

The Boiler Room

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"So—it's Saturday night and we haven't gone out all week, babe. You wanna. . . ." Zach Montgomery whimpered into his headset. His right hand drifted down his smooth chest; his fingernails scraped across a dime-sized nipple, and—he choked back a gasp. His stiffening cock twitched inside his cargos. Fuck—he was horny. Every nerve in his 6'2", 185 lb. body was on fire. "But, babe—we haven't. . . ." He paused as his girlfriend cut him off at the balls. Again. "But—I thought maybe. . . ."

His hand drifted farther, rippling over the stair steps of his 6-pak. His fingers danced downward through a pencil-thin line of silken hair at his navel—following downward to the waistband of his shorts.

Zach lifted his head to glance across the room; an auburn wing flopped down over his ice blue eyes as he studied his roommate. Reese was crouched over his laptop typing earnestly on a research paper that was due first thing Monday morning. Zach's knuckles scraped the inside of the zipper as his hand slid under the waistband. Following that ever-thickening wake of silk, his fingers sifted through neatly trimmed pubes before they hungrily wrapped around his engorged cock.

"But, I. . . ."

A tight smirk creased the corner of Reese Hammond's dimpled face as he pounded away on the keyboard. *Someone ain't getting any tonight.* He sat up straight, stretching his arms high above his 5'6", 165 lb. gymnast's frame—his tight-fitting tee slipped from his jeans, revealing his own golden strands of a treasure trail. He covered a yawn as he one-eyed the digital clock. *Geez, I've been working on this paper for 11 hours straight? Did I eat lunch? Dinner?* His stomach responded quickly—no. He ran his fingers through his golden curls and then pulled his tee the rest of the way out of his jeans before he cautiously looked to his right. A small mirror—angled just so. He could gaze into it and take in Zach—stretched out on his bed. This was the subject Reese secretly loved to study the best. His eyes raked over Zach's tightly built body and he swallowed hungrily; he squinted intently as his focus was drawn to Zach's hands as they drifted inside his cargos. Reese's own cock began to react to the cloaked view of Zach's hands as they began to gently tug and pull at his raging hard-on.

"But, I. . . ."

"But, I thought maybe we. . . ."

Reese chuckled softly as he forced his eyes back to his laptop. Moments later, he looked over his shoulder at the sound of Zach's headset landing on his desk. He wondered who had just disconnected whom?

"Look out pillows; feathers are gonna fly tonight."

Zach Montgomery's hands shot out from under his shorts. He kicked his feet over the side of the bed. "Fuck you, bro."

"Apparently, you ain't fucking nobody tonight, Zachary," Reese retorted. "You'll have better luck with your pillows."

If looks really could kill, Zach knew the daggers he was tossing across the room right now would be shredding his roommate. His head dropped; his chin landed on his chest; good old Reese. From the moment they had become roommates, they both felt they were on the fast track to the best friend circuit. Reese had an uncanny ability to butcher-knife his way through any mood Zach was in and bring on a smile or a laugh. Yeah, Reese was right—he needed to lighten up. A devilish grin creased his handsome face as he scooped up one of his pillows and sent it sailing.

"Fluff it for me, will ya, bro? I hear you're a good fluffer."

Reese's fingers froze mid-stroke as the pillow bounced off the back of his head. What had Zach heard, and—from whom? He saved his paper and then swiveled to look across the room. His buddy really did look miserable and his horn dog state was unquestionable—that Louisville Slugger in his shorts looked like it could drill through concrete. He picked up the pillow and stole a moment to nose it—breathing

in his roommate's musky scent. Not the first time—evidenced by the well-worn jock that was zip locked in a bag and safely tucked away.

"Shit," Montgomery groaned as he again reached down to adjust his throbbing cock. "You don't get laid but you don't ever rag and gnarl over it."

Reese's face scrunched as he tossed the pillow back across the room—a high arc, sailing over Montgomery's head and landing squarely on top of its mate at the head of the bed. "Who says I don't get laid?"

Zach snorted. "You sure as hell never talk about getting laid. You never even get a suck job, do ya, bro? Shit, Reese boy—we're roommates. If anyone would know—it's me."

As lame as that logic was, Reese couldn't argue with it. Well—he could but that would mean revealing too many details to his best friend; he would be treading as yet uncharted waters between him and Zach. "Bro, just because you and your teammates notch your headboards doesn't mean that all males succumb to the need to spray our territory." He offered up one of his disarming grins. "Some of us are simply more discreet in our conquests."

Zach Montgomery's head snapped up. Conquests? Did he say conquests? He'd never heard seriously shy Reese Alexander Hammond, IV use sex speak like that. "Bro—did you just say, 'conquests?'"

Reese figured that would get his buddy's attention. He winked and dug in a little more. "Just coming down to your level, bro."

Silence.

Reese studied his favorite subject more intently; he licked his lips as he again focused on that throbbing hard-on obscenely tenting Zach's shorts. Time for a change of subject before he got himself into trouble. "So, since you failed miserably to convince Melissa to put out—you're obviously not gonna get laid tonight. And, it *is* Saturday night. . . ." His roommate snorted out an unintelligible reply. "You wanna?"

"Wanna what?" Montgomery barked.

Yeah, he's pouting large, Reese observed. "What do we usually do on Saturday night when we're not getting laid?"

"Oh. Yeah. Pizza" Another stroke of his throbbing cock. Another stifled whimper. "Yeah. Whatever," Zach said with so much frustration in his voice that his roommate could practically see it floating across the room. "I need the fresh air anyway, bro. Call it in, I'll go get it." He stood and crossed the room to his dresser and pulled out

a T-shirt. He shoved the drawer shut and promptly began banging his head against the top of the dresser. "Why, Reese? Why? Why? Why do I let her get to me like this?"

Reese shook his head. *Here it comes. It's always about Zach. Well—Zach and that baseball bat hanging between his legs.* Another smirk creased his face. As if Zach's girlfriend had ever given him hand, head, or pussy anyway. She had been doing this to him since their first date. He rose from his desk and crossed the room to stand behind his buddy, grabbed a shoulder and turned him around. "Because, Zachary—you're a healthy, red-blooded, All-American bull with a cock big enough to carry its own DMV sticker. That chunk of meat commands attention."

"It is kinda big, isn't it?" Montgomery mused with a slight rise in his bruised ego. Fuck—even his roommate's breath cascading down his chest and grating over his rigid nipples was making his cock lurch. Color began flooding his cheeks. What the fuck was he thinking? How in hell could Reese's breath cause his cock to throb and his nuts to churn? Next thing he knew, he'd be thinking about Reese's perfect bubble butt. "Sorry, I just. . . ."

"I know, bro. I know," Reese said as he gave that sculpted shoulder a gentle squeeze. "The usual—Meat Basket Supreme?"

Zach's blue eyes glinted with a flicker of his usual cockiness. He grabbed his roommate's left hand and quickly shoved it into his bulging crotch. "I got your supreme basket o'meat right here, bro. Great taste, very filling."

Reese's face reddened as his hand came into contact with Zach's chunk of meat. He clamped his fingers around the shaft and gave it several strokes, producing a barely audible grunt from his roommate's throat. He couldn't help himself. He had to do it.

"Well, shit—fuck the pizza. I'll just get a bottle of sauce, and. . . ."

"Butthole," Zach laughed hoarsely as he tried to breathe; Reese's hand around his cock felt good. Really good. What was he thinking? Reese was his roommate. His best friend. A ... guy. He self-consciously turned back to the dresser for his keys, a blush skyrocketing in his cheeks. Return fire. Yeah—he needed to return fire.

"Yeah, bro—the day you kneel and eat my dick, I'll toss my legs up and over." His cheeks flushed more; wrong volley. Where did that come from? He headed for the door before Reese could slam a return cross-court. "Coming with?"

"Right behind you, bro. I got your rear covered," Reese said with a grab at his own throbbler. God—was he insane? He'd just wrapped his fingers around Zach's steel hard cock and stroked it a few times in playful taunts. Now he was openly groping himself? No doubt about it; the closet door was beginning to splinter. One way or the other, he had to get Zach's dick. Maybe even that incredible butt.

Zach laughed as he kicked the fire door open and held it for his buddy to pass. As they clambered down the outside stairs, he threw a slider. "Your hand took to my dick back there like a pro, buddy." He grabbed the railing and swung himself up and over—sailing the last five feet to the gravel walk. "Something you've been meaning to tell me?"

Reese's eyes fixed on Zach's bubbled butt as he sailed over the railing. *You have no idea, Zachary—no idea at all.* He followed his roommate's gymnastic leap with one of his own—landing a perfect '10,' his arms outstretched and feet together. Coach would be proud. "You could always hit the boiler room for some good ole fashioned anonymous sex."

Zach stutter stepped as he glanced over his shoulder. Good ole fashioned anonymous sex? What boiler room? What the hell did that mean? Sounded kinda ... gay. Mental Note: follow up on that comment.

The tossing and turning took on a life of its own—left side. Right. Back. Stomach—grinding his raging hard-on against the mattress. Flip again. Roll over. Flip, and—roll. Zach raised up from his pillow and squinted at Reese's clock. 2:30 A.M. Maybe Melissa was right; maybe his brain really was in his cock. He fell back to his pillow and then rolled on his side. He stared at his roommate's empty bed. After they devoured the pizza, Reese dismissed his questions about the boiler room sex comment and then packed up his laptop and notes to pull an all-nighter in the library so he wouldn't keep Zach awake.

Thanks, but no cigar. He was awake anyway. Him and his 'supreme meat basket' were gonna be up all night at this rate. What had Reese meant about sex in the boiler room? That dusty old crypt hadn't been used for years—not since the central heat and air system had been installed. Another flip and he screamed into his pillow before he rolled out of bed.

"Fine—I'll find out for myself."

The 5-story residence hall was quiet for a Saturday night. Zach noticed light coming from under a door here and there as he made his way down the hallway to the central staircase. At the main level he paused to lean over the railing and look into the reception area. Couches were empty. The big screen was still on—ESPN recapping the day's games.

Zach pivoted and aimed for the stairs to the basement. Here, too—silence. The laundry room was empty. Kevin McNamara was asleep on the couch by the pool table in the rec room. Toby Reilly must have another girl up in their room for a night of bangin' it.

He looked to the far corner of the room. The heavy iron door that opened to the sub-basement stairwell sat ajar, like always. The two remaining hinges still supported it; their upper-level cousin had crumbled decades ago.

Metal suddenly rattled behind him. What the hell? Zach spun to face the washer and dryer area. Freeloader—the stray alley cat that had taken up residence in the warmth of the laundry room. The feline glared back at him from its place in a discarded laundry basket. The culprit had one paw stuck through the weave of plastic and was trying to scrape the last morsels from a tuna can.

The door groaned its disapproval at being disturbed but finally swung open far enough for Zach to slip through. He tiptoed the first few steps on the antique staircase to be sure it would support him. He squinted in the dimness—a single light of probably minus-50 watts illuminated the cavernous room in ghostly shrouds. As he made his way down into the musty room, he remembered that this had been the original showers and toilet area when the building was constructed a century earlier.

Zach paused to get his bearings. To his left was the boiler system that had originally heated the five floors, now nothing more than a pile of flaking metal. A fine powder of rust covered everything and clearly showed footprints of recent visitors.

“This must be the place.”

Directly ahead of him, a series of iron-footed wooden benches and the remnants of dressing booths fronted the open shower area. His nose crinkled at the green slime beneath a decades—dripping showerhead. His silent study was rocked by that old iron door. And, then—footsteps echoed on the rickety stairs that he'd just descended.

“Oh shit!”

He frantically looked for a hiding place. Any place. The showers were open air. No space behind the boiler. Only one area looked private enough for him to hide and wait out whoever was coming. He took only a moment to examine the five stall doors before he crossed to the farthest and slipped inside. He latched the door and stood there in the eerie darkness—tremors quaking down his spine. What the fuck was he doing here, anyway? He must be insane! As he eased down onto the toilet, he noted the large hole in the partition separating his stall from the next.

Moments later, the door to the next stall creaked open and closed; the latch slid and clicked—he lost out to the urge to glance through the hole. The guy hung his backpack on a hook before he reached up and popped the button on his jeans. Damn—he couldn't maneuver a face shot from his position. In one fluid movement, the jeans were around the guy's ankles. Zach's jaw dropped when the guy's cock came into view. Huge. Thick. Seriously thick. The foreskin had pulled back under

the ridge of a massive mushroom head. His smooth balls hung and swayed like a bull's. Like Reese's—come to think of it.

Zach's breathing rasped. His nerves tingled uncontrollably. He was curious what might happen. The other guy's breathing was more subdued—experience has its privileges, he supposed. After several long, silent moments—two fingers slid through the hole. Zach's head tilted. A hoarse whisper filled in the blanks.

"Slide your cock through."

Zach stood shakily, wondering what fate awaited his pulsing manhood on the other side of that hole. Should he just run for it?

"Just do it," the voice whispered.

Zach jumped. Trembling, he eased his shorts down, stepped forward, and guided his aching cock through the opening. He sucked in air as warmth and moistness enveloped his cock. The guy's tongue began swirling and licking.

"Holy shit, that feels. . . ."

The guy's lips parted and slid down his cock. And back up. Back down, and—up. His tongue never ceased its exploration of every inch, every ridge, and every vein. Zach stepped closer and leaned into the partition, which creaked against his weight. The full length of his cock now slid into the guy's mouth.

"Yeah, suck it for me."

And suck, the guy did. He licked. He sucked. He engulfed Zach's raging cock. He was hungry for it. He paused to let Zach fuck his face with slow determination for a few moments before he again took the lead and began bobbing, swirling, and licking.

"Yeah, that's it. Just like that, dude," Zach hissed as he felt his balls begin to boil. His cocksucker increased his speed and clamped down tighter on his aching cock. His tongue swirled more hungrily as he took nearly the full length of the thick shaft into his mouth. Zach snapped his hips forward to drive his cock into the guy's mouth and he reached up to hold the top of the partition as his knees began to grow weak. Hand it to the guy—this was the best blow job he'd ever had. A guy was sucking his cock? And, it was the best he'd ever had? What was up with that?

He sucked in air once again as he felt his balls pulling up tight. "Shit, dude—you're gonna make me cum."

Zach's secret cocksucker increased his pace. He sucked and bobbed along the full length of that throbbing piece of meat. He wanted it bad. He intended to suck every last drop out of the handsome ballplayer's raging cock. He slammed his mouth down

the length of the shaft once, twice, and a third time more and then felt the first blast of thick cream crash against his throat.

“Unggh. Now, dude! Ungghh,” Zach grunted as he felt his cum raging up the length of his cock; he snapped his hips forward one last time. He drove his cock into the guy’s mouth with so much force he wondered how he could take it. And he came. And he came. And, he came. He was amazed; the guy was swallowing it all. He could feel his cum flooding into the guy’s mouth and surrounding his spasming cock and yet, the guy kept sucking everything out of him—leaving him sweating and gasping, his knees—wobbling.

And then it was over; Zach reluctantly withdrew his still jerking cock and collapsed back onto the toilet. His body was trembling. Sweat dripped down his face. He leaned back and closed his eyes for several moments while he caught his breath. It took several moments before he realized the guy hadn’t gone anywhere. There had been no sound of jeans zipping. No sound of a backpack being slid over shoulders. No stall door being unlocked, opened and then swinging shut—banging to a hasty exit. No footsteps on those rickety stairs. No groan from that iron door.

Zach opened his eyes. There it was—thick and throbbing. Waiting.

Was the guy kidding? Zach Montgomery doesn’t suck cock, dude. No way. No how. Not even!

God—his cock was huge. Thick. Throbbing. Oozing precum. Waiting for him to return the favor. Zach swallowed nervously and ran his now trembling fingers through his sweat-soaked hair. What the hell was going on here? The guy had just given him the best head job of his life. And now he actually expected Zach to do him?

He swallowed hard again as a shimmering strand of that precum ribboned toward the floor. What the fuck was he thinking, here? Was he actually considering doing the guy? Well, it wasn’t like they knew each other, or ever would. Right? A hand job was the least he could do. Right? When did his hand start to reach out? He felt the heat emanating from the guy’s cock while his fingers were still inches away. He grasped it. He stroked it. Already well lubed, the foreskin slid downward under his jacking. He heard a whimper from the other stall. His voice came thick and husky. Barely audible.

“Go down on it.”

“I’ve never. . . .”

“Just do what I did,” the guy whispered.

Zach tugged his shirt over his head as he slid to his knees. As he moved up close to

the raging cock in front of him, he tucked his shirt in the back of his shorts. He leaned closer. Smelled the guy's musk. What the hell was he doing? He'd never sucked cock before. He'd never wanted to suck cock before. But for some reason; it was almost like they had an unspoken bond now. He leaned in and his tongue snaked out. He licked the mushroom head and tasted a guy's cock for the first time.

His tongue made contact; he tasted the guy's sweetly tangy precum. He prayed his tongue wouldn't burst into flames right now. He'd heard that happened if you sucked dick. He licked more—around and around the head and then down the shaft. Back up. Around and around. He opened his mouth and leaned closer. His lips spread out and around the head and then began working their way down the shaft. He choked on it. Backed off. Repositioned. And he went down on it again. He closed his eyes and concentrated on what he had felt earlier; and prayed he wouldn't leave the boiler room with a neon sign proclaiming him a cocksucker.

Zach Montgomery unlocked the door to their room and eased inside as silently as possible; sure that by now Reese was back from the library and probably sound asleep. He cocked his head as his ears picked up the sound of the shower. Yeah—Reese was back home. His backpack was tossed on the bed, laptop resting beside it. His shirt was crumpled on the floor beside his shoes—the toes glistened with moisture. Zach reasoned that Reese must've walked through the sprinklers on his way back from the library. He collapsed back on his bed with a sigh; he'd hoped to grab a shower before Reese got back.

The scent of the guy's cum drifted up from his chest. Did Reese's cum smell—taste—like that? Why was he even wondering that? He reached up to scratch his nose and realized that he had cum on his face, in his hair—everywhere. The guy came like a volcano; he swallowed as much as he could but when Zach started gagging he backed off. The rest of the guy's load splattered across his face and chest. When the guy came, Zach unloaded again—all over the floor and the partition. He was certain that he'd even baptized the guy's shoes.

Steam swirled around him as Reese Hammond squeezed a generous glob of body wash and began soaping his chest and pits. His right hand drifted down his rippling abs and worked its way around and under his smooth balls before it moved upward to encircle his raging hard-on. He leaned forward and rested his head against the shower wall. He pictured Zach's thick cock sliding through that glory hole, sliding into his mouth. Those heavy balls slapping against the metal of the stall. Zach—flooding his mouth with his thick and creamy load. He licked his lips; the taste of his roommate's cum lingering on his tongue.

And then? Did that really happen? Zach sucked him off? Zach?

"So I got down on my knees, buddy," he grunted softly as he envisioned that perfect butt. He started to cum against the shower wall. "Now, about you throwing your legs up and over. . . ."

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