

*A Sip...*



*A Torquere Press Short*

***Before the Show***

***By J.M. Snyder***

In his dressing room backstage at the Main Drag,

Devin Elliot plugs in his hot curlers. As he waits for them to heat up, he studies his face in the mirror above his vanity table. At twenty, his skin has finally lost its oily adolescent sheen, but the naked bulbs that frame the mirror and mimic the stage lights give him a sallow appearance. At least he has make-up to counter the waxy glow. Sinking into the chair in front of the vanity, he pulls off the band that holds his ponytail back from his face and shakes his head to let his long, blond hair fall free.

Someone knocks on his door. "I'm here!" he calls out, not bothering to get up. It must be Chuck, the Drag's real brute of a bouncer. At six foot two, he has arms as big around as Devin's thighs, riddled with veins that stand out when he flexes, and his dark glare can drop a mean drunk at a hundred yards. Before a show, he usually hangs around backstage to deter any eager patrons from sneaking into the dressing rooms. Devin thinks he's sexy, for a big lug. And an easy catch -- it only took two weeks of blowing kisses and winking his way before Devin got into Chuck's pants.

A few seconds later, the knock comes again.

Half-turning in his chair, Devin raises his voice. "I'm getting ready. Go away."

From the other side of the door comes a frustrated kick. Devin laughs -- it's definitely Chuck. "After the

show, sweetie," he promises.

It's Friday night— -- here he's not just another undergrad struggling with mid-terms. Here, with the crowd watching as the music moves his body, hot stares undressing him on stage, catcalls and wolf whistles and his name shouted as he shakes his ass...

Here he's Devine.

\* \* \*

With a head full of hot rollers, Devin stands up from the vanity and, pushing the chair aside, watches himself in the mirror as he unbuttons his jeans. The zipper moves down on its own beneath the start of an erection. Just thinking about dolling up turns him on -- make-up and hairspray and tight pink panties under a short, short skirt. Rubbing both hands into the front of his jeans, Devin cups his stiffening dick through his briefs. His gaze flickers over the curlers spun into his hair and then down his thin, bare chest, following the line of faint hairs that trail over his flat stomach, to his hands fisted around the white bulge in his pants. A few well-placed hip movements that would make Shakira proud and the jeans fall to his knees. He gives himself a hard squeeze and gasps as sensation spikes through him.

Quickly he quickly slides down his pants and briefs

to stand naked in front of the mirror. The dressing room is small -- the vanity, its chair, and a tattered loveseat along one wall fill most of the available space. Balling up his jeans, Devin deposits them on the loveseat, then turns to check out his profile in the mirror. He arches his back, raises his ass in the air, and his hands are drawn to his buttocks like magnets. They knead the firm, round flesh, digging in deep to lift and separate, the skin whitening beneath his grip and then reddening when he pulls away. His dick juts from his lower belly, as straight and hot as a curling iron.

"I know you want me," Devin sings, "it's easy to see." Off-key but hey, he's only paid to shake his ass. On stage they lip sync. As he sings, he retrieves a bottle of scented lotion from the vanity table and squirts a liberal amount between his palms, rubs them together, smooths the cool lotion over his nipples, down his belly, along his thick shaft and around and under his hanging balls. More lotion, over his hips and smeared into his ass cheeks, strummed down his crack, rimmed around his quivering hole. The scent of peaches fills the air like summertime, and the tip of Devin's dick is swirled with white lotion that looks like come.

A pair of lacy, pink boyshort panties and matching padded bra await. With a shake, he pulls the panties on. "Don't 'cha wish your girlfriend was hot like me?"

he sings, watching his reflection as the panties come up over his knees, the lace so fragile and so girlish against his skin. "Don't 'cha wish your girlfriend was a *freak* like me?"

He turns as he snaps the boyshorts into place and likes the way they barely cover his round buttocks. At the front of his crotch, they cut across his hard cock like a tightening band of lace. Devin spends too long repositioning himself -- part of the appeal of drag is the way his boyish body looks in girly clothes. He likes his ass hanging out of the boyshorts, and when he raises up on his toes to arch his back, he likes the way his dark, puckered hole peeks out from the lace stretched between his legs. He likes the press of a lacy crotch reining in his hard shaft, the way the pink material almost matches the color of the spongy tip of his dick, the way his profile bulges like there's more than six and a half inches crammed down the front of the panties. He likes the way his balls throb against the fabric, beating in time with his heart.

Most of all, the *customers* like it. As does Chuck.

A shot of lust zings through Devin. Thinking of the bouncer slows his hand... he's no longer positioning his cock in the boyshorts, but is beginning to stroke himself. Like he can get any harder.

He gives his cockhead a quick pinch to snap

himself back in the moment, then curves his dick up along his pubic mound and over to the left. He dips his hand into the panties again, grabs his balls, rolls them between his fingers for a moment before lifting them into place. Studying himself in the mirror, he rubs his hands over his flat belly where the panties dip low and savors the constricting fabric on his dick and nuts. For a long moment he stares at the lace that now pinks his flesh, then rubs across the front of the panties -- his erection feels like steel sheathed in silk. He can stand here all night just staring at his body, touching it, marveling at how one little pair of girl's underwear could make it look so sexy. His hand presses into his crotch and he lets his eyes slip shut. He wants to come just like this, in these panties, here, now...

A hard rap on the door kicks his heart into a rapid beat. "Thirty minutes," someone hollers in the hall.

Goaded into action, Devin pulls on a flouncy blue mini-skirt, then the padded bra. A quick glance in the mirror shows his boobs are level -- good. He fools with them a bit, kneading the padding to give them some size, then shrugs into the costume's shirt, a checkered button-down with a wide collar and no sleeves, cut to bare his midriff and tied, not buttoned, to hide the bra. Another glance in the mirror -- he likes what he sees. *Getting there*. Ten minutes to do his hair, another ten for his make-up,

and he'll be good to go. With one hand holding onto the back of the chair for balance, he steps into a pair of wooden two-inch heels.

Devin plops down in front of the vanity mirror to begin unrolling his curlers. Once they're out, his blond hair falls in wispy curls to frame his face. Plugging in a curling iron, he just starts styling his bangs when another knock interrupts him. Irrked, he calls out, "I heard you the first time."

The doorknob rattles; it's locked. "Just a minute." Clicking off the curling rod as he stands, he strides to the door and flings it open, sure it's one of the other girls looking to bum his hairspray or eye shadow. Those bitches... "What is it now?"

Chuck stands in front of him, the bouncer's bulk filling the doorway. "Am I bothering you?" he asks, his voice gravelly and deep.

Devin takes a step back. "No, I..." Reaching out, he taps his finger against Chuck's belt buckle. "Didn't realize it was you."

With quick reflexes, Chuck grabs Devin's wrist to keep him close. "Expecting someone else?" When Devin doesn't answer, Chuck tells him, "Invite me in."

"I'm getting ready," Devin protests, but it's half-hearted and he stands aside as Chuck

shoulders into the room. With the door shut, the dressing room seems to shrink, contracting around them until the walls seem to crowd around Chuck's large girth. Devin touches the bouncer's back, his hands flat against the warm leather vest Chuck wears, and he catches a glimpse of the both of them in the mirror -- Chuck fills most of the reflecting glass, but behind him, Devin's skirt and a bit of leg flash out, along with his poufy hair, his bare arm. Pressing the padded bra against Chuck's back, Devin lets his hands smooth over the bouncer's shoulders, down arms whorled with tattoos and hair. "I thought I said after the show."

Chuck turns and falls into the loveseat. The cushions exhale beneath his weight with an exasperated sigh. "You've got some time now," he points out, catching Devin's hands in his own.

"I've got thirty minutes," Devin says, but he lets Chuck pull him closer. The bouncer's feet are between his, and the next step forces Devin onto the loveseat, where he kneels with one leg on either side of Chuck's denim-clad thighs. Making a show of looking at Chuck's watch, Devin announces, "Twenty minutes, my bad. Do you know how hard it is to look perfect in twenty minutes?"

"You look perfect now, princess." Chuck wraps his arms around Devin's narrow waist and hugs him close. With a laugh Devin tries to pull away, but it's

a weak attempt -- he couldn't break free from Chuck's grip if he wanted to, which he doesn't. A large hand splays across the small of his back; the other has found its way up Devin's skirt to cradle his ass. His hands on Chuck's shoulders are an ineffectual mock protest against what they both want. Devin can feel the bouncer's huge erection between his legs, straining the front of Chuck's crotch in its eagerness to burrow deep inside him, and Devin's pink panties are already damp with pre-come.

Chuck's tongue licks out to trail over Devin's breastbone, and the hand on his ass rubs down between Devin's legs, poking at the fabric taut across his skin. Those lips kiss along the shelf of his collarbone, up his neck, over the bulge of his Adam's apple, and Devin lets his head fall back, offering himself to his lover. His hair spills down his shoulders in a fall of blond curls; Chuck fists his hand in the thick strands, and then encircles his fingers around the back of Devin's neck as if holding him in place. *Here*, those fingers say, so demanding as they move Devin's head to one side, allowing Chuck a chance to suckle behind his left ear. Those fingers strike up an impromptu massage that sends shivers down Devin's back, and his own hands fist in Chuck's vest as his hips grind against the bouncer's broad, hard stomach.

"I'm going to be no good in the show," Devin teases. His body is alive with emotion, his nerves sizzling with the energy that swirls between them. "How can I dance onstage with a hard-on for you?"

"I can take care of that," Chuck growls against Devin's neck.

It's a low, sexy rumble deep in Chuck's throat, and it curls through Devin until he feels the very air vibrate from the animalistic sound. Without another word Chuck lays Devin down beside him on the loveseat. Caught in those strong arms, Devin gasps with laughter when Chuck's fingers tickle across his stomach. "I can't," he tries, his hands on Chuck's wrists as he pretends to fight back. His long legs, smooth from a recent shave and curved nicely from his heels, kick out on either side of Chuck as the bouncer straddles him. When Chuck flips up Devin's skirt to expose the panties that restrain his hard dick, Devin tries to smooth down the fabric and fails. He's vaguely aware that he needs to be on stage in what, fifteen minutes now? Though his mind knows he's going to cut it close, his body enjoys Chuck's playful touch too much to put an end to it.

As Chuck's fingers slip beneath the panties' elastic trim, Devin's legs encircle the bouncer's torso. "Chuck, please," he starts, but he's still giggling like a schoolgirl and can't seem to get serious. "I don't

really have time for this. I have to get ready..."

Chuck eases the panties down, just enough to free Devin's erection -- his swollen cock swings up to poke at the air like an exclamation point. "Looks like you're ready to me."

"No, really--"

Devin's words vanish when Chuck's hot mouth closes over the tip of his shaft. Instead, a moan of delight escapes his lips, and he raises off the sofa, pressing his full length into his lover. A gentle tongue twirls down his cock to lick at the sensitive skin just above balls still sheathed by the panties; the pink lace grows damp and transparent with spit. That tongue, those cheeks, they suck at the tender tip of Devin's dick, massage the firm flesh of his erection, and pull him closer and closer to release.

With ankles crossed behind Chuck's head, Devin traps him between his legs and clenches his thighs to keep Chuck right where he wants him. Above them, his heels stick in the air obscenely. The loveseat rocks beneath them as Devin fucks into Chuck's willing mouth again and again. His buttocks flex and his hands fist in the arm of the sofa, in his padded bra, his skirt bunched at his waist, his lover's short cropped hair, anywhere he can dig in, hold on, ride this out. "Yes," he cries, breathless. "God yes, Chuck yes, yes, yes." Each admission

brings another thrust of his hips as lust flares through his already over-stimulated, heated body.

Just when he thinks he can take no more -- his hands grasp at Chuck's ears, holding the large man down to his crotch as Devin moves within the hot confines of Chuck's mouth, seeking, *needing* release -- at the moment when he's sure he can't get any higher or thrust any farther, Chuck picks aside the tight panties to ease one thick finger deep into Devin's ass. He comes in an explosive rush, his orgasm ripping through him like vengeance, leaving him shaky and weak in its wake. "Jesus," he sobs -- a detached part of his mind thanks God he didn't put his make-up on first, he'd have raccoon eyes and streaks of mascara running down his face. "Chuck, God."

For a moment they lie together, breathless. Then Devin smacks the top of Chuck's head in mock anger. "Look what you did," he teases. "Now I'm going to be late. You're lucky I brought another pair of clean panties."

Hooking his fingers in the lace, Chuck tugs the boyshorts down. "I'll help you out of these."

The air feels gloriously cool against Devin's heated skin. He waits until Chuck sits back, careful as he guides the panties off over the high heels. Then he pushes himself off the loveseat to stand,

unsteady on his feet as he smooths down his skirt to cover his nakedness. "If you're a good boy," he jokes, "maybe I'll let you watch me finish getting ready."

"You'll *let* me?" Chuck asks, incredulous. "You're too kind, Devine. What if I can't keep my hands to myself?"

Flipping up the back of the skirt, Devin flashes him Chuck a glimpse of his bare butt. "You'd better," he warns. "Or you can leave now and kiss my ass."

Chuck laughs, and one arm snakes around Devin's waist to pull him back to the loveseat. "Like this?" Chuck asks, nosing aside Devin's skirt to plant a quick peck on one round buttock. He nips the soft skin, a playful gesture that makes Devin yelp. Chuck's breath is hot on his backside, fanning his blood and exciting Devin's dick all over again. "Or how about a French kiss?"

Before Devin can answer, a wet tongue licks between his buttocks, seeking the dark, musky hole at his core, and all thoughts of clean panties disappear.

THE END

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