The Sum of All Parts by Cindy

*Written for* [*http://community.livejournal.com/qaf\_challenges/*](javascript:ol('http://community.livejournal.com/qaf_challenges/');)

…*With golden shimmer and silken threads*…  
  
“I told you, Mikey, no.”  
  
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“Mikey…”  
  
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“Michael!”  
  
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I walk in, oblivious to Brian practically spitting into the phone, and begin unloading the groceries. I can’t believe how much ice cream is now, I mean, I know it’s not a necessity, but…  
  
“Michael, are you fucking even hearing me?”  
  
I smile, happy to *not* be the one on the other end of that telephone line.  
  
I wonder again just how the fuck they can get away with charging $4.50 for a box of cereal. I mean, it’s just fucking cereal for Christ’s sake, and…  
  
“Michael! Michael!! Holy shit, have you even thought it through?”  
  
He’s getting madder. I wonder what the hell Michael’s up to now?  
  
He groans, and although it has an unpleasant cast to it, my dick can’t help but stand up and take notice to the gravelly tone in his voice.  
  
I’m just about to make my way over to him, sprawled out on the sofa, one leg unceremoniously draped over the top, when I stop mid-stride...  
  
“Michael, listen. Are you listening? Blond hair is *not* gonna work on you…”  
  
Fuck!  
  
“I know, but it suits him, Michael. And he’s young, and pretty, and you’re neither one of those things…”  
  
Holy fuck!  
  
“Shit, Michael, it’s the truth. What, you want me to lie? Fine. You’d look great with blond hair, better than Justin. No, really, you would. Oh, and make sure when they bleach the hell out of your hair and leave it coarse and wiry like a fucking head of pubes, make sure to think of me running my fingers through Justin’s silky, perfectly natural golden hair!”  
  
He presses the phone off harshly, throwing it into a facing chair.  
  
He’s pissed.  
  
I’m stunned.  
  
“Um, hey,” I say, padding up behind him.  
  
“Shit!” he jumps, looking back and forth from the front door to me. “I didn’t hear you come in,” he adds coyly, wondering how much I heard.  
  
I shrug, leaning my hip atop of the sofa, brushing up against his leg.  
  
My glance flits to the floor then up again and I figure, what the fuck. “So, uh, Michael’s thinking of going blond?”  
  
He groans, his hand covering his eyes.  
  
I laugh. “Too bad. I was thinking about going dark. You know, like him. Take a break from the whole golden blond, shiny, silky thing…”  
  
With a loud gasp I’m ungraciously pulled down on top of him, my body fitting perfectly along his as he presses his forehead to mine, shaking his head in dismay.  
  
“So I guess you heard everything?”  
  
“Yep.”  
  
He twists his lips, eager to retract his words that I know were never meant for my ears, but I cut him off before he tries.  
  
“Don’t worry, Brian, I won’t repeat a word of it.”  
  
I sense his relief as it washes over him, but it’s short lived.  
  
“But just so we’re clear…” I pause, his eyes squinting as they size me up… “How pretty am I?”

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…*Hues of morning, noon and night*…  
  
“I fucking hate this!”  
  
“Justin, stop being such a baby.”  
  
Arms crossed at my chest, lips downcast practically into a scowl, I make my way around the store.  
  
“What about these?”  
  
I know he’s trying to help, but really, it’s useless.  
  
“No.”  
  
He huffs, his patience wearing thin.  
  
“These?”  
  
I look a moment longer this time then shake my head with an affirmative ‘no’.  
  
“Justin,” he tries, his fingers wrapped firmly around my shoulders. “What’s the fucking problem?”  
  
I shrug, my gaze shifting back and forth among several imaginary objects off in the distance. I look anywhere but at him.  
  
“Justin,” he shakes me gently and I sigh, finally meeting his eyes.  
  
I spill.  
  
“It’s just that, well,” I sigh again, dramatically. “If I wear glasses then no one will be able to see my eyes.”  
  
There.  
  
I said it.  
  
I’m a fucking princess.  
  
I wait for the harsh words, the ‘are you fucking stupid’ and more, but they don’t come.  
  
“Justin,” he smiles and I feel some of my irritability ooze from my pores, releasing me.  
  
“Justin,” he starts again, and I find my gaze glued to his face. “Did you know that when you wake up in the morning, your eyes, they’re the color of shallow pools of water, like the ones you just have to jump in after it’s rained?”  
  
I shiver.  
  
He whispers softly. “And when you’re working on a drawing, intense and focused, they go an almost steely-blue, like my favorite Armani suit.”  
  
I lick my lips, riveted.  
  
He continues, hushed, intimate. “And when we’re in bed, and I’m fucking you, I look down into your eyes so dark and fierce, like the ocean during a storm, and I feel lucky, because I created that storm, deep inside of you.”  
  
I’m speechless.  
  
He’s blushing, fucking blushing, and I know he feels exposed, like he’s said too much, so I keep my big mouth shut, not daring to ruin the gift he’s just given me and I smile, eyeing a pair of glasses in the display case and concede, “Maybe those will do.”

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…*All the better to kiss you with*…  
  
“Mmm.”  
  
I smile, my lips still pressed against his so I know he feels it.  
  
“Fuck,” he pants, pulling back slightly, his eyes dazed and glassy.  
  
I can’t help it. I smile again.  
  
“You have the most perfect lips.”  
  
My smile falters.  
  
“What?” he huffs.   
  
“Nothing.” I shake my head as reinforcement, but he’s not buying it.  
  
Tipping my chin up our eyes meet. “What?” he asks again, softer.  
  
I shrug. I know it’s silly, but…  
  
“I, uh, I remember Ethan told me pretty much the same thing.”  
  
His gaze hardens. He hates it when I mention him, not that I really do much anyway.  
  
He swallows, audibly, and I wonder what he’s trying to keep down.  
  
I watch his eyes change from forest green to a warmer tone, catch them shifting uncomfortably before they settle back on mine.  
  
“You have the most fucking perfect lips,” he says again, and although it takes me a moment, I get it.  
  
I smile. The memory of Ethan’s words slipping away like the shadow of a bad dream.  
  
“I do, don’t I?” I grin, touched by the sound of his hearty laughter.

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…*Take a picture, it’ll last longer*…  
  
“What the fuck happened to you?”  
  
Brows furrowed, I have no fucking clue what he’s talking about, and I let him know it.  
  
“You were supposed to meet me here an hour ago.”  
  
I glance at the time on the stove. Fuck! “Sorry?”  
  
“Sorry’s for shit. Where the hell were you?”  
  
I make my way up to the bedroom, dumping my bags unceremoniously atop the bed.  
  
“Shopping.”  
  
He’s silent.  
  
I turn to find him practically glaring.  
  
“Without. Me.”  
  
It’s not a question. More of an accusation. I shrug it off and pull out one of the many things I bought.  
  
He hasn’t moved. I cave.  
  
“It was a kinda spur of the moment thing,” I try, acknowledging the need for some consoling.  
  
He “hmphs”, practically pouting, then plops down on the bed next to my stuff.  
  
“What’d’ya get?” he asks unenthusiastically.  
  
I smile, batting his hands away from my open bags and slip into the bathroom, closing the door behind me.  
  
“Hey!”  
  
“Be right out.”  
  
“Fucking twat. Shopping without me and now he’s hiding in the goddamn bathroom. Little shit…”  
  
I hear him mumbling unhappily and smile as I slide the bathroom door open and walk out, spinning around   
  
He’s silent.  
  
Staring.  
  
At my ass.  
  
“Fuck,” he whispers in homage.  
  
“You like?” I ask, jutting my butt out a little further.  
  
“I fucking love,” he growls, pulling me closer, my jean-clad ass practically right in his face.  
  
His eyes are affixed as his hands glide up and down my cheeks, squeezing gently.  
  
“Are you just gonna stare all day, or do you have something else in mind?”  
  
He looks up at me, his spell broken as he groans, tossing me on the bed.  
  
“Hey!” I grumble, crushing my new purchases beneath me as he looms above me.  
  
“Turn over,” he commands, and I do, smiling as his hands resume their previous position, kneading my ass pleasingly.  
  
“These gotta come off,” he announces somewhat forlorn, and starts removing my jeans.  
  
“These may look great,” I begin, my voice hoarse with need, “but what’s underneath is even better.”  
  
With that the jeans go flying and I shudder as he dives in, practically growling as he devours my ass.  
  
I can’t wait to see what he thinks of the rest of the things I bought.