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UP
THE CHIMNEY
HE ROSE

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Up The Chimney He Rose
A homoerotic short

By
James Buchanan

A week before Christmas, I ducked into the fifth floor men's room. It served as temporary reprieve. The first among twenty or thirty things I could invent to occupy myself while avoiding the remainder of the company Holiday party two floors below. One other occupant was in the room. He barely registered on my eggnog-addled brain. Most years I managed to escape the compulsory merrymaking by being unavoidably detained somewhere else on company business. This year I was unavoidably detained in Los Angeles.

Jerking my necktie loose, I stepped up to the urinal, yanked my dick out and let nature, which I'd been holding in for the last hour, loose. As relief flowed, I slid the ultimate in bad taste off my neck and shoved it in one pocket. This morning my boss had passed out Christmas themed ties. Then he told us to wear them for the next week for company morale. Oh joy. Mine was gold and covered in deranged reindeer drinking martinis. I'd have thrown it in the john and pissed on the damn thing if I didn't have to wear it again. December 26, the corporate neck rope was headed for the incinerator.

I just don't like Christmas much. No, correction, I like Christmas, but I don't like the pressure of having to be happy and part of the crowd. Work, family, both of them got on my nerves this time of year. Leave me alone, give me an imported beer, a turkey sandwich and re-runs of *It's a Wonderful Life* and I'm good.

Music thumped through the floor. I hadn't even been to the party an hour yet and my head ached. Too many long nights riding a desk. Too many step off the plane, have a meeting, get back on trips lately. None of it geared to make the forced frivolity of an event with my co-irkers overly pleasant. Especially when I spent way, way too much time with these people anyway. I sighed and tucked myself away. That was two minutes. Maybe I could stretch washing my hands into an hour or so.

Splashing water on my face, avoiding the inevitable, I looked over my silent companion. He was slumped in the corner. Perched against

the sink counter running along one wall, it didn't seem to register to him that he was in the can. Legs crossed, bent over the laminate surface, he concentrated on drawing in a spiral-bound notepad. I'd guess he was in early twenties, maybe eighteen or nineteen, although I find it harder and harder to judge the older I get. Black BDU's, black T-shirt, both tight enough to show off that he worked out. Not a lot, but guys his age don't need much to keep them in shape.

"Not the most comfortable place for drawing." I commented.

He shot me a dirty look and kept doodling. His eyes were a rich hazel and brooded under a set of thick black brows. Some other color than the Kool-Ade red and green which streaked his blonde hair would have suited his face better. Still, the whole package wasn't bad looking.

Delaying my inevitable return to purgatory, I tried again. "You know there are some vacant offices around here that would be much more comfortable for doing that."

That met with a little more success. He sighed and dropped his pencil onto the pad. "Yeah but then my mom could find me and drag me downstairs." He was still talking into his work, not looking at me. Wasn't big on eye contact. "She won't come in here."

"Aha." The wad of paper towels I used to dry my hands sailed across the room. Five points, I'd hit the trash. "So, your mom works here?"

"Yeah."

"Honestly, dressed like that I didn't think you were one of the interns." Again those hazel eyes slid up, accusing me of being old and stupid because I was old. I didn't feel as ancient as his glower accused me of being. At thirty I mentally felt like I was twenty -- ish. I was still in good shape, pretty up on culture and trends and I liked to party as much as the next guy. Okay, so I couldn't do the up all night and go to class the next day routine any more, but the paycheck grind will do that to you. "Well that makes two of us using the bathroom as a hiding place." Shaking my head, I cocked my hip on the counter and crossed my arms over my chest. My brown haired, brown eyed reflection mimicked me. "The last thing I want is to be down there surrounded by a bunch of half sloshed suckups."

He snorted. "No shit." Then he seemed as though he wanted to say something but was too embarrassed. He must've been really embarrassed if it showed through that hard fought ennui.

"What?"

“What do you mean what?”

“You were going to say something.”

“No, I mean, you probably think I’m some kind of real dork getting hauled to the office Holiday party by my mom.” Maybe I did think that, but I wasn’t about to say it. Jesus Christ, we were both hiding like kids in the men’s restroom. I didn’t have a whole lot of room for flinging accusations. “I mean, I’m twenty and I could be busting out on free booze at least, ‘cause no-one’s checking ID’s.” He shrugged. “We have a midnight flight. Mom didn’t want to miss the Secret-Santa exchange, so we’re leaving from here. I just didn’t want to have to tag around after her. Not like I could get bombed with her around anyway.”

“That sucks,” I snorted, “at least I know most of the idiots downstairs and my mom’s not around to comment on my drinking habits. Booze is the only thing that makes these shindigs tolerable.”

“No shit.” This time his eyes lit up and he smiled. “And I’m not the only loser, ‘cause you’re in here with me.”

My face tightened, holding back an embarrassed smile. I’d been nailed. “Can I see what you’re working on?” I held out my hand expectantly.

He gauged me for a moment, I guess to see if he thought I would make fun of him. Then he handed over the notebook. “It’s not much, just some characters I’m working on for a video game a friend is designing.” He shrugged.

It wasn’t bad. The drawings were rough. Talent lurked under there if someone were to nurture it a bit. Mostly they were graphic. Vampires, gore running down their chins. Women with really big breasts in fantasy armor... chain mail bikinis and the like. Big Viking type guys wore skimpy loin-cloths that barely covered their packages. One of them showed a soldier his pistol aimed at a demon’s skull, the bullet exiting the opposite side.

Drawing little circles across the paper with my finger, I offered the only relevant comment I could think of. “Not enough blow back.”

He squinched his eyes as he pushed away from the counter. “What?” He stepped in to look where I pointed. That close, I could smell him: a little cologne and a lot of twink. Warm chestnuts, a little bit of clove oil and sweat reminded me that it’d been a while since I got laid last.

“Blow back.” I shrugged, leaning back, shifting my butt against the counter and trying to arrange myself so that my suddenly stiff prick wasn’t obvious. “With the size gun you’ve drawn at that range, your

soldier should be splattered in the creature's brains." Tossing the tablet on the counter, I crossed my arms. Discomfort made me ramble. "Now a smaller caliber weapon, or if he was closer, the bullet would enter with a little tiny hole and take out a chunk on the other side. But that thing, at that distance, it'd be like hitting him upside the head with a cannon ball."

"You know a lot about art." The tone, his half lidded eyes, conveyed the exact opposite of his words.

I shrugged. "My 'undergrads in graphic design."

"That's," he slid along the counter next to me, "what I'm studying, mostly CAD stuff."

Shifting again, I tried not to come off strained. "Good, you'll be qualified to do sales, just like me." This time he laughed. "I'm Jeff," I stuck out my hand, "what's your name?"

For a moment he just stared at me. Something was going on behind those hazel eyes, but I couldn't be sure what. "Chris." When he took my hand all sorts of naughty thoughts shot up my arm. Damn, Santa never brought me what I really wanted anyway. Who cared which list I ended up on? Chris held onto my hand just a little longer then he should have. A wicked light crawled into his eyes. "So Jeff, you going to the party or you hanging out here all night?"

I didn't pull back. His palm was nine kinds of warm. "Well, the can is probably going to run short of entertainment possibilities soon." With my thumb, I traced little patterns on the back of his hand. The caress earned me a sly smile. "Not unless someone left a newspaper in here or something."

Chris leaned in, his blonde hair falling into his eyes. "Ever been blown in a john?" Naughty, naughty twink, trying to shock me; I guess there were two of us getting coal in our stockings now.

My turn to move close. Almost eye to eye, I locked his gaze for a moment. Then I ran my tongue along the bottom of my teeth. "Ever been fucked in one?"

"No shit?"

I dropped yanking his pants down as I went. "No shit."

His eyes went wide and his cock sprang free. "Fuck me!" His prick was full and dark against a flurry of blond curls. The crown went from deep red to almost white and heavy veins ran down the shaft.

A good solid cock. I licked the tip. "Well, only if you turn around." Chris damn near spun, presenting his butt to me. Nice and taut, his ass just begged to be sucked. I pulled his cheeks apart. Then I ran my

tongue along the crack of his ass. As I shoved inside his tight hole, Chris' flavor exploded. Damn, he tasted good. Hot and heady, copper and guy seeped into my system. So much sweeter than candy canes. He shuddered and pushed back, urging me to fuck him with my tongue.

I slipped my tie from my pocket. Maybe the awful thing had some use after all. As I licked and probed, my hands wandered between his legs. Nice and hard with fuzzy warm balls, my own little present. Looping the slick fabric over his dick, I slid it up and down his length a few times.

Chris shuddered. "Oh fuck, that feels weird."

My mouth was too involved to respond. Instead I crossed the ends and pulled. He bucked back against me. Then I wrapped the tie around his balls. That got me a moan. Looping it over and under, I managed a nice, tight little bow.

I rocked back on my heels. Damn, yeah! Those soused reindeer looked a hell of a lot better squeezing his sac than they had on my neck. His red, hard balls hung down like hot jingle bells. Every second they were trussed made them that much rounder. I stroked them and set them swinging. That got me another deep groan.

Shit, this was best Christmas gift I'd had in years.

Running my hands over his trussed package, I whispered, "Hand me the lotion on the counter." Then I went back to tonguing his hole. Tight, hot and oh so good on a cold winter's night.

"Oh fuck." Thunks and bangs from above told me he was frantically searching for the container.

Finally, Chris fumbled it to the edge. The bottle rolled off and dropped at our feet with a thud. I scrounged until I came up with the lotion. One finger popped the top. My other hand explored where the tie cut around the base of Chris' cock.

A whiff of gingerbread hit me as I squeezed some out. Shit, no woman should be in charge of buying supplies for the men's can. What guy wants to smell like his grandmother's baking? At least Chris' ass was already good enough to eat. Nipping down his taint, I found the bow and tugged on it with my teeth. Two fingers greased up, I probed his ass. His body sucked my fingers in like a peppermint stick. He groaned and bucked against my face.

Enjoying the ride, I toyed with him a while. Satiny flesh slid in my hand as I teased his pulsing cock. It felt so good to bite his balls. I fucked his eager ass with my fingers. Probing, rubbing and searching, I

found his sweet spot and he shuddered. Twinkling pre-cum dropped like a tiny icicle from the head of his prick.

Time to unwrap my present. "Ready for your Christmas goose?" I teased, adding more lotion to my fingers before sliding them back into his ass.

He writhed and moaned, "Fuck, yeah."

Letting go of his prick earned me another whine. I popped my pants and yanked the zipper down as I stood. Laughing, I pushed my slacks and briefs down. Chris' hole sparkled from the glitter in the lotion. Bent over the counter, he thrust his butt high in the air. Gingerbread, sparkles and balls tied with a gold bow... wow, Christmas was busting out all over, right here in the men's bathroom.

Chris looked sweet enough to eat.

I grabbed my own aching prick and slid it along the crack of his ass. Glitter mixed with my juice leaving slick little swirls on his skin. I pushed against the tight entrance to his body. Chris squirmed under the pressure. "Oh, man." He panted. "I can watch myself get fucked."

Damn. I could watch him get fucked. Better than that, I could watch him watching him getting fucked. Hazel eyes stared back at me in the mirror. Sweat coated his face. One hand gripped the edge of the counter. His other held tight to the faucet. With a groan I shoved inside, pushing past the resistance burying myself with one thrust in his naughty little ass. Tight, slick heat gripped me as he threw back his head and cried, "Jeff!"

I leaned forward and nipped at the back of his neck. Fingers searching I found his trussed cock and stroked. His own erection throbbed, hot against my hand. His cock wept as my prick slammed into his hole. I wound my other fingers into his hair, pulling him up so I could see his face. The heat as I spread Chris clawed through my frame. My cock burned in his ass. The muscles of my stomach froze and thawed a thousand times over. I was coated in chills as Chris bucked against me. Each thrust drove me deeper into his body.

Pushing back, I looked down to where our bodies met. I watched as his ass devoured my cock. My fingers wrapped around that beautiful cock and I stroked him. Chris began to cry out, his moans becoming more strident, more urgent with every thrust. Damn, Chris was a screamer. I wanted those screams, the begging, the pleading for me to move harder and faster. Biting my lip, I slammed into his tight ass. White hot cum boiled over my hand as Chris shouted out. His body

clamped down on mine. Wracked by convulsions, I lost control. Exploding, burning from the inside out, I yelled, "Fuck!" as my orgasm tore through me.

Chris lay panting on the counter. I could barely stand --it had been so intense. Shaky, I pushed away and messed about, cleaning myself up.

Man, he was hot like that. Cum dripped from his sparkly hole and frosted the bow I'd made with my tie. Shit, that meant I wouldn't be wearing it tomorrow. I didn't care. This was so totally worth an ass chewing from the boss.

Chris propped himself on one elbow and looked back at me.

"Hey Chris?"

"Yeah," he panted.

I grabbed another handful of paper towels and stepped in. Wiping the glitter off his skin, I asked, "How long you gone for?"

He pushed his hair off his face. "The day after Christmas, why?"

I smiled and tugged the tie loose. "You know the company has a pot-luck on New Years Eve?"

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

James Buchanan is a multi-published author of homoerotic romance. James grew up in a small Southwestern town, hours away from any other small Southwestern towns. A stint at the State University, where he ostensibly majored in English, garnered him a degree useful for being someone's secretary. The absolute lack of employment opportunities led James to Southern California. After a stint in County Mental Health (administration, not client) he ran screaming into the field of Law. James has been practicing for nine years and someday he might even get it right.

Visit James at <http://www.james-buchanan.com> for more information on his books



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