

## Chapter 1.

David's first job when he moved to the city was at a recycling plant. Twenty-two and not long out of university it was the best job he could find. He started in the warehouse where it was dirty, repetitive work, sorting recycling deliveries every day. Soon after he started he became friendly with Thompson Haywood – an older man in his late sixties, short in stature, mostly gruff until you got to know him better, with silver hair and an equally silver moustache.

David had been only been working there for a couple of months but every morning he looked forward to morning coffee with Thompson.

“Late night, Thompson?” David said, one morning. David was almost six foot tall, had curly brown hair and an athletic gym-defined body.

“No. Do I look like I might’ve been out late?,” replied Thompson stirring his coffee. “First delivery should be here within the next fifteen minutes, Davey! I don’t understand why the deliveries keep coming right up against the edge of the roller door; someone should talk to Roy – but it won’t be me. Another day at the coalface.”

When David had first arrived it was Thompson who had taken him aside and shown him how everything worked – who to avoid, who to watch. David had remained grateful ever since.

“Right then, let’s get on with it.”

They both wore overalls but it didn’t matter because they would still be filthy by the end of the day. Most of the workers on the floor showered prior to leaving. The shower block was located in the locker room at the end of the warehouse. Just inside the locker room there was a large desk with an old computer at one end, followed by the lockers, and then the showers at the other end.

When David entered the locker room later that day there were thick clouds of steam caused by the many hot showers already taken. Despite this he could make out Thompson at the other end of the long bench which ran the length of the room. The showers were bunched together in the open at the far end and columns of buckled steel lockers lined either side of the room. It was otherwise deserted.

“Still here I see.”

“Just us now – everyone else had gone home.”

David sat on the bench not far from Thompson who was in the nude, sitting on a towel.

“Nothing like a nice hot shower,” said Thompson.

David nodded.

David was shy and it was only recently that he had worked up the courage to shower at the same time as his co-workers.

Thompson was about five foot eight. He had hairy, gray chest hair that coated most of his body. His cut cock lay on the bench with two good size balls on either side. His cock was about 4.5 inches long with a nicely shaped circumcised helmet.

David took his towel from the locker and tossed it onto the bench. Thompson began complaining about the other workers as David undressed. The fluorescent lights which lit the center of the long room flickered, bathing the room in soft off-white.

“I’d wish they’d fix the lights down here.”

“Yes,” said Thompson, studying his toenails.

“Very pretty,” said David.

“Ha, very funny,” said Thompson. He stood up and tried to flick his towel at David, who made an easy side step and skipped down to the showers.

In the foggy mist he could make out Thompson coming after him.

“You’re fast, I’ll give you that,” Thompson said, as he came toward David, his cock slapping from side to side as he walked.

“Warm isn’t it?” He absently scratched his balls.

David hung up his towel and was about to turn on the shower when Thompson said, “Help me with something a minute, will you?”

Roy wants those boxes of oil organised in the annex – I forgot about it till now. Won't take a moment.”

Thompson hung up his towel and then walked over to the annex, a small storage room off the shower block. To be nude with Thompson away from the showers suddenly felt especially erotic, and David's cock thickened. Inside the room were newly delivered boxes of oil, as well as old containers which had leaked onto the floor. The oil was used to run the recycling machines.

As they moved the boxes their bodies were in close proximity to each other. At one point their bodies touched. They managed to get streaks of oil on themselves. They grew sweaty. The light was dim, and David let himself relax. He watched Thompson's naked body. He could make out his cock and balls swinging between his legs as he moved.

David had a slim athletic body. His muscles were defined from working out at the gym. He was naturally smooth, though he did shave his balls and around his cock. David was uncut and his cock was about four inches flaccid.

“You've got oil on you,” Thompson said.

“Where?”

“There,” Thompson said, swiping his warm hand over David’s lower back. “And there. And there.” He touched him again on his back, and then gently patting his butt.

David’s cock twitched at the touch. “You’ve got some there and there too,” he said, patting Thompson on the back in two places, and then on the buttocks.

Their breathing grew heavy for a moment. They were slick with sweat. They moved in the shadows, the light intermittent from the basement-like window above them. David stood and lifted a box up while Thompson stood close to steady it, their bodies almost touching again. David couldn’t help getting hard. He enjoyed the feeling, partially shielded by his position and the shadow. David’s cock was around 6.5 inches when fully hard. Like it was now.

“Ah – oil,” Thompson whispered hoarsely. “All over that box...”

“Really?”

“Yup.” The box brushed against David and he turned. David wasn’t sure what Thompson could see. “You’ve got some on your legs, there and on your back and butt.”

Thompson nodded and then leaned in and slowly wiped his hands, both of them down David's nude back, stopping at his buttocks. "Yip, feels like oil." They put the boxes back and returned into the light of the shower block. David's cock had subsided somewhat, jutting out just below horizontal. Thompson's cock seemed to hang larger but David couldn't be sure and he didn't want to stare.

Thompson made straight for the showers and was soon singing from within the fog. Wet towels clung in sodden heaps on the floor and Thompson's baritone voice boomed out in the gloomy light.

David stood under the shower next to Thompson.

Thompson began working the soap into a lather on his chest, sending soap suds cascading over his body.

"Pass the soap please," David said.

Thompson handed it to him.

"Heard from your mother?" Thompson asked, as he squinted from underneath the soap which was leaking like milk across his face.

“Not for a while,” David replied, now made more aware that he hadn’t actually spoken to her in weeks.

“Well...” started Thompson, who had turned his body to face him. He began lathering his cock and balls before bending down to wash his legs. He stood up and the shower spray hosed him clean. “I suggest, you call her – all alone down there.” Thompson’s hands were on his hips and even naked he was like an imposing headmaster delivering a lecture.

“I will. I know you believe in happy endings but we can’t all have the house and the thirty-year marriage,” David said.

“Things aren’t always so easy.” Thompson eyed him as he swung his shoulders side to side underneath the shower. Puffs of steam floated off his skin.

David paused in the heat, letting the water run down his face. “Meaning?”

“Meaning – day after day, year after year, living with someone, having kids, it’s a grind. Really – it can be a strange place to be. Almost unnatural...” Thompson continued, his voice hesitating above the hiss of the showers. The ceiling fan spun and clicked lazily in the background.



With one palm against the shower wall David cleared the water from his eyes. He turned towards Thompson.

“Unnatural?” David asked.

“Well – yes unnatural. The same person, the same routine – the familiarity of it. I sometimes thought about leaving.” He pointed at David. “But I never did. Scrub my back, will you?” Thompson asked.

“Ok.”

He grabbed the bar of soap and began to lather it up as Thompson turned away and kept talking. Thompson’s back was warm, and just touching him gave David the beginnings of a hard-on again.

“Oh, that’s good, that is. Want me to do the same for you?”

“Sure,” said David, turning away from Thompson.

“That’s it – I’ll go all the way down your back, here you go,” Thompson said, as he washed David’s back, his hands wiping all the way down to the top of his buttocks. Thompson had large hands and thick fingers, from years of manual labor. He then put his hands on David’s shoulders and turned him into the shower spray to rinse off. David found it intensely erotic.

Both of their cocks were hanging heavy. The walls had steamed up and their bodies were red and warm. Thompson shrugged as he swung the shower handle off and brushed the water from his chest.

“It’s a complicated thing, marriage.”

David turned the shower off to a dribble, dried off, and they walked together back through the locker room with towels around their necks like prize-fighters.

“I’m just saying that you can’t go on being a bachelor forever, you know,” Thompson asserted, as though being a bachelor was only ever meant to be a way station on the road to marriage and never an end in itself.

“I guess not.” And David laughed.

He watched Thompson’s eyebrows rise and a knowing smile curl his moustache upwards, softening his gruff expression.

“We’ll see, won’t we?” Thompson patted David’s naked butt affectionately on the way past to his locker.

They stood and chatted for what seemed like ages. It felt liberating to David to still be in the nude and so comfortable with Thompson. At one point Thompson was looking at David’s cock,

which allowed David to do the same. It felt natural to be naked with Thompson and David didn't want to get dressed. He didn't want the moment to end.

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After lunch the next day David was walking back through the warehouse to the machine he was assigned to when he stopped to watch the giant rollers sort and crush the glass. The conveyor belts were choked with general recycling as the other sorters flung the objects into the bins below them. Suddenly from between the machines appeared his supervisor. His bright orange hat bobbed and weaved its way between the sorters and he came to a halt beside David.

“Roy,” David nodded.

“David, just wanted to tell you that we reached our targets this past month. You're doing a great job.”

David nodded not sure what to say.

“Thank you – the team is really good – good sorters. Thompson is a great team leader.”

Roy was also in his late sixties, about 5'8, with very short grey hair, a light dark grey and white beard, blue eyes and an athletic build.

“Well, it’s a team effort. But I just wanted to tell you that you’re doing a good job,” Roy said, with a hint of a smile, before walking away.

At the end of the day David went down to the locker room. He stripped down, climbing out of his overalls and underwear, and left his clothes in a heap on top of his boots. He walked the length of the locker room naked, feeling the occasional lick of cool air from the fan against his skin. The water when it kissed his skin was cool, immediately refreshing, and as he soaped his skin into frothy eddies, he felt the gentle throb of arousal in his groin. His cock stirred, his testicles descending further from his groin as his body temperature rose. Closing his eyes he increased the shower’s heat and bathed his head beneath the shower head.

He didn’t hear Thompson until the shower nearby gushed into life.

“Didn’t give you a fright, did I Davey? I thought I was the only one left here today – pass me the soap, will you.”

David reached for the soap and handed Thompson the bar.

“What did Roy have to say? I saw him having a word with you.”

“Just telling me that I’m doing a good job.”

Thompson handed the soap back to him. “He’s right. You are doing a good job.”

“Thanks,” David said.

Thompson looked at David. “You’re looking in great shape – you been working out?”

“Thanks. I’ve been trying to get to the gym.”

“I could use a bit of help in that department,” said Thompson, rubbing his belly.

He watched Thompson standing proudly under the shower spray as it splashed over his silver hair and ran in streams down over his body. In the heat his body, like David’s, was partially aroused, his cock thicker and heavier.

“Though I think I’m doing all right in this department,” he continued, swinging his cock, slapping it from side to side.

David looked down at Thompson's thick cock. "I'd say you're doing pretty well there."

Thompson laughed. "You're looking just as capable, my lad."

Being invited to look directly at Thompson's cock was causing David's own cock to grow long and heavy. He fought to stop it from growing any further.

"It could do with some attention. It hasn't had any for a while." Thompson sighed and continued soaping his body. "I could do with getting off."

Thompson looked down at David's cock which had become semi-hard and was impressive looking. "I bet you have fun with that! Young man."

David laughed and they keep soaping up their chests and cocks as they spoke.

"I'd just like to have a good come – the wife isn't interested. I haven't had it off with her in months. Now I'm stuck with this." And Thompson reached down and grasped his almost fully erect cock. It was six, to six and half inches long, generous thickness with a beautifully cut head.

Thompson's speech had gotten David immediately hard, his cock head unpeeling through the foreskin to stand up fully hard.

"You and me both!" said David, suddenly no longer embarrassed.

They both laughed.

"Yeah, I'd love to sink this into some tight cunt – sorry David, didn't meant to use that language. Just so god damn horny. Haven't fucked my wife in a long time. The other night – do you want to hear this?" said Thompson who was absently stroking the head of his fully hard cock with one hand as the other wiped soap from his hairy chest.

"Doesn't bother me – I could do with some fun too." David's heart thumped as he managed to mimic Thompson's jacking off gesture. "You have a great sized cock," ventured David.

"You think? Yeah, I guess so, Davey. Yours is something too. Except you're uncut, I take it?" Thompson said, looking at David's cock as he rolled the foreskin back and forth over the head.

Thompson leaned in closer. He was now less than three feet away.

“Yeah, I haven’t had any complaints about this,” David said, swinging it back and forth as spoke, remembering the boys he had fooled around with when he was growing up. The atmosphere was electric. A heavy erotic charge hung in the air.

“The other night we were in bed and cuddled up. Her nightie had ridden up and I was hugging her from behind and it was all I could do not to work it into her as she slept...I didn’t of course, but god, I was ready,” Thompson said.

“Shall I wash your back,” asked David. His own cock was huge and hard and pulsing.

“Sure,” said Thompson, still soaping his erect cock. “That’d be nice.” He turned away and David soaped up his back. David still wasn’t sure what might happen next.

“Oh yeah, that’s good, that feels really good.” Thompson groaned quietly and turned to put one hand on the shower wall. David watched as Thompson appeared to use his other hand to absently stroke his cock. “That’s it, soap me all up.” Then Thompson turned slowly back around. “Time to rinse – that was nice.” Thompson was now less than a foot from him, their cocks



close. They were now both standing under Thompson's shower head.

"I'm hogging the water." Thompson stepped back, reached out and grabbed David's hand and pulled him under the shower. For a moment their cocks made contact and then parted.

Thompson's cock was beautiful, hard and erect. David's heart thumped, he couldn't believe it was happening but he moved closer.

"You missed some soap," he said, and he brushed it off Thompson's hip. His hand grazed Thompson's cock head. Thompson's face was under the stream of water. His eyes were closed.

David took the soap and lathered his cock. "More suds?" he asked.

"Yup," said Thompson.

David collected the soapy froth in his hands. Thompson looked down and wiped the water from his eyes. Both of their cocks were straining and erect. David passed the soap suds. Their hands touched and Thompson moved forward. His cock grazed David's cupped hands as they opened to deliver the soap suds.

“Got to get all of it, Davey,” said Thompson. He pulled the soap suds over his cock and balls, moving his groin in as if to catch it.

“Oh, there you go,” said David. He helped with the rest of the suds and his hand made contact. David paused before giving Thompson’s cock a very brief stroke to test his reaction, pretending to apply the last of the soap.

Thompson groaned. “That’s it. Haven’t been this hard in a long time. Feels fucking great.”

“You’re so hard,” managed David, desperate to touch it again. He stroked the top of his own cock and nudged it against Thompson’s cock head. Thompson pushed back. David tentatively touched the end of Thompson’s erect cock.

“That’s it Davey,” he whispered. “Give it a nice tug.”

David began to stroke Thompson’s cock up and down the shaft. Thompson rested one hand on David’s shoulder and then with the other he reached down and took David’s cock in his hand.

“Let me help you out Davey.”

David groaned. Thompson’s hand felt rough and thick and erotic. They jerked each other silently, their eyes opening and

closing in the steaming heat of the shower. It felt amazing to David to have this man's cock in his hand. He reached down with his other hand and stroked Thompson's big hairy balls.

"Oh, that's good, that is."

"Fuck, mmm," said David. "I'm close."

They kept stroking each other before they erupted almost at the same time, their seed squirting over their hands and onto one another's stomachs. As he climbed down from the orgasm David worried that Thompson might regret it but he didn't appear to be in any hurry. His hand lingered on Davey's shoulder.

"Fuck – I needed that. I really needed it."

Thompson leaned forward and hugged him, their cocks squashed against each other.

They were both panting and heaving and smiling. They began to wash off as Thompson hummed a tune.

Afterwards they walked back to the lockers.

Thompson grabbed his shoulder "You're a good boy, Davey, a good lad. Helping me out there – well, we helped each other. Felt bloody terrific."

“My pleasure – we should...”

“Should what?” Thompson’s cock was hanging thick and long, still hot from the shower. David thought it looked delicious.

“If you ever want me to help you out I’d be happy to.”

“Suits me Davey.” He winked at David and gave his cock a quick squeeze.

David ached for more.

Something had shifted between them and for a moment, as they changed, David was struck by how much he enjoyed Thompson’s company.

“I’ve got the builders coming back in again this week, hopefully,” said Thompson struggling with his socks, grunting with effort as he pulled them on.

Thompson stood up, in nothing except his socks and a tank top. David wanted to prolong the naked camaraderie as long as possible.

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“It’s almost the end of another week again,” said Thompson, a few days later as he spooned sugar into his coffee.

“It is – yes, this summer just keeps dragging on, doesn’t it? Haven’t been sleeping well these last few nights, what with the humidity that just won’t go away,” said David. After they drank their coffee they walked together across the floor of the warehouse. The early morning sun spilled in through the skylights, flooding the space with shafts of light.

“I’ll catch up with you. Got to call Marion about a cousin’s wedding this weekend.”

Thompson marched off towards the phones at the other end of the packing bench near the sorting machine they worked on. David watched him lean back against the bench, his jeans bulging at the crotch. Only this time he knew that inside those jeans were was that beautiful heavy cock and hairy balls.

The day drifted on and David and Thompson were the only ones left after volunteering for overtime.

“Time to hit the showers,” Thompson said, as they finished their work.

“Sounds good to me. I’m exhausted,” David said.

Everyone was gone and the main door had automatically locked. When they arrived in the locker room they both undressed without saying anything and then walked down to the showers.

“Busy day again today then,” Thompson said.

David nodded. He wasn't sure how this might start again. His own cock was semi-hard but Thompson's was hanging as normal. He wasn't sure what to do.

“I probably shouldn't but I found this great video,” Thompson said. “I'll have to show you. This girl is getting fucked by two men, one about my age with a body like mine, and one your age and build, nicely muscled, smooth body, and a good sized one there too.” Thompson looked down at David's cock.

“They were taking turns fucking her and then did her at the same time it was really something. Both of their cocks up her, rubbing against each other in her pussy.”

Even though Thompson was only just beginning to cover himself in soap David could tell he was getting aroused, his cock getting harder.

Without saying anything David reached out and took Thompson's cock in his hand and started stroking it. Thompson leaned back and wrapped his hands behind his head.

“Oh, yeah, fuck that's feels nice.”

Without thinking David dropped to his knees and took him in his mouth.

Thompson gasped. “Holy fuck, that's good. Oh yeah.”

David started deep-throating Thompson's hardening cock. It started to swell in his mouth until he could feel every ridge as it slammed into the back of his throat. Thompson took hold of David's head, ramming his cock into his mouth. Thompson's balls started to tighten. It didn't take long before Thompson came in David's mouth, pumping him full of his hot cum. David jerked his own cock and shot his load on the floor of the shower.

“Fuck that was good.”

Afterwards they sat nude on the benches.

“Anytime you want that, just let me know,” said David.

“I will. Plenty of places around here to find a private moment, even if there are people here.” The suggestion excited David. “Up

on the mezzanine in the warehouse for instance, in the back office – if the door is locked.” Thompson stroked his balls absently. He was looking directly at him now. His gaze felt different and sense a shiver of excitement through David.

“Perfect,” David replied.