

What We Are Made Of (Fist To The Heart Bonus Story, Ruslan x Johnny, Patreon Exclusive)

By

Laura S. Fox

Ruslan took in his husband's shadowboxing with a slight sensation of wariness. The doctors said Johnny was okay, but that he shouldn't box. What he had done, fighting in Yanis's ring, had been crazy. Ruslan had a mind to strangle his husband and best friend both for that recklessness.

After all, it was true that Johnny's lungs were no longer what they used to be. The incredible strain put on them had, apparently, unraveled a condition Johnny hadn't been aware of, or at least, it had been postponed by training and discipline.

Approaching thirty, Johnny would soon be less of a young man, and more of a mature athlete if that was what he wanted to be. Ruslan had a mind to prevent that, and yet, Johnny still trained every day.

"Gotta keep myself in check," Johnny had told him.

And Ruslan had felt it was not his place to take that away from Johnny. However, he had an inkling what was eating Johnny on the inside and intended to be diplomatic about it. Johnny wasn't used to sitting on his ass all day, as he had pointed out, and had taken to new joint enterprise with all the seriousness making him who he was.

Together, they ran a gym where young men came to learn a mix of martial arts. As much as Johnny preferred boxing to other disciplines, it had been Ruslan's idea to bring in trainers of varied backgrounds. It was the surest way to determine Johnny to take a step back and assume the role of someone who was in charge for once and not doing grunt work.

"Isn't a bit too early in the morning for torturing your body like this?" Ruslan stretched and yawned exaggeratedly.

Johnny turned to look at him. One of his eyelids drooped slightly, another consequence of that fateful and frightening night. Ruslan had suggested plastic surgery, but Johnny said he had refused it when he was in the hospital and he would do it again.

This man was stubborn and wore his war scars as badges of honor. It made Ruslan shake his head each time he thought of that. He had married quite the character, and he was happy for it, nonetheless.

"This? You call this torture, pretty?"

Ruslan smirked as he walked closer to Johnny and wiped sweat from a strong round shoulder with the tips of his fingers. Without thinking much, he kissed his fingers. There was a hooded

look in Johnny's eyes that told him it was as good an incentive as any to make his husband take a break from his training.

"You here to tempt me?" Johnny asked gruffly.

Ruslan smiled. "Anything to make sure you don't exceed the recommended amount of physical exercise."

Johnny snorted. "You're going to tell me I should fix my nose, too? No way I'm going under the knife for that."

Ruslan wasn't bothered by that. Johnny's nose was more crooked than before, but it became him. He was rough and tough, and that kind of nose sit well on his face if it ever fit anyone.

"Are you chicken?" Ruslan teased.

Johnny grabbed him so quickly, he missed one step and ended up in his husband's arms, laughing. "You know, pretty," Johnny said while pushing one strand of hair behind his ear, "walking in here, looking sexy and all, it might not be good for your sexy ass. One way or another, I'm getting my workout."

"Promises, promises," Ruslan replied. He pushed Johnny away just enough to look him in the eyes. "What's wrong? Your invisible opponents are all dead on the floor, by the looks of it. Are you a little upset?"

Johnny grimaced and looked away.

"Hey." Ruslan caught his cheek and caressed it. "What's bothering you? I know you think these limitations --"

"That's not it, pretty," Johnny interrupted him.

"Okay, then I understand that you need something more to do and --"

Johnny let him down and moved away from him. Suddenly, he was interested in lifting dumbbells. Ruslan huffed and took the weight from Johnny's hand to put back to the rack, pretending that the thing hadn't almost removed his elbow from its socket.

"Out with it. Come on. I'm in the mood for breakfast, and I don't want it spoiled by a pouting husband. What's wrong?"

Johnny ran both hands through his hair and threw a dejected look aside as if there was someone there to help him. "It's just that ... Ah, why do you want me to say it? Men are pigs, okay?"

Ruslan snickered. "It's not really news. So, who's a pig, and why do you care?"

"Even at our gym, shmucks talk," Johnny said. "I would kick their sorry asses, but you told me not to start some fight, in or outside the ring."

“Don’t tell me someone’s been dissing you?” Ruslan said in a tone he wanted playful, imitating slang he didn’t usually use.

“Not me, you,” Johnny said shortly.

Ruslan sighed. “If they’re homophobic jerks, we can just throw them out.”

“It’s not like that. Or I don’t know.” Johnny appeared to grow frustrated. “I told them not to talk smack, or I’ll kick their asses. Hey, I didn’t fight,” he added, putting his hands up. “But it’s like what they said got stuck in my brain or something.”

“Johnny, we don’t have to accept everyone. What do they say? What’s making you so upset?”

“They talk like they wanna stick it in you. There, you happy?” Johnny said, pursing his lips and kicking the weight stand so hard that the weights rattled.

“Stick it in me?” Ruslan laughed. “So, you’re jealous? Do you think I would ever look, all my life, at another fighter? C’mon, Johnny, I said some pretty cool vows at our wedding. And I meant every word.”

“It’s not just that,” Johnny replied like he was deaf to Ruslan’s tries to convince him he was the only one from here to eternity. “It’s like ... Fuck words!”

“Make a damned effort because now you made me fucking curious,” Ruslan said and crossed his arms over his chest.

“They talk like guys talk about chicks.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. Like what a great ass you have, and they would try just once if they could do it with you.”

Ruslan laughed. “My, my, people are getting into the alternative lifestyle more and more these days.”

“I’m not joking. You’re nothing like a chick,” Johnny said. “They’re stupid. And them talking like you’re a pussy or something --”

“Johnny, me and you, we know that’s not how things are,” Ruslan intervened. “They’re idiots, and they don’t get a thing about gay sex, obviously.”

Usually, his words got to Johnny, but it looked like there was still something he kept from telling.

“I treat you that way,” Johnny said suddenly.

Ruslan stared at his husband. “Seriously? By what you told me, you’ve never been with a woman, so how can you even compare the two?”

The frustration was growing inside Johnny again. The weight stand didn’t quite stand a chance.

“Can you just stop with that? You’re hurting my ears,” Ruslan said, a bit sharply. “Now explain yourself. How have you treated me like a woman?”

“You know.” Johnny looked down. “Every time I want, I stick my dick in you. I tell myself I care about your ass, and next thing I know, I’m humping you like a guinea pig.”

“A much-muscled guinea pig,” Ruslan joked.

Johnny threw him a brief look. “I mean it, pretty. It’s like you’re my cum dumpster or something. I don’t know how you can stand me, being the horny fucker that I am.”

“I can’t believe we’re having this conversation, and before breakfast on top of it all. I love sex as much as you do, and I do want to remember you that I was the greedy one.”

“Yeah, you’re good like that,” Johnny said back. “But it ain’t fair. You’re not my woman; you’re my man.”

The proverbial light bulb lit up in Ruslan’s brain. “I’m your man? Prove it.” He challenged Johnny with his eyes.

“How can I do it? If I’m alone with you more than half an hour, all I can think of is to bang you.”

“Prove it that I’m your man,” Ruslan said, as his lips twitched.

Johnny threw him a confused look.

“Do you need me to spell it for you?” Ruslan walked slowly toward Johnny, trying to hypnotize his prey with pointed looks.

It seemed like there was a dawn of realization in Johnny’s eyes. Unconsciously, he took one step back, almost stumbling on another dumbbell that who knew how it got there. “Wait, wait, pretty, what are you saying?”

Ruslan licked his lips and came closer, making Johnny meet the wall behind him with his back. “Here,” he took Johnny’s hand and pushed it into his crotch, “I’m a man. Do you want another confirmation? Just rub it up and down a little. It won’t take long to make it hard.”

Johnny licked his lips, too, but Ruslan had a feeling his husband’s mouth was dry for a very particular reason.

“And now, since you seem to need the guidance, tell me. Do you want to be part of the problem or part of the solution?”

“Do you want me to suck you off?” Johnny’s voice was getting deeper, hoarser, as his hand was moving on Ruslan’s cock, making it hard, indeed.

“Try again, Johnny.” Ruslan hovered close to Johnny’s lips. “Your ass,” he added, seeing how Johnny didn’t dare to say another word.

He kissed Johnny on the lips, sneaking his tongue inside fast. Johnny growled into the kiss, and Ruslan rejoiced on the inside. So the idea did excite his husband after all. He was always on top, always fighting, and now, finding himself in a totally new situation, both his mind and body were waking up to new experiences.

Encouraged by how Johnny’s roughness appeared to melt into the kiss, he grabbed his ass hard. Now Johnny’s grunts turned to something wilder, primeval. Ruslan pushed one leg between Johnny’s muscular thighs and began rubbing against his erection that was as big and juicy as he knew it to be.

“Come on, Johnny,” he said, as he finally let his husband’s mouth go free, “what will it be? Will you put out for your man?”

Without holding back, Ruslan kneaded Johnny’s ass cheeks with his hands vigorously. The rough action didn’t bother Johnny; instead, he seemed to buck into the touch, eager for something.

There was no reply, though, so Ruslan kissed him hard and then moved away. “Well, if you’re not prepared --” He pretended he was ready to walk.

Damn, Johnny just stood there, unmoved, his jaw a little slack and his eyes unfocused. Did he really want to see him keep up with that charade and have him walk to the door? Maybe that was needed, Ruslan concluded, and he turned on his heels.

“Wait, pretty,” Johnny called.

Ruslan turned to be welcomed with a glorious sight. Johnny had pushed his shorts down and had kneeled on the bench press, his ass in the air. At the same time, it was clear that he was pumping his cock hard while throwing desperate looks over his shoulder.

“That’s more like it,” Ruslan joked.

He tried to play it cool, but now his heart was in his throat. Starting it all as some banter with no consequences hadn’t truly prepared him for this.

Johnny’s ass was right there, and it looked so good, Ruslan felt weak to the knees. He had been a bottom, most of his life, and right now he knew with the utmost clarity that he wanted to top his husband and show him how good it could be to have a hard cock hammer his ass.

“Fuck, Johnny,” he said, leaving aside all pretense.

He stood behind his husband, kneeling on the bench press, too. Ruslan knew he had long legs, so, even if Johnny was taller than him, as they stood like that, Johnny's ass came just at the right height.

Opening up those muscled ass cheeks was making his cock strain against his pants. Who knew he wanted to top? Ruslan had said it mostly as a joke, but it was true that he had thought of it before. His husband was his, and this sense of belonging came with intricate feelings and desires, this being one of them.

Johnny sighed as Ruslan rested one hand between his legs, caressing his balls, hanging heavy and full. "Nice," he whispered.

"Are you going to bang me or what?"

"Eager to have it all finished already? Good. I'm going to make it last," Ruslan joked.

He wasn't entirely sure he could make it last, despite whatever boasting he was spewing. But it served Johnny right. Ruslan's mind traveled to that moment from before when he had alluded to that kind of play, and Johnny had withdrawn as if burned.

Johnny was still pumping his cock.

"Don't come before I'm even in," Ruslan said and slapped his ass.

There was such a funny noise coming from Johnny's throat that Ruslan stopped.

"Hmm, what was that?" Ruslan slapped Johnny's ass once more.

This time, a grunt, a mix of surprised desire and manly revolt, was loud and clear.

"Are you secretly into ... being dominated, Johnny?" Ruslan could not believe he could say those words, let alone get an answer from his husband.

"Shut up, pretty," Johnny mumbled. "Fuck me."

"Oh, don't mind if I do," Ruslan replied and moved.

Johnny growled, deep in his chest, as Ruslan started to rim him. "Fuck, fuck, fuck," his voice could only handle that word.

Ruslan liked thorough jobs, be them blowjobs, rimming jobs, or anything related. He gave Johnny's balls a few licks, making the other grunt and beg some more. It was strange, but arousing, to see such a powerful body shaken by such simple things.

Or maybe nothing was simple. Ruslan took out his cock and began pressing it gently against Johnny's opening. "Are you sure about this, Johnny?"

Gone were the banter from before, and Ruslan's resolution.

“Sure,” Johnny said curtly. “C’mon, pretty, it’s enough that I sit like this, with my ass up. I bet I look like a shmuck.”

“Like a shmuck? No, Johnny, you’re actually pretty damned sexy.”

“That’s what you are, baby. Not me.”

Ruslan smiled. It was so funny to see such insecurities in someone like Johnny. He leaned forward, preferring to rub his cock against that hot entrance, and snuck one hand across Johnny’s chest. He used his fingers to treat Johnny’s nipples right. The light pinches appear to be enough to make Johnny moan and curse.

“You’re big on torture, pretty?”

Ruslan whispered into his ear. “You’re handsome like this, Johnny. You’re my man.”

He guided his cock slowly to push past the still resistant hole. Licking his fingers, he added more and more spit to make it wet. But, in the end, his instinct got the better of him, and he found himself pushing and pushing while the hot flesh surrounding his cock began giving in.

“Oh, fuck,” he whispered. “Your ass is it, Johnny.”

His husband took the compliment without a word, apparently too focused on taking Ruslan’s cock, too.

Ruslan pulled back only to watch his cock disappearing inside Johnny’s ass, slowly. He slammed in the next time, and Johnny’s moans grew deeper, harsher. Maybe slow wasn’t Johnny’s speed, after all. Ruslan steadied himself as he drove himself harder and harder into his husband’s body.

“Oh, fuck, not going to --”

It was too much for him to keep it in. He had topped so very seldom in his life that the fast arrival of his climax took him by surprise. Johnny’s ass was it, indeed.

He pushed and pushed, digging his fingers into Johnny’s ass, cursing and coming, coming and praising, until he was sure there could be not one drop left in him.

Ruslan withdrew, and Johnny turned. He stared while breathing hard as Johnny fingered his ass with one hand, most probably to check if Ruslan did come, and used the other to pump his cock hard. “Pretty,” he whispered as he looked into Ruslan’s eyes.

Ruslan watched in fascination at the fountain of cum that erupted from Johnny’s cock. “Wow,” he said.

It took him a couple of seconds to shake his head and walk over to his spent husband. He touched the belly covered in cum and tasted it.

“You know I can’t get it up again,” Johnny reproached him.

Ruslan laughed and leaned to kiss Johnny. “So how was bottoming for the first time?”

Johnny pulled him harder into the kiss. “I want it again. Not now,” he added quickly.

Ruslan brushed his lips over Johnny’s mouth. “Don’t worry about idiots. They’re either curious or in the closet. Either way, we should be understanding.”

“My fists have a problem with that. They kinda itch,” Johnny joked.

“My fighter,” Ruslan said and kissed Johnny sweetly. “Now, you got your workout. Let’s have breakfast.”

“Will my ass hurt or something?”

Ruslan bit his lips not to insult Johnny by laughing. “It might. But, come on, don’t be so worried. After all, my cock is nothing like your Magnum.”

“I don’t know how you take me, pretty,” Johnny said and caressed his hair.

“Practice makes perfect,” Ruslan teased him. “Which means that I won’t hesitate to jump you, too.”

“Good,” Johnny said with determination. “I need to know your ass gets the rest.”

“So generous of you.” Ruslan snickered and licked Johnny’s lips again. “So this has nothing to do with how you actually enjoyed it?”

Johnny looked away. “Have mercy on me. I’m new to this stuff.”

“Oh, don’t worry. I can teach you. I can teach you many things,” Ruslan cooed as he kissed his husband once again.

Johnny felt pretty much like a fish out of water the moment he set foot into that huge ass mansion that Ruslan’s real dad called home. He had thought, to that moment, that the Kents splurged. This one was on a whole new level. He tried not to stare, not at the opulence around, or Vladimir’s two wives who smiled affably as he was introduced.

Good thing Ruslan was nothing like him, and he seemed to be happy to visit his Russian family. Three blond girls surrounded them, speaking fast in Russian, giggling and fawning especially over Ruslan. At least, his husband didn’t know too much Russian, either.

“Ah, Johnny, so glad to finally meet you,” a young man said while stretching his hand.

“This is my brother, Sergei,” Ruslan explained.

Johnny shook the bony hand offered and was instantly pleased with how firm the shake was. So that was the oldest after Ruslan, and hearing someone speaking English made Johnny feel a bit relieved.

Suddenly, so that there weren't left aside, the girls started speaking in English, too, expressing their effusion at meeting him. Their accent was nothing like the way Sergei was enunciating the words, correct and almost flawless, but the fact that they were trying made Johnny feel a little better.

"Ah, and Giorgi," Ruslan said and gestured for a boy who was hiding behind one of the women to come forward.

Johnny looked at the boy, but the blond head disappeared completely from his line of sight. And that was the youngest. Whether he was pissed or just shy, Johnny couldn't tell. According to Ruslan, Giorgi was a bit of both, on top of being a little spoiled by the family patriarch.

"There will be a reception tomorrow, only for a few friends," Vladimir said. "And close family."

Johnny was surprised by Vladimir's decision to throw them a party, as a married couple, but it appeared that, in that family, the man's word was law. On the other hand, he was relieved that there wouldn't be a lot of people. Knowing what the man did for a living, Johnny didn't want Ruslan exposed to his father's dealings or acquaintances too much.

Of course, he wouldn't say that out loud. His mom had taught him some manners, after all.

The girls took upon her to drag them to their room, and Johnny forgot to worry. He kind of felt swept away, and it was a weird sensation that was growing in his chest. That was a bit of a weird family, but Johnny could see how he and Ruslan could fit, too.

After they settled, Ruslan offered to show him around and, quickly, Sergei joined them, seemingly avid to talk to them both. Johnny felt slightly unnerved when the girls found Ruslan and dragged him with them, but, as always, he waited for the other to talk first.

After a few polite questions about their flight and things back home, Sergei stopped and looked at Johnny. "I heard what you did for my brother. I want to thank you."

Johnny just nodded.

Sergei continued. "I know that our colorful family is quite a bit to take in. But I hope you two will have a good time."

"Your house is really something," Johnny said, for lack of anything better to talk about.

"Our father's house, you mean," Sergei replied and laughed. "He likes to impress. Yet, you would be surprised how much he keeps for himself."

“Ruslan told me you want to go to college and stuff,” Johnny said and veered the conversation away from Vladimir. How much this kid suspected about his father’s business wasn’t his.

“Yeah, in fall,” Sergei confirmed. “Now, Johnny, I know this would sound weird, but can you teach me some moves?”

“Moves?” Johnny stopped.

They were in a large garden, and Johnny was afraid he might step on some flowerbeds by accident.

“Father is quite adamant about not letting me learn anything that concerns, let’s say, physical activities. But I want to. I think it’s part of being a man.”

“Your dad wants you to sit with your nose buried in books all day?” Johnny asked.

Sergei sighed. “Pretty much, yeah. He believes that I have a brilliant academic career in front of me.”

“And you?”

Sergei threw him a questioning look.

“What do you think?” Johnny repeated the question.

“Ah, I like to study. But you know,” he looked away shyly, “when it comes to girls, it’s like I have a tongue made of lead and two left feet.”

“So you need someone to teach you how to dance,” Johnny said. He was sure he was pretty much the last person any young man should have asked for advice about how to approach girls.

“I do know that,” Sergei said with mirth. “My sisters took care of that. I know there’s something else missing, and that’s me knowing how to throw a punch.”

Johnny scratched his head. “I don’t see how that could help you with girls. Some might like, you know, delicate boys. Like you.”

Sergei rolled his eyes. “Yeah, so they say. But the soonest some guy with muscles this big,” he gestured to emphasize his words, “comes around, they all swoon over him.”

Johnny shrugged. “You know I don’t know squat about girls.”

Sergei nodded. “Just show me how to throw a punch.”

“Here?” Johnny gestured around.

“There’s a gym,” Sergei said.

“I thought you said your dad doesn’t let you get physical and stuff,” Johnny pointed out.

“Well, the girls all want to be in shape, so there is one. Only with me, father is tough. Otherwise, he bends to everyone else’s whims.”

Vladimir clearly saw something in his son and wanted the best for him. Somehow, Sergei wanted something a bit different. Johnny would just make sure not to bruise him.

They stepped into an air-conditioned room, equipped with fashionable gear, clearly oriented more toward a female user base.

“What you need is conditioning,” Johnny began his explanations. “Routine is everything. Form is everything. Strength is everything.”

“So everything is everything?” Sergei asked and smiled.

“Look who’s the wiseass,” Johnny said. “And I thought you couldn’t talk to girls.”

“I told you. My tongue stops working. All I need is a bit of confidence,” Sergei replied.

“I’m not sure if this is a good idea. Do you want to learn how to fight?”

“Well, I already know how to run.”

Johnny quirked an eyebrow. “Something you’re not telling?”

Sergei shrugged. “Just teach me some moves.”

Johnny continued his explanations. The boy needed a trainer and also to convince his father he wasn’t some delicate flower, like his sisters.

“And here’s an important lesson,” he said. “You need to accept to get hit.”

“Seriously? Can’t I learn how to dodge all the time?” Sergei asked.

“If you choose to fight some dude, you need to be prepared for that. You need to stop being afraid.”

“And take it like a man?”

“I see there’s nothing wrong with your tongue,” Johnny said. “That’s not it. It’s about the inevitable, the worst. You need to be prepared for the worst.”

Sergei smiled. “Then I suppose you must hit me.”

“Do I look to you like I have a death wish written here?” Johnny pointed at his forehead. “Your dad will fuck me up.”

Sergei snickered. “Seriously? Are you afraid of him?”

Johnny threw the boy a loaded look. “What? Never used that card? Maybe that will make you popular with girls.”

“What? That everyone’s afraid of my father?”

How much did the boy know? Ruslan had told him that Vladimir was the embodiment of secrecy. However, Sergei was bright, and it was impossible to keep everything away from him, even if you were called Vladimir Petrovsky.

“Fists up,” Johnny said.

Sergei followed the direction but kept his elbows at awkward angles. Johnny pursed his lips and showed him how to keep them closer to his body.

“Your husband is so strong-looking,” Sasha, the oldest girl, said as the twins were giggling and playing with something on a drawing board. “How did he get so strong?”

Ruslan had a bit of trouble adjusting to the directness of conversation in his dad’s house. Sasha was looking at him with unhidden curiosity.

“He used to fight.”

“Boxing?” Sasha questioned.

“Yes.”

“Why did he give up?”

Ruslan pondered. He doubted their father wanted him to share information of certain kind with the youngest people in the family. “He got injured,” he settled for an explanation that didn’t reveal the truth.

“I heard he got in a fight to save you from some bad people,” Sasha said promptly.

Ruslan frowned. “Did dad tell you this?”

Sasha smiled. “We overheard.”

“Eavesdropped?” Ruslan quirked an eyebrow.

Sasha took him by one arm and guided him toward a large window. “Here. The light is better here.”

“For what?”

“You’ll see.” Sasha’s smile was secretive now. “Tell me more about Johnny. What does he do now?”

“We ran a gym for fighters. We train them,” Ruslan explained.

Sasha nodded thoughtfully. The twins couldn’t stop scribbling and giggling, it seemed. “Was it love at first sight?”

Oh, damn. Ruslan rubbed his forehead, to stall for time. “I’m not sure. I don’t know exactly how or when it happened.”

“Ah, love swept you off your feet,” Sasha said in a bit of a dramatic voice.

The twins laughed louder.

“What exactly are they doing?” Ruslan pointed at the duo. The two blond heads were close together, and their hands traveled over the surface, armed with pencils and erasers.

“They make a drawing,” Sasha said. “Of you.”

“They could use a camera to snap photos,” Ruslan replied, a bit surprised by the girls’ hobby.

“It wouldn’t be the same. And we already took pictures of Johnny. You’ll see when it’s ready.”

“Sasha, don’t mind me asking, but how come you’re so ...” Ruslan couldn’t exactly find the words.

“What? Ah, you wonder how we’re not shocked or something?” Sasha supplied the expression that appeared to elude him.

“Pretty much, yeah.”

“Well, there are a lot of girls and women into this. They are not only accepting, but they’re also supportive, too.”

“Into what?” Ruslan asked.

Sasha leaned and whispered into his ear. “BL.”

“BL?” Ruslan wondered out loud.

“You know, boys’ love,” Sasha said and giggled. “Like you and Johnny. We find it so cool. We two look so amazing together. I’m glad dad is throwing a party to welcome you to the family. And I’m glad you two are married.”

“Ready!” One of the twins pulled the paper from the drawing board.

Together, they walked over to Ruslan and Sasha. They showed their creation, looking pretty proud about it, too.

Ruslan stared in shock. It wasn't the amount of glitter spread on the page or the roses that framed the protagonists taking center stage that left him speechless. It was the expression of pure bliss that was well captured on both faces featured in the drawing.

Also, the protagonists were naked. Thankfully, the girls didn't draw any naughty bits. Only that looking at him and Johnny, the anime-like version, was a bit too much to take it.

"Do you like it?" Sasha asked.

Ruslan shook his head slowly. The twins pouted. "No, no, I do like it!" He hurried to put their minds at ease. "I am just ... well, surprised. You two are very talented," he added. "Thank you."

He bit his lips to stop from laughing at a sudden thought. He didn't want the girls to think that he was laughing at them. But he could barely wait to show that to Johnny.

"It was a very interesting first day," Ruslan said as he climbed the bed, next to his husband.

Johnny snorted. "You telling me, pretty? Sergei wants a broken nose."

"What?"

"Yeah. His dad doesn't like him fighting. But he tries to impress girls, and it looks like other dudes are more popular than him."

"I had no idea Sergei had girl troubles. I find him charming."

"He's a smart kid," Johnny agreed. "Why doesn't your dad let him learn how to throw a punch? He's a bit too skinny for his age."

"I thought he was the studious kind," Ruslan replied.

"There's nothing wrong with him learning to keep his own," Johnny pointed out.

"Maybe I should talk to dad."

"Sergei will think I ratted on him."

"Don't worry. I think I know how to bring it up without putting any of you at risk."

"So how was your day?" Johnny asked.

Ruslan laughed and went to the desk where you put the girls' drawing. "This," he held it out, "my dear husband, is how the girls are seeing us."

Johnny's eyes grew wide. "What the hell? I don't have big eyes like that!"

"It's a drawing style," Ruslan explained. "And, really, that's the only thing that bothers you?"

Johnny took the drawing and stared at it some more. "Is this how you look at me, pretty?"

"What? You don't know?"

"I'm usually busy doing something else. Show me this face," Johnny said and pointed at the drawing.

"What? Like on command? I can't! And I don't look like that, either. It's just the girls' artistic impression."

"No way you're getting out of this, pretty," Johnny said and grinned. "Or do I have to do something to you so that you could look like this?"

"I'm not ... lewd like that!" Ruslan blurted out.

"Lewd? Like in horny? Let me get you horny," Johnny said and jumped from the bed.

"We are under my dad's roof," Ruslan replied and took a few steps back.

"Pretty, he gave his blessing for us to marry, and he's throwing a big ass party. Do you think he doesn't know we're fucking?"

"It's one thing to know, and another to --"

Ruslan yelped as Johnny grabbed him and dragged him to the bed.

"I want to see it make that kind of face," Johnny said as he climbed over Ruslan and caught him between his muscular thighs. "I'll fuck you until you make that kind of face."

"Really? I thought you were all for bottoming now."

Johnny grinned. "Nah. Tonight, I want to screw your brains out. Don't say you don't want it."

"Then I'll be tired! Then I'll sleep well into the afternoon!"

"We'll tell everyone you're still jet-lagged."

"I might look too well-fucked. C'mon, Johnny, it will be written all over my face!"

"And? It looks to me like everyone here is more than okay with that. Are you afraid your sisters will draw some more things like that?"

"They might! Aren't you at least a little bit concerned by that?"

Johnny took one second to ponder. "No."

Ruslan rolled his eyes and pushed his head into the pillow. "Sex fiend."

"Hey, are you getting fussy or something? Before marriage, you were all horny and stuff. What do you want me to get you to put out?"

Ruslan sighed. "You know I'd jump you any day. But --"

"But nothing. Shut your mouth, pretty," Johnny said and closed his mouth over Ruslan's.

There was no way they would get tired of each other soon. Ruslan crossed his ankles at Johnny's small back, and they began dry-humping slowly.

Johnny broke the kiss only so that he could look at his husband. "Yeah, that's the look," he said. "How come your sisters know such things?"

"Let's not dwell on that now. I'll just worry about it later," Ruslan said in a breathless voice and pulled Johnny close.

Ruslan huffed as Johnny pushed his hands up and kept them above his head. "You know it would be tricky to take me out of my clothes like this."

"Pretty, I only need to make you get rid of your bottoms, and I only need your bottom naked," Johnny joked.

Ruslan laughed. "You know what? I love it when you do all the work."

"You do, dontcha?" Johnny grinned and began nuzzling Ruslan's neck.

Ruslan closed his eyes, lost to the sensation. His husband. He would have thought it would take a while to get used to that, but thinking of Johnny like that had fit him like a glove right from the start.

He gasped when he felt Johnny's rough fingers probing him. A few days without any action since the preparations with the trip hadn't allowed them too much time to fool around, and he felt everything like it was almost new again.

Johnny mumbled some words of praise into his ear, and Ruslan whispered some back. He really did believe every word spoken between them. And Johnny didn't need any compliment to know that he was big, Ruslan thought with a bit of mirth.

He shivered and pulled Johnny close as they began moving together.

"You know, that cramps my style a little, pretty," Johnny complained, but he didn't seem to mind.

"I can't believe you're not up to the challenge."

"That's it," Johnny said in a threatening voice, but Ruslan could tell he was joking.

Ruslan laughed when Johnny began to move only his ass to penetrate him, but the laughter died in his throat when his husband's moves calibrated to hit him where he liked it best.

All right, so he was defeated. It wasn't like he could hold his ground for too long when it came to Johnny's fucking techniques.

“Oh, fuck,” he voiced his pleasure and impending release. “Johnny, I’m going to come! Please, just please --”

Johnny locked their lips together. Ruslan could tell he wasn’t the only one letting go, and the thought made him happy beyond everything he had ever known and thought to love.

“I love you, Ruslan,” Johnny said, a bit solemnly, given that they were both sweaty and spent.

“I love you, too, Johnny,” Ruslan said back and pulled Johnny close. “Stay with me always?”

“It’s forever, pretty. You can’t send me away. Do it, and I’ll sleep on your doormat.”

“There are better sleeping arrangements we could think of,” Ruslan said and kissed Johnny long and strong enough to make all worries that might have plagued his mind disappear.

“You really do love me,” Johnny said, and there was a bit of wonder in his voice as he said that.

“Never doubt it,” Ruslan replied and kissed Johnny sweetly one more time.

“What trouble with girls?” Sasha looked at him a bit crossly. “Sergei has a girlfriend.”

“And is it possible that his girlfriend might prefer someone else?”

Sasha laughed. “Gabriela is even deeper with her nose in books than Sergei is. She’s going to be a doctor. Well, that’s the path she already chose, and by how much of a genius she is, nothing will stand in her way.”

Ruslan pondered over Sasha’s words. Could it be that Sergei had lied to Johnny after all? “And are you really sure she’s not interested in other guys’ anatomy?”

Sasha laughed. “What the hell did Sergei tell you?”

“He didn’t tell me anything. But he told Johnny.”

Sasha seemed to ponder. “Why?”

“That’s not important,” Ruslan said quickly, aware that he wasn’t supposed to give away Sergei’s interest in physical activities.

“Yes, it is,” Sasha replied. “Sergei is always working an angle. I hope he just doesn’t decide to become a spy or something.”

“Why a spy?” Ruslan asked.

“The smartest always become spies,” Sasha said with a small wave of one hand. “So, out with it. What does Sergei want with Johnny?”

Ruslan was trying to think up a credible lie when Giorgi burst into the room, gesturing and talking quickly in Russian.

Sasha frowned first and then started laughing. “So it’s all about Sergei wanting to get buff.”

Ruslan looked at her, then at Giorgi who, for some reason, behaved like he wanted to say something to him but didn’t dare. “Is there something that Giorgi wants? And what’s the business with Sergei anyway?”

“Giorgi wants me to tell you,” Sasha took her little brother by the shoulders and pulled him close, “to see if Johnny could take another student under his wing.”

“Is your father against the boys in the family getting a little bit of muscles?”

Sasha shrugged. “Not directly. But he really loves it that Sergei is brilliant. Yeah, I guess he is a bit against anyone hurting his precious boys.”

She hugged Giorgi and then told the boy something. After a gentle push from his sister, Giorgi finally took one step toward Ruslan and offered a stretched hand. His lips were pursed, and he didn’t dare to look up, while his hand was not exactly steady.

Ruslan took it and then pulled his little brother close into a hug. “I’ll talk to Johnny, but only if you promise to let me be your friend, too.”

Sasha translated his words to Giorgi.

The boy looked up and smiled. “Yes,” he said with conviction.

Well, that went well, Ruslan thought. Now the only thing he needed to do was to talk to their dad and convince him that both Giorgi and Sergei could use a little bit of rougher training.

Johnny was really happy. Not that he cared much about parties, but being there, with Ruslan, and having family around, family that now considered him one of their own, too, was more than what he could ever hope for.

He raised his glass to Sergei, who saluted him from across the room. A mousy girl came and took Sergei’s arm, and he leaned in to kiss her shortly on the lips. Johnny refrained the need to scratch his head. So, Sergei had already managed to find a girlfriend? Maybe their training together paid off. Johnny might have had just half a brain, but he didn’t buy that. They had been there for two days.

Any shadow of a doubt that he had been played was gone when Sergei took the girl by the waist and broke into an impeccable waltz on the dancefloor. Trouble with girls, my ass, Johnny thought and shook his head.

“My dad wants to talk to us,” Ruslan said and took him by the arm.

“Does he want to throw me out for teaching his boys a few moves?”

Ruslan laughed. “Don’t worry. He won’t do that.”

They walked hand in hand to meet Vladimir on the balcony. Johnny found it the hardest to pretend he wasn’t impressed with everything around.

Vladimir welcomed them with open arms. “I just wanted a few words with the both of you.”

He patted them on the back and then embraced and kissed them on both cheeks. That sort of effusion was, again, something that surprised Johnny, but he accepted it, nonetheless.

“How did you find the family? Was everyone good to you?” Vladimir asked, looking first at Ruslan, and then at Johnny.

“Everyone is amazing,” Ruslan replied for the both of them. “And friendly.”

“Johnny, I hear that you showed Sergei some moves,” Vladimir said and executed a small feint, putting his fists up.

“I hope you’re not mad about it,” Ruslan said.

Vladimir smiled. “There’s a reason why I don’t let the boys fight. I don’t want them hurt.”

“So you’re still not letting them get a bit of training?” Johnny asked.

Vladimir looked at him pensively. “I mean no offense, Johnny. But Sergei and Giorgi don’t need to know such things. They have people watching over them.”

“There’s no harm done in knowing a little bit about self-defense,” Ruslan said in an appeasing tone.

Vladimir waved. “They don’t need that.”

Johnny intervened. “With all due respect, sir, I think they should know a thing or two.”

Vladimir set his frosty look on him. Ruslan looked so much like his dad, but there were so many differences between the two for anyone who cared to look more. “Why is that?”

The question was direct, and Johnny liked that. “It’s what makes a man. Don’t you want your boys to become men, sir?”

Vladimir smiled. “Just call me Vladimir. Or dad,” he said, and this time, Johnny wondered if he was joking. “Are you questioning my parenting, Johnny?”

“No, sir ... Vladimir. But the boys would feel, you know, like they walk on their feet more if they knew a thing or two about throwing and taking a punch.”

“Hmm. Are you saying that they lack self-esteem?”

“No. Just that they would have more respect for their enemies if they knew what it felt like,” Johnny said.

Vladimir’s eyebrows shot up in surprise. Was that too much honesty? Johnny wasn’t sure. But it was the truth.

“That’s not a bad point,” Vladimir said and wagged a finger at him. “Okay, I’ll take it. I’ll think about it.”

“Seriously?” Ruslan intervened. “Just like that? And I thought I would have to take out all the diplomatic warfare I could think of to convince you.”

Both Johnny and Vladimir laughed.

“I like Johnny. He says what’s on his mind,” Vladimir explained.

“I know,” Ruslan said and smiled.

“I’m glad he’s my son-in-law,” Vladimir said and squeezed Johnny’s shoulder.

Ruslan’s dad was not physically threatening in any way, but he was strong. Johnny knew what that squeeze also meant. *Don’t ever disappoint me.* Johnny wasn’t planning to.

“Well, if Sergei isn’t in for some scolding --” Ruslan said.

“Ah, that.” Vladimir grinned. “He’ll get that. Not Giorgi. He’s too young and likes American action hero movies. He asked me if Johnny is some Hollywood actor and what movies he played in.”

Johnny shook his head. “Don’t spare the little one. He’s stronger than you think.”

“Really, Johnny?” Ruslan turned toward him. “I thought we were supposed to be on the boys’ side.”

“Your dad is going to scold them anyway.” Johnny shrugged. “And that’s good. It will make them tough and want to rebel again.”

Vladimir laughed wholeheartedly. “Spoken like a father. Do you two have any plans?”

The casual question seemed to fall like a rock between them.

“Ah, wrong timing. Forgive me, forgive me.” Vladimir took both of them by the shoulders and took them inside.

Johnny stole one brief look at his husband. Ruslan seemed lost in thought.

“The trip was awesome but exhausting,” Ruslan said the moment they were inside.

He let himself fall on the bed face first and inhaled.

“There’s no place like home.”

Johnny sat on the bed and said nothing. His back was turned. Ruslan straightened up.

“Is there something on your mind, Johnny?”

A moment of silence followed. “Yeah, like what was that talk about children? You said nothing.”

Ruslan came to sit next to Johnny at the edge of the bed. “I haven’t really thought about it.”

“What’s to think about? It’s not like I could knock you up.”

Ruslan swatted Johnny upside the head playfully. “Really funny, Johnny, what can I say?”

Johnny didn’t even notice Ruslan. He continued. “I mean, it’s only celebrities that adopt kids and stuff, right? Like Angelina Jolie and Brad Pitt or whatever. Are some famous gay dudes who do the same?”

“Actually, there are,” Ruslan said. “But adoption is not the only way. We could also try a surrogate.”

Johnny turned to stare at him.

Ruslan caressed his husband’s rough cheek. “I could use another Johnny, a smaller one, around here.”

Johnny seemed to ponder. “You mean to say that I could have a little kid looking like you?”

“We,” Ruslan emphasized the word, “could have someone like that in our lives, yes.”

“Isn’t that like gazillions of cash?”

Ruslan shook his head. “It is expensive, but the last time I checked, we could afford it.”

“Have you looked into it?”

“Not really. But normal people, not only celebrities, use such methods to have children. Johnny, I saw you with Giorgi and Sergei. That little punk, as much as he couldn’t stand me before, he didn’t want to let go of you when we left. You have a way with boys.”

“What if we have girls?”

“Hey, I saw you how gentle you are with your mom. Any little girl would be happy to call you dad.”

Johnny smiled. It was that kind of smile that Ruslan knew well. It lit up all of Johnny’s face like it was part of the sun.

“Would you like that, Johnny?” Ruslan asked gently. “I know I would. We would be so strong together.”

“What? We aren’t now?” Johnny asked, but his tone was playful.

“Now we’re strong like, let’s say, up to the highest building on the planet. With a larger family, we would be strong up to the skies.” Ruslan opened his arms wide.

“Do you trust us? To be parents?” Johnny asked.

“We couldn’t be too bad. We love each other, and we have love to give to our children, too. It’s what we are made of.”

Johnny shook his head with mirth and pushed his hands through his short hair. “How do we start this?”

“Eager to be a dad?” Ruslan laughed. “You know we might not have the same freedom as we do now. Privacy might be a tricky thing.”

“Are you trying to scare me off, pretty?”

“I’m just laying everything in front of you to know.”

“I think we’ll be fine.”

“I’m glad to hear you say that. But where is this coming from?”

Johnny pulled Ruslan close. “You said it, pretty. It’s what we’re made of.”

THE END