

John
Simpson

Naval
Maneuvers

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by John Simpson

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Chapter One

I walked up the gangplank and saluted aft, first rendering honors to the national colors and then to the officer of the watch at the entrance to my new ship.

"Permission to come aboard, sir!"

"Permission granted."

I stepped onto the quarterdeck of the U.S.S. Casey Donovan (CG69), one of the Navy's newest Ticonderoga Class Guided Missile Cruisers. "Seaman Alex Bender. Reporting for duty, sir."

The ensign on deck duty took my orders, quickly looked them over to make sure they were legitimate, and told the bosun's mate to take me to the captain to report in. I was in awe of my first shipboard assignment, being straight out of basic training from Great Lakes, Illinois.

I was eighteen with short blond hair and blue eyes, a twenty-nine-inch waist, a solid six feet tall, 170 pounds, and in top physical condition thanks to basic training. I had to bend over slightly as I went through the hatches that led into the passageways of the ship. We went down a ladder, and up another one. Finally, we arrived at a cabin and the bosun's mate knocked loudly on the door.

"Enter."

"Make sure you salute when we go in," he said as he opened the door for us and we went inside. "Sir, Bosun's Mate Hanson with a new recruit reporting in, Captain."

The captain looked me over and returned our salute.
"Dismissed, Bosun."

"Aye aye, sir." He turned and left the cabin.

"Those your orders, Seaman?"

"Yes, sir," I responded while handing him the orders.

"Stand at ease."

I spread my legs slightly apart and clasped my hands behind my back in the classic "at ease" position. The captain quickly read over my file and made a verbal note that I was a quartermaster striker.

"Well, your grades from Great Lakes are good and you've got a good recommendation from your chief in basic training. I hope you will do equally well here on board the Donovan. Anything I should know before you continue your check-in of the ship?"

"No sir, nothing I can think of at the moment."

"Very well. We set sail first thing in the morning, so get yourself orientated well around ship before we weigh anchor. If you're told to be somewhere, you better know how to get there."

"Yes, sir. I'll spend the rest of the day doing precisely that."

"Very well. Carry on, Seaman."

I came to attention, saluted, and executed an about-face and exited the captain's cabin. I found another seaman waiting for me to come out. "Follow me and I'll take you to your bunk," said the young sailor who looked great in his naval whites. We would change tomorrow into blues, which were basically jeans and blue shirts.

After going down a couple of decks, we entered the crew quarters and I was shown to an empty bunk. "Okay, this will be your rack. You're responsible for keeping it neat, clean, and made when you're not in it. Your mother isn't here to do your wash, so that means you'll have to do your own washing, which includes your sheets and pillowcases. As you can see, the bunks are close together here, and smell travels easily. The last thing you want to do is piss of your rack mates because they can't stand your stink."

"Ah, of course not. Where is the laundry?"

"Here's a small map that will help you get around the ship for the first couple of days. This isn't an aircraft carrier so you should be able to easily learn where everything is in no more than two days. You're not a fireman, so you will have no need to go below to the boiler rooms and such, so you just have to learn the upper decks. You'll be shown your battle station tomorrow. Chow is at 1730 hours and ends at 1830 hours. Be there and on time or you'll miss out on eating. If you're assigned to the midnight shift, there will be food available for you during the night. If you have to sleep in the daytime, you pull these curtains closed to help you to sleep. Most of the guys close them anyway for privacy reasons. After dinner tonight, find Chief Bryson and report to him that you're aboard. He's the chief quartermaster on this ship. And remember, you're on a ship, not a boat!"

"By the way, I'm Alex Bender," I said putting out my hand to shake my guide's hand.

"Bender? As in bend over? Oh, the guys are gonna have fun with you," he said as he turned away laughing. I watched

his little butt move slightly from side to side as he walked away and thought to myself, *what the fuck have I gotten myself into?*

I stowed away my gear and began to walk about the ship with the aid of the map. I located the launch tubes for the cruise missiles, the gun mount both fore and aft, and the two phalanx Mark 2 close-in weapons systems. I walked inside the helicopter landing and storage area on the top deck, and then walked to the fantail of the ship and looked out on the water. This was the area directly above the propulsion system of the ship, where many of the men stood and smoked when smoking was permitted. At night, this was a very dark area of the ship and one had to be careful walking around. If you fell overboard from this spot, you would more than likely get sucked under and chewed up by the props.

The ship was 567 feet long and 55 feet across at its widest part. The decks below housed all of the living quarters, offices, mess hall, hospital, and movie rooms and showers that the crew needed. Below those decks were the engine rooms and all of the mechanical parts of the ship along with ammo and missiles for the various weapons systems.

I was joining a crew of 358 when fully staffed, with crew members ranking from lowly one-strippers like me, all the way up to the captain of the vessel. Everyone seemed to be lost in their own world as they moved all over the ship. I went below and began to search these decks and found everything that I needed. The ship really was well laid out and I knew that in one day, I would have it down. My duty station would be in

either the quartermaster cabin, which was located behind the bridge, or on the bridge itself.

By the time dinner came around I was ready. I went through the chow line and found a place at an empty table. I figured the first night on board, I wouldn't try to crowd anybody, but just stay to myself unless someone came over to me. I got a few nods from some of the guys but no one sat down at my table. As I looked around, I saw some incredibly hot-looking young men of various ranks, but none above second-class petty officer. Everyone looked very fit and healthy. They laughed and talked while they ate and it was obvious that this crew seemed to like one another. While looking around I tried to spot anyone that might be new like me. I was disappointed when I found no one who fit that description.

After putting up my tray and washing my hands, I set out to find the chief petty officer quartermaster. It didn't take me long to find him in the quartermaster cabin, plotting the course for the departure in the morning.

"Excuse me, Chief? I'm new and reporting in to you for tomorrow's assignment."

"Ah, you must be Bender, right?"

"Yes, Chief, that's me."

"Great. Glad to meet you. I'm Chief Samuel Bryson. Have you got yourself all squared away and had dinner?"

"Yes, sir, I have."

"Okay, I'm not a sir, I'm a chief," he said with a smile.

"Of course, Chief. Sorry."

"Don't be sorry; just break yourself of the basic training mind-set. You're in the real Navy now, and we're leaving port tomorrow for your first cruise. I'm sure you're nervous, but just listen to those you work with and follow orders. If you don't understand something, ask. Do not try and guess what to do. The captain does not like guesses; he likes crewmembers who know what they are doing. Understand?"

"Yes, Chief. I am nervous, by the way. Feel like a little kid afraid to be away from home for the first time," I said with my eyes cast down toward the deck.

"Well, that will pass in the first week. You'll see. Now, you need to be out of your rack, showered, and into the uniform of the day, which tomorrow will be sea blues, by 0645 hours. Breakfast begins at 0700, and you are due at your duty station by 0730 hours. You will report here, where I will take you to the bridge and show you your bridge duties. Essentially, you will be recording in the command log, every command given on the bridge. You will also record when the captain comes on the bridge and when he leaves the bridge. You will from time to time take a watch position up on one of the wings of the bridge. This will consist of you scanning the horizon looking for other ships or anything else in the water. You will be relieved for lunch at 1130 hours, and back on duty by 1215 hours. You will be off duty by 1630 hours. Your shift will rotate after the first week. You will then go to the second shift, and then to the third shift. Any questions?"

"Just one stupid one, I guess. When is the best time to shower? At night, or in the morning?"

"That's not a stupid question, actually. It's a good one. The showers are jammed in the early morning. If you can shower before turning in for the night, and you wake up sweat free, then that's what you might consider doing. The crew quarters are air-conditioned so you should be able to sleep with no problem from the humidity. Therefore, you should not sweat much. As long as you don't have body odor in the morning, then showering at night makes sense. Anything else?"

"No, Chief. That was it."

"Okay, you're free the rest of the night; we cast off at 0800 hours. See you in the morning."

"Aye aye, Chief."

I left the chief feeling a little better about my new "job." I would get a shower in a couple of hours and then turn in. This was going to be different from basic training, as we were almost on top of one another and I couldn't imagine what it would be like in the morning when we all tried to get dressed at once.

As I walked around, I found the television room and sat down in there for a while. After a couple of hours, I got up and went to my bunk. As I passed the head, which was what the Navy called the men's room, I heard the sound of running water. I was not going to be the only one trying to beat the morning rush. When I got back to my rack, I found some of the men already in their racks getting to sleep. I wasn't sure what the protocol was for showering, so I stripped down to my boxer shorts, put on sandals, grabbed my towel and soap, and headed for the showers.

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When I went in there was one guy toweling off who was really handsome in a "twinkie" kind of way, and one guy in the shower itself. We had individual stalls for showering with very thin shower curtains covering the opening, and a bench running down in front of them. There were hooks on the walls between the stalls for our towels. I snuck a peek at the guy drying off and watched as he merely put a towel around his hot little body instead of climbing into shorts in the head. I peeled off my shorts and got into the shower.

The water was hot, but the stall was tiny. It was hard to turn around without your ass becoming glued to the shower curtain, giving everyone who cared to look a nice shot of your ass. I scrubbed off, rinsed and stepped out of the shower just as the other sailor was getting out. He was about three years older than me, with a tattoo on his left shoulder of an anchor, a tight body, nice cock, and large nuts. The curve of his ass had to go out before it could drop. He had the classic bubble butt that drove many men crazy. I couldn't wait to see him in Navy whites.

He noticed me looking and said, "Hey, you new around here?"

"Yeah, sure am. Just got on board the ship today."

"Well, then I'll give ya a break and give you a piece of advice. Don't stare at the other guys when we happen to be naked; either here or at the berthing compartment. 'Cause if you do stare, it either means you wanna suck the guy's cock, take it up the ass, or you're looking for a fight. You don't look mean enough or big enough body-wise to be looking for a

fight, so one would conclude you were looking for a stiff dick. Get me?"

"Oh, why, yes. I'm sorry; I was just looking at your tattoo, actually."

"My tattoo is on my shoulder, not between my legs where you were looking. Is that what you like? Another man's cock?"

He wasn't smiling and he wasn't covering his body up. I, on the other hand, was totally freaked out, sexed up at the raw language, and almost shaking as I bent over to put my shorts on. When I straightened up, I found him looking at my ass. I thought his cock looked bigger than when I had first looked at it. It was at least six inches now and pointing directly at the floor.

"I didn't mean to piss you off or make you uncomfortable; I'm sorry."

Before he could say another word, I was out of the head and moving swiftly through the passageway into the berthing compartment. Of course I had no idea who he was, what department he worked in, or even his rank. When you're naked, everyone is of equal rank. I looked around at the other sleeping men and saw that almost everyone slept in their boxer shorts versus naked, so I hung my towel up on the hook provided to dry and swung myself into the bunk. I was quite unnerved by the encounter in the showers and hoped I didn't already have a problem on my hands after only part of one day.

As I turned on my side, I found myself looking at the guy from the showers. He stopped and looked at me, smiled, walked down two bunks and got into his rack. His was located

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on the opposite side of the passageway, where he could easily look back and over at me. I turned toward the bulkhead and tried to relax. It took me almost an hour to get to sleep.

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Chapter Two

The lights came up and reveille sounded over the PA system at exactly 0600 hours. It scared the shit out of me so bad that I sat upright in my bunk, forcing my head to kiss the underside of the bunk over me. As I slipped out of my rack, it was assholes and elbows everywhere I looked, with everyone trying to get to the head at once. Since I didn't need to shower, I grabbed my shaver, toothbrush, and paste and moved as quickly as I could toward the head. I was twentieth in line for a urinal. After that I looked over someone else's shoulder while trying to shave and moved up when he moved on. I then brushed my teeth and rinsed my mouth out and headed back to my bunk. It was such chaos that I didn't even notice the men getting in and out of the showers as the line inched forward one man at a time per shower stall.

As I turned to leave, I almost collided with Seaman Tattoo Man from last night. I nodded to him and he smiled and I let him go first. As I followed him back to our bunks, I tried not to look at his ass lest he catch me and we go through all that once again. Once back, I quickly donned my work clothes for at sea, laced up my boots, and headed toward the chow hall. The way everyone was fighting to get their trays, one would think the food on the ship was good. If dinner was any indication of the culinary talents of the cooks, cafeteria food would be the standard by which I suffered at mealtime.

I found a half-empty table and sat down with my coffee and breakfast. Before I could take the first bite, the tattoo

guy sat down next to me. This time I spoke. "Good morning. Did you sleep well?"

"Not bad. How about you for your first night on board ship?"

"Pretty good, actually. I was worried that I had offended you somehow, which if I did, was quite unintentional."

"No, you didn't offend me, but you never answered my question either."

"I'm not sure which question you are referring to," I said with a sinking feeling, because I knew exactly what question he was talking about.

"Well, tell you what. You got the day watch, as I do. I'll meet you after we get off and I'll ask it again. How's that?"

"Am I going to have trouble with you? Is that what this is about?"

"Most guys I know wouldn't call it trouble. We'll talk."

He began to eat his breakfast and I did as well. Other men sat down and filled up the rest of our table, all of whom knew the tattoo man. Finally, someone introduced himself to me, and I made the rounds of the table. When it got to my immediate neighbor to my left, he finally gave me his name: "Seaman First Class Kurt Jackson." Well, at least I had a name now, and that seemed to make a difference with my subconscious.

Just before 0730 hours, I reported to Chief Bryson as ordered. I found him in a meeting with a couple of other sailors so I just hung back. When he was finished he told me it was time to hit the bridge. He led me forward and up a set

of steps and onto the bridge where everyone was getting ready to take the ship out of port.

"Now remember, Bender, every command given to any of the ratings up here goes down in this log. Just note who told who to do what. You've got a little less than thirty minutes 'til the first orders are given, so flip back to the last time we were at sea and read. You'll get the idea. Remember, record when the captain is on the bridge and when he leaves. Any questions?"

"No, Chief. I got it."

"Okay. I'll check on you after we leave the dock to make sure you're on track. If you get confused, do the best you can, and I'll straighten it out when I come back. By tomorrow, you will have this job nailed."

"Aye aye, Chief."

I looked around the bridge and decided to introduce myself to the enlisted men on the bridge. I figured if I had to record who was told to do what, I needed to know their names. I then walked out onto the port wing, which was located next to my log location. I looked down the line of the ship and saw dock workers already taking up stations along the ropes that would soon be let go. It was a balmy day, with a slight overcast sky and temperatures in the low eighties. The seas should be calm as we left Norfolk Naval Base.

At 0755 hours, the captain came on the bridge along with the executive officer. The bosun's mate yelled out, "Captain's on the bridge," which was standard for every time he took his chair on the bridge. When he looked over and saw me, he said, "Good morning, Bender. You ready to go to sea?"

"Aye aye, sir!"

The first order was given for me to record. "Exec, take her out."

The number-two officer on board the ship, known as the executive officer, then gave the commands to put us to sea. First the forward and aft lines were cast off, and then the engines were humming away, and the helm was put at all astern, slow, as we began to back away from our moorings. Once we were clear, we began a slow turn to port, and when we were pointed toward the open sea, the order was given: "All ahead one-third." We left Norfolk with our engines putting out one-third of their power, which made for less wake as the U.S.S. Donovan slid through the water with her nose into the wind. Within fifteen minutes, we were clear of the harbor and heading out to sea.

"Set your course bearing 060 degrees, engines all ahead full," ordered the exec.

The helmsmen repeated the order and acknowledged that it was implemented. The seas, as expected, were calm and we continued our course toward the Middle East, which was the order received for the ship's sailing. Chief Bryson, true to his word, checked in on me rather quietly. He looked the log over and said, "Good job. Now just keep it up. In a little while, you'll be relieved from this post, and you will take up the position of port lookout on the port wing of the bridge. I'm sure you remember from boot camp what to do there."

"Aye, Chief, I remember."

Before I realized it, the workday was over and I was relieved from duty by the next watch. Now, my time was my

own unless the battle stations order was given. I took this time to lean against the ropes and look over the side of the ship as we sailed through the water, heading out farther and farther into the Atlantic Ocean. The breeze whipping through my hair felt good as I watched a couple of the other guys walking to or from their duty stations. I worked my way around to the fantail and found a couple guys leaning against the gun mount.

"Hi, guys," I said, trying to break the ice. To my surprise they answered back with friendliness.

"You just out of boot camp?" asked the black-haired one.

"Yeah. Guess it shows. How long you been on board?"

"This is my second cruise, so just over seven months. I'm Jim Radak, and this is Bill Dumbroski. His friends all call him Ski, of course." They both laughed. They were cute and I caught them both giving me the once-over.

"So, what do you do for fun around here when you're off duty?" I asked innocently.

Their immediate response was to smile and then laugh. "It depends on what you like to do for fun," answered Jim, who had light brown hair.

"I'm not sure yet; do you have any suggestions?"

"Well, you can sit around and watch television, or movies, or read, or sleep. If ya get horny, then there are other things you can do."

"Horny? Other things? Such as what? Look at a magazine and jerk off?"

"Actually, no. If you're into guys, you can get off or get another guy off. Is that something you might be into?"

"Okay, you guys are trying to set me up for something. What's up?" I asked.

"Nothing. Just telling you how it is. Look, Alex, there are around three hundred fifty guys on this ship; all will be horny as hell starting in about another two days. Of those, maybe thirty or so are gay. Then you got another fifteen or so who are bi and will take it when they can get it on board. Then you got another forty or so married guys who the longer they are out, the more they get desperate to get off by other than their hand. You get the picture?"

"You're saying that there are around eighty guys who will have sex with other guys on board?"

"Toward the end of the cruise, yeah. The married guys usually hold out for about four months. Then it gets too much for some of them and they take a quick walk on the other side."

"But on a ship this size, where the hell does all that sex go on?"

Jim looked at Bill and then back to me. "Are you gay or bi?"

"Well, I'm not comfortable saying; I just met you two."

"Look, if you're wondering if we are gay or not or are trying to set you up, watch."

They looked around for anyone else and when the coast was clear, Jim reached over and grabbed Bill by the crotch and squeezed. Bill returned the favor, only he took more time to do it. Then they both looked at me and smiled.

"Yeah, okay, I'm gay."

"Good! You're cute, you know. If you want to get off or get some dick, you go down two decks below the sleeping quarters, about three-quarters of the way back toward the engine room. You'll find a kinda dark section of the passageway with a lot of the ship's pipes running through that area. Guys who want to get it on meet in that area. They call it Torpedo Alley."

"They suck each other there?"

"Yes, and if it's late at night, there's some butt-fucking that goes on too. There are some dark crevices in that area and you can find two guys wedged up in there with one guy taking it up the ass. The other place on the ship is known as the "rope locker." It's mid-ship, next to the helicopter bay. Many a man has had his butt done hard in there."

"Anyplace else?"

"Yeah, only one other place, but you have to be the sex partner of one of the guys working that area, and that's the helicopters."

"Does anyone ever get caught? And if so, what happens to them?"

"Everyone is very careful, first of all. Discretion is demanded by anyone involved. The officers probably know it goes on, but they're not about to break it up and have a horny, distracted crew running the ship. If they fall over it, though, they'll have to take action and you'll probably get chucked out of the Navy for it."

"Damn. That's kinda scary."

"What do you like sex-wise?"

"I guess just hands and oral."

"No ass?"

"Never fooled around that way before, so I don't know."

"You're a gay ass virgin?"

"Yeah, I guess you could say that."

"Boy, could I make money off of pimping you out. Fresh sailor ass. Damn!"

"Well, I better get going. Almost time for dinner."

"Wait; we'll join you."

"Would you point out the guys that are into guys?"

"Why, you gonna be looking for some action?"

"I don't know, but it's going to be a long cruise, and I'm not that strong when it comes to resisting the temptations of a young hard body."

"Let's go. I'll point a couple out to you. Just don't tell them we tipped you off, okay?"

"No problem."

I approached the mess hall with great anticipation, for not only was I going to actually eat with a couple of guys who were friendly and would talk, but there were future prospects for sexual liaisons to be pointed out. We got there just as the chow line opened so we had our choice of tables. We took one in the back where we could see everyone and still talk without being overheard unless we had other guys sitting with us.

Jim and Bill pointed out a couple of really hot sailors and even told me what their preference was for sex. Bill asked me if I was a top or a bottom, and I replied that I really wasn't sure. We were almost done with dinner, when Mr. Tattoo Man came into eat with a couple of his buddies.

"Jim, you see that tall good-looking side of beef that just came in? He has a tattoo on his shoulder; don't know if you might have seen it."

"Oh, you mean Kurt Jackson. Oh yeah, we know him. Why?"

I explained our last two encounters to them and watched their expressions change. "Yeah, we know him. Here's his story: He's bi, but prefers the guys. He's a top only, is hung like a fucking racehorse, and usually picks one guy to be his piece of ass for the entire cruise and that's all. He won't allow his guy to fool around with anyone else, and he only takes care of two that he has to."

"Two that he has to? What does that mean?"

"Ah, I don't think we're gonna get into that right now. Maybe some other time. But, if you're gonna fool with him, just know that you become his property, and he will kick your ass all over the ship if you let another guy touch you."

"And these guys usually just give in and sign on for that? What's in it for the guy who becomes his property?"

"Great sex. Nobody, including most officers, fucks with you because if they do, they answer to him, which is very unpleasant. And shore leave is usually a big party with him and the other gay boys."

"Why would the officers not fuck with him?"

"That gets into the area we don't really want to get into. Suffice it to say, he's a piece of work, and as hot as he is, ya gotta know what you want if you tie up with him."

Tattoo Man walked by and nodded to me, ignoring the guys I was sitting with. They looked at each other and then at

me. "He has his eye on you, just so you know. He will take no for an answer—he doesn't want anyone with him who doesn't want to be there—but he is checking you out. We've got to take off. See ya around, Alex."

They got up together and left the mess hall and I began to eat my dessert. I stood up to get more coffee when Seaman First Class Kurt Jackson said, "Where you going? I was just going to move over to sit with you."

"Oh, I was just getting more coffee. I'm not ready to leave yet."

"Sit down; I'll get it for you."

"Sure."

"Hey, Horowitz, bring a cup of coffee over here, will ya? How do you like it, Alex?"

"Ahh, with cream."

"Make it with cream," Jackson said to the other sailor.

"You didn't have to do that. I don't even know that guy."

"That's okay. He owes me. So, how are you tonight?"

"I'm doing okay after my first shift on duty. Although when reveille went off this morning, I cracked my head on the upper bunk when I sat up fast."

"Yeah, ya gotta watch that until you're used to sleeping with other guys, ya know?"

"Yeah, boot camp we all had single beds, as you remember."

My coffee arrived by the unknown waiter, and I took a sip trying to figure out what was going on at the moment. I finished my dessert while Kurt ate his dinner rather quickly and began his own coffee.

"So, did you think about my question any more from last night?"

"Ah, which question?"

"Come on. You know which question. Do you like another man's cock?"

I sat my coffee cup back down and looked around. When I saw that no one was paying any attention to our conversation, I looked Kurt in the eyes. "Yes, I like other guys' cocks. Are you happy now that you got that burning question answered?" I asked with a little more bravado than I intended.

Kurt smiled and sat back. "I was pretty sure you were gay, but I wanted you to admit to it. I wanted to hear the words come from your mouth."

"Why was that so important?"

"Cause I saw the hunger in your eyes when you were looking at my body and especially at my cock. I figured you wanted some of it. Do you?"

"Do I what?" I asked, not making it easy on him either.

"Do you want to take my cock in the mouth or in the ass?"

I found that I couldn't just answer that question. Once again, the raw sexuality of the encounter with Kurt was almost overwhelming. It would also put me in an inferior position should I acknowledge that I wanted to service his cock.

"Well, answer me, damn it."

"Yes."

"Yes, what?"

I was growing hard in my pants. "I want to take your cock." Just saying that to another man made me become fully erect. It was the most sexually charged conversation I had ever had in my young life.

"Good. Let's take a walk."

"Ah, I can't just at the moment. Give me a minute without talking and I'll be able to get up."

He looked down at my crotch and saw the bulge and smiled. "Meet me on the fantail in five minutes." He got up and dumped his tray off, said hi to a couple of his friends, and left the room. I swallowed hard and found my hands shaking. I calmed myself down, drank the rest of my coffee while thinking about the ocean, and then was able to get up and leave.

When I went out on deck, the evening breeze was a welcome relief as my skin felt hot as molten lava. As I walked toward the rear of the ship, I saluted an officer who went by and mumbled greetings to a couple of the guys from the bridge. When I reached the fantail, I found Kurt talking to three other seamen. I just stood by quietly, looking at the wake we were leaving in our trail.

I saw Kurt nod to the other guys and they left Kurt and me alone. "Well, glad your problem left you. Why was your dick hard?"

"I guess the conversation excited me."

"So talking about taking my cock got you all horny, huh?"

"I guess it did."

"How bad do you want it?"

"Pretty bad, but no rush."

He laughed out loud. "Pretty bad, but you can wait, huh? Why don't I believe you?"

"Because I'm in no hurry to become your piece of ass for the duration of the cruise."

"What? Ah, someone has been talking; filling your head with lies, no doubt. So, that's what you think? If you take it from me, you belong to me?"

"That's what I heard."

"Would that really be so bad? You've seen the package. You don't like my face?"

"You are very handsome and hot, and you know it. I just might want to visit 'Torpedo Alley' and have a look around, if you know what I mean."

"I see. You talk like a virgin. Are you?"

"At some things, yes, and at others no."

"Lemme guess. Your sweet ass has never been touched before. Am I right?"

"Yep."

"I see. Tell you what, do you think you can keep that treasure outta of any playing around, you know, keep it virgin and give me a crack at it maybe?"

I laughed into the wind. "You mean I can suck some cock, but I shouldn't take anything up my ass, huh?"

"I'd actually prefer you not suck any other cock besides mine, Alex. You are one sweet piece of ass, dude."

"Yeah, well, I have no intention of falling for you emotionally, and then get dumped at the end of this cruise. We go out again, and you don't even touch me, yet I'm

known as your former piece. Hmm. I think I'll actually pass on that, but thanks for the offer."

I walked away, leaving Kurt talking into the wind. I found myself half-erect again just talking to him about sex. I liked his sexuality, but was a little put off by his dominance; but just a little. I felt like I needed to get myself back under control.

I spent the rest of the evening in the lounge watching a movie before it was time to get ready to hit the rack. I followed the same procedure I did my first night aboard: stripped down to just my shorts, put on sandals, grabbed my towel, soap, and shampoo, and headed to the showers. It was empty with the exception of a couple guys at the urinals.

I quickly got into the shower, cleaned up, and got out. Again, no one was waiting on me. I dried off and headed to my rack. As I approached my sleeping space, I noticed that Kurt was just getting undressed to hit the showers. Good. I had beaten him to the punch. Only a couple of guys were in bed sleeping already.

"You sleep well, okay, Alex?" he said with a smile. As he passed me he whispered into my ear, "I'm sorry if I upset you and made you uncomfortable. I promise not to do it again. Don't avoid me, okay?"

"Sure, Kurt. No problem." I smiled back and then got into my rack. As I lay there staring up at the ceiling, I found myself thinking about the conversation on deck with Kurt. He was right without question. I wanted to be his "boy." I even grew hard again thinking about what it would be like to suck his cock, or to bend over for him. How would it even be

possible to carry on a relationship other than quick sex on board the Donovan? I found myself reaching down and squeezing my dick, trying to bring some relief to it. The guy directly across from me chuckled. "Getting horny already, huh?"

"Yeah, guess I am." I pulled my hand back up onto my chest.

"You don't have to stop on my account. All the guys in here, just about, whack off at some point during the night. Just try not to make your bunk squeak."

"Thanks. You jack off too?"

"Sure do. If ya want to watch some night, that's fine by me," he said while smiling.

I didn't respond. *A lot of those thirty or so gay crew members must be in this area*, I thought to myself. He reached down and gave himself a squeeze and smiled again. I turned over toward the bulkhead, and tried to forget about sex and go to sleep. It was a long day standing the whole watch on the bridge.

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Chapter Three

As the week went by, Kurt kept an eye out for me and always nodded at me, but he didn't continue to pursue me as he had in the past. It was nice to have some breathing room and not feel like I was being stalked.

My first shift change was coming up my next watch on duty, which meant that I had off from 1630 hours today until I went back on duty tomorrow at 1630 hours. I was taking over the second shift as we continued to cruise into the Mediterranean Sea. The ship had received a change of orders and we were to transverse the Suez Canal and take up patrol duty in the Persian Gulf. But the Gulf wasn't the only hot spot I was heading into.

I had finally decided that tonight would be the perfect time to check out "Torpedo Alley." Since I did not have to get up at reveille, I would be able to sleep later if I stayed up and played. It was also a Friday night; not that it meant anything different on board a naval ship. We rarely had any time off with the exception of shore leave, and none of that was planned in the short term. I went into the mess hall and sat with Jim and Bill to eat dinner. Jim and I had become good friends quickly, although we had no sexual interest in each other. Even without the sexual interest, we greatly enjoyed each other's company.

As we sat there and basically gossiped about shipboard life and who I had met, Kurt came in and didn't even seem to

notice me. He got his tray and sat on the other side of the dining room with a bunch of loud sailors.

"Well, looks like the stud of the Donovan has lost interest in you, Alex," Bill observed.

"We kinda had a little meeting of the minds, and he has backed off ever since. I'm glad he did, because now I can kinda sit back and look at him. Ya know what I mean?"

"Yeah. You're wondering if he might be what you're looking for, right?" Jim asked.

"Yeah, maybe so. I dunno."

"Well, it's right about now that the boys start to come out of the woodwork. We've been at sea long enough that those who are used to getting off regularly in home port are beginning to bite their nails."

"Wanna take a walk with me later tonight?"

"Sure. Where do you have in mind?"

"Let's see if there are any U-boats out running silent and deep!"

Jim laughed so loud that some in the room, including Kurt, looked over at our table. Kurt nodded and went back to his conversation.

"Shh. Discretion! Why don't we just telegraph our whorish intentions to the entire mess hall?"

"Well, it would make it easier to score!"

"Sometimes I don't think you're wrapped tight enough!"

We sat in comparative silence for the rest of the time we were in the mess hall, and left when finished. Kurt looked up as we passed his table, and I nodded at him this time. We headed to the movie lounge and took a seat, waiting for the

first movie of the evening to come on. I bought Jim, Bill, and me a soda and we settled in for some fun.

After the first movie had ended and the second one started, Jim and I took our walk. We went down one ladder and began to work our way toward the back of the ship. The Donovan was powered by four gas-powered turbine engines that took up a lot of room.

As we walked along, I could see figures up ahead of us. Jim leaned over into my ear and whispered, "Here we go." We slowed down considerably and I looked around nervously for any officers or chief petty officers. None were to be seen anywhere.

Upon entering the "alley," we found seven guys expressing themselves sexually in some fashion. Wedged into one dark corner were two guys, with one of them bent over some sort of barrel-type cylinder. He was getting his ass fucked for all it was worth. They were totally oblivious to anyone else around them. Two other guys were getting blow jobs, and one young pimple-faced sailor was leaning against the bulkhead watching while rubbing his erection. As Jim and I stood next to him, also watching, he reached his hand over and began to fondle me. At first I was shocked to just feel a hand on my dick all of a sudden, and I kinda jumped back.

He smiled and I blushed. I moved back and allowed the guy to continue what he started. As I watched the two guys getting sucked off while having my dick fondled, I became erect. The sailor wheeled around in front of me and pulled me into a space that had less light in it. He bent forward and kissed me and put his arms around me.

"Can I blow you?" he asked.

"Yeah, I guess so. I better warn you though: it's been a while and I don't think I'll last too long."

"That's okay; you can always go again, right?"

"I don't know, actually. I'm fairly nervous doing this in front of others and on board ship."

"Is this your first at-sea head?"

"Yeah, I just got on board last week. This is my first ship."

"Well, let me give you a proper welcome then."

The black-haired kid got down on his knees and unzipped me and began to hunt for the prize. I looked around again and saw no danger anywhere. Jim had a very large smile on his face as he tried to see what the sailor on his knees was doing to me.

The sailor found my dick and pulled it out and began to stroke it. He reached up and unfastened my belt, opened my pants and pulled them down, exposing my balls and fondling them as he began to go down on me. His mouth felt like hot, wet, velvet and he sucked me very slowly while using his tongue aggressively. He dropped my nuts out of his hand, reached around and began to run it over my ass cheeks. I would be lying if I said I wasn't enjoying the hell out of the blow job this kid was giving me. It had been at least eight months since my last one, and I was very ready to get off with the aid of someone's mouth.

One of the other couples finished, and the top walked away. Jim took his place and the guy began to give his second blow job since we had arrived. I put my hands on top of my guy's head and began to rub it in response to the

pleasure he was giving me. I wanted to return the favor, so I pushed his mouth off of me.

"Do you want some head?" I asked him after I bent over to talk to him.

"Not until I'm done sucking cock for the evening. It's early yet."

I really didn't give his answer much thought other than to push my cock back into his open and waiting mouth. I noticed the guy who was fucking the other sailor finished, zipped up, and walked away without a word. The bottom pulled up his pants and leaned back, waiting to see if someone else wanted to drill him.

My guy saw that I was looking at the other guy so he began to suck forcefully, which brought my attention back to him. He began to pull at my torso and I gathered that he wanted me to face-fuck him. I was more than happy to oblige him.

I put my hands on the back of his head to steady it and began to fuck his face. I was giving him long in-and-out strokes and he had no trouble taking me at all. As I began to build toward a climax, I slowed down and began to pull out. He held onto my hips to prevent me from pulling all the way out. "I'm gonna cum if I don't stop," I warned.

His answer to my warning was to give my hips a forceful pull, which was the signal that he wanted to take me all the way. I smiled, as this was the best kind of blow job. I went back to pumping his mouth and within thirty seconds began to cum. My knees went weak and almost gave out as I began to shoot stream after stream of hot cum into the hungry

mouth that was practically eating my cock. When my climax was finished and I released the death grip I had on his head, he slowly worked his way back and forth on my dick, trying to drain every last drop out.

Finally, he let my now-softening dick drop out of his mouth. He wiped his mouth on his sleeve and stood up.

"Damn, that was a great load, dude. Did you like the head?"

"Fuck, what wasn't to like? You suck like a Hoover and you swallow! What more could I ask for in a blow job? Are you sure I can't return the favor?"

"Nah, I want to do a couple more of the guys, and then I'll get off. Maybe I'll see you again here sometime?"

"Who knows? But if I ever need a great blow job real bad, I'm looking you up!"

He smiled and since Jim was still being blown, I said good night and left the "Alley."

It didn't take long. By the time I got to my bunk, I wanted to take a shower and forget about the pleasure I had just received at the hands and mouth of another sailor. For some reason, I felt guilty about having done what I did. I'd certainly had gay sex before and it wasn't that I didn't fully accept who I was. I wasn't sure why I was feeling bad about it.

When I got out of the shower, there was only one other person in the head and he was in the shower also. I dried myself off and sat down on the bench and put my head in my hands. It wasn't so much that I felt cheap or without morals about what I had done; it was more about a feeling of using the other guy for my sexual gratification. He wouldn't let me

give him anything in return and I guess I felt that it was an unequal transaction.

The water in the other shower turned off and I heard the shower curtain get pulled aside. I didn't bother to look up as I really didn't care who it was. "You look like you just lost your best friend, Alex. What's wrong?" I heard over my shoulder.

I turned around and found Kurt standing there drying off his hair while his dick swung from left to right and his balls soundlessly jingled. "Oh, nothing. I'm all right," I replied.

"Now why do you want to go and lie to me? You're not all right. What happened? Did an officer chew you out or something?"

"No, Kurt. An officer didn't chew me out."

He finished wiping off his body and wrapped the towel around himself as he sat down next to me. "Okay, you don't have to tell me if you don't want to. But don't lie and say something didn't happen. You are very easy to read. You're normally very upbeat, friendly, and easy to be with. Tell me when you want to; I'll be here."

"Look, it's nothing. I just did something that I'm not real proud of at the moment. I'm sure it will pass."

"Lemme see. It's Friday night, it's after 2300 hours and you're taking a shower instead of watching movies or television. Ahhh, did you by any chance take a run at Torpedo Alley?"

I began to tell him it was none of his business but I didn't. I felt like I needed to confess my misdeed to someone and Father Kurt was sitting in our confessional with me. "Yes."

"Okay, and what did you do that you wouldn't do with me, that made you feel so down?"

"I let a guy blow me," I whispered.

"And...."

"And nothing. That's it."

"Your ass is still virgin?"

"Yes, you nimrod. Is that all you think about?"

"No, it's not that. I'm just mystified why you would be down on yourself for getting a blow job. If that's all you did, explain yourself to me, please."

"He didn't want me to reciprocate and I feel like I used him. I fucked the hell out of his face and zipped up and just walked away as he waited for his next customer."

"Did he do a good job for you?"

"Yes, but what has that to do with it?"

"Well, you got a good blow job, which you obviously were in need of; no demands were made on you in return, and you walked away. There is no problem, unless you need an emotional attachment to your sex partner, like a woman. Is that it?"

"I don't know." I got up, took off my towel, slipped my shorts and sandals on, and began to walk away.

"Alex, wait."

"What?" I asked as I turned around.

"Put on a pair of pants and a T-shirt and let's take a walk up on deck. I wanna talk to you."

Since it wasn't even after midnight yet, I agreed. We dressed in our passageway, and went up on deck. We went around toward the fantail but walked toward the helicopter

flight deck. The breeze felt good once again and my hair began to dry quickly in the warm air. We stopped in front of a storage unit of some sort and I watched as Kurt opened the door and we walked in. It was pitch black and I couldn't see a thing. Finally, he put the light on and I looked around the cramped space. It was a storage locker for deck ropes and mops. I sat down on one large coil of rope and he turned the light off.

"We need to keep the light off so we aren't spotted in here by the officer of the watch."

"Okay. Why are we here?" I asked into the darkness. Kurt moved closer and I could smell the shampoo he had just used.

"I wanted some privacy with you so I could do this."

Kurt put his arm around me and kissed me on the side of my face. He ran his hand over my head and brushed the fuzz that was becoming hair once again. I kept my hands to myself, not really knowing what to do. I wasn't uncomfortable with being in the dark with Kurt, although I was a little nervous about being found in the rope locker. He kissed me again, only this time on the lips.

Instead of resisting, I kissed back as I turned and put my arms around him. I melted into his arms even though I had told myself before that I was going to resist this man. When he was done practically counting my teeth with his tongue, we broke the kiss.

"Look, Kurt, I feel crappy enough already without having sex again tonight."

"Two things, Alex: one, I don't just have sex, and two, I don't intend to have sex tonight. I just wanted to hold you in my arms and to kiss you. Have you found it unpleasant?"

"No. To the contrary, you kiss very well. It feels good to be held by you."

"Good. Why don't you just remember the pleasure you had earlier tonight and let it go? If you don't want to ever go back there again, you don't have to."

"Are you suggesting that we might have sex?"

"You know already that I want you. You turned me down the other night, remember? Now tonight, you showed your independence and went and got a blow job from another crewmember that wasn't me. Does it feel better that way?"

"No, not really. The fact that he was waiting for the next cock to suck after having just done me kinda hurt for some reason."

"That's because you want your act of sex to be more than just a way to get off, and you want it to mean more to your partner than it did to this guy tonight. You want a boyfriend, don't you?"

"Doesn't every guy want a boyfriend? Sure, it can be a lot of fun to fool around with a different guy every night, but that's not for everyone."

"Well, why don't we give it a try? You want some cock tonight, I'll give you mine. Since you already came off, you don't need anything in return, right?"

"This sounds stupid even before I say it, but I'm gonna say it anyway. You're a typical guy; you want your dick sucked by whatever means it takes, right? So if sweet-talking me will

get my face in your pants, you're all for it. Well, Kurt, not tonight."

"Alex, that's not what I meant at all. You said you felt wrong by not giving back to the guy tonight, and I figured maybe you would feel better if you gave me pleasure. That's all I meant and if that's not the case, then forget it. I don't need to have it. I would rather have you for a friend than a onetime blow job."

"Then you're okay with me saying no and our leaving here without having done anything more than kissed?"

"If that's all you want, you bet."

"Look, Kurt, I do find you very attractive. Every gay guy on this ship finds you attractive and you can have your pick of any of them. How many former lovers do you have in the crew?"

"One. We are still friends and I would do anything for him. But he understood our relationship was for one cruise only. So, he didn't expect any more than that."

"But why? Why is it only for one cruise, and is that what you expect of me if we get together?"

"It's one cruise because when we get back to home port, we all go separate ways while on leave. When we rejoin the ship, we more than likely had other guys while we were in port. Also, transfers happen all the time. What do we do if we fall in love and then one of us gets orders to report elsewhere? Then we have the pain to live with and I don't want any more pain than what I've been given already in this life. Now do you understand?"

"But Kurt, I'm new on this ship; I doubt I'll be going anywhere for at least a year or more. You've been here only one year, right?"

"Not even that long. But we will one day be separated and that's a fact. What would you rather have: a series of tricks, or a boyfriend for at least the cruise?"

"I don't know, Kurt; I have to think about all this. We don't even know if we'll like the sex between us. I'm not very experienced after all, and I know you have a lot of experience and are used to guys knowing what they're doing."

"That's not a concern at all for me. Okay, then think about it, but don't take too long. Unlike you, I don't let anyone into my pants until I decide on a boyfriend, so I'm horny as shit. Now can I have another kiss at least?"

We stood up and embraced each other as we kissed. His hands traveled down my body and over my ass. I felt his hardness come up between us as he massaged my ass. Even though I knew I shouldn't have, I reached down and grabbed his hard-on and gave it a squeeze and found him to be rock-hard. I moved my hand over his length and then cupped his balls through his pants. We broke apart and he said, "We better go, or you're about to get bent over that rope stack and lose your cherry!"

We quietly snuck out of the rope locker and walked around to the fantail to allow our erections to go down. No one was out other than us.

"Kurt, what if we were having sex in there and someone else opened the door and came in? Couldn't it be an officer or crewmember that would turn us in?"

"It's really simple. If we were in there going at it and the door opened, I would say, 'rabbit.' The other guy, if he was there for sex, would say 'trap'. The light doesn't get turned on and the other guy, who I would assume would have someone with him, would come in and take the rest of the space in there to fuck. We finish, then we leave. If they don't come back with the rest of the phrase, we quickly get dressed before they can see anything. If they try to turn the light on, they will find the bulb refusing to cooperate because I would have loosened it first. This way they can never testify that they actually saw anything."

"God, it's like something right out of James Bond, just to get laid. Have you guys thought of everything?"

"We hope so. It's why we never get caught with our dicks out. Shall we go below and hit the rack?"

"Yeah, I'm tired and I have a lot to think about. By the way, why won't the officers fuck with you or your boy, as your boyfriend is apparently called?"

"Ah, that's not something I can tell you; at least not for now."

"Suit yourself, my friend."

We walked into the crew sleep quarters to the sound of twenty men snoring. We stripped down and climbed into our bunks and waved to each other before rolling over to go to sleep.

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Chapter Four

I got up later than usual and missed breakfast. I had to settle just for coffee and was sitting in the mess hall when Jim wandered in. He grabbed his coffee and sat down next to me and smiled.

"So, what did you do after you left me? I went by your rack and you weren't there. I also noticed that Kurt wasn't in his rack. Should I conclude that you had a two-fer night?"

"No, you should not conclude anything. I left because you were quite busy pumping that guy's mouth the last I looked."

"Yeah, he was sweet. I've had him before on the last cruise a few times. So, what did you do if it wasn't Kurt?"

"Nothing. We did nothing. We talked, that's all. We took a walk up on deck, enjoyed the breeze and talked. Then we came back down and went to sleep."

"Is he still trying to get you to sign on the dotted line?"

"Yeah, kinda. I'm thinking about it."

"Is it his looks? I mean, I know he is hot as hell, but so are a lot of other guys around here. What's the deal?"

"It's not only his looks. It's also the way he carries himself. He likes to be in control, and frankly, that has its own appeal. He makes me feel safe for some reason."

"Safe from what? We're on a naval warship in the middle of the Middle East. What's he making you feel safe from?"

"I don't know ... maybe loneliness."

"There are over three hundred fifty guys on this ship, and you're feeling lonely? What, nobody tucks you in at night?"

"Very funny, asshole. I think I do need someone like Kurt, someone that I can feel is mine and who considers me to be his and who cares about me."

"Yeah, I guess I can understand that. Sex and love aren't the same thing."

"Exactly. I know I can satisfy my sexual needs in Torpedo Alley. But, it's the emotional needs that are more important to me. I think he might just be able to fill that need in me."

"And what do you do next cruise when he has a new twinkie?"

"I'm not a twinkie!"

"Well, you are blond on the outside and filled with cream on the inside!"

"Then eat me!" I replied back with a smile. "I don't know, Jim, but obviously that is a great question for me to ask myself before I get involved with him. Thanks for talking, even though you were just trying to get me to admit that we fucked last night and spill the horny details."

As 1630 hours came around, I took my position on the bridge just as we were about to enter the Suez Canal.

"Captain's on the bridge."

I noted in the ship's bridge log that Captain Nichols had taken command of the bridge. "Bosun's mate, sound general quarters."

"Aye aye, sir."

The next sound I heard was the shrill of the bosun's whistle over the ship's intercom followed by his booming voice: "General quarters, general quarters, all hands man

your battle stations. This is not a drill." This was followed by the clanging of an alarm.

Instantly men were running all over the Donovan, donning flack vests and helmets. Since I was on duty, I stood my station in place and put on the mandatory helmet. On both wings off of the bridge, .50-caliber machine guns were dropped into permanent mounts made for the precise purpose of stabilizing the machine guns.

The captain walked over to the PA system. "This is your captain speaking. We are about to enter into the Suez Canal. You will remain on battle stations until we are clear of land on the other end, which will take about five hours if we are not slowed for some reason. Keep your eyes open and stay alert for both air and land attacks. Rules of engagement are: Any threatening gesture will be immediately reported to the bridge and you will take defensive action. No offensive action is permitted without further orders. That is all."

I recorded this into the log without much else to enter for the next five hours. Chief Bryson came onto the bridge and pulled me aside. "Bender, you're trained on the .50 caliber, right?"

"Sure, Chief. Why?"

"Okay, in one hour, relieve the man on the fifty out here on the wing and take his place. It's better than just standing here looking out the front of the ship. The bosun's mate will make any log entries that need to be made. Let me look the log over while I'm here."

"When do I go back on post?"

"When the ship is about three miles from the exit of the canal, I'll send a man back up to take over the fifty again and you go back to your post. We've got about another four hours of light before the sun sets."

"Okay. Sounds good, Chief."

* * * *

An hour later, I took over the .50-caliber machine gun and began a watch both on land and in the air. Radar would give us early warning of any threat from the air, and the Aegis combat system would take over, putting out a deadly barrage of anti-aircraft fire that would surely down any hostile aircraft within its reach. With the Aegis system on board, the crew held high confidence in our ability to defend ourselves. The Donovan was more exposed to danger while traversing the canal as we had no maneuverability whatsoever. That was the only reason that the captain felt it necessary to go to battle stations while in the canal.

I was pleased when we had an overcast sky develop, which eliminated the intense glare from the sun for the rest of the day. The heat and humidity began to rise as we had to cut down our speed going through the canal, and after a while I was drenched in sweat. When the sun finally set for the day, the temperature began to go down and life became a little more bearable.

Finally, I was relieved of my wing post, and took over the ship's bridge log once more. The heat and sun had exhausted me and I was pleased when we broke free of the landlocked canal and hit open water. I had a couple more hours left on

my watch and took a quick coffee break and was back at my post in ten minutes. We would be in Somalia pirate waters in another three hours, but I would be off duty by then. We, of course, were not afraid of being attacked as that would have been suicide for the pirates. But we were monitoring shipping radio frequencies for calls for help, even though they were never reported to have attacked a ship in the dark.

At 0030 hours, I was relieved of my post for the day. I grabbed an ice-cold soda and collapsed in a chair in the movie lounge. I drank slowly with great appreciation for the cold wetness that caressed my throat. I felt sticky and filthy from the heat and humidity of the shift and got up to take a shower when I finished my soda.

As the water fell over my shoulders and down my back, I was somewhat revitalized and began to appreciate the little things in life, like showers. After a few minutes of enjoying the water, I cleaned off and got out of the shower to find Kurt standing there holding my towel.

"Hi. Like a towel?" he asked with a smile as he looked my body over.

"Thanks. What a day. I'm beat from the heat and the long five-hour cruise of the canal. Glad that's over. What have you been doing?"

"I got off the same time you did. That's one good thing about working in the ship's stores; it's usually cool from the air-conditioning. Spending five hours at battle stations really sucked, though."

"Where's your position?"

"Inside the five-inch gun mount on the bow of the ship. Do you know how hot it gets in there?"

"No. Do you know how hot it gets standing on the port bridge wing manning a .50-caliber?"

"Well, I saw you in the lounge but I had to shower off immediately. I stank to high heaven. Don't suppose you're up for anything, huh?"

"What do you have in mind, or need I ask?"

"The same thing I wanted last night, and the night before that, and the night before that."

I walked over to him and whispered, "I don't suppose just making out would be good, huh?"

"It's a damn good start!" he responded with a big smile.

His smile did have an effect on my libido and maybe I had some energy that I didn't know I had. I motioned with my head for us to walk and he responded with another smile. I quickly threw on a pair of pants and a T-shirt and we went out on deck and into the warm breeze of the Red Sea and headed toward the fantail of the ship. Once again, it was deserted, and we headed straight for the rope locker after taking a look around.

Kurt opened the door slowly and we entered without hearing anyone inside giving the password. Again it was pitch black and I couldn't even see to know where we were going. Kurt pulled me down onto the same rope stack that we had sat on last night. He didn't waste any time tonight as he took me in his arms and began to kiss me deeply. This time his hands ran all over my body. He gently pulled me down flat onto the rope and continued his kissing while fondling my

crotch. My body responded as any eighteen-year-old body would; I became almost instantly rock-hard. He began to fumble with my zipper and it was at that moment I gave in.

I was his, lock, stock, and barrel. Almost as if he could sense it, he shoved his hand inside my pants and pulled my cock out and began to jerk me off slowly. In one swift movement, he left my lips and went down on my cock, resulting in an audible gasp leaving my throat. Here was a man hungry for cock as he sucked all of me in and out of his mouth. He unbuckled my pants and then pulled them down to my knees. I sat up and removed my shirt and urged him to remove his. I could hear his T-shirt come up and over his head and then I heard the buckle on his pants opening up and their being pulled down. We were both naked from the neck to our knees.

He urgently guided my hand down to his now-exposed cock and I felt its hardness as I grasped it. It felt wonderful in my hand and I returned the favor by going down on him. His cock was fat but I was able to get him into my mouth and took all of him except for about an inch. I played with his balls while I went up and down on his cock. As I was sucking him, he began to tweak my nipples, which always made me super horny.

He pulled me off of him, and then had me stand in front of him. When I did, he began to suck my cock again while running his hands over my bare ass. His hands felt as good as his hot wet mouth on my dick. He spread my ass cheeks and probed my butthole with one finger. There was no questioning what he wanted from me; but was I ready to give up my

virginity to this man? He wet another finger in his mouth and inserted it into my ass while continuing to suck me. My knees began to go weak and he felt the response of my body.

I sat down, once again trying to catch my breath. My cock felt so hard I was afraid if I didn't cum soon, I would have a case of blue balls.

"Thank you for this, Alex. I thought of nothing else all day long; I just knew I would have your dick tonight."

"Well, I thought of you also but wasn't too sure about where we would be tonight. I'm frankly uneasy about getting involved with you. I don't want to get hurt."

"Alex, I don't want to hurt you either. I want you to become my guy on this cruise and I won't even look at another. Can you make the same commitment?"

"There's no doubt in my mind that one boyfriend at a time is all I need. My being faithful to you isn't a question. My question is, how do I just give you up at the end of this cruise? I don't think I can do that."

"Look, let's finish what we started here, and we can talk more about the other after we leave. What do you say?"

"No sense in wasting a good hard-on!"

With that, Kurt and I finished each other off by mouth and we quietly left the rope locker and went back to the fantail. We sat down and began to softly talk.

"That was great, Kurt. Thank you."

"You're very good at giving head, Alex, even though you are relatively new at this. You have one sweet dick on you too."

"Thanks. I know what you really wanted tonight and I'm sorry I didn't give it to you. Look, how about this? If we really fall for each other, let's remain a couple as long as we are on this ship together. During home port, we can either spend the time together off base, or we can simply agree to no other guys. How's that sound?"

"Okay, that is reasonable. I will give this a try because I think you're a special guy and if you are, I want to keep you. So, from tonight forward, we're a couple?"

I looked around to make sure we were alone and leaned over and kissed Kurt. "Yes, we are."

We both smiled and got up to go to bed. It had been a long day, ending with a climax and good feelings. We both would sleep well tonight. Once again, when we reached our sleeping compartment, we were met with the sounds of a lot of guys snoring. It was kinda funny, and we both giggled under our breath as we climbed into bed. I waved at Kurt and rolled over and fell asleep after a couple of minutes.

We slept in again, and skipped breakfast. When we finally got up we got coffee and orange juice and sat in the mess hall enjoying both. During the night we had passed Djibouti and sailed through the Gulf of Aden, and were now in the Arabian Sea. It was calm seas and good weather. Kurt and I took a walk around deck for exercise and then headed back to our quarters. We both needed to get laundry done and this was what occupied the rest of our morning.

After lunch, we caught CNN on the television and listened to withdrawal plans from Iraq being discussed. Jim and Bill came in and joined us when a movie was put on for the early

afternoon crowd. We actually had a good time, and Jim and Bill began to pick up on the fact that Kurt and I were a couple.

Before we knew it, it was time for my division to go on duty and I once again headed for the bridge. The ship had received orders to sail into the Persian Gulf and the captain had just implemented those orders. As we approached the Strait of Hormuz off the tip of Oman, tension ratcheted up higher, as this was a favorite playground for Iranian speedboats. We were not at battle stations, but everyone was listening for the first sound of the bosun's whistle to head that way.

We were able to transit the passageway without interference and headed toward Kuwait for what we found out was to be a port call. A port call could mean that Kurt and I would have a lot of private time to allow our relationship to grow without fear of interruption or discovery. The captain announced over the PA that we were expecting to dock in Kuwait at approximately 2230 hours and that it would be a liberty port. The only thing none of us knew was how long we would be in port. While we were tied up at dock, we were an inviting target and security would be high for the entire time we were in Kuwait.

Almost on the dot, the U.S.S. Donovan pulled in Kuwait and tied up at the dock at 2235 hours. I had to stay on my toes to keep up with all the orders that were issued during a docking maneuver. Once we were securely tied up, the captain ordered the night watch to be set for in-port, hostile territory. Even though Kuwait was a friendly nation to

America, we were nonetheless tied up in an Arab port and no one was about to forget the U.S.S. Cole in Yemen.

Shore leave was granted for forty-eight hours, with rotating divisions on watch. This meant the security watch would rotate through the different ship's divisions so that everyone could go ashore. I was relieved of duty at the end of my shift and almost ran to my bunk. As expected, Kurt was waiting on me.

"Are we going ashore?"

"Hell yeah! The Kuwaitis love us and their country is beautiful. Why the hell should we stay on the Donovan?"

"Shall we shower first?"

"Nah, let's shower in luxury. We'll get a room at the Sheraton Kuwait Hotel and Towers. I'm paying since this is a special occasion," he said with a smile. I knew what he meant and couldn't agree more. Before I could say anything, Jim and Bill rounded the corner and asked, "Do you want to get a room in the city?"

"Kurt and I are going to get a room at the Sheraton."

"Oh. Do you mind if we get a room there too? That way we can at least eat together, and there is security in numbers."

I deferred to Kurt since he was paying for what I assumed would be a very expensive shore leave. "No, that sounds good. Why don't you pack, and we'll leave in twenty minutes?"

"Deal. Meet you guys on the quarterdeck," Bill said as they left.

"You sure you don't mind, Kurt? I could just as easily tell them another time."

"Nah, it's all right since we're getting separate rooms. Besides, he's right: there is more safety in numbers. Let's pack. We only need one carry-on bag and we can put our stuff together."

After throwing some things into a carry-on bag, we checked the duty roster for watch assignments and were shocked when we didn't see our names up on the list. Our first shore leave and we would have the entire forty-eight hours to ourselves.

We found Jim and Bill waiting for us on the quarterdeck, signed out, saluted the colors, and left the ship. We caught a taxi into Kuwait City and arrived at the incredible Sheraton. It was like checking into a palace, like stepping into what it was like two centuries ago. Everything had a gold accent to it, with much of it real gold. I was shocked when I heard that the room Kurt chose was only 149 Kuwaiti dollars a night. For the hotel lobby of marble and gold we were standing in, I thought that was a bargain. Jim and Bill got a connecting room to us and we went up in the elevator to the eighth floor. The room was just as incredible as the lobby in many ways. It had a beautiful marble bathroom with an oval tub that you had to step up to get into.

"Kurt, this is a lot of room for only a hundred and forty nine bucks a night, isn't it?"

"A hundred and ... oh, that's one hundred and forty nine Kuwaiti dollars. It's three dollars and sixty cents to the Kuwaiti dollar currently."

"You mean to tell me you're paying around six hundred a night for this room?"

"Well, yes. Don't you think it's worth it?"

"Hell, why don't we just check into the local Holiday Inn or something? Why waste all this money?"

"Because we are in Kuwait, and everything in Kuwait is both beautiful and expensive. Don't worry; I plan on getting my money's worth," he said with a twinkle in his eye.

I took another look around the spacious room with a different eye this time. I went to the windows and opened the curtains, which revealed the Kuwaiti skyline to me. There in the middle of the window view was that space-needle kind of building that was seen all over the television during the first Gulf War. It was incredible to think that we were staying in the middle of all this after having just spent more than ten days on a U.S. naval ship.

"Are you hungry?"

"Yeah, I am, as a matter of fact. We didn't even get any soda when we got off duty. But, the prices here must be outrageous! We need to take a walk and find something reasonable, and I'm paying."

"Well, there we don't have a choice. All the hotel's restaurants closed at 2330, so we'll have to take a walk."

There was a knock on the door that led to Jim and Bill's room and I opened it, finding both of them waiting to come in. "What do you wanna do for something to eat and drink around this dump?" asked Jim as he whirled into the middle of our suite.

"We were just discussing that exact question. The hotel's eateries are closed, so we hit the street and hope something is still open down below," responded Kurt.

"Okay. Let's go," urged Bill.

"I'd like to maybe eat here tomorrow if we can. The hotel has many different restaurants including Italian, Iranian, Lebanese, Indian, English, and international. We're bound to find a food we all like between them."

"Okay, but I'm hungry now. Let's get going," I pleaded.

As we walked the streets of Kuwait City, we passed obvious signs of extreme wealth. Rolls-Royce, Bentley, and BMW were common brands of automobiles on the streets. Every other shop was a jewelry shop with a ton of gold in their windows. We passed many fine-looking restaurants but they were all closed. I was beginning to think we would not eat when we found one open restaurant. We all laughed before going into the Kuwait City Kentucky Fried Chicken.

After spending about twenty dollars apiece to eat chicken, we left and headed back to the hotel for sleep or play. We said good night to Jim and Bill and locked our connecting door. Kurt headed into the bathroom and began to fill the oversize oval tub. He placed two towels on the step right below the edge of the tub and peeled off his clothes. After getting into the tub, he leaned back and motioned to me with one finger to get in. As I removed my clothes, Kurt watched every piece of clothing leave my body and urged me to hurry.

Finally I was naked and stepped into the tub and sank down into the steamy water. It had the immediate effect of relaxing my body totally. Kurt moved around so that he was next to me and put his one hand on my thigh.

"Finally, we're alone and totally private. I want to make love to you tonight. Are you ready to give it all up?"

I turned my head and looked at him and smiled. "Yes, Kurt. You can have what you want. Just remember, I'm a virgin, so don't go ramming your beautiful cock into me without due care."

"Alex, I would never hurt you. I promise to make it pleasurable for both of us." He turned around in front of me and kissed me with great tenderness as he fondled my cock and balls. I was fully erect and loving the attention Kurt was paying me. I put my arms around him and held him as he kissed me. This lasted for a couple of minutes until we broke the kiss, both of us fully aroused.

He turned his back to me and asked, "Would you wash my back for me, babe?"

I didn't even respond; I just picked up the soap and a washcloth and scrubbed his back for him. He returned the favor and we finally got out of the tub when the water began to cool off. We towed each other off and walked into the bedroom, where we found that the covers had been turned down while we were out eating. We closed the curtains, put out the "do not disturb" sign, and climbed naked beneath the sheet. The sheet didn't stay on top of us for long.

After kissing more, Kurt began to work his way down my body, leaving a trail of kisses as he went. My cock ached for him to pay attention to it as I ground into the sheets. Finally, he landed between my legs and began to seriously bring pleasure to me. I grabbed his head and moved my hands through his hair as I listened to the sounds of his sucking and licking.

Kurt put a wet finger on my entranceway, and began to work a finger into it. The sensation of giving myself over to this man gripped my body and I spread my legs as wide as I could in response. He moaned in appreciation of the obvious sign of my total capitulation to his appetites. He ran his tongue over my balls repeatedly while stroking me up and down. I now knew that while I might have had sex before, I had never made love.

Kurt flipped me over onto my back and began to rub my muscles from my neck down onto my legs. I felt him pour oil onto my back and massage it into the muscles, taking his time and working downward. When he got to my ass, he spread my cheeks and poured a different kind of oil at my entrance and worked that in with at first one finger and then two. He slowly pushed them in and pulled them out. The deeper he pushed his fingers in, the more I enjoyed it. I was expecting a lot of pain and when none came, I began to relax and get into what Kurt was doing.

"Are you okay with what I'm doing?"

"Yes. In fact, I like it a lot. Is this what it will feel like when you use your dick?"

"Yes, but you'll feel a lot fuller, and it may hurt at first. But just relax, and breathe in and out and you'll be fine. If it hurts too much, just say so and I'll stop."

He flipped me back over again, and pulled my legs up and over his shoulders. He began to work his fingers back into my ass and seemed to be able to go in deeper from this new angle. I began to jerk off slowly while he finger-fucked me but he asked me to stop.

"I don't want you cumming early tonight of all nights, love. Just leave it to me. I'll make you cum, believe me."

After a few more minutes of his fingers, he put on a rubber and added more oil to my ass and to his cock. He pulled my legs up and over his shoulder again and moved in closer. I felt the head of his dick push against my ass, and Kurt urged me once again to relax, and to breathe in and out.

As I complied with his advice, I felt the beginnings of pressure from his dick entering my ass. As soon as his head popped passed the sphincter muscle, I began to feel intense pain and gasped out loud and put my hands on his arms in an attempt to push him back.

"I know it hurts. Just relax. I won't go any further until you tell me I can. Just let yourself get used to my dick and then I'll begin once again."

After a couple of minutes of intense breathing and a little sweat, I nodded my head as a signal for him to continue. He began to push once more and I felt his cock entering me. As I began to feel "full" I stopped him once more after he got about four inches into me.

"I'm sorry. It hurts like hell again, Kurt. Pull out, please."

"Baby, just trust me. It will pass, and when it does and I can fuck you, you're gonna love it. Please!"

I didn't say anything but kept my hands on his arms in an attempt to hold him from going in any further. I had serious doubts on whether or not I could "bottom" for a guy with as big a dick as Kurt had. Again, I didn't think it was the length as much as the width of it that made the difference in pain level.

After a few minutes, Kurt began to slowly fuck me without going in any further. He simply pulled out and pushed back in without going any deeper. Finally I began to relax, as what he had said was true. The pain passed and I started to enjoy the feelings that were being generated by Kurt's cock in my ass. He picked up speed and I began to really get into the fucking I was getting. Once he hit my prostate gland, I was in heaven. Before I knew it, Kurt had entered me all the way and I never knew it.

As I looked up into the eyes of the man I had given in to, I felt an emotional attachment beginning to form. I had always resisted allowing anyone to fuck me for reasons of masculinity and fear of pain. Kurt had won my trust and confidence and was now starting to win my heart. He kissed me as he continued and I wrapped my arms around his back and held him tight as he began to screw me into the mattress.

"Do you like this, Alex? Are you okay?"

"Yes, I'm fine. Fuck away, stud, fuck away."

He smiled and kissed me again. To my surprise he stopped and pulled out. When I gave him a look of immense disappointment, he pulled me toward the edge of the bed.

"Get up on your knees," he ordered.

When I was on my knees, he entered me once more as he stood at the end of the bed. I could hear flesh hit upon flesh with each stroke he took. I found myself urging him on. "Fuck me, Kurt. Fuck me good and hard!" I hardly recognized my own voice as it had come out so deep and guttural. Kurt complied by drilling me hard and it wasn't but another minute when I heard him say, "I'm gonna cum!" Instead of emptying

his balls inside of me, he pulled out and quickly ripped the condom off his dick and shot all over my ass and back. The drops of hot cum felt like molten steel as stream after stream coated my body.

Finally, he collapsed on top of me, driving me onto the bed. His heavy breathing into my ear was loud and fast. After another minute or so, his breath began to calm and he slowly slipped off of my back, falling onto his own back next to me on the bed.

I got up and ran into the bathroom. Quickly entering the shower stall opposite the tub, I rinsed off, got out, and dried as fast as I could. I then soaked a washcloth and took it to him. His chest and stomach was as messy as my back had been. I cleaned him up, rinsing and repeating twice so that he was fairly clean when I was done.

After drying off his body, I lay down on the bed and concentrated on how my ass was feeling. I had residual pain and a sort of numb feeling around my entranceway. But I also had a deep sense of contentment that I had never really felt before. I felt somehow complete and I knew that it was ridiculous to feel that merely from letting Alex "top" me. But there was no doubt that I felt an emotional climax of sorts from allowing this act to take place.

"Are you okay, Alex? I was pounding you pretty hard at the end there."

"I'm fine. A little sore, but fine."

He noticed that I was still hard and began to play with me. Just having his hand running over my genitals was enjoyable

and I would have been satisfied with just a hand job, as many guys lose the urge to have sex once they get off.

"Just jack me off, Kurt."

He didn't answer but instead moved up on my body and dove down onto my cock. He was sucking for all he was worth and it only took a few brief moments and I was ready to cum.

"Fuck, Kurt. I'm gonna cum!"

Instead of pulling off and finishing me by hand, he continued to suck and I shot off in his mouth. It was a powerful climax and my body jerked with each orgasmic spasm. He continued to suck well after I had ceased to shoot and I moved the washcloth up so that he could spit. But he didn't; he had swallowed.

He kissed me on the stomach and went into the bathroom where he took a shower and brushed his teeth. I also brushed my teeth and we crawled back into bed pleasantly sated. I put my head on his chest and whispered, "That was incredible. Thank you."

He answered by running his hand over my head and kissing me. We fell asleep in each other's arms. We slept well and didn't wake up until a little after 1000 hours. We got up, slipped our shorts on, and ordered coffee from room service along with orange juice. I put the television on so that we could see CNN and keep a check on anything developing in the world.

Jim and Bill joined us but declined any coffee after telling us that they had been drinking it for the past hour. Jim mentioned to us that he was going to run back to the ship in early afternoon just to check to make sure that no new orders

Naval Maneuvers
by John Simpson

were posted. He was also going to leave a phone number with the officer of the watch in case of recall.

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Chapter Five

We all headed down to the hotel swimming pool and spent the afternoon having cocktails, which were permitted at five-star accommodations in Kuwait. Jim had returned from the ship and reported all was well and no change in plans was necessary. We weren't due back on board until tomorrow. After a lazy afternoon of swimming, we worked out a little in the hotel gym and then went back to the room to get ready for dinner. We had one hour until our reservations at the Indian restaurant.

Kurt and I showered together, which was made longer by the amount of kissing we did while washing. He was fantastic at all aspects of sex and intimacy. We dried off and lay down on the bed naked for a few minutes.

"Do you want some head before dinner?" I asked.

"No, I'd rather wait until we are in for the night and take our time. We don't have to be quick or have deadlines here like we do on the ship."

"Okay. Can I ask you again why the ship's officers won't fuck with me if they think we are a couple?"

"Okay, I'll tell you. You have to keep this to yourself though. Tell no one, including Jim. Understand?"

"Sure. So tell me."

"I knew the captain before I set sail last time. We had met on land by accident with neither one of us knowing who the other one was in real life. I was at a gay bar one night in a town north of Norfolk and I was picked up by an older guy

who intrigued me. He had style, grace, and obviously money. I don't usually go with guys the captain's age, but I made an exception for him. When we got to his hotel room, he told me what he wanted sexually. I took care of his needs and then found out who he really was when I reported on board the Donovan last cruise."

"Wow. Well, what were his needs? Dick, right?"

"Well, yeah, dick and much more. He's an S&M bottom and needed to be spanked with a belt real bad. I obliged him and then fucked him good. Before I left his room, he gave me a hundred dollars for 'services' rendered. I told him I wasn't a rent boy and that I complied with his request because I wanted to help him out. He insisted, so I took the money."

"And the ship's officers know this? How?"

"They don't know what happened between the captain and me; they just know that something happened. I think they all realize that he is gay, but he is such a good skipper that no one wants to make a fuss about it. The captain knows what he's doing out here and since all our lives are in his hands, his competency takes priority over 'don't ask, don't tell.' If NCIS knew about it, we would both be under investigation and bounced out of the Navy. So, generally, the officers steer clear of me and anyone they think is my boyfriend. Now that doesn't mean you can shoot someone and they'll turn a blind eye to it; but for most petty things that they might ordinarily get in a sailor's shit about, they won't with you. The captain made it pretty plain last cruise that I was someone special to him without revealing any details."

"Well, do you two talk at all, or do you both avoid each other as much as possible?"

"No, we are civil and speak whenever we pass each other. We had a chat after I reported and settled any issues that he was afraid of or that concerned me. Everything is cool."

"How long before they'll figure out that I'm your guy?"

"Give it a week, and they'll know."

I looked over at the clock and saw that we had about twenty minutes to get ready. Kurt kissed me and we headed for the closet to put on the best clothes that we had brought with us from the ship. When we were finished, we looked each other over and decided we were presentable in polite society. We knocked on Bill and Jim's door and were granted access. Jim was still pulling on his socks and shoes, so we gave him another minute to finish and we all headed down to the restaurant for what we hoped would be a fine dinner.

None of us were disappointed with the Indian cuisine. We all left the table happy with the exception being the amount of money we had to leave behind. When we averaged out the bill, it came to a little over \$120 U.S. for each of us, including a glass of wine and coffee.

"Well, how often in our lives are we going to be in Kuwait City for dinner?" asked Jim rhetorically. He was right; this was probably one of those once-in-a-lifetime chances and we took advantage of it. We headed to one of the watering holes about two blocks from the hotel, which was located in another hotel. The bar had been recommended to us by the concierge for having good music that Americans liked. What she didn't warn us about was the price of the drinks! They came out to

be \$13 apiece and we only had a couple before heading back to our hotel.

"Do you want to watch some television since it's still relatively early?" I asked everyone. Both Jim and Bill were up for it and we spent a couple hours watching a rental movie on the hotel closed circuit. When that was finished, Jim and Bill said good night, and left us alone.

Kurt took me over to the bed and began to undress me. When I tried to speed things up by helping, he smacked my hand with a smile. "I can do this. Just relax," he said. I let him remove everything I had on and when I was standing there naked, he looked me up and down like I was a slave on the auction block. The attention made me hard and this pleased him.

"Lie down on the bed, please."

As I lay there, he began to slowly take off his clothes. When he was naked, he went into the bathroom and came back with some talcum powder he had brought with him. He sat down on the bed next to me cross-legged, and began to put the powder all over my chest, stomach, and crotch. As I looked down my body, I saw a layer of talc that covered every sensitive area I had.

He began to run his hands over me ever so lightly so as to just skim the surface of my skin. This made for an extremely erotic feeling that reawoke my erection. He slid his hand over the surface of my cock and down over my balls without ever putting any pressure on my body. By now, my nipples were hard and erect and I began to quiver.

"Do you like this?"

"It feels incredible, Kurt. You've got me really turned on and my balls are starting to ache with the need for release."

"That's exactly what's supposed to happen. I learned how to do this on a retreat once that taught tantric massage. Your cock is called the lingam or 'wand of light,' and is respected for the channeling of energy and pleasure in the male. They believe that many ailments can be cured by massaging the cock in the right way."

"I don't know about ailments, but I know you can put a smile on my face with that type of massage," I said with a laugh.

He continued with the incredible massage, which led his relaxing fingers down underneath my balls where he began to gently probe the area between my balls and anus. He found what he was looking for and began to apply gentle pressure in a probing manner, which I felt deep inside of my ass. As he continued, I realized that he was massaging my prostate gland, which brought feelings to the surface that were hard to describe.

"Kurt, I need to cum, please!" I pleaded.

His only response was a smile of satisfaction. Kurt was generating feelings of both a sexual, physical kind as well as a psychological response from me. He kept telling me to relax and to breathe deeply.

His hands moved back up to my chest and nipples where, once again, he skimmed the surface barely touching my skin. Every inch of my body screamed out for sexual release, but to no avail. As his hand glided over my "wand of light" once

more, it convulsed without ejaculation. He continued down onto my thighs and further on to my calf muscles.

"Kurt, fuck me, spank me, blow me, do anything you want to me, but please get me off!"

"Not yet, Alex. Be patient. There is more yet to experience."

I threw my head to the side as he worked his way back up ever so gently. He pushed both of my legs up so that my knees were bent and my balls hung down toward the bed. He brushed a finger over the entranceway that led to new pleasure just the night before. Again, it was with hardly any pressure, and I barely felt it, but feel it I did. He then blew across my balls and brought his hand up immediately and brushed over them again.

He quickly came up my chest and kissed me as his hands roamed freely. When I went to put my arms around him, he pushed them back down.

"You have issues about giving up total control, don't you?"

"Well, it's not something I'm used to," I said.

Kurt increased the speed by which he traveled over my body while continuing to brush the surface. He finally ended by taking my dick in his hand and slowly jacking it up and down. My head was twitching back and forth on the pillow as my balls almost seemed to rumble with the building climax that was coming. I tried to hide the fact that I was getting ready to cum, but Kurt saw my balls rise up to the base of my cock. But he didn't stop this time; he ran his tongue over the slit in my dick, and I erupted with powerful spasms of cum

shooting out like a geyser. What did not hit Kurt in the face splashed all over my chest.

Finally, my arched back relaxed and I collapsed back down into the bed. A feeling of total contentment and peace enveloped me, combined with strong feelings for the man who had just given me probably the best sexual experience in my young life. The art of tantric massage was designed to involve the emotional as well as the physical. It had worked on me for sure.

Kurt came back from the bathroom with a wet cloth and began to clean us both up. When he was finished, I looked at him with new eyes. It had taken over an hour and twenty minutes for me to climax, which was a record for me. I reached up and pulled him down to me and kissed him deeply.

"That was incredible, Kurt. Where did you learn that?"

"It was a couple years ago and on a retreat, as I said. I went with my boyfriend, or someone who I thought was my boyfriend at the time. I'm glad you enjoyed it."

"How can I make you feel half as good?"

"I know that took a lot out of you, so why don't we wait until we wake up and then you can blow me. How's that?"

"Anything you want; but you are right. I feel very relaxed and mellow and able to go to sleep almost immediately."

"Then why don't we? If you wake up first in the morning, you know how to wake me up," he said with a smile that made his face light up with the reflection from the lights of the city.

He slid down alongside of me, and after kissing him one more time, we went to sleep. I felt so secure and appreciated ... and loved? Nah, too soon to even worry about that.

* * * *

I made sure that I did wake up first the next morning. As he lay there snoring lightly, I pulled the sheet off him and moved down between his legs. The natural morning state of the male was already upon him and so I didn't even have to get him hard. First I flicked my tongue over his balls, which were fully relaxed and hanging low. As I watched them wake up and begin to move, I ran my tongue up his shaft and then swallowed him as best I could. I needed a lot more practice sucking dick than I had already gotten. I felt sure that Kurt would allow me many chances to practice.

As I was rapidly going up and down on him, I felt his hand move over my head back and forth. He spread his legs further apart and I heard him whisper, "Yeah, eat me. Do me good."

I jerked the lower part of his dick while I sucked on the upper part. It only took me about five minutes and I saw his balls go up and I heard his breathing go heavy. When he began to cum, I took his load rather than spitting it out or pulling off of him. As every guy knows, being sucked off to total completion is far superior to having the feelings interrupted to be replaced by another method of climaxing. When he finished, I came up for air with a big smile.

"Was that good, I hope?"

"That was great. Thanks for taking my load too. You're already getting better at sucking cock," he said with his usual handsome smile.

"We better get moving and take a shower so we can eat breakfast and head back to ship soon," I suggested.

A moment later, we were both in the shower washing each other's backs off, when Kurt reached around and grabbed my cock and began to jerk me off with a handful of soap. I collapsed back onto his chest as he deftly finished me off in two minutes. When I stopped cumming, I turned to him and kissed him and held him tightly.

"Thank you. You didn't need to do that. I was well taken care of last night."

"Well, it's not like I can do that on board ship, now can I? Just take it when you can."

"Hmm, I'll take it from you anytime." I kissed him once more and we got out and dried off just as Jim started banging on our door. I put the towel around me and ran to the door. Jim and Bill crashed into our room just as Kurt was strolling naked across the room to get his shorts.

"Now that is one fine piece of man meat!" Jim yelled out.

"Oh stop it. You've seen both of us before in the showers, so just put it back in your pants. You guys hungry?"

"Do Iranian speedboats attack anything they can?"

"Okay, well let me get dressed too and we can go eat."

* * * *

Ten minutes later we were filling our faces with scrambled eggs and bacon in one of the hotel's many restaurants. "Hard to believe our liberty is over already. Damn!" moaned Bill.

"Well, just be grateful that we had the time that we did have. I sure had a good time," I said, looking over at Kurt.

"We know. We heard through the damn door last night," Bill said as we all began to laugh.

When breakfast was over, we packed up our clothes and checked out of our gorgeous hotel and hailed a cab. Before we knew it, we were walking up the gangway of the Donovan. After observing the formalities of getting back on board, we headed to our racks and unloaded our clothes. We had exactly four hours before we had to be back in uniform to leave port. I grabbed Kurt's dirty clothes and added them to mine for the washers.

The mess hall would open up early so that many of us could eat before getting the ship underway. We had to be very alert in the waters we were heading back into. At exactly 1600 hours, the sea watch was set, and we manned our stations to get underway. I took up my usual post on the bridge and began to record all of the commands given to leave the dock. Everything went smoothly, and we set sail at 1604 hours.

The executive officer got on the ship's PA system and said he hoped we all had a good time in Kuwait. Special post orders were given for ship's defense when passing through the Strait of Hormuz. Hostile speedboats were known to take off from Bandar Abbas and attack some ships as they went through the strait. I didn't feel from listening to the captain,

who was on the bridge, that he was really worried about speedboats, but it was better to be prepared than to get taken by surprise.

As we sailed past Manama, Bahrain, and turned course to head toward Iran, the M-50s were once again posted on both sides of the bridge. When we drew to within twenty nautical miles of the strait, Combat Information Center (CIC) notified the bridge that two speedboats were picked up on radar leaving the shoreline and heading toward us. Battle stations were sounded and the ship prepared for defensive action.

"All ahead full," the captain ordered, and we picked up speed to twenty-two knots. As the ship sliced through the calm waters of the Gulf, CIC notified the bridge that the targets were two nautical miles and closing on our position.

The captain and the executive officer were out on the port side wing with binoculars attempting to identify visually approaching targets. The captain yelled out, "Targets dead ahead, one mile and closing. Tell CIC to stand by to destroy targets."

The order was passed along to CIC as the sailor on the M-50 began to track the incoming boats as well. The captain returned to the inside bridge and we all held our breath. The speedboats separated from each other and one took each side of the Donovan and flew past us. Each boat was occupied by seven Iranian sailors. Ship's radio was trying to warn the speedboats off or they would be destroyed. They ignored the broadcasted warnings and flew by us a second time.

"Port side .50-calibers: if they turn and come at us again, fire a long burst in front of the incoming boat. Do not hit the speedboat," ordered the captain.

"Aye aye, sir," came the reply.

I duly noted the command into the log book as I watched the speedboats make another turn and begin to approach us again. As they closed to within 100 yards, the port .50 opened up and put about forty rounds into the water in front of the incoming target. This message seemed to get through, and both speedboats peeled off and headed toward shore.

"Good job, sailor," yelled the captain.

CIC reported no further craft in the waters we were sailing through. Everyone took a deep breath but remained on guard until we were on the other side of the strait. A couple of hours later as we sailed past Muscat, Oman, battle stations were terminated and the ship went back to normal Gulf posture.

It turned out to be a long shift after enjoying two incredible days ashore. The reality of naval life and trying to keep a romance going hit home once more as I got off duty and headed below. When I met up with Kurt, I had to suppress my immediate urge to take him in my arms and hug him. He saw me drawing back from him and smiled.

"We can always go to one of our places if you need to. All you got to do is ask, but more than likely, I'll beat you to it."

"Hell, it's going to be hard just not sleeping with you tonight. I could get used to having you beside me every night, Kurt," I said, sounding like a little kid, which I didn't mean to.

"Well, we have another month or more before we will have another shore leave, and until then, we have to make do with what we can steal. Do you need to go somewhere now?"

"Well, is there a place that's near where we can just hug and kiss?"

"Yep, Torpedo Alley. If you can do everything else there, we can certainly do that there."

"You wanna shower first?"

"Yeah, let's do that, and then meet me there."

After showering with about twenty other guys, we dressed and I left first to go below. I expected to find a few men cavorting there but found no one. After a couple minutes, Kurt showed up.

"Where are all the guys tonight?"

"We just came off of shore leave. This area will be empty for another three or four nights. I figured we would have the area to ourselves."

"No complaints here. Now get over here, stud, and let me hold you."

As I wrapped my arms around the guy I was now quite fond of, I felt that peace and security once more. For a guy I thought in the beginning was full of himself, arrogant, and a pain, he was turning out to be more than I could ever hope for.

"I love it when you hold me, Kurt. I wish we could sleep together."

"Well we could, but someone is bound to blab. We could just close the privacy curtains and be quiet. We could get

away with it until we both began to snore and the other guys figured out there were two of us in one rack."

"Guess that wouldn't be too good, now would it?" I asked with a laugh.

"Well, not if you want to make the Navy a career. What do you want to do?"

"It might scare you."

"I'm a big boy. I can take it."

"Okay, you asked for it. I want to spend the rest of my life with you, as a couple. I don't want to give you up at the end of this cruise or the next cruise or the one after that. How can we manage that?"

"Aside from getting out of the Navy, the only way to do that would be for us both to get shore assignment and go to the same base. If we were in Norfolk, we could live off base and the Navy would become more like a job."

"Would you be willing to do that?"

"Yeah, I think so. Alex, you're kinda special and I really like you a lot. You're also going to be so good in bed, I could find no better!" he said with a smile.

"Well, why don't you talk to the captain when we get out of the Middle East, and see if he has any suggestions?"

"Okay. Let's give it a couple more months and make sure we still feel the same way, huh?"

I kissed him, hugged him tightly, and said, "Let's go to bed before we end up here on the floor naked."

"This metal floor is too cold for that. But there is the engine room," he said, laughing out loud.

Naval Maneuvers
by John Simpson

I gave him one final quick kiss and we headed for our bunks to sleep ... alone. For now.

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by John Simpson

John Simpson, a Vietnam-era Veteran, has been a uniformed Police Officer of the Year, a federal agent, a federal magistrate, and an armed bodyguard to royalty and a senior government executive. He earned awards from the Vice President of the United States and the Secretary of the Treasury. John has written articles for various gay and straight magazines. John lives with his partner of 35 years and three wonderful Scott Terriers, all spoiled and a breed of canine family member that is unique in dogdom. John is also involved with the Old Catholic Church and its liberal pastoral positions on the gay community.

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