



**TOOL FOR
CHANGE**
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Tool for Change

Henry Sterkel sat at a desk in the cramped office high in the Events Center, looking through the small glass window to the empty main arena set with rows of chairs. Working late to make sure that all the electrical circuits ran correctly, he expected to be alone tonight. The big convention started tomorrow, and he wanted everything possible to go smoothly. Governor Paxson would be speaking to the Cattlemen's Association, and everyone expected more than just a perfunctory address to a stockmen's organization. He tapped the computer, reassuring himself that he could raise or lower the lights everywhere in the building from his command console as well as from the local controls.

Light bank number nine had been malfunctioning. Henry wouldn't put it past some of the maintenance staff to have sabotaged it, just to make him look foolish. A few of the older men resented him for his youth and education, one or two for his general demeanor, and wouldn't always follow directions as quickly or as accurately as Henry would like. That was just too bad -- he'd always heard that the nerds would inherit the earth, and he intended to get his share, starting with supervising the physical plant at the big hall. If he couldn't solve the electrical problem from his command center, he'd crawl out on the catwalk to see what the problem was, and if it was a created problem, he'd know who to romp on tomorrow. Staying late to fix the malfunction wasn't what he really wanted to do, but his social life was so dead that no one would miss him, even if he had to be there all night. He pushed his glasses farther up his nose and toggled the switch again.

Nothing. A trip out on the catwalk looked inevitable.

The door to the command center opened -- Henry swiveled around, his heart pounding. The others should have left already. "Pete, I didn't think you were still around."

He hadn't changed out of his work clothes, perhaps he hadn't gone home. Pete jumped a fraction, then grinned at Henry, his teeth extra white against the brown whiskers that framed his

mouth. "You know how it is, big convention starting, everything has to go right. I stayed to fix the leaky can in the third floor women's room."

One more thing that Henry'd assigned to a balky employee. He'd planned to check that this afternoon, just to make sure it had been taken care of, and apparently his orders had been flouted yet again. He'd double check who'd changed bulbs in the light fixture, and if it was the same person, there's be some disciplinary action, right after the Governor's speech. "Thanks, Pete. I appreciate that." At least Henry had one man on his staff who went the extra mile. It made up a little for those who didn't go the required miles, but he'd right that problem tomorrow. Henry grinned back, and told himself not to put anything more than professional appreciation into it. The last thing he needed to do was start groping the staff.

Pete was, unfortunately, at the top of Henry's private grope-worthy staff roster. Tall, with wide shoulders and rippling biceps, encircled on the right with a barb-wire tattoo, Pete had a rolling walk that made his ass flex under those not-quite-tight denims. Henry regarded the barb-wire symbolism as his own personal keep-off token. He tried not to look too closely at his employee now.

"I saw the light up here and thought I'd better check it out. Didn't expect to see you." Pete took another few rambling steps into the tiny office. "That's kinda nice. I never see you all alone."

Heat grew under Henry's collar. "No need to, really. I never have to take you aside for a little chat." But he wanted to -- he'd like to find out if that goatee would rasp his face when they kissed, or if it'd scratch against his balls when Pete sucked him all the way into his mouth. That thought couldn't be pushed aside fast enough to keep Henry's cock from stiffening inside his khaki pants. Not like he'd ever be Pete' choice of partner -- the guys in T-shirts that strained across their pecs didn't usually notice the men in white button-downs with pocket protectors, unless they wanted some overtime approved.

"That's just a shame, 'cause we could actually talk about something pleasant." Pete sat down on the edge of the desk, one work-booted foot swinging lazily in the air.

"We could?" Henry wished his voice hadn't just jumped four notes. He cleared his throat. "We could?"

"Sure." Pete leaned back on one hand, displaying himself, and Henry's cock, blind though its eye was, noticed that the pose was more than a little seductive. "Or we could skip the talking."

Things like this did not just happen to Henry. Hunks did not offer themselves to mousy brown men for no apparent reason. He didn't want to look for the reason now -- Pete had just leaned forward again, to grab Henry by his tie, pulling him forward for a kiss. The whiskers did rasp, against his upper lip and his chin both. The contrast between beard and soft, wet tongue brought Henry right out of his chair and into Pete's arms.

"Why?" he managed to stammer between heated caresses that came from nowhere. Then he cursed himself for a fool, for questioning what he was being given as a gift, and for taking it. Trouble either way, but his body crushed against Pete's, trapped between jeans-clad knees.

"Didn't I ever tell you you're my favorite Poindexter?" Pete slid a hand between them to steal all the pens out of Henry's shirt pocket. "These damned things aren't what I want you to stick me with."

Nope, things like this did definitely not happen to men in short-sleeve dress shirts. "This is a big joke, right?" He should let go now, before someone with a video camera jumped through the door, cackling maniacally. "You're going to get me all worked up and then pull away and laugh." But he didn't stop working his fingers into the big muscles of Pete's back.

"I don't say things I don't mean, and I don't offer what I'm not prepared to give." Pete pulled back far enough to give Henry a steely gray glare. "If I tell you to drop your trousers, it's because I want those trousers down." He slid to his feet, undoing his own jeans, and toeing a boot off. "Come on."

"I heard you say that men like Governor Paxson ought to be shot." Henry couldn't take this at face value, even if Pete now stood before him, jeans puddled at one ankle and his erection, so hard and thick, pointing straight at Henry's groin.

"That's politics." Pete reached for Henry's zipper. "Ain't nobody say what they really mean in politics, least of all ol' Taxin' Paxson." He opened Henry's slacks, pushing them down to the knee and then nibbling at Henry's neck. "You gonna fuck me or not?"

"Not" wasn't an option, but... "Condom?" Henry mumbled.

"Don't need it, unless there's something you oughta tell me." A strong, callused hand wrapped around Henry's cock. Rubber became something useful for insulation but unneeded now, with each small stroke pushing the idea farther away.

"No, nothing." But... "Lube?"

"What kind of handyman doesn't have the right sort of lube?" Pete winked, reaching down to his jeans, now mostly lying on the floor. He tossed the packet up at Henry's face, and whipped off the other boot. He kicked the jeans out of the way -- they landed with a thud, probably from some tool in a hip pocket. "What are you waiting for? Do I have to show you the old three fingers trick?" With another little bite at Henry's neck, he took the packet out of unresisting fingers and squished its contents on Henry's cock, stroking chilly gel over heated flesh. "Or did you want to bottom?"

"Top, I'll top." He'd swing by one foot off light bank number nine if that's what Pete wanted. Nothing so fancy, though -- Pete lay back on the desk, propping his ankles on Henry's shoulders.

They were alone in this building -- they had to be -- Pete wouldn't offer himself like this if he didn't mean it -- Henry told himself every comforting reason for going ahead, and pressed against Pete's welcoming hole. Sinking slowly in, until he was sheathed balls deep, Henry fought off the orgasm that threatened to erupt. A quick check over his shoulder for some crony with a video camera brought him away from the edge of release, and another look at Pete's face, eyes closed and mouth slack, encouraged him to thrust, and anyone who showed up now to tape would see everything that Henry would do to this astonishingly willing man.

"Peg me good," Pete gasped, lifting himself against Henry, his cock at three quarters. Henry did his best, and wrapped a hand around Pete's cock, bringing him back to fullness and forcing a glistening droplet from the little slit. "Oh, good. Yeah. Fuck me."

Henry followed those instructions, gasping and bucking, all disbelief gone in the heat of Pete's ass and the gasp of his breath. The orgasm rocked him, pressed tight against Pete's muscular buttocks, and his come wouldn't pull out with him. He wasn't ready to pull out yet, not with that hard cock still in his hand. He worked Pete up and down, watching the foreskin slide up to cover the tip, and brushed the T-shirt away from the danger zone, enjoying the tight abs he exposed.

Thrusting into Henry's tight grip, Pete rattled the desk with every stroke, until he climaxed, creamy white spatters painting streaks against his skin. Droplets caught in the hairs dusting his belly, and Henry wanted to finger-paint them into Pete's skin.

"Something to be said for working late," Pete joked, once he'd caught his breath and sat up. He pulled Henry against him. "But we should get home, rest up for the big day. And then we'll be ready for another chunk of overtime tomorrow, dontcha think?"

Again? Pete wanted to do this again? "What does a stud like you want with a... what did you call me? Poindexter?" The first time was still rattling Henry's brain, let alone the prospect of more.

"Lose the goofy shirt and I'll call you something else." Pete slapped Henry's ass. "But yeah. I'd do you again, anytime. We could think up all kinds of things to do on a desk. But I can't hardly suck your cock if you're too tired."

The need for a good night's sleep almost overwhelmed his good sense. "I'll find some energy, I promise, but I really have to stick around, that light bank isn't working right. One row of bulbs won't come on."

Getting dressed again, Pete looked careful not to spill things out of his pockets, and covered up those long legs and nice ass, too. "I can take care of it."

"I can't ask you to do that alone," Henry objected. "I was going to go out on the cat-walk and see if I can't figure out the problem."

"Two of us would work better," Pete pointed out. "You stay here and work the switch, and I'll go out on the cat-walk. We'll be done twice as fast. Maybe go get a beer after."

Henry could see the sense of that. "Okay." He knew Pete was a lot more comfortable among the struts and cables than he was, and would find the break much faster, too. He watched his handyman traverse the cat-walk far more quickly than he could have, and a few moments later, he flicked the switch on Pete's wave. The bank of lights blazed with three rows of bulbs instead of two, and Henry could heave a sigh of relief. A beer with Pete sounded really good, and then maybe he'd want to get a head start on that cock-sucking he'd mentioned...

That fantasy exploded in a shower of paperwork.

"Let's go." Pete stuck his head back in the small office.

"Damn. I have to get this report in by tomorrow morning." Henry brandished forms which needed numbers filled in, not just boxes checked off. "Can't be put off."

"Sure it can." Pete almost made Henry believe it, using lips and tongues. "Turn off the lights and let's go."

"I really can't, much as I want to." Henry patted Pete's firm ass. "Tomorrow I buy the beer, and maybe a burger, or pizza." He must have stowed the tools -- there was nothing but Pete in those jeans.

"You're sure?" Scratchy brown whiskers rubbed against Henry's cheek.

"Yeah, I'm sure. Hey, did you clock out?"

"No."

"Great. We had sex on company time." Henry squeezed Pete's butt again. "I am not putting that into the report. Go home. I'll see you tomorrow."

"No. You come with me now." It would be so easy to just go, let Pete lead him out of here and to something that might be a date, keeping that warm, muscular arm around Henry's waist.

"Can't. Tomorrow. Go home, Pete, and I wish I was going with you, but I can't." Henry watched his companion leave, casting backward glances. Was that disappointment on Pete's face? Or something else?

Once Henry had his forms filled out, he recalled that he hadn't tested the light bank for raising and lowering, after getting caught up in the malfunctioning row of bulbs. He hit the switch, and the rack swiveled up toward the ceiling, just as it should. Something fell -- had Pete left a tool up there by accident? At least it was off to the side; it wouldn't land on the Governor's head even if hadn't fallen until tomorrow, although some of the leading lights of the Cattlemen's Association might have gotten beamed. He'd have to go find it, lest a conventioneer find the screwdriver or wrench first.

He had to hunt among the chairs set up in the arena, wondering if he should call Pete to the office for a safety lecture in the morning, which he could temper with kisses. And then he wondered who he should call and how he could explain it, because he'd found a tool for change, thirty-eight caliber.
