



# The Autoclave of Subconscious Desire

A Stan and Gus Story by  
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Dedicated to my good friend Nica Berry:  
Nica made me do it.

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“So what does Billy Pips want with an autoclave, anyway?” Gus asked Stan as he steered their aging Mazda into the parking lot of the medical supply warehouse. It was a sunny Sunday afternoon, hot and humid, and Gus could think of a lot of things he’d rather do than run another oddball errand for Billy, even if he was paying them.

“He’s going to do piercings at the Kinkfest next week in Hamtramck. He says he’s going to make a ton of money, too.”

Gus raised an eyebrow. “Don’t you need training to do that shit?”

Stan nodded. “He’s got a book.”

Gus shot Stan a look.

“He says it’s a really good book. With detailed instructions and illustrations.” Stan sounded defensive, like he had a stake in the success of Pips’ scheme. Uh-oh. The only thing Gus hated more than running errands for Pips was when Stan got hooked into their so-called friend’s monkeyshines. Stan was an optimist, and easily distracted by shiny objects.

Gus shook his head as he pulled the car up behind the loading dock where Pips had told them to wait for the guy, whose name was Jimmy. He glanced around the empty parking

lot. Weeds grew in the cracks of the asphalt. A chain-link fence surrounded the lot and beyond it tree-of-heaven grew so high and thick you couldn't see a thing through them. No one was around at this time of day on a Sunday in an industrial park, and the whole scene had an eerie, deserted feel to it. It made Gus uneasy. There was every chance that this autoclav they were picking up was stolen. Or that there was more to the deal with this Jimmy character than Pips had told them. "I hope nobody's stupid enough to let Pips near any part of their anatomy with a needle, that's all I can say."

Stan threw him a pout before opening the door of the Mazda and getting out. He slammed the door shut and stood with his back to the car, his arms folded. The tall, wiry blonde emanated sassitude.

Autoclave • Frøzlg

“What?” said Gus, hauling his bearish physique out of the car and staring at the back of Stan’s head over the roof of the car.

“Stan...”

One of Stan’s shoulders twitched. “Billy said that in addition to the fifty bucks he’s paying us to pick up the ‘clave, he’d give me a piercing for free. Anywhere I want it.”

“No,” said Gus. “No way.”

Stan turned around. With an arrogant tilt to his chin, he looked at Gus as if his lover of seven years were something on the bottom of his shoe. “What makes you think it’s your place to say?”

Gus squared his shoulders. It was hot. He did not want to be here. He did not want to run errands for Billy fucking Pips and he did not want to have this conversation with Stan.

“Fine, Stan. Get a fucking I-beam through your nut sack for all I care. Have fun.”

A surprised, hurt look flashed through Stan’s eyes before he drew his arrogance around him again. It had only been there for a second, but it was long enough to make Gus feel like he’d kicked a puppy. And that pissed him off even more. He turned from Stan and stalked off across the parking lot. He gripped the top of the chain-link fence and leaned on it. On the other side was a vacant lot that had gone wild. Tree-of-heaven, motherwort, wild strawberry and Queen Anne’s lace grew in profusion. There was a hole in the fence a few feet away and near it someone had created a little make-shift patio with a loading pallet covered by a tarp and a couple of milk crates. A coffee can with some cigarette butts and an

empty can of Mt. Dew attested to its use as an outdoor break room.

Gus returned his gaze to the lush, green foliage, letting the beauty of it relax him. A tree limb had fallen a few years back, and was now overgrown with moss. It occurred to Gus that he'd always been drawn to forests. He loved the sense of life bubbling up everywhere, unstoppable, primeval. And of course, green was his favorite color.

He flashed on the lizard man from that one episode of the original Star Trek. He'd watched the reruns endlessly when he was twelve, but that particular episode had captivated him like no other. He'd drawn picture after picture of green, scaly lizard men, and as he hit puberty, those drawings had taken a decidedly erotic turn. It was how he'd first realized he was different. While other

boys his age were digging on Playboy, he was drawing obscene pictures of lizard men with two penises.

“Hey, Gus.” It was Stan.

Gus turned to look at him. He could have maybe used a couple of more minutes of green-therapy, but Stan looked at him somberly, all traces of bitchitude gone, and Gus relaxed. Still, he didn’t say anything.

“You don’t want me to get a piercing?”

“Not from Billy Pips.”

“Well okay yeah, but, I mean, at all?”

What the hell was this about? Gus shrugged. “I don’t know. Do you want a piercing?”

“Maybe.”

Anxiety made Gus narrow his eyes.

“Where?”

Stan stepped closer. His arms hung at his sides and he leaned in toward Gus in the posture he used when seeking reassurance.

“Where would you like me to have one?”

Gus put an arm around him and squeezed. “What’s this really about, Stan?”

Stan didn’t answer. For a while, they stood staring at the lush landscape before them. After awhile, Stan said, “Remember how we used to fuck two or three times a day?”

Gus grinned and pressed his lips to Stan’s soft, blond hair. “Yeah,” he said, his voice muffled.

“We don’t do that anymore.”

“We’re not sixteen anymore, Stan.”

“Are you upset about our arrangement with Mrs. Anderson?”

Autoclave • Frizzly

Gus considered it. The first time, performing in front of a room full of women had been weird, but he'd gotten over it pretty quickly and now he looked forward to their 'engagements.' "No."

"Is there something else going on I should know about?"

Gus broke away and turned to face Stan. "No. Why are you being so insecure?" Gus's mind flashed on a night about a week ago. He'd come home from helping his sister get ready for a catering gig and he was beat. Stan had been in bed, waiting for him. But they'd only exchanged a few gropes and kisses before he'd drifted off. "Oh, babe..."

"Seven year itch," said Stan.

Gus shook his head. "No. Stan, I was exhausted that night. That's all. I don't need

you to get anything pierced or to do anything fancy for me.”

Stan lifted one shoulder and gave him his best doe eyes. His lower-lip stuck out, just a little. “No? You’re not bored with me?”

Gus snorted. Truth was, he could stand with a little boredom in his life. “You are anything but boring, Stan.”

Stan, relaxed now, smiled. “So, you’re fulfilled then.” The smile took on a teasing curve at the edges and he ran a finger from Gus’s ear down the side of his neck. “You’re every fantasy has been satisfied?”

“Hey, you two!”

Reflex drove Stan and Gus apart and they turned toward the loading dock, where an old man stood, his hands on his hips. Shit, the geezer had seen them together. Wasn’t this going to be fun? “Let’s get this over with” said

Gus, then lowering his voice, “so I can take you home and show you how not bored I am with you.”

As they neared the loading dock, something strange started to happen. Every time Gus looked at the geezer he appeared to be different. First he wore jeans and an old flannel shirt. Next, a white suit and a black string tie, then army fatigues, then a cowboy outfit.

“Gus, do you see-?”

Gus nodded. “Yeah.”

They came to a halt about ten feet from the loading dock, neither of them willing to get any closer. The changing man, now a construction worker, nodded at a round metal appliance on the dock beside him. It was about two feet high and about one foot in

diameter, and its surface was brushed stainless steel. "You come for this?"

Even Stan, for once, was speechless. He just nodded his head.

"Fine, fine. You'll have to load it yourselves. I'm getting out of here. Tell Pipp's thanks." Hoisting his robes to his knees, the man jumped down from the loading dock and trotted away. The last they saw of him was a scaly tail, disappearing around the corner of the warehouse.

"That was weird," said Stan.

"Yeah."

"I didn't take any mushrooms at the party last night."

"Me neither."

"Fuck this shit, Gus. Let's load the thing and get the fuck out of here. This place is creeping me out."

## Autoclave • Fræzly

Gus nodded. He tossed Stan the car keys. "Open the hatchback. I'll grab it."

He wrapped his arms around the autoclave and lifted. The thing was a lot heavier than it looked like it should be. "Shit! Stan, come here and help me."

Stan had the hatch open and dashed to grab the bottom of the 'clave as Gus swung it off the dock. "Fuck, it's heavy!" he said.

"Yeah." Gus gritted his teeth and focused on keeping his grip. They inched toward the car. He should have parked closer.

"Hey, why did that weird guy want us to *thank* Pips?" said Stan.

The question startled Gus. His hand slipped. He tried to grab on again, but it was too late. Stan's eyes bulged as the full weight of the unnaturally heavy autoclave strained his arms. "Shit!"

## Autoclave • Frzzy

“Stan!” Gus shouted.

Stan staggered, lost his footing and fell.

The autoclave landed on the asphalt beside him with a resounding bang. The casing cracked. Glowing, opalescent fluid poured from the breach.

Gus grabbed Stan, dragging him up to his feet and away from the eerie liquid now pooling on the ground. “Holy shit, what is that stuff?” yelled Stan. They both trembled.

Gus shook his head as they backed away from the spill, making absolutely sure it wouldn’t seep far enough to reach them. “I don’t know what it is,” said Gus, his voice shaking. “But thank god you didn’t get any on you.”

Then he turned to look at Stan, and saw a single drop of pearlescent fluid on his cheek. It hung there, just below his eye, like a single

bead in a pearl necklace in a porno directed by Snow White. Stan caught the look on Gus's face. "What?"

Gus didn't have time to answer. Stan started to change. Green scales crept up his neck and down his arms. Stan looked at his hand, horrified as his fingernails became claws and his arm thickened. "What's happening to me?"

Gus shook his head, speechless as brow ridges erupted from Stan's face and his nose flattened into a pair of slits. When Stan spoke again, it was with a forked tongue that flickered out of his mouth like a flame.

"Gussssss."

Gus swallowed and tried to quell the inappropriate reaction he was having to his boyfriend turning into a lizard man. But... Stan's body bulked out as the scales completed

their encroachment. His clothes tore and fell from his green, glistening, muscular body. He now stood a full head taller than Gus and... looking down, Gus gasped. Two. Stan had two penises: a short thick one on top and below it, a longer, thinner one with a tip that looked... was that a *tongue*?

Stan, noting the direction of Gus's gaze, looked down as well. "Whoa..." His voice, horrorstruck a moment before, now registered amazement and something else... perhaps curiosity.

Gus's breathing became labored. He had a raging hard-on. Stan in lizard form, with his long green hair sliding over broad, robust shoulders, was absolutely irresistible. The sight awoke something deep inside Gus, something primeval. He stepped closer, put his hand out, ran it down Stan's arm. The feel

of the scales beneath his fingers was cool and smooth, silken. “Stan... is... is it still you?”

“Yeah. It’s me Gussss. I’m jusst... green now.” Stan reached out and drew Gus to him, holding him tight. Something poked Gus in the groin. Two somethings. “Green and horny.”

Gus glanced up into Stan’s face. There was no mistaking the look in those blue eyes, even if the pupils were now slits. And no denying what Gus felt. This was his boyhood fantasy come to life. He was rock hard and weeping. He flexed his hips, rubbing his cock against Stan’s pair. “Stan... that pallet...”

The two of them ran across the parking lot to the hole in the chain link fence. Grateful now for the isolation, Gus stood aside and made sure Stan’s tail didn’t get stuck in the fence as he ducked through. Gus followed him

and the next thing he knew, he was swept up in a pair of burly, green, silken-scaled arms. Oh, God.

Gus was so used to being the butch, he'd entirely forgotten the time, before he'd met Stan, when he had fantasized endlessly about being ravished by lusty lizard men who could pleasure him in ways unknown to normal humans. It was silly, a boy's daydream. Only now, with the overgrown lot in full summer riot, with the trees and the plants and the scree of insects surrounding them, and his one true love transformed into his deepest fantasy, it was so much more. Gus relaxed in Stan's masterful grip and let him lay him down upon the tarp-covered pallet.

Stan opened his mouth, revealing a wicked set of fangs. He used them to rip Gus's T-shirt from his body. Then, he licked him.

## Autoclave • Frizzly

That delicate, barely there flicker of warm tongue danced around his nipples. Gus arched his back in pleasure, whimpering as Stan licked him all over his chest, his neck, his face. And then, Stan undid Gus's jeans and pulled them off. Gus panted as the feather-light caresses covered his straining shaft, pausing to lap up the precome and then, the twin delights of Stan's forked tongue danced in and out of his slit. Gus abandoned sanity and screamed, not caring who heard him, just needing to embrace the tantalizing sensations that flooded his body.

Stan stroked Gus's thighs with the smooth scales on his palms. "Hey, Gussss. I don't know why but, I thhhink I want to pitch tonight."

"Yes! Do it!" Gus raised his knees in eagerness.

Stan shook his head. "Sssuck me firsst."

Even as a lizard man top, he was a prima donna. Gus sat up, and gave Stan's new, non-standard equipment a good look. Both penises emerged from the same scrotum. The thicker, shorter one on the top was pretty much like any ordinary penis. But that second one... It was about the width of a man's thumb, and it was long, and the head... Gus swallowed. The head looked like a little mouth. As he watched, a forked tongue came flickering out of it. "Oh, Stan..."

"Yeah I know. Pretty wild, huh?"

Gus licked his lips. He leaned forward. He stroked the members experimentally, and found the fine scales of their skin to be even silkier than the rest of Stan's body. He held them both together at the base with one hand and he lowered his mouth to the longer,

thinner one. It kissed him. Gus opened his mouth and the next thing he knew, he was Frenching Stan's secondary lizard penis. It was the most bizarre yet erotic thing he'd ever experienced in his life, and that was saying something. The more he sucked on it, the more that tiny tongue stroked and laved his own tongue, his mouth, his teeth. Gus took a deep breath and opened wider, so he could take both of Stan's dicks in his mouth.

"Jeeesssussss, Guss!" cried Stan. "Oh, God! It'sss like... like... twice the... everything."

Gus grinned. He pulled off of Stan's dicks and lay back on the tarp. Stan knelt between Gus's knees.

The first thing Gus felt was Stan's second penis kissing his asshole. His body immediately responded, the muscles relaxing.

The feeling was exquisite: tender, loving. That flickering, warm, gentle tongue played with him, flicking in and out of his hole, teasing, toying, until Gus pulsed open in eagerness. And Stan leaned forward, and the long, thin member pressed in smoothly, effortlessly. Now, the wider penis was pressing against him, nudging at him, begging for entrance. It had been a long time since Gus had caught. He wasn't sure...

But then, the cock inside Gus found his prostate. The lips of the penis latched onto it and... and... Gus shouted and bucked, driven wild by the unprecedented feeling of having his prostate *sucked* by Stan's cock. "Oh! Jesus! Stan!"

"Yeah, that'sss it," panted Stan, gently thrusting now. "Oh, fuck, Guss, you're so... I can taste you. And you're ssooo sssweet."

Tears streamed down Gus's face and he didn't care. He laughed and cried and flailed about like a baby being born. It was that transformative, this feeling. This overwhelming feeling of being loved and cherished everywhere, in every way possible and a few that he'd never dreamed were. "T-take me, Stan!"

Stan's other cock, the wide one, breached Gus's hole, stretching and filling him in a way that, combined with the maddening delights of the mouth penis, drove Gus to the very limits of his sanity. His cock was so hard it felt like it would explode. Stan flexed his hips and began fucking him in earnest. Gus, lost in an ocean of unimaginable ecstasy, could only bob and float and rock with the tide that held them both in its irresistible grip.

Gus looked up, and saw the passion in Stan's lizard eyes. He was close. They were both so close. Gus nodded, having no idea what he was agreeing to, what would happen next, having no idea what it would mean for Stan to come inside him, but not caring, as long as they did it together. Stan reached down with one hand and pulled at Gus's cock, wrapping strong, silken fingers around his straining shaft. He fucked Gus harder, his thick cock filling him as the mouth inside him sucked and licked and kissed at his most sensitive, needy place. Stan flicked one finger over the spot at the base of Gus's cock head and the whole world became incandescent. Gus exploded.

They lay there, spent, dozing, unwilling and unable to move. Gus must have nodded off because the next thing he knew, dusk was

falling. Fireflies glowed in the underbrush all around them. He rolled over to look at Stan, who looked back at him with normal human eyes, in a normal human face. The smile he gave Gus was lopsided, weary and utterly sated. "Hey."

"Hey," said Gus, looking down to see if the rest of Stan had changed back too.

"Yeah, I'm human again," said Stan with a hint of disappointment.

"That's okay," said Gus. "On a daily basis, that would kill both of us."

Stan nodded in agreement. "But let's see if we can scoop some of that stuff up before we go home, you know, for special occasions."

Gus grabbed Stan, and hugged him tight.

The End

Autoclavę • Fręzly

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Prompts used to writę this story:

Autoclavę

Sassitudę

Monkeyshinęs

Lizards with two penises

Ocean

Firefly