

The Walls Come Crumbling Down

Author: Roz Well

Rating: PG/13

Relationship: Brian/Justin

Summary: Brian at the hospital after the attack on Justin

Brian Kinney sat in silence staring at the wall in the hospital corridor. Unbidden memories flooded back. He remembered ever look, every touch, every sound and every taste that * was * Justin Taylor. Not a boy in a man's world, as some might believe, but a man in a boy's body. How could his life be so fragile? How could Brian have taken it all for granted?

He ran his hand down his face and stared in amazement at the tears he'd been completely unaware of shedding. Big bad Brian Kinney. What a joke.

He sensed a presence then felt a hand stroking the back of his neck. Michael. He should be with David right now on his way to Portland, but Brian had called him. Had needed him. The Brian Kinney who never needed anyone needed Michael more than anyone else in the world.

Brian knew that * they * would be there soon. He would feel the glares from his friends as they accused him with their eyes if not their words. Then there would be Debbie and, oh God, Jennifer. What would he say to them? He had no idea. He had fucked up and it was killing him inside.

"Brian?" The voice was almost too low to hear. Brian looked up into the tear stained face of Daphne. Before he could respond, she fell crying into his arms. Brian's heart broke with every gut-wrenching sob that racked her petite form.

Not usually the physical type, Brain pulled the girl closer to him holding her tightly. He looked down at the top of her head as she gripped his forearms and attempted to find comfort. As he stared down at her, Brian wished for perhaps the millionth time that he knew how to make it right again. But, he didn't.

Brain held Daphne as she cried until the girl's mother pulled her away and gathered her into her own arms. Brian envied Daphne that comfort, that touch.

"Brian, Mom and Jennifer are here." Michael said softly.

Brian heard him, but couldn't take his eyes off the receding image of Daphne and her mother. Wouldn't it be wonderful, Brian thought, to have Joanie gather me into her arms right now. He decided it would be and he literally ached with the need to be held.

He stood up then, but didn't really know where he had planned to go. Suddenly arms surrounded his waist. He looked down expecting to see Debbie, but instead saw the top of a blonde head. Jennifer? With her arms wrapped tightly around Brain, Jennifer buried her face in the folds of his jacket. Brian felt her hot tears through the silk shirt he wore. A shirt that was stained with the blood of this woman's son.

Time seemed to stand still as Jennifer held Brian. She pulled back and looked up into his bewildered eyes. She wiped at her own tears, then took Brian's face in her hands and gently wiped his tears away with her thumbs.

"Jennifer, I . . ." Brian trailed off not really knowing what to say.

Jennifer smiled sadly and nodded as if she understood all that he could not say. "I know, Brian." She said as she pulled him back into her arms. "I know." Brian nodded and allowed Jennifer to comfort him as he tried to comfort her as well.

"I am so sorry." Brian whispered.

Jennifer pulled away from him then. "This is not your fault, Brian. Unless you gave the Hobbs boy that bat, this is not your fault." She brushed his hair from his eyes. "Not your fault." She repeated. She smiled sadly again before pulling away to go with Debbie to find out Justin's condition.

Brian stared after her not knowing what else to do. He then sat back down and continued to stare at the wall.

The end? To be continued? ***Your feedback will decide.***