

## WEEKEND HIKE

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We sat in the mess deck, the four of us, glumly glancing across at one another. Mike and Dave were playing cards. Snap, I think, about the limit of their intelligence. Danny, beautiful Danny, was reading a raunchy book, occasionally stroking his dick, albeit subconsciously. I'm laid on my bunk, mind wandering over this and that, THAT being what it would be like to suck on Danny's huge cock.

"Come on you lot, let's do something. Danny, let's walk around the camp. Anything!" I suggested.

Grumbles greeted my enthusiasm, along with 'No money' groans.

I could see it was going to take some sure-fire plan to get the lads off their backsides. "Christ, we gonna sit in this bloody mess deck all weekend?" I complained. "We can still do stuff without no money."

"What?" was the duet from Mike and Dave.

"I'm reading," the whisper from Danny.

I jumped from my bunk and tossed a rolled up tissue over to Danny. "Here, you might need this. I'm not staying in this dump with you miserable buggers any longer."

"Where you going, Smudge?" Danny asked, pulling the tissue flat and inspecting it, possibly wondering whether I'd used it to wipe my own cock last night.

"Going for a hike."

A twinkle of enthusiasm sparkled in Danny's eyes, another in my groin as thoughts of him and me bedded down in a tent together, with me huddling close to his delightful body, sprang to mind.

“Well?” I urged.

Danny slung his book inside his locker and jumped to his feet. “I’m game, Smudge.”

I rushed to the telephone. I was filled with so much excitement my voice almost trembled when I spoke to the Stores Petty Officer to reserve our gear, imagining Danny and myself out in the countryside together; larking, walking, singing, and hopefully, shagging.

We kitted ourselves out in our Number Eights, our working clothes - blue shirt, darker blue trousers, studded black boots, green gaiters and comforters. Although it was a sunny winter day, as with all things in the navy there was a dress code. For hiking our comforters, blue scarves, would replace our caps and would be folded in two and turned inside out to form a woolly hat. Thus dressed, we would look presentable for any public or officers who happened upon us.

“Always remember,” we were constantly told, “you are still in the navy wherever you are.”

How could we ever forget.

“Hang on. We’re coming,” was not the duet of voices I wished to hear. I’m sure Danny’s jaw dropped as low as mine. I hoped that he too had been thinking that coming was what we’d had in mind, but together, alone.

“Sure,” I said, trying desperately not to sound disappointed. After all, we were all mates and we were bound to have fun together. But fun of the sexual, frolicking kind, I doubted it.

Mike and Dave soon kitted up. Sailors can dress in seconds. The four of us headed across the barracks. An over enthusiastic stores Petty Officer, excited by our adventurous spirit, or by us, went over the rules, our supplies and a whole host of other nonsense before letting us go. He was far too

camp for my liking. We had a good giggle about that once out of his clutches.

Once free of the camp, we climbed the first hill toward the main road, planning to hitch a lift to our starting point. I'd managed to cool my annoyance and disappointment that Mike and Dave were tagging along, my newfound excitement brought about by Danny's bottom bouncing buoyantly before me.

There was something erotic about Danny, the way he dressed, the way he walked and, of course, his looks. Most sailors, definitely me, resembled a sack of spuds in our working clothes, but not Danny. His Number Eight trousers and shirt fitted him perfectly, hugging tightly against his fit body; his buttock cheeks clamped so tightly together he could have placed a cigarette paper between them and held it there without effort.

I often wondered whether he had a lustful admirer in the stores, maybe the same Petty Officer who had sent us on our way, who crafted his kit, made to measure, purposefully to torment and tease, to torture sex-hungry guys like me.

"Geddy-up, Danny," I encouraged, giving myself an excuse to slap his biteable bum.

"Tart! I reckon you're a bandit, Smudge."

"Course," I replied and grabbed another handful of buttock cheek.

Mike and Dave were bowling along up ahead, almost marching. It's funny but we always seemed to march. Habit, I guess. "What's the rush," shouted Danny. They didn't look back and continued stride for stride, almost hand in hand.

"Let's beat them," I suggested, nudging Danny and edging him on, a boy-like excitement surfacing.

We slung a silent left then galloped away up a side street, studded boots clomping on the concrete, backpacks

slapping our shoulders, giggling like a couple of schoolgirls. A good five hundred yards and we slung a right, ready to cut them off at the brow of the hill. Puffing slightly, we plonked our bums on a grass verge, lit fags and waited.

Mike and Dave reached us but marched by, not even noticing we were there.

“Going somewhere, sailor?” camped Danny, jumping to his feet and placing his hands upon his hips. “Want to take me for a ride?”

The boys swung about. “Where the fuck did you two come from?” they said in stereo. I was sure they must have been twins in a previous life.

“You two been shagging, or something? We’ve been here ages,” I teased.

“You bet,” they again answered together.

We reached the main road, at least a road with traffic, and raised our thumbs at passing cars and lorries. Hopefully, our lift wouldn’t come by way of an officer or higher rank from our barracks. They could be pretty cunning, ready to trap spirited young sailors and report them for antics innocently confessed.

Ten minutes passed and still no lift.

“Better roll up your trouser leg, Smudge. It’ll take a tart like you to get us a lift,” chirped Danny.

“Just bend over and wiggle your arse. We’ll probably get three lorries parked up there in no time,” I retaliated.

“A double-decker bus and all the passengers,” Dave threw in, he being slightly better at playful banter than Mike, who was clearly straining his brow, desperately trying to think of a suitable slanderous statement.

Our lift came by the way of a farmhand type; brown locks, blue eyes, legs like logs and hairy arms displayed beneath rolled-up sleeves. Mike and Dave pushed Danny and

me aside, and scrambled into the cab, relegating us to the open back. During our four-mile journey, I noticed the hunk wrestle with attempted conversation, and caught his eyes several times in the rear view mirror searching mine.

Danny unfurled the Ordnance Survey map and laid it on his lap, calling me close to examine our intended route. It was a must for him, taking charge. I suspected he would zip through the ranks, always reading, always top of the class but, sadly, always unavailable.

I slid my finger over his, to the spot he was indicating. He didn't seem to mind or notice that it was an intimate gesture. Even when the brakes of the truck were suddenly slammed on, to avoid some wild animal, and I wrapped my body around his claiming that he'd saved me from certain death, he didn't flinch. How much of a tart did he want me to be before he gave in, before he gave me some encouragement? I allowed my body to remain close to his, absorbing his body heat, absorbing whatever my imagination could draw from it.

The driver ditched us at the disused railway station which we were aiming for, receiving a four way thanks and a packet of Blue Liner fags for his trouble. He looked pretty pissed off. I think his wink indicated that he'd rather have had me or Danny sat up front, sat on his lap.

I nodded to Danny. "Nice bloke."

"Bandit," was Danny's one word reply. I wasn't sure whether he meant me or the driver. Mike flinched at that remark and I could see his mouth opening for a reply in the driver's defence. He said nothing. Dave just grunted, unconcerned.

There was no way around the railway station onto the track. Dave solved that problem by kicking the door open. Mike did have a go but we all moved back, unsure where that

gangly leg of his, which couldn't kick a football, would land. Whether he'd break it and we'd be heading back in an ambulance.

We did a quick scan of the map and had an argument of how to read it and work the compass. Well, none of us were particularly good at this stuff. Let's face it, when you are at sea there's only sea.

Although we'd set off late, ten miles was the day's agreed hike. Our target was to be a row of pylons marching over the countryside, beyond those, about a mile on, a farm. Plan was to bed down overnight, legally or illegally, in the farmer's barn.

Danny, self-appointed navigator, gathered us around and pinpointed our position on the map.

"Are you fucking sure?" were the doubting words which slipped from Mike's mouth. Kind of confident that Danny didn't really know what he was doing, we began to our trek over the railway sleepers and toward our destination regardless.

"When was your first time, Smudge?" asked Dave. Sex was never far from his thoughts.

So it was going to be one of those bonding, let's get intimate about our sex lives kind of marches. But did he mean with a guy or girl?

"Years ago," I boastfully lied.

"Really!" from all three.

"Yep."

The guys stopped and stared at me. "Keep walking," I urged, not wanting interrogative faces staring at me.

"How old was she?" quizzed Danny.

"Eighteen. A barmaid," I continued to lie.

"A barmaid!" All three again, with even more excitement from Dave.

“Yeah. When my parents was out one day, she dragged me up to her bedroom above the pub and we did it. I was so innocent I thought she was putting it up her bum.”

Danny giggled. “Bet you’d have liked that better.”

“Christ, your dad’s barmaid,” Dave amazed.

I noticed his cock begin to bulge.

“So, what was it like?” Dave was eager to get to the nitty gritty his cock now solid down his right thigh.

“It was incredible. Tickled like fuck towards the end. I had to ask her to stop. But she wouldn’t and kept going until she shivered all over and her big tits wobbled like crazy.”

“Fuck!” shouted Dave. I thought his cock was about to burst from his pants. I’m sure I could see a wet patch developing. “Was it just the once?” Froth was forming around his mouth as he asked for more information.

“Nope. Did it every Saturday. Come loads each time.”

“You can come?” Danny again.

“Okay, donkey dick. When was your first time?” I asked. Danny’s face flushed bright. He wasn’t expecting his turn to come so soon, if at all. “Well?”

Danny pulled the map from his rucksack. “Better check our bearings.”

“Well?” repeated Mike and Dave.

Danny’s face was now brighter than the red underpants he was illegally wearing.

His first, he reluctantly revealed, was in the back seat of his dad’s car. It was brilliant. He came loads. He sucked on her tits all the way through. She loved it and wanted it again and again. They did it five times.

We knew it was a load of crap but refrained from laughing. I’m sure I’d read the book myself. Maybe the very one he’d been reading before we set off. I suspected Danny was a virgin. Because we loved him dearly, we didn’t say a

word. In fact Dave enjoyed it so much, he scrambled behind a bush for an extremely long pee.

We continued to trudge the track whilst Mike broke into his ‘losing his virginity’ story.

“Do you hear that?” asked Dave, relieving Mike from his obvious embarrassment.

“What?” I asked.

“It sounds like a...”

“TRAAAAAIN!” yelled Danny, cutting Dave short.

A couple of ear-splitting blasts on a horn saw our party divided in two, Dave and Mike rolling down one bank, Danny and myself down the other. In a rumbling blur, a noisy locomotive sailed by, pulling a snake of goods wagons in its wake.

Dave’s head appeared over the bank first. He pointed accusingly at Danny before pulling a variety of foliage from his hair and rubbing his nettle burnt hands. “Disused railway line, eh. You stupid sod.”

“Whoops!” giggled Danny. His giggles quickly changed to all out laughter when Mike’s bedraggled body bounded into view. By the sweet aroma wafting over the rise, he had landed in fresh cow pats.

I roared with laughter. “Shit your pants, Mike?”

Danny grabbed me around the waist and fell into another heap of giggles, rolling us back down the bank. Mike discarded his rucksack and headed straight for him. Dave rugby-tackled him bringing him down before he reached us. A brief argument broke out but Mike quickly saw the funny side of things after we’d cleaned him off.

A new buoyancy was in our legs and hearts as we continued the trek. I guess it was our newfound freedom away from authority figures. Even the sight of seriously black clouds looming over the horizon couldn’t dampen our spirit.

“The cabin boy, he was there  
Looking all forlorn.  
The captain, he soon cheered him up  
And let him blow his horn,” sang Dave.  
We sang the chorus together.

“Balls to your partner.  
Arse against the wall.  
If you’ve never been shagged on a Saturday night,  
Then you’ve never be shagged at all.”

“Christ it’s cold,” shivered Danny, delving into his rucksack, retrieving his sea-jersey and pulling it over his head. Each of us did likewise. And that was no understatement, the wind had picked up somewhat. Stupidly, because it was sunny when we’d set off, none of us had thought to bring foul-weather clothing. We were now beginning to wonder if that had been wise, and with each mile we trudged, ever closer came the darkened sky.

“The local whore she was there...” sang Danny.

“And she’d been smoking grass.  
Pulling carrots from the fridge  
And shoving them up her arse.”

“Balls to your partner...” we went into the chorus again.

Danny suddenly had a worried look on his face. He scanned the horizon and did another check of the map. I draped myself over his body and wrapped my arms around his waist. “Better find some shelter soon. I reckon we’re still a couple of miles from the farm,” he said. Almost immediately the sky opened.

The four of us began to leg it as the rain came thicker and faster.

“Little Danny, he was there...” I sang as we ran.

“His cock was really throbbing.

The vicar jumped upon his bum  
And gave him a jolly good knobbing.”

Danny took a swipe at me. “That’s not funny.”

“But you wish it were true,” I teased, pulling his comforter from his head. There was no chorus this time; we were more concerned about finding shelter, namely a wood close by the pylon up ahead.

It was relatively warm in among the trees but Mike became more and more concerned as the rain turned to snow and began to settle. He was right to be worried. Not surprisingly, our intrepid explorer Danny had gotten us lost.

After a few miles trudge through the wood we still hadn’t found Danny’s farm refuge. As we came out the other side and discussed whether to remain in its relative shelter or move on in search of the farm, Dave spotted what he thought was accommodation.

Cautiously we crept close to a battered old caravan hidden in the darkness. Although Mike lit his lighter, it had no illuminating effect.

“Anyone home,” called Dave as we crept toward the eerie silhouette. There was no reply so we rushed it.

The door was ajar. Danny jerked it open and peeked inside. “Empty!” he joyfully announced.

There was an instant scramble to get inside but Dave beefed himself up and barged in first, claiming one of the two seating areas which were about bunk size. Danny got the other.

We lit fags whilst we removed our groundsheets from our backpacks and wrapped them around our freezing bodies.

“Might as well crash till morning,” suggested Dave. We all went along with that idea, and after foraging out some grub and feeding our faces, we settled down for the night.

At first I was pretty pissed off that Mike and me had been relegated to the stale, piss-smelling floor riddled with bugs and other creepy crawlies. But after I'd persuaded him to snuggle close, pulling our ground-sheets over both our bodies, explaining that we'd be warmer that way, I was more than happy. I was even more surprised that he agreed.

It was impossible for me to sleep being so close to him, but the others were already emitting slumbering sounds. Even Mike, who sounded as if he was into some erotic dream, was unaffected by my closeness.

For a sleepless hour I lay beside him, pressed tightly into his slender body, eyes wide open, breathing in his delicious body odour.

Sexual desire is such a powerful energy, so difficult to control. As I wrestled with mine, like it was some crazed monster, my hands mentally travelled around Mike's slender waist and between his young thighs, tightly grasping his delightful cock.

Having fed my mind with such erotic thoughts, my cock soon bolted upright beneath my trousers and I began breathing excitedly. I just couldn't help myself. After all, I was where I'd so longed to be, snuggled into the warmth of one of the lads, especially Mike.

Mike rolled onto his side, his buttocks now nestling into my crotch. He was slumbering like a baby, breathing shallow and contentedly. My arousal hit fever pitch.

Yes, I had seen every inch of his naked body, even his long, thick cock when hard. Yes, I had touched him playfully over most parts of it many, many times. But I'd never slept with him.

Daringly, I placed my arm around his waist. He whimpered slightly as I gently squeezed closer. Already I had formulated an excuse should he wake.

“I was so damn cold,” I would tell him.

Ever lower went my hand. Again I just couldn't help myself. My palm found his cock. It was stiff, incredibly stiff. I slipped my other arm beneath his waist, replacing my right hand with my left. My breathing raced away as my palm gently brushed against his swollen sex. I daren't even think of the consequences should he wake. I wanted to stop, knew I was in terrible danger should I continue, but couldn't.

I pressed my lips onto the back of his neck and breathed in the heady smell of sweat from our walking. Desperately, I wanted to prize open his fly and bury my hand deep inside. Stroke on that throbbing cock and toss it until it erupted in creamy spunk.

The vein in my left temple was pounding fiercely. I glanced quickly at Danny and Dave lying not a foot above us. Both were sound asleep. I kissed Mike's neck gently, pressing my hand more firmly against his cock. Still he did not stir.

My cock was painful, crammed tightly in my pants. I could feel the wetness of pre-come against my tummy. Unable to contain my urges any longer, I decided I would go for it.

I popped open my fly and prized my cock free. It felt good as it escaped its prison and rose to its full potential. Demon like I licked on Mike's neck and gently squeezed his cock, occasionally rubbing as I became more and more possessed.

My face exploded cinder hot when I felt his bum arch backward. Thoughts of fucking him swamped my mind. I grabbed my cock tightly and began pumping. All too soon, I was pulling my cock toward myself and rolling onto my back, fearing the deluge would land on the back of his trousers.

A sudden groan emitted from Mike's mouth. He rolled onto his side to face me. I managed to free my arm and roll away as he wrapped his arm around my body, his hand only inches from my dick and lying in my fresh spunk. My heart and mind galloped, excited and afraid. Mike didn't wake. I couldn't believe my luck. I'd had sex with one of the lads, if I could call it that, and had gotten away with it.