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Four Gold Rings
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"And that's a wrap."

Garrett blew a kiss toward his co-star and headed to the stage door.

"Have a great holiday, Mr. Johnson," one of the security guards said with a grin.

"I plan on it."

He tugged out his phone and punched in a number as Quentin pulled up in the car.

"Lambert."

"Hey, babe. I'm just leaving the studio. Are you on your way to the airport?" He slid into the back seat and nodded to Quentin as the man shut the door behind him.

"Yes, I am with two suitcases in the trunk. I'll meet you at the gate." CJ's voice held a smile.

"Great. I can't wait to get home and see everyone." Garrett leaned back and closed his eyes.

"Kasey and Gram flying in?"

"They're already there. Kasey has to leave the day after Christmas for a game back in Phoenix." Pinching the bridge of his nose, he fought against the pounding of his head. "I hate these last minute shoots."

"It's a pain, but the director knows what he's doing and I'm sure the new scene will be awesome."

A fond grin crossed his face. CJ always knew how to make him feel better.

"I'll see you at the airport."

"Tell Quentin to drive carefully. He's got my whole world in the car with him."

Garrett's heart skipped a beat. CJ rarely got sentimental on him, so when his lover said things like that, Garrett fell even deeper in love with him.

"I love you," he whispered.

"I love you too. See you soon."

CJ hung up and Garrett stuck his phone in his carry-on that Quentin had put in the back seat with him.

"Quentin?"

"Yeah?"

"Did you pick up CJ's present for me?"

Amusement twinkled in Quentin's eyes as their gazes met for a second in the rearview mirror.

"It's in your bag. Mr. Goldenstein was very happy with the bonus you gave him."

Shoving a hand through his hair, Garrett chuckled. "It's the least I can do since he went to all that trouble making sure it got here before we left."

Doubt got the better of him.

"Do you think he'll like it?"

Quentin nodded. "Man, CJ loves you more than anything. You could get him a new wrench and because it's from you, he'd cherish it. Don't worry. He'll love it."

Garrett understood what Quentin was saying, but this was he and CJ's first Christmas together and he wanted it to be perfect. He unzipped the side pocket on his bag and checked the present. It had taken him over a month to decide on CJ's gift. He couldn't count how many times he'd called Kasey about it. His twin had finally shown up on his doorstep one day and dragged him to Goldenstein's to order it.

Fastening the pocket, he set the bag on the seat next to him and watched traffic flash by as Quentin made their way to LAX.

* * * * *

Kasey glanced up as Gram entered the living room carrying a tray. He smiled and took the glass of milk his lover handed him.

"Milk and cookies?"

Gram laughed. "Why not? It's one o'clock on Christmas morning. We know Santa's not coming. Why can't we enjoy some treats?" He set the tray on the table and picked up his own milk.

"Good idea."

Gram joined him on the couch and Kasey snuggled closer to his lover. With a sigh, Gram wrapped his arm around Kasey's shoulder. They sipped their milk while watching the white tiny lights sparkle on the tree.

Peace filled Kasey's soul. For the first time, he was spending Christmas as part of a couple.

"I'm glad Garrett and CJ's flight wasn't delayed and they arrived in time for dinner." Gram broke the comfortable silence.

"Me too. Mom's overjoyed that we could all make it for Christmas, even if I have to leave tomorrow night." Kasey shifted, leaning harder on Gram.

"Cookie?" Gram offered the platter.

Reaching out, he frowned when he encountered a small box placed in the middle of a pile of cookies.

"What's that?"

Gram took the box, set the large plate on the coffee table, and slid to his knees in front of Kasey. Biting his lip, Kasey clenched his hands in his lap and met Gram's shining gaze.

"We can't get married legally here anymore, but I don't need a piece of paper to tell me that our relationship is as real and as worthy as any straight couple's." Gram popped open the box and a pair of wide etched gold rings reflected the Christmas lights.

"I want to spend the rest of my life with you, Kasey Johnson. I want my home to be the one you return to after every trip and my arms will be the only ones you allow to hold you at night."

Tears welled in Kasey's blue eyes and he blinked, not wanting to lose sight for one moment of the man he loved. He cradled Gram's face in his hands and brushed a kiss over those lips he'd become addicted to.

"I would willingly stand up in front of God and everyone to marry you, if we could." Kasey dropped to the floor and embraced Gram.

Pressing his lips to Gram's ear, he whispered, "I love you more than my career and my life."

Gram held him tight for a moment before easing away to pluck the rings from the box. After tossing it over his shoulder, Gram took Kasey's left hand and slipped the ring on his finger. Kasey did the same and, palm to palm, they pressed the golden circles together.

Entangling his fingers into the dark curls at the nape of Gram's neck, Kasey brought the man's mouth to his. Their kiss started slow and gentle, promises and commitments made. Passion blossomed as their tongues dueled and hands wandered.

Breaking away with a gasp, Kasey murmured, "Let's go to bed. I want you to make love to me until sun rise."

"Sounds like a great way to spend our first Christmas morning together," Gram agreed.

They climbed to their feet and made it upstairs without waking up most of the others. Tumbling onto the bed, Kasey spread his legs, letting Gram fall between them.

"God, that feels amazing," he moaned as their erections rubbed together through the fabric of their sweats.

"I don't want to come in my pants. We need to get naked."

Gram pushed up and stripped before tapping Kasey on the hip. He lifted his ass, allowing Gram to yank down his clothes. Dropping back to the mattress, he held out his hand.

"Come here." He frowned when Gram looked around instead of lying down with him. "What are you looking for?"

"Where's the lube?"

"Gram," he almost whined. "We don't need it. Give me your hand."

A wicked smile crossed his lover's face as he sucked Gram's fingers in, getting them as wet as he could before letting go. He set his own hands behind his thighs, pulling them back and out to give Gram access to his hole.

"God, I have wet dreams about you like this when you're away on trips," Gram confessed, pressing two fingers in.

Kasey hissed, but relaxed. They had messed around earlier in the shower, so Gram wouldn't have to waste too much time in stretching him. He rocked slowly, impaling himself on Gram's fingers and shivering as his lover's knuckles nailed his gland.

Gram leaned forward and swallowed Kasey's cock to the root. Kasey stifled his cry with his fist as the crown of his shaft hit the back of Gram's throat. His mind blanked as he danced between mouth and fingers. Pressure built and his balls drew tight, driving him closer and closer to his climax.

A moment later, he gasped in protest as Gram removed his fingers. "Hey, I was almost there."

Chuckling, Gram pinched the inside of his thigh. "I know. I want you to come on my cock, baby."

His eyes rolled as Gram pushed in, filling his inner channel with the throbbing heat he knew so well. Kasey gripped Gram's biceps as he welcomed the intrusion. They lay still for a few seconds after Gram was buried balls deep.

"You all right?"

Kasey nodded, his mouth not working for anything except panting. He tightened his muscles and Gram groaned.

"Oh" slipped out as Gram pulled out until only the head of his cock remained inside Kasey. Gram met his gaze and Kasey grinned, giving him silent permission.

Gram slammed back in and their ride began. Hard and fast, they strained together, skin meeting in slaps and sweat dripping as they chased each other up the peak.

"God." He arched and Gram thrust deeper, nailing that favorite spot inside him and shooting sparks all over his body.

As marvelous as making love felt, it was the silvery glint of moonlight off his ring that exploded the pressure inside him and he came hard, spilling strings of come over their stomachs. Gram followed him seconds later and flooded his ass with hot liquid.

Tremors shook them as aftershocks of their climaxes waved over them. They kissed languidly and exhaled softly as Gram's limp cock exited Kasey's hole. Kasey laid there, watching as Gram reached over the side of the bed to find one of their T-shirts. He used it to wipe them both clean before tossing it back on the floor.

"Remind me to take care of that before your mother gets in here to straighten the room," Gram ordered him.

"I'll try," he murmured, settling into his spot by Gram's side. "Mom's going to freak when we tell her."

Gram chuckled. "I think you're understating how your mom's going to react to this news. We'll let her make any plans for a party she wants."

Kasey thought about nodding, but sleep caught up with him and his eyes drifted shut while his fingers curled into his palm, insuring his ring didn't fall off during the night.

* * * * *

Garrett heard the door to his brother's room shut and eased out of bed.

"Where are you going?" CJ sat up, blankets pooling at his waist.

"I need to get something I forgot downstairs. I'll be right back."

"All right, but no shaking the presents while you're down there."

He winked and left to get his carry-on that he'd forgotten to take upstairs when they got to his parents' house. Glancing into the living room, he noticed a small empty box and grinned. Looked like someone else had the same idea.

CJ leaned against the headboard and motioned for Garrett to join him when he came back in. Palming the plain black box and hiding it behind his back, Garrett slid in next to CJ.

"I have something to ask you."

With a puzzled expression, CJ nodded. "All right."

Garrett took CJ's hand and pressed it to his chest right over his heart. "When my relationship with Rich ended, I wasn't sure I'd ever be able to love someone again. Then you came back into my life and taught me that love can heal broken hearts."

Garrett held out the box and CJ took it with trembling hands.

As he opened it, CJ said, "You taught me how to respect myself and to never be ashamed of who I am. I love you more than any words could describe."

"Will you stand before our families and friends and declare yourself my husband?"

CJ nodded and Garrett took one of the rings, sliding it on his lover's finger. Tears dripped down CJ's face and Garrett caught one with his tongue.

"Let's go to Iowa or Vermont, whatever state allows us to get married. Hell, we could even go to Canada. I want to be your husband and life partner until we both die." CJ stared at their matching brushed gold rings.

"When we're old and grey," Garrett added with a chuckle.

CJ threw his arms around Garrett and dragged him down to the mattress, devouring his mouth with single-minded intent. Garrett let CJ have control, knowing it would end with both of them coming. His lover straddled him and rubbed Garrett's cock along the crease of his ass.

The head of Garrett's shaft eased into CJ's opening with no trouble at all. CJ threw his head back and didn't hesitate to take Garrett quickly. Garrett's eyes crossed at how tight CJ's channel still was, even after the enthusiastic reaming it had gotten before.

"God, you feel amazing," he muttered, bracing his feet and shoving his hips up to get as far into CJ as he could.

"Hmmm...I miss this about a minute after you slide out of me." CJ gazed down at him with a smile.

"Sometimes I wish we could stay like this forever." He laughed. "Of course, it isn't practical, is it?"

CJ started rocking like he had all the time in the world to ride Garrett. He stroked his hands up CJ's sides to where his nipples stood, hard and needy. Pinching them between his fingers and thumbs, he tugged and CJ cried out softly.

Garrett left one hand playing with CJ's nipples and trailed the other one down to wrap around his lover's cock in a firm grip like he'd learned CJ enjoyed. A hard fast pump caused CJ to jerk and his muscles clamped down on Garrett's prick, driving a low moan from him.

"Now?" CJ inquired, resting his hands on Garrett's chest and rising slightly on his knees.

"Yes."

CJ pushed back and Garrett arched up, their pace picking up with each thrust. Their gazes fused together; caring, desire, and desperate need brimming in both. The emotions and lust built until Garrett couldn't take any more and shut his eyes.

He drove deeper into CJ and came, trembling and jerking as his seed bathed the tight channel he was caught in. CJ threw back his head as warm wet liquid splashed over Garrett's hand and stomach.

Time disappeared as they rode the waves of passion and love until the emotions lessened. CJ collapsed on top of Garrett, sweat and come squishing between them.

"Ugh." He goosed CJ until the man rolled off him.

Blindly hanging his hand over the side of the bed, he snatched up a shirt. He wiped them up and tossed it toward a laundry basket in the corner.

"You better do that load before your mom gets a hold of it," CJ commented as he stared up at the ceiling.

"I will, but not right now."

He threw his arm over CJ's waist and cuddled close to him. CJ took his left hand and entwined their fingers together, letting the gold rings rub together.

"I never thought this would happen, not with us being gay and all."

Garrett pushed up onto his elbow and stared down at CJ. "Just because we're gay doesn't mean we can't make a commitment to each other. It simply means that most places won't acknowledge it legally."

Smiling, CJ reached up with his free hand and brushed a lock of hair off Garrett's forehead. "I don't need a piece of paper to know that I'll love you forever."

"I don't either." He pressed a kiss to CJ's swollen lips. "A commitment ceremony would be fun though."

"Your mom's going to have a field day with this."

"Less work for us to do."

He settled back down and embraced CJ, nuzzling his nose into his lover's sweat-dampened curls. Sleep dragged them down, but Garrett had one last thought.

It was going to be the best Christmas ever for him, CJ, Kasey and Gram.

* * * * *

As the sun rose later that Christmas morning, its bright rays glinted off four golden rings symbolizing the true meaning of the season, everlasting love.

The End

About the Author

Why would I wish to live a life without boundaries?

I want to experience everything life and the world have to offer. Being fascinated by how different we all are, I write about the things that make each of us unique and because I find beauty in all kinds of love, I like to share those insights with my readers. I live in the Midwest with my partner of twelve years. When I'm not writing, I'm watching movies, reading and living life to the fullest.

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