

Extract from Virgin Sailors
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Mann locked the doors and drew the curtains as he circumnavigated the gym, only the shafts of sunlight shining through the open skylights high in the ceiling above illuminating the gym, several slicing Danny's, shorts-clad torso across his naked chest and bare legs as he hung from the wall bars.

Mann disappeared into his office. Moments later, he returned, catching Danny craftily resting his feet on a lower bar. "Feet!" he bellowed, although his voice did have a softness in its authority.

Danny's feet slipped below the bar, his biceps tightening when they took his weight.

Mann re-entered his office but quickly returned. Casually he strolled over to the youthful body suspended tantalisingly before him. Climbing up the wall bars, he fastened Danny's wrist with a soft skipping rope, winding the length several times around an arm, taking it across Danny's chest, and then doing the same to the other.

Danny's breathing increased and his heart pumped hard and fast. This was different. This hadn't happened in previous punishments. This was totally unexpected. This was frightening!

Mann climbed down and grinned up at his young trainee's bound body. It wasn't an evil grin. Even so, it filled Danny with a good deal of apprehension.

Beads of sweat trickled from Danny's armpits and down the sides of his chest. For the first time his confident cheekiness had deserted him and he couldn't think of anything to say, not even a joke.

"You're a cheeky little sod, aren't you?" said Mann with an unnerving seriousness.

"Suppose so, Sir!" We trainees addressed everyone more important than an ant as Sir.

"Guess we've got to teach you a lesson, then."

Danny gulped hard. "Suppose so, Sir!"

Mann stepped forward and slapped his palms together.

Danny flinched!

The two hands travelling up each of Danny's thighs were not expected, and his stomach muscles tightened. The entry beneath the legs of his shorts was definitely not expected. He began breathing rapidly as the searching palms pushed higher and eventually engulfed his cock and balls.

Danny raised his feet onto the bar in order to pull away. "What you doing, Sir?" spluttered from his drying mouth.

"Silence!" was the stern reply from the cunning face staring back at him.

Danny hadn't wanted it to happen, hadn't believed it could, but as the PTI's powerful hands caressed beneath the cotton shorts, Danny's cock gained in girth and length, and eventually protruded from the right leg of his shorts as it was teased and tugged downward.

Speedily, the PTI unfastened Danny's shorts. With a swift tug, they came over thighs and calves, falling to the polished deck. Danny's cock sprang upward and outward like a flagpole on the side of a building.

"Boy. What a beauty! I guessed you'd have a really big cock," Mann sang in praise of the appetising sex. Danny couldn't help himself and smiled proudly as

he watched his cock thicken and throb with an undisciplined excitement.

Lustfully, Mann rolled the loose foreskin over the bulging head and began to tease the swelling shaft with licks and laps, then more hungrily mouth along the shaft.

Danny gasped! Never had anyone, apart from himself, touched his cock before. Never had anyone's mouth, apart from his, sucked on it before. And never could he have imagined the incredible difference of sucking his own cock and having someone else suck it. He was stunned into a blissful submissive silence.

Mesmerised, Danny watched as Mann's mouth manipulated his cock. Magnificently it manoeuvred over the head, then to halfway down the shaft, then with a single thrust right to the base.

Danny squealed with delight, he couldn't help himself. Almost immediately his spunk siphoned in spasms into Mann's luscious mouth when the lips slid back to the head, the final jet squirting over Mann's lips after the contents of Danny's balls had pumped deep into the throat.

"Naughty boy!" scolded Mann.
"Naughty, naughty boy!"

Danny apologised. He had no idea why.

“I think I’ll have to spank you for doing that to me. Don’t you think so?”

“Yes, Sir!” whimpered Danny. Again, for the life of him, he didn’t know why he said it. Also, he hadn’t the faintest idea why he was being turned on so by this master/slave situation. In fact, although he’d just shot a week’s spunk, his cock was rigid and ready to fire another round into that ravenous hot tunnel.

“So you think I should spank you, do you? Spank your virgin arse!” Mann growled.

“I think so,” Danny whispered.

“What! You only THINK so!”

Danny remained silent.

“Well. Should I!” screamed Mann.

“Yes, SIR!” shouted Danny.

Mann bent and unfastened the plimsoll laces. Danny glanced helplessly down at Man; his heart racing. He watched the plimsoll slip from the stocking foot. Had he agreed to something the consequences of which he had not contemplated, pain being uppermost in his mind.

Flashing a row of pearl white teeth, the threatening face of Mann smiled before him, his wide grin menacing.

Danny winced when the plimsoll slapped hard against the pink palm of the PTI's immense hand. He could change his mind, couldn't he, say no?

Teasingly, Mann ran the canvass plimsoll over Danny's stiffening cock. Again, it sprang rigid and upward. Again, he was filled with a mixture of apprehension and longing.

Then, to Danny's surprise, out of his young mouth came a babble of unexpected words. "Spank me, Sir. Please spank me. Spank me good and hard!"

Mann released another cunning grin and slapped the pump smartly against his palm. Thwack, it echoed around the empty gym.

Danny flinched, anticipating the next slap would land somewhere on his vulnerable body. He shut his eyes tightly.

But the next sound he heard wasn't slipper on soft skin but the plimsoll falling to the wooden deck.

Cautiously Danny opened his eyes. The brown-eyed, grinning face was still below his, staring upward, hiding some

unknown secret, some unknown intention in its expression.

Danny glanced down at the empty hand that moments ago held the implement of punishment and now unfastening a pair of shorts. His excited gaze remained riveted upon the lowering zip.

Danny's excitement increased. Was he to be the first, perhaps the only trainee, to discover the contents of Petty Officer Mann's pants?

Danny gasped loudly when the shorts dropped. There it was! Huge, throbbing and magnificent, a waterfall of pre-come oozing from an eye as wide as a letterbox, hung Mann's semi stiff cock. Black, thick and long, Danny watched it grow, and grow, and grow. Would it ever stop growing! More importantly, when it had stopped growing, what was Mann going to do with it?...

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