

A Disturbance in the Force

by AHS aka wouldbedorothy

“Brian, I don’t know how to tell you this, but... you’ve got...”

I fucking hate myself for those three seconds I let that sentence hang before I felt Brian’s body tense and my brain woke up.

When you’ve just blown someone who’s had testicular cancer and your face is still down around their remaining ball, that’s pretty much the worst thing you can say.

“No, no, no, Brian, not- *No*. There’s nothing. You’re fine.”

“Shit, Justin.”

He puffed out a loud breath of relief and I rubbed my hands over his hips and thighs to loosen the muscle. *Damn, and I’d had him so relaxed before.*

“I’m sorry.”

Seeing my worry, he reached down and softly tousled my hair, then thwapped the scar-free side of my head. “Shut up. I’m over it.”

I crawled back up him until we were face to face and pretended I couldn’t feel his heart still beating double-time.

“Trust me, Brian... IF I ever find *anything* on your body that requires medical attention, I will fucking say it, flat-out, no hedging. And same goes for you with me?”

Brian grunted, which is the most he can acknowledge even the thought of something bad happening to me. But it was a grunt in the affirmative. We sealed it with a kiss, and I sucked his bottom lip into my mouth a little too long because I don’t do too well with that thought either, about him.

“Well, hey. Now what I was really going to say won’t seem so bad... possibly.”

“Spit it out.”

“Too late, I already swallow- *Okay*, okay. I know you like to say you’ve never had a gray hair, and we can debate the existence of *Just For Men* in our bathroom all day long-”

“Like I would use that cheap ass-”

“THE POINT IS... I’m pretty sure this is a first. Um, *honey*...”

Brian made a freaked face at my use of the endearment, my voice all sugar and concern.

“You have a gray hair.” My hand slid down his slightly sweaty stomach and beyond to lovingly pat his pubes. “Down there.”

“Very funny.”

“I thought so, a little bit, but I’m surprised you do.”

His eyes narrowed, studying my face. “You’re serious?”

“It’s kind of more white than gray. But, yeah. That’s not the worst of it, though.”

“What. Now.”

“It’s... *straight*.” I looked down, moving to the side a bit so that he could see, and petted it with one finger. One bright white, disturbingly straight hair, standing out amongst a sea of glorious dark curls.

“The fuck?” Brian sat up a bit to look, then let himself fall dramatically back on the bed. “Of all the fucking indignities. Like taking a ball wasn’t enough.”

“It’s just a hair. It’s not like anyone’s even going to know but us.”

“I see. Because I’m only fucking you now, it doesn’t matter what I look like? I should just let myself get old and gray and develop a gut-”

“I didn’t say all *that*.” I skimmed across his flat tummy with my front teeth. “But you could.”

It was really adorable, how ridiculously offended he looked at the implication that I would still love him old and fat.

“Brian, you are nowhere near old. You’re 36. Average age for your first gray hair is 34, I think, so-”

“First gray *pubic hair*?”

Huh. “I’m... not sure I know the statistics on that.”

“Hallelujah.” He gave a small, bitter chuckle. “I know this is going to sound like a come-on, but for the moment, it’s not... Get down there and *pull*.”

“You want me to pull the hair out?” Not sure why I was surprised.

“I’m not putting *dye* anywhere near there. And sure as fuck not a curling iron.”

“What if five more come in its place, to avenge its death?”

He smiled his *Justin is a dork and I like it* smile for a second, then his face went all badass and he growled, “They wouldn’t dare.”

Probably right.

“Okay, fine.” I carefully isolated the hair and gripped it between my thumb and forefinger. “One, two...” It slipped through a couple of times, and I was trying to remember where the tweezers were just as I finally managed to yank it out. “Three!”

I held it up in triumph to show him.

“Thank you,” he gritted out, trying to act like that hadn’t smarted like hell. (Brian enjoyed hair-pulling, but that, not so much.)

“It’s sort of sad, though.”

“What is?”

“What that one poor hair gets for being *queer*. Cast out.”

“It wasn’t queer, it was ugly. There’s a difference.”

I laughed and dipped my head to run my tongue over the tiny sore spot, then blew cool air on it. When I realized I was still holding the hair, I straddled Brian’s waist and held it in front of his face, resting on one fingertip.

“Make a wish.”

So what if that’s supposed to be for eyelashes? I knew he’d think of something.

And he did, and he blew, and I got another chance to *relax him* (and me) and this time keep him that way (maybe a *little* bit blacked out) for a lot longer.