

BOILER ROOM BOY

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Boxer was bent over some machinery, head stuffed deep inside, boiler suit folded to his navel, the arms tied around his waist, butt drawn in tight and invitingly by the blue material. If I could have handcuffed him there and ripped that boiler suit from his body and stuffed him stupid, then I most surely would have. But Boxer's sexual preferences were still a mystery to me.

I had no idea where he'd gotten his nickname from. He didn't look like a boxer and definitely didn't wear them, especially under that boiler suit. Beneath that - I was only too aware - was naked flesh, a thick short dick and a small tuft of jet black pubes. Every silken sweaty part of his upper torso was solid muscle; two years of torturing tight nuts and bolts. Speaking of nuts, his were hairless and hung, plum-sized, beneath that beautiful bone.

"Boxer!" I shouted above the noise of the ship's engines, "Have you seen the Engineering Officer?" Boxer didn't reply, elbow working up and down, a kind of wanking action, an action I was sure he was familiar with.

"Boxer!" I yelled, even louder, and placed my palm upon his greasy, sweaty back, running it down to the crack into which his body fluid was draining.

“Fuck!” Boxer screamed, banging his head when I startled him, before spinning around to face me. His pretty face then beamed on greeting mine; baby soft, it looked so cute covered in grease make-up.

I stroked my finger on a blob of grease above his thin black eyebrow. “Commander Cruft?” I asked, waving a wad of signals.

“Not here. I’ll take them if you want,” he bellowed, offering a sticky black hand. My expression gave my reply but I wouldn’t have been allowed to give him them anyway - secret stuff and all that. “Scared of a bit of shit,” he shouted, pulling five fingers down my cheek, printing an Indian war paint mark from temple to chin.

At that moment, old Crufty clattered down the ladder. “Signals, Sir,” I said, with a salute.

Crufty grasped them in thick fingers then glimpsed my face. “Clean yourself up, Signalman. How dare you come into my engine room looking like that.”

Boxer stuffed his head back into the machinery, hiding his giggles. “Sir!” I hollered.

As soon as Cruft had disappeared into his office, I stuffed my hand between Boxer’s thighs

and goosed him from the front, squeezing that delicious dick tightly in my palm.

A second bump on Boxer's head, when he jumped in surprise, saw me legging it up the ladder, him gripping his sausage and shouting something back at me. Lip reading, I think he mouthed "Suck this". If that was the case, then I would have gladly done so right there and then, feasting on his sweat and grime and spunk.

My watch-keeping buddy and I were both on the Middle watch with about an hour to go. The Signal Office was quiet but the weather wasn't and the ship was bouncing around like a tit in a tantrum. The teleprinter fired up and began clattering away. A signal reminding us there were force eight gales in the area spewed out.

Marconi, a nickname given to the junior signalman because he was a whiz kid, was the lad with me. I pushed myself up against him as he read the incoming message, "Anything interesting?" I asked, kissing his neck.

"Piss off," he rebuffed, pushing his arse against my stiff cock. "I don't know, Knocker. I hate this Middle watch. You always get horny around three." And that was the truth; for all of us

in fact. Dead on three up popped our peckers whether we wanted it or not. And when you're at sea and the only thing shagable is a pretty youth, instinct tells your cock it should find a hole, so a guy's bum or mouth becomes very inviting indeed. In my case, the most inviting places.

"Wanna crash early?" I asked Marconi, giving him the opportunity of an extra hour's kip - sleep, rum and fags having the currency of gold on a ship.

He swung around, his cock as stiff as mine. "And what do I have to do for that?"

"On your knees!"

"Half your tot and twenty smokes as well," he bargained, even though he was already pulling his prick from his pants and going down, knowing only too well I would say yes.

Marconi had been doing this sort of thing well before the navy and was a master at mouthing cock. I pulled my shaft into the open. His lips parted and his mouth went straight to the base. No messing about for Marconi. He loved sucking cock.

"Just the head," I demanded, knowing I would shoot quickly; thoughts of Boxer still

lingering in my mind. “That’s good, around the ridge.”

Marconi slurped and savoured the swollen bud while jerking himself off. In his eagerness he couldn’t remain at the head for long and was soon down to the base, allowing his throat to do the work. I rubbed his prickly hair and grabbed the back of his neck, pushing harder and deeper. There was no need; he couldn’t have gotten anymore of me.

“You want my spunk, don’t you? You’re gagging for it,” I teased, pulling my cock from his lips as he fought to get the lot back down his throat.

“Uhm! Uhm!” he moaned, his throat contracting tightly on my thickening cock.

Marconi grabbed my arse and squeezed tightly, his right hand pumping as fast as one of Boxer’s engine pistons. I knew he was almost there; we’d done this so many times before.

As thoughts of screwing a naked Boxer covered in grease and draped over throbbing machinery swamped my mind, I let go the whole whack in one thick squirt.

Marconi went mad, his throat massaging every droplet from my dick. With a muffled

squeal, he sent his own stream of spunk sailing over my bell-bottoms, the remainder seeping in strands from his cock. Quickly I pulled him up and fell to my knees, taking what spunk remained into my mouth and milking him dry.

Job done, in a blink of an eye Marconi was away to his hammock.

The office was strangely silent with Marconi absent. I still had an hour to kill until my Morning watch relief. I pulled my cock out again and ran visions of Boxer and Marconi's bobbing head through my mind. Ringing bells, indicating an important incoming signal, put paid to a second shooting. Reluctantly, I got on with my job.

A ship in distress was the news I didn't wish to read. It would mean I would remain on watch until things got sorted. It wasn't good for those relieving me either, and I dispatched the Bosun's Mate to wake them early.

Drowsy, eye-rubbing guys greeted me when I answered the buzzer and let them in. The coffee was the first thing they headed for, getting their caffeine fix. The second fix was nicotine, each pulling fags from my packet and drawing heavily upon them. Meanwhile, I felt the ship shudder as more revs were stuck on the engines. I thought of Boxer in the boiler room, half naked and sweating

as he beefed them up, or put more gas in them, or whatever he did down there.

“Where’s Marconi?” asked my opposite number who was of equal rank and in charge of his shift.

“Sent him below early. It was as dead as a Dodo until ten minutes ago.” I detected a wry smile on his face. I suspected he knew why I was always letting Marconi have time off. It didn’t really matter. There was nothing he could do about it. Not only that, his junior signalman had been early to bed on more occasion than I could mention, and I’d caught them pressed together several times.

“Going up top for a breath of air,” I said, after explaining the situation. “I’ll be on the flag deck if you need me.”

The bridge was buzzing as I passed through, the navigator plotting a course toward the distressed ship, the duty Bunting trying to gain contact by voice transmissions while swapping information with other craft bearing down on the damaged vessel.

I nodded to the duty Bunting and walked onto the port side of the flag deck. The wind howled, hammering rain and salt spray into me. I

donned an oilskin as I took in my surroundings. Several seaman were positioned around the flag deck, binoculars in hand, scanning seaward in search of the vessel. I noticed Spud leant against the twenty inch signalling lamp as I stuffed my head between funnel and bulkhead and attempted to light a fag.

Spud was a scrumptious sailor, eighteen, jet black hair and queer. I moved over. "Mornin Spud." I began running my hand beneath his waterproofs and gripped his cock. It was solid.

Spud flinched slightly. "Oh, it's you, Knocker."

In the darkness, I bit on his earlobe then unbuttoned his fly and pulled his cock into the wind and rain. Spud kept his left hand on the binoculars but dropped his right into the opening of my oilskin and sprang my cock free. Together we gently tugged, Spud continuing to scan seaward as if nothing were happening. "That feels great, Knocker. Go a bit faster," he urged.

I increased my pace. Spud followed suit. I felt a dribble of spunk roll down my finger, then the whole load. A call from the bridge, requesting I return to my office, caused me to quickly lick Spud's juices from my hand and put my own cock away.

“Sorry,” whispered Spud, apologising for being unable to finish the job.

I pecked his cheek. “Next time. Catch you later.”

As I headed into the bridge I overheard the Captain ordering a decrease in revs and a new heading for the Coxswain. I guessed the incident was over and we were returning to relative normality. That was confirmed when I returned to the Communications Office and was officially relieved. Still horny, I left my relief and his lad to their own devices and headed for my hammock.

The Mess was dark, only the red night light above the hatch bathing it in a warm seductive glow. Men and youths snored, shuffled and talked in their sleep. The scent of sweaty sailors swam in the air, siphoning in and out of sleeping nostrils. It was a heady smell, yet somehow sexy and arousing. My cock stiffened when I brushed beneath a couple of sailors slumbering in their hammocks. I listened for signs of wanking, ready to assist if required. Sadly, all were asleep.

Normally after finishing a night watch we'd jump straight into our hammocks without washing, eager to get to sleep. Washing disturbed the built up drowsiness and made it harder to get off.

Maybe it was the extra hour I had done, or maybe I was feeling a little grubby. Quietly opening my locker, I removed my towel and washing gear, stripped naked, wrapped the towel around my waist and headed for the aft heads.

The hiss of shower spray greeted me as I entered the steam filled room. Pissing in the urinal first, I moved around to the shower cubicles. The sight of Boxer was not what I expected. He was smothered from head to toe in soap. Happily he hummed away. Again, I caused him to jump when I called out.

“Not you again, Knocker?”

I spun the tap and hoped for hotter water than yesterday. “Fraid so.”

“Just finished?”

“Yep.”

“What was all the panic?”

I ducked beneath the welcome spray. As always, with each roll of the ship the temperature changed from freezing cold to boiling hot as the shower was fed with a greater quantity of either. I released a few yelp before answering. “Sinking ship.”

“Should have been this one,” Boxer gurgled his reply, his mouth filling with water.

I could see he was about to complete his bathing and head to his hammock. I didn't want him to leave so soon. I wanted to get that sexy vision planted firmly in my mind for the wank I intended to have once inside my own hammock.

“You've got a whack of grease on your back, Boxer,” I lied. My gaze fell onto his soapy cock when he spun around.

“Wanna wash it off for me, Knocker?”

My cock began to rise. I tried not to appear over eager to get into his side. “Sure.”

I began lathering my hands as I walked toward him. Boxer placed a palm either side of the shower head, standing spread eagled like a criminal waiting to be frisked. His arse looked inviting beyond belief and it took every effort to concentrate on his spotless back rather than those solid fleshy cheeks and the crack into which the bubbles were travelling.

There was no way I could keep my cock down as my hands worked over his neck and shoulders, then around his waist, then back to his neck via his spine. The absent grease would have long gone but I continued to rotate my

palms around his solid body, at one point bringing them up under his armpits and over his pecs. All-the-while, my cock grew and grew and eventually stabbed between the cheeks of his arse when the ship rolled to port.

“That’s great, Knocker,” Boxer whispered. “Has the grease gone?”

I prodded his right shoulder, drawing my finger down to his butt. “There’s another stubborn bit just here.”

Boxer didn’t reply and let his palms fall to his side. He picked up his own bar of soap and began lathering. I was sure it was his cock that he was working on but didn’t explore to confirm this.

He moved his palm to his arse and began moving the bar between the cheeks, parting them and pushing. My heart quickened. I began to contemplate if sex was on, if my Boiler Room boy was about to give me what I had so longed for since our first meeting.

I moved slightly forward so’s my cock was against his knuckles as he rotated his hands around his buttock cheeks and between them. Another roll of the ship and my chest pressed

hard against his back. My hands went about his waist as we both slipped on the soapy floor.

It was there, happy and proud, bigger than I'd expected it to be. I could resist no longer and grasped it tightly. Boxer flinched and sighed, a sizzling sigh. I drew my soapy hand down to the base of his cock, pulling his foreskin back. Cupping the other palm under his balls I gently caressed.

My cock was bursting, pressed up against my navel and his buttocks. Boxer grasped it cautiously, before soaping it with sensational strokes. It felt fantastic. I could have easily come right there and then but I allowed my mouth to fall onto his neck, taking things a step further. Boxer continued to soap, swifter and swifter over my shaft. I did likewise, rubbing in a circular motion around the head of his delicious cock.

Boxer pulled my cock down, directing it toward his slippery crack. On the next roll of the ship the bud slipped into his hole. He didn't flinch when my dick sank deep. Instead, he released a gasp of joy, as if he'd been waiting all of his teenage life to be shagged.

I moved my palms from his cock, up around his tits and began to squeeze. Boxer pushed his

buttocks hard against my pubes. “Knocker!” he gushed.

Spray fell like confetti over our soapy bodies, running between chest and back, buttocks and cock. Firmly but gently, I thrust deep, then withdrew, then thrust deep again.

Boxer gripped my butt, bending down and pushing himself hard against my abdomen. His body became supple and submissive as he whimpered my name, willing me to work his insides, willing my cock to grow larger than it had ever grown.

I gripped his cock again, biting hard into his neck. Desperately I wanted to suck a love bite onto that tender skin. Boxer’s cock swelled, the ridge of the bud bulging out from the shaft. He arched into me, almost tearing my arse apart with his strong hands. With an almighty gasp, his spunk splashed against the Formica bulkhead.

I ran my palm over his dripping cock a final time. I watched Boxer’s spunk slip to the deck as it slid down the Formica wall. My own gasp rushed from my mouth as I began filling his arse with the contents of my tightening balls.

Someone struggling with the door caused us to break away. Just before the door barged open

I pulled our faces together, sucked on Boxer's lips and tongue, then fell to my knees and sucked the remnants of spunk from his dribbling cock.

Boxer scooped up his towel and wrapped it about himself as the young sailor entered. With a wry smile, he hastily departed.

Spud, his slim and suntanned sexiness wrapped in a brilliant white towel, walked over. "Hi Knocker." He grinned knowingly. "About to take a shower?"

I slung my towel back onto the hook. "Yep. Wanna join me?"

Spud tossed his towel intimately on top of mine, his cock already rising as he began to soap keenly along the thickening shaft. "Sure do!"