



Brenna
Lyons

Overtime Pay

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Evelyn Jacobs leaned across the rail, drinking in the night air, heavy in the scent of sea salt. It was a perfect night, one to make you want to climb on the rails and lean far out screaming, "I'm king of the world." Leo's character certainly knew what he was doing in that scene, she decided.

Phillip wrapped his arms around her waist, pulling her to the heat of his body. "Not too far," he teased.

The already-erect length of him pressed into the curve of her buttocks, announcing how much her short skirt excited him. If she leaned just a little further, they could give some topside sailor a hard-on with the show they would make.

"I like to go too far," she teased him, well aware that someday Phillip would take her up on that offer. The thought both excited and terrified her. It was all part of the game, the chance of being caught. She shivered in the imagined climax that would roll through her body if someone caught them in the heat of the moment.

"I know." His hand slid under her skirt, testing her readiness. "Very good. So ready for me." His voice was rough, a sure sign that there was more to this outing than teasing. He meant to follow through. As if confirming that, the whisper of a zipper sounded behind her.

They'd talked about using Velcro like strippers often did, but they abandoned the idea for two reasons. One was that the Velcro was actually louder than a zipper. The other was that hint of danger.

Velcro made it far too easy not to get caught. It was too quick.

"Here?" she asked breathlessly. "Now?" Her nerves tingled in the idea that Phillip had finally taken her up on the tease. Some lucky sailor was about to get a show that would send him to some equally lucky maid's bed that night.

"Soon." His fingers played inside her, announcing his impatience. "Five," he whispered. "Three. One."

Everything happened at once. The deck and rigging lights went out. Phillip leaned her over the rail and slid to the hilt in her. Evelyn gasped in surprise and delight, moving against his thrusts. He was always different at moments like this, not the gentle lover she often saw in the bedroom but ravenous sex unleashed.

"How long do we have?" she asked.

Phillip didn't pause, his body pistoning in hers, his heavy sac slapping against her with every forward thrust. "Three minutes."

Evelyn swallowed a scream of pleasure, as the shock pitched her over the edge. She almost laughed at that. Phillip knew what that announcement would do to her. He knew exactly how to play at her body and mind. Visions of the rigging lights coming up and sending him over into climax in the bright glow was too much for her.

He groaned as he joined her in climax, his hot cum jetting into her, a flood of fluid that would coat her thighs on the way back to their room. When the door closed behind them, he'd ask to see it and take her again. Nights like this were always energetic ones

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sexually.

"God, that was good," he commented, as if Evelyn didn't know very well how much he enjoyed this particular form of torture.

He lingered inside her, and her body was wracked in aftershocks, wondering how close to the three-minute mark they were. It was delicious, not knowing whether or not the lights would come up before they were done. Then he was slipping free from her still-spasming body, easing her to her feet, smoothing her skirt over her rear.

Evelyn turned to him, kissing Phillip passionately as she tucked him inside his trousers and zipped them up. They'd managed to get away with it again.

The lights came up, and Phillip grinned. "Ten seconds early. We'll have to be faster at the pool."

* * * *

"I don't understand why that main breaker pops so often?" Jerry grumbled. "Once every run, it seems."

Alex smiled. It was the most popular spot, the most public for the couples who wanted to use it. "Which do you think will go next? The pool, the exercise room, or the restaurant?"

Jerry groaned. "Who cares. I'm just sick of this. When I signed on to this tub, we didn't have these problems."

"She was ten years younger then." And a good thing for Alex! This way, he could blame the problems on the age of The Mysterious. If she were a younger ship, three dozen maintenance men from the

builder would be crawling all over her, trying to find the problems and screwing up his side business.

His boss ran his black-stained fingers through a shock of white hair, making it stand on end. Jerry was always like this when these unexplained blackouts struck The Mysterious. Alex was certain that the captain laid into Jerry about it, and that should make Alex feel at least a little guilty, but he managed to console himself that Jerry was pulling in the big bucks for sitting on his ass and sending Alex and Mack off to fix anything that went wrong. If the hardest things the old man did were changing a few bearings and taking heat from the captain, Alex couldn't feel all that sorry for causing the latter.

"If you don't need me anymore tonight," Alex hinted.

"No. Turn in, but be sure to hit that dishwasher in the main kitchen first thing tomorrow. I don't want to hear any more crap about that bitch not holding the proper one-ninety."

"You got it, boss."

Alex left Jerry's office, fuming at that order. Twice a week, he was given this duty. When Alex set the dishwasher temperature higher, the kitchen staff complained the water was scalding them through their protective clothing. When he set it just a notch lower, the old man complained that it was running just below the suggested one hundred and ninety degrees. You'd think two degrees would kill someone, the way they acted. Most land-based restaurants had their sanitizers set for one-eighty, but trying telling that to the fascist in charge of food

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service.

He reached his quarters in no time at all. Alex smiled at the two other empty racks. George worked night shift in the engine room, and Mack would be busy screwing Trudy in some dark corner for the next few hours. As always, this was his down time. He bolted the door.

Alex pulled the binoculars from his tool pouch, hooking them up to the computer and stripping off everything but his shorts while the file uploaded. Mack had Trudy, and Alex had this. There was one almost every trip, a rich man or woman with a taste for dangerous sex, the chance of discovery. They paid well, well enough to buy him this toy after only six runs, just a nice chunk of overtime pay.

The binoculars were state of the art, light gathering, digital video recording, like watching a movie filmed on a hazy afternoon instead of in the pitch black of a moonless night or the belowdecks. The only thing missing was the sound, but Alex could add his own sound easily enough, alone in his room, beating off to the sight of people fucking all over the ship.

He got to watch it while he taped them, of course, but Alex couldn't indulge himself properly then. There was always the chance of Mack or Jerry showing up. Hiding the binoculars was easy enough. Hiding his favorite pastime while he watched wouldn't be.

Alex lubed up with a little K-Y, the only thing for a truly smooth glide. He punched the button to start the playback, taking his already rigid cock in his hand.

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He sighed, pumping his hand up and down in time with the good Mr. Jacobs' frantic thrusts into his pretty bride. Her face was a study in exquisite pleasure, and Alex groaned at that. It was always best when you could see the mixed fear and ecstasy on their faces.

His hand moved faster as she reached her climax. Oh yeah. This one was good. He would blow with Jacobs. There was no doubt about it. Few of them were this good. Few of them were this hot, the ones who truly loved the game they played. These were the ones that made the boring, half-hearted, clumsy attempts he often saw worth it. This was almost worth more than the money.

The knock at the door sounded just as he would have come, and Alex cursed wildly at the poor timing. He turned off the monitor, letting the tape loop through. If it was Mack, he'd find a way to get rid of him quickly. One way or the other, Alex would finish what he started tonight. He pulled a robe over his shorts and wrenched the door open.

His heart stuttered. It wasn't Mack. It was Jacobs, looking far more pressed and polished than he had while he'd been thrusting into his lady. Alex glanced to the computer nervously, assuring himself that there was nothing for the other man to see.

"Alex," he rumbled. "May I come in?"

"Uh. If you want to cancel the rest of the nights--or change one, just let me know," he managed in an even tone.

"May I come in?" he repeated patiently.

"Sure." Alex moved back and waved him inside.

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Jacobs strode in, his hands shoved in his pockets, his eyes surveying the cramped room. He picked up the binoculars, his eyebrow rising in surprise. "Nice setup. Light gathering and recording. What's your capacity? Forty meg?"

"Eighty. The new chip."

"But, no sound. Too bad. I saw one on shore today with a detachable wireless mic."

Alex swallowed hard, trying to figure out Jacobs' game. Was the man upset that he'd watched them? Did he even know for sure?

As if answering that question, Jacobs put down the binoculars and turned the monitor on. He whistled a long, low note then looked to Alex's state of undress pointedly. "Having fun?"

This was it, the literal end. If Jacobs went to the old man--or the captain about this--Hell, he could even admit paying Alex off at this point, and the blame would still fall on Alex. "Look, man. I didn't mean any harm."

"I asked if you were enjoying yourself." He looked back to the screen. "She is sublime when she comes," he whispered.

"What is it you want, Jacobs?" The waiting was killing him. Alex had to know what the other man had in mind.

His eyes were like chips of blue ice. "We need to talk."

* * * *

"Hmm," Evelyn purred. "And what brought this on?"

Phillip smiled at that. He was fired up tonight, and she could sense it in his aggressive attitude. "I want to reward you for a fabulous trip."

"The offer of taking me again at Christmas isn't enough reward?" She sighed, as he pulled the panties off of her ankles and tossed them away.

He pushed her skirt up and dragged her to the edge of the sofa, earning him a look of pleased surprise. "For tonight, I want you to sit back and watch the DVD of our trip while I relax you."

Evelyn smiled at that. "Relax me? I hardly think relaxed is what you want from me."

"If you find yourself inspired," he teased.

"Start the video."

Phillip started the video, setting the remote next to her hip. He waited long enough to motion her eyes to the screen before he lowered his tongue to her clit, tilting his head to her thigh to watch her while he played. Evelyn sucked in her breath, her eyes darting between the screen and his face.

"The screen," he ordered.

She complied, fisting her hands in the skirt bunched high on her thighs. Phillip smiled at that. She'd read his mood correctly. He was in charge as he was when they played in public. Evelyn wouldn't dare touch him without his consent, though she ached to do it.

He licked at her clit, rolling his tongue in circles that were sure to drive her crazy while he eased two fingers into her. Evelyn jumped at that then groaned. Her eyes flicked to him again, then returned to the screen, knowing he would stop to order it if she

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didn't do so of her own accord.

On the screen, Evelyn romped in the waves, her laughter high and clear. Phillip played at her body more urgently, wanting her at the edges of climax when his surprise played out.

Right on cue, Evelyn tensed, crying out harshly as the scene changed. Phillip thrust his tongue into her, groaning at the changing taste of her body and her inner muscles contracting around his invading tongue, sucking at him gently.

The sound from the speakers stopped, silenced by her jab at the remote. "How?" Her voice was full of wonder at that, as if he'd just given her the most wondrous gift, just as he'd hoped it would be.

Phillip kissed her clit, chuckling as she shivered in response. "Our electrician friend had a sideline."

"He offers this?"

"He does now that I've upgraded his equipment a bit. I thought he might be up to something when the lights came up early that first time. When I learned I was right, I made a deal with him to record the rest of our planned encounters." Phillip noted her curving lips. "You're not really upset, are you?"

She laughed. "Of course not. I've been teasing you with getting caught for a long time."

"Good."

Evelyn met his eyes, furrowing her brow at that. "Why? Because you have them all on DVD?"

"No. Because, I intend to do it again."

"Again?"

"You will never know when our friend is watching and when he isn't. His layovers in town are at odd

intervals."

She gasped at that, her color rising. "Oh, Phillip."

"Would you like that?"

Her nod was slow and shaky, her eyes locked on the image of them on the screen.

* * * *

"God damn this," Jerry thundered. "It's worse than ever. Consistently three times a trip, at least. The company is threatening to close this tub down."

"They wouldn't really decom The Mysterious. Would they?"

For the first time, Alex felt a pang of fear. Sure, he'd still have the Jacobs, and that wasn't chump change, but any other ship in the Mystic Fleet would be far too new for him to do this on. Not to mention, it would become apparent that the problems followed Alex, if anyone cared to check up on things like that.

Jerry shook his head. "Naw," he sighed. "Our jobs are safe, such as they are. As long as we can keep this tub running, she'll stay in service. There seem to be a lot of people who request her. No idea why. You'd think they'd want to have the new ships with all the special features, but they want this old beast. I will never understand it."

Alex smiled. *No. You never will.*

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