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## KITCHEN DUTIES

JAMIE HILL

# Kitchen Duties

By

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## Also by Jamie Hill

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"Good night. Thanks." Rudy Wharton ushered the last customers out the front door of his restaurant, locking it behind them. He dimmed the interior lights and shut off the neon '*Open*' sign in the window.

The front end manager had taken care of the cash, leaving the day's tickets and sales report for him to peruse. He'd take it home and go over it while enjoying a glass of wine. It'd been busy for a weekday, and he was ready to get off his feet. Now, if there was just something waiting for him in back, his night would be perfect.

Securing the front end, he wandered into the bright, gleaming kitchen. Rudy was proud every time he stepped in there. The chef, Morton, ran a tight ship, and hired only the best workers. Not only was the food excellent, the kitchen itself would hold up to anyone's inspection, any time. The chrome appliances and counters sparkled, not a fingerprint or crumb in sight.

He opened one of the large refrigerators. "What do we have here?" Morton usually left him a doggie bag, knowing his solitary lifestyle. For a while, the chef encouraged Rudy to be more social, to go out and be with people. He eventually discovered his pleas fell on deaf ears. Figuring he couldn't change his boss, he apparently decided to give him a

break, and started leaving meals for him to take home. At least he could eat well.

"Looking for something?"

Rudy jumped. He closed the big silver door, to see who was behind it. "Clint! You startled me. You're here late."

The young sous chef smiled. "Sorry, Boss. I just finished the prep for the dinner party tomorrow. I saw the light in here and thought someone left it on by mistake."

"No, just me. Morton leaves me a little something if I didn't have a chance to eat earlier."

The dark haired man took a step closer. "I rarely see you stop to eat. You're always working like a madman behind the scenes, so everything looks effortless out front."

Rudy smiled. "Figured that out, did you? I didn't know I was so transparent."

"Not at all." He tugged the bandana off his hair, working one hand through it. It was curly, and fell almost to his shoulders. "I just like to watch you. I mean, I admire you. The way you run the restaurant. Some day I'd like to have a place like this."

"Thanks. From what Morton tells me, you're headed in the right direction. You're a good worker."

Clint took a step closer, and Rudy inhaled. Along with the typical odors of the kitchen, he smelled a fragrant after shave that had always been one of his favorites. There was something else—an earthy, masculine aroma, so delicious it caused his cock to stir.

"I'm glad Chef is pleased with my work. I hope you find me pleasing, too."

Rudy took a step back and chuckled. "That's a loaded statement, kid. I think I need to lock up and get out of here. Are you ready to go?"

"I'm ready, but I really don't want to go." He faced his boss. "I'm tossing myself out on a limb, here. I hope you won't let me fall."

"Look, kid. I'm not sure—"

"I'm not a kid. I'm twenty-six, and I know very well what I'm doing. It's no secret around the restaurant that you're gay. If you have a lover, that *is* a secret, because none of us have ever seen him. I understand I'm taking a pretty big risk. If you're not interested, I truly hope it won't cost me my job, because I love working here. If you *are* interested, I think working here just became a lot more enjoyable."

Rudy was floored. At forty-six, he was nowhere near old, but felt that way next to the young buck preening before him. "I'm old enough to be your father, kid."

"I don't see you that way. I see a confident, dynamic businessman; with an ass so sculpted it makes my cock hard just looking at it. You're fucking gorgeous, Rudy. If you're not interested, stop me now, before I make a complete fool of myself."

He couldn't help but grin at the hopeful expression on the younger man's face. It'd been a while since he'd been pursued so vigorously, and it felt great. He folded his arms across his chest. "No, go on."

Clint exhaled a sigh of relief, then smiled. Raising a hand, he slid it through Rudy's silky black hair. "I love the way you wear your hair back, like this." He moved forward, breathing in Rudy's ear, "It looks fucking hot."

"What about you?" Rudy clasped a handful of Clint's curls. "I never knew this much hair was hidden under that bandana. I could just wrap my hand around this and yank it..."

"Yank it where, Rudy?" Clint's voice was breathy in his ear. "Where do you want me?"



"Oh, God." Rudy glanced around, remembering where they were.

"We can't—"

"Sure we can. You're the owner. You locked the doors, didn't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"Look at this, Rudy." Clint ran a hand along the gleaming silver countertop. "Haven't you ever wanted to throw someone over this and fuck him senseless? It's the first thing I thought of when I saw this fabulous kitchen."

"Jesus." Rudy gulped. The idea had never crossed his mind, but now it was all he could think about. His cock tented his trousers as the idea developed.

Clint spread his arms, with his back to the counter. "If I had a place like this, I'd have christened every nook and cranny before we even opened. The dining room tables, the front counter, the prep area, hell, even the ice machine."

Rudy reached for his belt. "You are a wicked, wicked man. I have a feeling you're going to teach me things I'd never dreamed possible."

"Now *that* sounds like fun. Can I help you?" Clint dropped to his knees and undid the zipper of Rudy's black trousers. "Oh, yeah." He

shoved down the slacks and briefs, and Rudy's thick cock sprang free.  
"You're huge! Christ, man, I'll never fit all this in my mouth."

With a smile, Rudy leaned back against the counter. The man was sucking up to him, and he knew it. That was fine. He liked sucking.  
"Try."

Clint massaged the heavy ball sac with one hand, rubbing the length of his shaft several times with the other. He licked the tip of the rigid cock, then drew his wet strokes out. When the staff was glistening and twitching, he sucked it into his mouth eagerly.

"Ah, it fits perfectly."

"Mmm." Clint nodded agreement, sucking with vigor.

"Feels good." He fisted a handful of curly hair and tugged backward. "But I want you to stop."

"Why?" Clint gazed up at him, face wet with saliva.

He dragged the man up by one arm. "Because I'm going to fuck you, right here, on this shiny metal counter."

Clint's eyes narrowed with desire. "Oh, yeah." Scrambling from his clothes, he retrieved a condom from his pocket and tossed it on the counter. "I'm clean, by the way, but just to be careful—"

"It's prudent." Rudy stripped off the rest of his clothes, facing the younger, naked man. "You're in wonderful shape. I had your body, once upon a time."

Clint ran a hand over his fuzzy, dark haired chest. "Your body is fantastic. Age adds more than wrinkles, you know." He traced his finger around a flat nipple. "You have such class, and character."

Rudy grasped the hand and squeezed. "You can stop brown nosing me, now. I'm agreeable to whatever you want."

Jerking his hand away, Clint reached between them, claspng Rudy's cock and balls. "I'm not just kissing up. I admitted I've admired you from afar, for quite awhile. I've actually had a thing for you, but I couldn't approach you until the time was right. For some reason, tonight felt right."

"You've had a thing for a man almost twice your age?" He was skeptical.

"You are *not* that old, so quit saying you are. And yes, I've been hot for you since I started working here. Some nights, lying at home in bed, I jerked off thinking about you."

"You're not messing with me, are you." It was a statement, rather than a question. Rudy could tell, by looking at the man, he was sincere. It sent a shiver of excitement down his spine.

"Not in the way you're implying. I'm serious as hell. The only messing I want to do with you is physical. I don't expect anything from you, Rudy. Our working relationship won't change. But I think we could have some fun after hours. *A lot of fun*. I believe you said something about fucking me?" He turned and bent forward over the counter.

Rudy groaned at the picture presented to him: massive head of curly dark hair; tanned, sculpted back; and lower, two firm, delicious fleshy ass cheeks. It was almost enough to make him come right there.

He donned the latex condom, glancing around the room. "Stay here." Erect cock leading the way, he traipsed into the pantry, returning with a tube of lube. "Did you know this is great on sticky door locks?"

"Is that right? Never tried that."

"There's a better-known use." Rudy squirted a glob in his hand, stroking it over his sheathed prick. Pressing the tip to Clint's puckering anus, he paused.

Clint inhaled. "That one, I know." He pressed his butt back toward Rudy. "That one, I've been craving."

"Crave, no longer." With a measured thrust, his cock brushed past the outer ring, into the tight channel.

"Yes!" Clint groaned, clutching the shiny counter. "Fuck me!"

Rudy pulled his pulsing shaft out, leaving only the tip buried. Shoving forward again, he grabbed the muscular hips and ground into the man's body. "So tight."

"More!" Clint's ass bucked in rhythm with Rudy's steady thrusts.

Their sweat-slicked bodies made a thumping sound against the counter. Back and forth, in and out, the pressure built to an unbelievable level. When he could hold back no longer, his orgasm burst, and he shuddered with desire. Through gritted teeth, Rudy ground out, "I'm coming!"

"Yes..." Clint growled in agreement.

Wave after wave of pleasure sailed through him. Rudy gasped, panted for breath, and reveled in the amazing sensations. Wet heat splashed his feet and legs, and he glanced down. Clint had climaxed as he was being fucked, with nothing but the cool metal countertop as stimulation.

He reached in front of the man and clasped his cock, spent and nearly flaccid. "Sorry I missed it."

"No problem." Clint turned his head sideways, gazing lustily into his eyes. "There's always next time. We're going to have quite a mess to clean up, though."

"We'll increase our cleaning supplies order from here on out." Rudy traced a finger down the straight spine in front of him, imagining where the next spot in the restaurant they'd christen would be. "I suspect there'll be many more messes."

"God, I hope so." Clint smiled.

## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

Jamie Hill was born and raised in the Midwest, where she continues to live with her husband and two sons. She juggles her spare time to include writing every day, freelance editing, reading as she finds time, tinkering on the computer, listening to country music, as many naps as possible, and watching movies (especially scary movies) with her family. For more information please visit her website: [www.jamiehill.biz](http://www.jamiehill.biz).

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