

# The Night Shift - Broken Heater

By KuGo

Published on Lush Stories on 30 Jul 2008



*Half true, Half not, greatest job in the world!*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/gay-male/the-night-shift-broken-heater.aspx>

It had all started back in the winter of 06. I had been working at a Hotel as a Guest Service Representative, GSR's they called us, for about 4 months. Having just past my probationary period 4 weeks previous I was loving my job. Earning a 'higher than minimum' wage I was finally able to start saving some money for my future. My girlfriend of a year and a half was extremely proud of me as well, exclaiming how she couldn't believe the progress I had made in my life, being that I had had difficulties holding down a job in the past. This one, however, was suiting me just fine. Before we move on I suppose I should explain myself, you see, since I haven't always had tendencies or feelings towards the same sex (aka, men). I used to be just as homophobic as the majority of guys you meet on the street. You know the ones, they can't even comment on another mans looks without looks of shock and horror! Heh... I think, however, it had all stemmed from when I was around the age of 14 or 15. Having been taken out of school at an early age I didn't get the high school experience most 'boys' did. I wasn't really exposed the high mini-skirts, the low cut tops, and the whole girlfriend thing. Perhaps another reason would have been because I had never thought myself to be good looking per-se, being home all day does wonders to ones self esteem. Maybe I thought guys would treat me better? Or perhaps that they were less likely to judge me and more likely to just do me, so to speak. That as they say, is all history. Now a days, even though I am still quite shy I worry a lot less about what others think and more about how I feel, I find myself to be a very handsome young man, not being egotistical just stating what I see in the mirror. 5'11, dark brown hair, brown eyes (with a tint of blue in the right eye), muscular arms, well, you get the picture. I do think however, that having a 'partner' whether it be girl or guy, does amazing things for ones self esteem. Someone to make you feel like you belong, make you feel wanted and needed and perhaps make you feel like your not so bad after all. So there I was, 21 years old working at the quaint hotel on the north side of town welcoming guests of all kinds!. Having been located not 5 minutes from the major highway, and a bar to boot, we would get folks coming in either dead tired or dead drunk wanting rooms. We had them all, union workers, railway workers, construction workers, police officers, business men, you name them we most likely got them. Most of them would only stay for a few days at a time, but the few of them staying for week-long intervals is what kept the hotel going. It was great. Always meeting new people, interacting with many different personalities. We got people from both ends of the spectrum,

ones that were funny and ones that were just down right rude, but all were interesting in their own way. Back then all I had wanted from a man was to please him, pleasure him, make him feel like a million bucks. It fascinated me watching porn how the girls would go down on the men. How deep they could go and how much they just seemed to love it. How they held the shaft of the mans dick, slowly stroking him until the moment of truth when she wrapped her lips around the head of his smooth cock, how they savoured his girth. Of course this was porn, and I knew they were supposed to act that way, but I was jealous and fascinated none the less. I must admit though, that when it comes to taste in guys I am EXTREMELY shallow, only wanting one thing, a big cock. I would search endlessly for porn that starred guys with big cocks. The bigger the cock the hotter the guy. I don't care what color, race, weight, shape they are, if they have a big dick I want them. It is funny that I am this way because with women it is the complete opposite, I only want some that loves me and someone that I can love in return, but with men I am all about the raw power that comes from a guy with a massive dick. My one biggest (pardon the pun) fantasy was to swallow large cock and suck him until he explodes inside my mouth swallowing every last drop of cum. I dreamt of putting the head of the cock in my mouth for the first time, and what it would taste like. The sensation of his shaft passing over my lips and across my tongue. The musky scent of a man as I took him all the way down my throat. Feeling the flesh of a mans cock as he gets harder and tighter as I slowly put him into my mouth for the first time. Many a night I jacked off to these thoughts... Cut or uncut, bent (but not too bent) or straight, I loved the look of a nice big juicy cock, and I wanted it BAD. It wasn't till halfway through December though that things started to change for me. Or rather, get interesting. I had switched from doing daily Front Desk work to doing our Nightly Audit. It involved 3 hours of work and 5 hours of free time. It was, in my opinion, the easiest job I had ever had. During the nights you sort of gain a rep with a lot of the regulars. The railway workers were a hoot to talk to as they all seemed to be comedic geniuses, no matter what mood I was in they could make me laugh like nobodies business. Then you'd always get your grumpy business men who by talking to them you would think all they wanted to do was sleep but no they would stand there for hours just chatting away, I attributed that to them being lonely. A few lookers but nothing to write home to mother about. We also had the Police Officers who came in at 3 in the morning from their late patrol shifts. There was one in particular however that I had gotten to know a fair bit. He had been coming for over 3 weeks by this point, having to stay because of some dispute a town west of us. Every morning like clockwork he would arrive at 3:30am. He would come in and we would chat it up for a half hour and then he would head to his room on the second floor to sleep. Police men were of course paired up in 2 beds so as to save cost on rooms for the company. But there was never 2 officers in the same room at a time. As one left to go to work, the other would come in to sleep. Brian (the Police Officer I had gotten to know), as I said, would come in and we would chat for awhile, and then he would head off to bed. It went this way for awhile until the last few days of December when he had called me at about 4:00am because of a broken heater in his room. He explained to me that is was 'damn near freezing' and needed to be taken care of right away. "Well no problem, I'll be there in a few minutes" I said. I had had quite a bit of experience fixing heaters back home so I knew it wouldn't take long. So I locked up

the Front Desk, took the maintenance mans tool box and headed to his room. We had given him a room at the far end of the building almost secluded from the rest of the guests, though he must have liked it this way because he never complained. "241, 243, 245, ah here I am". I knocked gently on the door, announcing in a low voice that it is Mike from the Front Desk. As he opened the door for me I nearly dropped the tool box. There he was wearing nothing on but a bath towel which was entirely too small for his muscular physique. Apparently he had set the heat when he first came in to the room and quickly jumped in to the hot shower expecting a nice warm room when he was done. Of course when he got out of the shower he, as he said, 'damn near froze to death'. He had been spending his time, waiting for me, in the washroom, which was still steamy and warm from his shower. Being about 35 at the time I'd say he was in top shape, not robustly built but not letting himself go either. I couldn't help but notice his muscular chest and chiseled arms. He was quiet as I went over and started to work on the heater, sitting on the bed behind me watching me repair the heater. Feeling slightly uncomfortable by the silence I struck up a conversation. I asked him if the heater had been working beforehand, and to his knowledge it had been. All he or I could think of was that the previous officer had messed it up. "Damn hard isn't it?" I had exclaimed while tinkering with the heater. "Sure is." he agreed. Kneeling on the gray carpet trying to focus on fixing the heater, all I could think of was him. I kept picturing his smooth shaved chest, his strong chiseled arms and the little bit of stubble he always seemed to have, gave him a roughness that drove my senses wild. My mind went back to the fantasies I would have about sucking dick and big cocks. Trying to maintain focus on the heater I had decided it wasn't getting fixed tonight, looked as if a few parts had burnt out and we had no spares at the moment, so I turned to tell him that I didn't think I could fix it, and was caught off guard by a glimpse of his cock from underneath his towel. I quickly averted my eyes, but from what I had seen it looked to be fairly large and cut. If I had to hazard a guess I'd say it was about 5 and a half inches soft. I had a sneaking suspicion however he had noticed my accidental yet welcome gaze. "Well no worries." he said "I guess I can always stay in the washroom till morning!" he chuckled. "Just be thankful you have a towel to cover up with, wouldn't want to get frostbite." I retorted. We both laughed at that image. As he was laughing I caught another glimpse of his smooth shaft. This time however my gaze lasted a little longer. Perhaps too long as I flicked my eyes upward I noticed he had stopped laughing and was staring at me cock eyed (pun intended). At that point, thoroughly embarrassed, I apologized, and started to get up. He however had plans of his own as he placed a firm hand on my shoulder and told me it was alright. He had no problem with it, he wasn't shy about his body. And to ultimately prove his point he dropped his towel all together. It was all I could do to not outright stare. I kept looking down at the floor then back up to his dick. It was incredible, well hung, cut perfectly and neatly trimmed. I noticed however that I was wrong about the size, from close up it looked to be more about 6 inches soft. It was the quite frankly one of hottest things I had ever seen in my life. Out of reflex I became rock hard but I was determined to stay knelt down to hide my raging hard on. But he was determined to tease me, his hands sliding up and down the shaft as if to say 'Ya I know my cock is great'. I could feel myself licking my lips ever so slightly, and he must have noticed too because he took a few steps forward bringing the tip of his dick to my lips. "Go on." he said "We both know you

want it". That was for fucking sure! But I was hesitant. I had never done anything like this before, I fantasized about it many times, but I never actually thought it would happen, yet here I was. "Come on, give it a lick. It doesn't bite." he quipped playfully. And with that I slowly opened my mouth, feeling the heat rise off of his manhood I let my tongue out ever so slightly touching the tip of his dick tasting, for the first time in my life, his precum. It was different than what I thought it would be, salty but somehow really sweet. Closing my eyes I savored the taste. Becoming more adventurous I rose up sliding my tongue along his smooth shaft feeling every crevice and vein taking in the musky aroma. Slowly I reached up with my right hand and gently grasped his ever hardening cock. It was soft like babies skin yet firm and manly. I quietly opened my mouth further taking the head of his dick into my mouth. Concentrating on every bump, feeling every vein sliding in to my mouth, it was everything I imagined it would be and more. Having him in me nearly made me cum on the spot but I held back bringing his dick further, deeper into my mouth. I could feel the blood rushing into his shaft, stiffing the muscle forcing his cock to harden quickly overwhelming my mouth with its girth. By the time he was fully erect he must have been at least 9 inches. As I worked my way down the side of his long rigid shaft, consuming all that I could, letting every one of my senses go to work and take in what I was doing, he stopped me. Surprised, I looked up and he told me to follow him to the washroom where it was warmer. I Silently obeyed, walking behind him, into the washroom, he closed the door and locked it. Misty and bright I was now able to inspect him in full. He was a magnificent specimen. As I stood there taking in his form he brought his hands up to my shoulders and gently guided me back down to his throbbing cock. Grasping him between both of my hands sliding them up and down his shaft I brought my mouth back up to the head of his cock working my tongue along the underside of the head. Being a guy myself I know how much I love that, and I could tell he loved it just as much since he placed his hands on the back of my head pushing me further down on to his cock. Freeing my hands I let them explore his waist bringing my left hand to his balls I gently gave them a firm squeeze. Moaning he pushed my head more firmly on his cock, as I worked his manhood I couldn't help but moan as well. He seemed to enjoy the added vibration of my voice as he grunted even louder. As I knelt there giving this man, this police officer a blow job I couldn't help but be awe struck by what I was actually doing. My dreams and my fantasies were finally coming true. It was so hot, and I was so horny I took out my own cock with my free hand and began jacking off. As I started squeezing and rubbing my dick quickly and furiously I came all over his feet and at the height of my orgasm having convulsed so much forcing my mouth to suck deeper and harder thrusting my head down on his cock he quickly exploded as well. Holding my head tightly against his cock as he shot load after load down into my throat I swallowed it all and it tasted wonderful. All of my senses peaked and slowly brought me back to reality. I can honestly say that was the best orgasm of my life. As the moments passed I felt his cock softening in my mouth. Wanting to do him a favour I cleaned him up licking the extra cum off of his shaft. He appreciated that a lot I think. After we had cleaned up and he had gotten dressed, I apologized for not being able to fix his heater. He told me it was no problem and perhaps he would give me another call tomorrow night to see if I could try again. Agreeing I walked back down to the front desk, finished my shift, went home to bed, waiting eagerly for the next day to arrive.