



Cherish

SHAWN BAILEY

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An erotic novel by

Shawn Bailey

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intended for the enjoyment
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Cherish
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Chapter One

Trinity Warren settled back in the soft leather seat in the limousine as Carl, his chauffeur, drove away from the television studio where he'd just finished taping an interview. After he had nearly been mobbed in the lobby by hundreds of young women vying for his attention, his heart beat, at last, returned to normal. He frowned. No doubt someone told them he would be there...possibly Lionel Kane, his publicist, notorious for pulling such stunts to build his popularity.

Tiny raindrops pelted against the windows as Carl maneuvered the huge black car onto the Interstate a couple of blocks from the television station, headed for Trinity's mansion in Sarasota. How much more popular did Lionel expect him to be? His latest song, 'Your Love has Found Me,' sat at the top of the Billboard Chart and was rapidly climbing the UK charts. Quite frankly, the shredding and pulling of his clothes, and the girls shrieking at the top of their lungs when they saw him bored him to tears after sixteen years. If he never sang another song, he wouldn't die broke thanks to his parents' shrewd investment skills. He sighed. *I'm so tired of it all.*

The car left the bridge and traveled on a lone dark highway. The rain fell in bigger drops making it harder to see. Carl made the wipers go faster. The glass that separated them lowered.

"Please fasten your seatbelt, Trinity. The roads are getting slicker and your father will kill me if I let anything happen to you."

"Yes, Carl." Trinity fastened the belt around his waist and shoulders. The stately forty year old black man had been his driver for twelve years and knew him well enough to know that he hated wearing seatbelts. He sighed, figuring the chances of them getting into an accident were slim to none on the deserted road.

Something noisy rumbled behind them. Trinity tried to look out of the back window but was impeded by the seatbelt. A light beamed into the window.

"Damn motorcyclist," Carl muttered as he raised the shield glass between them. The motorbike rolled past them so fast the driver appeared like a black blur in the side window.

Carl honked the horn.

Trinity straightened up and planted his back and butt firmly in the seat. The big limo swerved, startling him. His hands gripped the left door handle and the cup holder at his right. He heard a loud screeching of wheels and brakes, and then a crash and a loud thump. Carl gained control of the car and pulled it over. He lowered the shield again.

"Are you okay Trinity?" he asked nervously.

"Yes, yes, I'm fine. What happened?"

"Some guy on a motorcycle turned wide in front of me." He unfastened his seatbelt. "I couldn't avoid hitting him." Carl opened the car door and stepped out into the rain.

Trinity unhooked his seatbelt, pulled his red cell phone out of his pocket and dialed the emergency number. "Hello, this is Trinity Warren. There's been an accident on Briar Highway. A motorcyclist slammed into us. Yes, my driver is out checking on him now. Can you send the police and an ambulance? Yes, we're about a mile away from the Interstate exit near the Warren Estates." He turned off the phone and put it back into his pocket before opening the car door and slipping out into the darkness and the rain.

Carl knelt beside the black-dressed motorcyclist. The motorbike lay in the middle of the road several feet from the rider.

"How is he?" Trinity looked around the area.

"He's hurt pretty bad," Carl explained. "Can you stay with him while I get some light and orange emergency cones from the trunk of the limo? We need to block off the road until help arrives."

"I've called for the police and ambulance."

"Good. Stay here with him until I get back. Damn, he's about your age."

"Bring a tarp," Trinity called after Carl. "The poor guy's getting soaked." A strange tingling feeling went through Trinity as he looked down into the face of the injured motorcyclist. *Gorgeous*. He had a straight nose, full lips and a strong chin. Short jet black curls peeped out from beneath the helmet that possibly saved his life. Sooty black lashes dusted his upper cheeks like spiders webs. Carl returned.

Trinity looked down on the face again. The young man breathed laboriously as he drifted in and out of consciousness. "Where is that ambulance? They should be here by now."

The young man moved and moaned. Trinity looked down again. The dark eye lashes fluttered. *Why is my heart beating so fast?* The lids slid back and confused gray eyes looked up at him. Oxygen left his brain and blood rushed to the head of his penis. Trinity groaned. The sight just stole his breath away.

The siren of the ambulance and police cars cut through the night and jettisoned him back to reality. Trinity rose and he and Carl waved their arms to get their attention. The police pulled over first, followed by the ambulance. The policemen got out of their cruiser with more orange reflector cones and placed them along the highway.

Two paramedics hopped out of the ambulance and ran over to them. One went down on his knee and gently removed the helmet from the young man's head. Trinity groaned again. *If he doesn't stop looking at me like that I'm going to come in my pants.*

The cyclist closed his eyes again.

"Is anything wrong Trinity?" Carl asked.

"No," he answered quickly afraid Carl would see how the young man affected him.

"Okay then. I'm going over to talk to the police officers."

"I'll be right here."

"It's Brennan Demarcus," one of the paramedics told the other.

Who is Brennan Demarcus? Trinity didn't know. *Brennan*. The name suited him. One of the paramedics beckoned him closer.

"I need you to hold his head in your lap until I can fetch a brace from the ambulance. Do you think you can do this?"

Trinity nodded. "Yes." He sat down on the wet ground ignoring the fact that his expensive white suit would be ruined. He gently put Brennan's head into his lap. It landed directly on his aching erection. Trinity squirmed before settling down. *Doing a good deed never felt so painful*, he thought, absently stroking Brennan's curls while he waited. His kind act was rewarded by the appearance of those startling dove gray eyes.

"Am I dead angel? Because if I am, it might not be so bad flying around the clouds with someone as lovely as you."

Trinity gawked. The deep voice did not match the wounded soul.

"No you're not dead."

"You've got a very deep voice for a girl." His eyes closed again before Trinity could explain. The paramedics returned and put Brennan in traction and put him on a gurney.

Trinity rose and watched as they loaded him in the back of the ambulance. "Who is Brennan Demarcus?" he asked one of them before they climbed back into the ambulance.

"He's a famous motorcyclist. He competes all over the world."

"Thanks." He walked away from the ambulance and listened as they backed up and sped off to the nearest hospital in Sarasota. *A famous motorcyclist?*

Carl finished up with the police and a wrecker arrived to pick up Brennan's bike. "I guess I better get you home. You're soaking wet."

Trinity shook his head. "Yes." The sooner he could find out everything he could about Brennan Demarcus the better. He climbed into the limousine with Carl and they headed down the highway to his mansion.

Chapter Two

Brennan's eyes fluttered open. *Where am I?* The strong stench of rubbing alcohol assaulted his nostrils and noisy monitors beeped next to him. He raised his head. "Ah shit, I'm in the hospital again."

"You're beginning to make this a routine?" Nurse Amy entered with a clipboard in her hands. "Not that any of the other nurses are complaining, especially the younger ones."

Nurse Amy appeared to be around fifty, cute in a motherly way and had seen his naked ass more times than he cared to remember.

"What's the damage this time?"

Amy put down the chart and reached for the blood pressure machine. "Nothing's broken but you had a slight concussion. Thank God you had on a helmet."

Brennan grimaced, remembering he'd nearly forgotten to put one on. "What hit me?"

"Not what hit you, what you hit...a limousine."

"A what?"

"A limousine."

"Was anyone else hurt?"

"No, but the ambulance driver, Vic said the occupants of the limousine took real good care of you until they arrived."

Brennan touched the button on the remote and the bed moved his body to a seated position. "What the hell?" His eyes landed on several vases of red roses...the long stemmed kind.

Nurse Amy attached the cuff to his forearm. "Someone really likes you."

"I doubt that," Brennan mumbled. "I'm not exactly the poster boy for friendship. Who are they from?"

"How would I know that?"

Brennan rolled his eyes at her sarcastically.

Nurse Amy handed him a card.

Brennan opened the envelope. "Get well soon, Trinity."

"Is Trinity your girlfriend?"

"No, I don't have a girlfriend." Brennan groaned. That admission pained him more than his head. He hadn't been in a serious relationship in years.

"Maybe it's from the person in the limousine. Vic says some cute blonde tended to you at the scene. Held your head in her lap and everything."

My angel...the one with the blonde hair and the big green eyes. His body hardened beneath the blanket and the covers. *So it wasn't a dream.* He put the card back in the envelope and tucked it at his side. "Probably. Maybe I should find out who she is and thank her."

Nurse Amy finished up with him. "You do just that. These flowers must have cost a fortune and maybe she can be your new girlfriend. A fine young man like you needs someone special in your life."

"Why's that?"

"To keep you from zooming around on that metal contraption of yours."

"It's a sports bike. One of the best in the world."

"Yeah, so you keep telling me. Your father picked it up from the pound and took it to his shop."

Brennan frowned again. "My father came here?"

"Yes. He came right after they brought you in. He stayed a little while and then left."

Brennan sank down in the pillows. "Figures."

"Listen, you can't do anything about the parents you were born to, but you have to respect their decision to have you."

"Life would have been easier if my mother had just flushed me down the toilet."

Nurse Amy shook her head. "You don't mean that. Life would be boring without you in it." She winked at him and left the room.

Brennan slid the card out from under his hip and read it again. "Sarasota Florists." He reached for the phone and dialed the number. "Yes, my name is Brennan Demarcus. I'm in the Sarasota Hospital and someone from your shop delivered several vases of long-stemmed red roses to me. Would you happen to know the person's name so I can call and thank them?"

Brennan waited a few minutes until the clerk returned to the phone. "Thank you." He hung up. "Trinity Warren." At least he had a name to go with that adorable face. He lowered the bed again. Whatever Nurse Amy put in his IV had made him sleepy. He'd pay Trinity Warren a visit just as soon as he got out of the hospital and thank her in person.

"The young man is going to be fine," Carl told Trinity as he hung up the phone in the huge garage on the back of the mansion that housed a luxury fleet of cars.

The record label had given him a white Rolls Royce on his sixteenth birthday, which Trinity thought odd since he didn't even know how to drive at the time. It also didn't make sense since Carl saw to his every need and took him wherever he needed to go most of the time. The rest of the cars were given to him by his parents except for the little red Honda Accord that he'd purchased for himself when he did obtain a license. Every now and then he'd sneak out of the mansion without his driver just to feel the wind his hair as he drove and to keep his driving skills to par.

"Thanks, did the hospital say when he's being released?"

"Today and he's quite anxious to find you and thank you."

Oh no. That idea didn't sit right with him. "I don't need any thanks." He leaned against a black BMW that Carl had just polished.

Carl chuckled. "You paid his hospital bill. Of course he wants to thank you. Anyway, he's around your age. He could be a possible friend."

"What do I need friends for? Or let me rephrase that. I don't have time for friends, and besides it's hard for me to know if people want to be my friend because of me or because of who I am."

Carl put the cleaning rag into a bucket and put it on a metal shelf. "Maybe this one is different. He's pretty popular in his own circle. It's been all over the news. He's sort of a celebrity in Sarasota."

"Had you ever heard of him before the accident?"

"No, but I'm not into motorcycle racing. Boxing is more my sport."

"I never heard of him either. Motorcycle riding seems dangerous to me. There's hardly any protection. He was lucky this time but maybe the next time he won't be."

"You're wiser than your years," Carl said as he removed the overalls he wore to clean the cars and hung it in a cabinet next to the metal shelf.

"And much too cynical for twenty-two."

Trinity shrugged his shoulders. "Blame it on television and books."

Carl walked out the garage and Trinity followed. The older man locked up the garage and climbed into his white truck. "Are you sure you're going to be okay alone out here?"

"I've got a security system and I know how to call the police."

Carl winked at him. "Just checking." He started the motor and drove toward the exit gates.

Trinity waved goodbye and headed back inside the mansion. "Alone at last," he said. The scent of Lysol entered his nose. The turkey dinner he'd prepared earlier still waited in the kitchen. He walked through the rooms of Broyhill Furniture his mother decorated the mansion with, making sure not to touch or smudge anything for fear of being reprimanded like when he was a child. He walked to the kitchen, stopping at the state-of-art refrigerator and taking a soda from the top shelf. He closed the door and looked around. Everything sparkled. The table remained set for two including pretty flowered china and long fluted wine glasses. He shook his head and walked out of the kitchen, stopping in the yellow pastel bathroom to use the toilet. After washing his hands he headed to the computer room down the hall. Once inside he turned on his computer and typed in the name, Brennan Demarcus.

Several links appeared. Trinity clicked on the man's current biography. No picture but a lot of words. "Brennan Demarcus, twenty-four year old champion motorcyclist, born and raised in Sarasota, Florida." Trinity clicked on to another link. This time Brennan's picture appeared. Trinity leaned forward. "That's him." He read a little more. "Mother deceased, father a mechanic, and a younger brother named Chris. Nationality...Italian. The rest of the page gave basic information about his schooling and his many motorcycling achievements. His eyes zeroed in on the marital status, *single*."

Trinity cleared the site and opened another. This one had Brennan posing upon a green and white motorcycle, dressed in a matching green and white outfit. He closed that site and clicked on another. This one was Brennan's publicity picture. Trinity focused on the face and those eyes. His body stirred. Trinity crossed his legs and ignored the erection. *Why does my body do this? He's a man.* He turned off the computer and decided to listen to some music. He walked out of the computer room and headed for the den.

Moments later he knelt on the floor thumbing through priceless vinyl albums. They meant more to him than anything else in the world. He spent a lot of time in that corner listening to hits from the sixties and seventies, hoping one day that sound would return. He picked out one of the albums...the Fifth Dimension and put it on the antique stereo. The intro to *Wedding Bell Blues* began. Trinity turned up the volume, picked up his microphone and sang along with them. He was right in the middle of the chorus when the gate buzzer sounded. Trinity turned the stereo volume down before walking over to the intercom on the wall. "Yes."

"Hello, my name is Brennan Demarcus. I'm here to see Trinity Warren."

His heart pounded in his mouth and rang in his ears. *It's him.*

"Hello is anyone there."

Trinity trained the camera on the gate. *It is him.* "Yes."

"My name is Brennan Demarcus. Is Trinity Warren home?"

Trinity hit a button and the gate opened. "Yes, please come in." He watched Brennan ride a motorcycle through the gate. *Stupid kid, he's still on a motorbike.* Panic sat in. *What am I going to do?* He ran out of the den and headed to the yellow restroom to check his appearance.

The doorbell rang. *Don't appear too excited to see him.* Trinity hurried to the door, peeped through the peephole. His heart still pounded hard in his chest. He opened the door. "Yes, can I help you?"

The young man stared at him and blinked. "I'm here to see Trinity Warren."

Trinity opened the door wider and allowed Brennan to enter. The door closed and locked. He didn't expect him to be so tall or dressed in leather. "Follow me." Trinity turned on his heels and led Brennan through the foyer, past the formal living room and dining room and down another hall to the parlor.

"Wow," Brennan exclaimed when he entered the room.

"Please sit down." Trinity motioned toward a white sofa next to a black baby grand piano.

Brennan dusted off the seat of his pants and sat down. "Is Trinity home?"

Trinity sat down on a white chair across from him. "I'm Trinity Warren."

Brennan smiled brightly at first, then frowned. "There must be a mistake. You're a guy." He fidgeted on the sofa.

"No mistake. I am a guy."

"I'm looking for a young woman who helped me out during an accident the other night. She has blonde hair and green eyes and bares a remarkable resemblance to you. Maybe it is your sister."

Trinity leaned forward amused by Brennan's discomfort. "I'm an only child, and I'm the one who took care of you at the scene of the accident. You were pretty out of it at the time. I can see how a mistake was made. I'm sorry I'm not a female."

Brennan appeared confused like he was thinking the situation over. "Yeah me too. Not that I don't appreciate all you've done." He paused. "And the roses." A blush rose on his cheeks.

"My favorite flower. I thought you'd like to see something beautiful when you woke."

"You have a really nice voice." Brennan's expression changed from misunderstanding to confusion. "I guess I'd better be going."

Trinity leaned forward. "Why?"

He appeared shocked by the question. "Why? I've taken up enough of your time."

"Or does it have something to do with the fact that I'm not a girl."

Brennan seemed to be struggling for the right words. "No, not really? You're pretty enough to be a girl."

Trinity did not take offense to Brennan's statement. He just blushed. "Thank you." He paused. "You're really handsome and taller than I expected."

Brennan moved around in the chair and adjusted the inseam of his leather pants like maybe they were suddenly uncomfortable. "Thank you. I'm six-two."

"A pretty good height," Trinity replied still staring at him and obviously making him uncomfortable. "Do you have any plans for the rest of the evening?"

"No," Brennan said absently.

"Then you won't mind staying for a while."

"I don't know," Brennan said staring him down from head to toe.

Trinity smiled at him, appreciating that Brennan apparently found his appearance pleasing. Brennan didn't have to tell him that, Trinity could see it in his eyes. "Would you like to stay for dinner?"

Brennan blushed and tried to hide his smile. "I wouldn't want to impose."

Trinity rose. "No imposition. It's not often that I find someone my age to talk to."

Brennan rose and followed him out of the room and to the kitchen. "Something smells good."

Trinity put on an apron, donned oven mittens and began taking food out of the oven. He placed the food a butcher's block on the table. "Turkey and all the trimmings." He took off the apron and the mitts and put them back on a hook.

Brennan walked over the sink and washed and dried his hands. "You can cook."

Trinity nodded. "Yes. Some of the best cooks are men."

"You live here alone?" He sat down at the small table.

"Yes, it's my first bachelor's pad."

Brennan chuckled. "You're kidding right?"

His eyes twinkle when he smiles. "No, I had to fight tooth and nail with my parents to move out on my own. After all, I'm twenty-two and I need my space."

"And you can't bring women home to your parents' home."

Trinity shook his head. "No, I can't, not unless I'm prepared to get married, which I don't even want to think about at the moment."

Brennan looked around. "Is your family rich? This place is pretty big for just one person."

Trinity laughed. "They're comfortable. They're investment bankers, and just to set the record straight, I paid for this place myself."

Brennan looked skeptical. "No shit. How did you afford a place like this if you don't mind me asking?"

"I'm a singer." Trinity took a bottle of red wine out of the cooler, opened it and filled Brennan's glass and then his own, and then he sat down across from Brennan. He felt the young man's eyes following him. Now it was his turn to stare, taking in Brennan's sun-kissed tanned skin, aristocratic nose and unruly black curls all wrapped up in a bad boy persona. He cut into the turkey. "Dark meat or light?"

Brennan passed the plate to him. "White meat."

Trinity put the meat on his plate and passed it back to him. Brennan helped himself to the potatoes, vegetables and macaroni and cheese.

Trinity sliced some dark meat for himself and placed it on his plate. "How are you feeling?"

Brennan acted the gentleman by dishing some of the sides onto Trinity's plate and reaching it over to him. "Head hurts a little bit but I'll survive. I've been in accidents before."

"Why?"

"Why what?"

"Why do you continue to ride one of those dangerous bikes when you always end up in the hospital?"

Brennan shrugged. "I don't plan the accidents. Those just happen, but I love the way the bike feels between my legs when I'm racing." He picked up his glass of wine and sipped and then placed the glass back on the table.

Trinity smirked and blinked and went back to his meal trying not to smile at the picture in his head. "So it's a power thing. You like to be on top and in control."

Brennan nodded. "Yes and I like the speed. The faster the better."

Trinity put his fork into his macaroni and cheese. "Seems like an insane way to get a cheap thrill." He put it in his mouth and chewed.

Brennan looked up from his plate. His brows knitted together on his forehead. "You've never ridden a motorbike before have you?"

Trinity swallowed. "No, I don't see the point in it. I like having four steel walls around me when I ride."

Brennan put the fork down. "Okay, rich boy, what do you do for fun?"

"I play Grand Theft Auto."

Brennan laughed. "You can't be serious. I thought you didn't like racing. That's a driving game."

"I don't like riding motorcycles; I didn't say I didn't like playing games. It's safer."

Brennan smirked at him.

"What?"

"You can't live your life always being afraid of getting hurt. Sometimes you've got to take a chance and do something out of the ordinary...something completely out of character." Brennan sipped his glass of wine and put it back down on the table.

"Like what?"

Brennan got out of his seat, walked over to him, pulled him out of the chair, wrapped his arms around Trinity and kissed him on the lips.

Trinity's eyes opened in surprise as Brennan pushed his tongue inside his mouth. He kissed him deeply and passionately and then ended it.

He returned to his seat and resumed eating.

Trinity just sat there reeling from the onslaught. *His first kiss*. His body felt on fire from his head down to his toes. Desire cruised through him like water through a faucet.

Brennan went back to his seat. "Now let me guess, you weren't expecting that?"

Trinity sputtered. "No, I wasn't."

"You see it's a prime example of taking a chance. I've always wanted to know what it's like to kiss a desirable young man and now I've satisfied a curiosity."

He thinks I'm desirable. "So it was just an experiment?" He wasn't sure. That kiss felt very intentional.

"Of course, what do you think? I don't go around kissing men."

"But you're not opposed to the idea?" Trinity asked.

Brennan didn't answer. Trinity was not going to let this opportunity slip by. "Have you kissed many girls?"

Brennan nodded. "A few."

"Interesting. So in order for me to take a chance I have to do something crazy against all I've been taught about right and wrong?"

"Yes, live a little."

Trinity sprang from his seat, walked over to Brennan, raised his chin and planted a tender kiss on his lips. He walked back to his seat, sat down and resumed eating. "Chance taken. I've always wondered what it was like to kiss a macho boy for a second time."

Trinity took him on a tour of the rest of the house, but Brennan's thoughts lingered on the two kisses he and Trinity shared. Something inside of him told him it wasn't right even though he enjoyed it. *Ridiculous, you're both men*, his conscience whispered. They entered the recording studio.

Brennan walked around dumbfounded by all he saw. The walls of the recording studio were packed with photos of Trinity in concert and with famous celebrities. Everything Trinity had told him so far about his life seemed to be the truth. "You're really a singer."

Trinity sat down at the piano. "You didn't believe me?"

"Well, not exactly."

Trinity played a few notes to a song he'd been working on.

"You're really quite good. No, offense but I've never heard of you."

Trinity stopped playing. "You're a championship motorcyclist and I've never heard of you until recently.." He paused. "Can I ask you something?"

What were you doing that night? Were you trying to kill yourself?"

Brennan nodded. "Yes."

Trinity frowned. "Why?"

"That's two questions."

"Humor me."

Blond locks of hair fell on his forehead. Brennan looked away quickly. "Tired, I guess. Sometimes things get too heavy."

Trinity's gaze locked with his. "Are you in some kind of trouble?"

"No. Not in debt, haven't committed a crime or got some girl knocked up."

"Then why? You have your entire life ahead of you."

"I can't explain it." He walked over to the wall of albums, chose one and then put it on the stereo. He returned and sat down next to Trinity. The music filtered out through the speakers.

"Cherish, by The Association. I'd never figured you'd like a song like that."

"Sue me. I like romantic songs. This one is my favorite."

"Mine too, now don't change the subject. Have you tried to commit suicide before?"

Why was he asking so many questions? "No, and I'm never going to do anything so stupid again. I got into another argument with my father over something trite."

Trinity sighed. "I wish I could believe you."

"You don't even know me. Why do you care?"

Trinity turned to look at him. "I don't know. I just do. I think it happened the minute I looked down on your face as you lay wounded in the streets. You looked...happy."

Brennan raised his eyes and stared into his. "I was." He leaned forward, took Trinity's face into his hands and kissed Trinity again. This time sweetly. He broke the kiss. "Why aren't you a girl?" He removed his hands and put them at his sides.

Trinity smiled. "Why does it make a difference?"

"Because we're both males. In my world boys are supposed to want to make love to girls."

Trinity's eyes widened in surprise. "Do you want to make love to me?"

"If I say yes would it shock you?"

Trinity shook his head. "Yes it would. You're not gay."

Brennan didn't reply at first. He chose to avert the statement. "Have you ever kissed a girl?"

Trinity blushed and shook his head.

"I didn't think so." Brennan rose. "I think I better go."

Trinity reached up and caught his arm. "Would you stay if I were a girl?"

"But you're not a girl."

Trinity released him.

Brennan walked toward the door and Trinity followed. "It was nice to meet you."

Brennan walked down the stairs. "Yeah. It's been a pleasure." He hopped on his bike and rode toward the gate.

Chapter Three

Brennan stepped inside the mechanic shop. His father and the rest of the mechanics toiled under the hoods while the body and fender men pounded out dents and sanded down cars. Gino, his father looked up once and pointed to the corner. Brennan looked over. His bike sat on a rack, mangled. "Shit."

His uncle Frankie looked up from the car he worked on. "It's not as bad as it looks. I'll help you fix it."

"Thanks," Brennan replied as he walked over to it. "What the fuck was I thinking?"

"You don't think," Gino said. "That's the problem. You could have been killed."

Brennan refused to turn around and acknowledge him. He'd heard it before...the two of them never saw eye to eye on anything. "Where's Chris?"

"In the house. He'd better be studying."

Brennan walked away from the bike and out of the garage. He climbed the metal stairs that led up to his family home. It didn't hurt him now to return. "Hey kid, where are you?"

"In my room," Chris, his fourteen year old brother shouted.

Brennan walked through the living room, passing the ancient over-stuffed furniture that he'd always hated and headed to the back of the house down a narrow dimly-lit hall. Chris' room was on the right. He found him poring over a teen magazine under a lamp on the rickety old desk. Brennan ruffled his fingers through the mass of black curls. "What are you doing?"

"Reading."

"A teen magazine? That's not very educational."

Chris stopped reading and looked up at him. "You sound like Pop."

Brennan put his hand against his chest. "Please don't ever say that."

Chris laughed. "When did you get out of the hospital?"

"This morning."

"And you're just getting here?"

"I had to stop and see a friend." Brennan sat down on the twin bed and looked the room over. It hadn't changed much except it was missing the matching twin bed...his.

"Anyone I know?"

Brennan shook his head. "No."

"Was it a girl?"

Brennan tossed a pillow at him. Chris ducked. "No."

Chris buried his head back in the magazine.

"What's so interesting?"

"A concert."

"Anyone I know?"

Chris shrugged. "Have you ever heard of Trinity Warren?"

Shit. Brennan frowned. "Who's Trinity Warren?"

Chris looked at him like he was crazy. "Just the hottest singer in the world."

Brennan smirked. "Define hot."

"Man he can sing. He's about your age and he's giving a performance right here in Sarasota in two weeks."

"And you want to go?"

Chris nodded his head vigorously. "But Pop won't take me and he won't allow me to go alone."

"Do you want me to take you?" It had been a while since the two of them had done anything together.

Chris spun around in his chair. "Would you?"

"I think I can handle it if there aren't too many giggling girls around."

"I can't say there won't be, you know how girls are."

"Is there a picture of Trinity Warren in that magazine?"

Chris flipped through the magazine and handed it to him. Trinity's heavenly face smiled from the page, green eyes twinkling for the camera. Brennan sighed inwardly. *Angel.* He handed the magazine back to Chris and rose before his body betrayed him. "I'll get the tickets. You better get back to studying English before Papa comes up."

Chris handed Brennan the magazine. "You take it."

"Why?"

"It's entertaining."

Brennan ruffled the black curls again and left the room. He walked out of the apartment and down the stairs. The hot sun bore down on him like a furnace. Summer had arrived. He tucked the magazine into his back pocket, mounted his motorcycle and rode down the street, passing through old familiar neighborhoods. He waved at Mr. Sam, the grocer as he stood outside his shop talking to a couple of older men. The magazine pushed his hips. *Is it a coincidence that Chris asked to go to see Trinity in concert on the same day I kissed him? He sighed. I kissed a boy? Why?* Part of him already knew the answer but he fought fiercely to deny that he enjoyed it...both times. *That doesn't mean that I'm gay? No way!* He turned the bike and headed toward his home, spotting two men putting a new sign on a billboard. Trinity's face caught his eye, nearly making him crash the motorcycle again. Brennan continued to read as he neared. "Tickets go on sale tomorrow at the arena." He sighed. Maybe he shouldn't have promised Chris that he would take him. A wise man would not put temptation in front of him, and Trinity Warren was tempting.

The bike rumbled beneath him as he left the smooth highway and rode down an asphalt street. *I don't even know if he can sing. For all I know*

he's probably mouthing the words to someone else's song and his record company is only backing him because he has the kind of face that sells music.

Brennan drove up his driveway and pressed the button on his key control to open the garage. He drove the bike inside, dismounted and lowered the garage door before entering his home by the side door. He stepped into his modestly furnished kitchen in his three-bedroom home, pulled the magazine out of his pocket and sat down at the white Bentwood table. Brennan thumbed through the pages, recognizing most of the actors and actresses but not bothering to read any of the write-ups until he came to the spread on Trinity.

"A child protégée...gifted, self-taught pianist, an only child." Brennan's eyes zeroed in on the last part. "Sold billions of records around the world." He paused. "It's all the truth. He's a fucking rich boy." Not that it mattered to him. He scanned the rest of the article. *No mention of a significant other.* Brennan closed the magazine. *I have to know more.* He got up and walked through the house, his feet echoing on the commercial-tiled floor until he reached his computer in his bedroom. After surfing to Amazon.com he typed in the name Trinity Warren. Several CD covers appeared with mini tracks for the buyer to sample. He clicked on one and listened. *Hum, the kid's got talent.* He tried another, this time a ballad. The song moved him to the point that it angered him. *He's a guy. Why me? I need to see that face.* He surfed for another page, found a publicity photo of Trinity and touched the screen, running a finger over his lips and eyes. *My father is going to go ballistic when he finds out.* He shut the computer angrily. *Nothing is ever going to happen between us. Do you hear that? It was just a kiss.*

Chapter Four

"That sounded terrific," Don Barnes, the soundman said to Trinity after he finished the song. "Next time put a little more feeling into it."

"Okay," Trinity replied. The concert was just a week away and he had to get the song down perfect. The intro music started again. Trinity adjusted the headphones to his ears and raised the mike to his mouth. Two words came out and then his phone rang. He signaled for Don to halt the music, while looking down at the cell-phone screen at a number he didn't recognize. "Hello?"

"Hello."

Trinity blinked, instantly recognizing the voice. "How did you get my number?"

Brennan chuckled huskily. "I have my ways. I have a race on Saturday. It's for a benefit. Would you like to attend?"

Trinity smiled. *Is he asking me out on a date?* "You know how I feel on the subject."

"Don't make me beg Trinity. It will do you good to get out and be around people your own age."

"I'm flattered that you thought of me but I can't attend public functions. It's not safe. I might get mobbed."

Brennan sighed into the receiver. "I didn't think of that. I guess you would stand out like a sore thumb with that gorgeous face and big green eyes."

"Thanks for thinking about me."

"Wait. Don't hang up. I can talk to the stadium manager. Maybe he can put you in a private booth or something so you won't be noticed."

Trinity thought about it. "I don't know."

"Don't say no. Let me work out a couple of things and I'll call you back." Brennan hung up.

Trinity shook his head and slipped the phone back into his pocket. He motioned for Don to resume the track just as his father and mother entered the sound booth. He waved to them, finished singing the song and then joined them in the booth. His mother hugged him and his father punched him playfully on the arm.

"Ow."

"That's a real interesting song, son. It's from the sixties isn't it?"

"Yeah, I've been messing around with a few songs."

"But you're a pop singer. Don't you think you should stay in this generation?"

His mother interrupted. "I think it sounded lovely. Leave Trinity alone. I think it's about time he tries something different."

Spencer Warren crossed his arms in front of him. "But it's a love song."

Trinity rolled his eyes at the ceiling. "So?"

"So who are you singing to?"

"My audience."

Spencer punched him on the arm again. "You know what I mean. Are you dating someone now?"

"You're going to bruise my arm, and no. I've always liked the song and thought it would be fun to sing it."

Spencer rolled his eyes up at the ceiling mimicking Trinity. "Why don't I believe you? A man sings the blues when he's down and love songs when he in love."

"What are you trying to ask him Spencer? Do you think he's throwing wild orgies at his mansion?" Sandra tweaked him on the cheek. "You're not are you honey?"

"Not lately," Trinity replied sarcastically. Moving out did not change the way they saw or treated him. To them he was still their little boy even though he towered over both of them.

"Trinity's got a girlfriend," Don teased.

Sandra shook her finger at Don. "Stop kidding. My baby is still a virgin. He's saving his himself for someone special."

Don choked back a laugh.

Trinity threw him a murderous look.

Spencer stepped in. "Stop babying him. He's twenty-two years old. Of course girls interest him, and if he wants to invite one to his home I'm sure he'll treat her respectfully."

"He's always going to be my baby," his mother replied.

Trinity blocked them out as his mind ventured to Brennan's call. Funny, he hadn't seen that coming. Of course he wanted to see him again too, but at a motorcycle benefit? There would be scores of people and noise. Maybe he could don a disguise, cover his golden locks, or maybe wear sunglasses. The more he thought about it the more he liked the idea.

"Are you listening to me son? Your mother and I are going away this weekend."

Trinity focused on them. "Where?"

"New Orleans."

"What's happening in New Orleans?"

"Jazz Fest."

Trinity froze. He loved New Orleans and the Jazz Festival with all the food and the music. "Have fun."

His father eyed him suspiciously. "You don't want to come? You love New Orleans."

Trinity shook his head. "I have plans."

Sandra opened up her bag, pulled out a leather bound book and flipped through the personal organizer she kept on him. "What plans? There's nothing written in here for the weekend."

"I'm meeting a friend."

"Ah, ha," Spencer replied. "A date."

"No it's not a date. A friend of mine is in a benefit motorcycle show. He asked me if I wanted to go."

Spencer frowned and looked at him suspiciously. "You hate motorcycles."

"I don't hate them. I just don't want to drive one."

"Okay what's the friend's name?" Spencer asked.

Trinity felt like he stood before the Spanish Inquisitor. "Why does that matter. You don't know him."

"All the more reason why I don't like the idea. We're concerned about your safety. What if you get mobbed?"

"Would it help if I tell you I plan to wear a disguise?"

"It would help if I knew his name," his father insisted.

"Brennan Demarcus."

"The championship motorcyclist? I didn't know the two of you were friends."

Trinity raised an eyebrow. "You've heard of him?"

"Sure, I've watched a couple of races. He's very good, but a bit of a renegade though."

"So now you know. Have fun in New Orleans."

Spencer and Sandra hugged their son.

"We will," Sandra replied. "I'll bring you home some pralines." She looked into his eyes as only a mother could do. "You be careful."

Is it possible that she knows?

Sandra released him and she and his father left.

"Hey mama's boy, we still have some songs to arrange."

Trinity poked his tongue at Don. "I'm not a mama's boy. I can't help it if she doesn't want to cut the apron strings." He walked out of the sound room, returned to the recording booth and put the headset back on. Don started the tracks to the next songs and Trinity finished the album.

His phone rang again as he entered his mansion later that evening. "Hello."

"Hello, it's all set. You'll be in a private booth in the stadium."

"Why are you so sure I'll come?"

"Take a chance."

"I think I did that a couple of days ago," Trinity replied.

Brennan went silent for a moment. "Do you regret it?"

"No, but I think I will regret it if I don't put in an appearance this weekend."

"You confuse me."

"Why?"

"You look like this young boy but you have the maturity of someone much older."

"It comes with responsibility," Trinity said.

"Well, that's all I called to say. I have a date with my injured bike. My uncle is going to help me beat it back into shape."

"Sounds barbaric."

Brennan chuckled.

Trinity hugged himself. It sounded so sexy.

"Good night rich boy."

"Good night Brennan."

"That's the first time you've said my name."

"Friends usually call each other by their first names."

"So we're friends?"

"Um hum. For the moment." Trinity smiled and disconnected the call.

Chapter Five

Carl dropped Trinity off at the stadium and made him swear to call the minute the show ended. Trinity entered through the side entrance, showed his VIP pass and was quickly escorted up to a private booth, where he discovered several other celebrities...actors, actresses and singers who were also trying to be incognito.

The large room had two rows of cushy green seats across from a projection screen. Over on one side of the room he spotted his and her restrooms, and over on other side of the room someone had set up food and drinks buffet style. Trinity filled a plate, grabbed a soda and found a seat to enjoy the show. The rest of the guests followed suit, unconsciously leaving an open seat next to him. Good, he didn't want conversation since he knew there wouldn't be any friendships made there. He settled back in the seat and watched the opening ceremony. The announcer's voice came through the speakers in the room, allowing the inside guests to feel a part of the show.

"Let's give a big round of applause for Brennan Demarcus."

Trinity leaned forward and watched Brennan ride out on a black and red motorcycle, wearing a matching red with black racing outfit and helmet. Trinity's heart pumped hard in his chest and his palms started to sweat. The crowd responded by calling Brennan's name and clapping vigorously. Something akin to pride rushed through Trinity and he continued to watch Brennan even though the announcer had moved on to the other racers. Someone in the crowd called Brennan's name. Brennan turned to acknowledge the fan, giving Trinity and the entire audience a tantalizing view of his backside in the tight black pants. Brennan turned back around and mounted his bike with the other racers and rode to the starting line. The noise of the engines roared through the speakers. Trinity jumped.

"And they're off."

Trinity calmed himself and focused on the screen as the bikers raced around the tracks, dodging obstacles and scoring points. The other guests in the room screamed, hollered and cheered for their favorite racer while he sat quietly taking it all in. A couple of racers fell from their bikes, hopped back on and continued to ride. Brennan started out in the lead and kept that position throughout the hour long race. A couple of times Trinity

caught himself cheering silently for Brennan, but most of the time he just prayed that Brennan wouldn't fall off the bike and break his neck. Brennan won the race easily and in one piece. People ran out to congratulate him.

A young lady wrapped herself around Brennan's neck and kissed him. Brennan lifted her and kissed her back much to the delight of the crowd.

Trinity's eyes stayed glued to them and then he rose out of his seat with his fist balled. *Is that his girlfriend?*

The other guests filed out of the private booth to sneak out of the stadium before being caught in the traffic jam when the others tried to leave.

Trinity dashed into the restroom first to relive his aching bladder. He walked out of the restroom wiping his hands on a paper towel and was about to call Carl when he looked up and saw Brennan. "Congratulations."

"Thanks. How did you enjoy the race?"

"It was different, and I'm glad you didn't run into anything."

Brennan tossed a black helmet at him. "Put this on."

"Why?"

"Why do you think? We're getting out of here?"

"But I'm supposed to call for my driver," Trinity said nervously.

"That sounds like an excuse rich boy. Or are you afraid to ride with me?"

Trinity held his chin up indignantly. "I'm not afraid. I just don't like motorcycles."

Brennan leaned against the back of one of the green rows of seats. "Are you afraid that I might run into something?"

"Yes."

Brennan laughed. "You're too damn honest. Come on, take a chance. You can't hate something that you've never tried before."

"I really should call my driver. He might get worried."

"One hour, that's all I ask. Then you can call him."

Trinity hesitated and then took off his baseball cap and put the helmet on. "Let's go before I talk myself out of it."

Brennan walked out the door chuckling. Trinity followed behind until they stepped out of the stadium. The air still contained the carbon and fumes from the bikes. A lot of the crowd had gone or were trying to leave. Trinity looked around for the blonde.

"What's wrong?"

"Where's the girl?"

"What girl?"

"The blonde you were kissing earlier?"

Brennan sighed. "I haven't a clue who she is. Women do that to me all the time."

"Oh."

Brennan led him to the racing pit, picked up his bike and climbed on. He started the motor. "Get on."

Trinity hesitated again and then climbed on board behind Brennan.

"Put your arms around my waist and hold on tight."

"You don't have to worry about that." His eyes widened when the motor of the bike vibrated between his legs. Trinity wrapped his arms tightly around Brennan's waist and buried his face into Brennan's back.

Brennan's laughed and took off slowly down the gravel parking lot but picked up speed once they were on the paved streets.

Trinity kept his eyes closed, feeling Brennan weave the bike in and out of traffic. After a few minutes the sounds of traffic died away and he felt a warm breeze on his arms. Trinity braved up and raised his head. They were on a deserted beach racing through sand.

Brennan stopped the bike and the two of them got off. "I want you to see something." He pointed outward.

Trinity followed his fingers to the sun setting on the water.

"I never grow tired of seeing that. Sometimes I ride out and just sit here for hours, waiting. What do you think?"

Trinity removed the helmet. The sight took his breath away. "Gorgeous."

"You sure are."

"Huh?"

Brennan raised his hand and ran it through Trinity's hair to straighten it. "The helmet mussed your hair. Your stylist will be upset."

Trinity playfully knocked Brennan's hand away. He reached out and ruffled Brennan's jet black curls and ran down the beach.

Brennan followed, caught up to him and scooped him up into his arms and swung him around.

Trinity laughed, slid down out of Brennan's arms and landed on his butt in the sand. The waves splashed against the shore and birds soared out of the water and ascended into the air.

Trinity picked up a shell and tossed it into the water. He watched it plop and then it disappeared.

Brennan sat down beside him. "When was the last time you watched the sun set or ran along the beach?"

"I've never been to the beach before."

Brennan looked shocked. "What, didn't you grow up here?"

"No, I was born here but my family moved to California when I was seven."

"There are beaches in California." He picked up a shell and tossed it into the ocean.

"We never went there because I was too busy recording songs, doing television shows, rehearsing and jetting around the world performing."

"What about school?" Brennan asked.

"Tutored. We tried the public thing in the beginning but I just kept getting mobbed."

"Bummer."

"Not really. Well the being mobbed part sucks but I'd never done things normal kids did so I really didn't know what I missed."

"Isn't that typical of most child celebrities?"

"I guess so." He sighed as the last of the sun disappeared.

"Humbling." Brennan rose, offered a hand to help Trinity up. Trinity accepted the hand and Brennan not only pulled him up but pulled him against him and wrapped his arms around Trinity's neck.

"What are you doing?" Trinity asked, not that it didn't feel good.

"I have no idea. All I know is that I've wanted to do this since I walked into that booth and saw you standing there in those dark glasses, Mr. Celebrity."

"My disguise?"

Brennan looked into his eyes. "I want to kiss you."

Trinity trembled in Brennan's arms. "Why? You know we shouldn't."

"I know but I'm going to kiss you anyway." He lowered his lips to Trinity's and kissed him gently at first and then with a little more passion. Trinity kissed him back, reveling at the way Brennan's lips felt pressed against his...the way Brennan's body pressed into his...the way their mounting erections pressed together. *Brennan's aroused too. Shit.* Brennan rolled his body against him. Trinity's pulse raced with excitement and fright. He gasped for air. "This is wrong. The world will never allow this."

Brennan put his hands between Trinity's legs and squeezed.

Trinity moaned. "Please stop."

"Do you really want me to?"

"It doesn't matter what I want. We can't do this." He pulled away.

"What can't we do?" Brennan pulled Trinity back into his arms. His dark eyes filled with confusion and uncertainty.

"We can't be together in that way. We're men."

Brennan pulled away this time. "Maybe we should get back." He walked toward the bike and put on his helmet.

Trinity followed, adjusting his penis in his briefs for comfort. He put the helmet back on while Brennan started up the bike. He pulled out his cell phone and dialed Carl. "Meet me at the stadium." He hung up and hopped onto the back of the bike and wrapped his arms about Brennan's waist.

Brennan turned the bike and headed back to the stadium. Trinity lowered his head and kept it down the entire ride. Less than an hour later Carl drove up in a white limousine, got out and held the door open for him.

Trinity introduced him to Brennan.

"I'm glad to see you've recovered," Carl said.

"I've got a thick skull," Brennan replied. "Thanks for looking after me and staying with me until the ambulance arrived."

Thunder rumbled in the distance. Trinity looked up at the dark clouds.

"It was the least I could do but Mr. Trinity was the one who took care of you. He's very caring that way."

"Thanks again," Brennan said as he mounted his bike.

Trinity watched him ride away.

"Did you have fun?"

Trinity shrugged. "I wouldn't say fun. Interesting is a better word. They rode around the track for a long time and the first one to cross the finish line won. I don't see the point."

"But you've made a friend."

"He's not exactly what my folks would approve of as a potential playmate for me."

Carl laughed. "No, I would say not but it will be our little secret."

Trinity climbed into the car.

The thunder rumbled again. "Looks like rain. I better get you home before some renegade motorcyclist runs into the limo again." He laughed and closed the door.

Minutes later Carl drove through the gates of the estate and stopped in front of the mansion. "I'll wait until I'm sure you're safely in and make sure you set the alarm after I leave."

"Yes sir." Trinity got out of the car and walked up the stairs with his cap and sunglasses in his hand. He used his key to gain entry, disarmed the alarm and went back and waved goodbye to Carl. The alarm re-armed to a setting where he could move around without setting it off. Trinity walked up the stairs to his room, turned on the television for company and walked into the bathroom for a shower. An hour later he had settled in his bed, listening to the rain as it beat against the window. His cell phone rang. Trinity looked down recognizing the number. "Hello."

"I want to be with you."

Chapter Six

"Where are you?"

"Outside your gate," Brennan answered.

Trinity sat up on the bed. "It's raining."

"I know. Are you going to let me in?"

"Yes." Trinity hopped of the bed, hurried to the keypad in his room and looked at the camera. Brennan sat on his bike just outside the gate. Trinity opened the gate. His heart beat a mile a minute in his chest. The roar of the bike's engine jolted him back to reality. Trinity ran downstairs, disarmed the alarm and threw open the door as Brennan hopped off the bike and ran up the stairs and into the house.

Trinity closed and locked the door and armed the alarm.

Brennan raked his eyes over him. "Nice PJs."

"You're soaking wet. Come with me. I'll run you a warm shower."

Brennan followed him through the quiet house up the stairs and into Trinity's bedroom, glancing at the huge mahogany bed. He touched the heavy bedposts.

"My parents had the bedroom custom made for me as a moving out present. They think I'm still growing." He walked into the bathroom and put on the shower and walked back into the bedroom. Brennan had removed his shirt and stood bare-chested in front of him. He'd found the stereo and turned on some music.

Trinity's traitorous body responded at the heavenly sight. "Give me your wet things. I'll see to them while you shower."

"What about the pants?" Brennan walked into the bathroom.

Trinity heard the shower turn on and waited a few minutes before entering to get Brennan's things. His gaze landed on Brennan's silhouette through the frosted shower door. *He's naked.* Trinity gulped. The shower door slid open and a wet hand touched his shoulder. The next thing he knew he stood under the shower spray with Brennan.

"I'm fully dressed."

Brennan smiled at him. "Not for long." He quickly undressed Trinity and tossed the wet pajamas on the floor with his clothes.

Trinity tried to hide his nakedness even though Brennan didn't seem to have a problem with his nudity.

"You're shy."

Trinity blushed. "No one has seen me naked since puberty."

"You have nothing to be embarrassed about...six feet tall, golden hair, green eyes and a very nice body." He reached down, pushed Trinity's hands away and replaced them with one of his.

Trinity gasped. "Oh shit."

"Man I know this is wrong but you're so fucking beautiful."

"Women are beautiful," Trinity corrected.

"You are beautiful." He removed his hand and pulled Trinity to him. "Kiss me."

Trinity put his arms around Brennan's wet neck and Brennan pulled him closer and lowered his lips to his, licking his tongue around the curves of his mouth and allowing his tongue to play inside. Chest pressed against chest, hips pressed into hips and sex organs collided. Heat seared up Trinity's body as his arms lowered and his hands and fingers explored every inch of Brennan's tanned muscular body. He took a big risk and cupped Brennan's buttocks and squeezed them gently.

Brennan leaned into him moaning softly. "Let me touch you."

Trinity stepped back and Brennan reached out and touched his manhood, gently at first and he began to masturbate him.

Trinity closed his eyes. "Your hand is so firm and warm." His hips rocked back and forth.

"Turn around. I want to see that tight little ass."

Trinity turned around and placed his hands against the wall and assumed the position.

Brennan ran his hands over his butt and then moved in closer and kissed Trinity on the back of his neck.

Trinity wiggled his hips.

Brennan ran his erect penis up the crack of Trinity's ass. "I bet you're tight."

Trinity blushed even though he knew Brennan could not see it. "Have you ever been with a man before?"

Brennan continued to rub his penis up and down the crack but he did not try to enter. "No but I want you so badly."

"Not in the shower. Let's move to the bed." He stepped out and grabbed a towel, drying quickly, especially his hair.

Brennan turned off the shower and followed him out. Trinity handed him a towel and sat on the toilet seat watching him drying every inch of his fine six feet, two frame. Brennan's deeply-tanned skin glistened with droplets of water. He slowly ran the towel across his pecs and down his abs, ending the little peep show by drying his pubic hair.

Trinity gulped. *This is really going to happen.*

Brennan dropped the towel next to his and took his hand. "Come on. Let's get it on." He tugged Trinity out of the bathroom and back into the bedroom.

Brennan sat down on the bed and beckoned for Trinity to come over. He reached down between his own legs and began masturbating.

Trinity's eyes ate up the erotic sight. Brennan's penis looked appetizing as it expanded and elongated. He focused on the head. "Have you ever fucked a girl?"

Brennan looked up at him with dark gray eyes heavy with desire. "Yes. Have you?"

"No."

"Good." He continued to masturbate. "Would you like to suck on this?"

Trinity hesitated and then nodded. He ran his tongue along his bottom lip. "Oh yes please." He got down on his knees and crawled over to Brennan, removed his hand and placed the head into his mouth and moaned. Brennan tasted all male, salty and spicy. He lowered his head and opened his mouth further, taking in more of the dong.

"Move your head back and forth. Think of it as a candy cane."

Trinity slid his tongue around the head.

Brennan moaned. "That's it."

Trinity tightened his grip around the base and began masturbating Brennan. He ran his tongue around the sides, jiggling the balls and then sucking with all his might.

Brennan thrashed on the bed above him. *Is he in pain? Am I doing this right?*

"Your mouth is so warm. You make me want to come."

Trinity moved his head back and forth, sliding his mouth up and down Brennan's width, feeling his own body respond to the sensual act.

Brennan's lower body trembled. He sat up and stared down like a dog in heat rotating his hips slowly to the music, pushing his penis deeper into Trinity's mouth. "Loosen your jaws a little."

Trinity relaxed his mouth. "Afraid I'm going to bite it off?"

"Yeah."

Trinity chuckled and grabbed Brennan by the balls and squeezed them.

"Oh!" Brennan's body shook. "Oh shit, that was close."

Trinity squeezed tighter and pulled gently. He lowered his lips back to the head and sucked hard.

Brennan's hips moved faster, forcing Trinity's mouth open and forcing more of himself down his throat.

Trinity gagged and slid his mouth back up to the head. He licked the head, grabbed the base again and worked it with his hands.

"You'll send me to hell with that hot little mouth of yours."

"Come for me Brennan."

Brennan shook his head. "Not yet."

Trinity moved in, surrounding Brennan's penis with his lips. He grabbed the balls and squeezed them hard and then manipulated them with his fingers, moving his head quicker.

"Ah, ah, Ah!" Brennan moaned. "Oh Trinity." He released, sperm shooting out over the tip of his penis and down Trinity's throat.

Not knowing what else to do. Trinity swallowed the sweet salty semen.

"Oh shit," Brennan moaned from above him. "That was phenomenal." He sat up again and peered down at Trinity. "Did you swallow?"

Trinity nodded.

"Come here." He grabbed Trinity into his arms and pulled him onto the bed next to him while he recuperated and then he rolled over on his side and kissed Trinity's cheek. His free hand roamed up and down Trinity's body.

Trinity's cock bobbed.

Brennan looked down at it. "Okay, I can take a hint." He moved from his side and crawled between Trinity's legs. "I've never sucked a cock before."

"Neither had I."

"What's it like?"

"Like eating a candy cane," Trinity replied playfully.

Brennan lowered his head and took Trinity's penis into his mouth. "Yummy," he said against the skin.

Trinity's stomach clenched as Brennan moved his head around and slurped on his dong like an all day long sucker. His penis slipped deeper

into Brennan's mouth. Trinity gripped the mattress. Brennan's mouth formed a siphon and he simultaneously gave him a hand job. "Oh baby." Trinity squirmed as Brennan's hot wet mouth moved up and down the shaft. He stared at the ceiling to keep from shouting with joy.

Brennan lifted his head. "You smell as sweet as a baby."

Trinity chuckled.

"And what big balls you have." He squeezed them.

Trinity's back lifted off the mattress. "Squeeze them harder."

Brennan squeezed hard and then went back to working on the head.

Trinity moved his hips to and fro, reveling at the way it felt to slide past Brennan's teeth and down his throat.

Brennan licked the head again.

"Oh!" Trinity's hips rocked forward and then he began screwing Brennan's face.

Brennan grunted like a cave man and used his hands to help Trinity move his hips.

Trinity's back arched, his lower body shook and he came, sending semen deep into Brennan's throat.

Brennan continued to suck until Trinity stopped shaking. He relaxed his jaw and pulled Trinity up so he could see him swallow.

Trinity stopped shaking.

"I guess this means we're lovers," Brennan replied.

Trinity took his head. "Not yet. This just means we're blow buddies."

Brennan looked at him oddly.

Trinity turned over on his stomach and spread his cheeks. "We still have one more plateau to climb."

Chapter Seven

Brennan crawled on the bed between Trinity's legs and reached out and touched his butt cheek.

Trinity trembled with delight and a lot of fear.

"How do we do this?" Brennan asked.

Trinity slid down to his stomach and rolled over on his back. "I haven't a clue but I think we need some kind of lubrication, you know, like KY Jelly."

"Do you have any?"

"I'm a healthy young man with healthy urges. Of course I do." He slid from the bed and opened his night table drawer.

Brennan smirked.

"What? It gets pretty lonely out here."

Brennan laughed.

"Oh, come on don't tell me you never masturbated."

"No, I just found some willing young woman."

Trinity rolled his eyes. "Every time?"

"No you dummy. Please. I'm hot but I'm not that hot." Brennan got off the bed and turned up the volume on the stereo.

"What did you do that for?" Trinity asked.

"I don't want the neighbors to hear you scream."

Trinity's eyes widened in surprise. "So, I'm going to be the guinea pig?"

Brennan nodded. "I'm just aching to take your cherry."

"I am not a girl." He tossed Brennan the lube and crawled on the bed and got on his knees. He heard the lube squirt out of the tube and felt it seep between his butt cheeks.

Brennan popped him on the butt with an open palm.

"Ow, what was that for?"

"On your back. I want to look at you while I make you mine." He squeezed some of the lube into his hand and rubbed some on himself.

Trinity turned over on his back and watched Brennan rub his cock with lube. It grew in his hands. Trinity busied his bottom lip with his teeth.

"Do you like what you see?"

Trinity nodded. "Yes."

"Yes, what?"

"Yes, Brennan."

"I love it when you say my name." He stopped masturbating, capped the lube and tossed it on the nightstand. He crawled up the bed, body moving like a panther.

Trinity lay back on the pillows not knowing what to do next.

Brennan approached cautiously, excited yet afraid of what they were about to do...what he needed to do. He knew he had to take it slowly, hoping to figure it all out along the way. He sighed. He talked a good game, but when he got right down to it he was scared. He wanted the experience to be satisfying as well as pleasurable for both he and Trinity, but any way he looked at it Trinity was in for a small amount of discomfort.

"I'm ready if you are," Trinity replied watching him curiously.

Brennan reached up and touched Trinity's face. "I'll try to be gentle." He leaned forward and kissed him.

Trinity kissed him back gently. His big green eyes reflected fear but determination. "I trust you." He wrapped his arms around Brennan's neck and continued to kiss him.

Some of Brennan's fears and apprehensions disappeared as he wrapped his arms around Trinity's small waist and enjoyed the tender moment. The preamble to their lovemaking continued slowly until they were both aroused again.

Brennan grabbed the tube of lube again and squeezed some onto his fingers and then opened Trinity's cheeks and rubbed more lube over the hole as an extra precaution. "Just relax," he told Trinity and then he slipped the tip of the finger inside the anus. He could barely describe what he felt as his finger inched forward into the tight crevice.

Trinity moved around a bit but did not protest the invasion.

Brennan allowed the finger to slip in to the knuckle and then slowly pulled it out to the tip again. "Am I hurting you?"

"I'm okay," Trinity assured him but his voice was a bit higher than normal.

He slid the finger back in and moved it in and out.

Trinity moaned.

"You're very tight."

"Am I?" Trinity asked.

Just the sight of Trinity's gorgeous face turned him on more. "Um hum," Brennan said getting into what he was doing. He slipped the finger out. This time he lubed up two fingers, judging them to be about the width of his penis and slipped the first one in and then the second one.

Trinity gasped and then groaned.

"I'm sorry," Brennan whispered to him. "I have to make sure I open you enough so I can fit."

Trinity mustered a weak chuckle as Brennan pushed both fingers in and then out again slowly. "I think you're just about ready but I need to put on a condom first." He removed his fingers and hopped off the bed, retrieved his wallet and dug through it until he found the rubber, opened it and slipped it on. He approached the bed again and climbed on. He wrapped his right palm around his penis and then used the fingers on the other hand to hold open Trinity's cheeks. "Get ready," Brennan warned as he positioned himself against the opening. He inserted the head and pushed it inside.

Trinity didn't say anything at first.

Brennan introduced a little more of the head. It was a totally different feel than the one he experienced with his fingers. Warmth wrapped around the tip of his penis. Brennan pulled out a bit and then thrust his pelvis forward and went in a little deeper.

Trinity moaned and trembled beneath him but stayed in position holding his thighs up.

Brennan feared hurting him if he went too deep, but it felt so good. He inched out a bit and then sank back in. He repeated the action a couple of times, enjoying being able to go in deeper each time. He put his hands on Trinity's hips to help take some of the weight off of Trinity's arms.

Trinity lifted his head and looked at him.

"Are you still alive?" Brennan teased.

"Barely," Trinity answered. "That first thrust threw me for a loop and my butt burned like crazy."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't be. Oh!" he moaned loudly as Brennan began moving again.

"Does it hurt?"

"No, suddenly it feels so good."

Trinity's words excited him to no end. "Move your butt around a little."

Trinity complied, moving his rump in a circular motion.

"Oh, my God," Brennan gasped. "This does feel so good." He used his hands to move Trinity back and forth on his rod. *I wonder if he can take a little more.* He needed to know Trinity's limit. Brennan backed out and then thrust into him with a little force sending his penis deeper.

Trinity stopped moving. "Oh, my aching behind."

"I'm three fourths of the way in," Brennan said breathing hard.

"I know," Trinity groaned. "I think I'm full."

Brennan chuckled. He slid out to let Trinity breathe. "You are such a drama queen."

Trinity pouted playfully. "I am not."

"Raise your hips," Trinity told him. "I need to be back inside you."

"You need to be?"

Brennan nodded. "Yes." He was so damn hard and Trinity looked so delectable.

Trinity raised his hips again.

Brennan slid back inside of Trinity's warm sheath. This time Trinity's face looked more at ease. He looked deep into those eyes as Trinity wrapped his legs his waist. *I am so into this...so into him. I need to take him from behind.*

Drums beat in Trinity's ears as Brennan screwed the life out of him. *Oh yeah, he's been with a girl before. Shit, this hurts.*

Brennan leaned over and kissed him on the head.

Trinity lost his concentration and Brennan took advantage and buried deeper in his anus. It no longer burned but opened and accepted Brennan. There was no way he could get anymore inside. That didn't stop Brennan from reaming him for all it was worth.

"Ooh, it should be illegal to be so tight and warm." He slid out and rolled Trinity over on his stomach, hoisted his hips up, parted the cheeks and took him from behind.

Trinity grabbed his own penis and began to masturbate while Brennan claimed him. His hot flesh slipped back and forth in his palm. "Oh, this feels so wonderful."

"What are you doing?" Brennan asked not slowing his motion.

"Masturbating."

Brennan shuddered. "You got your cock in your hands?"

"Yeah, and its sliding back and forth."

The bed shook behind him. "Don't come."

"Why the hell not? Ooh." Trinity moaned loudly.

"Don't come. Hold it."

"I don't know if I can. I feel so hot with your fine ass doing things to my little hole."

Brennan cradled Trinity's body to his and continued to rotate his hips. He maneuvered around him like an acrobat and removed Trinity's hand from his cock and replaced it with his. He pulled back the delicate skin. "I want us to come together." He eased out of Trinity's ass and sank back in slowly.

Trinity shuddered. "Hurry."

Brennan slowed down, withdrew and sank back in again.

Trinity bit his bottom lip. "Stop teasing me."

Brennan repeated the action, slowly withdrawing, slowly masturbating and slowly sinking back inside.

Trinity's body rose from the mattress and Brennan threw a leg over him and held him in place.

Trinity's dick throbbed, begging for release as Brennan removed his hand and began working his hole again with vigor. He slid out again but this time he slammed into Trinity's rectum.

Trinity moaned and ejaculated.

Brennan came right along with him pumping his hips. He sank onto Trinity's back, pinning him to the bed. He kissed the back of his head. "I

love you rich boy.”
Trinity’s body stopped shaking. “What?”
“I love you.”
Trinity bucked Brennan off of him and turned to face him. “You don’t know what you’re saying. Men can’t love each other.”
“Don’t tell me that.” He gently etched Trinity’s face with his finger, running it slowly over his bottom lip. “I know it’s a fucked up situation but I do love you. I think it happened the night of the accident when I looked up into those big green eyes.”
“You didn’t fall in love with me. You fell in love with a girl.” Tears slipped down his face.
“But I fucked you after I learned the truth. Don’t tell me I don’t love you Trinity.” He wiped Trinity’s tears away.
“Don’t love me Brennan. Something is sure to happen to mess this up.” He offered his lips for a kiss and Brennan covered them with his. “I love you too,” he whispered.
Brennan stopped kissing him. “How does your ass feel?”
“Destroyed,” Trinity uttered. “But in a good way.”

Chapter Eight

Trinity’s opened his eyes early the next morning as the sun filtered in through the window. Brennan snored peacefully at his side, face down on the mattress. Trinity pushed the covers from his body and slid off the bed. His hands automatically flew to his behind. *Damn this morning after ache is a bitch.* He tiptoed into the bathroom, used the toilet and then stepped into the shower, slowly washing every crack and crevice. Once he finished he stepped out, dried off and wrapped the towel around his waist before bending over and collecting their soiled clothing. He entered the bedroom again. Brennan had turned over on his side but continued to sleep. *Good,* he thought. *I need to put these into the washer.* He left the room and went downstairs to the laundry room off the back of the house and tossed their clothes into the machine.

Trinity’s stomach growled. *I’m starved.* He walked to the kitchen and began fixing breakfast. Luckily his mother had taught him how to cook before he left the nest. The washer bell sounded. Trinity turned off the food and went and put the clothes in the dryer. He returned to the kitchen and reset the table. His eyes landed on a pair of feet, and then a hairy set of legs, and then hips wrapped in a bath towel. *My pulse is racing.* Brennan’s damp curls clung to his forehead. “Good morning beautiful.”

Trinity blushed. “Good morning Brennan. I hope I didn’t disturb your sleep.”

“No, the aroma of hot coffee woke me up.” He entered the kitchen and wrapped his arms around Trinity’s neck. “You’re quite the little homemaker.”

“My mother taught me to be self-sufficient.” He kissed Brennan’s lips. “I hope you’re hungry.”

Brennan’s hands moved down his back and gently squeezed Trinity’s naked behind under the towel. “I’m starving.”

Trinity leaned into him, caught up in the moment and the feel of Brennan’s hard body. “I mean for food.”

Brennan released him. “Spoil sport.”

Trinity chuckled. “I hope you eat pork. There’s bacon and sausage, eggs and toast.”

“Great.” He retreated and sat down at the table while Trinity placed a plate of food in front of him.

“How do you like your coffee?”

“Black with Splenda.”

“Got it.” Trinity poured the coffee and placed it before him with the Splenda box. Brennan added two packages and stirred.

“Apple, grape or orange juice.”

“Apple. Orange messes with my stomach.”

Trinity fixed the juice and placed it before him, saw to his own needs and then sat down.

“You’re amazing.” Brennan bowed his head and said grace.

Trinity raised an eyebrow.

“I’m not a complete jerk and yes I do have manners.”

“I didn’t say a thing.”

“Before we get into an argument, thank you for preparing this breakfast for me. It’s been a long time since anyone cared.”

“In the midst of all of this I forgot to ask about your family.”

“There’s not much left. My mother died when I was young and my father works from sun up to sun down at his garage. He’s a mechanic.”

“Understanding the bike thing more and more,” Trinity said as he popped a piece of bacon into his mouth and chewed. “Any siblings?”

“A young brother, Chris. By the way, he loves your singing. He asked me to take him to your concert.”

“A fan. I love fans. How many tickets do you need?”

Brennan shook his head. “No, I’ll pay for them.”

“Don’t be foolish. I have some to give away. I don’t have any close friends and you’re welcome to them.”

“I don’t know. Things have changed since I agreed to take him.”

“What’s changed?”

“We’re lovers now. Chris is a very impressionable young child.”

“Okay, I won’t slobber on you in front of him or make puppy dog eyes.”

“I’m serious,” Brennan replied.

“So am I. I know we have to keep what we do a secret. I’m not stupid.”

“I didn’t say you were. We both have these images to uphold.”

Trinity sipped his coffee. “I don’t really care if anyone knows.” He put the cup down.

“You say that now but how many songs do you think you’ll sell if the young women find out that you’ve kissed a man.”

Trinity shook his head.

Brennan went back to his food. A bell sounded. “What’s that?”

“That would be your clothes. I washed and dried them this morning.” He sighed. “Unfortunately I can’t keep you naked all day. Eventually you might want to dress.”

“Eventually.” Brennan slipped his toe under Trinity’s towel and touched him between the legs. “Are we alone?”

“A fine time for you to ask, but yes. No one is coming over and I don’t have to be to the recording studio until five.”

“When is the help coming? You’re cute and self-sufficient but you can’t keep this mansion clean by yourself.”

“Tomorrow.”

Hum, that gives me several hours to get to know each other." He tickled a ball with his toe. Trinity closed his eyes and shuddered. "Yes, we need to get to know each other a little more." He went back to his meal and Brennan removed his toe. He kept sending heated looks from across the table while he ate his breakfast.

"Are you in pain?" Brennan asked.

"No, just a little tender. How about you?"

"I feel fine. My belly's full and I've had a nice relaxing shower after a good night's sleep. I just have one little complaint."

Trinity raised his cup to his lips. "And that is?"

"I have an enormous erection."

Trinity spit coffee. He used his napkin and cleaned up his chin. "Enormous?"

"Um hum. I was fine and then I walked into the kitchen and found my blond-haired angel clothed only in a towel and preparing breakfast for me."

"I think I know how to cure your problem." He rose and dropped the towel. He headed toward the door. "Please follow me sir."

Brennan hopped out of the chair and followed him back up the stairs to the bedroom. There was no need for foreplay, just a couple of lusty kisses, a squirt of lube and Brennan buried himself deep inside of Trinity, this time taking him bent over a chair in the room. They ended up in the bed later. Brennan snored peacefully on his stomach again. Trinity rubbed his behind.

Brennan stirred. "What are you doing?"

"Checking out your behind?" He ran his hand lightly over the taunt cheeks and then dipped a finger into the crack.

Brennan eased his finger away. "No way Jose."

"Aw come on. Take a chance. You might like it." He moved his finger back, dipping into the crack and gently stroking the anus.

Brennan clenched his butt muscles. "I can't do pain man."

Trinity bent over and kissed one of the cheeks. "I'll be gentle."

"I don't know."

"What are you afraid of?" Trinity asked.

"That you might think that I'm a..."

"What?"

"A fag."

Trinity kissed the cheek again. "Now why would I think something like that?" He continued to knead the tiny little hole. He removed the finger, spat on it, and then inserted the tip.

Brennan groaned. "I didn't think you would actually do it."

"It's just the tip you big baby." He pushed the finger in deeper.

Brennan moaned. "Oh god I'm hard."

"Me too." Trinity removed the finger, reached for the lube and rubbed some on himself. He inserted a lubed finger back into Brennan's butt. "We have to do this. It's the last step."

"But you're so big and long."

"I love you Brennan," Trinity said as he mounted him and entered. "Don't ever forget that."

Chapter Nine

Brennan waved two tickets to Trinity's concert in front of Chris' brown eyes as he sat at his desk doing homework. The two of them were close even with the ten year difference in age. Chris never had to experience what he had growing up in a home with a strict disciplinarian father and a mother too weak-willed to do anything about the abuse. He'd been a party to some first class ass-whippings from the man and to this day he could not figure out why the neighbors had not interceded and called the police. By the time Chris was born his father paid more attention to his business and his women to even bother with Brennan anymore. Then his mother died of cancer when Chris turned six and sixteen year old Brennan became the parent, making sure Chris went to school and had something decent to eat. The added responsibility did not break Brennan, it just made him stronger.

"You got the tickets?" Chris asked excitedly.

"Yes. Who is the best brother in the world?"

"You are," Chris said jumping in to his arms. "Let me see them."

Brennan handed the tickets to Chris. At fourteen Chris had grown into a really handsome young man with jet black curls like him and their father, and was well over five feet seven inches tall already.

"Wow this is nearly the first row. How did you swing this?"

Brennan sat down on Chris' bed. "I have connections."

Chris looked at him oddly. "What connections?"

"I know some people."

Chris handed the tickets back to Brennan. "Sure you do. You know bikers. Those tickets must have cost you a pretty penny."

Brennan tucked the pillow under his head. "You can pay me back after you graduate from law school and become a Supreme Court Justice."

"I want to be an astronaut."

Brennan knew this, he just like to tease. "We're going to have fun. We'll get all dressed up and do dinner after the concert."

"Can we go for ice cream afterwards?"

"Sherbet maybe. You can stand to lose a couple of pounds." Brennan sat up and tickled Chris' stomach. Chris giggled.

"Girls like a man with a little meat on them."

Brennan stopped tickling. "What do you know about girls?"

"I'm fourteen. What do you think I know?"

"Do you have a girlfriend?" Brennan asked.

"I'm not dating anyone exclusively," Chris said as he sat back down at the desk.

"You're not dating anyone exclusively? Where did you learn that from?"

Chris rolled his eyes up at the ceiling.

Brennan smiled, thinking of Trinity. He did that in place of sarcasm.

"I read Cosmopolitan."

"And you want me to take you for ice cream. If you're old enough to call the honeys you're old enough to buy me some ice cream."

Chris chuckled. "I'm serious. There's this girl I like. We go to school together."

Brennan leaned in closer. "So what do you want from me?"

"Advice."

"Advice about girls? This is sweet. What do you want to know?"

"Have you ever kissed a girl?"

"A few."

"Did you make the first move or did they?" Chris asked.

Brennan beat his chest with his hand. "Me of course. Girls like guys who take charge and show them a good time."

"You mean boss them around?"

Brennan shook his head. "Hell no. I mean hold the door open for her, or offer to carry her books, or tell her she looks nice. Never, ever, ever hit a woman."

"Oh, the mushy stuff."

"Yes, the mushy stuff."

"Uncle Frankie said I should take her to McDonalds."

Brennan laughed. "You went to Uncle Frankie for advice about girls? The man's been married for forty years. He doesn't know a thing about dating."

"He must. He's been married for forty years."

Out of the mouth of babes. "Word, take her to McDonalds." Brennan rose. "I got to go. I just stopped by to show you the tickets."

"You got a date?"

"Yes."

"With a girl?"

Brennan froze. "No with a guy." He waited for Chris' reaction.

Chris laughed. "Yeah, right. See you later."

"Not if I see you first." Brennan walked out of the apartment and walked down to the garage to say goodbye to his bike, and then left to go home to change. Trinity had invited him to a rehearsal. At first he thought it was an asinine idea but afterwards he decided to accept. What harm could it do? He'd just sit, listen and then leave.

Brennan tore through his closet looking for something to wear after he arrived home; wanting to look nice for Trinity to show him that he wasn't just some rogue biker or grease monkey. "Dress slacks, dress shirt, tie." Brennan laid the clothes neatly on the bed and then scrounged around in a drawer for a pair of dress socks. "Now for a quick shower." He stripped out of his clothes, tossed them into the hamper and entered the bathroom. He hopped out several minutes later, dried off and shaved. His hair dried in little curls around his face. He sighed. "I look like a chick."

He slipped into his tee-shirt. *Maybe I'll do something different with my hair.* He grabbed a brush, changing the curl pattern but they sprang back in place. "Damn." He gave up and got dressed, walked outside and climbed into his car, opting to take it instead of the bike in case Trinity decided to join him after the rehearsal.

Brennan looked down at the business card Trinity gave him. 539 Park Lane Blvd. in the Central Business District. *I think I know where this building is.* He started the car and drove toward the interstate. Minutes later he exited, turned on Park Lane Blvd., found the building and parked in the lot. He got out of the car and entered the huge white brick building, signed in with the security guard, walked through a metal detector and then headed toward the elevator. The studio was located on the thirtieth floor in the nose bleed area. Brennan didn't really like elevators. He stepped inside, bracing for the rush of blood to his head as the elevator ascended. His pulse raced and he thought he lost his stomach somewhere around the tenth floor. The door opened on thirty and he stepped out and into the lobby of Spectacular Records.

He didn't expect to see so many people. The halls were crowded with employees hurrying about doing their work. Brennan spotted the receptionist desk. He walked over and waited for the young woman behind the desk to get off of the phone. Finally after about five minutes she hung up and turned her attention on him.

"Yes, may I help you?" She was pretty and dark-haired.

"Yes, I'm looking for Trinity Warren."

She looked him over from head to toe. "And you are?"

"Brennan Demarcus."

Her mouth opened in surprise. "Brennan Demarcus? The motorcyclist?"

Brennan nodded. "I'm a friend of Trinity's."

The receptionist straightened out her clothes and ran a hand through her short brown hair. Afterwards she extended her hand, giggling. "Nice to meet you Brennan. My name is Brittany Jones. I've seen you race before and my father and brother are your biggest fans."

Brennan accepted her hand but not the steamy puppy dog eyes she bestowed on him. "Nice to meet you Miss Jones. Is Trinity here?"

"Yes, he's rehearsing for his concert down in the stage room." She pointed down the hall, and then she walked from behind the desk to show him the way. She walked ahead of him wiggling her jean-clad hips to get his attention. A couple of weeks ago that might have worked on him. Today, not so much. They passed more people, groups of kids and a few long-haired types. Brittany stopped in front of a set of oak double doors. "We have to be quiet when we enter."

Brennan nodded that he understood and followed her in. The place was jammed pack full of people performing various jobs from lighting to wardrobe. Band members sat in the pit, employees moved props and some pushed a piano onto the stage. People sat in the balcony while others huddled near doors and in corners. A lot of pretty girls hung out in the front rows.

Brittany showed him to a seat. "The rehearsal should be starting in a few minutes. Would you like me to stay with you?"

"Don't you have a job to get back to?"

She batted her spidery eyelashes at him. "Yes but I'd rather stay with you."

Brennan turned on the charm. "I'm flattered but I couldn't bear the thought of you losing your job. I'll stop by to say goodbye later."

"Oh goody. They're only rehearsing a couple of numbers today and it'll be over in about an hour. I'll see you later." She waved goodbye and hurried out just as the lights dimmed.

Brennan noticed some movements out of the corner of his eyes. People got out of the aisles and sat down. The music began. Brennan settled back a few minutes later entranced as Trinity's sweet voice entered the air. He didn't sing a new song but renditions of Barry Manilow's Mandy. Girls called out Trinity's name the moment he stepped out on the stage, dressed in a black tuxedo, and looking much older and sexier than his twenty-two years.

Trinity belted out a couple of songs from the seventies and then changed to a few current tunes. Brennan admired the range of his voice as it moved from soft and sweet to deep and sexy. In the background the scenery changed and so did Trinity's style of songs. He performed a few songs Brennan did not know, which were probably Trinity's own songs. He suspected they were popular because the atmosphere in the room changed. People in the audience started cheering and clapping the moment he began the first song. Some sang right along with him and then something wonderful happened. Trinity removed his jacket and tossed it on a chair, rolled up his shirt sleeves and began to dance.

Brennan gasped as Trinity's hips captivated not only him but the entire audience. Brennan felt a slow rise in his pants. *Shit. Trinity's hips are lethal.* Girls screamed at the top of their lungs and a few tried to rush the stage. Maybe getting those tickets for Chris wasn't such a good idea. *If this is just the rehearsal then I'm in big trouble.* The security guards appeared from out of nowhere to hold the young women back and Trinity continued to sing ignoring the mayhem. Moments later he left the stage under a rousing call for an encore. The lights rose.

"Mr. Demarcus?"

Brennan looked to his left. A young black man dressed in a navy blue business suit stood next to him.

"My name is Don Barnes, Trinity's music arranger. He asked me to escort you to his dressing room."

"Okay." Brennan rose and followed hesitantly. *His dressing room? What is that idiot thinking?*

Don made casual conversation along the way asking about his upcoming races. "I'm a big fan of yours."

"Really, thanks."

"I do a bit of riding myself. I'm not as good as you but I don't fall off my bike as often as I used to."

Brennan handed him a card. "This is my number. Let me know when you get some time off and we can go riding together. I might even be able to introduce you to some of the other riders in the tour."

"Thanks," Don said excitedly. He stopped outside a door, knocked and said goodbye.

"Come in."

Brennan turned the knob and entered the dressing room. Trinity sat in a tall director's chair in front of a mirror, in a robe, removing his stage makeup. "Hi."

"Hi." Brennan locked the door fearing they might be interrupted.

"Have a seat. I'll have this gunk off in a moment."

Brennan sat down and watched him through the mirror. "Is that lipstick?" he whispered.

"You don't have to whisper. I had this room soundproof so I can rehearse in privacy, and yes it is lipstick."

"Turn around and let me see." Brennan begged.

"No way."

"Are you embarrassed?" Brennan teased.

"No, I've been wearing stage makeup since I was a kid."

"Then why won't you turn around and face me."

"You better not laugh." Trinity turned.

Brennan stared and moved around in his seat as the crotch of his pants tightened. "I want to kiss you."

Trinity rolled his eyes. "Don't be ridiculous."

Brennan rose and walked toward him. "I'm serious. That dance. You didn't tell me that you could dance like that."

"Part of my training. I've taken tap, ballet and ballroom dancing, but you won't ever see me in a tutu."

Brennan raised an eyebrow. "Oh no?"

Trinity chuckled. "Hell no. Tights itch."

"That dance made me aroused watching those slim hips wiggle around that stage. Those girls were screaming and having a fit and I was so jealous that I'd never seen you dance before."

"Then you'll love the entire show. What you saw was just a tiny part of it to get my blood warmed up. There will be a lot of costume changes and I'll get to play the piano."

Brennan moved in on him and those lips.

Trinity gasped. "Oh!"

Brennan ran his tongue around the bottom on Trinity's lips. "Ooh, cherry flavored."

Trinity pushed away from him and returned to his chair. "Perv. You have a thing for lipstick."

"No, I have a thing for sexy singers with lethal hips."

Trinity quickly removed the makeup. "So what did you think of my singing."

"Pretty good for a rich kid. Remind me to buy everything you've made."

Trinity got out of the chair and walked over to a wardrobe to select an outfit. "You're so crazy."

"And you're so beautiful."

"Men are not beautiful."

"You are."

Trinity stepped behind a shade and a few minutes later he appeared in a pair of black slacks and a black and white short-sleeved shirt. He slid his feet into a pair of black loafers and then went back over to the mirror to check his appearance and to fuss with his hair before covering it with a black hat.

Brennan watched. "Okay, you're gorgeous now come on let's go."

Trinity turned and smiled. He grabbed a makeup remover from the table, walked over to him and wiped his lips. "Not until I make you decent."

He showed Brennan the tissue. "Pink is definitely not your color. You need something deeper for that tanned complexion...like plum."

Brennan chuckled. "You're hopeless."

"Yes but you love me anyway." He grabbed a black leather wallet and a pair of dark sunglasses and headed for the door.

Brennan followed closely, admiring the view from behind.

The halls were still littered with people as they made their way to the lobby. People spoke to Trinity and wished him well on his upcoming concert. Brennan didn't realize until today that this concert was the first for Trinity in Sarasota...a homecoming. A few guys joked with Trinity about his hips. Trinity just laughed it off good naturedly.

Brennan pushed the button and the elevator slowly made it up to the thirtieth floor. Brittany called to him from her desk. "Aren't you forgetting something?"

Trinity paused by the elevator once he stopped talking.

Brennan walked away from the elevator. "Oh, I almost forgot. Goodbye Brittany."

Brittany squealed. "You remembered my name."

"Of course. How can I forget such a beautiful name? Or those beautiful brown eyes."

Brittany fished around in her shirt pocket and handed him a piece of paper.

He glanced at it and asked. "What is this?"

"My cell phone number. Call me."

Trinity cleared his throat. "See you tomorrow Brittany."

"You too Mr. Warren."

Brennan put the paper into his pocket, winked at Brittany and walked back to the elevator by Trinity. The doors opened and both men entered.

The door closed and the elevator descended.

"What was that?" Trinity asked jealously.

Brennan looked over at Trinity who stood away from him next to the wall. "What?"

"That back there with Brittany. She gave you her phone number."

Whoa, what is this? "Yes she did."

"So what are you going to do with it?"

"Nothing."

Trinity folded his arms. "Why did you put it into your pocket?"

"What did you expect me to do with it? I couldn't insult her."

"You could have told her that you weren't interested."

Brennan sighed. "Yes, I suppose I could have but I didn't want to be rude."

"She's going to expect you to call her."

Trinity's accusation and the elevator made his stomach quiver. "But I won't."

He lowered his head. "How do I know that? Maybe you think she's cute."

"She is in an annoying sort of way." Brennan walked over to Trinity but he moved away. "What's wrong now?"

"You still like girls don't you?"

The elevator door opened on the first floor before Brennan could answer. People waited to get on the elevator. Trinity stepped out first and walked ahead of him.

He's pissed.

Trinity walked out the door and Brennan followed. "My car is parked in the side lot," he said catching up to him and taking the lead.

Trinity followed without talking. Brennan got the car and Trinity climbed inside and fastened his seatbelt. Brennan drove out of the lot and into the street. They were blocks away from the studio before he answered Trinity's question. "Maybe."

"I thought so. Thanks for being honest."

Thanks for being honest. Was that it? He expecting Trinity to fuss or throw a temper tantrum.

"Where are we going?"

"To the movies. I thought it might be nice."

"What kind of movie?"

"Werewolves and vampires."

"Oh?"

"Is something wrong?"

"No, I didn't imagine you'd like that sort of thing."

"What's wrong? Would you like to see something else?" Brennan asked.

Trinity shook his head. "No, I mean, I've never been to a movie theater before."

"You're kidding right?"

"No and my parents and managers would go ballistic if they knew I was here now without security."

"Put your sunglasses on. Then you'll blend in with the rest of the movie-goers." Trinity put on the sunglasses. Brennan smiled. No now he looked like a cool, hip version of Trinity. Brennan found a parking spot and he and Trinity got out and got in line. Brennan paid for the tickets and they entered the theatre lobby. Brennan headed for the concession stand. "Would you like some snacks?"

"No thank you. It's bad for my skin."

"Your skin is perfect."

"It sure is," a young lady with big blue eyes and long blonde hair agreed. "It's like porcelain. I'm so jealous."

Trinity blushed.

"No, really your skin is healthy, like a girl's. Do you even have to shave?"

Trinity blushed deepened. "No."

"What is your secret?"

"Good genes." He looked over the counter. "I've changed my mind. Give me popcorn, a large one with lots of butter."

The young woman got the popcorn and gave it to Trinity. Brennan paid for it, trying not to laugh.

"It's not funny Brennan. Why can't people see that I'm a guy? I have a penis." They walked to the entrance.

"I didn't say anything."

"No but you're thinking it. I am a man."

Trinity watched the movie in silence. Werewolves and vampires, an interesting combination and definitely more than he expected. The lights lifted and he and Brennan walked out of the lobby with the other movie-goers. *Am I wrong to want to know if Brennan still likes girls?* Trinity didn't think so. This relationship was still so new to him. Up until now he considered himself a normal young man with normal desires. He still had magazines of naked girls under his mattress. In one night he knew that he was gay. *Why is it so different for Brennan? Is it the pride or the fact that he is so macho?*

"Hey isn't that Brennan Demarcus?" a teen-aged boy near the arcade in the lobby asked.

Trinity looked over at the kid. He was dressed in a pair of jeans and a red, white and blue print tee-shirt. Beside him stood another teen-aged boy, dressed similarly but he wore a black tee-shirt with a skull and cross-bone embossed on the chest. His long brown hair hung nearly to his shoulders. "No, that's not him. What would he be doing at the movies?"

Brennan waved at them.

"That is him," the one in the black tee-shirt said. His face lit up with a brilliant smile.

Before he knew it Brennan was being mobbed by kids, teenagers and adults wanting his autograph. Brennan whipped out a pen and began autographing anything they held out to him. Trinity walked over to the concession stand. The girl had gone, much to his delight. He leaned against a nearby wall and watched Brennan interact with his adoring fans. A part of him was jealous because he could not be so free and open with his fans. The last time he tried they nearly killed him.

More people arrived and Brennan cracked jokes and signed more autographs and took photographs until he taken care of each and every last one of them. An hour later they exited the theater. Brennan whistled like he was in a good mood. They walked back to the car and entered.

"That was very nice of you. I mean, what you did for those kids."

"I am not the cold heartless bastard the media makes me out to be."

"I know that." Trinity went silent. "Listen I'm sorry about what happened earlier."

"Forget it." Brennan drove out into the traffic and down the street.

"No it's none of my business if you want to date females."

The trip back to the mansion occurred faster than he expected. Brennan drove up to the gate and Trinity got out and punched in the pass code and then got back into the car. Brennan drove up to the front door of the mansion but he did not turn off the motor.

"How can you stand to stay all the way out here by yourself?"

"It's not so bad. I like the privacy. Unlike you I can't mix with my fans and the paparazzi are always trying to take my picture."

"I like having my picture taken."

"Well I don't. Are you coming in?"

"Not tonight," Brennan replied. "It's late and you must be tired, and besides I have to get up early. I have a race."

Funny, Brennan hadn't mentioned that before. Trinity closed the door, waved and used his key to enter the house. He heard Brennan drive off. *He's upset.* Trinity walked to the kitchen and prepared himself a sandwich and a glass of milk and then headed up to his room. The evening did not turn out the way he expected. Maybe men weren't meant to go out on dates with other men.

Chapter Ten

"What's wrong Trinity?" Carl asked as they drove into the garage at the recording studio. Trinity sat in the front seat next to him.

"Nothing why?"

"You're unbelievably quiet."

"I guess I have a lot on my mind with the concert and the upcoming tour and everything."

"Is everything okay with you and Brennan Demarcus?"

Trinity looked up startled. "Why would you ask that?"

"Because you've been quiet since the two of you went to the movies."

"You know about that?"

"Yes, I followed you of course. It's my job to look out for you. You really took a big chance."

"I just wanted to see what all the fuss was all about. You know, try the things people my age normally do."

"I understand but take security with you the next time." He paused. "And try to be more discrete."

"Yes sir."

"So did the two of you have an argument?" Carl asked.

"More of a misunderstanding."

"The two of you were bound to have a misunderstanding. You come from two completely different worlds."

"We're not that much different. We share similar likes."

"So what was the fuss about?"

"A girl."

Carl raised an eyebrow. "Oh!"

"Why did you say oh like that?"

"He likes girls."

"Apparently."

"That does cause a problem. He likes girls more than he likes you."

Trinity stared. "When did you get so unbelievably clever?"

"I've known you since you were a child."

"And you've know all this long time haven't you?"

"Let's just say I suspected but it wasn't until the story of the accident when it was clarified. The look on your face when he opened his eyes told the story."

Trinity blushed. "He thought I was a girl."

"And you're in love with him."

Trinity sighed. "Unfortunately."

"Congratulations."

"It's too early for that."

"He doesn't return your feelings?"

"Let's just say up until two days ago he was in denial. I saw him accept a phone number from Brittany, our receptionist."

Carl and Trinity got out of the car. "That doesn't mean that he plans to call her."

"I can deal with women drooling all over him, he's gorgeous, but when I asked if he still liked women he told me maybe."

They headed toward the garage elevator. "Maybe is not a yes. It just means he's unsure. You're both still so young. It's a pity you didn't try to date a girl first."

"It wouldn't have mattered. Fate would have put Brennan on that motorbike that rainy night and sent him to me."

They stepped out of the garage parking lot and entered the building. The lobby appeared deserted since it was still early in the morning.

"Have you discussed this with your parents yet?"

"No."

"Are you planning to?"

They walked past the security guards, through the metal detector and headed to the inside elevator.

"I might not have to. Brennan's pretty upset with me. Maybe I'll never see him again. Then there's my upcoming tour. I haven't had a chance to tell him about that either."

"I'm sure your paths will cross again."

The elevator arrived. The two men stepped in and rode up to the thirtieth floor. Brittany waved to them as they stepped off the elevator. Trinity waved but refused to entertain her in conversation.

"She is pretty," Carl replied.

Trinity agreed. "Yes, she is?"

"Well I have to go talk to Mr. Kane about your upcoming appearances. Beep me when you're ready to leave."

Trinity waved and proceeded to the recording studio to rehearse a song he'd been working on. He found Don busily arranging music. "I've got something new I'd like to try. I have the sheet music in the sound room." He left to retrieve it and returned a couple minutes later and handed it to Don.

"This is different. Any special reason you want to do this?"

"It's for a friend."

"A girlfriend?"

"What's with the twenty questions?"

"I'm just curious." Don replied.

"No, it's not for a girlfriend?" Well it wasn't a lie. "Do you think you can work with this?"

"Give me a few minutes. I need to hear the original song." He walked over to the song database, found the song and played it.

Trinity sang along, mouthing the lyrics as he read them and memorizing them. He knew all the words by the time Don replayed the song. A half hour later Don had the arrangement done for Trinity to hear. Trinity sang it with the arrangement.

"What do you think?" Trinity asked Don once he sang it again.

"I think anything you sing is great. Let's open the speakers and see what your fellow employees think."

Trinity put on the headset again.

"Attention everyone, this is Don. Trinity wants to try a new song and he wants your opinion. So give him your undivided attention." He started the track and Trinity waited for the cue. He began to sing. When the song ended all they heard was a loud round of applause and cheering. "There's your answer. I think your friend is going to like it."

"Are you sure you want to go tonight?" Brennan asked Chris as he helped his brother finish dressing.

"Yes, of course. I've been looking forward to this for two weeks."

Brennan figured as much. He'd go to the show and leave quickly after it ended.

"I'm ready," Chris announced. "Let's go before we're late." He walked toward the door. Brennan followed him, turning out the light. They went down the stairs to the garage to tell the others that they were leaving. They found their father in his office pouring over receipts.

"Don't keep him out all night Brennan. Chris is still a child."

Chris made an attempt to protest but stopped.

"I won't," Brennan replied. "I'm taking him to dinner after the concert."

"It makes no sense to me why you want to see some man in concert."

And now it starts. Brennan felt a headache coming on.

"Trinity Warren is awesome Pop. He's the biggest singer in the world," Chris said.

"I know who he is. He looks like a damn fag."

Brennan rubbed his temple.

"What does that have to do with anything?" Chris argued. "I'm going and so is Brennan."

Brennan grabbed Chris by the hand and pulled him out of the office and the garage before his father began lecturing him on the evils of homosexuality and about responsibilities. "You have to learn to pick your battles Chris. With Pop the less said the better." He opened the car door for Chris to get in and then he went around and got in on the drivers' side. He'd heard it all before. He and his father had had some world class arguments about how he led his life. He fastened his seatbelt, started the car and drove to the arena, parking in the assigned spot Trinity had appropriated for him.

"This spot has your name on it."

"I told you I had friends in high places." Brennan turned off the motor and got out. Chris stepped out the other door, closed it and Brennan set the alarm. They walked around to the front of the arena only to encounter long lines of people waiting to get in. A big *sold out* banner caught his attention. He took Chris around to a door on the left, showed his passes to the guard and walked in. He led Chris to the area where the concert was to be held, and then walked him down to the front to their seats. Thousands of young people poured into the arena. Brennan looked around. The majority of them were female between the ages of ten and twenty-five.

The show began thirty minutes later with the opening act, a rap group from Sarasota that was really good. They kept the audience motivated and then after a brief intermission the curtain opened again and a man appeared to announce the main event. "Ladies and gentlemen, Trinity Warren." The crowd went wild, stomping, clapping and calling Trinity's name. The music began and the noise stopped. A huge screen lowered from the ceiling showing home movies of Trinity as a child. The Sarasota city sign flashed in the background with the message, *"It's good to be back."*

Then Trinity walked out in a white tuxedo singing and the crowd cheered. "Hello Sarasota. It's good to be home." He went back to the song after acknowledging the audience. Trinity sang a medley of songs for about an hour and then they broke for intermission. When the show returned Trinity had changed into a black leather tuxedo and was accompanied by a bevy of beautiful scantily clad female dancers. Two of them kissed him on the cheek and then the festive music began. The leather tuxedo jacket disappeared, the sleeves of the white shirt went up and Trinity's hips began to wiggle and captivate the audience. The females in the audience screamed Trinity's name at the top of their lungs one minute and then pandemonium occurred as they stormed the stage. They pulled at the remainder of his clothes and tried to drag him off the stage.

Brennan sprang to his feet as the women ran past him. Fast acting guards hopped on the stage and rescued Trinity from the girls and took him backstage.

Trinity the performer returned several minutes later dressed in a red tuxedo. The lights were lowered and he walked over to red baby grand piano. The scenery around him changed and the orchestra pit appeared from beneath the stage with a full symphonic orchestra. Trinity sat down at the piano and started playing. "This is for a friend."

Brennan sat back and listened to the beginning chords. It was *Cherish* by the Association...his favorite song. Trinity remembered and sang it

putting his heart and all his feelings into the message hit home. *Trinity is in love with me.* Brennan sighed. *Howam I going to fix this?* Before the end of the evening he hoped to figure it out, especially since he had a backstage pass to visit Trinity after his performance. An hour later the show ended and he still hadn't come up with a plan of action.

"Where are we going?" Chris asked Brennan as he led him in the opposite direction of the exit door.

"There's someone I'd like you to meet." He led Chris past some of the background dancers. Chris eyeballed the young women with delight. A couple smiled back at him making him smile even more. Brennan stopped in front of the green room and knocked on the door. A security guard answered. Brennan showed him the backstage passes and they were allowed entrance.

Chris stepped inside and gasped, "Trinity."

"Trinity, this is my brother Chris. Chris this is my friend Trinity Warren."

"Wow man, pleased to meet you." He grinned, then turned wide eyed to his brother. "Why didn't you tell me that you knew Trinity Warren?"

"I told you I had friends in high places."

Trinity came over and shook Chris' hand. "Brennan has told me so many nice things about you." He offered them a seat.

"How long have the two of you known each other?"

"A couple of weeks," Trinity answered as he sat down next to Brennan. "We met quite by accident."

Brennan sniffed. Trinity did not smell sweaty like a man who had been on stage for hours. He smelled like a field of flowers.

"I really enjoyed your show, especially the song *Cherish*. It's really beautiful. Did you write it?"

"No, it was recorded by a group called The Association way back in the sixties. A friend of mine once told me that he liked it so I decided to incorporate it in the show tonight."

Brennan relaxed on the comfortable sofa. It took everything in him to keep his hand from stroking Trinity's back.

Trinity took the temptation away from him. He walked over to a desk, picked up something and handed it to Chris. "This is a copy of my latest CD and an autographed copy of tonight's program. I hoped Brennan would bring you backstage so I could give them to you."

Chris smiled with delight. "Thank you. I'll treasure these forever."

Trinity sat back down next to Brennan.

"Chris and I are on our way to dinner."

"Would you care to join us?" Chris asked.

"Sorry but I have an after concert interview with some news reporters and I'm obligated by my recording company to attend. Some other time though."

"My friends will never believe that I met you."

"Just show them the autograph," Brennan said. He rose. "Come on Chris we have to go if we plan to make the restaurant before it closes."

Trinity rose too and shook Chris' hand again.

Trinity threw his arms around Brennan and hugged him. "Thanks for coming."

"Thanks Trinity." He led Chris out of the room, looking back over his shoulder once to find Trinity watching him with a puzzled look on his face.

Brennan drove out of the arena parking lot. Chris held his CD and program tightly in his hands.

"Thanks Bro. I don't think I'll ever forget this night."

Neither would he. He took the interstate a couple of miles and then exited near the restaurant.

"I can't believe the two of you are such good friends. How did you meet?"

"I ran my motorcycle into his limousine one rainy night. I got pretty banged up and he stayed with me until the ambulance arrived. I found out what his name was, found out where he stayed and went to thank him in person once I left the hospital."

"You know where he lives?"

"Yes, I've been there a couple of times, and no, Trinity loves his privacy."

"You seem to know an awful lot about him to say the two of you just met."

"We've talked on the phone a couple of times and he came to one of my races. He had to wear a disguise so he wouldn't get mobbed."

"That doesn't sound like much fun."

"No it isn't. He doesn't get to have a normal life like you and me."

He and Chris got out of the car and headed into the restaurant. Brennan looked at his watch. Midnight was still a couple of hours away.

Chapter Eleven

"Mr. Warren, who is Brennan Demarcus and what is your relationship with him?" a reporter asked. Trinity recognized him...from the theater.

"He's a motorcyclist from this area. He's a friend of mine."

"Is it true that he invited you to one of his benefit races?"

Not good, Trinity thought as the other reporters waited to hear his answer. He had to change this line of questioning around and end the interview as soon as possible. "Yes, is there something wrong with that?"

"And is it true that the two of you attended a movie together and was he not at your concert earlier this evening?"

If this didn't make up his mind about leaving town nothing else would. "All true. Next question."

The interview went on for about an hour with questions about his personal and professional life. Trinity watched the reporter as he made notes in a tablet. He made a mental note to find out what television station or newspaper he worked for so he could steer clear of him. Apparently the man had been spying on him and Brennan for a long time. He rose. "Conference is over." The reporters left and he put his hands in his pockets, turned on his heels and left the conference room. A half hour later he was in the back seat of the limousine high-tailing it back to his mansion. His telephone rang close to midnight. "Hello."

"Hello. Are you alone?"

"Yes."

"I'm on my way."

"Wait, we may have a problem. There was a reporter asking some very pointed questions about our relationship. I think we're being followed."

"Do you think that your mansion is under stakeout?"

"That's a possibility." Trinity replied, but he couldn't be sure.

"You can come here."

"What's the address?"

Brennan gave Trinity his address. "That's not too far away. I'll be there in an hour." He hung up the phone and ran around the house like a madman throwing a change of clothes and his toiletries into an overnight bag. Moments after doing so he grabbed his keys and ran out of the house and drove out of the estate heading for the Brentwood Subdivision and Brennan. Trinity hoped the reporter wouldn't follow him since he normally left the mansion in the limousine driven by Carl. He was counting on the reporter being dumber than he looked.

Brennan lived across town from him in one of the newer subdivisions. Most of the houses in the area were similar...three and four bedroom ranch style homes with nice lawns and two car garages. Trinity found the street with his GPS, checking behind him again to make sure he hadn't been followed. He found the house, a rust colored colonial style brick two-story with a small motorcycle model atop the curb-side mailbox. "Obvious much." He turned his Porsche into the driveway. The door opened on the house before he got out. Brennan appeared dressed in a pair of blue shorts and a black and blue athletic shirt that showed off his physique. Bare feet completed the look. Trinity turned off the engine and got out.

"I didn't know you could drive," Brennan said admiring the car.

"I'm not a total loser."

Brennan smirked. "Whose car is this?"

"Mine."

"You have a limousine and a Porsche?"

"Not to brag but I have twenty cars."

Brennan made a face. "Do you collect them?"

"Yes, this one was given to me by my parents on my eighteenth birthday. They spoil me rotten."

"Don't complain. At least they like you." Brennan ran his hand over the hood. "This is sweet but you can't leave this out on the street. It's a target for thieves. Wait here a minute." He went back inside the house and a moment later Trinity saw one of the garage doors open.

Trinity got back into his car and drove it into the garage and parked it next to Brennan's Trans Am. He exited the garage with his bag in hand and Brennan lowered the door. Trinity set the alarm before the door lowered.

Brennan waited for him on the porch. "Come on in."

Trinity looked up and down the street before following him into the house. "This is nice," he said as he stepped into the living room. The room was decorated with a caramel-colored sofa, matching chairs and mahogany end tables. A pretty set of beige antique satin drapes hung at the window. "I try. Let me show you the rest of the place."

Brennan showed him four bedrooms, two baths and a quaint little red and white kitchen. "This is so you."

"Bite me," Brennan replied as he led him to another room...the den. It was decorated with a black pit sofa, an entertainment rack, a pool table and bookcase, along with a flat screen television. Trophies and awards lined shelves all around the room symbolizing Brennan's championship status. There were also pictures of Brennan and his family, and Brennan with women.

Trinity took one of the pictures of Brennan and a young woman with shoulder-length chestnut colored hair and big green eyes. They looked happy together.

Brennan took the picture away and laid it face down on the shelf. "Her name is Monica Ferrere. She and I used to date."

"Pretty."

"Yes." He walked over to the bar and took out two beers from the refrigerator and handed one of the bottles to Trinity. "You are old enough to drink beer aren't you?"

Trinity accepted the beer. "Why did the two of you break up?"

"She wanted to get married and start a family."

Trinity unscrewed the top of the bottle not missing the look of utter misery in Brennan's eyes. "And you didn't?"

Brennan sat down on one of the bar stools and Trinity sat next to him. "On some level I did but I couldn't put a woman through what my mother went through. She and my pop had some stupendous arguments and fights." He sighed. "I still have nightmares."

Trinity touched his knee. "Did he ever beat you?"

"Every chance he got until I grew taller than him. Then it turned to fist fights. He broke my nose once."

"What about Chris?"

Brennan shook his head. "Completely different scenario. He fusses but not like he did with me, and he's never laid a hand on him as far as I know. My mother died when Chris made six and my father ignored Chris after that. I stepped in and raised him. I was just sixteen."

Trinity patted the leg and removed his hand. "Good for you."

"He wants to be an astronaut." Brennan said.

"He adores you."

Brennan put his beer on the bar. "But he idolizes you. You were all he talked about on the way to the restaurant and all the way home."

Trinity smiled. Somehow now being an only child didn't seem so bad. "Don't you like kids? I think you'd make an excellent father." He put his bottle on the bar and walked over to the bookcase.

"Not really. Kids complicate things, and beside there's a snowball's chance of that happening now?"

Trinity picked up a book. "Art?"

Brennan shrugged his shoulders. "Sue me. I'm fascinated with the Baroque Period."

"Me too. There's an exhibit at the Ringley Museum I'm dying to see. Paul Reubens work in particular."

"That and the sculptures from the John Ringley Collection."

"Maybe we can go tomorrow."

"Maybe," Brennan said non-committal.

Trinity looked at the other books, conscious of Brennan watching him. "World Travel, World History, Ancient Cultures and Civilization, sports, cooking and mechanics." Brennan had another life filled with books, bikes and broads.

A hand landed on his shoulder. "I'm sorry about the argument. I guess I should have been honest from the beginning. I really don't know if I'll ever date another girl, but I still find them attractive. They smell nice and I admire a nice set of tits."

Trinity's shoulders stiffened.

"What I'm trying to say is that I'm in a relationship with you now...something I never thought would happen in a million years but here I am hopelessly in love with a kind, loving and eccentric hip swiveling pop singer who just happens to be a male."

Trinity turned and looked up at Brennan. "I'm sorry too but when I saw that girl kiss you after the race and Brittany handing you her phone number I got so jealous. But not because you were admiring them. I think I got jealous because I don't have tits...something I know would please you."

"I can live without breasts but I don't think I can live without those big green eyes of yours or that big devastating smile." He stopped. "Are they capped?"

"What?"

"Your teeth?"

"Rude. No, they're mine."

"Amazing. You're too darn perfect. You know how to dress, speak appropriately and you walk gracefully like you've been professionally trained. I haven't found one negative thing about you."

"You mean besides my jealousy."

"Yes. Do you have any faults?"

"I can't think of any at the moment."

Brennan chuckled. "You're vain and egotistical."

"No I am not."

"You know you're gorgeous."

"I know women find me desirable if that's what you mean."

"If one offered, would you make love to a girl?"

Trinity spun around. "What? No."

"But you don't know what you're missing."

"I think it's a little too late for that so the answer is still no. I like to look at them too but no thanks. I know that I'm gay. That's the only explanation why I got an erection when I looked down into a set of dove gray eyes."

"What?"

"Never mind."

Brennan took his hand. "It's late."

"Yes, it's time for bed."

Brennan led Trinity out of the den and up the stairs to his bedroom.

The Commodores', *Sail On*, filtered out of the radio as Brennan stripped Trinity out of his jeans and tee-shirt. He smiled. Trinity had arrived Commando in his haste to get there. Trinity in turn lifted Brennan's tee-shirt and played with his abs before removing it and tossing it to the floor next to his clothes. He knelt down and slipped the shorts and briefs from him and laid them on the floor. He stayed down on his knees and then looked up with those big green eyes. Brennan's heart melted and his penis rose into a powerful erection. "I don't know why this happens when you look at me like that."

Trinity cupped his balls and Brennan gasped. "Ooh!" Warm hands touching warm flesh...nothing could compare to it. Trinity took him in his mouth and Brennan's knees buckled. He put his hand on Trinity's head and buried his fingers into the thick blond tresses. The warmth of Trinity mouth as he engulfed him ignited a flame deep in his crotch. The sucking sounds Trinity made drove him crazy with desire. "I never thought it could be like this."

Trinity didn't answer. He just kept sucking and stroking him until the orgasm roared in his loins and seeped through him hotly like the waves at high tide and then he came, body shaking and emptying his sperm into Trinity's mouth.

Trinity rose with a killer, triumphant smile. "You taste like sugar."

Brennan chuckled and led him over to the bed. He playfully pushed him onto the mattress and laid upon him for a kiss. Trinity ran his fingers through his curls and Brennan licked at one of the pale nipples. Then he ran his tongue down Trinity's sternum to his navel.

Trinity wiggled. Brennan lifted his head. "You're ticklish my sweet."

"I am not."

Brennan blew against Trinity's flat stomach and Trinity giggled. "Yes you are." He moved downward running his tongue against his pubic area where fine golden curls hid his beautifully circumcised erection. Brennan captured it in his mouth, sucking gently on the head while Trinity wiggled his hips and moaned softly above him. He moved to a comfortable position and took more of the phallus while simultaneously cupping Trinity's balls. His head bobbed up and down as he pleased Trinity with his mouth.

"Oh, don't stop," Trinity moaned. "This feels so right."

Brennan moved his hand up the shaft and masturbated him and sucked until Trinity's bottom rose from the mattress, rewarding him with a warm flow of semen. Brennan swallowed, loving the taste. He crawled back up to the top of the bed and kissed Trinity. "I love you Mr. Warren."

"I love you too Mr. Demarcus. Please make love to me." He wrapped his legs around Brennan's hips.

Brennan smiled down on him. "You know I can't do that without help."

Trinity pouted playfully and removed his legs.

Brennan opened the nightstand and took out a tube of lube and a couple of condoms. He put on one of the condoms and then greased up Trinity's asshole. Trinity's penis rose again.

Trinity wrapped his legs around Brennan's and Brennan pushed forward and entered.

Trinity moaned but didn't flinch.

"Do you think we can be lovers forever?" Brennan asked.

"Forever is a long time." He moved beneath Brennan.

"I want you forever." He moved his hips slowly and slid out of Trinity then moved back in.

Trinity scraped his nails up and down Brennan's back. "That's it, work it slowly."

Brennan's back strained. He slid out again. It felt so good. Trinity was still so tight and warm. His knees quivered and he didn't think that he'd last long in this position, not looking down on that angelic face. Trinity's eyes opened as if reading his mind. "You make me so happy my perfect one."

"I'm not perfect Brennan. Only you see me that way." Trinity shook beneath him. "Go deeper."

Brennan pulled out and sank back in.

Trinity bit his bottom lip, closed his eyes and shook splattering Brennan's stomach with come. Brennan felt his body respond. He buried himself in to the hilt and came deep inside of Trinity. "Ah!" Tears filled his eyes as his body continued to shake.

"What's wrong?" Trinity gathered him into his arms and gently rocked him until the sobs subsided.

"I don't know. It came over me all of a sudden."

"What?"

"The realization that I just made love to a man and enjoyed it. Oh, there's no doubt I am gay."

"Mind boggling isn't it."

"I can't be gay. If my old man finds out he'll go ballistic."

"Why do you care so much what he thinks anyway? You're still Brennan."

Brennan wiped the tears away. "You don't understand. I can't be gay. I can't."

"Would you like me to leave?" Trinity threw his legs over the side of the bed and attempted to stand.

Brennan grabbed his hand. "No, please don't go. You're the only person who understands. How do you deal with it?"

"It's different for me. I've never lain with a woman before. I have nothing to compare it to." He sat down. "You were the first one to touch my heart."

Brennan lay down and pulled Trinity next to him. "I know that and I'm not unhappy about it but it's so hard. I have this image to uphold and now I don't know how to act around my brother."

"I haven't told my family yet either." He kissed Brennan's chest. "I have an idea. Let's take a trip. Just you and me."

Brennan sat up. "Where to?"

"To New Orleans."

"Are you serious?"

Trinity nodded. "Very. We need to get away for a couple of days to relax. We've both been under a lot of pressure and I don't see it getting any better."

"When can we go?"

"This weekend if you want to. We just missed the Jazz Festival but there are so many other things to do there."

"How are we going to pull this off? Won't they miss you?"

"You say that like I'm still a child. I'm a grown man Brennan. I can go wherever I want to."

"I didn't mean it like that."

"I know. I'll think of something. We can fly out on Thursday and return on Sunday."

"I don't know."

"Come on, take a chance. We can don disguises and we'll just go wild."

The idea sounded so tempting. Brennan didn't have a race scheduled for the weekend but it was time for him to start training for the World Cup Series. "Yes, I'd like to go to New Orleans with you."

"Good. I'll handle all the arrangement." Trinity lay back down on the pillows and Brennan lay next to him unable to rest and fearful of what the future might bring. His career would be over if word got out that he was sleeping with another man. What could he do when that happened? He snuggled close to Trinity who had dozed off and was now snoring peacefully on his back. *And what about him?* Trinity stood to lose much more. He sighed. The best thing to do was break off the relationship before it was too late. That's *it*. *We'll have this one weekend and then I'll let him go.*

Chapter Twelve

Trinity's eyes opened early and still he could not forget what happened between him and Brennan last night. His lover had cried in his arms because he was gay? That did not sit well with him and he never meant to cause Brennan any harm. Of the two of them Brennan was the last one he thought would crumble under the pressure. Now that he knew how Brennan really felt about the situation it was time for him to make the next move. He left the house after one last look down at his lover's handsome Italian face. He didn't have the heart to wake him to tell him goodbye but left a note explaining it was best to leave before being discovered by some other nosy reporter. In the mix of the drama they hadn't got around to discussing that. Brennan was hurting and he'd be damned if he let some two-bit hack ruin his life.

Trinity exited via the garage, lifted the door by pressing the button and drove his car onto the street and headed toward the mansion. He spotted a black car partially hidden by some palm trees after exiting Briar Highway. Whoever it was probably fell asleep waiting for him to return. Reporters were unscrupulous and had hidden in trees just outside his parent's home just to get a picture of him. He had grown used to this, but he wouldn't subject Brennan to it.

Trinity watched his surroundings as he neared the gates of his mansion, looking back in the windshield mirror to make sure he wasn't being followed, entered the gates and waited until they closed and locked securely behind him before driving the car to the garage. He entered the house disarming and then arming the alarms and then training the camera on the gates and doors of the house. If his home were under surveillance he wasn't going to make it easy for them. He'd go through Carl to arrange his and Brennan's travel and he'd leave guards posted to keep all unwanted visitors out of his business and off his property.

Once in his room he sent a text message to Carl just in case his phone was tapped. Carl promptly wrote him back that he understood and would take care of everything.

Trinity put his phone away and headed for the kitchen to prepare breakfast. He had to get a lot of things done today including going to his parents to talk to them. For once in his life he planned to tell them everything and hoped they would understand. But before he could do that he had to finalize his plans for the Japan tour. He'd wanted to tell Brennan about it but thought against it at the last minute. The less he said right now the better. As much as he hated to do it he had to put an end to their relationship. He sighed. Maybe someday he'd find someone as special as Brennan but right now Brennan's safety and sanity was in his hands and he would not let the media tear him apart.

He entered the kitchen and the home telephone rang startling him. "Hello."

"I miss you. I woke up and you were gone."

"I had something to do and I didn't want to disturb you."

"Well I'm just calling to see if you made it home safely and without incident."

"Everything is fine. No one was waiting to ambush me when I arrived." He could not tell him about the black car. It would just make him worry.

"That's good. I don't know what I would do if something happen to you."

Trinity stifled a sob. "It will be okay. You'll see. We'll have a splendid time this weekend."

"I understand what you're trying to do Trinity but it's not going to work. You can't protect me."

"I don't know what you're talking about?"

"Yes, you do. You're a lot of things but you're a rotten liar."

"You've found my flaw."

Brennan changed the subject. "Do you have to go into the studio today?"

"Yes. I have to meet with my publicist and then I have to pack for New Orleans. What about you?"

"I have to go help out at the garage. Uncle Frankie is suffering with arthritis again." He paused. "I'm actually looking forward to getting away this weekend. I've always wanted to go to New Orleans."

"I'll text you when the plans are finalized."

"Goodbye Trinity."

"Good morning sweet prince." Trinity hung up the phones. If the phone line was compromised they heard everything. "Too bad. The relationship will be over before the rumors begin."

Chapter Thirteen

"What brings you all the way out here?" Spencer asked Trinity after they walked into the den of the family home and sat down.

"You ask that like you're not glad to see me." He and his father had this very unique and very strange relationship. Sometimes it was hard to tell who the father was and who the son was.

"Getting used to having some alone time with Mother. Now that you're out of here we can frolic around naked."

Trinity made a face. "Ooh, not liking that visual."

Spencer laughed. "Seriously, is something wrong?"

Trinity busied his bottom lip with his teeth. "That depends on how you take it."

"Should I get Mother?"

Trinity shook his head. "I think you better."

Spencer rose and walked out.

Trinity looked around the room. His mother had redecorated again and taken the protective plastic off the furniture. Pictures of him from an infant to the present lined the walls of the huge room, including a big family portrait of them he had commissioned for his parents on their thirtieth wedding anniversary.

His parents entered the room. Trinity rose.

"Should I make drinks?" Spencer asked heading toward the bar on the opposite side of the room."

"Don't use me as an excuse for a martini."

"Wise acre. You're lucky that's what I was doing when you arrived."

Sandra stood on her toes and kissed Trinity on his cheek. She was dressed in a pretty light blue pantsuit that made her green eyes twinkle.

"Father said you wanted to discuss something with us. You're not ill are you?"

Spencer put a martini into her hand.

Trinity sat down, taking her other hand and placing her next to him on the sofa. "No I'm not sick."

Spencer sat down in his recliner across from them.

"I don't know how to say this so it won't get messed up so I'm just going to come out and say it." He took a deep breath and then exhaled. "I'm in love."

The martini glass shook in his mother's hand. "You're what?"

"I'm in love," Trinity confessed.

"But you're just a baby." She sipped her martini down.

"I'm twenty-two Mother."

"But you don't even shave yet."

Spencer gulped down his martini and sat the empty glass down on the table next to the recliner. "He's right Sandra; he's not a baby anymore."

He turned to Trinity. "Who is she? Anyone I know?"

Trinity brushed an imaginary piece of lint from his spotless khaki pants. "Um, not exactly." He rose. *You can do this.* "It's not a girl." He closed his eyes and braced himself for the impact. When he didn't feel a slap to the back of his head he opened his eyes. He felt his mother's hand on his, squeezing it gently and reassuring.

"Who is it?"

"Brennan Demarcus."

"But he's a motorcyclist," Spencer replied. "You hate motorcyclists."

"No, I hate motorcycles. Brennan is a damn good motorcyclist."

Spencer rose and walked back over to the bar. He returned with three martinis, this time handing one to Trinity. "How did this happen?"

"The usual way. He got injured when his motorcycle ran into my limousine one rainy night. I found him unconscious. But the minute he opened his eyes I fell in love with him."

His mother released his hand and started to cry. "But that means that you're..."

"Gay? Yes, I think it does mean that. I didn't plan for it to happen. It just did." He sipped his drink, grimaced and put the drink down on the table.

"I don't think I'm old enough for that."

Spencer nodded in agreement. "Has he told his parents?" Surprisingly his father seemed to be taking it better than his mother.

"No, his mother is dead and he and his father don't get along."

"I can understand that. Hearing that your son is gay is the last thing a father wants to hear."

Trinity paced the spot between the sofa and the recliner. "I know I've disappointed both of you but that's not the only reason I came. I'm going to have to put an end to the relationship."

Sandra stopped weeping. "Why?"

"To protect him," Trinity answered. "There's a nosy reporter hot on our trail."

Spencer crossed his legs. "I see."

"Do you really?" Trinity asked.

"Of course I do. My son is a pop star. I think I have a pretty good idea what the paparazzi can do."

"Then you know why I have to break off the relationship. I can't let Brennan go through this. His career will be ruined."

"What about yours?" Sandra asked.

Trinity chuckled weakly. "I don't think it will hurt me as much as you think, and even if it does it won't hurt as much because the two of you already know. I couldn't bear for you to find out in some tabloid or on the news."

"Does Brennan feel the same way about you?" Spencer asked as he finished off his second martini.

"Yes, and before you say it, no he didn't make me gay. No one is the blame. It just happened." He voice broke.

Sandra rose and threw her arms around Trinity. "When are you going to tell him?"

"This weekend after we return from New Orleans."

"You're going to New Orleans alone with Brennan? Do you think that's wise?" Spencer asked. "Both of you will be mobbed."

"I'm getting pretty good at wearing disguises and yes it's one of the wisest decisions I've ever made. The two of you taught me to face up to my responsibilities."

"What's going to happen after you tell him? The news reporter may still leak the story."

"I thought about just paying him off so he won't leak the story, but that's just not how I operate. Brennan may have to suffer a little in the beginning but with me not around he can just deny everything."

"Where will you be?" Spencer asked.

"I'll be in Japan."

"Oh, I almost forgot about your worldwide tour."

"I don't think the reporter has any conclusive evidence. Brennan will be safe and he can go on with his life. He'll forget about me."

"You can't say in Japan forever," his mother replied. "You'll eventually have to return to the United States one day."

"I'm hoping it will be over by the end of the tour. Hopefully Brennan will find someone else by then."

Both parents rose and hugged him tightly. His father kissed him on the head. "Do you think you can get me tickets to that Champion Series Cup race before you break up with Brennan."

Trinity smiled. "You're insane."

Brennan turned off his motorcycle, got off and leaned it against the kickstand. He sat down on the sand watching the water and waiting for the sun to set. Several people occupied the beach with him frolicking in the surf, building castles or just sitting doing the same thing as he, admiring the view.

Why didn't he tell Trinity the truth about the real reason that he and Monica were no longer together? He sighed. Probably because he didn't want to admit the truth to himself...that he always knew that he liked men. Monica had just been a way to get it out of his system once his father beat the hell out of him. The embarrassment from that day still burned deep inside of him. It had begun so innocently...a budding relationship with a boy from school. They had just shared their first kiss when his father came upstairs early and caught them together. The other young man luckily escaped without harm never to speak to him again. For the next couple of years Brennan went through the motions, dating girls and hiding his true feelings from everyone including the guys he rode with in the motorcycle club. There was no way they would want to share a shower room with him, no less a bike no matter how talented he was. But those feelings had returned weeks before that fateful night on Briar Highway when he attempted suicide. He didn't want to live another moment with the confusion. He could not accept the fact that he wasn't normal...that he lusted after men.

Tears clouded his eyes as he watched the sun slowly disappear beyond the horizon. And then he met Trinity and for one moment everything changed. He decided to take the chance and kissed him...to prove that he wasn't gay. Of course it failed miserably when those soft lips touched his. How did he know that it would backfire and he'd fall in love?

Now some reporter wanted to exploit that love just to earn a buck. No wonder he wanted to leave this world.

Brennan wiped his eyes and rose. He still had some packing and thinking to do before he left town. The way he saw it he only had a few choices. Either he accepted what he was and stayed with Trinity or end it all before someone else spoiled it for them. He climbed back on his bike, started it up and rode back toward town.

New Orleans? He still needed some type of disguise. "I know. I'll change my hair and not shave for a couple of days." Hopefully he could get in to see a stylist tomorrow or the next day. There had to be one nearby who could work miracles on his unruly curls, changing him so he wouldn't stand out in a crowd. Trinity deserved this weekend too. He planned to show him the time of his life in the Big Easy. No one would mob them there. They would be free for a couple of days just to be themselves.

Brennan spotted a black four door Impala in front of his home a block away. He recognized it instantly as the one that had been following him for about two weeks now. Common sense told him to just ride past the house and return later when the coast was clear but he'd never been one to back down from controversy. The car door opened and a middle-aged white man dressed in a tan suit got out. Trinity drove his motorbike into the driveway and ignored him.

"Brennan Demarcus?"

"Yes."

"My name is Hugh Roberts. I'm a reporter for Entertainment News. Can I have a moment of your time?"

"Normally requests for interviews are handled by my publicist."

Hugh approached. "I never do anything the normal way. I don't earn any money that way."

"Then this can't be an interview about motorcycle racing?"

"No, it's about your relationship with Trinity Warren."

Brennan walked up to his porch and sat down on the top stair. The reporter followed him but remained standing. "What about it?"

"Aren't you going to deny it?"

"There's nothing to deny or confirm. Trinity Warren is a friend of mine. What's wrong with that?"

"When you say friend do you mean lover?"

"Do you have any male friends Mr. Hugh?"

"Yes."

"Are any of them your lovers?"

"No."

"Then why ask such a stupid question?"

Hugh scratched the top of his balding head with his pen. "But I've seen the two of you together a lot lately."

Brennan sighed. "Do you know what it's like to be a celebrity?"

"Meaning?"

"Trinity Warren is a nice young man but because of people like you he can't have friends or date or even go out of his house for fear that someone is going to take his picture or try to print some lies about him."

"So you're trying to say there's no romantic involvement between the two of you."

"We're just friends. You can quote me on that."

Hugh wrote something on his pad. "Thank you." Hugh left.

Brennan waited for him to drive away before entering his home angered by the series of questions. "It not your business anyway." He walked

into the den, sat down and texted Trinity to let him know to watch out for Hugh Roberts.
Trinity wrote back. "Thanks for looking out for me."

Chapter Fourteen

The plan was for the two of them to take separate taxis to the airport and then meet up in the lobby. Trinity had entertained the idea of taking his private jet but nixed the idea. The less people knew his whereabouts the better. The only people who knew were Carl and his parents, and probably Chris. Brennan hadn't volunteered the information and he hadn't asked.

He arrived at the airport at six o'clock in the morning for the seven-thirty flight. Once through check in he went and sat down in the terminal to wait for Brennan to arrive. He pulled out his electronic reader and got back into a paranormal romance novel he'd downloaded a couple of days ago.

"I've always wanted one of those."

Trinity looked up and stared, trying to make out the face behind the dark glasses. The young man was about his age and nice looking. He had gorgeous sandy brown hair and eyebrows and a hint of five o'clock shadow. He stood a couple of inches over six feet tall and had it nicely stuffed into a pair of khaki pants and a brown tee-shirt. If he was in the market for a date this one might fit the bill. "Pardon me?"

The young man giggled. "Trinity, it's me."

Trinity stared. His eyes widened but he tried not to call attention to them.

Brennan sat down. "It's only temporary."

Trinity raised his eyebrows Groucho Marx style to indicate that he liked it.

Brennan smiled.

Trinity removed his baseball cap and dark brown hair appeared.

Brennan raised his eyebrows. He mouthed the word *beautiful*.

Trinity rolled his eyes to the ceiling and laughed.

Brennan sat down next to Trinity. "What are you reading?"

Trinity handed the machine over to Brennan.

"Paranormal romance?"

"One of my vices. I'm hooked on the stuff."

The stewardess announced the flight over the intercom and Brennan and Trinity rose. Trinity handed Brennan his boarding pass, picked up his carryon and led the way down the aisle to the ramp. Once aboard the plane they found their first class seats and sat down. "Are you nervous?" Trinity asked once the stewardess announced that the flight was about to begin.

"Not about the flight. Just think, in a couple of hours we'll be having the time of our lives down on Bourbon Street."

"I want to go to Café Du Monde. You have to taste the coffee. It's to die for."

The plane taxied the runway and Trinity settled back. Brennan fell asleep moments after they took off. Trinity took his reader back out and continued to read until they reached New Orleans. He woke Brennan up just before they landed so they could get off the plane.

Brennan rubbed his eyes. "How long was I out?"

"The entire flight. You seemed so tired."

"I've been practicing for the Championship race in between pitching in at the garage. Uncle Frankie came back to work yesterday freeing up my time."

"I forgot about the race. It's in a couple of weeks isn't it?"

Brennan nodded as he picked up his bag and walked down the aisle toward the door. A stewardess smiled at them and thanked them for flying with their airline. "Yes, I hope you can make it."

Trinity just smiled without confirming. No, he wouldn't be there. He was scheduled to be on a plane headed for mainland Tokyo on Monday.

Travelers walked up and down the LouisArmstrongAirport lobby going to and from flights and picking up their luggage. Brennan followed him to rescue their other luggage and then out of the door to hail a taxi. The intense humidity hit him squarely in the face, fogging up his sunglasses. Trinity removed them and was about to replace them when he stopped and stared.

"Contacts?"

"I'm in disguise."

Brennan gasped. "But they're blue."

"Don't you like them?"

Brennan bobbed his head rapidly. "They're very becoming."

Trinity slipped the sunglasses back on. "They're coming out when we return to Sarasota."

Brennan fanned himself. "Man it's hot here."

"Going to get hotter," the taxi driver replied as he put their luggage into the trunk.

Brennan and Trinity got into the back seat of the taxi and the driver returned to his seat. "Where to?"

"The Monteleon Hotel," Trinity answered.

"Got it." The cabbie set the meter and moved out of the long line of parked cabs and drove out of the area headed for the Interstate. He made small talk asking them where they were from and filling them in on all the festivals. "You just missed the Jazz Festival. It rained but that didn't stop the people from attending."

Trinity agreed. His parents had returned full of life and bearing pralines for him.

Brennan looked at the window, pointing to the Super Dome when they finally made it into New Orleans. Traffic remained a constant bumper to bumper nightmare until they exited Interstate Ten. The driver maneuvered his way around the Central Business District, crossed Canal to Royal and then pulled in front of the hotel. Brennan paid the taxi while Trinity retrieved their luggage from the trunk. The entered the hotel.

"Wow is this place for real?" Brennan asked. "This is spectacular."

"We try to stay here whenever we come to town," Trinity explained seeing it all through Brennan's eyes for the first time and enjoying every moment of it. "It's in the heart of the French Quarter and we can walk everywhere we have to go."

"I'm glad I brought along some comfortable shoes."

A young lady with a southern accent gave them their key cards and welcomed them to New Orleans.

"Two rooms?" Brennan asked as they walked toward the elevator.

"Just a precautionary measure. In case we've been followed."

"Right, I dig." The elevator arrived and they got on. Brennan pressed the button for the fourth floor. The elevator moved slowly up and then stopped on the fourth floor. Trinity got out first and Brennan followed.

"We have adjoining rooms," Trinity explained, stopping outside his door.

Brennan went to his door and tested the key. The door opened. He waited until Trinity's door open. "Sometimes the keys don't work and I don't want you stranded."

"You're so protective."

"Someone has to be blue eyes."

Trinity blushed and entered his room. A few minutes later he heard the patrician door slide open and Brennan entered.

"I'm starving." He smiled a wicked little smile.

"We have plenty of time for that naughty boy. I want to show you New Orleans."

Brennan walked over and pulled him into his arms for a kiss. "Do we have time for a quickie? That dark hair and blue eyes are turning me on."

"Don't get too used to it motorcycle dude. I got a stylist standing by to restore my blond locks before my parents see me."

Brennan chuckled. "Yeah me too. These whiskers itch." He rubbed them against Trinity's face to demonstrate.

"I kind of dig them," Trinity replied as he moved out of Brennan's arms. "Makes you look like a thug."

"A thug?"

"A rake, a brute, a bad boy."

Brennan rubbed his chin. "What do I look like without it?"

"A hunk."

Brennan rolled his eyes at him. "Grab your things. Since I can't love I need food."

Trinity moved away to use the bathroom.

"And put on some sunscreen. That fair skin of yours will burn in this heat."

Trinity used the toilet and put on the sunscreen before returning to the bedroom. He found Brennan looking out of the window. "I'm ready." He put the hat and the sunglasses back on.

Brennan turned and looked him over. "Are you sure you don't want to stay in for a while?"

"As tempting as it may sound we only have three days to see everything."

"I guess you're right. Let's go get those beignets."

After breakfast the two young men toured some of the shops on North Peters. Trinity led Brennan back to the hotel around noon to rest and put away the souvenirs Brennan had purchased. He had some tee-shirts for Chris and some coffee for his father and Uncle Frankie. Even though Brennan had nothing but negative things to say about his father Trinity could see that Brennan still loved him.

Brennan faked a yawn once they were back in Trinity's room.

Trinity's heart fluttered. He removed his hat and glasses and ran his fingers through his hair to straighten it. Then he sat down in a chair and removed the sandals from his feet, wiggling his toes. Brennan watched him from across the room as he slowly began to strip out of his clothes.

"What are you doing?"

"Trying to seduce you."

Brennan raised his eyebrows. "It's working." He pulled his tee-shirt over his head revealing his torso and tossed it on the floor. He followed up by wiggling out of his pants and shoes.

Trinity turned back the covers on the king-sized bed and crawled in.

Brennan left the room and returned with a little toiletry bag. He removed a brand new tube of lube. "Just in case you forgot yours."

"Is that something new?"

"It's supposed to warm up when you use it." He handed it to Trinity along with a condom.

Trinity didn't know what to make of it. "Why are you giving this to me?"

Brennan climbed on the bed and sat down next to him. "I thought you might like to be on top for a change."

Trinity nodded. He'd hoped but since the first time Brennan hadn't been too anxious to be topped again. "Just don't scream or we'll have the police at our door."

"I promise," Brennan replied as he reached out his hand and placed it behind Trinity's neck. He pulled his face closer. "Bad boys don't scream."

Trinity wasted no time rolling to his knees and getting into position. He rubbed the lube on his bare penis and moaned. "This stuff is great." He opened the condom and slipped it on.

Brennan crawled to his knees and Trinity inserted the lube before Brennan could change his mind. He sank into the warm anus and slowly teased him by entering him inch by inch and then slowly pulling out. The lube tingled all over his penis.

Brennan whimpered but didn't scream.

"Take it like a man," Trinity replied as he stroked Brennan's buttocks. He popped him on one of the cheeks with an open palm and then rubbed the spot.

"Ooh, I've been so bad my angel."

Trinity paused at the endearment Brennan uttered. He hadn't called him angel in a while. "You don't know bad." He put both hands on Brennan's back and rolled his hips, making his dick play around inside of him.

"Yes." Brennan lifted his head up. His sandy brown hair spilled back onto the nape of his neck.

Trinity shuddered at the sight. It took all he had to keep his fingers out of those sandy brown tresses. He entertained the thought of asking him to not change the color but then remembered that he wouldn't be around to enjoy it. The thought saddened him for a moment but it was for the best. He put his concentration back on what he was doing, easing out a little and then sinking back in. Being on top and dominant had its advantages. Brennan had a sexy tight behind. Trinity rubbed one of the cheeks again.

"Oh," Brennan groaned under the pressure. He moved his hips taking in more of Trinity to show that he could take it. "Maybe I've been too selfish by always screwing you. What you're doing to me makes me so hot and hard."

Trinity chuckled. "I always keep an erection when you do me." He moved his hips a little faster, rocking to give Brennan the full effect.

"Oh shit." Brennan's body quivered erotically beneath him and then he grabbed a pillow and bit it as he shuddered through the throes of his first orgasm. "Oh shit." Brennan continued to ejaculate. "I didn't know it could be this good."

Trinity didn't stop. He kept moving in and out of Brennan listening to him come until his own orgasm rose so powerfully that it knocked him off his knees and sent both of them onto their stomachs. The jets of semen kept sending intense spasms through his abdomen. Brennan had the decency to wait until the spasms stopped before he bucked him off his butt so he could breathe.

Brennan turned to his side to face Trinity. "We messed up your bed."

Trinity kissed him on the nose. "That's another reason why we have two rooms. The maids are going to think we're a couple of hot studs."

"You're so wicked."

"See, I told you that I wasn't perfect."

Brennan kissed him on the forehead. "You're still perfect to me and I love you so much." His voice cracked with sorrow.

Trinity kissed him back unsure of what else to do. Brennan still had so many demons to overcome. *Am I just being selfish for leaving? Am I running away from the problem?* "I love you too."

"My asshole hurts. You really put it to me."

"Did I make you come?"

"Yes."

"So stop complaining. You'll survive."

Brennan chuckled. "Let's see if you have that same attitude when the tables get turned. It probably won't hurt as much since your cock is bigger than mine."

"You're such an idiot. I love being on the bottom most of the time. Just feeling you take me into your arms makes me breathless. It makes me feel so safe and protected. I don't mind being your submissive most of the time." He kissed Brennan gently on the lips. "And your kisses are lethal."

"Close those big blue eyes and sleep my darling because when you wake we're heading to Bourbon Street."

Trinity smiled. "You're in for a big surprise."

"I've never seen anything like this in my life," Brennan said as a transvestite erotic dancer wiggled her tight ass on his lap. "I think I've died and gone to heaven."

"Don't enjoy it too much," Trinity replied as a raven haired beauty wiggled over his lap. "There are some things I just won't do."

An African American transvestite with stunning red hair and big breasts wiggled her way over to Brennan. Surprisingly enough it did not turn him on. If he wanted a woman he would be with a woman but that didn't mean he wasn't having fun. The girls disappeared and Trinity took his hand and led him out of the dark club and into the crowded streets. It was two in the morning and people were laughing and drinking and being foolish. "Where are we going?"

"To hear some of the best music in the world," Trinity replied leading him down Bourbon Street. He stopped outside a club and the bouncer let them in.

The music met them at the door. A group of older black men performed a soulful jazz song as Brennan and Trinity made their way over to a wooden table to sit down. A young white waiter arrived dressed in a pair of blue jeans and a shirt with the name of the club embossed on the front. "May I take your order?" He batted his eyes at Brennan.

"What do you recommend?"

"For you, definitely nothing fruity. Most of the people come here for the Torpedoes."

"What's a Torpedo?"

"A mixture of Columbian Rum, Vodka and Absinthe. Guaranteed to bring you to your knees."

"No thanks," Brennan said. "Bring me a Bud Light and my friend will have a Coke."

The waiter turned and looked toward Trinity. "Um, um, um. You're finger licking good too."

Trinity smiled at him. "Thanks."

The waiter went off to get their drinks.

"I think he likes you," Trinity teased.

"Not my type."

"He's cute."

"He's frilly."

"Oh!"

The waiter returned with their drinks and Brennan paid and tipped him. The waiter smiled at him again and swished off. Brennan sipped his drink. "This place is great and the band is good."

The band played a mix of slow and fast tunes from Fats Domino to the Meters.

"Told you. I've been here with my parents a couple of times."

"You go clubbing with your parents?"

"Yeah, they think they're still cool."

Brennan chuckled and polished off his beer while Trinity sipped his soda.

"They sound cool to me. You guys do things together."

"Always have but it gets a bit stale after awhile. They need time together and it's time that they have it. That's one of the reasons I didn't come down here with them this year. It's time for them to realize that I'm all grown up now."

The band played a lively tune. Brennan bobbed his head to the beat.

"Would you care to dance with me?"

Brennan's head stopped bobbing. "Are you kidding? Someone might see us?"

"Look around you."

Brennan looked around. "There are guys dancing with other guys and girls dancing with other girls."

"Welcome to New Orleans." Trinity rose. "I want to dance with you."

Brennan polished off his drink. He wasn't a great dancer but he was going to enjoy this.

Brennan never thought it possible but there he was dancing slowly with Trinity in his arms in a crowded nightclub on Bourbon Street oblivious to everything around them. Other couples danced beside them not caring that they were a same sex couple because the room contained a mixed variety of people of every sexual orientation.

The feel of Trinity in his arms brought back memories of when he and Monica used to go out, except he enjoyed this much better because he loved Trinity. The song ended and they walked back to their seats hand in hand. Brennan ordered another beer while Trinity stuck to soda. Finally somewhere about five in the morning they found the way back to the hotel and went to sleep in each other's arms.

Bright and early the next morning Brennan and Trinity donned shorts and tee-shirts and took a tour of the different museums in the French Quarter, including the Wax Museum and the Insect Museum. They followed that up with visiting the Aquarium, which Brennan found interesting. They

ate lunch at Margaritaville and then ventured over to the Riverwalk and watched the boats go up and down the Mississippi River. They held hands and discussed every possible known topic. Later they watched the sun go down and headed back to their hotel room to rest. Trinity called home to check on his folks while Brennan called to check his messages. One of them was from Hugh Roberts, the reporter. *Howdid he get my number?* He said he was checking to see if Brennan wanted to recant any of his answers.

Brennan dialed the number back using his cell phone.

Hugh answered.

"This is Brennan Demarcus. I got your message and the answer is no." He paused. "Are you still planning to release that story?"

"Yes," Hugh answered.

"You're going to hurt a lot of people."

"I need to make a living."

"We'll sue the newspaper and ask for a retraction," Brennan informed him.

"You won't be suing me personally." Hugh hung up.

"Is something wrong?" Trinity asked standing in the door between the two rooms.

"That was a reporter...you know the one I told you about. He still insists on releasing that story."

Trinity walked in and sat down on the bed next to him. "He has no proof."

"I know that but he might have pictures of us together."

"So what? You've already told him that we're friends. If he doesn't have pictures of us in bed then he doesn't have anything."

Brennan disagreed. "Even if he doesn't have proof he can still hurt us with the story."

"What do you want me to do, hire a hit man?"

Brennan rolled his eyes at the ceiling. "No, we just better be prepared to defend ourselves when our families find out."

"My family already knows."

"What?"

"I already told my folks. I thought it would be best since this affects them too."

"When did you tell them and why didn't you tell me?"

"I told them right before we left and I didn't want you to feel obligated to tell yours."

"Well how did they take it? Are they still speaking to you?"

"Yes, we're still talking, and surprisingly enough my father took it better than my mother. But I do think that she suspected that I was gay a long time ago."

"Damn man. This is heavy. I can't tell my father."

"Why not? It's not like the two of you see eye to eye anyway."

"Because he already knows too."

"How does he know?"

Brennan sighed. "You're not the first guy I've kissed."

"I'm not?" Trinity looked genuinely surprised.

"There was this guy from high school. Nothing happened except that we shared a kiss one evening when we were alone studying for a test. Pops walked in and caught us and beat the hell out of me."

"Oh!"

"So I kind of always suspected but then after that I tried to make myself straight by dating a lot of girls and having a lot of sex."

Trinity raised his eyebrow. "A lot?"

"Yeah, all protected and then I met Monica. Things were fine with us for a while and then the relationship soured when I admitted that I didn't want to marry her or have kids."

"You didn't tell her that you liked guys?"

Brennan smirked. "No but she should have suspected since I only took her from behind, doggy-style."

Trinity snickered to keep from laughing out loud.

"It's not funny," Brennan replied even though he couldn't keep a straight-face. "It's pathetic."

Trinity touched his thigh. "Well I can't say I'm not disappointed that you kissed some other guy before me but I'll survive."

Brennan touched his face. "But you're the first young man I had sex with or fell in love with." He leaned over and kissed him gently.

"Don't worry," Trinity replied as he melted into Brennan's arms. "We'll get through this."

"I can't believe your parents didn't go ballistic."

"My parents love me and they'll love you too. I think my dad loves you already. He wants you to get him some tickets for the Championship Motorcycle Race."

Brennan kissed him again. "Anything for you." He gently pushed Trinity on his back.

"Are you just saying this because you're in the mood?"

"No, because it's true." Brennan kissed him again but his mind wandered back to the reporter. *What are we going to do?*

Chapter Fifteen

"You can't expect me to eat that?" Brennan asked him as he stared down an oyster on the half-shell.

"Yes, take a chance."

"But it looks like it's looking at me."

Trinity sprinkled some hot sauce on it, took it away from Brennan and swallowed it whole.

Brennan wrinkled his nose.

"Don't knock it until you've tried it. Oysters are good for the libido."

"I don't need help in that area."

The waitress arrived with a seafood platter and placed it before Brennan. "Now this is more like it."

Trinity's eyes landed on the fried oysters on Brennan's plate but did not comment until after Brennan ate all of them. "You can't eat them raw but you can eat them fried?"

"What?"

"Oysters."

"Yes, I can't see them looking at me."

"You're such a baby."

"I am not," Brennan replied putting a piece of catfish into his mouth. He chewed and swallowed. "What's next on the list?"

"Harrah's Casino."

"Are you sure we're old enough to get into that place?"

"Yes, but we won't stay long. We're just going to kill some time until the cruise begins." He'd made reservations for them to sail on the Riverboat Natchez...something he always liked to do when in town. "I like to watch the city lights from the water."

"You know this city better than the natives."

"We come every year for Jazz Fest. This is the first time I've missed it but it was well worth it."

Brennan blushed. "Too bad it's all about to end."

"Yes," Trinity agreed. "Too bad." He hoped this time next year Brennan would have forgotten about him. He intended to spend one more day and a one more night with him before walking out of his life for good.

Brennan polished off his food and Trinity signaled for the waitress. He handed her his black charge card and signed for the bill when the young lady returned.

Brennan looked down at his watch. "We better hurry if we want to board the cruise ship on time."

They left the restaurant and walked down the street to the cruise ship. Trinity got their tickets and he and Brennan boarded the ship. A half hour into the cruise Brennan got sea sick.

"You've never been on a cruise before have you?" Trinity asked him later after they were back in their room at the hotel. Some of Brennan's color had returned to his face.

"No."

"So why didn't you tell me?"

"I thought I could handle it." He groaned and ran into the bathroom.

Trinity smiled and felt sorry for him at the same time.

Brennan stumbled back into the room. "I lost all that damn good seafood plate I ate at dinner."

"No more cruises for you young man and unfortunately no sex tonight either. We are just going to lie here and watch television until we drift off to sleep."

Brennan crawled beneath the covers wearing only a pair of boxers.

Damn. He looks so sexy even when he's seasick. Oh well. Trinity kissed him on the head. *One more day and one more night.*

Trinity was already up and dressed when Brennan opened his eyes.

He sat up and stretched. "Why didn't you wake me?"

"I had a few calls to make so I thought I'd let you sleep."

"Anything important?"

"Just my publicist. Get dressed. We're going to see another part of New Orleans. I'm taking you on a street car ride to the Audubon Zoo."

"This should be fun," Brennan said as he trudged into the bathroom.

Trinity made a fresh pot of coffee while he waited, mentally checking what he needed to do for the next couple of days. He had their return tickets, made dinner reservations for later and he had checked with his people about leaving for the tour. He had his passport; his manager had rented him a house in Tokyo and had also rounded up a translator. The only thing he had to do was show up on time to make the plane.

Brennan exited the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his waist and towel drying his hair.

Trinity sipped his coffee and sighed. He'd never grow tired of seeing Brennan unclothed.

Brennan stopped drying his hair and put the towel down. "That smells delicious."

"I'll pour you a cup while you blow dry your hair." Trinity rose and poured coffee into another disposable cup and added Splenda just the way Brennan liked it. He stirred it with a plastic stick and carried it over to him.

Brennan turned the dryer off, took the cup and put it on the sink. He reached for Trinity. "Why don't we stay in today?" Brennan kissed him on the head.

"We can make love when we get back to Sarasota," said Trinity. "Today you need to get out and get some fresh air."

"I'm not still sea-sick."

"I know but I really want you to see the rest of New Orleans." He walked away before Brennan could see the sadness in his eyes.

"What's wrong?"

"Nothing. I'm just sad to be going back home after having so much fun here."

"Cheer up. Sarasota's not so bad." He reached for his shirt and struggled into it. "We still have tonight." He put on his pants and shoes and then followed Trinity out of the door.

A crack of lightening and rumbling thunder woke Brennan before the alarm clock. Sunday had arrived and they had to fly back to Sarasota. He crawled out of the bed and walked into the bathroom to shower before Trinity woke, and to think. He could not go back to Sarasota with things the way they were. If that story broke it could be the end of both his and Trinity's careers.

The shower door slid open and Trinity stepped inside. "Why didn't you wake me?"

Brennan's body hardened. Trinity was the only person he knew who looked good when they woke up in the morning. He'd taken out the blue contacts and his brilliant green eyes gazed up at him. "Thought you might like to sleep a little longer. We had a pretty wild night last night."

"I don't need much sleep and besides I wanted to linger a little longer in bed with you." He reached his hand down and touched Brennan between his legs.

Brennan moaned. "Squeeze it."

Trinity squeezed harder.

Brennan gripped both sides of the shower stall and held on while his lover masturbated him. The hot water splashed both of them, drenching their hair and adding ambiance to the scenario.

Trinity leaned into him for a kiss.

Brennan lowered his head and kissed Trinity's soft lips and then eased his hand from his penis. He turned Trinity around and began washing him with the soapy towel, taking his time on the buttocks and the groin area.

Trinity backed into him, rubbing his buttocks against his thighs.

Brennan didn't know if it was possible to take Trinity in the shower but he was willing to try. He bent him over and moved in close behind him, still soaping up the buttocks and allowing some of the soap to run between the crack of his behind to use as lubrication. He slipped inside easily impaling Trinity.

Trinity put his hands on the shower wall to brace himself while Brennan screwed him. "Oh my god," Trinity moaned. "You're so thick and meaty."

Brennan shook. "And you're so tight." He put his hands on Trinity's slim hips and moved them until they synchronized their moments. "Oh shit I'm coming." He pushed his hips forward quickly and his hips kept bucking while he ejaculated. Brennan slid out of Trinity and spun him around. He was still aroused.

Brennan went down on his knees and took Trinity's engorged member into his mouth. The hot water pelted his back, encouraging him to continue.

"Ooh," Trinity said as he moved his hips slowly. "I love the way your lips feel on me."

Brennan worked his mouth unable to reply as he reveled in Trinity's taste. He still could not believe he actually enjoyed bringing him relief this way.

Trinity trembled. "I'm so close."

"You taste so good," Brennan replied as he came up for air. "And your balls are so full." He gave them a gentle squeeze and Trinity went off, shooting semen in the air and on Brennan's chest.

Brennan put his mouth back on the head of Trinity's penis and sucked him until he stopped ejaculating, swallowing and enjoying the taste. He rose and turned so Trinity could get most of the shower spray on his back and buttocks.

"Hot water never felt this good at home."

"That's because you've never made love in the shower before."

Trinity ran the soap across his body and washed. "That's true." He turned off the shower. "We need to get dressed. The plane leaves in a couple of hours."

"Spoiled sport." Brennan stepped out of the shower first and helped Trinity out and then handed him a towel to dry off.

"Look I wished that we could stay here forever too but we both have to get back to work."

Brennan pulled him toward him and kissed him again. "But it won't be like this. We'll still have to sneak around."

"Yes, I know." He walked out of the bathroom and into the bedroom.

Trinity is sad. That's a first. Brennan followed him out, seeing him wipe the tears from his eyes. *Not good.* He wanted to take him back in his arms and comfort him but that would probably make him cry more. Trinity had been the cool one through all this. He couldn't take that away from him by calling attention to his one weak moment.

"I better get into my clothes." He walked out of Trinity's room and back into his room, got dressed and made sure his suitcases were packed before joining Trinity again.

"It's time to go." Trinity grabbed his bags and opened the bedroom door. Brennan followed him out and down the hall to the elevator. They checked out at the desk, hailed a taxi and rode back to the airport in silence.

Trinity walked to his first class seat on the plane with Brennan following closely behind. They hadn't spoken much since leaving the hotel and Trinity didn't like it. There was so much that he wanted to say to Brennan, so many unanswered questions and a lot of feelings to express.

Trinity scooted into the window seat and strapped himself in.

Brennan put their bags in the overhead bin and sat down next to him. He reclined his seat as far back as he could and then secured his seatbelt. He adjusted his sunglasses on his eyes. "I'm going to take a nap," he announced. "Wake me when we land."

Trinity sighed. The ride was about forty-five minutes from New Orleans to Atlanta, and then they had to board another plane from Atlanta to Florida. He hoped Brennan didn't plan to sleep all the way home and just wake up to change planes. "Okay," he said settling back and accepting that there wasn't anything to do to change Brennan's mind.

Trinity tried his best to take a nap too but all he could do was watch Brennan in slumber, monitoring the way Brennan's chest rose and fell. He sighed. *This does not feel right.* After experiencing so much happiness in New Orleans why did it feel like a piece of his heart had been torn from his body? Brennan's last words to him were so empty and cold. Or had he just imagined it? He supposed he should get used to it because Brennan was going to hate him once he broke up the relationship between them. *But I don't want to,* Trinity whined to himself. *I want to be selfish and have him all to myself. I don't want to think about his career or mine. I just want Brennan.* He whimpered. *But I can't have him.*

Trinity turned to look out of the window because looking at Brennan now was just too hard.

Brennan could feel Trinity's eyes on him and he could feel the heat radiating over to him and the anger. *I am such a coward.* He just couldn't talk to him right now with his brain all muddled and confused with indecisiveness. Part of him wanted to hold onto Trinity for dear life and never let go but the other part of him was afraid for both their sakes. It all came to a head this morning when he woke up. They were in a homosexual relationship...something reviled and deemed bad by most of society and he didn't know if Trinity could handle being ostracized and ridiculed. Hell, he didn't know if he could handle it. And the best thing for both of them was to break it off before either of them got hurt...or killed.

A vein thumped in the center of his forehead. And even if they could be a couple without the fear of being condemned for this love, could either of their careers take the impact if the news got out? No he couldn't subject Trinity to the scandal. It was best that he break up with him and go their separate ways before they ended up hating each other. He would break the relationship as quickly and painlessly as possible as soon as they got home. Trinity might hate him in the beginning but in a couple of months see that it was for the best.

"Attention ladies and gentlemen, Flight 1015 will be arriving in Atlanta in a couple of minutes. Please put your seats into an upright position, fasten your seatbelts and turn off all computers and cell phones."

Brennan slowly opened his eyes after the stewardess' announcement and moved his seat into an upright position. He looked over. Trinity's head was turned in the opposite direction. He shook him gently. "It's time to get off the plane," he told him.

Trinity moved slowly and faced forward, eyes still closed. "Okay," he replied.

Brennan noticed a tremor in his voice. He moved up as far as the seatbelt would allow him and peeped over casually so Trinity wouldn't notice. *Damn, he's been crying.* Brennan sighed. *This is going to be harder than I thought.*

Brennan slid out of the seat after the plane safely landed, grabbed the bags and moved toward the exit, trying to look Trinity in the eye. Lucky for him they only had a few minutes to get to the next plane so he wouldn't have to try to talk to him.

Three hours later the plane landed in Florida and they walked off with the rest of the passengers. He and Trinity grabbed their luggage and walked out of the terminal to hail a taxi. He recognized Trinity's limo as it pulled to the curb.

"I think we need to end it now," Brennan said as the taxi's rolled up. "This is too much for both of us. Maybe it wasn't meant to be."

Trinity looked as if he was about to cry again but didn't. "Maybe you're right. We're only going to end up hurting each other." Brennan climbed into the taxi and he watched Trinity walk toward his limousine. "Where to sir?" The cabbie asked. Brennan's body trembled. "Any place but here," he mumbled fighting back the tears.

Chapter Sixteen

Trinity dressed and went down to the recording studio to meet with Richard Montgomery the manager of Spectacular Records. Richard sat behind his big oaken executive desk looking at a folder.

"I guess you know why I called you here today." Richard Montgomery was a tall, slender and handsome white man about forty years old. His long blond hair flowed over the white tailored jacket he wore. Trinity always admired the way Richard dressed and how he conducted business. Eyes the color of a robin's egg peered at him from behind a folder.

"The reporter."

Richard lowered the folder, took out a news copy and handed it to him. Trinity sat in a black chair on the opposite side of the desk.

Trinity read the article. "He could have had the decency to spell Brennan's name correctly." He pushed the paper back over to Richard.

"What do you want me to do?"

Trinity settled back in the chair. "You're not going to ask if the story is true or not?"

Richard shook his head. "It's none of my business and quite frankly I don't care if you're gay or not. You're a wonderful young man. You're kind and honest so if you want me to make the problem go away I'll make the problem go away."

Trinity shuddered to think about how Richard would go about doing it. "I don't really think we can stop it but see if you can at least get it postponed until after Brennan's big race. At least let him have that. This news story is either going to make or break his career."

"I understand Mr. Warren but you don't seem to worry about your own reputation or the reputation of your company."

"People have been speculating for years about my sexuality. So when the story comes out it won't hurt my career. As for the company, I don't think it'll suffer much. Maybe a few will stop buying my music or maybe more will jump on the bandwagon. Besides, you know I'm planning to retire after this tour anyway and manage other acts."

"Yes, I know."

"Then all I ask is that you look after Brennan and his family while I'm gone."

"If anything should happen and he needs to get away I'll find him a shelter in the storm."

"He likes big green-eyed blonds."

Richard laughed. "Not that kind of shelter, Mr. Warren."

"I know. I'm just joking." He paused. "Have all the plans been finalized?"

"Yes, the plane leaves tomorrow. You'll be arriving in Tokyo in a couple of days and whisked away to your home that you'll be renting for the next four months until the tour ends."

"Four months," Trinity replied. "That sounds like a very long time." Trinity rose and left the recording studio and went home.

He broke up with me. Trinity pressed his face against the window of the airplane and closed his eyes. *It's over.* Somehow he did not expect it to be so hard when he planned to leave Brennan first.

A yellow-dressed stewardess tapped him on the shoulder. "Are you okay Mr. Warren."

Trinity sat up straight. "Yes, thank you. I'm just a little tired. I just got back from New Orleans and now I'm back on another plane."

She smiled at him. "Perfectly understandable. Would you care for a pillow and a blanket?"

"Yes, thank you." Anything to get her to leave him alone in his sorrow.

The stewardess left and returned a few minutes later with the blanket and pillow for him.

"Thank you."

She left and Trinity pulled down the little curtain on the window to block out the light. He closed his eyes but he could not sleep. All he wanted to do was cry but he refused to let anyone see him weak. Twenty-two year old business moguls did not cry in public. Not Trinity Warren, the music world's fair-haired golden child. He had an image to uphold.

Trinity let his mind drift back a couple of nights ago while the other members of his entourage talked amongst themselves.

When had Brennan made the decision? Had it happened in the shower while they made love? Or had it happened before they left for New Orleans. He sighed. Knowing the answer would not change anything. Trinity pulled the blanket up to his neck and yawned. Tiredness took over his body. He sighed. Why didn't Brennan try harder? No he could not blame him if he didn't want to come out of the closet. It was wrong for him to think that it would be okay for Brennan when he didn't know a thing about his life other than what he'd be told. Brennan had an image to portray and was unlike him, who didn't care what the public thought of him. Trinity dozed off.

Through his slumber he heard the stewardess announce that the plane was about to land. Trinity opened his eyes. How much time had passed since they stopped for fuel, and took off again? He lifted the curtain. *Dark.* Had he slept the last leg of the trip? Probably.

The stewardess appeared. "We will be landing soon Mr. Warren."

Trinity sat up and moved his seatbelt around to get comfortable. "Thank you."

The plane landed safely and Trinity stepped off of it with the other passengers. Thousands of youngsters behind barricades screamed and yelled his name at the top of their lungs. Security guards lined and patrolled the area.

Lionel Kane, his publicist walked out of the plane and stood beside him as the rest of the entourage exited the plane. "They love you."

Lionel was in his mid-thirties, tall, raven-haired and a snazzy dresser something like Richard but with a lot less class. They'd worked together for ten years and Lionel kept his name in the media. "Yeah, I love them too."

"Kind of makes you forget all about your little problem back home." He walked away.

"What problem?" Trinity asked catching up with him.

"Nothing. Forget I said anything."

"No you wouldn't have mentioned it if it was nothing."

"Just forget I said anything. It's just rumors."

So he knew. Big deal. It wasn't like the two of them were friends. The man worked for him. So he left it at that.

Cars and buses waited to take them to a hotel where they'd be staying for a couple of days until his rental property was ready. Lucky for him that Lionel had made other arrangements and would not be staying with him. Trinity climbed in the limousine thankful to be rid of the menagerie. /

wonder what Brennan is doing back home? God, how I miss him. Brennan's face and beautiful gray eyes filled his mind as he closed his eyes. His dream comforted him as he dozed on the way to the hotel and came to a screeching end when the limousine stopped at their destination.

Trinity sat up, put on his dark shades and waited for the chauffeur to open the car door. Moments later he stepped out and once again greeted his adoring public who had found out where he was staying. Trinity did the perfunctory smile and waved. He hurried into the hotel before he had to answer any questions. He didn't quite remember checking in. Things happened so quickly and the next thing he knew he was in his room...alone. Trinity undressed and crawled into bed where he rolled himself into a ball and cried himself to sleep.

A fist to the nose knocked Brennan on his ass when he stepped inside the garage early one morning before the big race. His father stood over him angry about something or other. Brennan got to his feet. "You better have a good explanation and make this the last time you put your hands on me."

"You have brought shame on this family with your sinful ways."

Brennan rubbed his nose. "What are you talking about?"

Gino tossed the letter at him. "It's from some reporter. He thought I should know."

Brennan read it and then handed it back to his father. "So?"

"So you are in a relationship with a man and you don't seem a bit ashamed."

"You automatically assume it's true?"

"I know you better than you think. It's just not natural."

"What's unnatural about it? You don't even know a thing about me or my life and you've never tried to understand."

"Why don't you like women?" Gino asked.

"I like women but I like men better."

Gino shook his head. "I've tried everything I can to love you but you don't make it easy. And what about Chris? Have you given any thought on what this will do to him? All his friends are going to know that his brother is a fag."

Brennan balled his fist in anger. "You take that back old man. I am not a fag."

"Then what tag would you have me label you?"

"You can try son for once in your life. I could never figure out why you've never liked me. I look exactly like you so I know Mama did not cheat on you."

"It's too late for all that. I stand to lose a lot of business because of you."

"The story hasn't been released yet. What does my sexual orientation have to do with this garage? Are you saying the people only come here because your son is a championship motorcyclist? Don't be crazy. They come here because you're the best mechanic in Florida. But if that's how you feel I won't come back here." He turned and stormed out of the garage pissed at both himself and his father...and Trinity. Damn him for making him fall in love with him and for not putting up a fuss at the airport when he ended the relationship.

Brennan hopped aboard his motorcycle and drove toward home, promising to get in touch with Chris later before his father had a chance to ruin it. He turned the bend and motored onto his street. He found it blocked by every television station and newspaper company in Sarasota. Damn. He did not expect to see such a show on his quiet street. He motored past them even as they ran up to him pushing cameras and mikes into his face. He knocked one mike out of his way.

"Mr. Demarcus is it true that you are in a homosexual relationship with the pop singer Trinity Warren?" a pushy red bushy-haired female reporter asked as he got off of his bike.

"No comment."

"Aw come on, the entire world wants to know," she insisted pushing a microphone in his face.

"I doubt that. The entire world does not care about my love life."

Another reporter, an older man from Channel 5 News moved her aside. "Our organization has obtained photos of you and Mr. Warren at a movie theater here in town and one of you leaving the stadium together after one of your racing events. Is this true?"

"I take thousands of pictures with fans. How should I know?"

The reporter produced the picture.

"So this does not prove anything other than two guys in a photo. Call me when you have pictures of me and this singer in bed."

"Whose reputation are you trying to protect?" another reporter asked. "Yours or his?"

"My career is contingent on my driving and racing abilities not who I am or am not having an affair with." *Shit, these guys aren't backing off. How am I going to get rid of them?* More important how long before they went live with the story?

Sarasota police cruisers turned the corner and stopped. Uniformed officers got out to chase the crowd of reporters away. Brennan didn't know who called them but he was thankful that someone had.

"Okay everyone will you please get back into your cars and trucks and leave the area," one burly officer with a thick southern accent told the reporters.

"We're not doing anything officer," the red-head replied. "We're just here asking Mr. Demarcus a few questions."

"No, you're prying into my personal life," Brennan replied. "Who I do or don't sleep with is no one's business. You wouldn't be trying to publicly embarrass me if I was some average Joe on the street."

"I think you folks have done enough. Mr. Demarcus has represented Sarasota amicably all these years with his superior racing. I don't know why you're here disturbing his privacy."

The mikes turned on him.

"But don't you think if he's gay he has the right to let the public know?"

The officer shook his head. "No I do not. What he does behind closed doors is his own business. Now please leave the area before I call for the wagon to haul you all off for disturbing the peace."

The reporters left disgusted but the one officer who had spoken in his defense remained behind.

"Thanks officer."

"You're welcome Mr. Demarcus. Just let us know if they bother you again." The police winked at him and tipped his hat before walking away.

The wink surprised him. *Is he flirting with me?* The day couldn't get any freakier that having a tall good looking cop wink at him. Brennan shook his head not knowing what to think and still angered when he got back onto his motorcycle and rode it into his garage. He secured it behind him and then walked through the house to check his messages. It had been nearly two weeks since he'd last seen Trinity. "What do you expect? You broke up with him you idiot."

Chapter Seventeen

Brennan's telephone rang. "Hey big bro. Trinity's on television. You didn't tell me that he was in Japan." Chris sounded excited.

Japan? "That's because I didn't know," Brennan replied. He sat down in front of the television and reached for the remote. "What channel?"

"Five," Chris said. "And how come you don't know where he is? Aren't the two of you friends?"

Brennan grimaced. *He knows.* "Yes."

"So aren't friends supposed to let other friends know where they are?"

"Are you upset that we're friends?"

"No, I think it's cool."

"Really?"

"Yeah, don't worry about me. I can handle the media."

"Have you spoken to any reporters?" Brennan asked.

"One's been here but he left after Pop threatened to kick his ass. Pop doesn't know I know but he's upset anyway."

"Thanks Bro. You're wise beyond your years."

"Trinity makes you happy. That's all I care about." There was pause. "Ooh, he's coming on I'll talk to you later." Chris hung up.

Brennan sighed. That went better than he'd expected. He pressed the remote and turned to Channel Five. "It's him."

A news reporter translated in English. "Pop star Trinity Warren was met at the airport a couple of weeks ago by thousands of fans. After a rousing sold out concert in Osaka and Okinawa Trinity Warren his headed back to mainland Tokyo for a visit with the Emperor, whose daughter is said to be one of his biggest fans.

"The Emperor's daughter?" Brennan laughed. "Is she is for a big surprise."

"Mr. Warren and his entourage are supposed to be in Japan for four months entertaining everyone from grade school kids to royalty," the reporter continued.

"Four months? He never told me he had a four month engagement in Asia."

Wouldn't Trinity have known about it a long time ago? He wasn't an expert but he knew they couldn't throw something this huge together at the spur of the moment. "Why didn't he tell me?"

The thought that Trinity didn't trust him with that information angered him at first but then he realized that it was he who had broken up with Trinity and it wasn't his business any more. Brennan grabbed his helmet and headed to the front door. His motorcycle team was meeting at their training center to practice and to discuss the upcoming Motocross race and he didn't want anything to cloud his senses. Hopefully the news story would not break until after the race.

Brennan drove his motorbike out of the garage and mounted it. Less than five minutes later he was riding down the street and headed to the outskirts of town. He spotted a familiar looking red convertible. Brennan sped up to get a good look at the driver. *Monica? When did she get back in town?* She had left shortly after their breakup.

Monica blew her horn, waved and then signaled for him to follow her.

Brennan zigzagged through the traffic until he caught up with her when she drove into a Burger King parking lot. Brennan pulled up beside her, turned the bike off and dismounted. He removed his helmet and straightened out his curls.

Monica stepped out of the car wearing a pair of tight fitting jeans and a chest hugging tee-shirt. She ran over to him and wrapped her arms around him. "Hi stranger. How have you been?"

Brennan hugged her and swung her around. "Fine." He put her down. "When did you get back?"

"About a month ago. Montana wasn't for me. I missed the sun." She took a deep breath and adjusted her smile. She ran her hands through her hair.

The diamond ring on her left hand sparkled under the sun.

"You're married?"

Monica nodded. "His name is Ted. He's owns a construction company here in Sarasota."

His eyes clung to hers analyzing her reaction. "Are you happy?"

"Very. Ted's a real sweet guy and a wonderful father."

Brennan stepped back slowly. "You have a child?" Her body still rocked.

"Yes, a daughter named Virginia."

A sudden sadness and regret nipped at the pit of his stomach but no romantic feelings for her appeared. "I'm glad to hear that. You deserve to be happy."

"Would you care to join me for a hamburger?"

"I can't. I have a team meeting to get to."

"Always in a hurry," she replied. "What about you? Are you seeing someone?"

"I was but it's over." Those words tore at his gut.

She touched his cheek. "Don't let life pass you by Brennan. Take a chance and let someone in." She walked away, waved and entered the restaurant.

Brennan watched her for a moment and then got back on his bike. "Taking chances is overrated." He started the big bike up and drove toward the Interstate. Most of the others had made it to the training center before him including Shane Wheatly, his biggest competitor. They'd known each other since elementary school and they were always getting into fusses and fights about something. Shane was six feet tall and all brawn.

Brennan entered the raceway and walked over to his team. "It's about time you graced us with your presence Mr. Demarcus," Shane said. He flipped his thick blond hair, mocking him with his arrogance.

"Screw you," Brennan said as he brushed past him. The other guys laughed.

"Speaking of which I heard it from a reliable source that you're into guys."

Brennan did not respond as Shane walked a circle around him. "I always thought there was something special about you with that gorgeous face and all those curls." He made an attempt to touch his hair but Brennan slapped his hand away.

The other riders backed up.

"What's wrong big D," Shane taunted. "Afraid to admit the truth? If I knew you liked getting it from behind I might have taken you on instead of arguing with you all these years."

A few of the others laughed at Shane's silly attempt at levity.

"As usual you don't have a clue about what you're saying," Brennan replied.

"Oh know. It's been all over the news this evening. Who knew you'd have a thing for someone like Trinity Warren?"

Brennan bristled. *When did the story break?*

"Ah, I struck a nerve? Pretty little blond-haired thing with big green eyes." He laughed. "Man you should see those lips. Maybe I'll look him up."

Brennan balled his fist and punched Shane in the gut. Shane buckled over holding his stomach. He went down on one knee.

Brennan waited for him to rise.

Shane recovered, sprang to his feet and charged Brennan knocking both of them to the ground.

"Get off of me you big oaf," Brennan shouted. Shane was shorter but outweighed him by thirty pounds. He pushed Shane off of him. Both of them got to their feet and started flaying on each other. The fight came to a screeching end when security entered the training center, along with their general manager Owen.

"What's this all about?"

"Nothing," Brennan replied breathing hard. "Shane's just being an ass again."

Owen turned to Shane. "We will not have this kind of commotion here. I don't know what the problem is but it better end now."

"Demarcus is just upset because I found out he's sleeping with a dude."

Owen looked at Brennan. Brennan didn't reply. "I don't care if he's sleeping with a goat. I will not condone fighting amongst my team members.

You two better get your act together because you're racing tomorrow."

Owen stormed out of the pit, taking the security with him.

Shane sneered at him and then blew him a kiss. Brennan ignored him. "Let's get this damn practice over with. The sooner the better."

"No one wants to practice with a sissy," Shane replied.

Brennan turned and walked away. Much to his surprised the rest of the riders followed him. *Huh. I never figured they'd side with me in a million years.*

Chapter Eighteen

"I look ridiculous," Trinity mumbled as he entered the palace of the Emperor of Japan. *The things I do for my art.* Lionel had arranged the event months ago as a goodwill gesture. Emperor Jimmu sat upon his throne surrounded by his wife Gofu, the two princes Keita and Ojin and his nineteen year old daughter Princess Kohne. The entire family was dressed in traditional white gofuku...kimonos, while he donned a traditional red. Most of the visiting Japanese also wore kimonos. The rest of the people in attendance wore normal tuxedos and ball gowns, much to Trinity's dismay.

"Relax," Lionel told him. "They are going to love you."

The translator walked over to Trinity. "Emperor Jimmu is ready to meet you and to present you to his family. His daughter is a big fan of yours."

"Be on your best behavior," Lionel warned. "Try not to embarrass the Emperor."

Trinity rolled his eyes. He hadn't realized how much a big pain in the behind his publicist could be. What did he think he would do? He sighed, thankful that Brennan was not there to ridicule him too. He would never live down the teasing. *And why am I the only male wearing so much makeup?*

Trinity followed Lionel and the translator up the long red carpeted aisle. Trinity bowed respectfully in front of the royal family. "Konichi wa."

"Konichi wa," the Emperor replied. "Welcome to Japan." He turned to his interpreter and said something swiftly in Japanese. The interpreter waved his hands quickly in denial and then he chuckled.

Trinity looked puzzled.

"The emperor asked me if I am sure that you are a male."

Trinity's face burned with embarrassment under the rice powder makeup and red lipstick. "I'm beginning to wonder myself," Trinity answered honestly.

The emperor chuckled.

He understands some English.

The interpreter said something to the Emperor and the entire family chuckled.

"I look forward to hear you sing Mr. Warren."

Trinity bowed and he and Lionel walked over and stood by the other visiting dignitaries. After a long speech about something in Japanese, the guests were taken to a dining room where they ate dinner, after which Trinity had to perform. He did a toned down version of his act, sans the dancing out of respect for the royals.

Princess Kohne and some other young women, he learned were her cousins and friends, screamed like their American counterparts. Several had to be restrained by the palace guards. Thankfully he was allowed to get out of the fancy geisha wear later and into a more suitable outfit for his private talk with Princess Kohne.

She was really quite pretty without the makeup and in western clothing. She had changed into a smart looking navy blue pantsuit with navy blue high heels that brought her up to his waist.

"It is a pleasure to speak with you Mr. Warren."

"You speak English," he said as he sat down beside her in a fancy yellow parlor.

"Why do all Americans seem surprised? We own the market on electronics, and we speak and understand English." Her shoulder-length dark hair and bangs shook when she spoke.

"I meant no offense. I'm just surprised because your father uses a translator."

"My father is from the old school. He speaks English but prefers not to most of the time."

Trinity chuckled at her straight-forwardness.

Kohne studied his face. "I think I like you much better without the makeup."

"I think I prefer me this way too. But my publicist insisted that I wear it to perform. Remind me to fire him when I return to the United States. He's a big idiot."

"No, he's right. We have some guests present tonight who were really taken by your looks."

"Huh?"

"They're into guys." Kohne blushed right after she said it.

"Oh!"

Kohne poured them some tea.

"Your father wasn't sure about my sex either and he didn't seem to put off to learn that I was a man."

"We heard the rumors about you. Naturally we are curious."

"What rumors?"

"Have you not seen today's news? It has been replaying all day.."

Kohne got up and turned on the television and found an entertainment news show and then came back to sit by him.

Trinity sighed when the story about him came on. "That is so ridiculous. You'd think they would have better things to put on the news."

Kohne nodded. "One would think so?"

Trinity sipped his tea. "You're very different than girls from America.."

"How so?" Kohne asked. "

"You're very calm and reserved. The young ladies back home always try to mob me and pull at my clothes."

Kohne smiled sweetly. "I hope that means that you won't mind being around me. I am supposed to act as your date while you're in Japan."

Trinity put down his cup. "No one told me that."

Kohne nodded. "We are scheduled to take pictures and everything.."

"I would be honored to have you accompany me," Trinity replied. "I think I'm going to like it here. I have a beautiful young woman to escort me around and I don't have to worry about her father killing me."

Kohne nodded and picked up her cup. "Thank you for the compliment."

Trinity watched the sports news while he got ready for his concert. He turned up the volume to listen to a story about motorcycle racing on the only English speaking channel on television.

"Brennan Demarcus has just won the World Cup Motorcycle Championship."

The second story wasn't so nice. Shit had hit the fan back in the United States as pictures of him and Brennan were plastered all over the television screen. Someone had taken videos of them walking hand and hand in New Orleans and dancing at a nightclub. *Poor Brennan. What am I going to do?* He groaned. He couldn't do anything at the moment. He still had an event to attend. He hurried out of the house, got into the limousine and waited for Kohne to arrive so they could leave.

Thousands of fans screamed his name as he slipped out of the limousine in front of the theater in Iwakuni. He braced his nerves for the insults and jeers from the public now that everyone knew that he was gay. Nothing happened. He grabbed Kohne's arm. Photographers took their pictures. Maybe they took it to prove to the rest of the world that the story about him wasn't true. Maybe they thought Kohne was his girlfriend. Two hours into his performance someone shouted, "We love you Trinity," and the crowd went wild. He sighed. No one cared. Hopefully Brennan was having the same luck.

"If I get my hands on Hugh Roberts I am going to wring his scrawny neck," Brennan threatened as he watched throngs of reporters trying to get an interview from Chris. It appeared that Chris was on his way home from school when they cornered him. The only problem with the situation was that Brennan was watching it all on a television set at his home. He grabbed his keys and ran out of the house. He mounted his bike and drove down the street like a madman. Tears filled his eyes. He'd never wanted this to happen. He'd never wanted his family involved, especially Chris who was still so young and impressionable. "Damn this traffic." It sat snarled, blocking his movement. Brennan looked around for an alternative route, found it and rode his bike along the arm of the road until he had passed the accident. The quickest way there would be by Interstate, he decided. Brennan leaned into the turn. A horn blew and then everything went black.

Chapter Nineteen

The phone startled him awake early the next morning. "Hello?"

"Trinity, this is Carl. There's been an accident. It's Brennan."

Trinity sat up in the bed as his heart pounded in his chest. "Is he...?"

"Not yet. He's in the hospital. It happened yesterday evening, our time."

"I'm on my way."

"I'll meet you at the airport." Carl hung up.

"Shit." Trinity hopped off the bed. The earliest he could get to the United States was fourteen hours from now. "You better not die on me Brennan. Do you hear that? You can't leave me without closure." He stumbled through the bedroom disoriented with tears streaming from his eyes. "I have to know if you still love me the way I still love you." He walked back over to the bed and picked up the phone and called the airlines to book reservations. Someone at the reservation desk told him there was a plane leaving in two hours. "I'll take it." That didn't leave him much time to pack. He decided to take what he could and ask Kohne to ship the rest of his stuff when his band members and entourage returned later that week. He called his manager and filled him in on what was going on. His manager assured him that everything was okay and to have a safe trip back. Even if he had said no, he was still leaving. The only thing important to him at the moment was getting back to Sarasota. He called Kohne while he rode in the taxi on the way to the TokyoInternationalAirport.

"I understand," she said. "Call me when you get the chance. I'll make sure your stuff gets packed and shipped."

"Thanks, you're the greatest. I have had the best time and you are such a loving, caring woman. Had things been different..." They'd become close friends since he arrived in Tokyo. Four months had passed by in a blur.

"Don't say it Trinity. I know how you feel because I feel the same way too. But Brennan is your first priority. " She hung up and Trinity settled back in the seat wondering if he could get Internet access in the air to find out what actually happened in Sarasota. If Brennan tried to commit suicide again he was going to kick his ass. Trinity opened the laptop and did a search for sports news. Three recent stories appeared. One about Brennan winning the championship cup, one about the suspected affair between the two of them, and a third one about the accident. No one knew exactly what happened except it had involved an eighteen wheeler. Trinity paled.

He got his emotions in check and continued to read. Brennan's motorbike was found mangled. His doctor said his condition was grave. *Don't you die on me you idiot. If I find out that you tried to kill yourself I'll kill you. That's a coward's way out.* Maybe he should have tried to get Brennan some help after he confessed that he attempted suicide once before. But instead he fell in love with him and thought the problem wouldn't rear its ugly little head again.

Trinity's cell phone went off. Trinity looked down. It was a Sarasota prefix but he did not recognize the phone number. "Hello."

"Hello Trinity. It's me Chris. Brennan's been in a terrible accident."

"I know," Trinity replied. "I just heard." He paused. "How bad is it?"

"My father won't tell me. He thinks I won't be able to take it but I'm not a child. I think it's pretty bad and he's been unconscious since they found him."

"Listen, I need you to calm down. I'm on a plane headed back to the United States but it will be some time before I can get there."

"He loves you so much," Chris sobbed. "Brennan's a fighter. He won't die before you get here."

"I love him too. Tell him to hold on."

"I just thought I'd let you know that the hospital is teeming with reporters."

"I don't care. Just don't mention to anyone that I'm coming. They'll just hinder my progress from the airport to the hospital."

"Okay. I won't say a word. Hurry." Chris hung up.

Trinity fidgeted in his seat. *Why can't they fly this plane faster?* The plane began to descend so it could refuel which meant part of the trip was over. Yet there was still another leg to go. *Please don't die. I love you and we'll find a way to make this work.*

Everything in his body ached and the odor of rubbing alcohol inundated his nose. Brennan groaned knowing that he was back in the hospital. He couldn't remember what happened this time. Try as he might he could not open his eyes or speak. Machines beeped around him letting him know that he was still alive at the moment but there was no indication for how long. A part of him wished he'd die. There was nothing left to live for since he broke up with Trinity and learned that Monica had married.

The fault lay on his shoulders. He should have been a man and stood up to the reporters, his father and his fans. Look where denial had gotten him.

Nurse Amy entered the room. He could not see her but he recognized her cologne. She had become like a surrogate mother to him, always there to soothe his aches and pains and to give him advice.

"What have you gotten yourself into now Brennan?"

He tried to speak but he knew she could not hear him.

"I knew that one day this would happen but I hoped it wouldn't." She sighed. "Life, my dear boy is too short and too valuable to throw away."

She touched his forehead with her fingers. It gave him comfort.

"The doctor says you have a fifty-fifty chance of surviving this time but he doesn't know you like I do. My baby is a fighter."

Her baby?

"I remember the first time I looked down into those gray eyes of yours. It tore me apart that I couldn't keep you. Your father talked me into letting him and his wife keep you. If I knew then what I knew now I would have fought to keep you but I was a young woman and didn't have a job."

She's my mother? He sighed. *This explains so much.* Apparently she had had an affair with his father.

"They made me promise never to tell you the truth and I probably wouldn't be doing so now but if things turn worse I want you to go and meet your maker knowing the truth. I have always loved you and I'm sorry." A lone tear splashed on his cheek.

I forgive you. She could not hear him.

The door to the room opened and someone entered. "How is he doing?" He recognized his father's voice.

"He's resting comfortably. His vitals are stable at the moment."

"I feel so bad for how I treated him all these years when it wasn't his fault. I kept blaming him for the strain on my marriage even though Katie loved him like he was her own son. I could not get past what I'd done to her."

"It's never too late to change," Amy told him. "Make your peace with him now."

"I can't," Gino replied. "We had a big fuss the other day about him having an affair with that pop star. It's not natural."

"Neither is cheating on a spouse. She forgave you. Forgive him before it's too late."

Brennan heard the door open and close. His father remained but did not speak. He just sat there for a few minutes mumbling to himself before leaving.

It figures. The machines next to him made a long loud bleep and Brennan struggled to catch his breath. The doors to the room opened again and a mass of people entered, pressing on his chest with their hands and someone put something over his nose to keep help him breath.

"We're losing him."

Trinity surveyed the area as his limousine approached the hospital. Fans and the media was there in droves with big glaring lights waiting to find out about Brennan's condition and of course waiting to see if he would put in an appearance.

It didn't take them long to notice the white limousine and the next thing he knew he and Carl were surrounded.

"Just let me know what you want me to do," Carl replied.

"I'm going in." Trinity opened the car door and the crowd went wild.

"Are you here to see Brennan Demarcus?" a female reporter asked. "Is he truly your lover?"

"Please. I need to get into the hospital to see my friend before he dies. I promise I will answer any and all questions later." He pushed past them and ran up the stairs and entered the hospital stopping only at a triage desk long enough to find out Brennan's room number. Trinity pressed the elevator button and paced the floor until it arrived. He hopped inside and pressed the eighth floor button. The elevator sped up without stopping. The door opened.

A big behemoth of a man blocked his way. Trinity looked him over. Curly black hair, dark olive complexions, startling dove grey eyes. He gulped. This man could be none other than Brennan's father.

Trinity bowed to him. *Shit, what am I doing? I'm back in the United States.* "Excuse me, are you Brennan's father?"

The man nodded.

He felt the hostility rolling off the man. "My name is Trinity Warren."

The man frowned at him. "I know who you are," he said angrily. "What are you doing here?"

No, it wasn't his imagination...the man knew about him and hated him. Trinity stood his ground unafraid of Brennan's father. "I'm here to see Brennan." He waited to be punched or kicked.

People passing nearby stopped but did not interfere. Trinity sighed. Brennan would not like this. *Just play it cool and try to be polite.*

"Go home. You're the reason he's here in the first place."

Brennan's younger brother Chris appeared. "That's not fair Pop," Chris argued in his defense. "Trinity's been out of the country for the last four months. Brennan is dying. At least let them have this last moment."

"I don't care. He turned Brennan into a fag." The older man braced up to Trinity.

"You don't scare me Mr. Demarcus and you can't make someone gay. Brennan was born that way. Now please step aside." He balled his fist and refused to back down. If he couldn't get past this bit of animosity he couldn't survive the years of taunts and hatred about his sexuality from

anyone else.

Gino did so hesitantly. Trinity walked around him and Chris hugged him.

Out of the corner of his eye Trinity saw the older man frown. *He probably thinks I'm going to put the moves of this one too.* He released Chris and moved away slowly. It just pissed him off that Mr. Demarcus had prejudged him before even meeting him. "I'm sorry that you don't like me but there's nothing I can do about that. You can hate me all you want but don't hate Brennan. I just need to see him before..." He couldn't finish the sentence.

"Code Blue, room eight fourteen."

Doctors and nurses ran past them quickly with a crash cart.

Trinity turned his head quickly at the sound of the announcement. *Room eight fourteen? That's Brennan's room.* His heart pounded so loud in his chest he could hear it in his ears. "Oh, God, no. Don't let him die."

Trinity, Mr. Demarcus and Chris ran toward the room but got stopped at the door by a male nurse.

"You can't go inside. The doctors are working on him. They're doing everything they can." The nurse went back inside the room. And Chris and his father walked over to some seats and sat down.

Trinity peeped through the window but couldn't see anything. The door opened and another nurse appeared.

"You'll have to leave sir," one of the nurses told him. "We're trying to save his life."

"Don't let him die," Trinity begged.

The nurse looked him over. "You're Trinity aren't you?"

Trinity nodded.

"I'm Nurse Amy. Please step away from the door and have a seat. The doctors are doing everything they can. "

The monitor on Brennan made a long beep.

Nurse Amy dashed back into the room.

Trinity's eyes widened. He had seen enough hospital drama shows to know what that meant. Panic overtook him. *Brennan is dying.* He bolted away from the door and ran down the hall past Chris and his father. . He couldn't stand there and watch him die. Tears welled into his eyes.

More blue clad orderlies dashed past him. Following close behind them came more doctors and nurses and another crash cart.

"Code Blue, room eight fourteen."

Fear froze his feet and stopped him in place. He turned around and looked back. Over in the corner of the waiting room he saw Chris trying to console his father. He wanted to desperately go back and try to comfort the older man but was afraid he'd only upset him more. He unstuck his feet, pressed the elevator button and went in search of the chapel. He found it on the first floor. Trinity entered, dipped his finger in the holy water and made the sign of the cross on his forehead before walking down a narrow aisle to the first pew. He knelt down on the bench, ignoring the sound of footsteps behind him.

"Dear Lord,

It's me Trinity. Lord I need your help. My best friend Brennan Demarcus is dying and I don't want him to. I know I'm just a small person in your eyes. I'm vain, sarcastic and I don't play well with others, but Brennan's not like me. He's kind, thoughtful and loving and he deserves a chance to live life and grow old. He's only twenty-four and he's had a pretty rough life so far." He sighed deeply. "I know you know Lord that he and I have committed unnatural acts. Please do not hold this against him. What he did he did out of love for me. He came into my lonely life and made me complete and when things got really bad he sacrificed his happiness so I would not be hurt. That's the kind of person he is."

Trinity dabbed at his eyes. "I know you can hear me Lord. Brennan is a good man and I love him. If you do me this one small favor I promise to do everything in my power to make the rest of his life happy. I would change places with him if I could. Life to me isn't worth living without him."

He rose and walked out of the chapel. *What am I going to do without him?* Remorse and sorrow ate at his gut so bad his legs threatened to collapse from under him. The elevator door opened and he stumbled inside, not knowing what he would find when he finally made it back to the eighth floor. The elevator moved up and the door opened. The nurses had returned to their station and Chris and his father were missing.

Trinity grabbed his chest. *I do not want to live if Brennan is dead.* He walked slowly to Brennan's room and entered. The big bandage on Brennan's head was a devastating reminder of how serious he'd been injured. Brennan lay on the bed beneath a white sheet and a blanket. Tubes and wires ran from several places on his body and machines beeped and hummed, keeping him alive. Trinity reached out and touched Brennan's pale face. The move proved too much and the tears started to flow in torrents. He laid his head against Brennan's chest, listening for a heartbeat. *It's so faint.* "Please don't die. Please don't leave me alone."

"Angel?"

Trinity stopped crying. Smoky gray eyes stared at him, disoriented and unsure. Brennan blinked as if he'd seen a ghost. "Am I dead? Because if I am I don't mind flying around the clouds with you."

Trinity reached for Brennan's head and squeezed it gently. "No, you're not dead and I owe the Lord a big favor."

Brennan tried to smile.

"Maybe I should get the nurse and your family."

"No wait," Brennan said hoarsely. "Not just yet. I just need to gaze at that gorgeous face of yours one last time."

"Shush," Trinity replied. "What do you mean? You can't die on me Brennan."

"Not in my control rich boy." He fought to breathe and the monitor made a long resounding bleep.

"Please fight Brennan. We haven't had enough time together."

Brennan struggled for breath and then everything in him calmed and Brennan passed out again.

"I'm going for the nurse." Trinity hurried out of the room. He found the one he'd talked to earlier. "He woke up for a few minutes and then went out again."

The nurse left her station and entered the room. She came out a few minutes later and motioned for all of them.

"I think his father should go in first," Trinity insisted. He walked over and sat down on a hard orange chair. Chris followed him over and sat down next to him. "Do you know what happened?"

"No," Chris replied. "But I think he might have seen me on television. The reporters were waiting for me when I got out of school. It appears he was on his way to rescue me from them. His bike was found on the Interstate leading toward the school."

"I'm so sorry," Trinity replied. "I never meant for any of this to happen. Was it pretty bad for you? Did the reporter's questions surprise you?"

"You mean when I found out about you and Brennan?"

Trinity nodded.

"Not really. I kind of suspected something the night of your concert when the two of you sat next to each other in your dressing room. I could feel the love between the two of you."

"And it didn't gross you out?"

"No, why would it? You make him happy. That's all that matters to me." He paused. "And having you as a brother-in-law is so cool."

"He broke up with me." His voice cracked.

"When?"

"When we returned from New Orleans. He thought it would be best for my career."

"Brennan is an idiot. You're the hottest entertainer in the world. Nothing can touch you."

"I know and I tried to explain that to him but he wouldn't listen."

Gino exited the room and signaled for Trinity to enter.

Trinity rose and walked past him and headed into the room. Brennan was still unconscious but his heartbeat was steady. Trinity walked over to the bed and touched his hand. The skin felt cool. "Brennan can you hear me?"

Trinity ran the tip of his finger across Brennan's bottom lip. "I've missed you so much you big idiot."

Brennan continued to lay motionless. *I wonder if he can hear me.* "There are so many things I need to say to you...so much I want to tell you about Japan and Princess Kohne. She's a friend of mine. You'll like her. Please wake up and come back to me. My life is not complete without you." He bent over and kissed him on the lips.

The door opened behind him and someone took their picture. Trinity spun around. It was the reporter.

"My name is Hugh Roberts."

"I know who you are. You've got your picture, you dirty piece of scum now please leave." Trinity took a step toward him but the man fled the room.

"Don't," a raspy voice said. "He's not worth it."

Trinity turned around quickly. Brennan looked at him. He moved closer.

"Hello angel."

"Hello Brennan. Welcome back to the land of the living." He leaned over and kissed him again.

"I knew you'd come back." Brennan coughed. "I feel like shit."

"You're pretty banged up." He paused. "Did you...?"

"No, this time it was an accident."

"Do you remember what happened?"

"My throat is so sore and dry."

"I'll get you some water. Wait, I better tell your father that you're awake. He's been beside himself with grief."

"You've met him?"

Trinity nodded. "He doesn't think much of me."

Brennan smiled a half-smile. "He doesn't think much of me either."

Trinity rang for the nurse. The one who'd spoken to him earlier appeared.

"Lordy." Tears filled her eyes. "I prayed for a miracle."

"He's thirsty," Trinity replied. "Can he have some water?"

"Let me check his vitals first. By the way my name is Amy. Brennan and I go way back."

Trinity shook her hand and then stared at her. "Are you a relative?"

Amy put the pressure cuff on Brennan's arm. "Why would you ask that?" She took Brennan's pressure and then popped a thermometer into his mouth.

"The two of you resemble each other and have the same color eyes."

"Gray is a pretty popular color."

"I suppose," Trinity replied.

"His vitals are strong. I'll get the water for him and let Gino, I mean Mr. Demarcus know that he's awake." She hurried out of the room.

"Was it something I said?" Trinity asked.

"I'll explain it to you later," Brennan replied hoarsely.

Gino entered the room.

"I'll be in the hall talking with Chris."

"Okay," Brennan replied.

Nurse Amy entered with a pitcher of water and a Styrofoam cup of ice. She poured it in the cup and put in a straw and then went over to the bed and helped Brennan drink.

Trinity watched the tender scenario before he stepped out. Only a fool couldn't figure out this situation. Amy was Brennan's mother. He sighed. *And they think we have problems.*

Trinity stepped out of the hospital door several hours later when visiting hours ended. To his surprise the news reporters were still there waiting for his exclusive interview. "I'm ready to answer your questions now."

The reporters moved in on him, adjusting their mikes and cameras.

"First question please."

One reporter moved forward. "What is your relationship to Brennan Demarcus?"

Trinity exhaled. "Brennan and I were lovers."

Flashes went off in his face.

"When did the two of you meet?"

"One rainy night a few months ago on Briar Highway."

"How did the relationship begin?"

"I looked down into a set of dove grey eyes."

The cameras continued to flash. He kept his eyes trained on Carl who stood in the midst of the crowd as moral support.

The tone of the questions changed.

"What is Mr. Demarcus condition?"

Trinity's smile brightened. "He's awake."

Some of the reporters started to clap.

"You said you and Brennan were lovers. Has the relationship ended?"

"The relationship ended over four months ago before I left for Japan."

"Will you get back together now that you're back?"

Trinity shrugged his shoulders. "Heaven only knows."

"Are you dating Princess Kohne?" a blonde female reporter asked.

"Yes." That was true but he failed to tell them that the relationship wasn't sexual.

"Does she know about your relationship with Brennan?"

"Yes, her entire country knows. Unlike the United States, no one cares." He stepped away from the mike ending the interview. He walked over to Carl and climbed into the limousine.

"You're one lucky young man," the doctor said to Brennan a week later. "Not too many cyclists survive a hit from an eighteen wheeler."

"I guess someone upstairs is looking out for me."

"Yes, I supposed someone is." The doctor continued to jot something down on the chart. "There are no internal injuries but you're going to need some therapy for your leg."

Brennan moved his toes around. "This cast itches like a bitch."

The doctor nodded. "It could be worse. Most accident victims need full body casts."

"Well I got this snazzy head bandage," Brennan joked.

"That helmet saved your life. Just think what might have happened if you hadn't been wearing one."

"How soon before I'll be able to go home?"

"Tomorrow at the latest and not a day longer. I don't know what it is about you but I can't keep the nurses out of this room." He looked around.

"And we're running out of space in here."

Brennan smiled. His room was laden down with flowers and stuffed animals.

"My friends and fans care about me."

"Look at all those long-stemmed red roses. Must have cost a fortune. I hope your fans will be around tomorrow to help you carry all of this out of here."

"I've already made arrangements to give the toys to the kids in the children's ward, except him." He pointed to a polar bear in a black tuxedo. "I think I'll keep him. Reminds me of someone I know."

"Well, I'll get out of here and let you rest," the doctor replied. "Nurse Amy should be in here shortly to give you a pain reliever." He headed toward the door. "I'll check in on you in the morning before you're discharged."

Brennan nodded that he understood. The doctor left.

Surprisingly he wasn't tired even though his body felt like crap. He reached for the remote and turned on the television. He flipped through the channels, stopping once Trinity's face appeared. "What is this?" It looked like a recent interview outside the hospital. Brennan turned up the volume and listened. "Oh, he confessed." Brennan continued to listen. "Kohne? Who the hell is Kohne?"

His question was quickly answered with video of Trinity and Princess Kohne of Japan. "Trinity's dating a chick?" That confused the hell out of him even though he knew the two of them were no longer dating. But a female? He never saw that coming...not in a million years. He continued to watch wondering if the two of them were happy. Deep in his heart he hoped so. No he really didn't. *Trinity is mine.*

He reached for the phone and dialed Trinity's number. The phone just rang. *Where is he?*

The object of his affection walked into the room dressed in tight black linen pants and a matching short sleeved linen jacket. A white tee shirt peeked out of the collar, and he wore a black hat over all that thick blond hair. Only the bangs lay exposed. Brennan grew hard beneath the covers. *Well at least I know that's still functioning.* It also let him know that he still adored Trinity. Who else could pull off such an outfit and look good?

"You look well," Trinity said as he stepped further into the room and sat down in the chair next to the bed. He crossed his legs displaying black socks and black Italian loafers.

"The doctor told me that he's releasing me tomorrow."

Trinity sat up. "That's good news. So tell me, how are you really feeling?"

Brennan raised the bed so he could sit up. "Physically, I've felt better. They keep me pretty well medicated but I know my entire body is going to feel like shit once I'm released and I don't have Nurse Amy to give them to me."

"About her, I'm sorry if I said something the other day to upset her."

"She's my mother," Brennan confessed.

"I thought so. The resemblance is uncanny. You have her eyes and smile."

"She confessed to having an affair with my father and then when Mom found out she insisted on adopting me."

"That must have come to a shock to you?"

"A little but I can deal with it. Amy has always been there for me every time I've been in the hospital. She was young and poor and felt she didn't have a choice but to give me up."

"That explains why your dad has been treating you the way he has all these years."

"Yes, but that's no excuse. I am still his. Anyway, tell me about Kohne."

"Oh, you've heard?"

"Actually I saw the two of you on the news right before you walked in. I also saw your little confessional outside the hospital."

Trinity blushed. "Are you angry? I know I should not have implicated you too."

"Not about the interview. I'm just glad you did it. Living a lie is not all it's cracked up to be." He paused. "Now as for Kohne, that's a different story. Hell yeah I'm angry. She's a chick."

"So I've noticed and a very pretty one."

"Are the two of you dating?" Brennan asked.

"Yes."

"What? What about us?"

"What about us Brennan? You broke up with me, remember?"

Brennan nodded. "Quite vividly, but I thought it would take you a while to get over me. I thought you would have a better chance of surviving the media. You're a big pop star, and there was your record label to consider. I was afraid they would cancel your contract."

"You don't need to worry about that. That will never happen."

"You're kidding right."

"No, I'm not."

"How can you be so sure they won't let you go to avoid a scandal?"

"Because I own the company."

Brennan looked at him oddly. "You what?"

"Are you shocked to learn that I am more than just a pretty face? My parents are shrewd business people and they taught me just about everything they know so I can be prepared should anything happen to them. When the opportunity arose to buy the company I jumped on it."

Brennan sighed. "You really are a fucking rich boy."

Trinity leaned closer. "Does that bother you?"

"No, I wasn't after you for the money."

"What were you after?"

"Don't change the subject. Are you in love with Kohne?"

"Define love?"

"Damn you Trinity. Are you in a sexual relationship with her?"

"Sex and love are not the same Brennan. Love is an emotion of the heart...a feeling. I can feel love for a person without sharing my body with them. To answer your question, yes I love Kohne. She's been there for me all these months. She makes me laugh."

"But are you fucking her?"

"I'm not going to answer that. I just want to say that I'd love for the two of you to meet. You'll love her too."

"You brought her back to the United States?"

"No, she's coming here for Christmas."

Brennan breathed a sigh of relief. "That's still several months away but I suppose you'll fly back to Japan to be with her until then."

"No I'm not. We'll keep in touch by phone and email."

Brennan's body shook with jealous anger. "Long distance relationships never work."

"Do I detect a hint of jealousy in your voice?" Trinity asked. "I've never heard that side of you before. I don't know if I like it or not."

"She's a fucking woman. Since when have you been interested in girls?" He mumbled something incoherently. "And after you got on my case about that female fan and Brittany."

"You're jealous because I've been sniffing around a little female tail."

"What can she do for you that I can't?"

Trinity refused to answer.

"So what's it like. Do you enjoy screwing her?"

Trinity rose and stood over him. "I've never screwed her. Kohne is just a friend. She knows that nothing will ever happen between me and her because I haven't gotten over you. I love you so much it makes my head dizzy. I can't eat or sleep and she lets me cry on her shoulders when we're drunk on Sake." He stooped and laid his head against Brennan's chest. "I'm still in love with you, you idiot. I tried to forget about you but I can't, even though I know you no longer desire me."

Brennan removed Trinity's hat and stroked his head. "You're crazy. I still desire you very much, and I'm more in love with you now in that black get up than I was when you stood in your kitchen preparing breakfast for me wearing only a towel. I nearly lost my mind when I saw you drive off in the limousine that morning we returned from New Orleans. I don't know why I said those awful words to you. I wanted the hurt to stop. I figured if I ended the relationship we could both go on with our lives before the paparazzi destroyed us."

Trinity raised his head. "To be honest, you beat me to the punch. I was about to do the same thing to you for the same reason and I planned to tell you when the plane landed. I figured Japan would separate us so the wounds could heal."

Brennan chuckled. "We're a couple of fucked up losers."

"Speak for yours. I'm just fucked up."

Brennan beckoned for Trinity to stand. "Kiss me."

Trinity leaned over and planted a big wet kiss on his lips and then deepened it.

A throat cleared behind them. Brennan looked toward the door. It was Nurse Amy.

"Excuse me but it is time for Brennan's medication."

Trinity moved aside blushing but kept his eyes trained on Brennan.

"Although I think what you're giving him is more beneficial." She paused. "So this is the illustrious Trinity Warren whose name you whisper when you were unconscious. We met a couple of days ago when he returned from Japan."

"Yes," Brennan replied. "He's my lover."

Amy laughed. "I think I already figured that out. The television does not do you justice. You're very handsome and what perfect skin."

"Thank you."

"So who's this princess I've been hearing about? Are you bi-sexual?"

Trinity's blush deepened. "Oh my." He fanned himself with his hand.

"Look how pink he's turning," Brennan teased. "I love to see him blush. Makes me feel all warm inside."

"Maybe I should be going," Trinity replied.

"I think you embarrassed him Nurse Amy."

"He didn't seem embarrassed when he was kissing you. Man, what passion."

"That's because he loves me."

Trinity rolled his eyes at Brennan. "Don't make me regret that decision." He stopped. "What time are you being discharged?"

"Probably around lunch. Why?"

"I need to know what time to send Carl to fetch you."

"No need for that. My Dad can drop me home."

"You can't go home alone," Trinity protested. "Someone needs to look after you while you recover."

"Trinity's right," Amy replied. "You might be feeling okay now but wait until that pain medication wears off."

"What do you suggest I do Trinity?" Brennan asked suspiciously.

"You can come to my place. There's plenty of room."

"But you like your privacy. I don't want to intrude."

"You won't be intruding. Sometimes it's nice to have company. I'll cook for you, and sing to you and I'll even bathe you."

"Sounds like a perfect plan to me," Amy replied. "He needs someone to baby him, bathe him and wash those curls."

Trinity raised an eyebrow.

Now it was Brennan's turn to blush.

Amy laughed. "I think I better leave." She exited the room.

"I am serious," Trinity replied when they were alone. "I want to help out and it would be nice to have someone around for a while."

Brennan finally agreed. "But only for a while."

Trinity clapped his hands.

"And don't be getting any ideas."

"Oh, I won't. I'll be the perfect nurse."

"I just bet you will."

Chapter Twenty

Brennan hobbled out of the bedroom with the aid of his cane. He had been alone with Trinity for one month and the love of his life was driving him crazy with care. Tonight he was getting a reprieve...Trinity's parents were coming over for dinner and Trinity had been cooking up a storm all day long. He was a big ball of energy. It made him tired just watching him run around the house. Trinity had also made it his soul mission to smother him with love and attention...but no sex.

Brennan took a seat in the den and turned on the television to watch some sports while Trinity got dressed. The door bell rang several minutes later and Trinity flew past him to answer it.

Trinity entered with his parents. "Mom, Dad, this is Brennan. Brennan, these are my parents Spencer and Sandra Warren."

Brennan looked them over. Trinity got his blond hair and green eyes from his mother but the lithe frame from his father. Brennan tried to stand.

"Sit down," Spencer replied. "You need to rest."

"That's all I've been doing. Trinity won't let me lift a finger."

Sandra sat down on the sofa next to him while Spencer walked over to the bar to fix some drinks. Trinity followed him over. "It's nice to finally meet you dear. I hope Trinity hasn't been wearing you out. I don't know where he gets all that energy."

"Not from me," Spencer assured them as he shook the martini in the metal shaker and poured two glasses. "Would you care for a martini?"

"No, I don't drink martinis," Brennan answered.

"Stop trying to turn my friend into an alcoholic," Trinity teased as he brushed past him with a soda for himself and a beer for Brennan.

Sandra continued in on Brennan. "Other than the fact that he loves you, Trinity has told us so little about you."

"Stop prying mother," Trinity said sitting down on the love seat across from his mother and next to his father.

"What are your intentions toward my baby?"

Brennan smirked.

"I am not a baby mother. I am a grown man."

"You're still my baby," Sandra replied sampling her drink.

"I am grown."

"You'd be a lot more convincing if you weren't slurping soda from a toddler cup," Brennan teased.

Trinity rolled his eyes at Brennan. "You're no help. You haven't answered my mother."

Brennan turned to Sandra. "I plan to marry him."

Trinity nearly fell off the loveseat. "You what?"

"I'd get down on my knees if I could. Mr. and Mrs. Warren, I would like your permission to marry Trinity. But before you have a fit, I'd like to tell you that I love him and I can't see myself with anyone but him. I figured since you've already accepted his lifestyle and know he's not about to change, not even for Princess Kohne, I'd like to make him my mate for life, because quite frankly I've kind of grown fond of him."

"What do you like about him?" Spencer asked.

"He's kind and loving, and he has the most exquisite skin and eyes for a guy."

Spencer chuckled. "See mother. I told you we had a girl."

"I am not a girl," Trinity replied.

"Of course you're not," Sandra replied. "He has the cutest little butt."

Brennan tried to hide the smile. "Yes, he does." He laughed. "Well folks, what's your answer?"

Sandra spoke up. "Of course you may marry him. You make my baby very happy. We would be honored to make you a part of our family." She hugged Brennan tightly.

"Let the boy go Mother. You're choking him," Spencer replied. "You have my consent too. Quite frankly his mother and I were thinking about having another child, but since you want to marry Trinity we can just take you instead. Mother won't have to get fat and I won't lose any sleep walking with a colicky baby."

Trinity continued to nurse his drink without speaking.

"Why are you so quiet Trinity?" Brennan asked.

"You want to marry me?"

"Yes, do you have a problem with it?"

"I don't know. I never really thought I'd ever hear or say those words."

"It's either a yes or no answer," Spencer said as he polished off his martini.

"Then it's yes. I'd show you how happy I am but there are too many old people around."

Sandra started to weep. "My baby is getting married."

Trinity leaned over toward Brennan. "I'll understand if you take back your proposal. You have no clue what you're about to become involved in."

Brennan sipped his beer. "I have a pretty good clue."

"I kind of expected to see you in a wedding gown," Kohne told Trinity when she stole him and Brennan away from the photographers at the reception.

"I am a young man. Wedding dresses are for women."

"But you looked so good in that kimono." She giggled and blushed.

"What kimono?" Brennan asked.

Trinity shook his head. "Never mind."

"I packed the videos in your luggage," Kohne told him. "Now where is your younger brother. Trinity told me all about him...about him wanting to

be an astronaut. I am interesting in astrology?"

Brennan pointed Chris out to her.

Kohne gasped. "You sure he just turned fifteen? He's taller than you are?"

"Quite sure but he'd get a kick out of talking with you. He's been asking about you all day."

Kohne blushed and bowed. "I would be honored to talk with him.." She went off leaving him and Trinity alone.

"I'm so glad you're gay," Brennan replied. "Or I'd have some pretty stiff competition with that one. Even that annoying bastard Shane has been sniffing around her."

"I knew the two of you were going to get along."

"And leave it to you to have an Asian Princess as your best man."

Trinity smiled. "I'm so happy."

"I'm looking forward to tonight. I've been celibate too long."

Trinity smirked. "We still have an hour and then we can slip away. Most of the guests are drunk anyway." He pointed to the dance floor. "Look at our parents."

Spencer and Sandra were cutting a rug in one corner, and Gino and Amy were leading the bunny hop. They'd finally decided to get together and call a truce for the sake of their kids. Chris headed over toward them.

"I don't know what has happened to Pop. He's done a one hundred and eighty degree turn when I came out of the hospital. He's treating me like a human being."

"Maybe he did a little soul searching," Trinity replied.

"Nope," Chris replied as he approached. "I know what happened to him. He heard an angel pray."

Brennan looked at Trinity and Trinity shrugged his shoulders.

"We heard Trinity praying in the chapel for you to recover. Man it brought tears to Papa's eyes."

"What were you doing in the chapel?" Brennan asked.

"Praying for a miracle."

"Apparently someone heard you," Chris replied. "There was this light coming from his face. I swear with all that blond hair he did look like an angel. I got goose bumps just hearing the words."

"What did he say?" Brennan asked his brother.

Chris smiled like he had a secret. "Let's just say it was enough to convince Papa to change his mind about you and Trinity." He walked away.

"What did you say?"

"I asked the Lord to save you and bring you back to me." Trinity replied.

"And I thought I had friends in high places. I don't see you as a church boy."

"I was discovered singing in the choir of our church for your information."

The band returned and began to play. One of the members beckoned Trinity over.

"I'll be back."

"Where are you going?"

"To perform a number with the band. I have a request."

Trinity walked away from Brennan. The band struck up the music to *Cherish*.

Trinity took over the mike and began singing to him and the audience. People danced slowly on the floor while Brennan watched him from across the room.

Trinity sighed. *My life is complete. The man I love is ninety-nine percent healed and I plan to do the rest tonight.* He continued his song and watched Brennan wipe the tears from his eyes and mouth the words, *I love you.* "I love you too Brennan."

The End