letter?”

“Which thing? There were a few.”

“The name one.”

“Yes, actually I did, but more because it is something I have thought about before. I know that nobody thought I ever wanted children, but even I have been known to imagine what I would call a child if ever I had one.”

“Really?” Justin beamed. “And what name have you been thinking about?”

“I really love the name Kieran.”

“Kieran, I like it; what does it mean?”

“It means ‘little dark one’.”

“I like it. I wanted to call him Aidan, after you. Plus, it means ‘little fire’, to maybe incorporate my ‘Sunshine’?”

Justin blushed slightly at that revelation, but Brian just took him in his arms and gave him a kiss.

“I love it. Aidan Kieran Taylor-Kinney. With a name like that, he is going to be a big fat fucking success at everything he endeavors.”

Justin smiled and nodded his head.

“I think it sounds great.”

Just then, his stomach started growling again and they hurried up and got ready to leave.

When they got to the diner, it turned out that Justin's fears had been justified; the entire gang was there, including the munchers and the kids, but excluding Ben and Hunter. Jennifer hadn't turned up yet, so they sat in an empty booth, after Deb had given Justin a tight hug, but not tight enough to cut off his air supply.

"Daddy, why is Justin's tummy so big?"

The boy tried to whisper, but being a kid, he didn't quite know how.

"That's because there is a baby in Justin's tummy, Gus."

Gus' eyes got really big and he looked at Justin with new interest.

"A baby?"

"Yes, your little brother."

"My little brother? How?"

"I'm the baby's other daddy, so he is going to be your brother."

"Wow, now I'm a big brother two times."

"Yes, you will be as soon as the baby is born."

Emmett came over and scooted in to the booth next to Justin. He gave Justin a hug and held on a little too long for Brian's liking.

"Emmett,"

Brian growled, and glared at the man. Emmett quickly let go of Justin.

“I’m so glad to see you, baby. We were all worried about you. Brian wouldn’t say what he had done to you, and as it turned out, he didn’t do anything. Sorry about that, Brian.”

Emmett gave Brian an apologetic look, and Brian just shrugged.

“Don’t sweat it, Em; I’m used to it by now.”

“Fuck that, Brian; you shouldn’t have to be. It’s fucked that your so-called friends automatically blame you for shit that isn’t your fault.”

Justin was mad, and his breathing a little strained. Brian got quickly up, put Gus down, and told him to go to his mothers; he yanked Emmett out of the booth and sat down next to the agitated man.

“Justin, calm down, breathe. It’s not good for Aidan if you work yourself up like that.”

Justin took a deep breath and tried to calm his beating heart. He felt the baby kicking furiously and took Brian’s hand to put it on his stomach. Brian’s eyes bulged, and he looked between his hand and Justin’s eyes.

“Holy shit, Sunshine. Is that Aidan?”

“Yeah.”

“Aidan?”

Deb and Emmett asked at the same time.

“Aidan Kieran Taylor-Kinney,”

Justin said proudly.

“That’s a beautiful name, Sunshine. Is Aidan after Brian?”

“Yes, plus it means ‘little fire’, and Kieran means ‘little dark one’. That was Brian’s idea.”

“It’s a good blend of the both of you.”

Mel was smiling a little apprehensively. She wasn’t quite sure how Justin would react to them after what he wrote in his letter.

“Thanks, Mel.”

Justin gave her a bright smile and she relaxed a little.

“How are you feeling, Justin? What does the doctor say?”

Lindsay had gone into mother hen mode.

“We’re both fine, healthy and at an ideal weight, even if I do feel big as a house.”

“You’re beautiful, Sunshine,”

Brian whispered in his ear. Justin gave him a big smile just as the door opened and Jennifer came in.

“Hey, Mom.”

“Mother Taylor.”

Brian smirked and Jennifer chuckled.

“Still the same old Brian, huh?”

“Watch the ‘old’ shit,”

he said in a mock-offended voice.

“What can I get you, Jen?”

Deb, always the attentive waiter.

“A cup of tea would be great, and a blueberry muffin.”

“Coming right up.”

Jennifer sat in the booth with the boys and took out several house prospects.

“I have a few houses I would like to show you. We can go see them after breakfast?”

“Sounds good.”

“What? Are you buying a house? Are you crazy? You have never wanted to live anywhere but your loft.”

Michael seemed to have stopped sulking long enough to try to meddle in Brian and Justin’s lives again.

“You really want to try and tell me what I do and do not want, Michael, again?”

Michael blanched and sank back down in the corner of the booth he had been sitting in.

After they had eaten, the boys followed Jennifer out of the diner and into her car. They had made sure to say goodbye to Gus before leaving. They had walked to the diner earlier so Justin didn't have to try to navigate getting into the 'Vette.

They went to see three houses before finding the one. The upstairs held five bedrooms and three bathrooms; the master bedroom had an adjoining bathroom and a walk-in closet, and the other four bedrooms were connected in pairs by a bathroom. Downstairs was the kitchen, dining room, living room, office and a toilet.

"I love this house, Brian, what do you think?"

"I think it's perfect. Make them an offer, Jen." Jennifer nodded and she and Brian came up with a number. "Could you give us a lift to 2115 West Liberty Avenue? We have to get Justin and Aidan a car."

Brian smirked, and Jennifer laughed, until she realized what he had said.

"You decided on a name?"

"Oh, Mom, sorry. Yes, his name is Aidan Kieran Taylor-Kinney."

"That's beautiful; I love it."

Both men smiled at her and got in her car again. She took them to the car dealership and left them there with a promise to come pick them up if they couldn't either get the car immediately or get a cab.

They walked around a little while Brian told Justin what he had been thinking.

"I think you should have a car that's big enough to be a family car, but still be somewhat sexy. It has to suit you, after all."

He smirked at the brightly smiling man by his side.

“You do know exactly what to say to get your own way, don’t you? I guess that’s why you are so good at your job.”

Justin winked at him before Brian took him to see the car he had imagined would fit their needs. It was a Lexus RX 400h FWD. It was a beautiful car, and Justin loved it. The thing he liked the most about it was the fact that it was a hybrid; that way, he would help the environment a little.

Brian caught the eye of one of the sales staff.

“We would like to try one of your RX 400h’s,”

Brian said with his usual no-nonsense voice, the one that had his staff clamoring to do his bidding.

“Certainly, sir, could I see a driver’s license, please?”

“Sure, Justin?”

The poor man looked a little surprised when Justin took out his driver’s license to show him. He made a copy and got the keys for a car. They took the car for a little test drive, and when they came back, they had made up their minds. It was the perfect car for them.

They went with the man to his desk to talk about packages and extra features. As it turned out, they had a car with the features they wanted. It was grey and had grey interior. Brian wasn’t too keen on the color, but Justin loved it, and since he was the one who was going to be driving the car, Brian acquiesced.

They handled all of the paperwork, and soon after, drove away in their brand new car. It was about time for dinner, and they really didn’t feel like seeing any of the gang. They went to a small Greek restaurant and had a quiet meal, until Justin suddenly turned white as a ghost and clasped his stomach.

“What is it, Justin, is it the baby?”

Brian was near panic. He absolutely hated seeing Justin in any kind of pain.

“Yes, I think it’s time.”

“Ok, WAITER.”

Brian was yelling and not being his usual calm self.

The owner hurried over.

“Is everything all right, Mr. Kinney?”

“My partner is having our baby; I think we are going to need the check,”

he said through clenched teeth, not really angry with the man, but wishing he would hurry up. The owner’s wife, having three kids of her own, had seen and recognized the signs. She came over with the check, took Brian’s card, and hurried to process it. She had the receipt ready for his signature when he had maneuvered Justin to the door. Brian signed and promised to bring in the baby once they were a little more settled.

When they arrived at the hospital, Brian contemplated just leaving the car in front of the door to get Justin in as soon as possible, but Justin assured him that he would be fine until Brian found a parking spot. Once the car was parked, Brian helped his partner into the hospital and to the front desk.

“My partner is in labor.”

He was starting to panic a little again at the sight of Justin clutching his stomach in pain.

“I see that; I’ll get a wheelchair if you would fill out the paperwork in the meantime?”

She handed Brian a clipboard and he started filling out all the information while she got a wheelchair for Justin. After all that was done, she wheeled Justin into a delivery room and called his obstetrician.

When the doctor arrived, he examined Justin and found him to be very close to delivery. He turned to Brian:

“I’m Doctor Jackson; you must be the elusive partner.”

“Brian Kinney; hello, Doctor.”

The doctor nodded and returned to his place between Justin’s legs.

“Let’s get this little boy out to say hello to his daddies.”

Justin moaned in pain and Brian grabbed his hand. He regretted that decision almost immediately when Justin squeezed his hand painfully hard.

After about an hour of pushing on Justin’s part, Brian sat with their son in his arms. He had been somewhat shell-shocked by Justin’s pushed out remark:

“If we are having more children, you are carrying the next one.”

Brian had never contemplated having the one on the way, let alone more, and if he would have, carrying the baby would most definitely not have been in his plans.

He was looking at the small baby in his arms waiting for Justin to be cleaned up. Once Justin was cleaned and ready, Brian put the baby in his arms. He had been weighed, measured, and checked out. He was perfect and in perfect health.

Brian took out his cell phone and called Jennifer and Deb; he figured the news would spread from there. Within the next thirty minutes, the entire gang was in Justin’s room, looking at Aidan.

“He is so beautiful, Honey, you did so well.”

Jen had tears in her eyes looking at her grandson. Deb stood next to her with her finger firmly grasped in one of Aidan's hands.

"He really is. I'm so happy for you two."

Deb looked at the two exhausted men in the bed. Brian had climbed in next to his partner and was watching the family coo over their son.

The nurse came in to take the baby back to the nursery, and his fathers gave him a kiss before letting him go.

Lindz and Mel had both been very quiet the whole time they were there, and when everybody else had left, they were still in the room.

"What can we do for you girls?"

Brian snarked, knowing that Justin was exhausted and needed his sleep before Aidan needed another feeding.

"We have been talking about the thing Justin said in his letter,"

Mel said, and Justin ducked his head a little.

"We realized that we haven't been fair to you, Brian, and we would like to do something about that."

Brian's head snapped back to look at Lindsay; he had been looking at his embarrassed partner.

"What are you saying?"

"We have drawn up papers giving you visitation with Gus every other weekend and one day a week, if you want it,"

Mel answered. Both Brian and Justin looked shocked but pleased by this turn of events.

“Really?”

“Really, and we promise to discuss any major decisions about him with you before following through with them.”

“Thank you so much; I really do appreciate that.”

Brian’s eyes had gone a little damp, but only Justin noticed since he was sitting right next to him. The girls both nodded and left the room.

The next day, Brian came into Justin’s room and saw Ben sitting next to Justin on the couch by the window. He was crying, Ben, not Justin.

“Justin, Ben, what’s going on?”

“Hey, Brian, sorry.”

Ben got up, squeezed Brian’s shoulder, and wished him congratulations with the baby. He left the room, and Brian went to sit in the seat he just vacated.

“What was all that about?”

“Ben has left Michael; he and Hunter have been out looking for an apartment; he just wanted to see Aidan and tell me sorry for Michael’s behavior.”

“Why? He didn’t have anything to do with the way Michael behaved.”

“I know, and I told him that. I think he feels that if he had done more he could have helped Michael get over his infatuation with you and this mess would have never happened.”

“That’s fucked. Nobody can help Michael, except Michael himself, and he doesn’t seem inclined to want to get over whatever the fuck he thinks he and I could have. I really have no idea how to stop this, Sunshine.”

“I know.” Justin gave Brian a quick kiss. “Let’s forget about Michael for now. It’s almost time for a feeding, and then the doctor said we could go home.”

Justin smiled brightly, and just then the door opened and the nurse came in with Aidan in his crib. Brian lifted him up and held him tightly to his chest.

“Hey, little one, how are you today? Are you looking forward to coming home?”

The boy reached out a hand and touched his father’s nose, much as Gus had done that first night. Brian looked up when he heard Justin sniffing.

“Allergies, Sunshine?”

“No, I just love to see you with our son; it’s the most beautiful sight in the world.”

Brian gave Justin the baby and the nurse gave him the bottle to feed the boy. He sat on the corner of the couch with Brian at his side watching their son eating the formula.

“He really is beautiful, isn’t he?”

“He really is. It’s amazing that he can have an almost 50/50 blend of our features and coloring.”

The baby had auburn hair, blue eyes, and olive skin. He had Justin’s ears and nose, but the rest of his features were pure Brian.

The End