

JENNA BYRNES
HANDY WITH TOOLS



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Handy With Tools

A homoerotic short by

JENNA BYRNES

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The broad, tanned back glistened with sweat in the afternoon sun. Each swing of the hammer caused sinewy muscles to bulge, much like the lump in his jeans did, by merely watching.

Ben Mercer had been parked across the street from the construction site for nearly twenty minutes. The new housing development was on his way home from afternoon classes at the university, and he often stopped, for a few minutes, to get his daily dose of eye candy.

Many of the workers were shirtless, some of them shouldn't have been. The one he had his eye on was in fine form—six-pack abs, well developed biceps, and a light covering of blond hair over his tight, sculpted chest. *Drool worthy*. Ben shifted in his seat as his jeans grew tighter.

The man holstered his hammer in the tool belt hanging low around his hips. He stepped off a ladder and sauntered to the water jug at the side of the house. Glancing at Ben, he reached for a cup, filled it, and took a long, slow drink.

Ben exited his old pickup truck, adjusted the fit of his jeans, and crossed the street.

"I thought the construction workers were supposed to do the ogling," the blond haired man told him, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

"I've never been much for following rules." Ben stepped closer so they could speak quietly.

"People might talk, if we keep meeting like this."

"Then why don't we move this conversation somewhere more private?"

Setting his plastic cup down by the jug, the man glanced around. "I've got about twenty minutes left to finish up."

"That'll give me just enough time to go home and shower."

"I'll need a shower, too. It's hotter than hell out here today, I'm sweaty."

"I noticed." Ben eyed the man's dark nipples, damp and crinkling slightly in the sticky breeze. He ached to make them

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pucker into tight nubs, using his tongue and mouth. He licked his lips, glancing back up into the handsome face with warm, blue eyes.

“I feel like a piece of meat in front of a hungry lion.”

“You should.” Ben turned and headed back to his truck. Looking over his shoulder, he smiled. “Wear the tool belt. I like it.”

The man shook his head, and smiled.

* * * *

At his apartment, Ben glanced absently through the day’s mail, tossing it on the table. Bills could wait. He had other things on his mind. Stripping out of his clothes on the way down the hall, he reached the shower naked, with a raging hard on. He adjusted the water temperature and stepped in.

He wasn’t sure what set him off, but he was hornier than he’d been in a long time. He started thinking about Dean during his first afternoon class, and couldn’t shake the image through the last two sessions. Finally, his desire was about to come to fruition.

Stroking the length of his cock up and down, he let the water spray his face full-on. It felt good, too good, and he stopped before he blew his load right there in the shower. Grabbing the soap, he cleaned up, then shampooed his short, brown hair.

He stepped from the stall and dried off in front of the mirror. He wasn’t in the same physical shape as his roommate, but thought he didn’t look bad. His chest was tight, stomach and hips firm from a regular exercise routine. Curly dark hair covered his chest, a thin line trailing from his belly button to the thick patch surrounding his waving cock.

Ben towel dried his hair, thought about shaving the three-day beard growth, but decided to leave it. Dean liked it, and he liked pleasing Dean. He tossed his towel on the wall rack, and went to the bedroom. Throwing back the covers, he dropped face first on the bed. With his hard on pressed into the mattress, he’d be less apt to play with it.

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The front door of the apartment opened, and closed. Ben shut his eyes, feigning sleep, when he heard footsteps in the room. There were sounds of clothes hitting the hamper, before the shower sprang back to life. He smiled.

The water turned off, and Ben listened to familiar sounds: hair dryer on for two minutes, taking the moisture from the shaggy blonde hair, cabinet opening and closing, followed by the spraying sounds of deodorant and cologne. Dean was a creature of habit.

The bathroom door opened. There was an unfamiliar sound of metal clanking, before a voice asked, "You asleep?"

Ben rolled to his side and opened his eyes. There stood the man of his dreams, wearing nothing but a loaded tool belt. His face split into a grin, and he laughed out loud. "Oh, my God! You wore it!"

"You asked me to." He stepped forward, his thick cock bouncing excitedly beneath the leather belt.

"Damn! You look good enough to eat."

"I hope so. Ever since you stopped to see me, that's all I've thought about. You really turned me on."

"Did I?" Ben rose from the bed, facing the man, and leaned forward to breathe in his ear. "I've been turned on all day, thinking about you."

Dean inhaled sharply. "What have you been thinking?"

His mouth nibbled the man's earlobe, then drew lower. "I was thinking..." He found one of the flat nipples that had enticed him earlier, and sucked it between his lips, "that after I get these nipples worked into frenzy, I'm going to suck something else into my mouth."

"Oh yeah?" Dean groaned, pressing his chest forward into the treatment.

He switched sides, rolling the first nipple between his thumb and forefinger while he gnawed on the second one. "Oh, yeah. I want it nice and hard when I get there. Is it going to be hard?"

"Hell yes."

Ben dropped to his knees. His lover hadn't lied, the cock before him was jutting out deliciously, a tiny drop of pre-come oozing from its tip. "Well, look at this." He blew a warm breath

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across the glans, and it twitched. “Looks like someone is ready for me.”

“Very ready.” Dean’s voice was raspy. “Please.”

“Please, what?” Ben teased, trailing a finger through the curly hair, over the ball sac which was rapidly tightening.

“Suck me!” Dean urged.

“My pleasure. Take a few steps backward.”

He did, backing into the tall bureau. Lifting his elbows, he propped himself up against the dresser.

“That’s it. Now relax, and let me do all the work.” Ben looped a finger through each side of the leather tool belt and hung on while he scooped the cock into his mouth. He alternated between long, languorous licks and deep, sultry sucking.

Dean bucked his hips, squirming. He’d never been shy about making noise; his sensual moans filled the room. When Ben moved one hand to cup his balls, he groaned louder, his eruption obviously close.

“Feel good?” Ben murmured, kissing around the shaft.

“Don’t stop! Oh, God, don’t stop!”

“Come on, big boy.” Massaging the ball sac, Ben sucked the throbbing cock with all his strength. He felt it swell, balls drawing up.

“Now!” Dean growled the word out. Thick streams of come shot down Ben’s throat.

He moved both hands to the man’s tight ass, clutching it firmly as he swallowed the offering he’d been craving. Strong sucks kept the flow coming, until Dean collapsed back into the bureau.

“Jesus!” he moaned, panting.

Ben slurped up the last of the juice, not wanting to miss a drop. “That was nice.”

“Better than nice. Perfect. That was heaven, Ben. Thank you.”

“Don’t thank me. Love me. Let me love you.” He stood and they kissed, rough face pressed against rough face.

“I love you,” Dean murmured when they came up for air. “I’ll always love you. But for now, what do you want? What can I do for you?”

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Ben took one last pull on the succulent tongue before him, then leaned back. “You can flop on the bed, face down, and let me worship that gorgeous ass of yours. I want to fuck you, Dean. I want to fuck you so bad.”

Dean unfastened the heavy tool belt and dropped it to the floor. Reaching for two pillows from the head of the bed, he shoved them under his stomach as he spread himself out. “I want that, too.”

Ben grabbed the lube from the nightstand. He squirted a glob in his hand and stroked it over his cock. He knelt behind the other man, stopping long enough to circle his tongue around the puckering anus before him. “God, you’re sexy.”

“That feels good. Tongue me, babe.”

He obliged, nudging his tongue into the tight hole. It resisted at first, then opened and his tongue was sucked in.

“Oh yeah!” Dean hollered. “Christ, a blow job and a rim job in one sitting! Who could ask for anything more?”

Ben’s cock twitched, throbbing painfully hard. A steady stream of pre-come leaked onto the sheets. He needed to take action *now*, or it would be too late. Easing his tongue from the rosebud opening, and before it closed, he inserted a greased finger. “You could ask for one more thing.”

“Yes.” Dean backed into the finger reaming his hole. “Oh yes. More fingers, or your cock. I want to be fucked.”

“I think you’re ready.” He removed the finger and nudged his prick against the opening. After the initial stretching, it allowed his access with ease. Pushing forward until his balls slapped Dean’s ass, Ben sighed.

“That’s it,” the man groaned, his voice deep and husky. “Fuck me, harder, faster!”

“You want it, you got it.” Ben clutched Dean’s hips and pulled his cock back until only the head was seated. With a firm thrust he drove it home, yanked it out, and did it again.

The room became a blur. He saw the man beneath him clutching the sheets, hanging on for dear life. He thrust and thrust again, sending his solid staff as deep into the channel as he could. His balls drew up, an intense orgasm imminent. Ben heard a keening moan, and realized it came from him.

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“Come on! Come on!” Dean urged, pressing back into Ben’s sweat slicked body.

“Yes!” he shouted, in ecstasy as load after load of cream shot from his prick up his lover’s ass. He clung to the man so tightly, when he finally moved, there were red handprints on either side of his waist.

“Shit, did I hurt you?” He pulled his cock out gently.

“Hell no, it felt fantastic! How about you?”

“Super fucking fantastic,” Ben dropped on the bed next his lover.

Dean rolled over to face him. “Look at the mess you made.”

He glanced at the sheets and saw a pool of sticky come. Dean had climaxed a second time while he was being fucked. Ben smiled, drawing the man into his arms. “I think it was the tool belt.”

Dean laughed, snuggling against the furry chest that cradled him. “Some day, I won’t wear that fucking thing. When I graduate, I plan to manage construction sites, not do the physical labor.”

“That won’t be nearly as much fun for me.”

“Maybe I’ll wear it for you, on special occasions.”

Ben grinned. “I’ll look forward to that.”

* * * *

Read more about the further adventures of Ben and Dean in the HeatSheet, Frost: Stocking Stuffers, available from Jenna Byrnes and Phaze Books.

About the Author

Jenna Byrnes could use more cabinet space and more hours in a day. She'd fill the kitchen with gadgets her husband purchases off TV and let him cook for her to his heart's content. She'd breeze through the days adding hours of sleep, and more time for writing the hot, erotic romance she loves to read.

Jenna thinks everyone deserves a happy ending, and loves to provide as many of those as possible to her gay, lesbian and hetero characters. Her favorite quote, from a pro-gay billboard, is "Be careful who you hate. It may be someone you love."

For the latest news, visit Jenna's blog at <http://jennabyrnes.blogspot.com/> and her website at <http://www.jennabyrnes.com/>.