

Torpedoed

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“What you got in your hand, lad?”

“Balls!” the lad replied with a laugh. He spun around, instantly realising I wasn’t one of his mates and noticing the hook on my arm indicating my rank.

“Charming,” I said, before he had a chance to rephrase his reply. “Let me see!”

With flushed cheeks, he held out his palm, offering two large, silver ball-bearings. “Sorry, Hooky. I thought you was Buster.”

“Where do they go, then?” I asked. Before he had a chance to reply, I scooped them from his palm and dropped them into his bell-bottoms. They knocked together with a clunk as they disappeared under his waistband and then into his white pants beneath, creating a bulge twice the size of the one hidden beneath his bell-bottoms which I’d already noticed was ample for a lad his size.

He gasped as the cold spheres met his own. “Don’t know, Hooky!”

I glimpsed his name tag - D. HEAVEN - and guessed straight away that his nickname would be Angel or some heavenly equivalent. How appropriate that was, what with his golden hair, striking blue eyes, rosy cheeks and lips to match, body so slim and waist about the circumference of the torpedo, chest not much wider, and his height about three quarter the length of the long weapon.

“S’okay, Angel. Relax. I’m not going to bite you.” That was a lie! “I came down looking for Buster. Know where he is?”

Angel stuffed his hand into his pants, nervously foraging around for the silver spheres. “Buster went down the canteen, Hooky. Should be back soon.”

“Might as well wait, then,” I said, moving forward and stuffing my hand into his pants and retrieving a sphere. The other fell from his bell-bottoms and hit the metal deck with a clang, spinning away to port with the roll of the ship. I winked, handing him the crutch-warmed sphere. “I think you’ve lost one of your balls.”

Angel’s large mouth opened in a wonderful wide grin, revealing a thick pink tongue which lapped nervously at each corner. He bent over to retrieve the rolling ball. “Okay, Hooky.”

I licked my own lips, thinking how good it would be to suck on that fleshy member or have it lapping around my cock. I licked again when his cute bum bent and tightened in his bell-bottoms, offering an imagined tight crack for my own tongue to sink into.

“There’s no need to call me Hooky,” I said, relieving him of the burden of using my rank and allowing the possibility of a friendlier, less formal liaison.

“Okay, Hooky.”

“Smudge,” I corrected, using my own nickname.

“Okay, Smudge,” he repeated. Although he smiled, I could sense his unease at calling a higher rank by a nickname.

“How long you been on board, Angel? They do call you Angel, don’t they?”

“They call me lots of things.” He laughed. “Especially the Petty Officer. But, yeah, a lot of the guys call me Angel or Stardust. I’ve been on the ship for a couple of months.”

Angel continued to rub a rag over the torpedo, an action I found very evocative and erotic. I wondered, like me, if he

too was imagining the huge length as something erotic as he lovingly caressed its solid shiny surface.

“That’s a big weapon you’ve got there,” I teased, moving closer to his bending body.

Another wide grin flashed a row of white teeth at me. “Yeah, I wouldn’t like to be bent over when this beast came bounding through the bulkhead.”

“Bent in front of this beast?” I asked, gripping my semi-stiff dick.

Angel’s face flushed brighter than the red head of the torpedo as he glanced innocently at my stiffening cock. “I bet the birds love that, Hooky.” He smiled shyly having reverted to using my rank and diverting the conversation away from guy on guy sex, although banter like this was common.

“You bet,” I confirmed, guiding the conversation in his chosen direction but watching closely for hints to keep it going the way I wanted.

Angel pulled his white front over his head, a line of sweat visible on the back. “Whew! Hot work this,” he said, tossing it over the workbench behind him.

I glimpsed a twinkle in his eye as he did that but also studied more closely his well-defined muscles on arms, chest and abdomen. My cock became stiffer as I watched that solid flesh ripple as he continued to rub and caress, tease and torture stubborn grease stains from the smooth, cold metal.

I visualised nibbling on his nipple buds, browner than his tanned torso, and darting my tongue into his navel knot. I caught a glimpse of his white underpants as they rode up from his bell-bottoms waistband, and that excited me even more. “Got a girl?” I asked, venturing back into his sexuality.

Angel continued to rub robustly on the stubborn stains, whether intentionally or not, his hips gyrating his crotch into the solid shaft, each buttock cheek flexing as he moved right

to left, left to right. “Nah!” he said, twisting toward me, revealing a short ladder of cock hair climbing just above his underpants waistband; below that, a cock which had risen slightly.

I could sense a hint of a green light but wasn't really sure. “Me neither.”

Angel swung to face me, resting an arm on his weapon, his own weapon having risen yet another inch. “Good looking guy like you. I'd thought you'd be married with a dozen sprogs by now.”

I still wasn't sure if we were having a mind game, teasing and testing each other. I moved closer, close enough to inhale his fresh sweat. And how sensational that smelt, although partly masked by a cheap deodorant. “I like my nookie too much,” I told him.

“Any port in a storm, eh.”

“Any hole, I'd say.”

Angel flashed his long eyelashes over his blazing blue eyes. “Fuck! I'm getting my kit dirty,” he said, glimpsing some grease around the crotch of his bell-bottoms, his palms rubbing around the area.

“Take them off,” I casually suggested. “Evening rounds have finished, so you'll be okay.”

“Think that'll be all right, Smudge? Buster won't mind, will he? I won't get in the shit, will I?”

“Course not,” I encouraged, knowing that Buster wouldn't mind in the least. Given half the chance he'd rip them from this youth with his bare teeth. Swim through crocodile-infested waters just to sniff his knickers.

I watched in eager anticipation as Angel nervously unbuckled his belt. The slowness with which he undertook that task almost caused me to rush forward and do it for him.

Down dropped his bell-bottoms. I wasn't sure where to look at first but chose his firm calves, then moved up to his solid youthful thighs, thighs that had sped him over sports fields for sure, thighs that had wrapped around a youth, maybe, thighs that would wrap around me, I hoped. God, did I hope!

There was a shyness in his look but also a kind of naughtiness as he stood before me and smiled, wearing only a pair of whiter than white tight briefs. My mouth went dry with desire. I could see the outline of his hidden weapon, thick and long, stretched toward his right leg, almost to the point of becoming visible. I mentally wrenched those briefs over hips and buttocks.

"Is that a gun, or are you just pleased to see me?" I tossed in an old chestnut.

Angel blushed again and began to search his locker. "Shit! Left my overalls in the mess."

"Doesn't matter. You'll only get them dirty as well and have to wash them," I suggested, not wanting him to cover that delightful body and wishing he'd remove the remaining item which was sending my head spinning from imagining its contents.

"Suppose so," he grunted, and continued his circular cleaning motion, moving closer to the torpedo's pointed red tip.

I moved closer, almost to the point of touching him. "This your first ship?"

"Yep. Joined up six months ago."

"A baby, eh?"

"Yeah!" Angel smiled again, still quite nervous. "It's a bit strange and scary. Everyone seems so sure of themselves. Get the piss taken out of me as well. But the guys are mostly okay."

I sensed an opportunity to comfort him and stroked my palm down his moist back, then patted his bum. “Don’t worry, you’ll get used to it. Everyone goes through the mill on their first draft. Trick is, give as good as you get.”

Angel grinned, a more relaxed grin. I patted his bum another comforting pat. “Anyway, Buster will look after you. He’s a nice bloke and big enough to sort out any trouble.”

“He is that...” Angel hesitated for a moment then laughed. “His cock, I mean.”

That observation of his took me completely off-guard, even though sexual statements were commonplace on board and taken in one’s stride. However, such a direct one warranted a reply, a reply to test the water, a question to discover if Angel held more than a casual interest in cocks other than his own offering rubbing seductively against the torpedo.

“Been peeking?”

The familiar flush filled Angel’s face. “Can’t help it. Buster bunks above me. When he gets up in the morning it’s almost stuck in my face. Jesus, it’s nearly as big as this thing!”

That was a pleasing picture, and I could easily visualise Angel’s luscious lips slobbering up and down Buster’s enormous slippery shaft. Although I doubted Angel could manage the whole of Buster’s cock, the thought of watching twelve inches vanish into Angel’s pretty face sent my own cock into spasms of delight.

“I bet the birds love it,” Angel speculated, again bringing the conversation straight

I sensed the possibility of Angel’s own desire for Buster’s big cock and chose the opportunity to enlighten him. “Probably. But if I were you, I wouldn’t bend down in front of him too often.”

Angel's eyes sparkled. I was waiting for him to ask why but he remained silent. Whether it was a deliberate action for my benefit or not, I wasn't sure, but his hand stuffed into his pants and pulled his prick upright, tucking the stiffened head beneath the elastic waistband.

"Got a problem?" I asked.

Angel winked. "What about you?"

"Have I got a problem?"

"No. What about bending over in front of you?" Another casual remark caused me to gulp but this time it wasn't accompanied by a nervous grin but by parted moist lips begging to be kissed, and by seductive smouldering eyes which sensually searched my own.

The door pushed open. Buster's solid physique filled the empty space. I saw his eyes sparkle bright at the sight of Angel in his underpants, even though I knew he had seen that sight, and more, many times. This time, however, Angel's nakedness was in the confines of Buster's workplace, without the possibility of excited stares being noticed. Except by me, that was!

"What you doing half naked, lad!" Buster barked. It was a playful reprimand really and I caught his wink before Angel bolted upright, searching his young mind for an excuse.

"Leave the boy alone, Buster. It's bloody hot in here and he's been working as hard as a Honk Kong prosy since you've been away."

Angel smiled, albeit a nervous smile as I came to his defence but still muttered, "Sorry, Buster."

"Hong Kong slut, eh! Doing what, I wonder!" teased Buster, slapping my shoulder then Angel's arse as he walked by and switched on the kettle. "Cuppa, Smudge?"

"Sure."

“Angel, darling. Want one as well? You must be exhausted by now, being here all alone with the biggest whore on the ship.”

Angel giggled and said, “Thanks.” Remembering my advice to give as good as he got, said, “I thought you were the biggest whore on board!”

Angel didn't even see Buster's move from kettle to his body, and in a flash his pants were down by his ankles. Swiftly he pulled them over his hips, his face as bright as the torpedo head.

In that hasty act of redressing, I glimpsed his cock as the pants waistband caught it and pushed it tantalisingly into an erect stance. Buster also noticed and ripped the underwear back to Angel's ankles, and with a bear-hug grip spun him around. “Look, Smudge. She's all excited!”

This time even Angel's buttocks flushed! But that wasn't through his embarrassment. Buster had slapped his palm across the cheeks, fingerprints on one, palm print on the other.

“Shit, Buster. That fucking hurt!” cried Angel.

Buster resumed his coffee making. “What you doin here, Smudge? Cradle snatching!” I watched his eyes roll upward and his tongue flop out then ride over his lips, almost touching his nose, when he said that.

The reason I had come to his workplace was only to ask him a favour but I could sense that something much more interesting was in the offing. Angel didn't seem at all put out by Buster's attack on his bare bum and I could sense Buster was hoping his sexual frolic could be taken one step further.

“Come to do those safety checks,” I said.

Immediately, Buster knew that that was a lie. He knew what job I did on board. “Right, the safety checks,” he

repeated, following my lead and waiting for the next clue to my plan.

“Yeah, the torpedo harness hasn’t been checked for a month.”

Angel remained engrossed with his cleaning, obviously unaware of the plan brewing.

“Problem, Smudge. The testing weights are down aft and the Bosun’s locked them away by now.”

I loved the way sailors were quick at taking up a line, conjuring up all manner of tales to defend a lie or gain advantage over some innocent soul. “I’m sure we can find some way to do it,” I suggested. “Can’t we, Angel?”

Angel hadn’t yet realised that this devious plan was focussed around him and my reason for bringing him into the conversation was also part of it. “Do what?” he asked.

“Got to test the strength of the torpedo harness,” explained Buster, getting into the gist of my plan, “but the weights to test it are locked up. Wonder what else we could use?”

Angel had no idea he was being baited. No idea that his body would hold the answer to all our problems. “Could use something heavy like those spare chains,” he suggested.

“Nah! Not heavy enough and they’ll probably slip off,” I discouraged.

“Yeah, we need something pretty weighty, about eight stone,” Buster enlightened.

Angel wasn’t a thick youth, just ignorant of the ploys older sailors could use to meet their needs. “I’m eight and a half stone,” he helpfully announced.

“Are you really?” I said, pretending to disbelieve him.

“Honest, Hooky!”

“You reckon Angel’s eight stone, Buster?”

“Nah!”

“I am! Honest,” insisted Angel.

Buster and I moved over to the youth and lifted him from the deck.

“What you reckon, Smudge?” asked Buster as we hoisted Angel above our heads.

“Eight and a half stone,” I confirmed, slipping my hand beneath Angel’s briefs and caressing his buttock cheeks as I lowered him.

Angel, still the innocent, simply stated, “Told you!”

Angel had been snared - hook, line and sinker!

I moved to the door and pulled four of the damage control handles firmly down. It would take any unexpected visitors a while to open it.

“Right,” said Buster, “we’ll use Angel as the weights.”

Angel smiled, pleased that he had been chosen. “What do you want me to do?”

“Climb on the torpedo,” Buster ordered.

Angel pushed his palms down on the torpedo and raised his white-briefed buttocks onto the cold weapon. “Like this?”

My eyes bounced over Angel’s bulge when his thighs closed and pushed it upwards. Buster also flashed a crafty cruise over the bulging cock, then at me. He opened a draw and pulled an item from within, secreting it behind his back.

Our minds were in sync. I knew exactly what to say. “That’s fine, Angel, but to test it correctly, I need your weight to be dispersed. I think you’d better lay along the length.”

“Oh, right!” Angel swung his leg over the solid weapon, straddling the beast. Gently he lowered his naked chest onto the cold surface. Reaching out, he grasped the harness chains closest to the head. His legs fell either side of the thick cylinder, parting his arse cheeks slightly, forcing his buttocks to arch upward. “This do?”

“That’s perfect!” muttered Buster, his throat tightening in anticipation of his next move. Moving to the torpedo’s head, he whipped a rope from behind his back and in a flash lassoed Angel’s wrists and lashed them to the chains.

Angel wriggled frantically, his buttocks flexing and legs lashing out as he tried to dismount the torpedo. “Shit, Buster. What you doin’? Smudge, tell him to stop!”

Buster pulled Angel to the head of the torpedo, bringing the cute face into his crotch. Meanwhile I positioned myself at Angel’s side and slid his briefs down. I couldn’t get them over his dangling thighs, so I tore the cotton and ripped them off.

Angel continued to wriggle furiously. “Smudge! Buster! Please stop. Please!”

Buster pulled his massive prick from his pants and pushed it toward Angel’s panting and pleading lips. On the youth’s second cry of complaint, Buster shoved his thickening, throbbing cock halfway down the pleading palate. Angel gagged as it met his tonsils, wriggling even more forcefully. But it was to no avail, Buster was ramming home, parting the begging mouth wider apart with each forward thrust.

During his fight for freedom, I glimpsed Angel’s cock and balls when they rolled from beneath his tummy, falling between his tightening thighs and down one side of the cold torpedo.

Although his mumbling mouth complained as it was filled with thick flesh, I could see his young shaft stiffen as he rode the torpedo.

Plunging my palm below his bum-crack, I pulled his prick free, pulling it backward and down the weapon’s steel shaft. Still Angel wriggled and mumbled complaint but as soon as I dropped my mouth over the head, first sliding my

tongue over the cold steel, then around the growing bud, Angel began to relax and writhe at the sensation.

Running my tongue up the length of his cock, Angel's buttocks flexed, closing his inviting crack tightly. After I'd sucked one ball and then the other into my hot mouth, I saw the cheeks relax and his virgin hole spring into view. All-the-while, Buster continued to work inside the mouth, pushing deep then withdrawing to the tip.

Buster's face was red and sweaty, delighting at being devoured; his eyes bright with the sheer bliss at the pleasure of seeing his shaft sink into the pretty face.

I managed to catch his attention. Immediately, he knew what I wanted and nodded to a draw. Inside, I found the lubrication.

Returning to a now solid sex and a more relaxed Angel, I continued to savour and slurp - balls then cock, cock then balls.

No longer was Angel fighting to be free. Indeed, there were whimpers of pleasure emitting from his mouth as I sucked on him and he sucked on Buster.

Another really deep and glorious gorge on Angel's cock and I felt the head expand, my tongue encircling the ridge of the bud. A dribble of come surged from the head. I quickly swallowed it before pulling away. Angel groaned in complaint.

My greased fingers weren't expected by him and Angel yelped when I sunk them knuckle deep. On seeing what I was doing, Buster gripped harder on the blond locks and began a frantic invasion of the moist mouth.

As I worked my fingers ever deeper, I could feel the buttocks tightening around them. Angel was now submissive and willing. For several minutes I thrust one, two, then three fingers deep into him.

Gripping the harness bar, I pulled myself onto the weapon and sat behind Angel. His cock was solid to the point of bursting, pre-come dribbling down the side of the torpedo. Greasing my own sex, I pushed with one firm thrust.

“Yes!” cried Angel when I impaled him on my prick. He had me to the hilt!

Robustly I rode the youth, banging hard into his buttocks, his soft sphincter sucking me deep. The harness began to swing with the ferocity of my fucking. Angel gasped and moaned in delight as I drove hard into his bum, and Buster into his mouth.

A cry of “Jesus!” from Buster saw Angel cough and splutter when spunk siphoned in streams into his dribbling mouth.

Angel stretched his neck forward as Buster withdrew, eager to get every last morsel of come, begging for Buster to ram it back down his throat. “Fuck my face, Buster. Fuck my arse, Smudge. Fuck me hard!” he pleaded.

Buster, willing to bring Angel off, shoved his sex back into the begging mouth. Seeing how gratefully Angel gorged on that, I dropped my naked chest onto his smooth back and began biting his neck and banging my bone hard and fast; my balls massaging the youth’s dribbling cock.

Angel arched his arse upward, working toward my cock, his own rubbing over the torpedoes cold surface. With a delighted squeal from both of us, Angel shot his load backward down the steel shaft and I sent mine sailing in streams into his hot hole as it tightened around my exploding dick.

A voice over the intercom startled us. “Leading Seaman, Wood. Engineering Officer. Are you there with Junior Seaman Heaven?”

Buster moved to the intercom. “Yes, sir!”

“What are you doing?”

“Some torpedo practice, sir!”

“Very good, Wood. Keep it up!”

“We will, sir!” Buster replied, taking up my position and me his.