

Sunday Vibes

Eddie dozed on and off. Even with the bright sun, he felt relaxed and lazy, and it wasn't until two, then three, birds began chirruping that he sat up and watched them. They hopped and pecked spritely at the sunflower seeds he'd set out earlier on the window sill - from an extra bag Seamus had brought from work last night and set outside Eddie's door.

Eddie stretched in bed then set his feet on the apartment's old wood floor. The birds flitted away ("Sorry, fellas," he said), but he knew they'd be back. He walked into the kitchen and made himself coffee. Dirty plates were in the sink (Seamus), but Eddie planned to wash them after lunch, if his roommate was still out. Eddie couldn't hear the muffled beat of EDM playing in the old garage (the one their landlord had allowed Seamus convert into a home gym), so he wasn't there. On the way back to his room with the mug of coffee, Eddie peeked inside Seamus's open bedroom: sheets undone, closet open, work shoes sticking out from under the bed frame. He was still gone and had left in a hurry, apparently.

Eddie returned to his own room and set down his coffee on the table of plants, in the one corner that wasn't sprawling with greenery. He then flicked through the used vinyls in their worn sleeves and pulled out Muna's *About U* LP (first edition). As he unsheathed the record, he heard the front door slam open.

"No, I swear it fell, just like -- *This!*" Seamus shouted, laughing. Immediately two women's voices laughed with him, silvery but raucous. Loud footsteps made their way to Seamus's bedroom, and the door slammed shut.

"Oh. Right," Seamus sighed to himself. He remembered Seamus mentioning a double-date planned with a girl, her friend, and another guy. It sounded like Seamus scored a double, and the other guy folded. *No surprise*, Eddie thought, considering his roommate's reckless behavior, his charisma, and his face – especially that look when he was caught off guard, happy, and —

Eddie put the record on the turntable and breathed in deep, then out. Then, he set the needle. And turned the volume up. He stretched out in bed with his arms behind his head. It was getting warm outside, and sweat was beading underneath his chest hair and the trail of blond fur running down to his briefs, but Eddie didn't want to turn on the box unit AC; the birds had just come back to polish off what was left of the seed, and he didn't want to scare them off. Instead he watched them, letting his sweat drip down his skin. His balls began to loosen up and droop with the heat and the unspent morning load. He kicked off his underwear and laid back nude and relaxed with the music playing over whatever sounds were being made in Seamus's room.

Eddie was dozing when a dull, hard thud sounded on the wall between the bedrooms. He opened his eyes, and the birds flew off again, leaving black sunflower seed husks on the warped wood sill. Eddie stared up at the ceiling, waiting for the next — *thud!* Seamus's bed frame pounded a second time, then a third time after some more minutes.

The A-side of the record finished, and Eddie lay there hearing what the record had been concealing.

A woman's voice, muffled by the wood beams between the two men's rooms, was making loud pants that occasionally cracked in a whine. Whenever the wall thudded, she would make a sharper, louder cry.

A second woman's voice said either, "He's only got one!", or "Let me have some fun!" There were a quiet few seconds, then a repeated tapping against the wall. Eddie could hear Seamus make a low, long groan as the rapid fire continued. Eddie stared at the wall, amazed that pace could go on as long as it did; judging from how quick the rhythm was, someone was on someone else, riding hard and fast with quick, short gestures. When he heard the second voice yell, "Don't hold out!" Eddie instantly envisioned Seamus on the bottom, straddled and ridden in the heat, flexed with pumped veins, sweating....

Eddie's cock twitched, pumping up with blood. In a few seconds it was hard. He gripped it, feeling how rigid he was. Then he heard several slower, harder slams followed by a woman saying, "Fill me up!" and Seamus groaning loud and long with a final, exasperated, "*Fuuuckkk!*" Eddie's cock slit dribbled beads of pre-cum. He squeezed the dew out and slowly smeared the wet juice on his glans.

Seamus laughed, and Eddie's ears perked up. He liked that laugh. It was the same one Seamus made when he was about to win at a racing game, or when he was being boxed out by other basketball players who thought he was too good. "Wait wait," he laughed from the other room, "give me minute! No wait, the head's sensitive!" He laughed again, nervously, like he was being tickled. Then the laugh turned to heavy, guttural panting. After five or so minutes, Eddie stood up to flip the record, to drown the pleased, mellow ecstasy of his roommate's long, slow grunts. When he was at the turntable, standing right against the shared wall, he heard Seamus say in a low, roguish voice, "Hey, lick it together. Ufff, yeah, up and down like that together. *Unnnnhhh... fuck... now kiss on it, togeth—!* Oh yeah, *fuck*, yeah that's it. You know it's big." Eddie stood holding the vinyl's rim between his palms. They were sweating, and he feared he would suddenly drop the disc — a first edition, gifted to him on his birthday by Seamus.... He made himself carefully, gently put it back on the turntable, but he didn't restart the music. Instead, he placed one hand on the wall, and with the other grabbed his hard-on. Eddie slid his fingers up and down over his leaking glans then wrapped them around his shaft.

"Are you trying not to cum?" asked one of the strangers. "Look at his face! He's really fighting it!" the second laughed.

Eddie pumped himself along with the rhythm of Seamus's wincing grunts. He smelled how turned on he himself was, not having put on deodorant yet that Sunday. And he hadn't been this hard in a while, so throbbingly hungry for his own orgasm since ... since Seamus and he went —

"Uh oh," one visitor teased. "I think he's about to lose it!"

"He likes it on the underside. Kiss it again. With tongue. *Mmmmm... lick him up....*" Seamus began to gasp, and the bed frame rattled the wall. Eddie felt the vibration against his hand, hitting repeatedly with the sounds of a struggle, then – *bang!* The frame slammed hard at the same time as Seamus let out a loud, low, long yell from the pit of his diaphragm. There was the sound of laughter, teasing him, but also clearly charmed by him and wanting to egg him on.

"Oh wow! He needs a towel."

"No, guys like him love their own stuff, isn't that right, Seamy?"

Seamus was gasping to catch his breath; Eddie's fist froze to keep from cumming too.

One of Seamus's new worshippers said either, "He shot so far!", or "He's still so hard!" Either sentence – Eddie knew from accidentally walking in on Seamus jerking their first week as roommates – was true.

"Ahhh, is the big Irish boy tired out now?"

"Yeah, you wish," Seamus bragged. "Let me go and I'll show you how much I got left."

Eddie could envision the grin on his face. It made his own cock goop out more wads of pre-cum.

"Nooo, you got the drinks, so this is a present to pay you back. Just sit back like a good boy."

"Can't say no to that!" Seamus chuckled. "Open the drawer there; there's a few more wraps under the socks. ... Oh hey, *whoa*, what—!?"

"I said this was a present, right? So now, let me give it to you – *mmmahhh!* – unwrapped!"

Seamus groaned again, and Eddie slowed his strokes to keep from nutting all over the floor.

"Oh my *goddd*, I feel how hard he is! You gotta try this. Just ... *mmm* give me a few minutes."

The bed began to ram repeatedly against the wall again. Seamus was grunting, sounding exhausted and like he was really fighting. "Shit, that feels good..."

"You know," panted his rider after several minutes of working Seamus, "*she's* pretty good at the Kegel game. Show 'im!" The bed stopped hitting the wall, and Eddie heard the

bacchanalians all breathing deep for a few seconds before a woman whined, and Seamus began to pant slower but much, much harder. The bed was still, but Seamus was being worked well and hard.

"Oh shit, oh shit, shit shit *shittttt!!* What the fuck! It's like... like a fist pulling... *uhhh... hahhh...* me inside."

"Keep going," said the first voice. "Look how good he feels!"

"He's so sweaty!"

"He's getting worn out. I bet he'll look so cute when he naps afterwards. ... Here, big cutie, let me massage these for you while she finishes giving you your treat. ... Wow, they're almost as big as mine!"

Eddie sped up his stroking, slicking up his cock from base to tip. He realized he was panting too, and sweating, and close to the finish line. In an unintentional flex of his body, his fingers tapped on the wall.

There was a soft tap back.

Eddie looked where it came from and realized it was the height of Seamus's bed frame, but only on one side. He gently knocked with one knuckle at the spot, and immediately an identical tap came back. "Heh," Eddie chuckled to him self. He knocked a single, firm note again, like a strong tap on a piano key. Even through the sounds of Seamus's struggle to maintain stamina, the woman moaning while wringing his cock with her insides, and the woman cooing compliments as she massaged his muscles, Eddie felt that knock of his buddy's knuckle. He traded it back and forth with Seamus, firm, consistent, like the vibration of thoughts connecting them while each man felt waves of pleasure in his body. They kept it up, and Eddie found himself struggling to hold on as long as Seamus until —

"Ah Christ, fuck! I'm gonna ... *fuck!! Ahhh! Grrrahh!!*" Seamus cried out, the bed slamming hard, several times until everything fell quiet except for soft, weak pants on the other side.

Eddie grit his teeth to hold back his own roar as his balls drew up tight and jettisoned thick wads of heavy jizz. He drew deep breaths through his teeth to ride the ripples of pleasure and dopamine, listening to the loud splatters on his floor.

When the orgasm was passed, he stood upright and let go of his cock. It swung heavy and half-hard, sheathed in cum, pre, and sweat. His other hand was still on the wall, and he wondered if Seamus was—

A weak, soft vibration met Eddie's palm. He smiled, knowing Seamus was barely awake, about to drift off after his afternoon marathon of action, but still giving him a knock. Eddie tapped back, twice. Seamus gave two soft taps back.

With a soft smile, Eddie lay back on his bed, unwashed but appreciating his smell of musk and the promise of a good nap too.

When he woke again, one bird was hopping around the window sill. "Sorry, buddy; nothing left." It flitted away when he stood up and walked out of his room. The dishes were still in the sink, and Eddie walked over to Seamus's room to check if he was there. The door stood open, and when Eddie poked his head in, he saw that the visitors had left, but his roommate was still napping, mouth slightly open, his hands tied to the bed frame.

The sheets were all pulled off and thrown on the floor, and Seamus's bare body showed the debris from the erotic battle. Lipstick kiss marks glowed hot burgundy on his cock, his glans, his nutsack. His chest, biceps, and one of his lats too. Not to mention his face, between his tan lips and the scruff on his jaw.

Eddie tread softly to the left side, where Seamus's arm was tied to one of the wooden slats by two pairs of panties (marked with thirsty juices). He carefully undid them and set Seamus's arm in a comfortable position on the mattress. He then walked quietly to the other side of the bed and unbound the other wrist too; it had been tied with Seamus's lucky shamrock boxers and had pre-cum stains all over the crotch. Eddie laid down his buddy's arm then stood for a moment, thinking – then gently pressed the boxers to his face and breathed deeply. Instantly he felt a spasm in his cock, but he also felt a rush of affection. He wanted more than anything else in the moment to put his palm on Seamus's chest and feel the heartbeat in it, but he restrained himself.

He set the boxers down by their owner and looked at the sleeping body: muscular, a touch dehydrated, but relaxed and limp. There were streaks of dried cum on his nuts, the mattress, his abs, his neck and — Eddie looked above — a few spots of thick Irish seed staining the wall, just past Seamus's handsome, boyishly sleepy head. It took a lot of effort to leave and give him privacy.

Eddie decided to rinse off in the shower and take a walk. When he returned a couple hours later, he found a big bag of bird and sunflower seeds waiting for him, right by the stack of drying dishes.