

*A Sip...*



*A Torquere Press Sip*

**Photo Shoot**  
**By Addison Albright**

Eddie kicked out of his sneakers and shed his workout clothes in record time. He questioned his sanity as he headed for the shower. Trent was nuts. Eddie wasn't a model. Why did Trent want him to pose for photos at all, let alone artsy nudes? And what the hell had he been thinking *agreeing* to this crap?

He'd caved because Trent was his best friend and needed this for a large class project. But he'd only agreed on the condition that Trent give him a month to get into a little better shape first.

He'd never spent so much time running or working out at the fitness center. Damn, or nursing sore muscles.

The month was up and it was *way* too soon. He looked at himself in the mirror and saw nothing that appealed to him. He wasn't overweight by any stretch of the imagination, but there still wasn't any muscle definition. He was just -- there. His face wasn't anything special to look at either. Again, it was just there.

A guy would have to be pretty desperate to ask him out. Okay, so maybe his situation wasn't *that* dire, but he was in one hell of a dry spell. Trent, on the other hand, was on the wrong side of the camera. *He* sure didn't lack for dates. Didn't have much luck with boyfriends, though.

In his dreams -- well, in his *wildest* dreams -- Trent would look at him and suddenly discover the error of his ways and see how perfect they'd be together. Okay, so it was *beyond* his wildest dreams. But definitely another good reason why it was a big mistake to get naked and pose his scrawny ass for Trent. Shit.

Even dragging his feet it only took him twenty minutes to shower, get dressed, and find himself standing in front of Trent's door. *Please don't be home. Please, please, just don't be home.*

No such luck. The door swung open and Trent's smile beamed at him. "I *knew* I could count on you, Eddie. I can always count on you."

There went his resolve to try and beg off. Eddie couldn't do that to Trent. Fuck.

Trent led him towards the back of his loft where there was a bare brick wall. He had a professional looking lighting set up aimed at the wall. Lights? Couldn't they just do this is some kind of subtle gloom?

Trent must have sensed Eddie's nervousness, so he kept his tone light. "It'll be fine, Eddie. You look great."

Bullshit. Eddie had a mirror. "I don't look great, Trent. I don't know why you'd want me for this. I'll probably trash your grade."

Trent's tone turned serious. "Eddie?"

Shit. "What?"

"You look great. You're exactly what I want for this. You have a grace that muscle bound oafs only *wish* they could duplicate. You're perfect... a normal guy that people can look at and relate to, only with a poise that'll make 'em green with envy."

Huh? Eddie didn't ask. Didn't want Trent to think he was fishing for phony compliments. Hearing that helped, though. He supposed he was average enough. Not hideous anyway, but grace? Who was Trent trying to kid with that?

Trent clearly wanted to move things along. “Well, um, can I get you something to drink or are you ready to get started?”

Eddie’d *never* be ready to get started but figured the sooner he sucked it up and got moving, the better off he’d be. He mumbled something about getting it over with and made his way to Trent’s bathroom to get undressed.

The bright bathroom lighting did nothing to help his faltering ego. Why hadn’t he thought to visit a tanning salon so he wouldn’t be so pale? The sparse dark hair centered on his chest and trailing lightly down his stomach stood out starkly in the glow of the rows of big round bulbs lining the large mirror over Trent’s vanity. The thick thatch between his legs contrasted so sharply with the pale skin around it that it seemed almost obscene.

His prick was appallingly pallid, peeking out in the center of it... Christ. *Barely* peeking out. He’d been worried about embarrassing himself by springing a boner around Trent, but he was so freaked he was turtling instead. Equally bad. No, worse. Far worse.

Eddie warmed his prick with his hand, coaxing it out of hiding and to a reasonable far-less-awkward compromise between cold frightened turtle and raging hard-on. Then, he grabbed a towel, because there was no way he was strutting out there butt-naked.

With the towel wrapped securely around his waist he took a deep breath and stepped back out to face the music. Trent had turned on his stereo to a rather sultry sounding instrumental. Was that supposed to help him relax? Get him to move like a real model?

Trent pasted on a cheery smile. “Ready, Eddie?” Then he laughed. “I’m a poet and didn’t know it.”

Jesus, Trent could be corny sometimes. But Eddie laughed. Trent could always make him laugh. For some reason Trent always laughed at his dumb jokes too. No one else ever did. They usually just looked at him like he was some kind of doofus.

“No.” He went for honesty.

Trent’s smile was crooked. “It’s just *me* Eddie. It’s not like you haven’t gotten naked for guys before. And it’s not like I haven’t seen plenty either. Shit. Would it help if I got naked too, to take the pictures?”

Eddie’s prick twitched at the thought. Hell, no, Trent had better *not* get naked. He’d *never* be able to keep from embarrassing himself. “No!” He said that a little too forcefully. Shit.

Trent looked almost hurt. He bit his lip and turned serious again. “If it’s really bothering you that much, well, it’s okay if you want to back out.”

Now Eddie felt like a heel. He hadn't meant to make Trent feel bad for asking for his help. "No, it's okay. I'll do it."

"Well, anyway, I've got lots of film here so we should probably get started."

Shit. It was about time to drop the towel. He looked anxiously at the well lit brick wall. "Um, what do you want me to do? Just stand over there?"

"Well, for starters, I guess. I'd like you to use the wall a bit. Lean back on it some. Maybe some snaps with you facing the wall looking back at the camera, or off to the side. I like that wall for a backdrop."

"You don't think that's too bright?"

Trent laughed. "I'll be playing around with different lighting, changing the angles and stuff. Just leave that part to me."

*Just drop the towel, Eddie. Just drop it.* He forced his hand to open up and tried to be nonchalant as the towel fell to the floor. As casually as he could manage he walked to the wall and asked, "So do you want my face to just be neutral, or do you want smiles or something?"

"Whatever feels natural, Eddie. Mix it up."

"Kay." He swallowed, took another deep breath and looked up at Trent from where he stood in front of the wall, and heard the shutter click a few times on Trent's camera.

Jesus, Trent was already snapping away. Eddie wiped the holy shit look off his face and tried to just look natural. He looked at the camera. He looked off to the side. He looked at the ground. He tried not to think about the fact that he was leaning against a wall, naked as the day he was born, while his best friend in the world snapped photo after photo of his mediocre self.

He moved his hands behind him and pressed his palms against the wall. He bent a knee and placed a foot against the wall. He did his best to change up his positions to give Trent some variety.

He watched while Trent fiddled with the lights and changed the film for the umpteenth time. Then adjusted himself in his jeans. It was a quick move but unmistakable. Trent wasn't actually getting hard looking at him, was he? No way. Probably just a normal everyday readjust, something that only a Trent-watcher like himself would even note.

But then Trent flashed a quick look at him and blushed. What was up with that? Maybe Trent wasn't so unaffected after all. Maybe Eddie's dreams weren't as wild as he'd thought. The notion that it was possible, just possible, that Trent returned his feelings and harbored a hope for more out of their relationship boosted Eddie's mood from reticent to vaguely encouraged. It was short lived, though.

A few rolls of film later Trent played around with the lights some more and walked around to Eddie's side. "Hey, Eddie. How about turning around and doing some stuff facing the wall for a bit?"

Sure, what the hell. He was feeling almost comfortable now and spun quickly to face the wall. A little *too* quickly. He winced as the tip of his cock scraped the rough brick, then quickly masked the twinge of pain that crossed his face and hoped that Trent hadn't noticed.

His hope was futile. Trent was too observant for his own good. "Oops. That hurt? You want a dab of Neosporin or something?"

Shit. Maybe if Trent applied it for him. "Uh, no thanks. I'm fine. Forget it." *Please, forget it.*

But no, the snort of laughter that Trent had clearly been trying to suppress pushed through. "Sorry, I couldn't help thinking...."

Fool that he was he had to ask. "Thinking what?"

Trent said solemnly, "At least now you can say you've been to Bangkok."

Eddie couldn't help himself. He burst out laughing. And Trent clicked away. And the awkwardness faded once more.

He found it wasn't nearly as difficult as he'd expected it to be to move around against the wall. Posing, without seeming to be posing. Trent spoke to him encouragingly, unobtrusively, until finally the rolls of film were all spent and Eddie was almost disappointed that it was over.

Trent was still putting his camera equipment and exposed rolls of film away when Eddie reemerged from the bathroom. Trent looked up and smiled. "Thanks again, Eddie. I can't thank you enough. *Nobody* wanted to do this for me. Well, nobody I thought could do a decent job of it anyway."

"You thought *I* could do a decent job?" Eddie snorted. "I just hope I didn't earn you a failing grade."

The look on Trent's face was sincere befuddlement with a hint of longing. Eddie's heart skipped a beat. "You're joking, right? You're a natural Eddie. Bet the art department tries to get you to pose for 'em now."

Christ. "I'm *not* posing naked for some room full of art students! Shit, these pictures aren't going to be passed around are they?"

"No, not passed around. There's a panel that'll be looking at the portfolios, but that's as far as it goes."

A panel? Shit. "Then they'll be burned, right?"

Trent choked. “Burned! Hell, no, Eddie. I think these are gonna be great. I know I’ll want some in my professional portfolio. Don’t you remember? I had to have you sign a model release form back when you agreed to this. It’s all in there.”

Shit. He hadn’t actually read the damned thing, ‘cause he could never refuse Trent anything. “Well, I guess that’s okay.”

Trent smiled again. “Hey, want to go dancing?”

Did he want to watch Trent cruising for a date? No. That was getting harder and harder to do. “Nah, not tonight. I don’t feel like cruising.”

“Eddie?”

Now what? “Huh?”

“I didn’t ask if you wanted to go cruising with me, I asked if you wanted to go dancing.”

He just looked at Trent for a moment trying to understand. Was this really happening? “You want to go out dancing *with me*?”

“Well sure, Eddie. You’re one of the best dancers around.”

The look of disbelief on his face must have been comical since Trent laughed.

“Geez, Eddie. That’s one reason I knew you’d be a good model for my portfolio project.”

One reason? Well, he did have a lot of fun dancing. He and Trent had never gone out dancing *together* though. They went out together all the time, just not like that. Not like a date. Was Trent asking him out on an actual date?

He looked at Trent, who was looking expectantly back at him. Expectantly and... a little nervously? Like Trent was worried that *Eddie* would reject *him*? If he agreed to go out on a date with Trent then blew it, what would happen to their friendship? Would they be all awkward with each other after that?

He’d been dreaming about Trent like this forever, but suddenly he was scared out of his wits. Shit, so was his prick. He could feel the damned thing turtling up on him again. If a turtle didn’t have a shell, would it be naked or homeless?

Trent burst out laughing. “I don’t know. What made you think of that?”

Damn. Eddie'd said it out loud. He blushed. “I don’t know.”

“Hey, what’s invisible and smells like carrots?”

Huh? “Um, what?”

“Rabbit farts.”

Eddie had to laugh. He loved Trent’s corny sense of humor.

When they stopped laughing Trent was still looking at him. Eddie wasn’t sure what to say. Trent had one word. “Please?”

Eddie nodded.

Trent leaned forward and landed a light kiss on his lips. “Thank you.” He spoke softly, but stepped forward rather than backed away, and kept staring into Eddie’s eyes. Eddie stared back, frozen, unable to move or say anything. Not wanting to move or say anything. Just wanting Trent to kiss him again.

Clearly, that’s what his prick was hoping for too. The frightened turtle was gone, moving swiftly towards the opposite end of the spectrum.

Trent still spoke softly. “This okay, Eddie?”

Eddie nodded again, not breaking eye contact.

Trent’s hand moved up to cup Eddie’s jaw and then his mouth was on Eddie’s again. Eddie melted. His self control deserted him and he pressed himself against Trent. His arms wound around Trent’s waist and he felt Trent’s enormous sigh. Of relief? Hell, who cared? He didn’t want to think; he only wanted to feel.

Eddie’s prick took over for him and his self-doubts melted away. Was he worried that Trent might not want his aggressive, scrawny self shoving his tongue in his mouth? Hell, no, Eddie’s prick didn’t care, so Eddie didn’t consider it either.

He ground his hips against Trent’s and felt an answering grind and a growing bulge in Trent’s jeans. Hell, yes, Trent was actually getting hard for him. For *him*.

Trent moaned into his mouth and pushed back with his own tongue. Trent’s thumb caressed the side of his face and his other hand moved down Eddie’s back. One of Eddie’s arms moved up to Trent’s shoulders, the other tightened on his waist, then traveled lower.

It didn’t take Eddie long to get fully erect, and in fact, he worried that he’d end up shooting in his jeans. Perhaps Trent sensed that, because he broke their kiss and panted, “Bedroom, Eddie?”

“Yes, Jesus. Gotta.”

It wasn't actually a bedroom. The loft was one big room and the bed was a fold out couch. They had the cushions tossed aside and the bed pulled out in record time.

Eddie had no issues shedding his clothes for the second time and they fell onto the bed at the same time. The springs shrieked in protest, but were ignored as Eddie launched himself onto Trent and Trent pulled him down for another kiss.

Trent's mouth felt so incredibly hot and tasted just as Eddie had always imagined Trent would taste. Trent's body was gorgeous. No lack of muscle definition there. Trent actually liked working out. Said it relaxed him and, most days, he tried to make time for an hour at the fitness center.

Christ, feeling those arms on his body was just about enough to send Eddie spiraling to an early orgasm just by itself. Having to contend with a chiseled chest, six-pack abs, muscular thighs, calves and ass, the most lickable hip bones he'd ever seen, and a rock hard, beautiful cock all focused on rubbing against him was on the edge of being more than he could handle.

But he was determined not to blow too early. Determined, in fact, not to come before Trent did. And so he broke the kiss and moved ever so slowly downwards, pausing first at Trent's collarbone.

He ran his tongue over the glistening skin, tasting the salt and reveling in the heat of Trent's cock as Trent thrust his hips upwards against Eddie's stomach. Christ, he could feel the wetness of Trent's precome rubbing against him.

He nipped his way down to a tightly peaked nipple and circled it with his tongue while Trent continued to thrust and rub against his upper body. It was all he could do to keep from rubbing himself against a taut thigh.

Eddie once again moved downward, stopping at Trent's hipbone to nip and suck on the salty skin. He ran his tongue along the line of the bone and paused to suck up a mark at a spot that seemed particularly sensitive. Trent's cock was pressed hard into his armpit as he reached up to tease Trent's nipple.

Trent started to shake, then groan. "Oh, fuck, Eddie. Fuck. Fuck!"

Trent was going to come? Before he'd even touched his tongue to his cock? Not if Eddie could help it. He moved swiftly over to engulf the head of Trent's swollen prick, cupped his balls, and sucked firmly.

Trent roared Eddie's name and he felt hands clasped tightly in his hair. Spunk shot into his mouth and he swallowed as Trent's cock pulsed and emptied into him.

He no sooner popped off than he was hauled up and pulled into a feverish kiss. Trent's hand encasing his prick was all that was needed to finish him off. He arched and spilled onto Trent's abs as Trent held him tightly, rocking gently.



As the euphoria drained from his body it was replaced once again by self-doubt and worry. Worry that a friendship that meant the world to him would be damaged and become awkward. But he remained silent as Trent rolled them to the side. Their legs remained tangled and Trent petted his back in such a soothing manner, it was hard not to replace the worry with hope.

“I don’t usually come that quickly. Jesus, Eddie, I’ve resisted you for so long it just kinda overwhelmed me.”

“Resisted me? You’re joking, right?”

“I never joke.” Trent stopped and laughed. “Okay, I always joke, but not about this stuff. Shit, Eddie, you’re my best friend. I don’t want to fuck that up. You mean too much to me to risk our friendship over sex.”

It took Eddie a moment to realize that *Trent* had said those words and that he wasn’t just speaking his own thoughts out loud. “You won’t lose me.” Eddie tightened his hug. “You’re everything to me, Trent. I don’t ever want to mess up what we’ve got.”

Trent’s hand moved up to pet his hair. “We can make this work, right? Best friends can be boyfriends, too.”

Eddie nodded. He knew he’d choke on words.

“I can’t share you, though, Eddie. I mean, if we’re going to do this, it’s gotta be everything. Otherwise, we should try to forget this ever happened and go back to just being best friends.”

“No!” Eddie choked on the word. “Can’t forget. Don’t want to forget. Don’t want anyone but you, Trent. Ever.”

“Good.” Trent rocked him for another minute then peered down at him. “Still want to go dancing?”

Hell, he was floating on air. “Sure, I could dance all night.”

Trent sat up. He looked blissful as he held out a hand and eyed their abs. “Come on, let’s wash this stuff off and head out.” Eddie followed him like a loyal puppy, complete with puppy-dog eyes.

In the bathroom Trent handed him a washcloth and wet another one for himself. “Hey, Eddie, do you know what’s pink and fluffy?”

Huh? Knowing how Trent’s humor tended to run, Eddie took a stab at it. “Pink fluff?”

Trent laughed. “Guess you know me too well.”

He couldn't help laughing along. "We just think alike."

Trent pulled him close for a light lingering kiss. "Just one of the many reasons you're my best friend in the whole world."

Eddie couldn't suppress his grin. "And now your boyfriend, too?"

"Yeah. And now my boyfriend, too."

Photo Shoot

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