

When I Saw You



by

Alicia Nordwell

Love Has No Boundaries

An M/M Romance series

WHEN I SAW YOU

By Alicia Nordwell

Introduction

The story you are about to read celebrates love, sex and romance between men. It is a product of the *Love Has No Boundaries* promotion sponsored by the *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* and is published as a free gift to you.

What Is Love Has No Boundaries?

The *Goodreads M/M Romance Group* invited members to choose a photo and pen a letter asking for a short M/M romance story inspired by the image; authors from the group were encouraged to select a letter and write an original tale. The result was an outpouring of creativity that shone a spotlight on the special bond between M/M romance writers and the people who love what they do.

A written description of the image that inspired this story is provided along with the original request letter. If you'd like to view the photo, please feel free to join the [Goodreads M/M Romance Group](#) and visit the discussion section: *Love Has No Boundaries*.

Whether you are an avid M/M romance reader or new to the genre, you are in for a delicious treat.

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This story may contain sexually explicit content and is **intended for adult readers**. It may contain content that is disagreeable or distressing to some readers. The *M/M Romance Group* strongly recommends that each reader review the General Information section before each story for story tags as well as for content warnings.

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Photo Description

He stands there, sleek, muscles rounded with that perfect, pale ass shining like a beacon, rubbing his hands together. I love his tan, taut body but especially those curves that can't be hidden. Not when he's wearing shorts or pants and certainly not when he's wearing that tiny Speedo. Best of all is when he's not wearing anything at all, and he's eager for everything I plan to do to him.

Story Letter

Dear Author,

Fuck! I can't take my eyes off his butt.

And I can't put into words what I'd do with it, given a chance.

Can you?

Sincerely,

Justin

Story Info

Genre: contemporary

Tags: photography, college, athletes, diver, new lovers, ass man

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WHEN I SAW YOU

By Alicia Nordwell

Who wouldn't enjoy taking pictures of handsome men with their clothes on... and off? Well, maybe a straight man. Of course, I make a good living because I love what I do. Balian Alexander is not a household name by any means, but for those who enjoy a special type of photography, I'm quite well known. The human body can be very beautiful when captured through a lens, and in my mind, there's nothing more breathtaking than a hot man stripped down to his skin.

After finishing my last project overseas, I'd gotten an invitation to a gallery back home doing a show highlighting movement. The idea of a college sports shoot struck me as the perfect vehicle to expose the bodies of active young men in motion.

Mental images of capturing a shirtless soccer player midkick, or a swimmer surging out of the pool, had me speaking very sternly to my dick. There were a few students around the quad still, enjoying the balmy late afternoon, and playing Frisbee. Their lean bodies were shining with sweat and one in particular caught my eye when he dove to the ground and rolled, his arm outstretched as he reached and snagged the fluorescent-green disk out of the air by his fingertips. His arms were ripped, but not bulging with muscle, and he was laughing as he came up and flung the Frisbee in a smooth arc back to his friend.

I couldn't take my eyes off him. He was facing away from me when he stood up, and his shorts pulled tight around his ass as he brushed some grass off his knees. My fingers curved at my sides in a subconscious desire to touch. I caught my breath when he stood up and turned around. He had a phenomenal body topped off by a chiseled jaw, strong nose, and wide eyes. Perfect.

Damn, I was going to have to be more careful with my ogling. Most college guys wouldn't want to know the photographer was looking at them

with anything less than professionalism when they were posing with their clothes half off. This college had way more hot guys per capita than mine had.

Seeing that kind of arousal from a man looking at them could scare some of the skittish ones off, but with a certain sort... it could lead to all sorts of other shoots.

“Hey, Balian! Long time no see.” I finally caught sight of the hulking behemoth hidden among the college students milling around. “You made it on time for once.” Cort, my best friend and once roommate in college, rushed over and pulled me into a hug. He squeezed my ribs and pounded on my shoulder. I winced at the hearty buffeting.

Ouch. “Damn man, you should lay off the weight room.” I rotated my shoulder, making an exaggerated expression of pain. “How am I supposed to carry photo equipment if you cripple me?”

Cort laughed. “Oh give it up. I can see that you’re not letting yourself go either.”

I shrugged. I’d admit to a certain level of vanity. Beauty caught my eye; masculine or feminine, I enjoyed seeing people who took care of their bodies. Working out was a pain in the ass, literally on cardio days when I jogged, but my own appearance was a source of pride.

“I never understood why you weren’t in front of the camera instead of behind it,” Cort said. “I bet you could sell thousands of books if you put yourself on the cover like you did that muscle guy in your last one.”

I smiled. “Enrique was perfect for the service men and women edition I did. I don’t think that guy had an ounce of fat on him anywhere.” Except for his fat cock. He’d posed for me in his dog tags and a tight pair of boxer briefs and that thick ridge had thrown an impressive shadow when he’d leaned back against the camo Humvee I’d managed to score for the shoot. He’d belonged on the cover.

“Besides, I never wanted to model. I like to look, not be looked at.” I dug my elbow into Cort’s side. “And you told me that you had several guys interested in working with me on this project, right?”

Cort nodded. “Yeah, let’s go to my office.” I glanced back one last time as we headed across the long grassy lawn toward a brick building next to a huge gym. The word pool was emblazoned in white on the side with an arrow. I barely managed to keep from licking my lips. Swimmers were my eye candy du jour. I had a definite thing for jocks, but those guys ran around in tiny little Speedos with their bodies all shaved. Smooth skin, lots of it, with water running down in thin streams...

“Tell me you talked to the swim team and I got at least one taker.”

“You still got a thing for them, huh?”

“Maybe.”

Cort smirked. “Uh huh, just maybe?”

“Maybe a little.”

He raised an eyebrow. “A little?”

I blew out a breath, jerking my hand through my hair, which was already starting to curl. It was humid in the offices this close to the pool and I could smell the chlorine in the air. Giving each other a hard time was our customary routine. It was nice it hadn’t changed.

“What’s with the inquisition? Damn! Okay, fine, a big thing for them.” Dropping a hand down to my jeans, I cupped my package and winked at him. “You should know; we did share a dorm room. You teased me enough about that poster of Finchum.”

“Like I was looking at your cock when you were staring at it. I’m not gay, man... the only thing I noticed was how much you were drooling after me.”

“Wow, your mind must be going then ’cause that sure as shit never happened.” We both laughed. Cort was a great friend, and we’d roomed together junior and senior years of college. He’d gotten his sports education degree while I’d gone for photo journalism. He’d played football, being a giant bruiser of a man, and now he was a defensive coordinator. While I loved to see muscles ripple when I was with a man, I had a definite taste for young and slim.

Not those tiny twinkles, their bodies waifish with eyeliner and scarves, though I had nothing against them. No, my type was the solid, muscular type. Swimmers and gymnasts especially turned my crank. Male beach volleyball players were awfully hot too, but they tended to be a bit tall for my liking.

“Okay, okay, enough revisiting our cocky college personas. It’s good to see you, Balian. It’s been too long since you’ve stuck around for any length of time. You’re always off photographing the world.”

“I missed you too. It’s been what, a year and a half since you got married?” Cort nodded. “How is Amanda anyway?”

“She’s good. We’re uh,” Cort rubbed his neck but he was grinning again, a wide, proud smile, “We’re gonna have a baby.”

“Oh wow, man! When did you find out?” That required more hugs and more back pounding.

“The doctor said Amanda is due in October.” We dropped back down in our chairs. Cort was grinning like a maniac, his cheeks a bit flushed. I was really happy for Cort. He’d met an awesome woman and now they were starting a family. Somewhere in the last few years, we’d become real adults.

It was hard to picture Cort as a daddy though. Too many drunken parties during off seasons and sorority girls leaving his room in our suite had colored my impressions of him.

“Well congratulations.”

“What about you? Any special man in your life?” Cort had always known I was gay. It hadn’t been a secret from the first day I set foot on campus. I was too big to bully and I didn’t care about what any bigots thought. I’d heard a lot of crap from people, but eventually the idiots running their mouths learned the lesson that the world wasn’t the tiny little microcosm they’d known in high school and grew up. I’d had plenty of dates myself in college. Senior year I’d had a boyfriend for nearly nine months before graduation came and we’d parted ways as friends.

“I’m too busy to worry about dating.”

“And too busy fucking any guy you can get to strip down and pose for you, in and out of bed, right?”

Cort and I had kept in touch via Facebook, and granted, some of the pictures on there were suggestive. “Hey, I can’t help that I’m such a stud.” I hadn’t actually slept with any of my subjects in a long time. Things had changed. I was twenty-six, a lot of my friends were married and apparently starting families. Settling down had begun to hold more appeal, but I’d created this image of the perfect guy for me and I’d yet to meet him. He probably didn’t exist, but I wanted—I needed—*him*.

I might have been more of a romantic than I let on too. Just because I was gay didn’t mean I hadn’t fallen into the stereotype of having to be seen as the macho man. Apparently being around Cort had brought some of my bluster back.

“Well, stud, you promised me this wouldn’t be that kind of shoot, right? I can’t have any of my athletes volunteering if they’re going to lose their place at school due to the morality clause. No nude photos, especially in any environment on school grounds.”

“I understand. I do more than erotic photography, you know. I told you, the gallery is doing a mixed media show featuring men in sports and they wanted to use some of my work in their photography exhibit. I need some guys to pose. I’m thinking swimmers in their Speedos would be as risqué as it got, all right?”

“Coach says whatever the attire and setting the guys are comfortable with, within that limit, is fine by the college then. He checked with the general counsel, just to make sure.”

I relaxed into my chair. “Great. I can’t say how much I appreciate your help with this. Do you mind if I use your office to interview the guys who volunteered?” I needed to meet all of them and it helped to put them at ease if our first meeting didn’t happen when they were expected to pose for me. I’d found it took a lot of tension out of the situation, plus I planned better when I saw my models in person.

“Sure. I need to go to a doctor’s appointment with Amanda tomorrow, so my office is your office.” Cort stood up and rubbed his hands together. “Now, she told me to bring you home for dinner or else. She’s making lasagna.”

“Homemade?” My mouth watered. I loved homemade lasagna, but I couldn’t cook for shit. “I’m so there.”

I put my camera down on the desk along with a portfolio of some of my work. I’d already finished my coffee, having desperately needed the caffeine to wake me up, and I chucked the empty cup in the garbage. The locker room smelled like chlorine plus a musk of dirty towels, dripping faucets, and sweaty men. I’d played sports through high school but wasn’t good enough to earn a spot on a college team. Every gym had locker rooms though, and I’d spent a lot of time working out to keep my body in shape, enough that my polo shirt was tight around the muscles of my shoulders and biceps and loose around my trim waist.

Amanda had fed me well the night before and sent me home with leftovers. Her lasagna was probably going to require at least two hours of running, but I’d do it later. A knock at the door made me look up.

“Oh nice,” I said under my breath. It must not have been quiet enough because the guy leaned against the metal doorway, posing casually.

“You like?” He slid a hand through his strawberry-blond hair that hung in loose curls down over his eyes, pushing it back. He had blue eyes and pale skin, with just a dusting of freckles over the bridge of his upturned nose. He had a solid torso with thick thighs not hidden at all by his jeans and tank top, all boy next door. I could see him now, partially crouched, the bat a long extension of his hands as he swung. I definitely liked.

“Come on in.” He had a bit of a farmer’s tan going on around his neck that exposed a large part of his neck and shoulders. I gestured toward a chair. “Baseball player, right?”

“Yeah, how’d you guess?” He came and sprawled into one of the two chairs in front of Cort’s desk. “By the way, I’m Sammy Mocone, Mr. Alexander.”

“Nice to meet you. You can call me Balian. I’m not into formalities. And I know athletes, I guess. It’s all in the details.” I waved a hand at his chest. “Your tan line gave you away. Lacrosse guys wear pads, so even though their uniforms have a V-neck, they don’t have so much skin exposed. Track guys usually wear tank tops and swimmers wear next to nothing at all. You don’t look like a golf or tennis player.”

“Wow, I never really thought of something as small as a tan from a uniform telling someone so much. You learn all that from being a photographer?”

I grabbed my portfolio. I sat in the chair next to his so I could point out different elements of the pictures as he flicked through the leather binder. “Photography is about seeing the subject. It’s not always about the perfect shot, but it is about finding the right perspective to share what makes the subject stand out.”

Sammy looked up at me. “So how would you take my picture? Coach Stivens said you wanted action shots, right?”

“Exactly. I’m looking to photograph college athletes but I want movement shots, not portraits.” This was where it could get a bit more than some of the guys could handle. “Though you wouldn’t necessarily be dressed like you would to actually play. I want to show the musculature of your bodies as you move.”

Sammy listened when I talked to him about showing off his chest and stomach and didn’t seem to be put off by the idea. “Would I wear my school uniform?”

“No,” I shook my head, “I don’t want the school colors. I plan to get some uniforms after we finish the interviews for the athletes who agree to pose. I think white pants and a blue jersey for you.” Dark blue would set off his ice blue eyes and pale skin. That rust orange and dull gray of the school uniform

was not going to be in my shoot, not a chance in hell. “So what do you think? You in?”

“We get paid?”

“Two hundred, at the conclusion of the shoot, and I’ll make a copy of the prints for you.”

“Sweet.” Sammy’s eyes lit up.

My next two interviews were just as productive. I had a baseball player, a field hockey guy, and a runner all agree to pose for me. The runner had dark skin that gleamed under the indoor lights. I couldn’t wait to see how the pictures I got would look on the screen; under natural light his skin would look like mahogany silk. My growling stomach heralded lunch. The sub I’d picked up at the store was in Cort’s small refrigerator in the corner of his cluttered office. It was the same one he’d had in his dorm room when we were still in college. I snorted when I saw the sticker of the naked chick’s silhouette on the side partially torn off.

I could use a little fresh air, so I went outside. The lawn was a lot busier during the middle of the day with college kids everywhere.

I sat under the shade of a large elm tree to beat the heat creating shimmering waves in the air so I could people watch in comfort. These guys weren’t that much younger than me, at least the seniors weren’t, but it felt like being dropped back into a whole different world when seen with the eyes of an outsider. Instead of making me feel younger, I felt older. I sat there picking at my spinach, pulling off leaves and eating them plain as I watched everyone bustle about. There were a few study groups leaning over books, some people eating lunch like I was, and a few couples snuggling together on the soft grass.

The guy who’d made that impressive Frisbee catch the day before was back. Today they were playing shirtless. Those strong arms were attached to a nice chest, with rounded pecs and small brown nipples, tapering down to a lean waist. The muscles on his sides pointed straight down into his loose athletic shorts that couldn’t hide a taut ass that swelled round and firm. He was

gorgeous, and the way he moved... it was smooth, like he was gliding through the air. He could have been a statue brought to life with that bronze skin.

All through the evening before, flashes of him moving had distracted me from my visit with Cort and Amanda. It'd been ages since I'd wanted someone like I wanted him. I'd regretted not taking the time to go talk to him. The need to touch him had not gone away, and now that I saw him again I was just as drawn to him. He looked happy, and there was something about him that made me want to be the one making him that happy. I'd dreamed of kneeling between his thighs as he sprawled out on my bed, caressing and touching those round cheeks, turning the younger man into a ball of need.

I would turn that dream into reality, if there was any possible way and he showed even a glimmer of interest. I'd settle for him in my portfolio, if I couldn't get him any other way.

Crumpling up the paper from my sandwich, I jogged over to the garbage. A glance at my watch showed I had twenty minutes left before I needed to head back to Cort's office. I pulled out my wallet and grabbed a business card.

"Hey, can I borrow your pen?" The girl looked up at me in surprise, but when I smiled at her, she blushed and held up the blue ballpoint she was using to doodle with.

"Sure."

I scribbled on the back of the card and then handed it back. I turned around and then stopped. Looking back over my shoulder, I caught her frowning. "Thanks for letting me use your pen."

"You're welcome," she said slowly.

I headed over toward the Frisbee guys. Patience wasn't my strong suit, but I managed to wait until the tanned temptation flubbed a throw and sent his partner jogging off, chasing the disk as it rolled away. "Hey!" I called out to him. "Can I talk to you a second?"

The guy looked up from where he was grabbing a bottle of water out of the side pocket of his backpack. "Uh..."

“My name is Balian Alexander. I’m doing a photo shoot here with athletes from the school, and I was wondering if you would be interested. I didn’t think about showing off a Frisbee player before, but with that physique,” I let my eyes drift up and down his body, “and your coloring, I couldn’t pass up at least asking you if you’d be willing to be a subject.”

He cocked his head to one side as he looked up at me. His hair was barely more than a soft fuzz on his head but the blond locks were streaked nearly white. He must spend a lot of time in the sun.

“You want to take my picture?”

I nodded. “I do. I’ve permission from the college and the coaches to ask the athletes who are interested. I’ll be paying for your time. I’m offering two hundred dollars plus copies of the prints.” Leaning closer to him, I held out my card. My nostrils flared, picking up the spicy scent of his cologne, but I also smelled chlorine. It was warm enough, maybe he’d been swimming earlier.

Oh, now I’d have a new fantasy with him. I made a mental note to make sure there was a spare set of sheets in the linen closet. “You can ask the coaches if you like, so you know I’m not some random weirdo. Or some of the athletes. I’ve already met with three who agreed to be a part of my show.”

Long fingers took the card from me. He studied my information on the front then flipped the card over and read the back. “Five o’clock?”

“That’s when I’m done with my scheduled interviews. I’m working out of Coach Stivens’s office today to meet with the athletes interested in modeling. I’d love to have you stop by so I can take some test shots and talk to you more.” I held my breath, hoping he’d say yes. The more I looked at him, the more I saw how perfect he was. My dreams of him hadn’t done him justice.

“Okay.”

I let out my trapped breath with a whoosh, grinning at him. “Great. Okay. So, I’ll see you at five.” My phone beeped. Damn, lunch was over already. “I have to go. I’m expecting a swimmer, a thrower, and a wrestler this afternoon.”

“Thanks for coming over, I guess.” He smiled at me and my dick stirred. He had a gorgeous smile; his nice plump lips pulling back to frame even white teeth. They weren’t pink; he was shades of bronze and brown all over, even his eyes looked like toffee. “Oh, my name is Paul.” He held out one of those hands with their long, lean fingers. I didn’t feel sparks when we touched for the first time but if crap like that was real, I would have.

“Balian.”

“You already said that.”

My face heated up. Damn, it had been a while since a guy made me blush, much less one younger than me. “Right. Sorry.” My phone beeped again. “I don’t want to be late. Appointments.” I let his hand go.

“See ya later.”

I sincerely hoped so. Joking about my ideal type with Cort was easy enough to do, but actually acting on it with a guy I found attractive was a little different. I played the smooth photographer, but a hot guy could turn me inside out faster with a simple “Hey, how’s it going?” than I was comfortable admitting.

My afternoon interviews went all right, but I was distracted through them. Luckily, they were all fit, attractive, and willing to be photographed. The wrestler’s ears, thick and somewhat misshapen, caught my interest.

“Cauliflower ear happens when the cartilage breaks,” Sammy said, lightly tapping the swollen bulge on the outside of his ear. “Even with our protective gear, though that helps. Mine isn’t as bad as some wrestlers I’ve competed against; Coach is pretty insistent we wear head gear even while practicing. It’s not that bad, right?”

“No.” It brought interest to an otherwise rather average, if thickly muscled, young man. That and the curls that peeked through the unbuttoned collar of his polo would provide an interesting contrast to the shiny fabric of the black singlet I was planning on getting him. I had him take a few stances. The light would be more diffused in the gym, since the lights were higher than the office

fluorescents in the ceiling but it was enough to give him an idea of how I'd show him. I showed Sammy the shots.

“See, this will be darker than the shots I take for the show, but even with the bright light in here the shadows are subtle. Just enough to create visual contrast.” He smiled at me as I traced his ear on the viewfinder.

“Okay, I'm in.”

I was happy to get another new subject. I had quite a few different athletes. If I included three different poses from each one, I'd have a good mix for the showing.

When I least expected it, the golden god kept popping up in my head. I kept thinking about how I'd photograph him. Definitely outside in the natural light to show off that tan and white hair. Something about him caught every artistic desire in me to touch, to taste, to possess. Instant lust... though I'd be happy just touching him. My fingers curled around my camera as I sat at Cort's desk waiting; I wished they were touching something softer, smoother.

My eyes drifted shut as I leaned back and I saw him, Paul, again in my mind. The golden sun was shining on his skin. This time I trailed my fingers down his shoulder, tracing the small freckles that speckled the tanned skin. I ran the backs of my fingers down the back of his arms to those big hands. I sent shivers down his spine when I drew small wavy lines on my way back up, and then let my hand wander down that fine back.

He had a deep ridge on either side of his spine, creating a small trough that would be perfect for my tongue. I slowly sank down, relishing the salty sweat of his skin as my goal came within reach.

That ass.

It was perfectly shaped, round and tight enough to bounce a quarter off. The smooth fabric of his shorts hung over the top curves, and then loosened over those dark, muscular thighs. I pulled the waistband down, baring just a hint of the top of his ass—

Knocking at the door brought me out of my reverie. I jerked in my chair, leaning forward and hiding my raging arousal behind the desk. My eyes opened, and my jaw dropped.

Paul was standing in front of me in a Speedo with a small towel over his shoulders as water dripped down his body.

A Speedo.

“Balian? You okay?”

He was in a Speedo. I blinked and struggled to find my voice. Any professionalism I might have been able to muster was gone. “Fine,” I croaked.

He raised an eyebrow, using the end of the towel to scrub at his head. “Okay,” he said slowly. “Sorry I wasn’t here at five. Coach kept us late after practice. You mind waiting while I shower? Or you could come into the locker room and tell me more about this show you’re doing.”

Thank heavens I was wearing tight silk boxer briefs and loose jeans. I made sure my polo hung down over my crotch as I stood up. No way would I miss out on seeing more of Paul. Christmas in... well, it wasn’t July, but damn!

“Lead on.” I let out the faintest whimper when Paul turned around. Damn, damn, triple damn. Luckily, he must not have heard me because he didn’t turn around. I gathered what was left of my wits, the few I had to begin with, and managed to get out a whole sentence. “So, are you on the swim team?”

“Dive team, actually. I do spend a lot of time in the water. Frisbee is just for fun.” He threw his towel down on a bench. I straddled the end, letting my shirt pool on the bench. “We’re almost ready for Nationals. Only two of us made it this year, so Coach is pushing us hard.”

He stretched and grimaced as he popped his back. “I am ready for the weekend.”

“You don’t dive on the weekends?”

He shook his head. “Usually I’m in the pool every day, but I’m taking this one off. I need a break and to visit the trainers for a massage. I think I pulled something along my glutes.” He rubbed at his ass.

My god. He needed his ass massaged. I’d daydreamed about fondling those smooth curves all day. I licked my bottom lip, about two seconds away from offering, when he hooked his fingers in those insanely small shorts and peeled them off, bending over to push them down his legs.

That time my gasp was loud enough to echo in the locker room. Paul stood up, looking at me. He had a mischievous look on his face. “Like what you see? Want to take this photo?”

He was standing slightly sideways to me; I could see he actually had a tan line from his Speedo. The flesh there was a light, pale white standing out in stark contrast to his deep-bronze tan everywhere else. There was the lightest fuzz all over his ass that became small blond hairs on his legs. He had deep ridges going along his hips, pointing straight toward a nice-sized cut cock hanging over smooth balls.

Paul ran his hands over his ass. My fingers twitched, and I clenched the edge of the bench.

“Still natural. Not all divers shave, but I like it. I won’t until just before Nationals. Do you like that, or do you want to see all this skin smooth and hairless?”

I was completely mesmerized by his hands stroking over those sweet curves.

“Hmm, I think you like something. You’re an ass man, aren’t you, Balian?”

“Yes.” I licked my bottom lip and then somehow tore my eyes from his body to stare up at him. “Wait. How did you know that I...”

“My mother loved Faces of France when it came out two years ago. You actually used one of her cousins as a model. I looked you up and found out that wasn’t the only type of book you’d made. The human body seems to

inspire you to create some of the most beautiful shots I've ever seen... but you seem to highlight one part over and over in your erotic pictures."

I couldn't help but look right at his ass.

"When you gave me your card, I knew exactly who you were. I couldn't believe you were shooting here or that you wanted me to pose for you." His voice lowered. "I saw you watching me." His cock started to plump up, right there in the locker room.

"Paul." Here he was, the embodiment of my type, and he was hitting on me. "I don't know..." I let go of the bench with one hand, flexing my sore fingers. I ran my hand through my hair, desperately trying to clear my mind of the lust that was turning me into a blithering idiot. "The college has a-a morality clause."

"I know, but I've loved your work for years." He smiled at me. "I have to admit I've had a huge crush on you for a while." He ducked his head. "I had to pinch myself when I heard you groan in the hall. I peeked in the mirror while we were walking in and saw you looking at my ass. When I'd heard you moved here last year I dreamed about meeting you and making you want me. I didn't know you knew any of the coaches here though."

"You don't have to make me." My voice was breathless. My heart was racing. I'd never had this reaction to a fan, but I'd never seen anyone I wanted as much as I did Paul. I stood up but I didn't reach for him. I didn't want the first time I touched him to be in the locker room. "Why don't you shower while I get my stuff? Meet me outside and I'll take you to dinner."

"Dinner?"

I took a deep breath. "To start."

Paul grinned and rubbed his hands together. "Sounds good."

"I've always been amazed at your talent. You had a show before you even entered college. Your junior year, you put out your first book. I mean, I know you know what you've done, but well... I'm still a bit in awe, I guess." Paul

took a bite of his steak, closing his eyes slightly as he chewed. A little sauce had dribbled on his lip, and I watched avidly as he licked it off.

“My parents got me a camera when I was six. I’ve been taking pictures ever since.” I shrugged one shoulder. “It’s a lot of trial and error.” A *huge* amount of trial and error. I couldn’t begin to count the number of rolls of film I went through before digital became available.

“A lot of what I do is practice,” I said. “I guess there’s such a thing as a talent for it, just like some people have a talent for sports, but knowing how to create a shot with good composition takes training.”

Paul nodded. “Like diving. I’ll never be Olympics material, and I know it. I’m good enough to have gotten a full-ride scholarship and keep it, but only because Coach dogs us to practice.”

“So you don’t plan to conquer the world one plank at a time?” I’d already finished my grilled chicken breast and steamed vegetables, but I was sipping the cup of Irish coffee I’d ordered while Paul finished his steak.

“Nope. I’m going to be an environmental engineer.”

“Wow. That’s quite the goal. I’m impressed.” I took another drink of my coffee, enjoying the sweet cream and the bitter dark roast.

“I already have a line on my first job when I graduate next year. I’ve been interning at Joabcon Inc. during the summers. I’m hoping to land the junior engineer position at their corporate office here when I’m done next May.” The waiter came over and offered us a refill on our coffee. I put my hand over my cup. I didn’t need caffeine jitters.

Paul’s silverware clinked as he set his fork and knife down on his plate, letting the waiter take his dirty dishes. He picked up his coffee. He took it black, which had surprised me a little. “So tell me more about this photo shoot. Are you doing a new book too?”

I shook my head. “Gallery show this time. I’m taking a short break from the books. I haven’t done a show in a long time, but it felt right. Besides, I’ve been all over the world in the last year. I need some time to relax at home.”

“And you’re using athletes.”

I took the folder with the check and tucked my credit card inside, leaving my wallet on the table. “There are a few artists doing conceptual art, a modernist painter, and a sculptor all using the concept of motion in their pieces. I wanted to use athletes.”

“Why not go with pros? Well-known names that people would recognize.” Paul leaned back in his chair, toying with his napkin.

“This isn’t about the athletes themselves. This is about the way they use their bodies, how they move and bend in the pursuit of their sport. That’s why I decided to use college-level athletes instead of pros. I thought you’d be great as a Frisbee player, but I’d love to have some photos of you diving. I’m paying, and you’ll get copies of your prints. We’ll make an extra one for your mom.” I winked at him. “I’ll even sign it.”

Paul chuckled. “You know how to butter a guy up, don’t you? Dinner, promises of money and gifts...”

The waiter came back with my receipt, stopping me from replying. I couldn’t look away from Paul, not even as the waiter thanked us and then left. I leaned forward, lowering my voice. “The money and prints are yours if you agree to pose for the show. Dinner—and anything else that might come after—is us spending time together because we want to, no obligation involved.” My voice was husky. I wanted Paul, but not if he thought there were strings attached.

His foot brushed my calf under the table, rubbing up and down gently. I’d never had someone play footsie with me before. I’d never understood the appeal but now the illicit movement made me shudder.

“I’m thinking we should go back to your place.” Paul raised an eyebrow at me when I hesitated. “Because we want to.”

I put my card back in my wallet with shaking hands. “After you,” I said. I tucked my wallet into my back pocket when I stood up, before following Paul out of the restaurant.

“You know,” Paul said on the way to my car, “you like to walk behind me an awful lot.” He glanced over his shoulder at me. “Any particular reason why?”

Uh huh. The tight black jeans painted over his perfect butt. He’d already blown the cover on my fetish wide open, so why hide it? “You have the best ass I’ve ever seen.” My hands positively ached to touch him.

Paul laughed. I enjoyed the light sound and the way his eyes lit up with humor and desire. He held out his hand, and I reached for it, letting him pull me up beside him. He tugged my arm around his waist and then slid my hand down. The firm muscles flexed as he walked, holding my hand to him with his palm covering mine. I swallowed hard, rubbing my palm in small circles and then squeezing one cheek.

“Oh.” He pushed backward into my hand, arching his back.

I couldn’t believe I was touching him. It had only been a day since the first time I saw him, but he’d occupied much of my mind since then. Lust slammed into me and walking got awkward really fast.

“How,” he stopped and cleared his throat, “how far is it to your place?” Paul asked.

“Twenty minutes.”

“Too long,” Paul groaned.

“I’ve a king-size bed and a dual-head shower.” I knew exactly how a college student lived in the dorms, having only left them a few years earlier myself.

“We’ll survive twenty minutes.” It might be the only foreplay I could get, if Paul was as eager as he seemed. I loved seeing him practically vibrating with the need to touch and be touched.

A slow smile spread across my face. The drive felt like a lot longer than twenty minutes because at every light Paul would reach over and stroke my leg, the caress creeping higher and higher each time. The edge of his pinky skimmed the bulge of my cock at the last light before the turnoff to my street.

Sweat broke out on my forehead. “Driving here.” He was a lot more aggressive than I expected.

“Not while we’re stopped.”

“Oh gods, you’re going to kill me.” I groaned, way too turned on for this kind of torture.

Paul’s face was cast with a red glow from the light. “But you’ll enjoy every second.”

My hands had a fine tremble that made turning off the engine and getting the front door unlocked difficult. Paul was standing close to me; I could smell the faint scent of chlorine under his cologne. The spicy scent coupled with the sharp undertone was heady.

I locked the door behind us, taking a moment just to breathe as I set my camera equipment carefully in the hall closet while Paul set the gym bag he’d brought down against the wall. I needed to find my control but I was hanging onto bare shreds by the tips of my fingers. “Do you want a drink?”

“No. I want to go to your room and try out that king-size bed you used to lure me here.” Paul held out a hand to me, and I took it. I was suddenly calm. “Lead on.”

My room was down a short hallway. I hadn’t made my bed this morning, but the sheets were mostly clean. I’d only slept in it for one night and my maid service had put fresh ones on right before I got home. I couldn’t wait to see Paul spread out across my bed, so I turned on the lamp on the nightstand.

Paul nailed me to the wall beside the bed when I stood back up. He pulled my head down and our lips met for the first time. He tasted like steak sauce and spice when I sank my tongue into his mouth. He moaned, his hands clutching the back of my head. I pulled him in close to me with both hands on his ass. Our cocks rubbed together as we kissed again and again, pulling away, gasping for air and then sinking back into each other.

“Fuck, you can kiss,” Paul said. His lips were swollen and dark where I’d nipped at him. I had one hand on his back, tugging his shirt up. I loved his mouth but I needed more of him. I needed his skin.

The first thing to go was his white T-shirt. All that dark skin over sleek muscles and I could finally touch. My dreams from the night before had been hot. I’d spent all night worshipping what I’d imagined Paul to look like, but he was even more cut in person. I circled his small brown nipples, skimming the edges but not quite touching the sensitive tips.

Paul arched into my touch, and then his hands were tugging at my shirt. It choked me, too tight at the neck to come off over my head. “Buttons.” Paul grunted, then fumbled my shirt back down and attacked the buttons on my polo, undoing them so he could rip my shirt off.

“Oh, nice.” He ran his hands through the light hair on my pecs, tugging. “Very nice.” I grabbed his hands and started walking him backward toward the bed. I pushed him down.

“Let me.” I went to my knees in front of Paul where he sat on the edge of the bed. I wanted to touch every inch of him, to trace the muscles and taste the salty sweat on his skin. I started at his feet, unlacing his tennis shoes, and then tugging them off. His white socks were next, exposing long feet. His toes were calloused and two of them were purple. I barely skimmed my fingers over them.

“Hazard of the sport, the edges of those planks can be hard,” Paul explained.

I nodded and rubbed my hands up his calves over his jeans. I slowly worked my way up to his knees, then his thighs. His legs fell open for me. There was something so sexy about a man in button-fly jeans. A sharp tug on each one popped them open. He was wearing shiny, red... Speedos!

“You seemed to like them.” I swallowed hard as Paul lifted up his hips so I could pull down his pants.

The gorgeous diver I’d gawked over in the doorway at the gym was back, but this time he was in my bed. I groaned, unable to resist the wet spot

growing over the wide head creating a bulge in the tight fabric. “Gorgeous.” I leaned forward and mouthed that spot, tasting salty pre-cum as I traced the bulges with my tongue and then sucked hard.

“Fuck, Balian!”

“Not yet.” I had to see that ass. I urged Paul back onto the bed, then over onto his stomach. His thighs were slightly furry, just enough to tickle my palms as I skimmed the heated flesh. There was just enough room for me to kneel between Paul’s legs on the bed.

“Are you really sore?” I asked him. He’d mentioned needing a massage. I lightly traced the edges of the briefs where his ass met his thighs, tickling the sensitive area.

Paul flinched and shuddered, then pushed back. His voice stuttered when he spoke. “N-No. I just wanted to get your attention.” I smiled, impressed with his technique.

“Never been a problem,” I murmured. Cruelly, to tease both of us, I leaned forward and began stroking Paul’s back, up that deep groove along his spine. He had freckles on his shoulders, just a light scattering. I began kissing them, starting at the back of his neck and working my way down his shoulder. I paused to suck up a mark, biting down lightly and scraping the reddened skin.

“You’re driving me crazy.” Paul tried to push his ass against me, and I sat back on my knees. “I need you in me. I’ve been thinking about you since we met this afternoon.”

“Slow is better. Besides, I saw you yesterday so I’ve been waiting longer.”

“Sadist.”

I chuckled. “Maybe.” I had to be a masochist too, because I was killing both of us. My cock was pushing at my jeans painfully, and I could feel a growing wet patch in my silky underwear. I stood up, unbuttoned my pants, and pulled down the zipper. Paul turned his head to watch as I hooked my hands in my pants and underwear, and then pulled them both down at the same time.

His eyes widened as my cock slapped against my stomach. Fluid leaked from my tip in pearly drops to splatter against my stomach.

“You’re a leaker.” He licked his lips. “That is so hot. I want to taste you.”

There was no way I’d keep from coming if he wrapped those soft lips around my cock. I wanted to be buried inside him, in that ass, too much. By now, it felt like a need I didn’t dare ignore. “Later.”

He nodded his head when I crawled back on the bed. This time I didn’t hesitate. I began caressing both cheeks of his ass, rubbing with my palms and then running my fingers down the crack to his soft balls just bulging between his legs. I enjoyed the way he moaned when I rubbed his taint but I wanted skin.

“Off.” Paul squirmed as I took off the Speedos, throwing them onto the floor. Minutes passed by unnoticed as I explored those soft curves and the dark rift between them. I was immersed in it, reveling in the freedom to touch and caress as I’d been longing to do. My greatest fantasy had come to life and was sprawled out on my bed, moaning in pleasure, and then begging for more as I gave it to him.

“Please!” he shouted. The cry finally broke through the fog of pleasure I’d been lost in as I slowly drove him crazy. Paul was panting, his hands clenched in the sheet. “Now, please, now.”

I crawled up his body, my hips flexing as the underside of my cock rubbed against his ass. “Shh. I’m just getting what we need.” I kissed his shoulder as I stretched past him to the nightstand. I pulled a condom out of the box and retrieved the bottle of lube before I rested back. I ran my hand along Paul’s side to his hip, pulling him up onto his knees. “Just like that.”

The lube was cold, so I rubbed my fingers together to warm it. “Hurry.” Paul looked over his shoulder, a hungry look on his face. His pupils were huge, almost eclipsing the toffee brown of his iris.

It would’ve been cruel to make either of us wait any longer. I started with one finger, stroking the outside of his hole, watching it flex and flutter. The tip of my finger slipped inside, and I twisted it around. Paul’s eyelids slid shut.

Slowly I sank my finger inside the velvety heat. It was soft and his rim clung to me; he was going to feel amazing around my cock. I drizzled more lube on my fingers, then pushed my middle finger in beside the first, gliding them in and out a few times until his hole relaxed.

“More.”

“Pushy,” I said, but I pulled out and thrust back in with three. I stopped at the first knuckle when Paul winced. “Deep breath.” He took a shuddering breath in and let it out slowly as I sank in deeper, my fingers curling, finding and stroking his prostate.

“Ahh,” he sighed. He pushed back against me, riding my fingers and stretching himself. I started teasing the rim with my pinkie. I couldn’t take it anymore and pulled out. He whimpered when I left him empty, but I wouldn’t for long. I ripped open the condom package. The head of my cock was slippery; I stroked down my length, the muscles in my thighs quivering, then slid the condom on and rolled it down to the base. More lube and then I was inching closer, spreading Paul’s legs more and tipping his ass up.

“Relax for me. I’ll go slow.” My voice was deep, arousal giving it a hoarse rasp. Gripping my cock, I pushed forward, staring intently as I pushed open that tight ring until it flared wide around the thick helmeted head of my cock, and then snapped around the shaft. Paul tensed, and I froze. I slid my hand up his back, stroking the deep groove up his spine soothingly. We both struggled for a moment, him to relax and me to keep from shooting immediately as his muscles squeezed my cock.

I slowly moved forward, rocking my hips in small increments. Amazement shook me as I watched my cock sink into that perfect ass. Never, in a million years, would I have expected to be in bed with a man with such a beautiful body. I stroked the sides of his ass, holding still when I was fully inside him. I slid my hand over his hip, reaching for his cock. The slender shaft had softened. To distract him from the discomfort as he adjusted I began sliding my hand up and down the silky skin, rubbing the slit at the top with my thumb.

The need to move was too much. He was still tight around me, but he was breathing easier and his cock had hardened in my hand, filling it with a nice, heavy weight. Paul squirmed as I pulled back, his muscles clinging to my cock like they didn't want to let me go, and then moaned as I pushed forward. Every thrust in was gentle until he rose up on his elbows and pushed back.

I grunted. "Harder?"

He nodded.

Finally knowing he was ready, I stopped holding back. Sliding my cock almost completely out, I slammed in. My fingers gripped his ass hard, spreading his cheeks so I could see my cock sink in, over and over as we rocked together. Sweat beaded up and slid down my temples. Paul's body glistened as he met and matched me stroke for stroke. I leaned forward, sliding my free arm around his chest while I fisted his cock. I pulled him up on his knees, his back to my chest and stomach. Hot skin slid against hot skin as he spread his knees wide around mine and leaned his head back against my shoulder, opening to me fully. I could feel the fleshy bump of his prostate as I nailed it again and again.

The smell of sex filled the air, the musk of sweat and the spice of his skin saturated my senses. All I could feel was him, against me, around me. I sucked the fleshy lobe of his ear into my mouth, suckling and then biting down. Paul's spine twisted, wrenching his ear from my mouth. His cock swelled in my hand and he fucked back against me hard, slamming that perfect, tight ass against my hips and milking my erection.

"Balian!" he cried. I rolled my hips against him, enjoying the spasms tightening like a pulsating vice around me, as I ground my shaft over his prostate and he shot thick streams of viscous cum over my sheets. The last spurt slid down over my fingers. My balls tightened; I was so close. I lowered Paul to the bed; his back muscles flared as he struggled to breathe. He whined as I pulled out of his well-fucked hole. Ripping off the condom, I used my sperm slicked hand to stroke my shaft. Paul's cum eased the thrusts I made into the tight ring of my fingers.

Paul sounded wrecked as he asked, “Want some help?”

I shook my head, biting my lip. All I needed was that ass. I caressed it, rubbing the head of my cock gently into the crack until I couldn't take it anymore. Then Paul reached back and spread his cheeks, those dark tan hands gleamed against the pale flesh. Gasping for air, my stomach muscles and thighs burning, I shuddered and lost it. My balls drew up and sent a volley of cum boiling out of my cock to paint Paul's skin, a primitive claim I couldn't resist.

The sheer pleasure ripped a deep groan from me as I shook with my eyes closed, unable to keep them open to watch another second. I braced myself and stroked, drawing out every last drop as I came. Exhausted, I fell sideways on the bed... right into the wet spot.

I grimaced, my eyes popping open. “Ugh.”

“What's that look for?” Paul asked.

“It's cold... you made a mess... on my sheets,” I gasped.

For the second time, I got to see Paul's face light up as he laughed. Worn out, sated beyond measure, I shook my head and ignored the feeling. “Come here.”

Paul snuggled against me, his face nuzzled against my chest. I didn't care if we were sweaty and sticky; I needed to hold him. I kissed him, gently and without the urgency from before. Our lips moved, tongues barely brushing against each other lazily. My lust was far from gone; if anything, I craved him even more. I wanted to fuck him all over again. I wanted to see him ride me as I lay under him, watch him lower himself onto my shaft. I wanted to bend his legs back to his ears and hammer my cock into him until he shot so hard he'd cover his own face in spunk.

I wanted to kiss every inch of him. I wanted to hold him in the shower, scrubbing him clean just so that I could make him dirty again. Most of all I wanted to grab my camera and capture the sultry look on his face right then, his cheeks pink and his lips swollen from my kisses, so I could keep this memory forever.

When I woke up Paul was laying on his stomach, the sheet and blankets tangled around his legs. The sun was shining on him as it hit the window, highlighting the golden skin on his face and turning his hair into a white nimbus. I blinked and looked at the clock. Wow, we'd really slept in. Sometime in the night, Paul had woken up and proceeded to wake me up in the best way possible. I'd urged him to kneel over me so that I could return the favor.

After we came again, moaning around each other's cocks, we'd showered. Then we collapsed back in bed and fell right back asleep.

My urge to photograph Paul was too much. I slid out of the bed and grabbed my backup camera off my dresser. I set up my f-stop so I could take some bracketing shots since my flash setup was in the closet. Crouching down by the bed, I caught my breath at the sight in front of me. From this angle, the sun lit up the blond fuzz dusting the taut curve of his ass cheeks. His body was all lean muscle covered in dark-bronze skin... other than that small area usually covered by his Speedo.

I got lost in shooting, changing angles and settings repeatedly until Paul stretched. I took several shots as he moved, focused on him intently. "Hold that, don't move," I said softly. He'd barely woken up, blinking those beautiful brown eyes sleepily at me, stretching his arm across the bed toward me.

Holding my breath so I wouldn't shake the camera, I pressed down the shutter release. The rapid clicking echoed my heart as it began to pound while I took a long series of rapid-fire shots. Paul licked his lips, wetting the smooth curves. I let out a big breath in a whoosh.

"God, you're beautiful."

He smiled at me. "Normally I might feel insulted, but being called beautiful by you..." He waved his hand lazily at me. "Thank you."

"Handsome wouldn't fit you because you *are* beautiful." I set my camera on the nightstand, then reached up and laced my fingers together with his hand, still outstretched on the bed. "Good morning."

“Good morning.” He yawned, looking at the clock. “For a few more minutes at least.”

“You were sleeping hard.”

Paul raised an eyebrow. “How long have you been taking my picture?”

Was he weirded out by having his picture taken while he was sleeping? He might be, especially because he was naked. I hadn’t even considered that, though I’d once had a lover freak out and break my camera when he woke up. Damn. I should’ve stopped sooner. “Forty-five minutes?”

“You didn’t even put clothes on, and you’ve been taking my picture for that long?”

I looked down. “I guess so.” It was a bit chilly with the air conditioning, now that I was thinking about it. The hardwood floor was cold under my legs as I knelt beside the bed.

“Come up here.” Paul tugged on my hand until I climbed back on the bed. He squirmed down and grabbed the blankets, pulling them back up and over us. I lay on my side, not quite sure what to do with my hands.

“Are you upset I was taking your picture nude?” I asked. “You looked so amazing with the light on you that I wanted to capture it.”

Paul smiled at me. “No. It was a little strange, waking up to a camera in my face, but I’m flattered.” He snagged a pillow and bunched it up under his head as he faced me. “You’re an artist. I love that you wanted to take my picture. Just... don’t put those in a show or book, okay? That pesky morality clause and all.”

I shook my head; I’d never do anything to jeopardize him that way. A surge of possessiveness shot through me. “I don’t want anyone seeing you like that but me anyway.” Oh damn. I felt my face heat up. I really needed to find a censor for my mouth. Talking to models I could do, even the ones I thought were hot. Paul had affected me strongly from the second I first saw him though. There was something about him that brought out the idiot in me.

He didn’t get mad, or smirk, or do anything but stare at me.

Shit. Fuck. I'd really screwed this up. I'd let my possessive nature get the better of me. It'd ruined more than one relationship.

"Are you still going to want me to do the shoot?" Paul asked.

The gallery show was what he was worried about? A ton of people would be invited and would see the photographs, but it was different. "You'll be wearing a Speedo. People see you in it all the time for practice and meets."

"It doesn't cover much."

I ran my hand down his body under the covers. I stroked his hip, and then reached behind him to cup his ass. "As long as this is covered, I'll survive."

Paul began to smile. It started small and then grew wider. Soon he was laughing, the happy sound loud in the quiet room.

I raised an eyebrow. "What?"

"You're cute."

I'd been called many things, but cute... never cute.

"You don't mind that I'm possessive? Even though we just met?"

"Of my naked body? Nope. As long as you don't go crazy jealous, it's actually kind of hot. I don't like to share anyone I'm seeing either."

Someone he's seeing. I liked the sound of that. "So, this wasn't just a one off?" I caressed Paul's ass cheek, enjoying the smooth skin over hard muscle. The soft hairs tickled my palm.

"Not for me. I'd like to spend some more time with you. Do you have plans for today?"

"Before or after I give you that glute massage you mentioned yesterday?" I was excited in a way I'd never been before. Of course, I'd never been with the embodiment of my ideal man, either. He was tan, toned, and best of all, a swimmer. I loved how his smaller body fit in with mine, and watching his muscles ripple as he moved under me. We'd talked after we sucked each other off in the middle of the night. Conversation between us flowed smoothly.

Paul didn't even seem to mind that I wasn't nearly as cool as he'd seemed to think I was before he met me, especially with all the idiotic bumbling I'd done ogling him at first.

Paul chuckled. "Well, I certainly won't say no to that, but I meant after."

"I need to go shopping for some props for the shoot." My stomach growled. "And get some groceries. I haven't been home in a few months so my cupboards are pretty bare. You want to spend the weekend with me since you took it off from school and swimming?"

Paul's eyes widened. "You want me to stay all weekend?"

"Didn't I just say that?"

Pushing me over, Paul slipped over me, kneeling over my hips. The blanket slipped down his back. He leaned down, his hands cupping my face. They were soft against the bristles on my cheeks. I leaned up off the pillow when he fit his lips to mine softly, needing more contact with him. Our tongues met and tangled.

I followed him, demanding another kiss when he tried to pull away. I slid one hand around the back of his neck and the other found his ass to hold him still. I kneaded the warm flesh. I was already half hard and leaking on my stomach just from touching him.

Paul broke away when his stomach growled. He laughed, pressing our foreheads together. "I think the massage, and anything else, is going to have to wait. I'm starving and trust me, going without a meal is not a good idea for me. Or for anyone around me."

Next time I was going to have groceries delivered the first day I was home. "Do you really need to eat now? I could—"

"Feed me!" Paul said in a monster voice. "Feed me!"

He didn't just... "Feed me!" he roared.

I burst out laughing. "Okay, okay. Jeez! Breakfast at the diner on fifth good? It's still popular with the college crowd, right?" Cheap meals, large portions, and all within three blocks of campus.

“Of course it is. Ooh, I want the Belgium waffle. With strawberries and,” his eyes twinkled, “whipped cream.”

I was going to have to wear tight underwear and dark jeans, otherwise I’d never make it through the day without a big stain on the front of my pants showing everyone just how much I wanted the gorgeous diver. “Let’s go then.”

Paul borrowed a pair of my silk boxer briefs since he only had a clean spare shirt and sweats in his bag. I could barely stand keeping my hands to myself when he pulled up the black fabric that was skin-tight over his round ass.

“Breakfast,” Paul reminded me when I stared at him, my mouth parted. “Shopping.” He pulled his jeans back on from the night before.

“Bossy.”

“Yep.” He winked. I managed to keep my hands to myself as we finished getting dressed. We held hands in the car over the center console but Paul didn’t try to distract me from driving this time. We didn’t play footsie through breakfast but I was just as absorbed as I’d been during dinner the night before. Paul talked about his plans after college again and his diving career through high school and college so far. He also asked me a lot about photography and my plans for the show.

“Hey, Arrow.” Paul’s head shot up. He wiped off a bit of whipped cream from his mouth with the back of his hand.

“Hey, Trav.” Paul greeted the large guy in a pair of shorts and a tank top who stopped at the end of our booth.

“What are you doing here scarfing down carbs? If Coach saw you now you’d be in for it.”

“Having breakfast, duh.”

Trav looked at his phone and raised an eyebrow. “It’s one in the afternoon.”

“Yeah, so? It’s not all carbs, anyway. There’s some fruit on there.” He stirred the bright red berries with his fork until they were piled up on the deep divots in his waffle. “Hey man, this is Balian. Balian, my friend Travis.”

I held out my hand and Trav took it, shaking it firmly. “Nice to meet you,” I said. “You go to college with Paul?”

“Yeah. We met freshman year at the pool.”

The guy was tall with wide shoulders and chest, along with those big wide hands meant he probably wasn’t a diver. He was too big. “Ah, a swimmer.”

“Freestyle and butterfly,” he confirmed. “What are you guys up to?” He looked back and forth between us. “I noticed you weren’t at practice this morning, Paul.”

“Nope, took the weekend off. I need a break. I met Balian yesterday at school. He’s doing a photo shoot with some athletes for a show.”

“Oh!” Trav nodded. “I remember now, the coaches mentioned a big-name photographer was looking for some people to let him take their picture. Not my thing, but that’s cool, man. So you using Paul?”

“I sure am.” I couldn’t help the heated glance I sent Paul’s way when I thought about how I was going to get him to pose. I’d had some ideas when I’d seen him play Frisbee, but as a diver I could do even more. Instead of getting upset at the way I was obviously ogling him, Paul smiled at me. Which was good, because I hadn’t even thought about if he was out or not. Trav gave us both another look but didn’t say anything.

“Okay, well, good luck with that. Hope you don’t break your camera.” Trav smirked when Paul flipped him off. “No thanks, man, besides it looks like you don’t need me.”

“Hey, I’m trying to eat here! You... me... ughs!” Paul pretended to gag.

Trav laughed. “Well then I guess I’ll let you get back to your pig-out, and I won’t tell Coach even though you just insulted me.” He looked down at Paul. “Because I’m the better man.”

He laughed when Paul flipped him off again. “Nice meeting you, Balian. See you at practice next week, Arrow.”

“Arrow?” I asked when Trav walked away. Pink tinged the deep tan on Paul’s face.

“The nickname just had to follow me from high school,” he muttered. “In an interview after I came in first at State during my freshman year, my coach said I always went through the water like an arrow, straight and true. Back then, I was this scrawny little stick. The kids started calling me Arrow to tease me. Of course it stuck.”

I tried to keep a straight face but it wasn’t going to happen. I sank back against my seat, laughing helplessly. The visual was just too funny.

“You’re an ass.” Paul threw his balled up napkin at me, but he was chuckling too.

“Sorry,” I gasped. “Sorry.”

“No you’re not.”

I shook my head. “Okay, you’re right.” I was not sorry I’d met this amazing guy. Not at all.

It was a lovely weekend. We spent every minute together, many of them naked. Paul even posed for me several times. I got out my light equipment and caught some shots of him in front of a cream backdrop I’d set up in the small studio I had in my spare room. The nude pictures were going to go into a special file, only for us.

“Okay. Turn over and do that throw again.” I’d asked Sammy to get a fellow teammate to join the shoot. Wrestling was all about balance, movement, and judicious use of force. To get the kind of shots I needed for the motion of the throws I wanted to feature, I needed two guys. I didn’t mind the extra cost because it really paid off. The kid he picked was a bit smaller but so flexible I couldn’t believe some of the positions he managed to twist into.

After four hours, the guys were exhausted. Sweat was dripping off them. I'd kept a bunch of water available in a cooler and tossed them bottles and clean towels when the shoot was over.

"Thanks a lot you two."

Sammy's friend groaned as he collapsed on the bleachers while I cleaned up my equipment and stored it. "Remind me never to become a model. Oh, my god, I'm sore!" he said.

I chuckled. Every shoot with the athletes I'd chosen went well. Posing for a photographer might be new to them, but I could tell they were all used to taking orders. They were more patient than a lot of other models I'd worked with, repeating each motion I needed until I got the shots exactly right. It took a few weeks to finish all the shooting and editing for the photos of the athletes for the gallery show. I didn't have any trouble not gawking at them. Paul had been working hard practicing, so he didn't stay over very often, but when we had time we were like two horny kids who couldn't get enough of each other. The "massages" I gave him drove him crazy, but I enjoyed getting to do it.

The day of Paul's shoot was overcast. It hindered my plans, since I'd hoped to utilize the natural light coming through the glass ceiling, but I managed to pull off a new idea I'd had after we'd met up with Paul's friend Trav. As I set up my equipment, Paul's coach expressed some concern about him diving outside of practice but I promised I wasn't looking for anything fancy and wouldn't push Paul to do anything he shouldn't.

Cort had popped in to most of my shoots, and of course, he was there for Paul's. Maybe asking him to help me clarify part of the morality clause wasn't as subtle as I thought.

Paul was on the diving board so I could check the positioning and get the needed light readings.

Cort was there when I climbed down.

"You're dating him, aren't you?" he asked.

"Why do you say that?" I deflected his question with one of my own.

“The way he looked at you. Even more, the way you were looking at and touching him. Those Speedos don’t hide much, you know.”

I might have touched Paul a little more than necessary to get the readings but he was temptation incarnate. I couldn’t not touch him. Still... I frowned at Cort. “You shouldn’t be looking at him like that.”

He laughed and slapped me on my shoulder. I winced. “Possessive bastard. You haven’t told me about anyone you were dating in so long, I decided to find out for myself who you were doing. It had to be one of the models you were using. I knew you had to have some other reason for asking me to look at the athlete handbook with you. So... is having your swimmer everything you thought it would be?”

“None of your business. Now, if you don’t mind, I have to work. Don’t you have some guys to go torture with suicides or something?” I set up the tripod and glanced through my viewfinder to line up the shot.

“You can only put me off for so long. Amanda said come over for a barbeque tonight, and no excuses. Bring your guy, or I’ll tell her you have a boyfriend and won’t bring him over.”

She’d kill me. “I’ll ask him. He is pretty busy getting ready for his competition,” I said.

“Excuses won’t save you. Even legitimate ones,” Cort said over his shoulder as he left the pool.

That evening Amanda was grace itself, her gently rounded stomach leading the way as she brought out the salads while Cort grilled. Paul had agreed to come and he was setting the table while I finished plating the deviled eggs.

“I’ll admit I had an ulterior motive when I asked you to dinner,” Amanda said. She stood beside me stirring up a pitcher of lemonade.

“Oh?”

She seemed a little nervous. “I was wondering, and Cort said just to ask you and it’d be fine, but would you take some pregnancy photos of me and then baby’s picture when he’s born? We can pay you.”

“A boy? You’re having a boy?” I grinned at her. “Cort must be relieved to be on familiar territory.” He was such a guy’s guy, though he was extremely gentle with Amanda and always had been.

“Yeah, I think he about passed out from relief to be spared from the pink and frilly world of baby girls.”

I laughed. “I bet.” I hugged her lightly, her stomach pushing against me. “I’d love to take pictures for you. And you won’t pay me a thing. Don’t even think about it.”

“Thank you.” She wiped at her face. “Damn hormones.” She laughed, her eyes shining up at me.

We went out with the eggs and lemonade. “Ready?” Amanda asked Cort. Paul was standing beside him arguing about some game between some teams I didn’t know. Flipping the last thick burger onto a serving plate, Cort nodded and we all sat down at the table.

The burgers were perfectly grilled, with a nice smooth cheese melted on top, but I didn’t tell Cort that. He spent the first twenty minutes of dinner teasing me about robbing the cradle and asking how many supplements I was taking to keep up with my young boyfriend.

Paul had taken it pretty well, but his thigh against mine began to jiggle. There was only so much he could say to someone who worked for the college. Fortunately, I didn’t have to worry about that. Cort shut up really fast when I told him how much it would cost if I made him pay me for the pregnancy and baby photos Amanda had asked me about. I never would, but that got Amanda on his case. She’d cracked him good upside the head and made him apologize for teasing us.

He went red in the face but muttered, “Sorry.” He stuck his tongue out at me when he thought Amanda wasn’t paying attention and earned another smack. We’d all laughed when Amanda grumbled about having two kids in the house.

Unfortunately, Paul's trip to Nationals was the same time as the gallery show. He felt bad about it, but I knew life wasn't perfect. It would suck being apart for a week though; we hadn't spent more than two days without seeing each other since that first day when I'd made the best decision of my life.

"I'm really sorry," he said.

"Stop saying that." I stroked his face, giving him a short kiss. We were having dinner out to celebrate both events since we both had our own obligations and couldn't be together. I opened his door. "Come on, get in. I have a surprise for you."

We drove through the city, the sinking sun turning the clouds bright-pink and pale-lavender that contrasted with the darkening blue sky behind the buildings. I put my hand on his thigh, unable to resist touching him whenever possible. We'd been dating almost six weeks and that need hadn't lessened at all.

"Where are we going?" Paul was looking around.

"I told you, it's a surprise." We were within a few miles of the surprise, so I asked Paul to close his eyes.

"Balian!" he complained.

"Come on, do it. Trust me." I hit my turn signal to make a right. "You'll like it." I hoped he would, at least.

Paul grumbled but he closed his eyes. As soon as I parked, he started to open his eyes. "No peeking!"

"You're being silly."

"This deserves a special entrance. I'll be right around to get you. Don't peek!" I hurried around the car and opened his door. Paul held out his hand and I helped him up onto the sidewalk. I guided him from behind, one hand on his elbow.

"Hold on."

"What are you doing? Are those keys?"

I unlocked the door. “Jeez, can you be patient for two minutes?” I teased him.

“Okay, okay.” Paul stood there waiting while I flicked on the lights, only turning on half of them. I started walking him forward again, weaving our way around the room. I pulled him to a stop. “Right here.”

I needed to see his face when he saw it for the first time, so I stepped to the side of him. Taking a deep breath, I said, “Open your eyes.”

Paul’s mouth dropped open. He was staring at a blown up photograph of himself falling toward the water. His body was outlined with a bright, white light just inches from the light blue surface of the pool, his whole body a taut line from linked hands to pointed toes.

I’d titled the photograph “Arrow”.

He’d complained that I was a bigger slave driver than his coach that day. It was important to show the world how I saw Paul, and I was relentless in achieving it. I’d lost count of the number of times he dove off the platform, but I’d made it up to him with a full-body massage to ease the soreness in his shoulders and calves. It’d taken a strip of lights hung on the wall behind the area to create the halo of light around him. I’d wanted to recreate our first morning together, the first time I’d taken his picture.

“You’re amazing,” Paul said breathlessly. “I can’t believe that’s me. You see me like this?”

Every muscle stood out in his back and ass. I’d put him in a white Speedo for the shoot and the stark contrast to the deep tan skin of the rest of his body matched the white illumination shining around his body. He almost looked nude, but wasn’t. It was a small compromise to my artistic vision.

He reached out and grabbed my hand, pulling me over to him. I put my arm around his shoulders, and he snuggled into my chest. “I didn’t do anything special. Everyone can see you like this.” I still struggled with that but I wanted to show Paul how he looked, his tight body sculpted in the quest of his sport.

“You’re beautiful all on your own. I was drawn to your body when I first saw you. After we met I knew your body was great, but *you* were even more amazing. Of course I was right,” I said. I smirked down at him.

Paul laughed and kissed me. Our lips met softly. “I’m glad you were right,” he whispered.

THE END

Author Bio

Alicia Nordwell is one of those not-so-rare creatures, a reader turned writer. Striving to find something interesting to read one day, she decided to write what she wanted instead. Then the voices started... Yep, not only does she talk about herself in the third person for bios, she has voices in her head constantly clamoring to get out.

Fortunately for readers, with the encouragement of her family and friends, she decided for her own sanity to keep writing. Now you can find her stories both free and e-published! She can be found quite often at her blog where she has a lot of free fiction for readers to enjoy and working hard, or maybe hardly working, as an admin on GayAuthors.org under her online nickname, Cia.

Oh yeah, she's a wife, mom of two, and lives in the dreary, yet ideal for her redhead complexion, Pacific Northwest. Except for when she disappears into one of the many worlds in her head, of course!

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