Who's Fooling Who by sa

Summary: Rating: PG.
Pairing: Dom/Brian.
Disclaimer: They belong to Universal Studios, I believe. Though what I wouldn't do to get Vin Diesel in my bedroom.
Spoilers: Well, for the movie. But then, you knew that.
Feedback: It's the best kind of crack.
Author's Notes: As always; Ple. She's there for freakouts at three am; what more could you want in a beta? And she gets the Vin-oost.
Summary: Opposite sides of the spectrum.
Submitted through http://lists.squidge.org/wws/info/makebelieve
Rating: FRT - young teen ★★★
Fandoms: slash fiction, The Fast And The Furious
Characters: Brian/Dom
Genres: Slash
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Torretto. O'Connor. Even their names were at opposite sides of the spectrum.

They were so different: Dom was bulky where Brian was slim; Dom shaved his head, Brian kept his right above the ears; Dom had a deep, husky voice, and Brian couldn't get that breathiness out of his tone no matter how hard he tried.

Dom liked American cars, even though he drove Japanese; Brian was loyal to Toyota. Dom covered his hamburgers with ketchup, mayo, and mustard; Brian had tuna on white with no crusts. Dom had been dating his girlfriend for twelve years; Brian had never been with anyone longer than a couple of months.

Brian listened to alternative rock; Dominic cranked up the techno until the metal vibrated in the garage. Brian forgot to put his tools away; Dominic lived by the "everything in its place" philosophy. Brian always managed to find some time alone; Dominic wasn't comfortable unless he had someone around.

Brian spent twenty hours a day working for three different people. He managed to find time to get his hair highlighted once a month. He had a Suzuki motorcycle tucked away in a storage unit out in Arizona, and he hated being in the city.

Dom went to bed whenever the hell he wanted. He didn't answer to anyone except himself, and, okay, Letty. She was the only one Dom trusted with a blade against his skull. He had a 1969 Dodge Charger stashed in an old friend's shed out in the Valley, and he'd never lived anywhere but L.A.

They might not have had a lot in common, but they both had dark-haired, fucking sexy women. They both stole glances at each other's asses when they figured no one was looking.

And they both knew it, too.

end

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