

A Sip...



A Torquere Press Short

Checkpoint
By Kit Zheng

With the whoop of the airport metal detector, Evren Ertegun's day officially became so bad there was nothing to do but laugh. So he exchanged a dirty look with the man in line behind him and did exactly that.

It was a bad idea. Of course it was a bad idea. Waking up that day hadn't been all that bright

either; possibly the past six years were a single uninterrupted mistake. His mom sleeping with his dad was probably the original fatal error, but he didn't want to point any fingers. So Evren laughed, even though he knew he'd pay for it, and then he choked off his laugh and tried to look sorry.

The transportation security officer standing just past the metal detector waved him forward with a brisk gesture of both hands and a hard look.

"I'm sorry, officer," Evren said as he obeyed, raising his arms without being asked. "It's just been that kind of day."

The officer, a severe looking man despite a boyish face, treated him to a blank look and began waving his security wand over Evren from head to foot.

"It's not anything illegal," Evren volunteered, because he knew what would happen a moment later: the paddle-like wand sang like a sparrow, one triumphant chirrup as the officer passed over his fly, and another when it hovered over his chest. Evren smiled and shrugged at the officer; he was a good-looking guy and even in his mid-thirties he often got away with things after an "aw shucks" look and a cheek-dimpling smile.

But Evren had won the loser's jackpot yet again. Pinning him with a flat glare, the officer frowned, his generous mouth twisting downwards. In his crisp white and black uniform, he made the slouching men and women manning the other security lines look like the worst rent-a-cops.

The back of Evren's neck grew hot. Still, his shit-eating grin persisted. It was as if his brain had shut off all his safety measures: things were so off the scale, what was getting dragged to jail and put on the No-Fly list forever?

They were two things Evren couldn't afford, of course, so he made an effort to stop smiling.

"Do you have anything in your shirt or pants pockets? Keys, change, pens?"

"I have piercings," he said, striving to appear embarrassed rather than proud. "I know I should have changed out the metal, but I didn't have time. Bad day," he repeated, as if this time, the sour-faced officer would care.

Instead, the officer's frown deepened, his eyes marking Evren's expensive suit and tie. Evren felt a little knot form in his chest. He could almost hear the thoughts going through the officer's mind: *Subject is well-dressed, middle aged. Condescending. Likelihood of piercings in intimate locations: low. Level of suspicious behavior: high.*

"I understand you'll have to pat me down." Evren tried to be somber, obedient. "They always do. Should I step over there?" He gestured towards the head-high cubicles where other unfortunates were having their bags tossed.

The officer blinked, and if possible he stiffened further.

"Sir," he said, his voice a humorless rumble, "Please retrieve your bag and follow me for additional screening."

A dozen "but"s leapt to mind, but Evren only sighed and did as he was told. He was suddenly reminded of his father, sternly shushing him and his brothers as they approached customs on the Canadian border, scolding them with stories of how one wrong joke left their uncle with a dismantled car and no way home. Evren could add his story to his father's. One reckless, impulsive laugh and he would be stranded at the airport, with no home to go back to.

His mouth twitched, remembering how clearly he'd spelled out that fact for his now-ex, Ian, that very morning, to the tune of: *I wouldn't come back here if it was the last standing house on the planet, if you were inside!*

He'd been a bit of an asshole. He didn't feel sorry. Ian had been worse.

He followed the officer beyond the maze of separator walls, to a door, windowless and metal. The officer pressed his ID badge to the pad beside the door. It unlocked with a click. Opening the door, the officer held it for Evren. In another situation he would have been the picture of chivalry.

Evren stared at the sterile exam room beyond.

"Isn't this a little extreme?"

The officer glared. Evren stepped inside quickly. He heard the door shut behind them with an ominous thunk.

Feeling the first traces of panic setting in, Evren decided he needed to be proactive in proving to the officer that he wasn't some troublemaking jackass. He set down his bag and shucked off his suit jacket. He loosened his tie and unbuttoned his silk shirt. "I really am sorry for laughing," he said, squinting at the officer's name tag, "Officer Regan. But I wasn't lying. It's just jewelry. Nothing sinister." He parted the white shirt, baring his chest with its light, even dusting of soft black hair, and two thick silver rings pushed through his dusky nipples. Ian's legacy, he thought, hating them now. Ian had begged him to get pierced their first year together. Evren was a mostly a conservative guy, worked a conservative job in copyright law. But he had loved Ian. Would have done anything for that wily, conniving, cheating, stealing little bitch. So he got his nipples pierced, two rings, Ian had said, for the rings they couldn't wear on their fingers. And ever since then Ian and pain had been a single, twisted package. He should have taken the rings out and thrown them at the bastard, and spared himself this fun little detour.

The officer's eyes flashed down at Evren's bared chest, registered the two rings and none of their history before landing back on his face, as impassive as ever.

"Please stand with your feet apart and your arms held out at your sides."

Evren obeyed in silence. Gloved hands patted him down, starting along his ribcage and moving down to his hips, then over to each arm, the right one first. Officer Regan's touch was firm, clinical, but Evren still felt intruded upon. Hadn't he already shown the officer enough?

He almost said so, but then the officer spoke.

"Where are you from?" Officer Regan said, and Evren felt his stomach drop through the floor. *That* was why he'd been hauled into the back room. He stammered through the truth as if it were a lie.

"I--I was born here. My parents were from Turkey. It is a Muslim country but it's really... I grew up here, I haven't even been back. I've got my passport if you want to see--"

"No," the officer said, holding up one hand. His fingers were thick, really stretching the blue latex. He continued to speak in a brisk, official tone, but his words were unexpected. "You live in Northwest, don't you, sir? I recognize you. You go to Jezebel's sometimes. You were there last night."

Evren's eyes widened; he was unwillingly reminded of why he was here, now, why he'd bought an outrageously priced ticket and ditched everything he owned to get the hell out of Dodge as soon as possible.

The memory alone was enough to make Evren wince, and pulled his shirt together over his chest, looking away from the officer as he nodded. "Yeah, I guess I was hard to miss."

It had been fetish night at Jezebel's; not really Evren's choice of nights but Ian graduated med school that day, and he insisted they go to celebrate. Evren relaxed a little after a few drinks, enough that he let Ian coax him on stage to be the model for a *shibari* rope tying demonstration. Once he was helpless, Ian and a friend proceeded to tear Evren down in front of everyone, starting with the revelation that they'd been sleeping together for the past two years.

"That one guy was kind of a tool, wasn't he?"

Evren stared, caught off guard on a number of levels. He managed an abrupt, "Yeah."

For the first time, the officer's wide mouth spread in a grin instead of a frown. "What was he, jealous ex or something? Seemed pretty desperate to get your attention."

"He was *something*, all right," Evren said.

The officer shrugged and tilted his head, looking up at Evren from mid-crouch. His powder blue gloves were incongruous with his crisp uniform. "Well," he said, in an almost disturbing, friendlier tone, "let me finish up so you can be on your way."

Officer Regan's hands resumed their inspection, moving from Evren's ankles up to his knees,

first the left leg, then the right. They crept up his thighs.

"Pardon me, I'm required to be thorough," Officer Regan said, and then he cupped his hand, efficiently felt out the shape of Evren's balls through his trousers. Heat crept up Evren's neck and crawled under his ears, spreading over his cheeks. He couldn't help it; dispassionate or not, he was getting aroused by Regan's probing. Without comment, the officer ran his palms up and down the swelling rod of Evren's cock, his fingertips feeling out and counting each of the barbells thrust through the underside of Evren's shaft.

One for every year we're together, wasn't that what he'd said to Ian? How faithfully he'd gone back to the piercing parlor every July, as close to their anniversary as he could manage. Love-blind idiot. Five barbells through his shaft and one ring in the crown, all in moronic tribute to a man who used him as free funding through med school. He should have just taken them out. Thrown them in the trash. Got on his plane.

"That is a lot," Officer Regan said, interrupting his brooding, and Evren realized Regan's hand was still cupped around him, not sexually, not quite, but not completely innocently either. He didn't mind, he was surprised to find; in fact, he was still half-hard. "Of jewelry," Regan added, and now it was his turn to flush a little.

Their eyes met, and something shifted in the atmosphere of the room, in the intent of Regan's touch. Fingers gave Evren's cock the slightest squeeze, easily passed off as an error, an involuntary movement.

"Maybe I ought to make a visual inspection, just to be sure," the officer said.

"Okay." Evren spoke before he had a chance to think about what he was saying, what he was consenting to.

Officer Regan was all business as he glanced at the door. "Why don't we get you some privacy? There's a restroom just through there." He indicated another door in the back of the room.

Evren licked his lips, nodded, and went in. A half-minute later, the officer followed. It was a tiny little restroom; the backs of Evren's calves hit the toilet, which didn't bear thinking about, and he was sure Officer Regan was up against the sink. Evren could feel the officer's body heat.

He wondered if he was making a colossal mistake. Maybe he wasn't ready, mentally, for this. Maybe Regan just wanted to see what kind of a freak he really was, after hearing about it at the club. Maybe Ian had set this guy on him and was waiting somewhere to humiliate him all over again. Maybe he was freaking paranoid.

He unbuttoned his trousers, unzipped, and let them drop around his ankles. His underwear followed, prim tighty-whities he pried off with his thumbs and shimmied down. His cock bobbed as he shifted his hips, steadily rising, flushing skin setting off the silver piercings like red velvet.

Officer Regan stared at him like a starved dog eying fresh meat.

"When I was patting you down I could tell it was a lot, but... Jeezus. Did it hurt?"

"It hurt," Evren said, feeling his smile tighten. But then Regan reached a blue-gloved hand towards him, cupped his cock like it was glass art, thumb sliding down the sides of the frenum ladder. Evren instinctively tipped his hips, pressed against the touch, wanting more. He stopped himself, began to apologize, but Regan didn't seem to notice.

"Was it worth it?"

Evren started to say no, but then he said, "I don't know yet."

Officer Regan smiled up at him then, a brilliant grin that turned his wide mouth into an almost cartoon-watermelon smile, lit up his green eyes. "I've been thinking about getting a Prince Albert. Anyway. You look great. They look great, I mean, the piercings." Regan took his hand away.

Evren reached out and stopped him. A dozen bad pickup lines came and went unspoken. The words that finally emerged were not the ones he meant to say. "You really like them?"

Regan's mouth quirked. "Yeah," he said, and his intense eyes dropped down, inspected Evren all over again without touching him, made him fully hard. Even though he was still partly dressed, he felt naked under that gaze, stripped of everything, and he found for once, at last, he wasn't half-ashamed of it, wasn't justifying everything with self-delusions and excuses. Ian had asked him to pierce his nipples, yeah, but the rest--maybe he'd done it for Ian, but he'd also done it for himself.

He reached out, took Regan's hands, put them on his cock. The officer was breathing hard. He licked his lips, glanced back at the door, at his watch. He said, "You're going to miss your flight if we--"

Evren cut him off. "Better make it quick, then." He grinned. Regan grinned back. His gloved hand began to pump Evren's cock, slowly, fingertips constantly exploring the decorated terrain. Evren closed his eyes, tipped his head back. Rubber over skin over flesh over metal, he began to thrust against Regan's palm. "Fuck," he breathed. "Fuck. You want to fuck me?"

There was a long pause, and then Regan said, "Maybe I want you to fuck me. Maybe I want all that in me."

Aroused past words, Evren moaned. Regan let go of him a moment, reached back into his pocket and produced his wallet. He pulled a condom from the billfold, tore it open with his teeth.

"You do this often?" Evren asked, raising his eyebrows. Regan flashed his teeth and took the condom in his gloved fingers. He eased it over Evren's tip, over the smaller ring pierced through

his hole. With a deft touch, he unrolled the slicked sheath, caressed it down over Evren's shaft, eyes fixed as everything hugged the knobs of the barbells, the raised flesh, his thick, fat shaft. The stretched latex gleamed like translucent snakeskin.

"Jesus H.," the officer breathed, and he was suddenly fighting his belt like a man with a live gator down his pants. Ripping it free, he flung it against the wall and struggled the rest of the way out of his trousers.

A sharp breath exploded out of Evren as Regan shoved him back onto the toilet seat. The officer stepped forward and straddled him, giving Evren an excellent view: Regan's cock stood as rigid with attention as Regan himself, flushed pink as a paddled bottom. Evren wanted to suck him, wanted to fist that cock and lick the head and be fucked by it.

Then Officer Regan lowered himself, one palm braced against the wall; Evren reached out a hand and steadied him. Regan was so intense Evren thought the officer wouldn't raise his eyes until the whole of his cock was inside, so he was surprised with Regan looked up as the tip of Evren's cock nudged his hole.

"Watch it," the officer said, and now he was the severe, intimidating officer from the screening line. "I want you to watch it go in me."

Evren obeyed that tone automatically, eyes dropping. Officer Regan reached down, cupped his balls out of the way with one hand, and gripped the base of Evren's cock with the other. Slowly, slowly, he eased down. Evren breathed out, hard, as Regan's ass swallowed him down, took in the Prince Albert, slid over the first barbell through his frenulum, embraced the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth. He could feel every piercing distinctly, could feel, he thought, the geography of Regan's intimate grip. It was incredible. Once the initial novelty wore off, Ian had never liked Evren fucking him, rarely let him do it, and it had never been this good.

And then Ian's legacy was gone and there was only the impossibly tight fit inside Regan's body, taking him down to the base, Regan's ass pressed against his balls. Evren almost came from the first penetration alone, like some thirty-five year old virgin; he had to bite his lips, dig his fingers into the hard plastic of the toilet seat, stare at the clean but dingy walls.

Regan lifted himself up, revealing rubber stretched thin over metal and flesh, and then hid it again. He found a rhythm, fucked himself on Evren's pierced shaft, riding him; Evren lifted up his hips and met him, fucked him, wrapped a hand around Regan's lovely pink cock and pumped. He couldn't remember when anything had felt this good. He pounded into the officer's ass, matched his quickening pace, losing himself in Regan's frenzy. And then hands found his chest, groped over his pecs and pinched the taut, pebbled flesh of his nipples, hooked in the thick rings and gently tugged. Evren lost it; he fell back against the tank, thrust up into Regan's ass as deeply as he could and he came and came and came.

The officer rode Evren's orgasm to his own, gloved hand closing over Evren's on his dick and jerking himself off onto Evren's chest and belly, hot and wet and welcome on his skin. He laughed and weakly fought Regan off as the officer rubbed his slick cockhead over Evren's

pierced nipples, traced a wet path down his breastbone over his bellybutton. Regan tugged the condom off of Evren and dropped it in the little trash bin, then pressed their cocks together, slick and spent, one studded with memory, the other as yet unknown.

They stayed like that a minute; to Evren, it felt longer, in a good way.

"You better get going," Regan said at last, standing reluctantly. He pulled a wad of tissue paper from the roll and, with care, wiped Evren off.

"Yeah." Evren grasped Regan's tidying fingers, brought them up to his mouth and kissed them. "I hope I haven't gotten you in trouble."

Officer Regan grinned. His military bearing returned, and the grin was almost a threat. "Intensive cavity search."

Evren laughed as he pulled on his pants. He hadn't laughed in a while, and it felt good. He watched Regan put himself back together, become the picture-perfect officer again.

"You ready?" the officer asked, and Evren managed to nod. Regan escorted him back to the screening area. They both paused in front of the exit.

"When are you back?" Regan said, handing him back his bag and boarding pass.

"I don't know. I guess I should... I don't really have a place here anymore."

Officer Regan tipped his head. He paused. Evren could see him considering: an invite to dinner, an offer of a couch to crash on, of sex, and maybe more.

Evren reached into his bag, pulled out his wallet and a card. "That one's my cell number, it'll be the same for as long as I can figure. When you get that Prince Albert..."

"I'll have to have it inspected. Of course." Regan laughed, a little awkwardly, maybe unsure if he was relieved or sorry. He turned the card over and looked at it, then held out his hand to Evren.

Evren smiled, and with a handshake, sealed the deal. Then with a lot less regret and a small, growing hope, he went into the terminal.

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