

# Boating - An Ocean Discovery

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For Kane.

## Chapter 1

There was not much light in the hotel room when Luke was woken by the sound of the phone ringing. He pushed back the sheet covering him and felt his way across the room to the desk where he had left the phone the night before.

“Yeah?”

“Hi, Luke? It’s Grant Cameron here. How are you?”

“Ok I guess. What can I do for you?”

Luke looked at the alarm clock beside his bed. It was 7.30 pm. After getting back to the hotel at 7 that morning he had stripped off his clothes and collapsed on the bed and had not moved since.

“I have a favour to ask. I think you know my son Scott?”

“Yeah, he works for you right? He’s been working on the boat hasn’t he?”

“That’s right. Well he has asked me to approach you about an idea he has. He wants to do some travelling and I think he wants to ask you if he can hitch a ride with you.”

“I don’t think so. I am planning a solo trip. Sorry.”

“That’s what I told him. I think he’d like to try and talk you around though, that’s if you don’t mind telling him to his face.”

“I guess I could do that. When does he want to see me?”

“Well, he’s here right now, I’ll put him on so you can arrange a time.”

Luke waited while he heard Grant’s muffled voice telling his son what was happening, then Scott was on the phone.

“Hi Scott. I understand you want to have a chat with me.”

“Yeah, if you don’t mind. I’d like to put my case if I can.”

“Ok, how about we meet for a drink at the Harbour Saloon at about 8.30?”

“That’d be great. I’ll see you there.”

Luke hung up the phone and walked to the bathroom, turned on the shower and stepped under the refreshing water.

Six months earlier, just before his twenty-second birthday, Luke had been the sole winner of Lotto, and had won four and a half million dollars. He decided to finish his Bachelors degree in social psychology, then to do some travelling for a while. Three months after he became a millionaire Luke had decided he wanted to buy a boat and travel in relative comfort, so had called Grant Cameron, master boat builder.

The Nova was a beautiful vessel that had been almost finished for another customer who had run out of money. She was an ocean going motor powered yacht, 55 feet in length, built for looks, safety and long distance runs. Luke gave up a considerable amount of living space as a sacrifice to performance. Not that the sacrifice was too great. On a short haul the Nova could sleep six, and on a longer trip, up to four could live with some comfort in the cabin. She possessed almost everything you could want on such a vessel. The navigation and control systems were fully automated, and used global positioning satellites for super accurate navigation.

The Nova was built to hold fuel enough for 30 days continuous motoring and had dual backup, self-contained motors to supplement the main motor, which was capable of moving her along at 28 knots at full throttle. At the bow of the boat was a deck large enough to hold a small costume ball on, and aft there was another large empty deck.

Luke’s plan was to leave Auckland in two days for Tahiti, then on to Hawaii, ending on the West Coast of the US. After that he had no plans, but was going to take it as it came.

At 8.30 precisely Luke walked into the bar of the Harbour Saloon. Over the past two weeks he had frequented the bar regularly after his visits to the boat yard where he was watching the progress of his dream. He walked to the bar and ordered a glass of beer, then found a table near the small stage, which was in darkness that night. Moments after he sat he saw a young man approaching his table holding a half consumed jug of beer and a glass.

Scott Cameron was perhaps the typical surfer type. He stood almost 6 foot tall, had sun bleached flaxen hair down to his shoulder blades that was tied in a pony tail and what is probably best described as a solid tan. Luke guessed he was about 18 or 19 years old.

“Hi. I’m Scott.”

“Hey Scott. Pull up a chair. You’ve been working on my boat haven’t you?”

“Yeah, I’m working for dad during the summer, had to do something once I’d finished school.”

“How old are you?”

“I’m turned 18 three days ago.”

“Wow. Happy birthday I guess. I guess I shouldn’t have suggested we meet here. Four days ago you could have been arrested!”

Scott laughed.

“No worries about that. We’ve been drinking here since we were sixteen.”

“We?”

“That’s me and a couple of my mates. We went to school together, and do just about everything else together too. Including underage drinking!” Scott replied grinning.

As Luke finished his drink Scott indicated he wanted to refill the glass from his jug, Luke smiled and watched the beer pour into his glass. Without looking up from the glass he continued the conversation.

“Your dad mentioned you wanted to help crew the Nova on its maiden voyage. He said you wanted to do some travelling?”

“Yeah. I’d be really grateful if you’d consider it. I know you had the boat rigged so she could be run with just a skipper, but it would be heaps easier for you if you had a crew. We really want to get out of New Zealand for a while and…”

“We? What’s this we business?”

Scott sat with his mouth open for a moment staring at Luke.

“Oh. Shit. I was going to bring that up if you said yes. Well there are actually three of us. Me and the other two I mentioned before.”

“I see. And I suppose they are here too?”

“Yeah, they’re over at the bar there.”

Scott pointed to two guys sitting out in the garden bar with a jug of beer each sitting in front of them. One was smoking a cigarette and the other was speaking animatedly to him.

“I think you’d better call them over so they can hear the story strait from the horses mouth, so to speak. You can get me a jug while you’re there.”

Luke pulled twenty dollars from his pocket and held it out to Scott, but Scott refused the money.

‘Great!’ thought Luke as Scott waited for the jug to be served and spoke to his two friends. ‘Now I’m going to feel like a real bastard telling all three that they were out of luck.’

Scott and his two friends took seats around the table and Scott made introductions. Jason was about the same height as Scott, though his hair was longer and brown, unlike Scott’s streaky blonde. He was wearing a tank top and jeans and looked a little younger than Scott - probably because of his long straight hair framing his delicate face, but was in fact about two months older.

Dean was the odd one out of the three. He was a good three inches shorter than the other two, and had closely cropped, jet black hair and was unmistakably part Maori. It seemed that Dean was the most reserved of the three, although he had a definite air of confidence which rattled Luke for a little while. Dean had turned eighteen six months earlier.

All three had finished high school in November, three months earlier. Jason had been working full time in a supermarket since the end of school and had been contemplating going on the dole, or attending university. Dean had been working as a lifeguard at a swimming pool for the summer.

“Well guys, nice to meet you all, but now I have to give you the bad news. My intention is to leave New Zealand in two days time, by myself. Here endith the lesson.”

The three seemed to have decided that Scott was to do the negotiating on their behalf. Luke was a little surprised by this at first, but soon changed his mind. Scott definitely possessed the heart and mind of a negotiator.

“We respect your intention to do this by yourself, and would never presume to tell you that you were wrong, but would you consent to negotiate this over a few more beers?” Even though Scott’s choice of words sounded rehearsed, Luke was intrigued by this guy’s confident approach.

“Sure. But don’t be at all surprised if all you get from this is a very long night of trying to convince me, and a hangover in the morning.”

“I’ll probably have a hangover whatever happens, so that’s Ok. My first question is this. Could you explain exactly why you want to go by yourself?”

“I could, but I don’t know if I want to bare my soul to you three.”

“Well, is it that you want to prove that you can do it by yourself, without any help? Because if it is, that’s fine with us. We could just be paying passengers and just do things like cleaning up and stuff.”

“That’s not it sorry, try again.”

“Ok, is it that you are going alone because you don’t want anyone to know what you’re doing? Like are you taking a drug shipment or something? If so, we would be quite happy to see, hear and say nothing.”

“Well, nothing illegal, no.”

“Do you hate people?”

“No!” Luke said as he laughed and put down his glass.

“Hmm. Um, could you see a situation in which you would be happy to take anyone at all with you?”

Luke thought for a minute.

“I guess it would be a possibility, yes.”

“Then why not us?”

“Simple. Because I don’t know you, and you don’t know me. It couldn’t happen.”

“But what’s to know? I mean we’re getting on Ok now, aren’t we? I mean why should it be any different on a trip? I mean that’s the way people really get to know one another isn’t it, on trips together I mean.”

“Yeah, but what I mean is this isn’t just a school camping trip. It could mean months together with no way of getting out of the situation. My reasons you just wouldn’t understand. You wouldn’t like to do this, believe me.”

Jason took over the negotiations at this point.

“Why wouldn’t we understand your reasons? I mean how do we know unless you let us judge for ourselves?”

“Ok then. I’ll lay myself open. Here are some of the reasons you wouldn’t like the situation. I have some very firm rules for myself for this trip. One of them is that I won’t be wearing clothing. I am what’s sometimes called a naturist. I don’t believe in the social restrictions of clothing. Ideally we should only wear cloths to protect ourselves from danger and cold. This is not a condition I’m prepared to do away with for the sake of any passengers.”

Dean laughed and spoke for the first time.

“Somehow I don’t think that would be enough to put any of us off.”

“Oh?”

“Well, to be quite honest, I think if we had the choice, we’d all be doing the same thing. I mean we do as it happens.”

“Yeah,” Jason interrupted, “we, the three of us that is, have gone surfing out on the west coast every year right after school for the last, what, three years, ever since Dean got his licence and car. The first time we were all very shy about getting changed into our wetsuits and so on for the first couple of days. The place we go to is way off the beaten track, and no one else ever seems to go there. Anyway, on about the third day of the first trip I decided it was bloody stupid to trek five minutes from the camp into the trees to get changed so I just said fuck it, why don’t we just change here, nobody’s going to see us. So I stripped off and got into my wetsuit, and so did they. From then on we didn’t bother hiding when we were getting changed.

“The next year when we arrived there was this amazing surf as we pulled up so as the car stopped we all jumped out of the car, grabbed our boards and springsuits and ran for the beach, stripping off as we ran and getting our suits on as we ran into the water. And this last time I got to the point where I couldn’t see much point in getting dressed at all each time I got out of the water and I guess I spent about 50 percent of the time I was out of the water totally naked.

“We were there two weeks this summer, and after the third day I don’t think I remember seeing Scott wear anything other than his wetsuit, and that was only when he was surfing. Even Dean was wandering around the campsite swinging loose by the end of the first week.”

Dean spoke again, adding to the mounting evidence.

“And since the beginning of last summer we’ve both gotten used to seeing Scott’s skin a lot anyway. He works mostly mornings for his dad then in the afternoons goes home to work on his all over tan. I can’t count the number of times I’ve gone round to see him and have found him out on his bedroom veranda frying his cods. Believe me, Scott’s got an all over tan.”

Scott went a little red and replied, “Well, I tell the chicks that and they don’t believe me, so I have to show them. Believe me, it turns them on!”

Jason continued the assault; “Then there’s our island as well. You see most weekends we go out in Scott’s dad’s launch to Helliman Island. That’s out in the gulf a fair way and it’s a no landing zone because it’s a sanctuary for protected birds. My old man works for the Department of Conservation, so we got a job of doing regular

trap checks for rats and shit. Well we have to swim ashore 'cause we can't land, so we generally strip off and go ashore butt naked. Scott stays on the shore to check the nearby traps and to make sure the launch doesn't slip the mooring while Dean and I go to the other traps and check those. Even in that situation we're quite happy to wander around naked, and we certainly don't have to. So you see, nakedness doesn't worry us."

Luke thought to himself 'they're doing damn well so far, they are going to need a bit more convincing yet.' They were waiting for him to respond to their admissions.

"Ok, so maybe you could handle that, but that's not the whole story. I mean it's a very small boat when there are four people living on board. There's virtually no privacy and for me that's very important. I mean I need to be able to do what I want where I want whenever I want to do it. And what I'm talking about you don't want to know."

"Surprise us." Scott replied.

"All right then. Wanking. I'm talking about the need to masturbate. It's something I do and I'm not ashamed to admit it. And to be quite honest with you guys, it's not something I'd be prepared to give up for any more than a week or so."

"A week! Shit I'd have trouble stopping for more than three or four days, and Scott, well, I'd say that if he hadn't done it for more than a day, then he must be dead!" Jason said Laughing.

"Hey! I went six days without last month!"

"Yeah" Jason responded, "but how many times did you pork Jenna in those six days?"

"Oh, only about 10 times."

"Yeah, and what about oral?"

"She only gave me five blow jobs, not that that's any of your business Jase."

Luke sat for a moment, this was not what he had expected as a response.

"What about you Dean? You've been very quiet on this."

Jason and Scott burst into laughter. Dean turned to them scowling.

"Sorry." Scott replied. "It just seemed funny when you said Dean had been very quiet on the subject of wanking. You see the first time we went surfing down the coast we'd all quietly slip off in the evening to the bush behind the camp saying we were going for a dump or whatever. We all suspected what the others were really

doing, but wouldn't come out and say it, we were only fifteen and sixteen at the time. Anyway, Jase and I knew for sure that Dean was pulling his pole from the start, we also knew exactly when he was going to come back to the camp site. You see, he thought we couldn't hear, but he was moaning while he stroked it and then we could hear panting as he got nearer, then we knew he'd be back about a minute after we'd hear the five or six quiet little throaty grunts from the bush.

"As for last time we went, well we agreed between us beforehand that there was no point in bullshitting about what we were doing in the trees, so we'd tell the others that we were off to slap the lizard. Well Dean wasn't worried about being found out any more so he didn't hold back on the vocalisation. There was one night when I was sitting in the breakers doing it, and he was in the main bush area, a good 300 metres away, and I heard him coming even over the sound of the waves!"

Dean smiled and went a bit red as he downed the rest of his glass.

"What can I say? It was one of the best ones I've ever had."

"Well guys, the point is there's a big difference between admitting that you all do it and being able to accept others doing it in fairly close proximity to you, let alone feeling Ok about doing it yourself in full view of two or three other guys."

"Speaking for myself" replied Scott, "The first time I wanked in front of these two I was a bit nervous, and that made me come within about five minutes. But after a couple more tries I felt fully at ease doing it in front of them, even during the day. How about you Dean?"

"Quite the opposite that first time. I had a hardon, but I just couldn't get to, you know, that point, until I closed my eyes and let a fantasy take over. But I could never bring myself to get into it during the day 'cause I guess I was always a bit worried that someone might drive up and see me. Not much need to ask Jason is there."

Luke looked at Jason and waited for a response.

"Oh I don't know. That first time, I couldn't even get it up for ages. I didn't get a proper hardon until after Scott had blown his load. I was a bit worried you see, because I was the one who suggested that we should all do it at the same time in the same place. This was night one at the beach this last time. I thought they might think I'd suggested it because I was gay or something. I actually thought it would be a good trust kind of thing, and yes, I'll admit it, watching another guy wanking does get me hard. Shit, I must have had more to drink than I thought! I need a piss."

Jason stood and headed for the men's. Luke also needed to relieve himself so finished his glass and followed Jason. Luke entered the men's room and saw Jason

standing at the urinal inhaling deeply from a cigarette. As Luke took a position beside him Jason glanced over.

“Shit, you weren’t supposed to see me smoking. Scott’s going to kill me. But it is something I can do without. I mean that’s no problem.”

“How long have you been smoking?”

“About three years I guess.”

“Do you really, honestly, want to give up?”

“Not really. But I know I should.”

“With that attitude you probably won’t be able to. I know, I started smoking at age 14. Only just given up, I hope. So don’t worry. When I say no, it won’t be because you smoke. But you do know it’s illegal to smoke inside don’t you.”

Jason laughed and flicked his almost finished butt into the swirling trough in front of them. They headed back to the table where two new jugs of beer had appeared.

“You guys just want to get me drunk so I’ll say yes don’t you?”

The three young men just grinned at this suggestion.

Luke continued. “So guys, what’s your next argument?”

Scott was ready with the next onslaught. “One of the big advantages of you taking us on board is that we could work for you. I know that boat inside out, Dean is good with motors and stuff like that and Jason, well, he could clean the head or something. You could treat us like the scummy dogsbody shit we are. I mean wouldn’t you like to be able to have three able bodied guys to order around and do all the dirty work?”

“No, it doesn’t sound too bad from my perspective. But I still don’t think you get the reasons I want to go alone.”

“Sure we do,” said Jason. “You want to be able to wander around naked the whole time and jerk off when and where you want. Sounds pretty simple to me. And I think I speak for all of us when I say that that’s cool and we don’t have any problem with it.”

“Ok then, let’s get down to brass tacks. What would you guys want from the trip? I don’t just mean food and shelter as well as passage, but what would you really expect from me, taking into account what we have already discussed. I want you to think about it first and then give sensible answers.”

The three looked at each other to see if any of them had an answer. They were each greeted by questioning looks. Eventually Dean spoke.

“Well, I guess to be realistic about it, we would need to know exactly what was expected of us during the trip. And also what the rules were for the time on the boat. I guess, taking into account what we’ve already discussed, we would need to know some more about the nakedness stuff, and the wanking and shit. Like would we be expected to do the same, or, and please don’t take offence, if you were gay or something like that.”

Dean’s voice trailed off and was quickly drowned in the froth in his beer. He avoided making any sort of eye contact with Luke, but the other two watched Luke’s face intently waiting for a reaction.

“Well. That’s the sort of response I suppose I wanted, and I’m glad you asked those questions. There would have to be rules, which would have to be discussed. We would have to talk about lifestyle changes, and how they might affect you as well. And yes, I am gay and that’s probably the biggest issue you guys will need to think about. So, now that this dialogue is getting serious, and if you guys are still keen knowing that I’m gay, maybe I can look at reconsidering my plans.”

Several more jugs of beer were ordered before Luke let the other three know his decision.

“Looks like it’s closing time guys. We have a lot of work to do in the next two days. You guys have most of it. Remember, there will be no delays in sailing. We need to meet again tomorrow evening to work on the ground rules for the trip. Is here at 7 Ok for you?”

Displaying obvious pleasure the three young men nodded their agreement. All four left for their respective homes. Luke left for the Hotel thinking that what he was doing was one of the most stupid things he had considered in his life. Perhaps it was the copious amounts of beer he had consumed. Tomorrow things may seem different; he may yet have to disappoint the three young men who had managed to win him over that evening.

#

During the day the three friends had things to do. Scott told his father that negotiations had reached a point where he was quite prepared to say “Sorry dad, this is my last morning working for you.” Grant Cameron knew how persuasive his son could be, and had been half expecting to hear this. He made a mental note to call Luke later that morning to check if Scott was as accurate as he was hoping in his predictions.

Jason called his supermarket at 9 in the morning. He was already half an hour late. He eventually got the manager on the phone.

“Look, I know this is really not fair on you, but I have just had some terrible news from Britain. My brother has been in a really bad accident and I am flying to be with him tomorrow morning. I’m afraid I don’t know how long I’ll be gone, so I think you’ll have to replace me.”

Jason’s boss took the story hook, line and sinker. He said he would get his final pay sorted out immediately and have it paid into his bank account by that afternoon.

Dean went to work as normal that morning, arriving at 5.50 am to be ready to start at 6. During his morning smoko break Dean went into the duty manager’s office.

“Um, I know it’s kind of the middle of the season, and this is not going to make your day, but I’m handing in my notice.”

Dean’s boss rolled his eyes.

“Great. Got a better job have you?”

“Something like that.”

“So when do you want to leave?”

“Today.”

“Like hell! There’s no way we can roster anyone to take your place for at least two weeks! You are working under a contract you know.”

“Yeah, I know. Have you read it?”

“Of course I’ve read it!”

“Then you should know that as a casual employee, I can do this. I can give no notice if I want. I didn’t even have to come in today. I thought it would be better if I told you in person.”

“Well, if you think it’s funny to tell me this on the day that you intend to leave, then I think it’s better for all concerned if you just consider yourself fired!”

“I think not! I’ll let you think about what you just said for a while, and if you still feel that way at lunch time, then, I’ll just have to call the union I guess.”

With that Dean walked out of the office with a satisfied smile on his face. He had always thought that guy was a self centred, arrogant bastard.

At 10.45 Luke's phone rang. He had just been going out the door, so swore as he walked back into the room to answer it.

"Yes?"

"Luke, it's Grant Cameron here, do you have a moment?"

"Sure, is there a problem?"

"Not at all, the Nova's finished and raring to go. I just wanted to ask you about your meeting last night. Scott tells me that this morning is the last time he will be working for me for a while. Now this either means he has the wrong impression about going with you, or you changed your mind."

"Well, I guess he could have gotten that impression."

"I need to be on your side on this. Was it a guilt trip he used, or did he use some other form of pressure on you? I just want to be sure that you are truly happy for this thing to happen."

"To be quite honest Grant, I have come to the conclusion that this could actually work out, if the four of us put a hell of a lot of effort into it."

"Oh, so he did manage to introduce those other two into the equation did he?"

"Yeah. I think I should really arrange a meeting with all the parents really soon though to discuss what is developing here. Does that sound like a reasonable idea to you?"

"Absolutely Luke. I know them all quite well, well you can't really help it can you when your kid seems to spend more time at another kid's house than yours. I could get us all together if you like. When would be the best time?"

"I'm meeting with the three of them this evening at seven to give my final verdict, so I guess it would be best if we could do it before then."

"Today's Tuesday isn't it. Let's see. I think we could all be together somewhere by about sixish. How about I arrange that we all meet on the Nova at six this evening. I'll give you a call about five if there's any problem, Ok?"

"Sounds great. Just call my cell. See you then."

Luke hung up and headed toward the door once again. There was still a lot he had to sort out for himself in the next two days.

## Chapter 2

A few minutes before six Luke arrived at the marina and boarded his new boat for the fourteenth time that day. He had spent most of the day learning and testing his computer controlled navigation and communication system. He was now the proud owner of one of the most advanced navigational systems in the country.

Not long after he arrived two cars parked near the pier and five people made their way to the Nova. As they boarded Grant introduced them.

“Luke, I’d like you to meet my wife, Andrea, Penny and Sean Anderson, Dean’s parents and Jason’s dad, Steve Stringer.”

After the obligatory handshakes Luke gave the grand tour of his new toy. After emerging from the cabin to the aft deck Penny walked to the stern of the boat and rested her hand on the strangely shaped railing.

“Why is the railing here like this? It looks a little strange.”

Luke smiled and answered. “You’ll notice that it bows out towards the water there. And there’s that flat piece of steel running across there just below the bowed out bit? Well try sitting on that flat piece.”

Penny gingerly turned around to face the cabin door and grasping the railing, lowered herself down onto the steel slat.

“Now if you slide back a bit so your back is against the railing, and the slat is under your thighs. That’s right. Now look down below you.”

“I’m sitting over the water!”

“That’s right. When we’re at sea that’s where Dean will be sitting when he needs to, um, relieve himself.”

“Why on earth would you want to wave you bum out over the water when there’s a toilet in the cabin?”

Grant Cameron answered her. “It’s a water usage thing. Because of the design of the boat and the plumbing system the toilet must use fresh water to avoid some rather nasty corrosion problems. This way, when on a long haul where conserving water is

especially important the, um, direct delivery approach is much better, although some environmentalists may disagree.”

Jason’s father laughed and said, “Does Jason know about this yet?”

“No, I haven’t mentioned that one to them yet. I guess Scott knows, but he may not have even thought to mention it.”

“Well, I’d love to be there the first time he needs to go and you tell him he has to use that! I might have to ask you to take a photo of the look on his face!”

The conversation continued for about half an hour as the assembled parents quizzed Luke on every aspect of his intended route and safety aspects of the boat. Grant was able to help with explaining the design decisions and Luke showed off the high tech features he had just managed to get working.

The final question of the evening came from Steve Stringer.

“Now, if you are happy to take Jason and the other boys along with you, what do you expect from them in return? I don’t necessarily mean in terms of money, more like behaviour and attitudes I guess. I’m asking this so I know what to tell him he has to do to get my blessing for this.”

Luke thought for a moment. “That’s a tough question to answer because it wasn’t too long ago that I had no inclination to take anyone. But I guess what I would have to have from him, from all of them, is an agreement to comply with a few guidelines. Things like openness and honesty, tolerance for my foibles and each other’s, a willingness to accept my word as master of the vessel. Oh, and probably most important of all, cooperation.”

“The makings of a politician here I think. Yep, that answers my questions, and as far as I’m concerned, Jason can now make up his own mind weather he really wants to do this after your meeting tonight. I’m quite satisfied that he won’t drown unless it’s his own stupid fault.”

Sean Anderson followed up, “About the meeting tonight, are you going to explain all those guidelines to them and let them know all the gory details then?”

“Yep. I’ll lay out the worst case scenario for them tonight, that may still put them off.”

Sean and Penny spoke together for a moment then Penny said;

“We’re happy for things to carry on too. If Dean comes home tonight still keen to go, then we won’t stop him. Thank you Luke for asking to meet with us like this. We really appreciate it.”

Grant nodded his agreement and lead the other three off the boat. As he was stepping ashore he called back to Luke.

“I may not see you again before you leave. I have to go away on business tomorrow morning. Don’t let Scott kill himself will you? And more importantly, don’t hurt my boat!”

As the two cars pulled away Luke looked at his watch. He had five minutes to make it to the pub for his important meeting with his passengers to be.

#

“Hi guys, sorry I’m late. I was having a chat with your parents.”

“You were what?!” stammered Jason.

“I was talking to your parents about your ideas. Simple really, I mean they do still have some say in your lives.”

“But my dad’s such a prick that he’ll find any excuse to say no.”

“Steve’s quite a nice guy Jason. If we hadn’t met I’m sure all your parents would have more reason to say no.”

Scott and Dean nodded while Jason looked dubious. Over the next hour the three of them told Luke what preparations they had been making that day and what they planned to do the next day. Luke spoke very little while they enthusiastically planned the next six months of their lives. As their babbling came to a stuttering halt Luke began the business end of the evening’s conversation.

“Ok, now what I want to do guys is speak uninterrupted for a while. I want to outline for you the basic facts I see as important for you to know at this stage, and some of the ground rules I feel are necessary. Before I start though, I want to make it clear that what we talk about tonight is personal and confidential. This is strictly between us, even if you guys don’t end up going on the trip. Agreed?”

All three nodded in unison.

“Good. Now I am going to be very blunt in what I say here. That’s because that’s the way it’s going to be throughout. First of all, some of the things we discussed last night. The clothing thing is first I guess. As soon as we are out of the harbour, and weather permits, I will be stripping off all my clothes. I won’t put anything back on for any reason other than safety. Now that of course includes weather conditions, I mean I don’t want to freeze if it gets cold.

“As for you guys, if you want to get naked too, that’s fine, in fact, to be quite honest, I would probably feel a bit more comfortable if you did. But there would be no

compulsion of course. Being naked the whole time raises a few issues other than the main, obvious ones. I get hardons about as often as anyone else, especially - to be frank - if there are three cute guys in close proximity. Being naked, this fact would be pretty hard, pun intended, to hide. I have no intention of trying to hide it when it happens. That means you would have to be prepared to get used to seeing me walking around some of the time with a hardon. It's as simple as that.

“That instantly raises the second issue we talked about last night, masturbation. Going solely from what you told me last night, you three appear to have no problem with the fact that guys wank. That's good, because I certainly do, and will, whenever I feel the need to. Now that doesn't just mean sneaking off to try and get some privacy late at night. It means that if, for example, I am standing on the deck at midday one day with all three of you standing around doing whatever, and I decide to have a wank, then I will, there and then.

“Like the nakedness issue, this obviously has implications for you as well. The same thing applies as with the clothing. I would expect you to feel free to do exactly as I do, but of course wouldn't expect you to do it if you didn't feel Ok about it. There would have to be some special guidelines about some aspects of it of course, but that could be worked out as it happens. Just a warning though, I can guarantee that you would find me wanking two out of three mornings first thing after waking up, in bed that is.

“Another thing that may seem a bit strange is the situation with using the toilet. The toilet in the cabin is not for your general use. That has to be reserved for special conditions. The toilet we will all be using almost all of the time is one with natural plumbing and ventilation. Yes, I do mean shitting in the ocean. There is a special section of railing in the stern of the boat that has been designed so that when you sit in it your arse is hanging out over the water. That's where we all shit. And pissing is just as simple. Stand at the stern and aim for the water. The reasons are all to do with fresh water conservation, as Scott hopefully knows.

“Now here's a very important rule. No drugs or illegal contraband of any type on the boat. There's no way I'm going to get done for smuggling. Now that means total cleanliness. I mean not even a joint, or even an old roach lost in the bottom of a bag. I will be checking everything you bring on board, not just for that, but also I don't want anything stupid cluttering up the space. Luxuries and a few beers and that kind of thing are Ok of course, but you have to keep bulk down as much as possible.

“Another important rule is that I am master of the boat, it's not a committee type thing. That means whatever I say goes, without question. If at any stage you decide you can't live with my rules, then we will make for the nearest port so you can leave.

“The last one I want to mention now is probably the most important of all. At all times, starting from now, we all have to agree to a policy of full openness and honesty. If we don't then this just won't work. This means you have to say whatever

is on your mind at the time, no matter what it is, even if it might hurt someone. Also, if you are asked a question, by me, or any of us, then you must answer truthfully to the best of your ability. Even if it is something you would rather not say. Consider it like an extended game of truth or dare, without the dare part I guess.

“So, how do you guys feel about all that?”

Scott answered first.

“You’ve been thinking about this all day haven’t you?”

“Yep, since last night actually.”

“Well I can live with those things Ok. Just one thing I’d like to say right now though. I’d prefer if, when you’re wanking, you didn’t deliberately aim the results at me, if that’s alright with you.”

The three others at the table burst out laughing and a lot of jostling and hassling ensued. The sombre spirit Luke’s monologue had caused was broken and the questions began.

“Well guys, if you’re happy with that one basic rule, that what I say goes, then I guess we’re going to do it eh?”

After the reaction had died down from Luke’s decision the four spoke for the next two hours deciding on the details of what was to happen the next day. They all realised that they only had one full day left to be ready to sail.

#

“Hey Jason. How are you going there?”

Luke jumped onto the pier to help Jason bring several bags aboard.

“Not bad. This is about half of my stuff. The rest’s still in the car. Scott and Dean will be here soon with their stuff. They’re coming in Dean’s car.”

“Ok, well just dump it all on the aft deck for now. We’ll stow it once everything’s here. And I still need to check it all.”

“Dude?”

“What’s up?”

“Are you really going to go through everything?”

“Sure am. Why, you got something you don’t want me to see?”

“Well, to be quite honest, yeah. Oh, it’s nothing illegal or anything like that, just kind of personal, that’s all.”

“Ok Jason. I’m going to ask you a question now and I want you to remember our agreement about being open and honest about everything. What have you got in your bags that you’re worried about?”

“Um, well, there’s some magazines. And, um, well, a thing I use sometimes when I’m wanking.”

“Ok. Well I don’t see anything wrong with any of that. No secrets remember. Look, don’t worry about it. We’re all going to see it today, or at some time later, so it might as well be today.”

As Luke finished, Dean’s car pulled up. Together the four of them unloaded the rest of Jason’s belongings and Scott and Dean’s from the cars. Scott had only one backpack, Dean had as much as Jason.

“Scott, is there more of yours to come, or are you travelling light?” Luke asked.

“Travelling light. I’ve just got the essentials, a pair of jeans, couple of T-shirts, a pair of shorts, one pair of underwear, a couple of pairs of socks and another pair of shoes, oh, and a jacket. Plus a few other bits and pieces to fill up the pack. I thought there wasn’t much point in bringing heaps if I’m not going to wear any of it on the trip.”

“Ok then, I might as well begin the search I guess.”

Luke grabbed one of Jason’s bags first and opened it in the cabin with the other three watching. “What have we got here, let’s see. Ok, clothes, clothes, clothes, smokes, more smokes, toilet bag with, um, soap, toothbrush, toothpaste, razor, condoms, the usual. Ah, what’s this? Penthouse, Hustler and another Penthouse. I’m sure those will be borrowed occasionally. Next bag. Clothes, clothes, shit anyone would think you were starting an op shop! What’s this at the bottom? I don’t know if I want to touch that. What is it?”

Jason reddened.

“I know what that is,” said Scott, “it’s a wanking sleeve thing. You lube it up and fuck it. I think it’s one of those expensive ones with a vibrator in it too. Why didn’t you tell us you had one of those then Jase?”

“Yeah right, like you’d tell me if you had one.”

“I would. What about when my old man bought me that blow up doll for Christmas last year? I lent that to you for a week man. What a hold out!”

“This isn’t the same. I mean you wouldn’t want to borrow this after I’d used it would you?”

“I dunno, I’ve played with Cindy since you borrowed it, and I know for a fact you porked her, half the tube of KY was gone when I got it back.”

“Well feel free to use this if you really want, just clean it after Ok?”

Meanwhile Luke had finished looking through Jason’s bags and was looking in the last of Dean’s.

“Ah, the first booze.” said Luke as he withdrew a hip flask of scotch from Dean’s bag, looked at it and replaced it. Next he unzipped Scott’s pack. Scott had not been lying about what he had in the way of cloths. Just over a third of the pack contained his clothing, the rest was an interesting assortment of bits and pieces.

“Now this is what I was expecting. What have we got here? Beer, vodka, a couple of year’s worth of Playboy and Penthouse, complete with the obligatory stuck together pages. What’s this in the plastic bag?”

“Trust me Luke, you don’t want to open that.”

“Ok then, you open it.”

“Sure here you go.”

From the bag Scott produced a mottled yellow piece of fabric that appeared to be starched almost solid, and very wrinkled. Both Dean and Jason let out a moan.

“Why the hell did you have to bring that Scott? It’s really gross.”

The tentative look on Luke’s face prompted Scott to explain.

“It’s my cum rag. You see I’ve used this rag to wipe myself up every time I come in my room at home for the last, um I guess three or four years. It’s kind of scratchy at the moment though, it hasn’t ever been washed. But it gets like that about every six months, then it comes right again after a few weeks, sometimes I think it dries out a little bit too much. If you want I could chuck it, it’s just kinda’ part of me. Literally I guess.”

“I don’t mind, just so long as you feed it and keep it tied up. Now what else have we got here? What’s all this photocopied stuff?”

“Oh that’s a bootleg copy of the best of Penthouse Forum for the last twelve years. I got it off a guy at work last week, haven’t read much yet, but it’s pretty hardon making stuff. And that thing at the bottom there is my special box of toys. If you open it you’ll see what I mean. I’ve been collecting those quietly for the last two

years, kinda beats Jason's doesn't it. I only brought them along because I didn't want to throw them away, and I couldn't leave them at home."

In the box was a wide assortment of men's sex toys and devices, from a Super Sleeve for masturbation, to cock rings and testicle stretching weights.

"If any of you guys want to try any of that stuff, feel free."

Luke replaced the box, closed Scott's pack and stood stretching his back.

"Well, I have to say I'm a little disappointed in you guys."

The three young men looked at Luke with worry on their faces.

"We're going to be at sea for quite a while guys, and I'm afraid wanking tools and soft core porn is not going to keep you entertained for all that long. I suggest that if you have any money left you go out now and get something that might keep you interested a bit longer. Remember, my only stipulations are that it's legal and not too big."

Dean asked the other two, "Where shall we go then?"

Scott replied, "There's that really sleazy porno shop down by the old market, I've always been too chicken to go by myself. Let's go there."

"Don't you guys think about anything other than sex?"

Completely seriously Dean turned back to Luke as they leapt off the boat, his reply, "No. What else is there?"

## Chapter 3

Luke returned to the hotel he had used as a home for the last few weeks and packed the few things he had left in the room then checked out. He was going to spend that night on the boat so he could make final preparations at first light. His crew had been told to be on board and ready by 6am ready for an immediate cast off. Luke still had a few bits and pieces to sort out before he was ready to abandon the land, so returned quickly to the marina, stowed his stuff and headed for town to pick up last minute supplies.

#

“Dean, go down below and check the oil pressure gauge on engine one will you? Jason, you go down with him and check the waste release valve is closed, it’s the one with waste release valve written on it. Scott, come up here and help me raise the antennae. We’re out of here in ten minutes guys.”

As he was going below decks Dean looked towards the pier and yelled to his parents,

“You might as well go now, we’re about to cast off. I’ll call you as soon as we make port.”

The Andersons did not move. They had no intention of leaving until the Nova was well under way. Steve Stringer looked nervously at his watch.

“Actually, I have to leave in a few minutes, can’t afford to be late for work. Hope Luke wasn’t just saying ten minutes.”

Andrea Cameron just nodded in response, her attention fixed on her son helping raise an antenna mast.

Eight minutes later Luke was satisfied that everything was in order and called the other three to the aft deck and spoke quietly to them so their parents couldn’t overhear.

“It’s time to cast off. Do you want to go right now, or go ashore for a couple of minutes to say last goodbyes?”

The three unanimously agreed that they wanted to get under way immediately. Luke moved to the deck wheel housing and increased the throttle from a dull thud to a gentle pounding that felt like it was coming from deep in the harbour. Scott

jumped to the pier and released the bow rope, he then waved to his mother and untied the aft rope and jumped back aboard.

Slowly the Nova eased away from the pier and nosed its way into the tight channel between millions of dollars worth of yachts and launches heading towards the harbour channel. As they pulled away all four looked back and waved to the five parents who stood on the pier waving. Dean shook his head.

“My bloody mother’s blubbing all over dad’s shoulder. That’s great.”

Within half an hour Luke had the throttle at half power and they were making their way rapidly out of the harbour into the Hauraki Gulf and heading north.

“In ten minutes we’ll pump her up to three quarters and make a run for open water.”

They had left the pier at 7am. By 8 they were ten miles from the coast and heading north. As soon as they crossed the last shipping lane Luke pulled the throttle back to three fifths which was the standard cruising setting. As soon as he did almost all engine noise disappeared. This had been one of his design stipulations. When the Nova was cruising at an optimum long haul speed there was to be as little engine noise as possible. The design had been perfect. The motor could hardly be heard under the sound of the white caps slapping the sides of the hull and the gentle rush of the early morning sea breeze.

By mid morning they were well clear of the shore. The east coast of the North Island could only just be seen on the horizon. Ahead, only clear water. Luke had set the automated course correction system running an hour earlier, but had stayed in the wheel house to make sure it was working properly. It was just after ten and Luke was satisfied everything was running smoothly, and thirst forced him to leave the wheel. He turned and climbed down the short ladder from the wheel house into the main cabin. As he drank a cold can of cola he stripped off his shirt and shorts and threw them into the storage space under his bunk.

Now naked, Luke walked up the cabin steps onto the aft deck. There sat Jason and Dean, wearing only shorts, reading. Dean was reading a spy novel and Jason was reading a porn comic he had bought the afternoon earlier. Luke couldn’t help but notice Jason’s erection forming a large bulge in his shorts. There was a packet of cigarettes and a lighter sitting beside Jason.

“So the smokes are for after sex huh?”

Jason looked up at Luke and shaded his eyes from the sun. Immediately his eyes ran down from Luke’s face to his groin and quickly flicked back up to his face.

“What’s that mean?”

“Well, it looks to me like you’re about to come in your shorts. Must be a good comic.”

“It’s not bad. But I’ve never come just from reading, well, not yet anyway.”

“Where’s Scott?”

“Up forward I think. Is there anything you want us to do Luke?”

“Nup, you’re right for now dudes.”

Luke was a little disappointed, though not surprised, that Dean and Jason had made no move to strip off once they had seen him naked. He had thought that once they saw that he really meant what he had told them that they would quickly follow suit. If they were going to stay dressed it was going to be hard for Luke to feel totally comfortable about being naked.

As he rounded the cabin bulkhead onto the foredeck Luke was pleasantly surprised to see Scott crouched at the bow, facing the oncoming breeze, and naked. From the back it was clear to see that the others had not been lying when they had said he had an all over tan. There was a faint tan line at the base of Scott’s back, but there was definitely no major distinction between light and dark.

“How’s it going Scott?”

Scott turned his head to look at Luke. He kept his hands on the railing.

“Good thanks. It is ok for me to strip off isn’t it? I guess you’ve already answered that question haven’t you.”

“Of course it’s ok. Beautiful day today isn’t it. And doesn’t that breeze feel good on the body.”

Scott stood and turned towards Luke. He had an erection which stood almost straight up.

“Yeah, well you can see what it’s done to mine.” And with a laugh he pulled his cock down towards the deck with his thumb and let it spring back up and slap his flat stomach. “What are those other two losers doing?”

“They’re reading on the aft deck.”

“Have they stripped off yet?”

“Not yet, no.”

“Well, let’s go tell them they should.”

Luke grabbed Scott's shoulder as he strode past, Scott stopped and turned to face him.

"I really don't think we should tell them to. It should really be their decision."

"Oh, don't sweat it man. They will strip eventually. But if nobody says anything it could be days. I'll tell them, no problems."

Luke followed Scott around to the aft deck.

"Why the fuck aren't you two cocksuckers naked yet? Shit Jase, I'm surprised you haven't split your shorts yet! Look at that fuckin' tent!"

"You can talk, look at yourself!"

"Ah, yes, but it feels so good swinging in the breeze. Come on guys, you'll make Luke and me feel underdressed. Go on Dean, you know you want to."

Jason lit a cigarette and Dean scowled at Scott. Scott stood in front of him with a silly smile on his face. His erection had now begun to subside. After a few moments Dean rolled his eyes, sighed and stood up. He reached down and with a quick motion pulled his shorts down and off. He stood with his shorts in his hand and spoke to Scott.

"Happy now?"

Dean dropped his shorts to the deck and sat down again. Scott smiled and nodded.

Jason put down his comic and stood.

"Oh, fuck it, ok, ok, consider them gone."

With that he bent slightly and pulled down his shorts from the waste band, taking care not to snag his hardon as he removed them. As he pulled them the other three all noticed the string of precum stretching from the head of his cock to the inside of the shorts glistening in the sun. After stepping out of the shorts he picked them up and theatrically dropped them to the deck from his outstretched hand. Just as he released them a gust of wind caught the shorts and carried them in a clean arc into the ocean at the stern of the boat.

All four burst into laughter. Through his laughter Dean said; "At least you won't have to worry about cleaning all that precum off them!"

Jason was hanging over the railing watching the white shorts disappearing in the wake. Luke walked over and stood beside him.

“Never mind. Well, you don’t really need them anyway, do you? Consider it a symbolic burial at sea for the pointless constraints of society.”

Watching the quickly disappearing shorts, Luke urinated into the churning wake of the boat and Jason just looked at him with an unconvincing look of contempt and turned to go back to his comic. His hardon had not subsided at all. As Luke finished peeing Scott called to him from the door of the cabin.

“So how does this shitting deal work then?”

“Simple really, I’ll show you. I kinda need to go anyway.”

Luke moved a couple of steps along the railing until he stood at the oddly shaped alcove in the railing. Then facing the other three who were all watching he leaned back until he had his back resting against the outwardly curving rails. He then sat on the flattened rail so that his thighs were firmly placed on it and his balls also rested on the flat rail.

“See how my butt’s hanging out over the water? This is the position you need to be in. The other thing to do is this. See what I’m doing?”

Luke placed his hands on the sides of his cheeks and lifted up slightly, then sat fully down again.

“What that does is spread your cheeks properly so that you should get a nice clean one. That’s about all there is to it.”

Luke’s body tensed slightly and the others saw one drop and fall into the ocean, then another. Scott moved toward him offering the roll of paper he had brought from the cabin.

“Nah, thanks. That was what I call a nice clean one. No need for paper.”

Luke stood and walked to where Scott stood and gestured for him to take his place. Scott took the toilet paper with him and got into the position he had just been shown. Moments later he too had lost a pound or two. Scott used the paper out of habit, but after the first wipe looked at the paper which was clean.

“I guess you really don’t need to use it most of the time if you’re not going to wear any clothes. But what happens if I have a shit then realise I should have brought paper along?”

“Then you just yell out ‘Help, I’ve got shit all over myself! Bring some paper!’ Or of course you can go down to the stern deck and splash water on your butt to clean it.”

As Scott returned the paper to the cabin Luke sat on the deck and looked back toward the hardly visible shore. Jason was in his sight line. He was on the last page

of the comic he had been engrossed in. Luke's attention was drawn to Jason's engorged cock which was throbbing regularly and leaking copious amounts of precum which was dripping off his foreskin and forming a small pool on his stomach.

Scott returned and sat near Dean. He was also noticing Jason's condition. Jason finished the comic and dropped it to the deck beside him. He looked up and saw both Scott and Luke watching him. Dean was also looking at him over his book.

"What's your problem? Never seen a hard cock before?"

"No problem." Luke replied. "Why don't you just finish it off?"

"What do you mean?"

"Wank. A couple of quick strokes should do I'd say."

"Right here?"

"Yep. Just go for it."

"But what about the mess?"

"You just come, then we'll talk about the 'mess' as you put it, afterwards. Go on, do the deed."

Without further prompting Jason closed his eyes and wrapped his right hand around his cock. He began stroking slowly but quickly built up the pace until he was pounding furiously. After thirty seconds his breathing became laboured and his face developed a grimace. After about one minute Jason's tempo slowed suddenly to a stop and his back arched lifting his weight onto his shoulders then he came. The first shot landed on the deck behind his left shoulder, the next two came to rest on his shoulder and the decking by his left armpit. The remainder mostly landed on his chest and stomach, a lot of it getting caught in the thin line of pubic hair running from his crotch up to his navel and a little beyond.

Jason's back relaxed and he took a deep breath and let it out noisily. His hand slipped from his cock and fell to the deck. His cock remained twitching regularly until he grasped it again and squeezed it to release the last drops of semen onto his stomach. He then let his hand drop once more to the deck where semen dripped off his thumb. As Jason opened his eyes Scott began clapping. Dean and Luke followed suit. All three had erections now.

"Thank you. Now what were you saying about the cum mess captain Luke?"

"Well, um, that was quite a show. The mess, yeah. Well you got most of it on yourself which is of course your concern. If it was me right now, I'd probably just let it dry, but that's up to you of course. As for what went on the deck, you don't need to

worry about that, just leave it. Ok, here are the general rules about wanking and coming.

“First of all wanking, like I’ve said before, whenever and where ever. You can wank absolutely any time, anywhere on the boat you want to. Please don’t bother asking first, just go for it. As for coming, any time is fine, just like wanking, but there are a couple of limitations on where. First of all where you can’t. I don’t want any of you to come in the galley, in the engine room or the wheel house.

“In the cabin it’s a kind of tricky one. In your own bunk you can come as much as you want of course. Of course if someone else says it’s ok for you to cum in or on theirs, then that’s fine. Anywhere else inside it’s a matter of common sense. Just respect the property of the rest of us. If, for example, you dump a load on the floor, it’s probably best if you do wipe it up with something.

“Outside, on deck, anything goes. Like just now. Just go for it. You can leave it where it lands. Every few days we’ll do a clean up and swab the decks, so that will take care of it. Oh, the other place you can’t come is on the solar panels on the roof of the cabin. That’s cause any rainwater that lands there is collected into the secondary water holding tank which is a backup to the main fresh supply. We probably don’t want to have to end up drinking cum with our water. Any questions?”

“Yeah,” said Scott, “Jase just missed my leg when he blew his wad then. Should we warn the others before we dump our loads?”

“Well ... Nah. Not unless you want us to specifically look when you shoot. I mean that’s how I feel about it. I don’t care if I get hit anyway. A bit of cum on your leg can’t hurt you.”

“I’ve got a question.”

“What’s that Jase?”

“I don’t know if you’ll appreciate it.”

“Jase, what was one of the first rules I laid down? Don’t hold anything back right? Go on, let your question rip just like you let your jizz rip!”

“Ok. When I was just wanking I noticed that all of you guys got hardons. What does that mean? I mean I’m not saying there’s anything wrong with that. It got me closer to the edge when I saw that. But why were you guys hard? Except you Luke - I think I know why you were!”

Dean and Scott remained silent and avoided eye contact with anyone else, so Luke answered first.

“Ok, total honesty time. To tell the truth, just watching you wanking got me really turned on - not the fact that you’re a cute guy - but more the sexual release part of it. I guess the hardon showed that, but, also I was watching you and thinking about how it would feel for you to be doing that to me.”

“Shit!” exclaimed Scott, “I was thinking exactly the same thing! I’ve always wanted another guy to jerk me off. You know I’ve never told that to anyone before. Were you thinking the same thing by any chance Dean?”

“No.”

“Well, what then?”

“Um, I don’t know if I want to say.”

“Go on mate, I mean we’ve known you for years now, doesn’t matter what you say now.”

“Alright then. I was imagining going over and giving him a blowjob.”

Jason’s mouth dropped open in astonishment. Absent mindedly he reached up to scratch his shoulder and coated his fingers in drying semen, then without realising, swept his fingers through his long black hair, leaving a trail of matted hair.

“Well, shit man, why didn’t you? I’ve never had a blowjob!”

Scott laughed softly and spoke gently to Dean.

“That was a really brave thing to admit man. Shit, I have thought in the past that you might have gay tendencies. I was always half expecting you to tell me, or both of us that you felt that way. In fact I had even worked out what I was going to say if you ever did.”

“Well?”

“I was just going to quietly say that if you ever wanted to try out some basic touching and holding or whatever with me then that would be cool with me. I have wondered for ages what it would be like to just be comfortable with a guy and feel ok about just holding and, maybe wanking each other. Shit, we are being very open eh?”

“Yeah, I’m impressed. You three have known each other for quite a while, and I’m sure you’ve never been this open before. Jason, how do you feel about all this?”

“Man. I’m blown away eh. Fuck, I had absolutely no idea. The weirdest thing is, even though I’m totally straight, the whole idea of this has gotten me as horny as

hell again. And the bizarre thing is, it doesn't worry me at all, it's actually quite exciting to think about what Scott was just saying."

An uncomfortable silence descended over the four young men. Dean got to his feet.

"It must be about time for lunch I guess."

Scott stood and walked with Dean into the cabin to help prepare the lunch. Luke turned to Jason who was still laying on his back propping himself up by his elbows.

"Well, that comic of yours sure started and interesting episode didn't it?"

"Yeah. Funny thing is, it's got some man on man stuff in it too. You know, a lot of things suddenly make sense now that I know how Dean feels. Like why he was always the last to get naked at the beach, I guess he waited until his hardon disappeared. And why, when we did eventually start wanking openly around camp, he would always start off out of sight. I guess he didn't want us thinking he was hard from seeing us, if he was that is. I'm not that surprised at what Scott said though. He's the kind of guy who would give anything a go if it made him come."

"What about you?"

"What do you mean? I wank heaps, and I've even got that wanking toy thing."

"Yeah, but you said just before you found it exciting to think about mutual masturbation and intimate contact."

"Yeah. That's true. I guess my mind is kind of racing at the moment to justify those feelings and to convince myself that it would just be experimentation and have no bearing on my sexuality."

"Very deep. And very well justified reasoning too. You know, don't you, that there is no such thing as a totally straight guy, just like there's no such thing as a totally gay guy. Sexuality is just a long continuum from gay to straight, or straight to gay if you prefer. All of us are somewhere on that continuum. There's a bell shaped curve as well. The peak of the curve is only just on the straight side of half way as it happens. It is natural for all guys to have at least a little inclination towards trying out sex between guys, even if it's only in the occasional wanking fantasy or a wet dream. And of course the more a guy tries to suppress or dismiss those thoughts, the more stressed he'll become."

"You seem to know quite a bit about this stuff."

"I should. My Bachelor's degree was in social psychology, I specialised in human sexuality in my third year, and then got more specialised for my Honours thesis."

"What'd you do for that?"

“Would you believe I did an investigation into the practice of masturbation and other sexual activity in New Zealand males between the ages of 14 and 22?”

“For real? Like, what sort of things did you study?”

“Well, a lot of background reading, some interviews, observations and questionnaires. That sort of thing.”

“What were you observing?”

“Guys wanking.”

“Where? I mean, how?”

“In the observation lab in the behavioural Science unit.”

“Did they know you were watching?”

“Of course.”

“What did you do, just pull guys off the street or something?”

“Not quite. Most of them were undergrads in the first and second year psychology courses. I interviewed them first, then asked if they would do it. If they did, they’d be paid for their time. Some of them were a bit younger though. The youngest I observed in the lab was 15.”

“Fuck, that’s amazing. What can you tell me about it?”

“If you guys want, I’ll tell you all together at some stage so I don’t have to go through it all three times. Now you still haven’t answered my question.”

“What was that?”

“I was asking you how you would cope with perhaps being invited to join in some sort of physical contact with Dean, or Scott, or even me.”

“Oh. Well, I guess if things felt right I’d be in for a go. I mean what the fuck, it’s not like anyone else is going to find out, or even care I guess. Yeah, I guess so. But I wouldn’t want to get into anything like kissing or butt fucking.”

“That’s fair enough. Looks like the food’s ready. You might want to wash your hands. The rest of the cum seems to have dried.”

“Yeah, should I wash that off too?”

“Hey, that’s entirely up to you.”

“Nah, fuck it. I think I’ll go totally grunge for a while and just leave it. Shit, I really need a piss!”

Luke stood and leaned over to grab Jason’s hand to pull him to his feet. Jason walked to the stern and stood with his hands at the back of his head and began peeing into the wake. He turned his head to look at Luke over his shoulder and grinned.

“Ah, this is the life!”

For the rest of the afternoon everyone was very subdued. All four went about quietly doing bits and pieces, staying out of each other’s way. Despite everything that had been said they were all feeling rather self-conscious about being naked. Luke assigned himself and Scott to prepare dinner as he didn’t want to make it look like he wasn’t going to do any work other than maintaining course.

“Hey Scott, I know things have started off in kind of a hurry today, how are you feeling about it?”

“I dunno’, I have noticed that everyone’s been pretty quiet this afternoon though.”

“Yeah. It’s weird, but I’ve been feeling a bit embarrassed about being nude today. How ‘bout you?”

“Yeah. I mean I’m used to being naked in front of other people, but not all the time like this. It is a bit weird really. I guess I’ll get used to it though.”

“I hope so. I’ve decided that I’m going to stick to my guns about the clothing thing, even if you guys don’t.”

“I thought that was a definite rule anyhow?”

“Yes, but I guess I was always prepared to relent if it wasn’t going to happen. I’d like to thank you for being the first to do likewise, in fact, I think you may have stripped off before I did.”

“Well I’m going to stick to it as well. If Dean and Jase don’t want to, well, that’s their problem. Hey, I hope you don’t mind me asking, but have you ever wanked another guy?”

“I don’t mind you asking. Yep, I sure have.”

“What was it like?”

“Kind of like doing myself, except I didn’t know when he was going to come. I think a lot of the excitement is the anticipation of having him do the same to you.”

“Oh.”

“Scott? Any reason for that particular question?”

“Well, just looking back on this morning’s events, I guess I was thinking that it kind of opened the way for pretty much anything to happen. And, I’ve wondered what it would be like to get done by another guy. I have been jerked off by my former girlfriend, and it was really intense, but didn’t last all that long. I guess I thought it might be better getting it done by another guy because he would know how it all worked, you know.”

“That’s true, but there are other considerations of course. You’re not circumcised, same as me and Jase, but Dean is. Wanking is often totally different between a cut guy and an uncut one. So I guess that’s part of the buzz as well, seeing how another guy does it and feeling it as well.”

“Do you reckon it’s better to be cut or uncut?”

“Having always had a foreskin I can’t really give you an objective answer for that. But from what I found out doing my research I’d say there were benefits both ways, but probably more for an uncut guy.”

“Ok, so you’re saying I shouldn’t get a circumcision.”

“Of course I’m not. There’s no way I can tell you what to do. That’s entirely up to you. Are you actually considering it?”

“Well, I have a few times, yeah.”

“Why, for fuck’s sake?”

“A couple of the girls I’ve had were kinda freaked out by the fact I had a foreskin. One of them refused to get her mouth anywhere near my cock because of it, and it was just that, I mean she had given other guys head before.”

“My personal advice would be to leave women like that in the dust. Hell, it’s a natural and healthy part of male anatomy. Oh well, I guess that if she was freaked out it just goes to prove how many poor unfortunates there are out there who have no idea of the joys that bit of skin can bring. Did you know that cut guys have a much less sensitive head? Because the head is always rubbing against clothing and dried out, the skin thickens up and gets desensitised.”

“Well I have noticed that Dean tends to concentrate more on the head than the shaft when he’s pounding it.”

“When you wank do you mainly just grip the shaft below the head?”

“That’s right.”

“Yeah, that’s because your foreskin is doing much of the work for you. As you stroke up and down your foreskin is rubbing on the glans, and your hand is pressing on the frenulum - the bit that attaches the foreskin to the head - and that’s what actually contributes mostly to getting you off.”

“Luke, you seem to know a hell of a lot about this stuff.”

“It’s a long story. Remind me to tell you guys about it some time. I think we’re done in here eh? Do you want to call the others in for grub?”

## Chapter 4

After they had eaten, Luke and Jason went onto the fore deck as Jason smoked and Luke tried to ignore his craving for one while Scott and Dean stayed inside to clear up the dishes. After a few minutes all four were sitting on the fore deck staring into the sunset. Jason turned to Luke to ask a question.

“So what do we do in the evenings?”

“Good question. I guess talking might be a start.”

Scott turned away from the setting sun to face the other three.

“Luke, you said before to remind you to tell us why you know so much about jerking off and stuff. So?”

“Oh, ok. Like I was telling Jase earlier, for my thesis I did an investigation into masturbation in New Zealand guys.”

“For real? What sort of study?” It was the first time since before lunch that Dean had spoken.

“Stuff like how guys do it, how often, where, what they fantasise about and that kind of thing.”

Scott’s excitement was obvious.

“Go on, tell us some stories.”

“Well, ok, some of the more interesting ones I guess. Let’s see. There was this one guy I interviewed and observed who was kind of interesting. He was seventeen and had been wanking since he was ten. He wanked at least four times a day every day since he’d been able to shoot at thirteen. He had never been a day without coming at least twice since then. He was the most consistently prolific one I encountered.

“But there was another guy, twenty, who did it the most often. He had been at university for almost a year when I interviewed him. He was living in one of the halls of residence on campus. When he first got there he used to go to the toilets at night to wank, but kept getting hassled because he was tying up the toilet for too long. He said it wasn’t for about a month that he realised that he could now happily do it in his own room because he could lock the door and not be disturbed, unlike at

home. He started off just doing it once a night sort of thing, just like he had been doing before. Then he got into the swing of things to the point where he would come twice before getting out of bed in the morning, then again during the day at some point, then when he got back in the evening, then at least twice before he went to sleep.

“What else? Um, there were two guys who would only ever wank with the lights on. They couldn’t get going without seeing exactly what they were doing. There were some who always read some form of porn mag or looked at porn on their computers when they wanked. There were a few who only ever did it in the shower, and some who could only do it if there was some risk of them being discovered.”

“What sort of fantasies did guys have?”

“Why Scott? You need some ideas?” asked Jason.

“No asshole, I thought you might.”

“Kiddies please! The fantasies were as varied as you can imagine. I didn’t get the full range I’m sure. Sexual fantasies tell a hell of a lot about a person. The ones I did get told about were things like being tied up, beautiful models and actresses walking into their room and stripping, causing pain, rape, murder, bestiality and a few other well known nasties. There were also a surprising number of guys who were prepared to reveal aspects of their sexuality which they had never admitted to anyone before. Thirty two percent of the guys I interviewed admitted having fantasies about having some sort of sexual relationship with another guy or guys while wanking alone.

“I’m not sure how representative that makes the group I studied, because it is a little higher than most overseas studies, but not too far off. But most of the wanking fantasies were pretty much what you would expect.”

“You mentioned how as well,” said Dean.

“That’s right. Technique was an important part of the study. I needed to get a fairly large sample so that I could compare techniques with those of similar groups in overseas studies, so I ended up watching eighty five guys between the ages of fifteen and twenty two wanking. Most of them in the observation lab at the university, but some in less formal situations as well.”

“Ok Luke, now Dean and Jase have already told you that I am the king jerker offer of us three right? Well, I want you to tell us all about how you did these observations and all the gory details. I’m prepared to try any new way of wanking that you or anyone else can suggest, so don’t leave any out ok? Oh, and make the stories good, I’m getting real hard and I think I’m going to have to partake if you don’t mind.”

“Feel free. There were several main categories I guess you would call them. First of all there was the big distinction between guys who had been circumcised and those who hadn't. Uncut guys tended to use faster strokes and held their cocks closer to the base. Cut guys wanked slower and concentrated more on rubbing the head. The style Scott's using now is fairly typical of us uncut guys.”

“Glad I'm doing it properly then.”

“Well, as far as I'm concerned, the only criteria for doing it properly is if it feels good, and lets you come if you want.”

“Don't worry dude, this feels great! Now keep talking.”

“Another major distinction is between left and right handed guys of course. Then you have those few who prefer to wank with their non-writing hand 'cause it feels more like someone else is doing it. Then there's the group who use both hands, and they break down into sub-groups too. Some use one hand above the other to enclose their whole shaft, some use one hand just to hold around the base of their cock. There were a few who wanked with one hand and used the palm of their other hand to rub slowly over the head of their cock.

“About half of the guys used their other hand for something while wanking. The most common things they did were play with their balls, rub their chests and legs and play with their nipples and so on. But twenty eight guys used one or other hand to finger their ass at some point. Some just stroked around their perineum, some flicked fingers up and down their crack and a few played in and around their assholes.”

“Perineum. That's where exactly?” asked Dean.

Luke shifted slightly to face him in the dying light of the sunset.

“Right here see. When I lift up my balls, it's that bit of really sensitive skin here. If you rub gently on that skin between your balls and your ass it'll get you hard in no time. Some guys wank by just rubbing their perineum and not even touching their cock. With a bit of practice you can get off that way.”

Jason began rubbing his perineum. His cock rapidly hardened and he smiled at the other three. For a couple of minutes Luke continued telling the three boys some of the more varied methods of masturbation he had witnessed. When he stopped talking all four remained quiet for several minutes.

Scott was slowly teasing his cock with his hand wrapped tightly around it making the tip of his head slowly appear from inside his foreskin then hiding it again. Dean lay back against the bulkhead of the cabin with his hands behind his head, his hard

cock gently rising and falling as his heart pumped. A small trickle of pre-cum stretched from the ridge of his head down onto his smooth flat stomach.

Jason broke the silence.

“Ok, this has got me really hard, and I’m pissing pre-cum, but I can’t get off without going for it.”

The sound of his voice was replaced with the squelching sound of his right hand quickly rubbing up and down his shaft, massaging the clear slippery precum into his skin. Moments later this stopped abruptly and Jason gasped in a quick breath and tensed his body. A quick guttural grunt and the sound became that of drops of liquid falling onto the deck and Jason’s chest.

Scott, prompted by his friend coming gave his own cock five swift yanks and pulled his hand away as is jerked spasmodically and deposited copious amounts of cum from his neck to his navel, the second spurt landing squarely in his left armpit.

Dean stood without a word and went into the cabin, still very aroused. About thirty seconds later the three remaining on deck heard a series of three grunts from the cabin, then a long sigh. Jason rolled onto his hands and knees and paused for a moment looking at Luke and Scott. Several drops of his semen dropped from his torso onto the deck. He stood and announced he was going for a shit and then to bed.

“You’re the only one who hasn’t come Luke.”

“I think you came enough for both of us then didn’t you? You’ve got a big gob of cum in your armpit hair you know.”

Scott reached his right hand up to his armpit and smeared the cum into his armpit then wiped his hand on his thigh.

“No way man! I never come enough for anyone! Shit, the best I’ve ever done is fourteen times in a day and I still wanted more, but my balls felt like they’d drop off.”

“And I bet you had trouble walking for a day or two as well!”

“Yeah, I was a bit tender. Hey Luke, can I ask you something which might seem a bit weird?”

“Ask anything man. That’s the rule remember.”

“Yeah. You know before how we were talking about how it would feel to get jerked by another guy? Well, um. Oh shit, I’ll just ask. How should I go about getting it to happen? Ya see I’ve been thinking about it all night, and I really do want to do it now. There, it’s out.”

“With anyone in particular?”

“Not really, just someone who feels cool about it.”

“Well, I reckon you would probably be best to wait till tomorrow evening. I reckon pretty much the same thing will happen up here on deck as happened tonight. That’d be the best time I suppose.”

“But what do I do, just ask if anyone wants to wank me?”

“That sounds pretty much right to me.”

Luke got to his feet and Scott followed him to the stern of the boat where Luke positioned himself over the railing and began to take a dump.

“But what if nobody wants to. That’ll make me look like a prize fuckwit.”

As Luke strained several drops of precum were forced out of his semi-hard cock. The blob slowly drew out a long string towards the deck and swung in the gentle breeze until it eventually made contact with the top of Scott’s left foot. Scott just wiped it away with his other foot and waited for Luke’s reply.

“I’ll do it if no-one else wants to - with pleasure. Don’t worry about it.”

Scott took Luke’s place when he stood and immediately released a large log into the ocean. Luke stretched and turned towards the cabin.

“I’m off to bed, I’ve still got to dump a different load before I can sleep.”

## Chapter 5

Luke woke to the sound of Scott wanking and lifted his head to look down his own body at Scott's bunk. Within seconds Scott grunted and three gentle spurts landed on his stomach. Scott lay with his eyes still closed for about twenty seconds, then released his grip and opened his eyes to see Luke smiling at him.

"What's so funny?"

"Nothing's funny. I'm just feeling relaxed and happy, that's all. But isn't it a great way to start the day?"

"What, relaxed and happy?"

"Well, that too, but I meant with a wank, like you just did."

"Well, the day just wouldn't have started without it would it?"

Jason pushed himself up from his bunk and sat with his legs folded in the centre of his mattress. He, like all four, had woken with an early morning hardon. It was showing no signs of diminishing.

"Get used to it Luke. I don't think I can remember one time in the last couple of years that I've stayed at Scott's or he's stayed at my place that he hasn't disappeared for a quick one first thing."

Dean was awake and lying looking at the ceiling of the cabin. He spoke to even the score.

"Jase, you can talk. Last three times you stayed over at my place you actually said you were off for a quick jerk in the bathroom and that I should give you five minutes! Looks like you need one now too."

"Nup, it's just going to have to wait. I'm saving it for a decent one, or two, or three or whatever, later. If I have a piss it'll go."

With that, all four of them remembered why they had erections in the first place. They all got up and raced for the cabin door to be first to the rail. At the door Dean and Scott pulled Luke and Jason out of the way and jostled to be first at the stern of the boat. Luke walked up and stood beside them at the rail and released his bladder while looking at them incredulously.

“Why the fuck were you fighting to get here first? We could easily fit another half dozen guys along this railing!”

“Just habit I guess,” said Dean.

“Yeah, well, you managed to get fresh Scott cum all over your back for your troubles.”

Dean had just started peeing and stopped when Luke told him. He reached his hand around his back and discovered it was true. Scott, who was standing beside him hadn't been able to get his flow going yet, and his giggling wasn't helping. Dean looked at his slimy hand and smiled.

“Oh, that's no problem. I reckon if he can wipe his cum all over me, then he won't mind this.”

Dean smiled and slowly turned to his side and faced Scott. He moved his hand down and aimed at Scott's body and released his bladder once again. Scott got such a surprise at the warm splattering against his left thigh that he turned full on to Dean and received a full blast right in the centre of his chest.

“Two can play that game matey!” Scott yelled as he realised what was happening and also realised that he was also already peeing on Dean's left foot. He let fly and aimed at Dean's head, managing to completely cover Dean as he was being covered himself. As soon as they realised what was happening Luke and Jason made a hasty retreat from the railing while also in mid piss.

It was only a matter of twenty seconds until both Dean and Scott had run out of fire power. They stood looking at one another, both dripping yellow urine from every appendage, and burst into laughter.

Jason was standing at the side rail, finishing peeing and beginning to laugh too. Luke was lying sprawled on the deck where he had tripped while stepping back, with a pool of urine between his legs and his mouth gaping wide open.

“Fuck your piss stinks Scott! Have you been eating asparagus again?”

“Nup, but I wish I had now ya dick knob. You actually got piss in my ear for fuck's sake! I hate it when that happens!”

Scott noticed the confused look on Luke's face.

“Oh, don't worry, we've never done this before. But we did used to have distance and accuracy contests when we were kids. Um, I think we might need a bit of a hose down. Sorry about the mess, but it was his fault.”

“Was not! You're the one who came all over me!”

“No way! I came on myself! You just happened to brush up against me!”

“Guys!” shouted Jason, “You’re both fuckin’ nuts! Just shut up and stand still. You’re flicking piss all over the place. Hey Luke, how do I get this hose thing going?”

Luke shook his head and stood.

“In the wheelhouse, the switch that says aft deck hose.”

As Jason turned off the hose after spraying the guilty pair with cold seawater and also washing all the piss off the deck Luke noticed that both he and Jason once again were hard.

“Hey we’re both hard again Jase. I guess the cold shower, or should I say the ‘golden’ shower followed by the cold shower, cooled these two losers off.”

“Hey man, if I hadn’t just wanked I’d be hard too! Dean’s the only soft cock around here!”

Scott slapped Dean on the shoulder which was greeted with an equally hard slap on his butt by Dean.

“Careful now Dean,” said Scott, “I may know you’re gay now, but that doesn’t mean I want you lusting after my ass just yet!”

Rather than being embarrassed as Luke thought Dean might be at that comment he just threw back a lightning quick response.

“Scott, if I’d been lusting after that sorry ass of yours, that wouldn’t have been my hand, mate!”

#

The rest of the day was as subdued as the weather. While hot and humid, the sun didn’t fully break through high cloud cover all day. There wasn’t even the slightest breeze, so all four sweated profusely all day while going about setting up a shipboard routine of cleaning and tidying. As they finished their evening meal the sun finally appeared low in the western sky. Because of the lack of wind the ocean was totally without swell and appeared almost glassy. Luke decided to kill the motor so they could drift in the totally calm waters for a few hours.

For the last hour Jason had been sporting a solid hardon which he had been encouraging by gently brushing it with his fingers every few minutes. As they made their way up to the fore deck to enjoy the stillness of the sunset Luke had developed one too.

Luke sat between Jason and Scott on the deck while Dean lay on his back in front of them. Luke turned his head to his left and looked at Jason who now held his cock in his fist and was beginning to squeeze.

“You’ve developed a bit of an odour there Jase.”

“Oh, do you want me to move, or wash or something? I thought I’d stay in grunge mode for a bit longer, but that’s cool.”

“Nah, that’s ok. I smell just as much as you I guess. I was just pointing it out, that’s all. I guess I noticed it because we all have different smells, and you kinda get used to your own. Stay in good old early 90’s grunge mode as you call it. I’ll certainly tell you when you positively stink. Did you guys know that BO and other natural male smells are actually a sexual stimulant? I mean for guys. Yeah, when I was doing my research I noticed a lot of guys would put one arm up over their head and would take deep sniffs from their armpits.

“The first time I saw it I thought to myself ‘Shit, I do that too!’ But heaps of the guys did it, same proportions from straight and gay guys. I decided to follow it up and found considerable research had been done into it and the established theory was that male pheromones enhance and intensify male sexual arousal. Pretty cool eh? I guess for us it means that if we do get a bit more whiffy, we’ll just have better wanking sessions, and I’m all for that.”

All four guys were now fondling their erect cocks and Jason and Luke were producing the tell tail signal of intense arousal, precum.

“Speaking of wanking sessions,” started Scott, “is anyone interested in maybe trying something new?”

Jason looked at Scott past Luke while spreading precum over his shaft.

“What did you have in mind?”

“Oh, just wanking, but, uh, I guess I’d kinda like to do it with someone, well, really I guess, to have someone do it to me. But of course I’d reciprocate. Oh fuck. I really sound like a dork now.”

Luke was watching Dean while Scott asked his question. When Dean heard the proposal it looked to Luke like he very nearly came right there and then. Jason and Dean said nothing while Scott went redder and redder. After several more seconds had passed and nothing was said Luke lifted his right hand from his own cock and gently lifted Scott’s hand away from his, then rested his hand on Scott’s thigh.

Jason and Dean became dead still as they watched. Scott leaned back against the cabin bulkhead and allowed his arms to drop to the deck. Luke started sliding his

hand slowly up and down Scott's thigh and up to his stomach. Every couple of sweeps his little finger would slip past and brush against Scott's balls. Each time it did that his cock would leap up and bounce around in the air.

Very quickly a large drop of precum appeared at the tip of Scott's cock and was trapped by the fold of his foreskin. Luke slipped his hand over and cupped Scott's balls in his palm. Scott inhaled sharply at the touch and precum began streaming from him.

The foreign hand quickly tickled up the shaft and Luke's fingers scooped the precum up and smoothed it down Scott's cock. As Luke wrapped his hand around Scott's cock and tightened his grip Scott let out a long loud moan. He closed his eyes and his body became limp. Luke began slow strokes which made loud squelching noises as more and more precum flowed from Scott's head.

Dean and Jason were both watching captivated and had unknowingly returned to stroking themselves. Jason looked down at himself and saw that his hand was totally coated with clear fluid and there was even precum dripping from his scrotum. He just held himself without moving because the slightest twitch would have sent him over the edge. Dean's hand too was glistening in the orange light of the sunset. He removed his hand and slowly sat up.

Luke continued long slow strokes on Scott who was moaning almost continually now, and looked up at Dean as he sat up. Dean looked from Luke's eyes to his cock then back to his eyes questioningly. Luke nodded and Dean moved to lie beside his legs and grasped Luke's cock with his already lubricated hand and began slowly pumping.

Luke had to concentrate hard not to lose his rhythm with Scott. He knew he wasn't going to last very long, and Scott was on the brink too. His balls had contracted up to his body and he was panting now.

Luke quickened his pace suddenly and Scott immediately tensed his entire body and screamed out "I'm fuckin coming!" Luke didn't stop as the first convulsion sent cum flying about four feet in the air to fall on Dean's shoulder. The second shot landed on Luke's own cock being stroked by Dean. This sent Luke off too. His first shot landed square in the middle of Dean's back, the second and third finding home in Luke's hair and on Scott's face.

Scott was still shooting and Luke was still pumping him. Scott's third shot met Luke's on his face. The remainder covered Luke's forearm and Scott's chest and stomach. The two of them both came more than they ever remember having done before.

Luke didn't release Scott's cock until the last drops of cum had oozed out and covered his hand and it had stopped twitching. Dean let go of Luke's cock after his

fourth shot and just rubbed his cock and stomach with his flat palm, spreading the cum in a thick film over his torso.

For nearly a minute both Luke and Scott lay still, not saying a word. Then Luke leaned himself forward and pulled Dean up beside him and began smoothing Dean's now very copious precum and what was left of Scott's cum over his circumcised cock, then began slow gentle stroking while cupping his balls with his left hand.

Seeing this Scott looked over to Jason who wasn't even touching himself anymore. Jason said and did nothing, so Scott stood and walked around to sit in front of him, between his legs. Scott looked into Jason's eyes.

"Hey, just say if you don't want me to do this. It's massively intense though man."

Jason was jolted back to reality.

"What? Oh, it's cool, but be careful man, I reckon I'm pretty fuckin' close to the edge right now."

"You gotta tell me if I'm doing it wrong Jase, I've never pulled another cock before."

Jason nodded then gasped as Scott's fingertips came into contact with the head of his cock. Scott slowly spread Jason's precum around his shaft and gently placed his fist around Jason's thick six and a half inch curved cock. Scott stroked twice, then shifted to get in a more comfortable position. He was kneeling between Jason's outstretched legs and leaning slightly over his body. Two seconds after he resumed stroking Jason, on the fourth stroke, Jason suddenly lost his control and enjoyed a powerful and quick orgasm.

The first jet struck Scott square on the chin and the second on his chest and shoulder. After the shock of the sudden orgasm he was able to direct most of the remainder away from himself and onto Jason's face, and chest. Scott kept stroking Jason's cock well after he had started coming which caused Jason to have what he would later describe as a totally mindblowing orgasmic experience. He began groaning, then yelling in ecstasy until he couldn't function voluntarily anymore and just relaxed completely.

Scott felt a kick against his foot and turned to see Dean's body jerking as he came over himself and on Luke's leg. Luke did the same to Dean as he had done to Luke only a few minutes before, rubbing his still pulsing cock against his stomach with the palm of his hand. Dean writhed in obvious ecstasy, then lay perfectly still as Luke stood and wiped his hand on a dry part of his leg.

Scott stood and looked down at Jason who lay with his eyes closed and a large smile on his face. There was almost no light now other than the boat's running lights.

Scott used his clean left hand to wipe his chin and shoulder clear of most of Jason's cum then went and stood beside Luke.

"Wow. What a rush! Thanks man. That was the most awesome handjob I've ever had, and I've had twelve before that one, all from chicks though. Hey, I should have done you. I just went to Jase 'cause you had started on Dean. I'll do it now eh?"

"Shit, you were out of it weren't you? I came at about the same time you did. Dean did me. Not all of that cum on your face was yours you know."

"Nah, Jase got me on the chin."

"Check out your forehead and your hair."

Scott ran his hand over his forehead and through his fringe and his fingers emerged sticky.

"Fuck. I must have been out of it!"

Jason and Dean had come back to life and were picking themselves up off the deck. Luke took charge.

"Guys, we just did something pretty radical for two straight and two gay guys. Are you all cool with what happened?"

All three nodded. Dean turned to Luke and asked,

"Can we do one more thing?"

"What's that?"

"I'd love to be able to just hug someone now."

"Sounds like an idea to me. As wanky as it sounds, why don't we all have a group hug?"

All four stepped towards each other, wrapped arms and tightened into a single mass. Scott spoke to Jason.

"Jase, sorry if you felt pressured into letting me do you man."

"Hey, you're straight, I'm straight, so nothing really happened!"

All four laughed and poked at Jase.

"Seriously though, I was kinda thrown when you suggested it Scott, but, I really got into it. I'm sorry I came so fast though, I wouldn't mind maybe trying it again sometime."

“I’m sure that can be arranged!”

The four young men broke from their hug and stepped back.

“I’m totally covered in cum now, and you know what? I like it!” said Dean.

“What are ya? A fag or something!” said Jason.

Laughing together the four headed to the cabin to try and sleep in the still oppressive heat. Luke restarted the motor and checked the navigational equipment before slipping into his bunk and quickly falling asleep.

## Chapter 6

During the night low cloud had crept up on the Nova. When Luke woke at about 6.30am he could just make out tiny spots of rain on the windows of the cabin. He walked to the cabin door and swung it open. The ocean was still dead calm, but instead of being deep green as it had been the day before it was a dull grey. Light drizzle drifted down leaving a light sheen on the deck.

As Luke stepped to the entrance the oppressive heat struck him. Instantly his body was covered in a thin film of sweat. Even though it was still very early morning the heat was incredible. Luke walked back through the cabin and climbed up to the wheelhouse and started his laptop.

The GPS software was also capable of tracking satellite infra-red weather photos and also down-loading text based weather information off the satellite. Luke downloaded a current map of the South West Pacific ocean and also the text based data. The software soon created a composite map with isobars and barometric pressure readings.

The Nova appeared to be positioned under a slow moving, high pressure warm front. The front was cushioned between two enormous high pressure zones with practically no wind activity. The next couple of days were going to be very hot and humid.

As Luke climbed back down to the cabin Scott was waking.

“Shit, what the hell time is it? It’s so fuckin hot!”

“About 6.45.”

“How come it’s so hot then? I’m sweating like a pig.”

“We are heading into the tropics you know. Besides, we’re stuck under a stationary warm front.”

As Scott stood, Luke noticed his semi-hardon and the matted hair on his stomach and legs from the previous evening’s activities. The reminder quickly made Luke hard.

“Ready for more huh?”

“Eh? Oh right. Shit, anytime mate.”

“I’ll do you if you do me Luke.”

“You’re on.”

Luke sat on one end of his bunk with his legs spread as Scott sat at the other end of the bunk facing him. They edged themselves closer to each other until Scott’s thighs rested on top of Luke’s and the top of their heads gently bumped against each other.

Luke reached his right hand onto Scott’s left thigh and slid it down to his light brown pubic hair that was still matted with dried cum. As Luke slid his fingers down to cup Scott’s loose balls, his cock suddenly bounced up and began throbbing with a growing erection.

Scott slid his right hand down Luke’s thigh emulating the treat he was receiving. His index finger then stroked firmly up the underside of Luke’s cock to the head then worked its way gently under his foreskin and rubbed round and round his cock head. Quickly Luke was producing more than enough lubrication as was Scott, who had been getting the same workout.

Luke spread the precum coating his index finger down Scott’s shaft and wrapped his fist around Scott’s cock and began a slow steady stroking. As Luke stroked, and was being stroked he considered Scott’s cock properly for the first time. It was almost exactly the same as his when hard, except the foreskin was not quite as loose as his own. About six and a half inches when hard, only half an inch shorter than his own.

But when Scott was not hard his cock still hung about five inches and the head often poked out from the foreskin. Luke shrunk to about three inches when totally flaccid and the wrinkled foreskin completely enclosed everything.

Luke noticed Scott was beginning to pant now and he too was getting close so he stopped in mid stroke. Scott followed suit. ‘This is too much like last night’ thought Luke. He had never gotten any real pleasure from playing with his own nipples, but had observed plenty of guys stimulating them while wanking.

Luke slid his hand off Scott’s throbbing cock and moved it up to his chest where he rubbed his palm over his left pec, the precum on his hand mixing with the film of sweat on his body to make the perfect lubrication. Scott gasped as Luke gently pinched his left nipple and his cock jolted and spat a small spurt of cum mixed with precum onto the bunk between them and onto Luke’s balls, but he didn’t actually reach orgasm just yet.

Scott was so immersed in his own pleasure he forgot completely about Luke. His hand was still firmly wrapped around Luke’s cock but wasn’t moving.

Luke used his left hand to play with Scott’s right nipple while he moved his right hand back down to his cock. Using what Scott had just shot as a lubricant he pulled

Scott's foreskin back to fully expose his pink head and began rubbing it between his thumb and forefinger.

Scott began panting once again and instinctively began pounding rapidly on the cock in his fist. Their foreheads were constantly touching now. As Scott threw his head back and forward in time with his heavy breathing their sweaty faces would slide together then part again.

Luke was panting now too under the ferocious pounding his cock was taking from Scott. Luke saw that Scott's cock head was swelling and turning a deep red so he grabbed the shaft and began pumping fast. Scott came only a matter of a few seconds before Luke did.

As Luke continued pumping his cock, Scott's semen flew straight up onto both of their faces and into Scott's mouth as he let loose a strangled roar. Luke kept stroking Scott as he himself began to reach orgasm. This made Scott have a second immediate orgasm which produced just as much cum again, but without the powerful force behind it. The cum poured onto Luke's still flying fist, the motion of which sent it spraying all over their stomachs and chests.

Scott had not lost his pounding rhythm throughout his powerful orgasms and as Luke threw his head back coming, Scott dropped his head in exhaustion and his longish blond hair fell forward draping Luke's spurting cock, collecting long whitish streaks throughout his hair.

As they both regained their composure they heard clapping and cheering from the other side of the cabin. Still holding each other's cocks they looked over to Dean and Jason. Both were sitting on their respective beds, had huge smiles on their faces, and both had just come from wanking themselves.

Luke and Scott both released the rapidly shrinking cocks from their hands and looked at each other. Both of them had sweat and cum running down their faces, and enormous smiles. Scott flicked his hair back from his face and sent globs of Luke's cum flying down the cabin onto his own bunk.

Luke grasped Scott's shoulders and looked at him smiling. Scott smiled back again and said;

"Thanks man. Fuck, what a rush!"

With that he lay back and pulled Luke with him until Luke lay completely on top of him. After a few seconds Luke slipped off Scott due to the combination of sweat and semen so they lay beside each other looking at the two on the other side of the cabin.

Jason sat on his bunk absent-mindedly smearing his own cum over his stomach and chest. Dean sat cross-legged on his bunk looking at Scott and Luke.

“Scotty mate, weren’t you saying just yesterday that you were straight? And here I was feeling right out of place saying I was gay!”

“Nah nah nah. Dean me old mate! This was just experimentation!”

“Like fuck it was. Shit, that yell you gave when you blasted would’ve done me proud!”

“Well, Hey, I’ll maybe admit to sort of bi, if you must. Remember the continuum thing. Anyhow, it’s Jase who’s the one swearing blind he’s straight.”

“I am.”

“So how come you got off watching us wanking each other then?”

“I... I, um...” Luke rescued the floundering Jason,

“Come on guys, of course he reacted that way. What Scott and I were doing was pretty intense stuff, shit, I’m still pulsing! Any guy who witnessed that would get instantly turned on. Anyway, what does it really matter? As far as I’m concerned, what happens on this boat bears no relation whatsoever to what happens in the ‘real world’. Have you ever done that before Scott?”

“Well, last night...”

“No, I mean wanked another guy while he wanked you.”

“Fuck no!”

“Well, I have. And as far as I’m concerned, I’ll do it as many times as anyone else wants to while we’re on the boat. Inhibitions suck big time. This is the one place I feel comfortable doing whatever the fuck I want. I hope you guys feel the same. But we’ve been through all this before.”

“I feel that way too I guess. And after what we just did now Luke, I reckon I’ll be keen for almost anything! I don’t think I’ve come like that ever before. Fuck! I even squirted in my own mouth - and liked it! That was some truly great sex.”

“I’ll be totally honest with you Scott. That was good sex, but I think you’ll need a bit more practice before it could be called truly great.”

“Well, tell me when you’re ready to go again!” Scott said as he playfully lunged for Luke’s cock.

Luke stood laughing and walked to the cabin door to look at the mist falling onto the deck.

“I’ll help you practice Scott, anytime you want!” said Dean who punctuated his only slightly sarcastic comment with a cheesy grin.

From the door Luke turned to the others.

“Dean, I think it must be your turn to get breakfast ready. But don’t forget to wash your hands first mate.”

Luke walked to the stern of the Nova where he was finally able to empty his full bladder. Jason appeared beside him doing the same.

“Luke, I just want to say this right now. I have no intention of being involved in any way with butt-fucking. I’m not saying that I expect that shit to happen, but after what’s happened already, you never know.”

Luke finished peeing and looked at Jason.

“Nobody expects you to Jase. I’m not too keen on the idea either as it happens - for several reasons. Hey, don’t worry about not getting any though. I mean when we get into a port you’ll be able to go trolling for chicks as much as you want.”

“I’m still a virgin.”

“So?”

“Just thought I’d tell you.”

“That’s cool. You can do whatever you feel comfortable with I guess.”

Luke shunted Jason gently out of the way so he could have a shit. Jason walked silently back into the cabin.

#

Scott sat with crossed legs on his bunk flicking through a Penthouse magazine and pulling at his hair.

“I think you must produce glue in your balls Luke.”

Luke smiled as he looked up from the comic Jason had read two days earlier. The day had been uneventful since breakfast. All four had stayed inside all day except for toilet breaks on deck. Scott and Jason had opened a bottle of whisky and had been paying regular visits to the railing all afternoon.

The heat and humidity had increased all day. By six in the evening it was 37 degrees Centigrade and the humidity was in the very high 90s. All four sweated where they sat. The sheets on their bunks had wet patches wherever they sat for

more than a couple of minutes. Luke could smell himself quite strongly now, as he could smell the other three. But because they were not wearing clothing, the smell was just of hot bodies, not the disgusting smell of stale sweat.

None of them had felt like an evening meal after having a late lunch, instead they just passed around the bottle of whisky and occasional bottles of water to replace what they were losing in sweat.

Luke got up and opened the drawer under his bunk. He fished around for a minute then pulled out an old tobacco tin and opened it.

“Anyone feel like a joint?”

Scott’s head snapped up to look at the kit Luke had produced.

“What? I thought you said absolutely no drugs!”

“I make the rules remember. That doesn’t mean I have to stick to them. So, anyone else in?”

All three agreed readily as Luke rolled two joints. It was pretty clear that he had done this a few times before. He lit the joint and took a big hit, then passed it to Scott on his left. The joint did the rounds four times before it died as a roach and Luke put it back into the tin.

The four guys sat and looked at each other in silence as the effects began to hit them. Scott’s hands slipped slowly down to his crotch and he began fondling his balls. Within seconds he came.

“I didn’t want to do that.” he giggled, then, “Hey, it’s not going down!”

All four stared transfixed at the globs of semen slowly running down Scott’s rock hard penis, collecting on his balls and dripping onto his fingers. Scott raised his cum covered fingers to his face and sniffed. He then closed his eyes and slowly put his fingers into his mouth and sucked them clean.

Dean’s mouth was slightly open, and on seeing Scott licking his own cum from his hand saliva dripped from the corner of his mouth onto his stomach. Dean began running his tongue around his mouth looking concerned.

“My mouth is as dry as a bone suddenly!” he croaked.

Luke motioned to the bottle of water on the floor between them.

Dean shook his head and smiled.

“I can see something much better to wet my mouth and throat.”

Dean dropped to his knees and shuffled across the cabin floor until he knelt in front of Scott. Scott's cock stood only inches away from Dean's face. Dean looked up to Scott's face. Scott was smiling down at him.

Dean leant forward and extended his tongue, licking at the small amount of cum left on Scott's balls, then he ran his tongue up his shaft until he came to the half exposed head. With a swift motion Dean sucked Scott's cock head into his mouth, swirling his tongue around the slippery head and forcing the tip of it under Scott's foreskin.

Scott sat perfectly still as Dean began lubricating the rest of the shaft with his quickly moistening mouth. Soon Dean's head was bobbing up and down over Scott's groin.

Jason stood and walked over to sit beside Luke on Luke's bed so he could get a better view of what was happening. Luke picked up the second joint and lit it while watching the oral sex being performed only a matter of two feet from him. As he handed the joint to Jason he allowed his hand to move to his own hard cock which he began pinching and stroking.

Jason passed the joint across to Scott, leaning over Luke. As he released the joint he lost his balance and fell into Luke's lap, his chest falling onto his hard cock. As he pressed himself back up his left hand found support on Luke's thigh, right beside his now glistening cock.

Jason looked over to Scott to see him watching Dean intently, streams of fresh sweat running down his face and dripping from his chin. Luke took the joint back from Scott, took a deep drag, and passed it back. As Luke exhaled he noticed Jason's hand was still on his thigh and his fingers were clenching occasionally as he began masturbating too.

Dean now held Scott's cock head with his lips as his tongue darted around the tip in quick circles. Scott was very close to coming. With the joint two thirds gone, Luke decided he would have to interrupt Dean so he could get a hit before it was gone. As he began to reach for Dean, Luke felt Jason's hand move from his thigh and gently grasp his cock.

Without flinching he leaned over and tapped Dean on the shoulder. Dean pulled off Scott's cock with a sound like he was slurping on a lollipop. He looked up to see Luke holding the joint for him. He also saw Jason wanking Luke with his left hand, while doing himself with his right. This was too much for Dean to take.

Dean shot streams of cum all over Scott's shin and foot. He had not even touched himself the whole time, but the situation he found himself in right then was more than he had dreamed of. After his body quickly spasmed, and he shuddered with ecstasy, Dean took a deep drag on the joint, finishing it off. Throughout his own

orgasm Dean's hands had never moved from Scott's waist. After holding his breath as long as he could, Dean turned his face back to the twitching cock in front of him and blew the smoke onto the head, then devoured it once again like it was his first meal in months.

Luke looked down at Jason's left hand streaking up and down on his cock. Feeling that he was soon to come he placed his left hand on Jason's forearm, holding him still for a few seconds. With his right hand he reached over to Jason and wrapped it around Jason's right fist, matching his own wanking motions. Jason slipped his own hand away to let Luke do all the work on him as he once again began wanking Luke.

Both Luke and Jason slowed the pace as they watched Scott get closer to coming. His head was thrown back now and he bared his teeth as he grimaced with pleasure. Dean had managed to get almost all of Scott's cock in his mouth now and was swallowing to avoid the gag reflex as Scott's head bumped at the back of his throat.

Dean was hard once again and his left hand was now employed stroking at it, while his right hand was pinching Scott's left nipple. Scott's hips began bucking slightly as he attempted to burry himself deeper into Dean's throat. Then he came. His body bucked violently, forcing his cock deep into Dean whose nose was now buried in Scott's pubic hair.

Dean pulled back to avoid choking in time to get his mouth filled with the first wave of Scott's cum. As he swallowed the second, third and fourth shots were too much for him to cope with and semen squirted from the corner of his mouth coating his shoulder. With cum running down his chin Dean continued sucking on Scott which made him fall back onto the bunk helpless and squirming.

As soon as Scott's cock stopped pulsing, and Dean was sure he had collected all he could, he let Scott's bright red cock slip from his lips. Scott couldn't move. He felt like someone had reached inside him and pulled out the source of all his energy.

Dean stood shakily, still wanking. He climbed onto the bunk beside Scott and knelt facing Luke and Jason, with Scott lying between himself and the other two who were still slowly wanking each other. Dean continued wanking for a few more seconds until he came for the second time, spraying his cum all over Scott's torso, neck and face.

Seeing this, Jason pulled away from Luke and crawled between Luke and Scott. He knelt and began wanking himself, preparing to add to Dean's load. Luke swung around onto his knees and shuffled to a position beside Jason, looming over Scott's right shoulder.

Moments after Luke began pulling himself again Jason erupted. His first spurt flew over Scott completely, and hit Dean right in the centre of his chest. Jason just kept on coming and coming. There was now a large pool of very liquid cum filling the

slight well in Scott's chest, and one not much smaller in the hollow at the base of his neck.

Luke came as Jason relaxed. Luke's first shot went from Scott's right shoulder down to his left knee. Most of the rest landed between his chest and his groin. As soon as he had shot six times Luke pulled furiously once again, having a second orgasmic wave within seconds. The second time was nowhere near as powerful and most of the viscous cum fell into Scott's armpit, sticking in his underarm hair and dripping to the sheet of his bunk.

Jason crawled off the bunk and turned the cabin light off as he settled into his own bunk. Luke and Dean lay down where they were, covering Scott's slippery body. Within minutes they fell into an exhausted sleep.

Scott woke first in the morning. It was still as hot as hell and he had two bodies lying on top of him. Dean's head rested on his left shoulder, while Luke's was pressed against the side of his own. They both had their arms draped across his body and Luke was also half lying on top of him.

Some of the cum had dried, but where there had been flesh against his own the semen was still warm and wet. Scott noticed that he had a piss hardon, and so did Luke. Luke's was pressing into Scott's stomach so Scott reached down to grasp it gently. Luke shifted slightly at the touch, but did not wake, so Scott began carefully stroking him.

Almost immediately Scott felt the familiar slipperiness of precum as Luke began writhing in his sleep. Dean had woken as Scott began wanking Luke and surprised Scott by quickly taking his hardon into his hand and stroking him too.

Luke woke only seconds before he came, adding to the vast quantities of cum on Scott's stomach and chest. Quickly Scott came too, shooting up his own body on the first spurt, then re-filling the sticky hollow of his navel.

Reaching across Scott's slippery body Luke squeezed his hand between Scott's and Dean's hips until he found Dean's cock. It was hard. Luke just squeezed his cock until Dean rolled onto his back so he could get better access. Within a couple of minutes Dean too had come.

Holding onto each other they fell back to sleep for another half hour before the pressure on their bladders forced them to untangle themselves. Not one word had been spoken since Dean had complained about cotton-mouth, what now seemed like weeks ago.

## Chapter 7

Luke stood at the rail pissing into the sticky overcast stillness of the morning. Scott and Dean appeared at either side of him and began pissing too.

“With all this cum you guys shot on me I think I might need a bit of a rinse down.”

“Do you want me to fire up the hose pump?” asked Luke.

“Nah, I reckon a bucket will do the job.”

Luke left to get a bucket from the cabin as Dean positioned himself for a dump.

“What was it like to suck me off dude?”

Dean’s cock stiffened. He looked down at it as he strained slightly.

“Does that answer your question?” he asked smiling at Scott who had not failed to notice Dean’s reaction to his question and responded by firming up himself.

Luke reappeared holding a plastic bucket.

“Fuck, you guys can’t get enough can you?”

Luke leaned down from the transom and filled the bucket with cool sea water and carried it to Scott, small amounts escaping over the rim as the Nova gently rolled in the vaguely discernible swell. Scott crouched over the bucket and began splashing the water over his torso and legs. As he rubbed his body his hands became slippery from the coating of moistening semen.

After rinsing away the bulk of the cum from his body he poured the remainder of the water on his chest as he stood, then flicked the water from his body with his hands.

Dean’s hardon did not subside as he watched his first real male sexual partner washing himself. The combination of seeing Luke and Scott standing in front of him naked, having just been jerked off by Luke, and having dined on Scott’s cock the night before was almost too much to bare. He leaned back against the curved railing and moaned loudly. Scott and Luke looked at him briefly then continued.

“What about that shit in your hair from yesterday morning Scott?”

“Eh? Oh, you mean your load. Don’t care about that. I just wanted the loads that got dumped on me last night off. I think that’s most of it. Hurry up Dean, I need to have a shit.”

Dean returned to earth and busied himself evacuating his bowels. Luke took the moment to look at Scott more carefully. Even though he was eighteen, he still had what appeared to be a little puppy fat around his midriff. He wasn’t overweight or even chubby, but when he crouched a small fold of loose skin appeared just above the pubic hair line.

Unlike Jason, his ribs were difficult to see when he stood relaxed. His body seemed very well proportioned and his legs, while strong, were not all muscle and sinew. Scott’s arms were well developed from his work at the boat yard, and he had a small tribal tattoo on his left arm near the shoulder.

Scott’s face didn’t seem to quite match his body. He had a very defined rounded jaw with only the faintest hint of blond stubble forming on his chin and his upper lip. He normally shaved about once a week, but very soon it would have to be more often. His hair was just long enough to brush the bottom of his shoulder blades. It was dirty blond in colour and just slightly wavy. Even though it hadn’t been washed in almost a week, and had received a lot of punishment in the last few days, it still looked as it always did, ragged but in place.

At a quick glance his body appeared to be almost totally without hair. Scott’s body was a smooth tan and this disguised his body hair well. His armpit hair was nearly white blond and appeared very fine. His pubic hair was almost as blond as the hair on his head and grew very closely around his groin. Luke envied the almost totally hairless balls he saw. He only just remembered the wonderful feeling of rubbing his own hairless balls many years earlier when he was just going through puberty.

Looking closely, Luke could see a thin line of hair running from Scott’s groin up to his navel and just a little past it. He’d heard it called a happy trail in the past and now understood exactly why.

Luke was fascinated by Scott’s cock. Like Luke, he had not been circumcised, but that and his erect size, were the only similarities. When flaccid, Scott’s cock hung straight down between his thighs. His soft penis measured about four and a half inches and swung from left to right as he walked. His glans never seemed to retract fully inside his foreskin so he looked like he was perpetually in a semi-hard state.

Dean stood and walked to the rail beside Luke as Scott took his place and quickly took a dump.

Of the three friends Dean was the oldest by seven months. He too was solid, but without an ounce of excess fat on his body. Years of swimming had developed his shoulders and arms well. And his pecs were rock solid.

Dean was tanned also, but it was difficult to tell with his naturally rich brown skin. Dean had a faint tan line where he wore his speedos so the small tuft of dark brown pubic hair just above his cock was more pronounced. Dean had a little more hair on his stomach than Scott and the thick black hair on his legs merged into his groin. Luke noticed a little light fuzz at the centre of Dean's chest and circling his nipples. The hair on his head was short and dark.

His cock was smooth and the same colour as his milk chocolate chest and six-pack. Dean was circumcised and the glans was a pale pink when he was soft. When he got hard it turned deep red.

Scott looked up from the deck to see Luke staring at Dean.

"Well, I've gotta say that looking at Dean naked has never given me a boner before."

Luke went red and looked away from both of them. At that moment Jason emerged from the cabin masturbating. He leaned against the door frame looking at Scott and stroking his cock.

"You right there Jase?" asked Scott.

"Sure, just waiting to have a dump. And before you say anything about me tossing off, I just want to say that I saw you guys this morning."

"Hey," said Luke, "we're not going to say anything about you wanking. Don't get paranoid on us now will you?"

"What the fuck do you mean paranoid?" he asked as he stopped wanking.

"I mean exactly what you're doing right now, getting uptight over nothing. I mean if you can't feel comfortable wanking in front of us now, then I have no idea when you will be able to."

"Well I guess I'm uptight 'cause of what I did last night."

"What?" Scott asked.

"Wanking and coming all over you. I'm sorry about that, I think I got a bit carried away, that's all. It won't happen again."

Scott stood from the rail and walked over to stand beside Jason then wrapped his arm around his shoulder.

"Mate, it was cool. I enjoyed it. I was happy that you did it."

Jason stood very still. Slowly tears formed in his eyes and rolled down his cheeks.

“I... I... enjoyed it too.” his voiced cracked. “I’m really confused about all this. I don’t think I’m handling this very well.”

Jason sucked in his breath and more tears appeared. Scott tightened his grip and pulled Jason to him and they hugged. Quietly Scott spoke to Jason.

“I think you’re handling it just fine mate. Remember what we’ve all agreed to here, anything goes, whatever you feel like doing at the time. We all know you’re not into guy-guy stuff. That’s cool, hell, heaps of people would say that’s they way it should be! But if you do ever feel like spraying it on me again, or anything else for that matter, don’t hold back. We won’t think of you any differently, right guys?”

Luke and Dean both agreed and Scott slapped Jason on the back.

“There, that’s sorted isn’t it?” Jason nodded. “Now, it seems like Luke, Deano and I have found that we can turn each other on pretty well, how might we be able to help you get off fine sir?”

Jason stepped back from Scott wiping his eyes. His cock was now only half hard.

“I... um, well I seem for some reason to get turned on by seeing what you guys have been doing. I can’t understand why, but there it is.”

“Well,” Luke said with a grin, “I’m sure we’ll be able to oblige from time to time for you. Now, weren’t you having a wank a minute ago?”

“I need a shit now instead.”

As Jason took to the seat the other three moved into the cabin to look at what food there was. Scott spoke first.

“Well, that was interesting wasn’t it. Hey guys, the stuff we’ve done together so far has been kinda’ spur of the moment hasn’t it. Should we have some sort of nightly session or something like that?”

“Sounds cool to me!” said Dean quickly. Luke nodded adding,

“Fine, but why should we rule out spontaneous moments as well?”

“Oh no, I didn’t mean that, shit, I can come up to ten times a day no problems. I just meant we should sort of say that we will keep doing it, just so we all know.”

Scott and Dean began making breakfast and Luke went back up on deck to tell Jason what they had decided. Jason was absorbed in himself, leaning back against the railing with his head flung back and his fist flying up and down his cock. Luke took the opportunity to carefully examine his third shipmate.

Jason was the taller of the three at about six foot. He was very lean and his ribcage was clearly visible at his sides but still he had a cute puppy like tummy which looked soft and inviting to Luke. He had very little tan on his body which made his dark brown hair very noticeable. He sported long strait hair which hung to the middle of his back. Constantly he had to sweep it from his rounded face which had a little dark facial fuzz which did not seem to grow.

Despite his long and thick hair, he had very little body hair. His pubic hair was thick and curly forming a triangle from his groin and spreading to lightly cover his balls but it was very closely confined to his pubic region. His armpits also had a sparse crop of hair, but nowhere else on his body.

Jason had not been circumcised although it looked like he had. He had what looked like half of a typical prepuce. His foreskin managed to cover about a half of his glans when he was flaccid, but disappeared when he was hard, as he was then, leaning back stroking swiftly. His cock was not straight when hard, it had a distinctive curve to the left. Jason claimed it was designed perfectly for his right hand.

Without changing position, Jason slowed to an occasional tug, then let loose with his orgasm. With cum flying up his body he opened his mouth in a silent scream then his body relaxed noticeably as his hand slipped from his jerking cock.

He pulled his head upright and saw Luke watching him.

“That’s better. When’s breakfast?”

“Ready soon. Hey Jase, we’ve just been discussing the stuff we’ve been doing and came to a sort of conclusion I wanted to tell you about.”

“What’s that?” Jason asked as he flicked semen off his hand into the ocean.

“Well, basically we see no reason to stop. So, we’ll probably do something at least every night, and probably more often than that. We want you to feel that you can join in any way you like, if you want to that is.”

“That’s cool.”

During the morning all four kept busy scrubbing the deck, cleaning the bulkheads and generally tidying up. After a light lunch Jason and Dean both decided to have a sleep in the cabin while Luke and Scott went below decks to check the hull.

The cramped bilge was not really big enough for two men so they had to crawl along touching each other. When they reached the bow they were pressed firmly together as they inspected the joints with a torch.

“Hey Luke, I don’t think I would have ever considered squashing up against a guy naked like this even last week. I guess I’ve learnt a fair bit about myself huh?”

“Haven’t we all!”

“Yeah, but this isn’t even a sexual type situation. But I couldn’t have done it before. As for getting sucked off by Dean, and wanking you guys, well that just blows my mind!”

“Yeah, but do you feel bad about it or anything?”

“That’s the funny thing. It just feels so, sort of, Ok, I guess. And that’s the great part. I kinda expected to feel really freaked out after that first mutual wanking thing, but I was turned on even more, and couldn’t wait for the next time. If this is what being bisexual, or gay, I guess, is like, then I guess I could accept that lifestyle pretty easily.”

“So you wouldn’t mind being called gay?”

“No. Well, yes. I guess it depends who’s saying it. I don’t think I am really gay though. When I’ve slept with women I’ve had really intense sex, and gone back for more, and more, and more. I dream about chicks too. Wet dreams that is, not that I have them that often.”

“Well Scott, maybe bi is an Ok label for now if you want one. Personally, I’ve had my most intense sexual experiences with myself. Wanking gives you so much control over your wants and desires. If people need a label from me I generally say I’m gay. Although sometimes I consider myself more omni-sexual. I’ve done nowhere near as much with women as I’ve done with guys. Although most of what I have done with guys is oral and wanking.”

“Hey! Isn’t that the best feeling? I mean I’ve had blowjobs before last night, but never as good as Dean gave. I guess it could have been the grass.”

“No, I’d say it probably was as good as you remember. Just think about it, Dean’s got a cock of his own, he knows what feels good, and what feels great, so he can pass that onto you. My best blowjobs have all been from guys. Now why don’t we get out of this coffin? I’m about to melt.”

As they emerged into the oppressive grey heat of the afternoon through the hatch, Luke expected to see Scott and himself filthy from squeezing through the bilge. He was surprised to see that they were covered only with a glossy film of sweat. The Nova was so new that there had been no time for grime to build up yet.

Scott’s hair was plastered to his face and Luke ran his hand through his own to find it matted and wet too. He shook his head and beads of sweat flew from his hair hitting Scott as he stood looking to the empty horizon.

“Hey! All someone’s got to do now is spit on me then shit on me and I’ll have suffered it all!”

“Sorry mate.”

“Don’t be. But I would get pissed off if you did shit on me. Hey, what time is it?”

Luke climbed to the deck-top wheelhouse and looked at the clock.

“Just after four.” he called back.

“Shit! That means about eight hours since I last came! No wonder I keep getting hard. Time for a bit of flesh pounding I feel.”

Luke laughed as Scott purposefully grabbed his cock and began earnestly jerking up and down where he stood.

“I can do that for you if ya want.”

“Sure.” said Scott as he walked to the fore deck and sat facing the oncoming ocean.

Luke jumped down from the wheelhouse and sat on the deck beside Scott, half leaning against his body. He took Scott’s already moistening cock into his hand and held it still.

“That’s not going to make me jizz in a hurry.”

“You have to give me directions. Tell me exactly what to do.”

“Ok. Pull down slightly and rub the tip with your thumb. Ahh, that’s right. Now pull hard and fast. No harder, like you were doing yourself. That’s it. Stop! Fuck, that was close. Now spread the precum all over my cock. Good. Rub my balls...not too hard. Now pull again. Faster. Faster. Real hard, fast, yeah. Oh yeah. Oh. Oh. Here goes! Ughh! Oh Fuckin... Ughh!”

Thick cum spattered against Scott’s cheek and dripped onto his shoulder. As Luke kept pulling the spasms got stronger and stringy pale cum oozed onto his hand and collected in Scott’s pubic hair. Scott grabbed Luke’s arm and pushed it away from him then he lay back on the deck panting.

Luke wiped his hand clean on Scott’s leg and sat looking at him, his chest heaving, and a smile fixed on his face. Soon he propped himself up on his elbows and looked at Luke, now hard too.

“Your turn.” he said as he sat up and reached for Luke.

“Thanks, but I think I’ll wait till later if that’s Ok. I want to be able to go a few times tonight.”

“Ok. Thanks for that.”

“No problem. Did I do Ok?”

“Fuckin awesome man. Shit, I wish I was your cock!”

Luke smiled and went to check their course. Scott stood up and walked slowly to the cabin. Jason and Dean were both still sleeping, and snoring.

“Wake up you lazy bastards!” yelled Scott.

Dean and Jason both stirred then woke, looking with disdain at the prick who had woken them.

“Whose is that?” asked Dean indicating the thick smear of cum on Scott’s face.

“Mine.”

“How boring.”

“Ah, but I didn’t wank myself.”

“Well that’s alright then. Looks like you almost got to taste it mate.”

“It was close. Actually, I did that the other day by accident. Hey, have you guys ever tasted your own cum? I know you’ve tasted mine Dean.”

“Yep, yours was the second I’ve ever tasted. Mine was the first. Jase, how about you?”

“Only by accident. I shot right into my mouth once when I was wanking. Pretty tasteless really.”

“Talking about eating things, I woke you guys up because it’s almost five, and I’m hungry.”

## Chapter 8

After a meal of soggy pasta they cleaned up then lay about the cabin sweating in the turgid humidity. They sat in silence for about half an hour feeling hot and uncomfortable.

Luke broke the sleep inducing silence.

“So. Who wants to give me a blowjob?”

There was an awkward silence for about ten seconds. Luke was surprised when Scott shuffled onto his bunk, parted Luke’s legs and lay down between them, facing him with his face held above his crotch.

“You don’t have to you know.”

“Hey, I can’t knock it ’till I’ve tried it can I?”

Jason sat up on his bunk and began rubbing his hardening cock. Scott lowered his head and quickly flicked the tip of Luke’s still soft cock between his lips. Luke pilled his pillow up under his head so he could relax but still watch what was happening.

Scott licked the rest of the shaft to lubricate it then sucked it fully into his mouth, burying his nose in Luke’s pubic hair. With his tongue he began exploring inside Luke’s foreskin, running the tip of it right around the head. Luke felt the blood rushing to his cock and saw Scott’s cheeks filling out.

Soon he was pulling back to avoid choking and began concentrating on the swollen head. Too much of this and Luke knew he would cum very quickly. Suddenly he realised that he didn’t have to be a passive partner in this exchange and sat up to reach for Scott’s head.

He placed his hands on the sides of Scott’s head and gently pulled him away. The sight of his hardon emerging from Scott’s mouth almost sent him over the edge, but he forced control. Scott released him and looked at his face questioningly.

“Flip around.”

Instantly Scott understood and crawled smiling up beside Luke then turned and lifted his leg over Luke’s body. Quickly they discovered a comfortable position and

Scott dived down on Luke's cock once again swallowing it enough that the tip of his nose rested on Luke's balls which were contracting rapidly.

Luke looked directly up to see Scott's hard cock swinging about an inch from his face. His balls rested on the bridge of Luke's nose. Twisting his head slightly and extending his tongue Luke licked the shiny drop of precum from the tip of Scott's cock. As he did this Luke felt him moan, the vibrations transferring to his own excited genitals.

Quickly Luke sucked the hard cock into his mouth, tasting more salty precum as well as a distinctive taste of dried cum. As he flicked his tongue under Scott's foreskin Luke stopped momentarily at the thought of hygiene until he remembered seeing Scott cleaning under his foreskin that morning when he washed. He then realised he was getting the best part of the deal and the sensations he was feeling from Scott's mouth made him forget everything but working on making the cock in his mouth explode.

The position Luke was in made it near impossible to take Scott in too deep. So he concentrated his efforts on the cock head. Suddenly Luke felt his orgasm approaching. He tried to warn Scott by squirming, then his hips started bucking up and down, fucking Scott's mouth.

Scott read Luke's intention and shifted his body slightly so he could thrust into Luke's mouth too. Soon he saw Luke's balls contract tightly into his body and felt his cock head swell and flare. Luke's hips stopped thrusting and then he felt a powerful jet of hot liquid striking the back of his mouth. He pulled back slightly, keeping sucking hard, as he felt the second and third spurts coat his tongue.

There was no way he could swallow everything with Luke's cock filling his mouth. As Luke kept pumping, his mouth over filled with a combination of saliva and lots of cum. It spilled from the corners of his mouth and ran into Luke's pubic hair and down the crack of his ass. With half of it spilled, and Luke's cock rapidly shrinking he was able to swallow what was left.

Scott redoubled his thrusting efforts almost forcing Luke to deep throat him, then he too came. The first two shots poured over Luke's tongue then his thrusting pulled his cock from Luke's mouth and he sprayed most of the rest on Luke's chest.

Luke recovered the pulsing cock and sucked it dry as Scott held it still in his mouth. When both had passed the orgasmic flush Scott rolled off Luke while keeping Luke's cock in his mouth.

Luke looked over to see Jason pull his hand self-consciously from his erect cock. Dean had moved closer to them while they were doing their 69 and had watched every movement intently. He had not touched himself but his cock was pointing straight up and was literally drooling precum.

Luke beckoned for him to climb onto the bunk with Scott and himself. Luke lay down the centre of the bunk with Scott laying on his side pressed between him and the wall. Scott's flaccid, still leaking cock rested on Luke's left shoulder while his mouth was still wrapped around a re-hardening cock. Dean lay on his back at Luke's right facing the same direction as Scott. He twisted to his right and began licking Luke's balls and perineum as Scott continued sucking.

Luke propped himself up on his elbows and leaned over to press Dean's cock into his mouth. It slid in with no resistance, the rivulets of precum making it feel like it was coated in oil.

The strong salty taste surprised Luke. It was quite different to Scott's. Dean's cock was barely six inches long, the shortest of the four of them. It was dead straight and fairly thick and of course circumcised. Luke noticed the different feeling of no foreskin and began flicking the cock head with his tongue and pressing into its hole with the tip.

Dean came very quickly. Luke had him in his mouth for only about two minutes before he felt the head swell and the blast of cum against the tip of his tongue. Luke was not ready for it and semen squirted from the corner of his mouth towards the bunk Jason was still sitting on, once again wanking.

Luke bobbed his head furiously determined to fill his mouth. As soon as Dean's muscles stopped contracting he withdrew from Luke's mouth and quickly got to his knees. He shuffled on his knees to position himself between Luke's legs, all the time dripping globs of cum from his still hard cock onto Luke's torso and the back of Scott's head.

Dean leant over and lifted Scott's head from Luke's cock. He smiled at Luke then descended on his cock which was well lubricated with Scott's spit and Luke's cum.

Scott looked up at Luke and smiled as he wiped his lips clean with the back of his hand. He knelt beside Luke with his back against the wall. Luke reached out with his left hand and cupped Scott's balls, then began running his index finger under his foreskin, using his fresh cum as a lubricant.

Luke noticed that Jason was now standing inches from his right shoulder. He looked to him and saw he was pumping viciously on his cock and small flecks of frothy precum were flying from it. Jason looked down at Luke and smiled.

"Go for it Jase!" said Scott who was also watching Jason.

Jason's body tightened up and he aimed his cum at the three on the bunk. His first shot went at least five and a half feet, from Luke's shoulder, landing on Dean's raised ass. Jason turned and his second and third shots hit Scott, the second on his

stomach, the third right on his cock. The remaining cum was spread across Luke's torso and right arm.

"Nice shooting Jase!" yelled Luke as Jason returned to his bunk.

Luke spread the cum running down Scott's stomach over his palm and spread it over Scott's cock and began pulling him fast and hard. As Luke neared his second orgasm Scott came in spasmodic bursts over Luke's stomach.

As soon as Scott had finished coming Luke moved both hands to grasp Dean's bobbing head and pressed it down as he came luxuriously into Dean's throat. Dean reached down to his own cock and gave it three quick strokes before coming for his second time and spraying Luke's balls and his own chin from below.

All three collapsed where they were for a few minutes until Luke extricated himself and walked dripping sweat and cum onto the deck to have a piss.

"Hey, it's still light ya know guys. Shit, it's only six thirty! I guess we'll be able to have some more fun later!"

None of them made any attempt to clean away the cum that had smeared across their bodies. Their sweat kept it moist and slick. By about eight Scott, Luke and Dean had begun glancing at each other once again.

Dean stood up and opened the drawer under his bunk. He took out his back pack and placed it on his bunk. He opened it fully and reached between the canvas and the frame until he found what he had hidden there. His hand emerged holding an eight inch long hard rubber dildo which was formed in the shape of a long circumcised penis with prominent veins.

"What the fuck is that?!" exclaimed Scott.

"What does it look like? Do you guys mind if I play with this for a bit?"

All three shook their heads and stared at the device in Dean's hand.

"Scott, you had some lube in your box of tricks didn't you. Would I be able to borrow it?"

Scott slipped off his bunk and reached into his drawer for a moment and pulled out the almost full tube and handed it to Dean. Dean nodded his thanks and opened the tube and squeezed a liberal amount onto his fingertips.

He put the tube on the floor and lay on his bunk with his head towards the cabin door so as to give a good view to the rest of the guys. He spread about half of the gel onto the head and shaft of the dildo then used what was left on his fingers to lube himself up.

He lifted his knees up and his fingers went straight to his smooth hairless hole. His index finger pressed at his ring and quickly slipped in as far as he could get it. Immediately his cock stiffened and he slowly introduced his middle finger. As he worked his two fingers in and out his mouth opened and he began grunting almost inaudibly. Before too long he had inserted three fingers and fresh beads of sweat were breaking out on his face.

Quickly he pulled his fingers out and picked up the glistening dildo from beside him. Dean held the rubber head against his slippery pink ring and began applying a steady pressure. His face grimaced as the unforgiving rubber head popped through his sphincter but then the rubber rod passed easily into his ass.

As he pushed the dildo inside him until only about two inches remained visible Dean stopped moving and lay absolutely still. A small torrent of clear shiny precum spilled from his cock and pooled on his smooth stomach. He lay panting for a few moments more, then started fucking himself with the dildo with increasing speed.

Scott, Luke and Jason were all furiously pounding away on themselves, fascinated and very turned on by what they were watching. Soon Dean stopped plugging himself and looked around the cabin at the other three. He pulled the dildo from his ass making a plopping sound as it emerged, and making him spill even more precum. He dropped the dildo to the floor, making the others pay attention to him once again.

“That’s it guys, I need a real cock inside of me.”

At that suggestion Scott lost control and started spewing cum all over himself and onto the cabin floor.

“I guess it’ll have to be me then.” Luke said while standing and walking towards Dean’s bunk.

Luke stood beside Dean’s bunk as Dean smeared more lube on his cock. The sensation of the cool gel mixing with his own hot precum almost made Luke cum. He stood back from Dean and looked at him.

“What about condoms?”

“Yeah, if you want. I don’t mind though. I know I haven’t got anything, and you gave blood the week before we left didn’t you? Were you clean?”

“Yeah, I was.”

“Well we don’t need to then do we?”

“I’d rather we did.”

Dean nodded and took the silver wrapped condom Scott offered him. He opened it and quickly and expertly unrolled it onto Luke's twitching cock then smeared more gel onto the stretched rubber tip.

Luke climbed onto Dean's bunk and kneeled between his legs.

"Just go for it Luke, I'm prepped for anything!"

Luke grasped Dean's ankles and lifted them up to his shoulders which raised Dean's ass from the sheet. He reached down and held his cock to aim it where the dildo had just been, rubbing his slick head against the puckered opening. As he began pressing his hips forward to apply some pressure he heard a groan from behind him and felt warm liquid splatting against his sweating back.

Luke turned his head to see Jason kneeling on the bunk behind him with his head thrown back and his right hand still flying over his squirting cock. Luke smiled and turned his attention back to Dean.

Slowly he inched forward pressing harder against Dean. For a moment he thought he had aimed at the wrong spot as there was incredible resistance but then suddenly he broke through and his foreskin was rolled back inside the condom as he entered the warm confines of Dean.

Dean yelled and jumped as Luke penetrated him. Afraid that he had hurt him Luke withdrew immediately.

"No! Fuck me! "

Luke pressed in again and entered quickly this time. Slowly he pressed his hips forward as he penetrated deeper and deeper until he was inside Dean as far as he thought he could go. Dean trembled and precum began pissing from his cock.

"Oh, please, fuck me hard. Now!"

Moving his hands to the back of Dean's calves, Luke pressed on his legs which lifted Dean's ass higher, making it more accessible and also making it feel even tighter than it was already. He began thrusting slowly, then quickly picked up pace as Dean began moaning and pressing back against him to meet the thrusts.

"I'm gonna come soon Dean."

"Oh yeah. Fill me up, deep!"

Luke leaned forward and rested his weight on Dean's thighs. He slowed his thrusts to prolong the experience. He then realised that Dean's cock was right there in front of him and was begging to be stroked. With his right hand which was now free, Luke grabbed Dean's cock which gushed pre-orgasmic cum at his touch. Spreading the

cum with his hand Luke used it as lubricant as he wanked Dean at the same rhythm he was fucking him.

Dean's twitching let Luke know that the wanking was about to pay off. He quickened his pace both fucking and wanking. Very shortly after, Dean screamed and his whole body turned rigid. His first shot of cum arced up and hit Luke's face with incredible force. Luke lifted his head before the second shot hit him and it sailed well over Dean's head, striking the bulkhead a good five feet away.

The sudden tensing of the muscles in Dean's ass as he came was the trigger for Luke to explode. He sucked in a noisy gulp of air and thrust hard into Dean pressing his pubic bone into Dean's pulsing balls. Then he felt an incredible warm and wet sensation as his cum filled the condom and he was overcome with an intense orgasm.

Luke lost control of his upper body strength as he came and he fell onto Dean who pumped more cum between their stomachs. Luke seemed to keep coming for minutes as he felt Dean's still hard cock occasionally pulse under him.

The two of them stayed unmoving in that position for a few minutes, totally still. Luke wondered why his cock wasn't shrinking as it usually did after coming. Then he felt strong hands on his back giving him a massage that was forcing his tight muscles to relax. He turned his head to see Scott standing beside them with his arms stretched out over his back.

Scott's rehardened cock bobbed up and down right beside Luke's face. Luke breathed in and smelled the strong scent of musk, sweat and cum from Scott's groin. He stretched his neck and pulled Scott's cock into his mouth and began licking and sucking as fast and hard as he could.

The massage on Luke's back continued despite Scott's unexpected surprise. As Luke sucked him he moved his attention down to Luke's lower back, then began gently sweeping his fingers down to rub at his loosening balls and the sensitive furry skin of his perineum.

Luke moved slightly to get at Scott's cock more easily and felt his own cock slip out of Dean's ass. Scott pulled at the condom which split and his fingers were suddenly coated with Luke's cum and he brought them to his mouth and licked them clean. The sensation of licking Luke's cum from his hand excited him to the point that he had to shoot, so he thrust quickly into Luke's mouth butting against his tongue.

Luke felt the jet of semen hit his tongue and rubbed the tip of Scott's cock with it as he continued to shoot, collecting all the sweetness in his mouth, then swallowing.

After only three pumps Scott pulled himself out of Luke's mouth, leaving a trail of fresh cum across Luke's cheek and Dean's torso. He walked, still pulsing cum from

his cock, back out of Luke's line of sight. Dean lifted his head to look over Luke's body at Scott. After a couple of moments he smiled.

"Yeah, alright!"

Luke twisted to see Scott kneeling on the floor of the cabin in front of Jason who was sitting on his bunk staring into space with a smile on his face as Scott swallowed his cock to the base.

Luke pushed himself off Dean and sat on the bunk as Dean lifted himself up to watch. Both were still semi-hard and began to stroke each others cocks as they watched.

Jason was lasting much longer for this his second blowjob. Soon his short breaths indicated he was getting close, so Luke and Dean stood up and positioned themselves on either side of Scott and Jason. They were now pulling themselves and preparing to come once more.

As Jason's body went taught and he began filling Scott's mouth, Dean and Luke both let fly all over Jason's chest and arms. Moments after the three had cum, they all collapsed on top of Jason on his bunk and quickly fell asleep.

## Chapter 9

At about eleven Dean woke the other three as he struggled to get out of the tangle so he could go and relieve the sudden urge he had to empty his bowels. The cabin light was still on and the three remaining looked sleepily at each other. Jason grinned and said,

“You guys came all over me didn’t you?”

“Sure. I just wanted to repay the favour.” Luke said.

“Cool. I guess I’m pretty relaxed about this stuff now.”

From the deck came a desperate call.

“Can someone please bring me some toilet paper!?”

Luke laughed and pulled himself off Scott and Jason and fished around for a roll, then headed up onto the deck.

“Here you go. Got a bit of a problem there?”

“Let’s just put it this way, it was very, um, liquid. I guess you must have stirred me up a bit. The lube didn’t help either.”

“I thought most of that came out when I pulled out.”

“Not enough.”

Dean wiped himself clean, looking at the paper before letting it float to the ocean. Under the cloud filtered moonlight it was not easy to see.

“Well Dean, you sure know the best way to make me feel like a real bastard.”

“What on earth do you mean by that?”

“Well, you obviously don’t like the after effects, do you?”

“Hey, it’s just a normal shit man. And that has nothing to do with how incredible it felt to have you fuck me. Having a real, hot, moving cock inside just doesn’t compare with that bloody dildo man. If I was a more emo type, I’d probably tell you that I loved you now.”

“I hope that wasn’t a subtle way of saying it anyway.”

“Don’t worry Luke. To be truly honest, and I’m sorry to say this, but I just did it for the sex. I mean I like you and everything, but at the time I just wanted a cock in me, it could have been any of you. Actually, hopefully, by the end of the trip, it will have been all of you.”

“That’s cool with me too. Shit, you were so tight!”

“Thanks. I actually thought using the dildo might make me too loose to give any feeling to the other guy.”

“Believe me, that’s the tightest hole I’ve ever inserted my cock into.”

“Christ this conversation sounds bizarre!”

Laughing, Luke and Dean walked back towards the cabin door where they were met by Jason who was looking flushed.

“Luke dude! There’s some sort of alarm sounding in the wheelhouse!”

Luke pushed past Jason and Dean and ran to the front of the cabin and climbed the short ladder to the wheelhouse. Scott was in one of the seats and pointed to the LCD panel below the window.

“That’s the proximity alarm isn’t it Luke?”

“Yeah. Let’s have a look.”

Luke sat in the helmsman’s seat and began to bring the other displays to life. He checked the logs for the previous half hour then reached for his binoculars.

“Looks like there’s a large ship approaching us from the starboard side.”

Scott followed Luke through the hatch to the on-deck wheelhouse and searched the dark horizon. Just off the starboard bow he saw a small cluster of yellow lights. Luke was looking at the lights through the binoculars.

“It’s a big ship of some sort. I think it might be a passenger boat from the deck lighting. Looks like there are a hell of a lot of cabin lights too. At our present courses we’ll come within about three hundred metres.”

“Should we go get dressed?”

“Why? What are they going to care about us? So long as we don’t ram them that is!”

Luke retreated back to the inner helm and Scott closed the hatch as he followed.

Jason's head poked up from behind them.

"What's up guys?"

"Just a passenger liner going to pass near us." replied Luke.

"Shit! What should we do?"

"How about having another wank, or going to sleep? There's nothing to worry about Jase."

The liner passed the Nova on the starboard side ten minutes later. The two vessels passed only two hundred and fifty metres apart. Luke went on deck to wave at the bridge as they passed. Scott watched with the binoculars from inside the cabin.

"They are looking at us with binoculars. Now the guy with the binoculars is waving at Luke. Now he's pointing and passing them to the others. It looks like they're laughing."

"I'm not surprised!" said Dean, "He's out there saluting with one hand and wanking with the other!"

As the ocean liner pulled away and the wake had passed Luke returned to the cabin giggling.

"Did you watch them?"

"Yeah, and they were certainly watching you too Luke!"

"Well, I guess I gave that watch something to laugh about for the rest of the shift."

"Hey Luke," said Dean, "you didn't shoot though. I'll finish for you if you want."

"That's ok mate. I don't think my balls would like me much if I came again tonight. Besides, I think we've all got enough cum on us for now."

#

When they woke at dawn the next morning all four found themselves caked in solid dry semen. The weather had changed again. It was still hot, but now it was a dry heat and the sun was beating in through the cabin windows.

"I feel like I've been iced like a cake and it's all gone hard." said Jason.

"Yes, well, your cock certainly has Jase."

"Jesus Scott, can't you keep your eyes off my cock? I know you can't keep your mouth off it. I guess I must taste good."

“Just kind of salty and neutral actually. But I guess with a little more practice I could get used to it.”

“Well, what are you waiting for then, a written invitation?”

Jason lay back on his bunk and spread his legs apart.

Luke and Dean looked at each other surprised as Scott leapt across the cabin and onto Jason’s bunk and immediately began licking his balls. He then licked slowly up his shaft until he was gently licking the small bead of precum from the tip, then he dived onto his cock and began sucking like a seasoned professional. Jason closed his eyes, put his hands behind his head and lay there smiling and occasionally squirming, then moaning.

Jason hadn’t noticed Luke and Dean moving up to stand beside him. He didn’t even realised they had moved until he felt their combined spurts of cum coating his chest, stomach and face as he came once more into Scott’s mouth.

Scott had been stroking himself as he had been sucking on Jason. When he saw what Luke and Dean had just done he raised up on his knees, shuffled closer between Jason’s legs and mixed his load with the others. Jason had not moved, but giggled as small rivulets of cum tickled as they ran down his sides, over his neck, and through his armpits to the sheet below.

The others left him there lying in a pool of semen as they went outside to relieve themselves. When they returned he was still there, but most of the cum had disappeared.

“Where’d you wipe it all Jase?” asked Dean.

Jason smiled, then scooped some remaining semen from his navel onto his fingers and then licked them clean.

“Well fuck me!”

“I did that last night Deano.” laughed Luke.

“I mean, well fuck. Why did you do that Jase? I thought that’d be the last thing you’d want to do.”

“I know it’s totally gross, but I wanted to see what it tasted like.”

“But all of it? That was three guys worth you just licked up!”

“Hey, now at least I know what all three of you taste like I guess.”

“Well, that’s more than any of us I think. Dean? Scott? Yeah, you’re the only one to have eaten all three of us.”

“Jase, mate. You have to try getting it fresh sometime. I’ve blown you twice now. I reckon after a couple more you might owe me one.”

“Hey Scott!” said Luke, “don’t be a dickhead all your life. Jase doesn’t need that kind of pressure. If he feels like it he will. Right Jase?”

“Yeah, ya never know your luck Scotty.” said Jason with a shit eating grin on his face.

Luke shook his head in disbelief and walked over to his bunk sniffing the air as he walked.

“Guys, we all fucking stink like shit. We’re going to be arriving in Tahiti in about 48 hours. We’ll have to clean ourselves up before then.”

“If we wash now, we’ll have to do it again before we arrive though.”

“Jase, I thought you’d be the one racing off to wash right now.”

“Nah, I haven’t washed since we came on board, in fact, since two days before we came on board. This is the longest I have ever been able to grunge out like this. It’s hulla cool. I’d like to wait if that’s Ok.”

“Hulla cool. What the fuck does that mean?” Luke asked. “I guess I’m beginning to show my age huh? Shit, I never thought I’d feel old at 22 - I mean grunge was trendy when I was like 5. How the fuck do you guys know about it? But anyway, I wasn’t saying we have to wash just yet. If you can stand me then I can stand you guys.”

Scott lifted his arm and took a deep sniff of his armpit.

“I guess I do smell a bit, but I hadn’t really noticed you guys that much. Only from your crotches when I’ve been eating ya. And that made me more horny. I reckon it’s because we’ve all gotten used to each other’s smell slowly.”

“Well, Ok then guys. But it’s time for you to earn your passages properly today. We’re going to scrub this boat from top to bottom.”

As they sat to greedily eat breakfast Luke put his spoon down to speak.

“Ok guys, Dean asked to be fucked last night. Anyone else got any unusual requests, or want any fantasies acted out? I’ve got a few ideas brewing.”

Scott finished the last of his serial and leaned back from the fold-down table with a look of deep thought on his face.

“Well, this is kind of bizarre. I’ve been really getting off on the thought of this stringy hair I’ve got from when you jizzed in it the other morning Luke. I’d like to have four loads of cum dumped on my hair at once, then slick back my hair with it. Actually that sounds really sick doesn’t it?”

“Hmm, basically yes. But I’m keen. How ’bout you guys?”

Dean and Jason both laughed and agreed. They decided they would wait until they stopped work for lunch to let their volumes build up a bit. Jason looked around the table then asked;

“You said four loads. How are you going to dump a load on your own head?”

“Easy. See if I lean forward like this and flick my hair over my face like this, I can shoot onto it and then swish it back with my hand, like this.”

#

By one o’clock the deck and bulkheads of the Nova were sparkling in the overhead sun. Scott was obviously looking forward to his impending shampoo as he had asked all the others to begin stroking themselves occasionally an hour earlier. Twice he had suddenly crouched down and flicked his hair forward thinking he had overdone his own wanking and was going to cum. Both times he had managed to hold it off.

They broke soon after one and went into the cabin. Scott looked at the other three all stroking themselves leisurely.

“Hey guys, can you wipe that precum into my hair too?”

Luke scooped the precum from his foreskin and smeared it through Scott’s hair. Dean and Jason dried their hands in his hair too.

“Ok. I’m going to sit here on the floor. Hang on, let’s do this on deck!”

They left the cabin and Scott sat in the middle of the aft deck between the deck chairs.

“Right. This is how I want to do it. Make sure you’re all ready to go, but don’t come ‘till I say. I’m going to come on myself first, then I’ll sit up and push my hair back. When I say go I want you to get real close and blast it all right here on the top of my head, Ok?”

After Luke, Dean and Jason said they were ready Scott continued his quick strokes, occasionally pulling back his foreskin and collecting his precum in his fingers and massaging it into the tips of his hair.

His pace quickened until his right hand was just a blur, then he leaned forward holding his hair toward his cock with his left hand, grunted a few times and stopped jerking his hand. He stayed in that position for about ten more seconds then lifted his head and swept his left hand back pushing back his hair.

A shiny smear of fresh cum coated the top layer of his hair down to the bottom of his scalp. He jerked a few more times on his bright red cock, extracting a few more drops of semen, then ran his coated right hand through his hair, wiping it clean.

“Blast off guys.”

Jason, Dean and Luke stepped close to Scott. Luke stood straddling his right shoulder, his balls lying against Scott’s ear. Jason took up the same position over Scott’s left shoulder and Dean stood behind him, leaning his knees against his back.

As they continued to stroke themselves their fists brushed against Scott’s damp hair and occasionally their knuckles bumped. They looked at each other’s faces in a silent countdown. When they were all ready there was a violent flurry of fists then they all pressed their cock heads together at the top of Scott’s head.

Jason felt Luke’s cum hitting the head of his cock as he shot back at him. Dean’s second shot squeezed between Luke and Jason and dribbled off Scott’s fringe onto his forehead and nose. Scott caught the escaping cum with his hand and swept it back to the top of his head.

Scott’s hand landing on top of the three super sensitive cock heads made all three of them ejaculate immediately again adding an extra load of thick, more viscous cum. They kept their cocks there until they had milked the last drops out of themselves, then pulled away to watch Scott.

As he pressed down on the top of his head they saw their cum squeeze out between his fingers. He began massaging the warm cum into his scalp. Very quickly he worked up a mass of foam which he then began smoothing to the ends of his hair. Within three minutes his hair was slick and wet throughout. It stuck to his shoulder blades and the sides of his face.

Scott’s cock was throbbing again so he quickly jerked himself and collected a surprisingly large load in his hand which he used to tightly matt the furthestmost ends of his long hair.

“Awesome guys! How does it look?”

“Well moussed I guess is the best description!” replied Jason.

## Chapter 10

Throughout the rest of the afternoon Scott could not keep his hands away from his hair. He kept running his fingers through it as it dried and became almost solid. By four the entire boat had been cleaned. Only the sheets on the bunks remained stained and ruffled. Dean touched Scott's hair as they sat on the aft deck, leaving wet sweat marks on the wooden decking.

"Nice dreadlocks Scott. I always wondered how they were done."

"It feels really weird now. Like I've been rolling in mud or something and it's all caked in my hair. The smell is really turning me on too. I'm horny and ready to help out someone else's wish. Who's next? Jason?"

"Um, I can't think of anything really. I bet Dean can."

"Nah, I got mine last night. It must be the captain's turn."

Luke looked at the others and saw that Scott and Dean were both hard. Jason was looking at him expectantly.

"Um. Ok. Jason, I want you to go inside and get the mattress off my bunk and bring it out here."

Jason leapt to his feet and scrambled into the cabin. A minute later he emerged, carrying the thin mattress with its fitted white sheet complete with multiple yellow stains. He laid it down in the centre of the deck and sat beside it. Luke noticed that anticipation had caused Jason to get hard too.

"Right. I'm going to lay down on the mattress and close my eyes. I want you guys to work together to make me feel great. Here are the rules. This has got to last at least half an hour. You have to make sure you don't do anything to make me shoot too quick. That means go really slow. You can do anything you like which you think I'll enjoy. If I say stop at any time, that means I don't like what your doing. Oh, and you're allowed to get yourselves off too if you want."

Luke adjusted the mattress so that his head would be in the shade most of the time at their present course, then laid back with his hands resting above his head. He spread his legs slightly, feeling the warmth of the sun on his body. He closed his eyes and waited.

“We’ll be back in two seconds,” said Scott, “we’ve just got to work out our plan of attack, if you’ll pardon the expression.”

The three younger men went into the cabin and closed the door. Scott took the mantle of project leader.

“So, how are we going to go about this then?”

“I think we should concentrate on the areas we’re most comfortable with.”

“Good idea Dean. What are you comfortable with?”

“Absolutely anything. I actually find Luke real hot. I’ll do anything. Maybe we should start with Jason’s role.”

“Ok, Jason, do you reckon you’d be able to rub his torso and legs, that kind of thing?”

“I guess.” said Jason, “I could maybe wank him too. Or, wank on him?”

“Excellent! How about this. You concentrate on his legs and feet, as well as his hands. Ok? Cool. I’m Ok with rubbing him, wanking him, sucking him and that kind of stuff. What do you actually want to do Dean?”

“Well I definitely want to get my mouth on that hot cock at some stage. Sorry guys, but now that you know I’m gay I’m not going to hold back. Anyway, I’ve got a thing for armpits too, and I want to kiss him, and maybe slip a finger or two into his ass. Maybe I could get him to suck me too.”

“Hang on, this is for him, not you.”

“Yeah, he said he was gay right? Well I love to get a cock placed in my mouth.”

“Whatever. Well, let’s do it then. I reckon we should do no talking the whole time unless we have to, Ok? And let’s sneak up on him and touch him with all hands at the same time. Right let’s go.”

Quietly they left the cabin and took up positions around Luke. Scott knelt on his right side next to his pelvis. Dean sat quietly on Luke’s left side, next to his head and chest, and Jason knelt at his feet. With a nod from Scott they all placed their hands on Luke’s relaxed body.

Dean pressed one palm to Luke’s forehead and the other to his left breast. Scott put one hand on his inner thigh and the other on his stomach. Jason ran his hands up Luke’s shins. As their hands came into contact Luke tensed his muscles momentarily then sighed and relaxed.

Dean began by rubbing Luke's chest and nipples until they were both erect and became very sensitive. He then leaned over and nuzzled his nose into his left armpit, inhaling the sweet smell of a week's sweat. He then licked deeply into the hair of the armpit until it was wet with his saliva instead of sweat.

Jason began massaging Luke's feet, rubbing firmly between the toes and gently pulling the hair on the tops of his feet. He got uncomfortable kneeling on the hard wood so sat down with his legs apart and Luke's feet nestled between his thighs.

Scott began by rubbing Luke's stomach with his left hand as he gently pulled on the long blonde hairs on his scrotum. As he began gently fondling his balls, Luke's cock began to grow from its semi-hard state.

Licking from Luke's armpit to his neck, Dean elicited low moans from him. He then held Luke's head gently between his hands and lightly brushed his lips with his own. As he lifted his head he saw Luke lick his dry lips and leave his mouth slightly open. He took the invitation and placed his lips gently against Luke's. Without prompting Luke opened his mouth and allowed Dean's tongue to enter and explore it. Quickly Dean found Luke's tongue exploring his own mouth.

Jason was still busy with Luke's feet. He found them to be a little dry, so pushed his hard cock down and curled Luke's toes around his wet cock head. He pushed his cock onto the sole of Luke's right foot, spreading his precum over the callused ball of his foot.

Scott decided to taste the large drop of precum that had developed on the end of Luke's cock. He lay down, resting his head on Luke's stomach and licked hard, with the full length of his tongue, over the pink tip of the head. Luke twitched his whole body and precum poured onto the tip of Scott's tongue, coating it with salty slipperiness.

Dean broke his kiss and began gently kissing Luke's eyelids, then the shell of his ear. He then leaned over Luke, placing his own wet armpit over his nose and probed his right armpit with the tip of his tongue, savouring the salt of the sweat, and detecting the distinctive taste of dried cum. Luke breathed deeply from Dean's armpit and tasted the corner of it with his tongue.

Tired of concentrating on Luke's feet, Jason moved up and massaged the sides of his ass cheeks. He then shifted opposite Scott and began tracing the slick tip of his cock along Luke's side and onto his stomach beside Scott's head. He then sat back for a moment and pounded furiously on his cock until he came. He squirted all over Luke's stomach and chest, adding a little more to Scott's hair in the process.

Some of the cum hit the under side of Dean's chin as he finished washing Luke's right armpit. He looked up to see what it was and saw, over Scott's head, Jason wiping the tip of his cock on Luke's balls. He decided to use Jason's cum which was

on Luke's chest as massage oil. He firmly rubbed it into his nipples, around his neck and through his armpits and onto his upper arms. He ensured there was plenty in Luke's armpits, then dove in to lick it all out.

Scott scooped the last of Jason's cum from the tip of his cock as he wiped it on Luke's balls and spread it well over the rising and falling scrotum. He squeezed on his own hard cock and collected some precum which he spread over Luke's swollen cock. He then beckoned for Jason to come back. He took Jason's shrinking cock in his hand and squeezed hard from the base to the tip, bringing out more thick cum which he also spread over Luke's shaft.

Scott then pressed his lips to Luke's foreskin and sucked hard, bringing out more precum which he washed around his mouth. He used all the lubrication to allow his lips to slide effortlessly down his shaft until he felt the thick head butting against his throat. He relaxed his throat and swallowed until he was surprised to have all six and a half inches inside him and the corner of his mouth was firmly against Luke's matted and pungent pubic hair at the base of his cock.

Seeing how well Scott was doing Dean decided to join him. He flipped around and started rubbing Luke's right armpit with a big toe while he laid his head across his thighs. Dean's face was only inches from Scott's. He opened his mouth wide and gently sucked in Luke's sticky balls. He felt the warm breath from Scott's nose on his chin as he swirled the balls around in his mouth, tasting Jason's semen once again.

Scott almost bit on Luke's cock when he felt a hand close around his own. He pulled his face from Luke's crotch and looked down to see Jason smiling at him and slowly pulling the foreskin of his cock back and forth. When he turned back Dean had taken Luke's cock into his mouth and was bobbing slowly up and down, so Scott went back to work tumbling his balls lightly in his fingers.

Dean motioned for Scott to take over at Luke's head, so he pushed himself up, forcing Jason to stop wanking him. He walked to Luke's head and moved his hands from above his head to his sides. He then pulled over a couple of towels lying on the deck, rolled them up and sat on them with his legs spread apart and his balls resting on Luke's forehead.

As he leaned forward and began playing with Luke's nipples Jason joined him again. Jason lay on his side beside Luke, placing his flaccid cock in Luke's relaxed right hand. With his own hand he continued his slow assault on Scott's cock, causing his balls to slap against Luke's forehead. The squelching sounds of the precum collecting in Scott's foreskin were loud in Luke's ears.

Jason began becoming more erratic in his stroking as Luke worked on the stiffening cock placed in his right hand. As Dean was nibbling lightly on Luke's cock head, and

forcing his tongue inside the foreskin, Luke experienced one of his much sought after pre-orgasmic ejaculations. Two small jets of semen squirted into Dean's mouth.

Dean licked the head clean, but didn't swallow. He looked up to see the interesting position Scott and Jason had taken. He smiled and sat up. Shuffling his way up Luke's body, Dean managed to squeeze his head between Scott's chest and Luke's face. As Jason continued wanking Scott, smearing precum all over Dean's cheek and ear, he entered into a deep and long kiss with Luke.

As Luke opened his mouth to accept Dean's tongue he found it filled with the taste of his own semen. He moaned deeply, sending vibrations up through Scott's balls which almost made him come. Scott wasn't ready yet, so he gently pulled Jason's hand away. Jason understood and nodded.

Now that he had a free hand, Jason reached down to gently wrap it around Luke's cock. This was only the second uncut cock he had ever touched - other than his own, the first being Scott's moments before. He pushed his index finger under Luke's foreskin, which was lubricated with spit, precum and cum, and swirled it around. Luke's back arched and his hand gripped Jason's cock tightly.

Dean broke away from the kiss and pulled his head back. Scott's cock had lost some of its hardness, and slapped noisily down onto Luke's face, running along the side of his nose and ending at the corner of his mouth. A drop of precum ran from Scott's cock into Luke's mouth. Quickly his tongue poked out to lick the pink cap. Immediately Scott's cock lifted back up to be almost parallel with his smooth stomach.

Dean once again moved to devour Luke's cock. Jason let it go and stood, pulling his hard cock from Luke's hand and drawing out a glistening string of precum which broke as he stepped back, and formed a liquid string across Luke's fingertips.

Returning from the cabin Jason held a lit cigarette in his mouth, and another in his hand. He lay down again, poking his cock back into Luke's waiting hand. He lit the other cigarette with his own and pushed on Scott's chest to raise him from licking Luke's right nipple. Jason held the lit cigarette to Luke's lips. He took a deep drag and exhaled slowly.

Scott took the cigarette from Jason and continued feeding it to Luke as he slowly wanked himself. With his right hand, Jason began rubbing Luke's chest and stomach, playing with the small patch of light brown hair on his chest and the thicker hair running from just above his navel to his groin.

As Scott inhaled the last of Luke's cigarette and threw it into the ocean, Dean moved his mouth from Luke's cock to his balls once more. With his left hand he spread Luke's legs a little wider. He then licked his left middle finger, coating it with plenty

of saliva. He gently tickled his way down from the base of Luke's balls until his finger rested pressed against the tight pucker of his ass.

Still licking Luke's balls and the base of his shaft, Dean applied increasing pressure with his finger until it popped in to the first knuckle. Luke gasped and pressed his crotch up into Dean's face. Slowly Dean worked his finger until it was fully inserted, then he began sweeping around probing for Luke's prostate.

Luke was groaning now and fresh beads of precum appeared from his cock, which Dean quickly licked off. The intense feeling made Luke pump on Jason's cock furiously. Jason came powerfully into his hand, grunting and thrusting into his side as he did. Luke lifted his semen filled hand and found Scott's face. He worked his dripping fingers up onto his hair and wiped it off on the hardened locks.

He reached back down to collect more of Jason's cum then licked his fingers clean. At that point Dean hit Luke's prostate gland with his finger. Luke felt like he was going to explode and arched his back. Instead he had another pre-orgasmic come, shooting two more thin white streams onto his stomach which Dean hungrily lapped up.

Scott felt he was long overdue to cum. He lifted Jason's hand from Luke's pubic hair and placed it on his bouncing cock, then leaned forward and tickled Luke's chest with his matted hair. Within about ten strokes from Jason, Luke felt Scott's balls contract rapidly, then the muscle spasms starting deep within the flesh resting on his face.

Jason kept pumping Scott's cock as he came and aimed the shots at Scott's face. Almost all of it hit Scott in the face, several large drops landing in his wide open mouth. Most of what hit his face dripped onto Luke's chest and of course onto Scott's hair. Scott dragged his hair back and forth across Luke's chest, using it as a cum paintbrush.

Releasing Scott's cock as it continued its final pumps, he let it fall heavily onto Luke's face. Semen dripped directly into Luke's mouth from the amazing cock which hardly shrank when it became flaccid.

Dean pulled his finger from Luke's ring, then twisted his head and forced it firmly between Luke's thighs. He quickly worked his tongue to the hole he had just been fingering and quickly pressed the tip into the warm opening. This sent visible waves of pleasure through Luke's entire body. He let out a long guttural moan and squirmed on the mattress.

Quickly Dean's tongue became tired, so he lifted his face from Luke's ass. He noticed that his incessantly hard cock had been lying on Luke's stomach as he had been tonguing him. Where it had been was a large pool of his own precum. He quickly licked it off and decided it was his turn to come.

He motioned for Scott to move, noticing that the ends of his hair were wet again and smiling. Scott got up and moved down to lick gently at Luke's cock. Jason watched and stroked his again hard cock as Dean licked what was left of Scott's semen from Luke's hard nipples and light chest hair. Then he nuzzled again into Luke's left armpit.

Luke lifted his arm to give him fuller access and stroked the back of Dean's head. When he had cleaned the sweat from the armpit Dean motioned Jason to shuffle down and straddled Luke's chest without sitting down fully. He rubbed his balls back and forth over his chest then leaned forward and wiped the dripping head of his cock across Luke's lips.

Luke opened his mouth wide and Dean leaned further forward, directing his cock down Luke's gaping mouth. He closed his lips around the dead straight cut cock and flicked his tongue around the head and over the thin line connecting the head to the shaft.

That was all it took for Dean to lose his control. He didn't thrust forward, even though he wanted to, he didn't want to risk choking the man he was trying to please. Dean grimaced as he shot stream after stream of almost pure white semen into Luke's mouth.

Luke swallowed once, then let his mouth fill and overflow. Cum dribbled down the sides of his face where Jason watched it pass his ear then drip to the white sheet on the mattress. Dean withdrew, still pumping cum which pooled on Luke's chest as he leaned forward and locked his lips to Luke's. They kissed, Dean drinking his own cum from Luke's mouth.

It was time Luke got his relief. Dean got off his chest and joined Scott at Luke's groin. They sat on opposite sides of him and took brief turns sucking and licking on his balls and cock. Jason sat on the towels Scott had used, resting his heavy and low hanging balls on Luke's forehead. He gently massaged Luke's jaw muscles. The spilled semen acted as an ideal rubbing oil.

When they saw that Luke was very close to coming, Dean and Scott brought their faces together, centred on Luke's cock. Occasionally their tongues touched as they both licked and sucked on Luke's throbbing cock. They took turns licking up his copious drops of precum which emerged each time his cock tensed up. With one hand Scott tugged on his balls, while Dean pressed his finger deep within his ass again.

Slowly Luke began dredging up a deep and long moan from deep within his gut. The pitch increased rapidly until his back arched and the moan became a deafening scream. Scott felt Luke's balls draw up to his body and Dean felt his ass muscles tighten until he could hardly move his finger. Holding his cock between their tongues and lips they felt it expand then jerk violently.

Luke's first shot hit him in the face. Dean then found his prostate and the second shot passed over Luke's head and hit Jason on his left shoulder. The next two shots hit Jason's chest then stomach. Dean slipped his mouth over the jumping cock to catch the next powerful shot, then pulled off to let Scott get some. Scott was too slow and got a shot on his cheek and nose.

He managed to engulf the cock for the next shot which was still as powerful as the previous three. Luke began to tremble and hyperventilate as Dean continued stimulating his prostate gland. He continued coming small dribbles into Scott and Dean's mouth and onto his stomach for thirty more seconds, then he collapsed, breathing deeply as if in sleep.

The three younger men stood away from Luke, leaving him to recover. They walked back into the cabin, Scott wiping Luke's cum from his face with his hair while closing the cabin door so he could speak without disturbing Luke.

"Fuck, was that incredible or what! I didn't think it was possible for a guy to come that hard!"

The semen on Jason was beginning to drip to the floor.

"Here, wipe your chest on my hair Jase."

Jason moved to Scott and pulled his head down to wipe the bulk of Luke's cum from his body. As he was rubbing Scott's hair against his stomach Scott took Jason's cock into his mouth. Jason pulled his head away.

"Nah, my balls couldn't handle any more just yet."

"Ok, but later man. I'm really getting into this. I could do it all night!"

"Hopefully we will." said Dean.

"Yeah!" said Jason.

"Hey Jase," said Scott, "you looked like you were really into it too. You did some pretty cool stuff."

"Yeah, I kinda enjoyed it, but I had absolutely no desire to do what you were doing Dean."

"Well, I guess I got carried away. I acted out some of my own fantasies though. Fuck, this hardon is here to stay! I'm already looking forward to tonight."

"Well Dean, my balls are totally empty right now, but I reckon I owe you, all three of you, some pretty memorable orgasms tonight. All I can say is that I'm still floating on a post-orgasmic high and I think I need a sleep for an hour or two."

Luke walked stiffly, carrying his mattress which had a perfect impression of his body in sweat on it, punctuated around its edges by fresh cum stains. He lay it on his bunk and collapsed on it. He was asleep within two minutes.

## Chapter 11

They let Luke sleep until seven that evening when the motor sputtered and stopped. They began drifting and alarms sounded in the wheelhouse.

Luke awoke to Scott shaking his shoulders.

“Luke. The engine just died.”

“Better call a tow truck.” Luke said as he rolled over.

“Wake up! The fucking engine stopped!”

Luke forced his eyes open to see who was yelling at him. The sight of Scott’s stringy hair and naked body suddenly woke him properly and he sat up.

“What the fuck’s all the alarms going for Scott?”

“The engine. It’s stopped, I’ve told you that three times already.”

“Ok, ok. It’s probably nothing serious. Where’s Dean?”

“He’s just going below to have a look.”

“Good. He’s the one who should know. He’s read the maintenance manual right through. And anyway - you helped put the bloody thing in!”

Luke stood and wobbled to the door of the cabin. Now that they were drifting, the swell had them at its mercy and the Nova was rolling from side to side. He walked to the open hatch that led to the engine bay and lowered himself until his foot reached the first rung of the ladder. As his head went below the level of the deck and his eyes adjusted to the dim light he saw Dean leaning over the silent motor.

“Any idea what’s going on Deano?”

“Nup.” said Dean, not looking around, “Doesn’t look like anything’s seized. It’s probably a fuel problem. Fuck it’s hot down here! This thing puts off a hell of a lot of heat.”

Luke leaned over Dean looking at the motor. His arm almost slipped from Dean's back due to the perspiration that now covered it. Sweat also dripped from his chin and nose.

"Luke, can you grab that wrench over there? I want to have a look at the fuel pump."

With his hand pressed against the decking above him for support Luke got to the tool box and passed the wrench to Dean. Quickly Dean had the pump open. The smell of fuel filled the enclosed space making both of them slightly light headed.

"Ok, the pump's empty. There must be a blockage further back."

Luke traced the fuel line back until he found the valve at the head of the primary fuel tank. He closed it securely then held the line as Dean removed it from the dry pump. As the hose came away from the fuel pump a small piece of aluminium fell to the floor. Luke bent and picked it up, holding it to the light. It was an almost perfectly round piece of cut sheet aluminium.

"I wonder how the fuck that got in there? Do you reckon it'll have caused any damage to the motor?"

Dean shook his head. "Nah, I doubt it. If it'd been the oil pump though... well, that might've been a different story. Shall we put it back together and give it a go?"

Together they refitted the hose and replaced the fuel pump. As they were tightening the nuts Dean spoke to Luke, almost shyly.

"Um, how was your, um, 'workout' this afternoon boss?"

"Words just don't describe it mate. I literally thought I'd shot my balls out. I half expected to find them lying on my chest when I opened my eyes. You guys did a hell of a job. Was it you who was fingering and rimming my ass?"

"Uh, yeah. I started real slow, and you didn't seem to complain, so I just kept going."

"Complain! Fuck no! You probably saw how my body reacted. Sounds pathetic I know, but I felt like I was swimming in a sea of orgasmic ecstasy when you did that. All I can say is Wow!"

"Well thanks, I guess. Shall we give her a kick in the guts and see if she'll go for us?"

Luke held his hand to the starter switch and the motor ticked over then started it's familiar grumble for about fifteen seconds, then sputtered and coughed to a stop again.

“Fuck! Shit! Fucking cunt of a thing! What the fuck’s wrong with you now you stupid hunk of shit!?”

Luke walked back to the fuel tank.

“Um, maybe it would help if I turned the fuel back on.”

They started the motor once again, it took a little longer to spring into life as it worked through the air in the pump and hose. Within a minute the motor was performing perfectly so Luke returned engine control to the wheelhouse and immediately the motor increased tempo from a dull thud to the familiar whine of cruising speed.

The Nova quickly returned to speed and Dean and Luke found it much easier to pick their way back to the ladder now that they weren’t being rocked by the swell. As they emerged into the bright evening sunlight Jason and Scott were waiting for them. Scott looked at their dripping bodies.

“You guys been swimming down there or something?”

“If you ever want a sauna guys, you know where to go. Now, I think we owe Dean some thanks for getting us going again.”

“Nah, it was just a simple little thing.”

Scott countered, “Well, whatever it was, it got us moving again. I reckon you deserve to ask for a special treat now.”

“Well, ok. I’ve got a suggestion that involves only you Scott. I’ll tell you and you can decide if you’re game.”

“Don’t worry Deano mate, I’ll be game.”

“Ok then. First of all you suck me off right now, and swallow it all of course. Then I get on my hands and knees and you fuck me ‘till you cum inside.”

Scott stepped forward and pushed Dean against the aft railing. He got to his knees in front of him and licked firmly from under Dean’s balls, right up his hardening cock, then up to his navel. The salty taste of Dean’s sweat struck Scott and made him ferociously burry his face in Dean’s groin.

Soon Dean was moaning and grasping at Scott’s hair as he alternately bobbed up and down on his cock, then held it still in his mouth as his tongue flicked around the swollen head. Dean held onto his orgasm for six minutes then grunted and yelled “I’m coming!” as he gripped Scott’s hair tightly and thrust forward.

Scott stood up in front of Dean, wiping cum from his bottom lip with his own hair. He looked Dean in the face for a moment, then with a quiet deep voice, and trying not to laugh said;

“Get down on you fuckin’ hands and knees cock lover.”

Without speaking Dean lowered himself to the deck and pointed his ass into the air in front of Scott. Scott brought his fingers to his mouth. He had not swallowed all of Dean’s load, and spat what was left onto his fingers then spread it over his own cock, mixing it with the precum collecting within the rim of his foreskin.

Scott got to his knees and placed his hands on Dean’s hips. He pulled at Dean until he was at the right height and distance, then placed his right hand on his cock to guide it into place. He slowly pressed his cock between Dean’s cheeks until it was pressing against his pucker.

Dean spread his knees apart a little to make it easier for Scott to get access. Scott pressed his hips forward firmly, but made no progress. Although he was as hard as he had ever been, his cock almost folded over under the pressure. Then Dean relaxed and suddenly he felt himself slide in and his balls slap against Dean’s.

Luke saw the look of surprise and slight pain on Dean’s face as Scott entered him. Quickly that gave way to a look of bliss as Scott began slow gentle thrusts deep into him. Scott was very near coming, so he stopped thrusting and leaned forward to lay his chest on Dean’s back.

Dean’s sweat covered back was warm and slippery. Scott had to wrap his arms around Dean’s chest and stomach to hold himself steady. His right arm slipped down from Dean’s stomach and he found his hand pressed against Dean’s fresh hardon. He grasped it and began stroking it, using the combination of fresh semen, precum and his remaining saliva as lubricant.

Scott found it quite bizarre to be reaching in front of him and wanking a cock that was not his own. He began gently thrusting again, picking up speed as he picked up his wanking speed. Soon he was fucking Dean with long and firm strokes, drawing his cock almost completely out, then thrusting back to meet the backwards push of Dean.

Scott straightened up and released Dean’s cock. He grasped Dean’s hips and began a rapid in and out stroke which elicited grunts of pleasure at each thrust. Scott looked down at his cock sliding in and out of Dean’s ass. The sight of his shaft disappearing like that put him over the edge.

He thrust hard and deep into Dean and fell down onto his back as he felt the orgasm nearing. Quickly Scott reached for Dean’s cock again. As his hand closed around it

he felt the first surge from his cock and balls, then felt his cum filling the space inside Dean.

As Scott's hand grasped his cock, and he felt Scott coming inside him, Dean came again. Droplets of semen splattered to the deck and his arms became shaky.

On his second spurt, Scott's body trembled and the spasm pulled his cock from Dean's ass. His third shot sprayed Dean's balls and as he pushed himself up, the fourth and fifth filled Dean's ass crack and spilled onto his back where it ran down his spine and spilled off his neck.

Dean rolled and sat in his own semen and faced the kneeling Scott. Scott's cock still pulsed, sending small rivulets of cum down his shaft where it dripped from the wisps of hair on his balls.

Dean leaned forward and sucked hard on the head of Scott's cock, causing him to moan and fall onto Dean's body with his cock still in his mouth. Dean continued sucking on his cock, not letting it go soft, until Scott's body jerked and he came again, this time into Dean's mouth.

Scott rolled off Dean's body and they both lay on their backs breathing heavily. Dean swirled Scott's cum around in his mouth for a while then swallowed.

"Thanks Scott. That was great."

"No, thank you. I've never had such a tight fuck before!"

Luke and Jason had watched the whole performance and had been wanking themselves throughout. Somehow they had both managed to stop themselves from coming. They returned to the cabin, lying on their bunks, to let Dean and Scott revive themselves.

"So, I'm the only one who hasn't fucked a guy's ass now."

"There's no compulsion. You know that."

"Yeah, I know. I probably will if he asks me to though, or you."

"Cool. If you want to. Hey, I think we'll have to finish ourselves off tonight, don't you? They are pretty fucked, if you'll excuse the pun."

"Yeah. That's good actually. I feel like a good long wanking session tonight."

Scott and Dean had appeared at the cabin door. Dean spoke to Jason.

"That's cool Jase, but I'm afraid you'll have to wait a little bit before you can do that."

With that they stepped down into the cabin and walked towards Luke and Jason. Dean crawled onto Jason's bunk and Scott onto Luke's. They looked across the cabin at each other, then simultaneously, they both bent down and took the waiting hard cocks into their mouths.

Luke watched Jason writhing as Dean now expertly gave him a blowjob. Scott was deep throating Luke, occasionally gagging and coming up for air smiling. Luke and Jason forced themselves to concentrate on not coming too soon. Luke lost the battle after about eight minutes. The first jet surprised Scott who had not read the tell tail signs correctly.

The semen struck the back of his throat, causing him to cough and pull his head from Luke's cock. The sensation of the cough just intensified the orgasm for Luke who grabbed the back of Scott's head and pressed his face onto his jolting penis, using his face to rub his cock.

For a couple of minutes Luke held Scott pressed against his irregularly pulsing cock. Then he let go and Scott lifted his head. His face was coated in semen, as was the fringe of his hair. He smiled at Luke and flicked his hair over to his face to mop up the sticky mess. Then he lowered his head again and used his hair to get the worst from Luke's stomach. He licked Luke's cock clean, then sat up to watch Dean and Jason.

Dean had stopped sucking Jason and was now wanking him with long slow strokes, his mouth open, poised over his leaking cock. Luke and Scott saw Jason's fists clench, then a stream of very white cum blast into Dean's mouth. Dean closed his mouth to swallow and the next spurt splatted against his lips. Dean continued stroking while he lowered his lips over Jason's cock head and rubbed the tip of his head with his tongue. The force of the semen pushed his tongue back and he allowed Jason to fill his mouth.

He pulled away, cum dripping from his chin, swallowed, then took his hand from Jason's cock and swallowed it to suck it dry. When Jason had finished coming he slowly pulled away, stooping back down to gently kiss Jason's balls before standing up to meet Scott in the centre of the cabin. They smiled at each other then high fived and went to sit on their own bunks.

"Um, thanks Dean. I have to say you give better head than Scott does."

Scott frowned at Jason. "Hey, I just need a little more practice, that's all."

"Not that much, I'd say! Thanks Scott, nice blowjob."

"You're welcome Luke. And you got my hair, um, wet again too. Thanks for that. It's feeling really, um, funky now."

“Well Mr. Cum hair, I think it’s your turn to get the grub isn’t it? No special treatment just because you blew the captain now!”

Luke looked across at Jason as Scott walked past. He was lying back on his bunk smiling. A small dribble of cum leaked from his limp cock, then slowly ran down his side onto the sheet.

“So Jase, have you decided what you want as your special treat yet?”

“Yep.”

“So, what’s it to be then?”

“I want you guys to get me a nice hotel room, and hire a hooker for me for a whole night when we get to Tahiti. You have to supply the lot, including a twelve pack of rubbers and actually hiring the prostitute.”

“Oh, shit!” exclaimed Luke. “Didn’t I tell you guys? Fuck, sorry. We’re not going to Tahiti anymore. The weather that way is really shitty at the moment. I adjusted course this morning. We’re going straight on to Hawaii. That way we should have pretty much flat seas all the way.”

“Ok then, same deal when we get there then. But it has to be a native Hawaiian chick, long black hair, about five foot seven with nice firm tits.”

“You’re on Jase.” said Luke.

Scott called from the galley. “So how long ‘till we get there then Luke?”

“Well, actually we’ll stop off in Apia, Samoa, probably tomorrow evening if all goes well, just to refuel and get supplies and stuff. We won’t stay, so you can’t get your wish there sorry Jase. Then it’ll be a three and a half, maybe four week hall to Hawaii from there. We’re in the real tropics now, by the way, we past into the Tropic of Capricorn early yesterday morning.”

“So that means I have to clean up for Apia even though I won’t be getting laid. Bummer.”

“Well, no, you don’t have to wash if you don’t want Jase, and the rest of us for that matter. We can just get dressed when we’re there. The only people you will have to see are the customs guys and they won’t do anything more than just stamp your passports. There will be a phone box on the pier too, so you will hardly have to leave the boat. We’re only going to be there about three or four hours.”

“What about my hair though. Anyone could tell what’s happened to it.”

“Actually Scott, apart from those fresh wet bits, it looks like it’s been specially styled that way, the ‘stringy fake dreads’ look. All you need to do is lift up the bits that are stuck to you and tie it in a pony tail or something and you’ll be fine, so long as you don’t rub it in someone’s face or anything.”

“That’s all very well Luke” said Dean, “but we all stink of sweat and stale cum.”

“Sure. I’m not saying you can’t wash, just that you don’t have to if you don’t want to.”

After the meal they all sat out on the deck reading a selection of soft core porn. One by one they came, marking the page they were up to by sticking them together with fresh blobs of cum. As soon as each had shot, they took their magazines inside, went back on deck to shit and piss, then went to their bunks to sleep.

#

At one the next afternoon, with the largest island of Samoa in sight Dean stood on the bow with the other three.

“Well, I’ve decided to have a wash. We’ve only got what, an hour, until we arrive? Well I’m going to clean up now.”

He stood and walked inside to turn on the hose pump. The other three decided to wash too. Scott insisted that he wasn’t going to wash his hair though. He said it had taken too much work from all of them to get it that way and he didn’t want to lose it just for a three hour visit.

While the other three took turns holding the hose on each other, Scott was in the cabin. Eventually he emerged wearing a disposable plastic shower cap he had found in his toiletries bag. As the others laughed at him he held the hose. Dean decided to help by rubbing Luke’s back. Very quickly this turned into fondling and his hand reached around Luke’s body to grab his cock.

A few tugs and Luke was hard. Dean then got on his knees in front of him and began sucking. Scott turned the stream of the hose onto the back of Dean’s head, forcing him onto Luke right down to the base of his cock. The vibrations from the water hitting Dean’s head travelled straight from his chin to Luke’s balls, making him come quickly down the back of Dean’s throat.

Scott redirected the water onto Jason who continued scrubbing himself with a sponge. Luke pulled his softening cock from Dean’s mouth and patted him on the back as he stood. Dean grabbed Luke’s shoulders and pulled him close, planting his lips on Luke’s. They both opened their mouths and Luke’s semen flooded into his own mouth from Dean’s. As their tongues pressed against each other they both savoured the dull salty taste of his cum.

Jason took the hose from Scott and turned it on them.

“Hey, that’s enough of that! I’m gonna’ puke if you keep that up!”

They broke up laughing as the water hit them and continued sponging themselves down as Scott was blasted with the warm sea water. Soon they were all clean and used a bucket of fresh water to rinse off before letting the sun and breeze dry them naturally before they put their clothes on.

“It feels weird to be wearing clothes again.”

Luke laughed. “Jase, you were the last one to take yours off! Now you’re complaining about putting them on?”

“Yeah, well my favorite shorts are probably washed up on a beach somewhere now. These ones just aren’t the same.”

Jason looked over to see Scott tying his hair.

“You gonna’ wear jeans Scott?”

“No, why?”

“But you’re just wearing underwear!”

Scott was wearing an old, hole filled tank top and a pair of white, close fitting boxer briefs.

“My uncle in the States sent them to me. Mum had told him that underwear was ‘an ideal gift’. Stupid woman. But they don’t really look like underwear, more like swimming shorts.”

Dean looked at him with raised eyebrows, then stripped off his baggy shorts. He leaned into his drawer and pulled out a pair of Speedos.

“In that case, I’m going to wear my Speedos, and maybe a T-shirt. Anyway, everyone’s gonna recognise those as undies, at least they will see these are swimming gear.”

He arranged himself inside his Speedos and smiled at the other three. Luke returned to the helm shaking his head to take manual control and guide them into port at Salelologa.

For the first time in the trip Luke used the VHF radio. He called the port authority, asking permission to dock. A few minutes later they responded saying that they were able to dock and asking if he needed assistance to reach a safe berth. He declined the offer and signed off.

## Chapter 12

“Get your passports ready guys, customs will be there when we dock. Scott, I’ll want you on the bow to tie us up.”

“Ok.” replied Scott, “Hey, I just thought, if they come on board then they’ll probably see the stained bunks. And what about your little stash?”

“The stash is safely hidden and as for the sheets, who gives a shit what they think. If they ask, you can just say you’re very active on the wet dream front! Ok, all hands on deck, we’re coming in now.”

Luke was a little surprised at how well the docking procedure went. He had not had a lot of practice manoeuvring the Nova in confined spaces, let alone a port he didn’t know. Watching Scott, Jason and Dean throwing out the ropes and tying the Nova he realized that a lone trip may have had it’s difficulties after all.

Two men were waiting on the pier for them. They were dressed casually and helped make the Nova fast. One carried a small black bag with a clipboard poking from the open top. Luke killed the motor and climbed down to the deck. The man with the bag spoke to him.

“Welcome to Samoa. My name is Doug Aleini, I’m with Customs and Excise. May I come aboard?”

“Please do. I’m Luke Stewart, captain of the Nova.”

The two customs officials jumped aboard and shook Luke’s hand.

“Now,” said Aleini, “just a few formalities to go through.”

He took the clipboard from his bag and fished for a pen.

“The full name of this vessel and registration details please.”

“The Nova out of Auckland, first registered 2009.”

“Name of captain?”

“Luke Stewart, New Zealander.”

“Thanks, now if we can look at your passports please?”

The second man, who remained silent, collected all four passports and passed them one at a time to Aleini. He checked them and wrote their details on his clipboard, checking each name against a list at the back of the clipboard then stamping each one.

“That’s fine gentlemen. Now what is the purpose of this visit?”

“Well, we’re just going to refresh supplies basically.”

“And how long do you intend to stay in Samoa Mr Stewart?”

“Only a few hours, so long as we can get what we need this afternoon, just things like fuel, water and a few other food supplies.”

“Well, pretty much everything you’ll want is available from here. If you’re only staying this evening you can keep her berthed here for twenty Tala, we accept New Zealand currency in most parts of the port.”

“That’s great, do I pay you?”

“You can if you wish. Now may we have a quick look through the boat Mr Stewart?”

“Help yourselves.”

The two officials went into the cabin as the four waited on deck.

“God, what are they going to think if they find my box of sex toys?” asked Scott.

Luke laughed, “They’ll probably ask you if you want to spend the night at their place!”

They emerged from the cabin and walked back to the four standing on the fore deck.

“A very nice boat you have here Mr Stewart. Do you mind me asking how such a young man came to own such a boat? It’s just that it could be seen as a little suspicious.”

“Oh, I quite understand. I won a substantial amount in Lotto a while back, this is the result.”

“Congratulations. Everything seems to be ok. I’ll just get that fee off you then you can go ashore.”

Luke paid with New Zealand dollars and folded the receipt into his wallet. The two customs men jumped back onto the pier and walked away slowly.

“Well crew, what do you want to do now? I suggest we go into town and eat a real meal, fruit, ice cream, the lot.”

After eating Luke took Scott with him and left Dean and Jason to wander around the port town of Salelologa with the simple mission of buying some fruits and vegetables which would last on the sea. Luke and Scott had to see about feeding the Nova. The trip from New Zealand had only emptied just over a third of the fuel tanks, but Luke wanted to have them full for the slightly longer leg to Hawaii.

They quickly found the office at the pier and ordered a fill up. The fuel barge set off for the Nova almost immediately. While Scott helped with the refueling Luke asked about fresh water. He was surprised to be pointed to a hose coiled neatly on the pier just beside the Nova. He was told to help himself and just make sure the hose was put back neatly.

Within two hours of having come ashore the Nova was filled, both with fuel and fresh water, and Jason and Dean had returned with three large bags of fruit and vegetables. Together they sat on the pier looking at the Nova as she bobbed up and down on the gentle swell.

“Have you guys called your parents yet?”

All three looked at each other, then stared into the blue water.

“Right then. I saw a pay phone just round the corner, let’s go. I should call my family too I suppose.”

Paying for the calls seemed to be a problem until Luke pulled his calling card from his wallet.

“This one’s on me guys.”

All four of them got through to one member of the family or another. Half an hour later they had all reported home, telling where they were and what was happening.

“Right guys, I think we should say goodbye to Samoa now. If we stay past seven at the pier we’ll have to find those customs guys and pay them for the whole night. Besides, I’d like to get out while it’s still light. Doesn’t look like much is happening in town tonight anyway. That ok with you guys?”

They all nodded and together they walked back to the pier and down to the Nova. As they were getting aboard Dean said;

“If we’d been here last week it would have been better. There was some sort of festival on. I spoke to a couple from New Zealand in town, they said it was pretty quiet this week after that, just as they liked it, boring old farts.”

“Yeah,” said Jason, “and I’m beginning to really stink with these clothes on. I guess not using soap or anything to wash didn’t help.”

Within a few minutes they were manoeuvring away from the pier and waving to a group of small children who had gathered to watch them go. Luke got the Nova out of the harbour by seven and by five past they were all naked again.

They passed several small boats as they headed North East through the channel between the two main islands of Samoa. Scott stood at the bow and waved to them as they passed. There were several surprised looks, but most of them were fishing boats and they just waved and smiled at him.

#

At eight thirty as total darkness enveloped them, Luke put the Nova back onto automatic navigation control and went down into the cabin to join the others in a fresh fruit feast.

“With all that Papaya and Mango you’re eating there Scott, you’ll be shitting all night.”

“Doesn’t worry me Luke, I just love the stuff.”

Jason stopped eating and looked up at the others, mango juice dripping from his chin.

“Well, I’m saying this right now. Until we get to Hawaii, I am not going to wash at all, except my hands of course.”

“Me either.” said Scott, “except I’ll probably wash my dick though, if anyone’s going to be sucking on it I think that’s only fair.”

“Yeah,” Luke continued, “I’m going to make it a rule that you have to wash your cock, and ass too, every now and then, just as a matter of general hygiene, not to mention taste, if you’ll pardon the expression. Jase, your statement has wider implications than you may think you know.”

“Why’s that?”

“Well, if you’re going to forego the niceties of washing, then we will all probably follow suit, just so we can get our own back on you.”

“Doesn’t worry me at all.”

They sat silently eating again. Scott was absently paring the skin off a large mango. He worked his knife around the stone from one end, juice dripping from his hand

onto his lap. After a few minutes of concentrated effort he extracted the stone, leaving all but one end of the flesh intact.

“Um, who wants to try a little experiment?”

Luke, who had been watching him had a good idea what the experiment was going to be so he volunteered.

“I will Scott, what did you have in mind?”

“Cool. Well, see how I’ve hollowed out this mango, well, what I’d like to do is do another one, then put this one on your cock and eat it off, then when I’ve finished it, you’d do the same to me.”

“Well get busy on that other mango then!”

This time Scott removed the stone before peeling the skin away from the flesh of the mango. He was able to finish it in only five minutes.

“Ok, you ready Luke? Oh, ok, I see that you are!” Scott laughed, sighting Luke’s erection.

“Yeah, but I think we should do this out on the deck. It could be a bit messy.”

Together they walked out onto the aft deck. Dean and Jason followed them. Dean was whining that he wished he had volunteered first. Luke turned to him.

“Don’t worry, there’s plenty more fruit!”

As he finished speaking Luke felt an incredible sensation as Scott pushed the mango onto his erect cock. Luke looked down and saw the large piece of orange fruit engulfing his cock. The weight of it made his hardon sag downwards a little. He sat gingerly on the deck, leaning back against the railing. He didn’t want to move too fast as he thought he might come inside the fruit there and then.

“Oh fuck dude, what a feeling!”

“Just sit back and let it get better captain.”

Luke leaned back, holding onto the railing above his head as Scott leaned forward between his legs and gently slurped up the juice that was dripping off Luke’s balls. He then licked and gently sucked at every part of the fruit as he supported it with his fingers. He also moved the mango very gently up and down over Luke’s shaft until Luke began his own thrusting movements. He then stopped and looked up at Luke.

“No, you’re not allowed to come yet. I’ve only just started.”

“Oh, too late!” groaned Dean.

Scott looked up to see Dean standing beside them, supporting himself with one hand on the rail and jerking himself rapidly with the other. His face tensed up and he drew in his stomach.

“On my hair!” yelled Scott.

Dean barely managed to point his cock at Scott’s head as the first jet struck him on the bridge of his nose and he let out a loud yell. The rest found it’s way, very quickly, to the top of Scott’s head where it rapidly soaked into his long hair and began tickling him as it dribbled down his scalp.

Scott returned his attention to Luke, taking a carefully measured bite from the side of the mango. Dean stood over them, milking the last drops of his cum onto the back of Scott’s head, onto the pony-tail he still wore.

Over the next five minutes Scott managed to chew away most of the mango. Every few seconds he would return to Luke’s balls to lick away the collecting juice. At last he pulled the last piece of fruit away with his teeth, the section covering Luke’s cock head. This released a small flood of precum which Scott quickly lapped up as it ran down Luke’s shaft to mingle with the mango juice.

He then went to work cleaning every drop of mango juice and every shred of pulp from Luke’s pubic area. He sucked the pubic hair into his mouth and licked his balls, and finally, his cock clean. Scott raised his head up to look at Luke’s face.

“Now for dessert.”

He pressed his head down and licked Luke’s head into his mouth. Quickly he probed his tongue underneath Luke’s foreskin. That was enough for Luke. He let loose a startled grunt, gripped the railing tighter and came into Scott’s mouth pushing his hips up to ensure he didn’t slip out.

Scott swallowed noisily and let Luke’s still twitching cock fall to his stomach with a plop. As Scott stood and removed the tie from his hair a small blob of precum sailed slowly from his cock to the deck. Luke leaned forward, still panting, and broke the string of precum by pulling it towards himself with his finger. He then stood and gently pushed Scott into the same position he had been in.

“Now you’re going to have to really concentrate Scott. You’re not allowed to come ’till I’ve cleaned you up either.”

Scott smiled and closed his eyes as he got exactly the same treatment from Luke. He held out pretty well under the duress he was enjoying. As Luke pulled away the last piece of mango, that covering his cock head, and even larger flood of precum spilled

out. To catch it all Luke went straight down onto his cock. The feeling of Luke swallowing the last lump of mango, and holding his cock in his mouth was too much for Scott.

“I, I, I... Ungh!”

Scott’s body folded forward. He wrapped his arms around Luke’s torso as he filled his mouth with cum. As his body relaxed, Scott unfolded and leaned back against the railing panting. Luke quickly went to work licking away the remains of the mango juice, finishing by sucking Scott’s balls into his mouth one at a time and swirling them around gently with his tongue.

“Enough! Enough dude! I can’t stand anymore.”

Luke pushed himself away and sat opposite Scott, watching his chest heaving up and down in the last light of the late setting sun.

Jason had been wanking throughout the whole episode. His hand was coated in precum. Luke had never seen anyone produce so much of the stuff. Still wanking he walked over to stand beside Scott.

“Do you want me to come in your hair too?”

“Yeah, do it man.” said Scott quietly.

Jason straddled Scott’s slumped body and placed the dripping tip of his cock on the very top of his head. Scott opened his eyes to see Jason’s balls hanging in front of his eyes. He felt Jason gathering up his hair around his cock. Then he felt slight tugs on his hair as Jason wanked slowly with his cock wrapped in Scott’s hair.

The balls hanging in Scott’s face bounced up and down as Jason stroked. Then Scott saw the scrotal sac contract quickly and the muscles in Jason’s thighs tensed. Jason stopped moving, then Scott felt the warmth of Jason’s cum spreading on his scalp. It was then that Scott realized that he was hard again and someone had begun to slowly stroke him.

Jason stood still for two minutes, his balls slowly rising and falling in front of Scott’s face, every now and then twitching at the same time Jason moaned. When Jason pulled his body away, Scott realized that he had been pulling quite hard on his hair as he came. He saw wet strands of hair clinging to Jason’s cock as it moved away from his face. Cum soaked hair dropped to his face as it fell from Jason, sticking to his cheeks and neck.

When Jason stepped away Scott saw that it was Dean who was stroking him. Dean was on his knees, bent forward and resting on his elbows. Luke lay on his back

behind Dean and had his head pressed between Dean's legs, sucking on his cock. Jason sat at the rear railing, feet from Luke and was smoking a cigarette.

Seeing Luke reaching for his own hardening cock, Scott twisted around and shuffled his body until he could reach Luke. He then took Luke's cock in his hand and began stroking it for him. Soon Dean's stroking became erratic and he began bucking his hips into Luke's face.

"Here comes number two! ARGH!!"

Dean's body spasmed and he froze for a moment. Then, as Luke continued sucking and licking him, he began to moan continuously as his stroking pace on Scott increased. Scott increased the pace on Luke too. Luke started fucking Scott's fist, then Scott felt his muscles squeeze and he felt warm semen hitting his arm and hand as he continued stroking.

The feeling of Luke's spasming cock in his hand, and the continuous moans from Dean made Scott come for his second time in the last quarter hour. He was pleasantly surprised to feel his semen hitting his chest and neck, then coating Dean's fist and dripping down the crevices at the sides of his balls.

The three released each other and lay still, breathing heavily on the deck for several more minutes. Luke sat up and peered at Dean and Scott in the dim light. Scott lay on his back with cum dripping down the sides of his chest and stomach. Dean lay front down, using Scott's thigh as a pillow. Luke looked behind him to see Jason still sitting at the shitting rail looking at all three of them.

Jason's cock was still semi hard, and a drop of semen was sitting at its end. Luke pulled himself up to a kneeling position using Jason's knees as hand holds. He stared at the cock surrounded by jet black pubic hair, and at the large balls resting on the flat rail. Luke looked up to Jason's face. Jason smiled at him, so he leaned forward and tasted Jason's cum for the first time.

Jason spread his legs and let Luke take him into his mouth. He closed his eyes and let the sensation of Luke's mouth overwhelm him. He felt the blood rushing to his cock, and felt the resistance inside Luke's mouth as he grew. Luke was just using his lips to slide up and down his shaft, occasionally flicking his tongue firmly around his head and pressing around his sensitive and tight foreskin which had now almost totally disappeared.

Luke found Jason's cock very interesting. It had a pronounced bend to the left when hard. Luke had a slight bend, but nowhere near as much as Jason. Then there was the copious volume of precum, or pre-seminal fluid or Cowpers Gland secretion as he had called it in his thesis. It came in regular waves. Masses of the stuff. The very salty taste was almost distracting, but the lubrication it afforded allowed Jason's cock to slide easily to the back of his throat as he buried his nose in the black curls.

“I’m gonna’ come Luke.”

Jason’s comment stirred Dean and Scott to sit up and look at what was happening. They hadn’t noticed until then that Jason was getting blown. Luke had slowed down to prolong Jason’s enjoyment a little longer. Dean and Scott stood and moved to stand either side of Jason. Each of them reached over with one hand and began rubbing and pulling on his nipples. Jason moaned.

Luke pulled back and concentrated on the head of Jason’s cock. With one hand he supported himself, and with the other he lifted and fondled the balls below his chin. Luke felt a flood of precum coat his tongue. Then he felt Jason’s balls contract and the head of his cock flare in his mouth.

Jason had an explosive orgasm. His body went rigid and Scott and Dean had to support him by the shoulders to stop him leaning too far back. Luke’s mouth quickly filled with swollen cock head and cum. As he tried to swallow, it filled again, overflowing onto his chin and dripping to his chest and to the deck.

Jason’s cock kept pumping hard until only a small dribble emerged on every third pump. Throughout his orgasm Jason screamed a continuous and loud wail. When his orgasm finally finished, Jason’s body relaxed and he slipped slowly forward and fell on top of Luke who lay back on the deck as he fell.

He rolled off Luke and lay on the deck on his back rubbing both hands between his legs and moaning softly.

Scott reached down and cleared Jason’s hair away from his face.

“That looked like it was a good one Jase.”

He quietly mumbled, “I thought I was going to explode. And I did!”

A few minutes later they were all sitting in a circle on the deck, Luke and Jason were smoking, Luke having stolen one from his crewmate. Luke nudged Jason’s knee.

“Not that it’s really important, but you definitely produce the most cum out of all of us Jase. Not to mention the precum.”

“Yeah?”

“Definitely.” said Scott. Dean agreed.

“Up to now I’ve always found it a bit of a pain.”

“Why’s that?” asked Scott.

“Well, you know how I’ve always wanked in bed right? Well when I was about thirteen I guess, I didn’t have too much control, and sometimes I’d shoot in bed by mistake. Because dad only ever bought white sheets, it made a very noticeable stain. I thought dad wouldn’t notice it, ‘cause he always rushed through the washing.”

“But he did.” said Scott.

“Yeah. One day I walked into the laundry and he held up a sheet with a big yellow stain on it. I froze.”

“Did he say anything?” asked Dean.

“He said ‘That’s too big a stain for a wet dream Jase. I guess you’ve discovered masturbation.’ I just looked at him and nodded. Then he said it was nothing to be ashamed of, he did it himself and that I shouldn’t worry about the sheets. He said that if I wanted, I could start washing my own sheets but I had to leave the under blanket on my bed to protect the mattress. I just freaked and ran out. But I did do my own washing from then on.”

“That was a great way for him to deal with it Jase.” said Luke, “Have you guys got similar stories?”

Scott leaned forward.

“When I was fourteen my mum sat me down one night and said ‘Soon your body will start doing some interesting things. If it happens when you’re in bed, don’t worry about it, just put your sheets in the hamper and get some fresh ones from the cupboard.’ She didn’t have a clue that I’d been jerking off already for two years and that if I did get cum on the sheet’s I’d carefully sponge it off after. I think she was a little surprised when she found a sheet with a big wet spot on it in the hamper the next morning. In fact, after a couple of weeks, she said, sort of in passing, ‘You don’t have to change sheets ‘every’ time Scott.’”

“Yeah,” said Luke, “that’s almost exactly what happened to me. What about you Dean?”

“I shared a room with my little brother, so I usually did it in the shower. I did have the occasional wet dream though, in the earlier days. One day mum was in our room stripping the beds. She pulled back the sheets on my bed and saw a big fresh stain. Then she stood up, saw me watching her and smiled at me. Then she came over and hugged me and said ‘congratulations darling’. My little brother asked what it was for and she said he’d find out in two or three years, it’s not something we talk about.”

“And how long was it until he found out?” asked Luke.

“That night. He pestered me all day about it until I finally told him that she’d found a cum stain when we went to bed. Of course he wouldn’t believe me, so I wanked in my bed and he watched me come. And don’t worry, that’s the only sort of sexual activity I ever had with him. You should have seen how proud he was the first time he spurted! After he started wanking, even before he could shoot, I started doing it in bed too. I was able to grunt and moan then without him freaking out.”

Scott spoke to Luke, “You see their bedroom was detached from the house, so he could make as much noise as he wanted. When Tim, his brother, was away sometimes, I’d sometimes stay over and sleep in his bed. It wasn’t till this summer though, after the last surfing trip, that Dean would openly wank in his bed when I was there.”

“You wanked too the last time you stayed over.”

“Yeah, but I couldn’t cum in his bed though, could I. I had to go and stand in the doorway and cum on the grass outside.”

“You don’t know how close I came to offering to help you do it you know Scott.”

“Well, you’ve made up for it since, haven’t you!”

## Chapter 13

“Morning guys!”

Luke’s cheerful greeting made the other’s stir and stretch in their bunks. Luke had already checked the weather and their course. He was sitting on his bunk reading a chart.

“Come on guys, get up. I’m hungry!”

“What are you so cheerful about?” asked Scott, “Wanked already huh?”

“Actually no. I’ve decided that it’s a waste to do that first thing now, well, by myself anyway. I can think of more interesting ways to come. Anyway, it’s the first full day of the trip to Hawaii. We’ve got to get an early start if we’re going to come up with ways to keep ourselves entertained for three or so weeks.”

“I can think of some ways!” said Dean.

“I’m sure you can. Any suggestions?” asked Scott.

“Ok. You guys ever heard of the game soggy cookie?”

“Isn’t that the one where the last guy who shoots has to eat a cookie that everyone’s come on?”

“That’s right Jase. I have a slight twist to it I’d like to try out if you’re all game. You see, I’d be the cookie. I’d lie down with my mouth open, and you would have to come into my mouth. The guy who comes last has to eat me, as in give me a blowjob, and you have to get as much in my mouth as possible. Are you guys game?”

“Sure.” said Scott.

“Naturally I am,” said Luke, “but I don’t know if you’ll want to risk losing will you Jase?”

Jason looked at Luke, then at the other two. Scott had hardened already, as had Dean.

“Well, would it be cool if I opted to play on the condition that I could choose to wank you instead of sucking you if I lost?”

“I guess that’d be ok. Should we do it now Skipper?”

“I guess you won’t want any breakfast then!”

Dean got up and walked onto the fore deck where he lay down on his back, leaving plenty of room around his head. The other’s followed him out and sat around him in a small circle.

“Hey Scott! No cheating. Ok, you guys can start on three. One, two, three. Get wanking!”

As Dean watched, they all turned their attention to themselves. Jason was having difficulty getting an erection. This started him getting nervous. Scott still had his erection, but noticing Jason’s discomfort, he wasn’t able to work up any sensations.

Luke thought of nothing but pleasing himself. Within one and a half minutes he was producing precum and soon after that he neared his pre-orgasmic plateau. He looked at Scott. Scott was staring at Jason and was beating furiously on what appeared to be an only semi hard cock.

Jason however had recovered and was stroking with just his index finger and thumb wrapped around his cock. His eyes were closed and Luke saw him smile a little as the first wave of his precum spilled and was spread quickly over his shaft. Seeing this, Luke’s competitive side kicked in. Jason was close to coming, and who knew what Scott was capable of in this sort of situation.

Getting to his knees, Luke shuffled over to Dean’s right ear. Dean spread his mouth as wide as he could as Luke stopped stroking and pushed his cock down to aim into the waiting mouth. It was not an enormous ejaculation, but three decent spurts found their way into Dean’s mouth, smaller dribbles dropped to his chin and neck. Sighing, Luke sat back to watch.

Jason had almost stopped masturbating while Luke was coming. He suddenly realised that there were only two left in the race. He quickened his pace once more and got to his knees. As he arrived at Dean’s left ear, he saw Scott arriving where Luke had knelt moments before. They were kneeling face to face, both pounding away with their right hands over Dean’s face.

Jason looked at Scott’s cock. There was definitely precum there. He was close too. It was time to push for the winning shot. Both of them aimed their cocks down at Dean’s mouth. They leaned closer to get a better shot. They were both still pulling over Dean’s gaping mouth when their cock heads hit.

The surprising sensation of having warm slippery flesh rub against their heads pushed them both to orgasm. They came at almost exactly the same time. Luke was watching very carefully. Jason spurted about half a second before Scott.

As his cock jerked, Jason lost his balance and one knee slipped on the deck. His first two shots washed over Dean's nose and forehead. Then he righted himself and got most of the rest in Dean's mouth. Scott, however, stayed perfectly still when he came. His cock head was pressed onto Dean's lower lip, and his cum sprayed against the underside of his tongue.

As soon as both had finished their most powerful shots they both leaned back and let their cocks slowly finish emptying themselves on their own thighs. Both looked nervously at Dean as he sat up, licking his lips and wiping his face with his hand.

"Nice breakfast guys. Now, the loser. Who actually shot first out of you two?"

Jason and Scott looked at each other, then to Luke.

"Well, as I saw it, Jason, by a fraction."

"That's what I thought. But it was Scott who got it all in my mouth wasn't it. Jase missed on the first few squirts."

"Indeed." said Luke.

"Well in that case. Jase? I'm afraid it's all up to you now. My cock is really waiting for you."

Jason nodded and looked down at Dean's cock. It lay against his stomach, perfectly straight and rock hard. Despite having not been touched, it had a large drop of precum on the tip, and more had rubbed against his flat stomach.

He sat on the deck beside Dean's pelvis so he could face him. Jason reached out his hand and poked at Dean's cock with his index finger. It was definitely fully hard. He gingerly lifted the cock away from Dean's body, held it for a moment, then let it snap back noisily against his stomach.

Jason leaned closer. All the others thought he was going to take Dean into his mouth. Instead he sniffed deeply at the head of the cock. It smelled similar to his own. There was a definite musky, sweaty smell as well as the smell of fresh precum mixed with dried semen. Jason blew gently on the tip of Dean's cock, causing it to jump up and making Dean moan.

Jason's hair fell across his face. As he flicked it back he looked up and saw Luke and Scott intently watching him. Scott mouthed to him "Go for it Jase." and he looked back down at the leaking cock head inches from his face.

"Ah, fuck it. I've already tasted your cum."

With that he leaned forward and opened his mouth. He felt the thick cock slip through his lips easily, then his tongue came into contact with the head.

Immediately he tasted the salt. Jason had tasted his own precum before, it was difficult not to when it coated his hand so thoroughly, but Dean tasted quite different. Dean was salty, but almost sweet at the same time. Jason decided he preferred Dean's precum to his own.

With his tongue he probed for more and was quickly rewarded. Jason licked Dean's entire head in a circular motion three times hoping to bring on more precum. Instead he felt a strong stream of cum hit the centre of his tongue and begin to fill his mouth. Dean kept coming, not daring to move his body lest he slip from Jason's mouth.

Remembering what Dean had done to him the night before Western Samoa, Jason swallowed all he could. He then pulled his mouth from Dean and watched as a lesser spasm forced more semen from his cock and began running down the shaft. Jason covered the cock with his mouth again and began sucking as hard as he could as Dean moaned.

Dean stroked Jason's head as he released Dean's softening cock and sat up again.

"That was great Jase, you did an awesome job."

Scott laughed.

"Shit, judging from that smile on your face Jase, anyone would think you won the fucking game!"

"Maybe I did." he said as he stood up and walked aft for a piss. Luke followed him and stood beside him pissing.

"You seemed to enjoy that Jase."

"I don't know about enjoyed, but I guess it wasn't as bad as I thought it'd be. So, I'm queer now huh?"

"You're only queer if you consider yourself to be queer Jase. I mean that might just have been a one off."

"Yeah, we'll see."

## Chapter 14

The next week was filled with much of the same activities for the crew of the Nova. By the eighth day out of Apia all four were feeling rather bored. They had repeated most of their sexual experiments, adding the odd variation now and then.

Jason had sucked all three of the others within a week of sucking Dean. He was resigned to the fact that he enjoyed it purely because the thought of other guys getting off was a turn on for him.

Saturday broke cloudy and muggy. The ocean was calm and there was only a very slight breeze. All four were now set in the habit of waking at first light. As they slowly woke in the dimmer than usual morning light, they stretched and yawned. Scott looked over to Jason.

“Jase, your turn to show us something new.”

Over the last two mornings Dean, then Scott had tried to inject some interest into their lives by demonstrating a different way of masturbating. They had not been very original.

“Oh. Ok, well I’ll give it a go. But I haven’t done this for quite a while.”

Luke, Scott and Dean sat with their legs folded on their bunks as they watched Jason twist around and lay on his back with his legs pointed to the bulkhead at his pillow. He inched himself towards the bulkhead until his ass lay on top of the pillow and his legs extended up the bulkhead.

Then Jason used his arms to pull his torso closer to the wall and soon had his legs almost touching the low ceiling of the cabin. When his weight was supported totally on his shoulders, he began to wank himself slowly. His cock quickly hardened, pointing straight down towards his face.

It wasn’t long until the others saw his now infamous precum drip from his cock to his chest as he stroked. Jason stopped stroking and began to lower his legs towards his head. Slowly he folded himself in half until his knees came into contact with the bunk behind his shoulders.

For two minutes Jason stayed in this position. Beads of sweat popped out all over his body as he strained to get his muscles and ligaments used to the unusual

position. Occasionally he moved his right hand to his still hard cock and gave it a couple of tugs.

When his muscles had loosened, Jason shunted his ass even further up the bulkhead. Then, as he relaxed his back as much as he could, he pulled his cock slightly away from his stomach with his free right hand.

As his back continued to relax, he contorted even tighter, and his breathing became laboured. But his goal had been achieved. Jason's cock was one third of its length into his mouth. Jason began sucking and licking on his own cock.

The effort of the exercise was obvious. Snot bubbled out of his nostrils as he fought to fill his constricted lungs. Every few seconds he would withdraw his cock from his mouth and take as deep a breath as he could, then lick the head of his cock and take it back into his mouth.

It was obvious to the others that he could not stay in this position for too much longer. As this thought was beginning to turn to concern, Jason came. They all saw the first shot of cum. As the tendons in his arms and legs popped out, Jason withdrew again to lick his head. Semen shot out and flowed down his tongue into his mouth.

The orgasm prompted Jason to thrust deeper. Holding his breath, he thrust his cock deep into his own mouth. At the height of his orgasm, Jason managed to go deep enough that his nose nuzzled against his balls.

As soon as he had spasmed four times, Jason pulled his cock from his mouth and unfolded a little. Cum welled from his cock and splatted onto his face and neck. He breathed deeply, and exhaled quickly, spraying small droplets of semen over his stomach, groin and thighs. Slowly he lifted his legs until they were again pointing straight up.

Jason lay there, with a bright red face, smiling at the other three as semen dribbled down his stomach. He licked the spilled cum off his chin as he watched the three guys staring at him with open mouths. They didn't speak until after he had righted himself, and sat on the edge of his bunk stretching his aching back.

"Incredible Jase!" exclaimed Luke. "I remember being able to get the head of my cock into my mouth when I was about fourteen or fifteen, but never that deep, and certainly not now! Fuck, that was cool!"

"Thanks Luke. I didn't think I could still do it actually. Last time I tried, oh, I guess a year ago, I couldn't get near."

"How come you never told us about that Jase?" asked Dean.

“Yeah, right! Like I’d tell you guys that I’d sucked my own cock the night before. Get real.”

“Well,” said Scott, still grinning, “I guess you’re the only one of us who’s sucked on four cocks on this trip. And I’d say you’ll be the only one too! Shit, if I was able to do that, I’d still be a virgin too!”

“It’s not that easy dude. I mean I could hardly breath most of the time there, and when I was coming, I couldn’t breath at all.” Besides, it really hurts your back.”

“Let me massage it for you then.” said Dean.

He stood up and directed Jason to lie flat on his bunk on his stomach. Dean sat on the bunk beside him and began firmly rubbing into Jason’s back muscles. They were very tight after having been abused, and Jason was concentrating on trying to relax.

Dean’s hands moved lower down Jason’s body until he was rubbing his fingertips firmly into the cheeks of his ass. Jason soon relaxed, feeling several vertebrae in his lower back suddenly click into place. The gentle jolt made him thrust his hips forward slightly and he noticed he was hard again.

Jason turned his body over. Dean’s hands remained in the same position and he found himself rubbing Jason’s thighs and into his sweating groin. Dean then rubbed Jason’s stomach with his left hand as his right played with his balls. Quickly the back of Dean’s left hand became smeared with fresh precum. He moved his right hand from Jason’s balls and gripped his cock firmly.

Dean jerked quickly on Jason’s cock and within a minute Jason’s toes curled and he sent more semen onto his chest and stomach. Dean held Jason’s cock steady in his hand as he brought his tongue down to lap up the now slowly emerging semen which was running thickly onto his curled fingers.

The feeling of Dean’s tongue scraping firmly across his now very sensitive cock head sent waves of pleasure through Jason. Scott had crawled onto Luke’s bunk to get a better view of what had been happening. Without even needing to ask, each had begun stroking the other. As Luke heard Jason moaning repeatedly in the afterglow of his second orgasm, Luke felt his own approach.

He lay back on his bunk, releasing Scott’s cock as he did. Scott squeezed his hand tighter, making Luke yell, and spray semen at his own face. Scott immediately released Luke’s cock and lay down on top of him, feeling Luke’s cum squirting between their stomachs, and the pulsing cock against his own.

Scott began thrusting his hips back and forth, grinding his cock into Luke’s. This made Luke experience a second wave orgasm. As Luke’s body shuddered underneath him, Scott too came. They both felt the extra warm liquid between their

stomachs, and squirmed together to make it spill noisily out and run down Luke's sides and between his legs.

Scott opened his eyes to see Luke's face right below him. Luke's eyes were closed, and his mouth slightly open. Scott had never seriously thought about kissing another man, but seeing Luke like that, there was nothing else he wanted to do more.

He lowered his face until his lips barely touched Luke's. Luke opened his eyes and looked into Scott's then he slowly closed them again. Scott took this as an 'ok' signal, and lowered his face until their lips pressed together. He felt Luke's arms raise from his sides and wrap around the back of his shoulders.

Scott felt himself being pulled tighter against Luke's body, and let his tongue venture out of his own mouth. He struck Luke's teeth, which quickly opened. Then his tongue met Luke's for the first time. At that first touch of tongues, Scott let himself go, opening his mouth wide as Luke did the same.

For four minutes they kissed passionately as Luke held tight to Scott. Their bodies slipped up and down against each other, their shared semen making it feel like they were both covered in oil. Quickly they both got hard again.

As they released their kiss, Luke rolled Scott off him, their cum making a slurping sound as they separated. Luke leaned down and swallowed Scott's cock, tasting more of his own cum than Scott's. Scott twisted so that his head and shoulders squeezed through Luke's legs from behind.

Scott couldn't get Luke's cock in his mouth from that position, so instead he concentrated on licking the underside of his balls. Soon they rearranged themselves so that they were in a sideways 69 position.

Scott came first, beating Luke by about a minute. Luke held all of Scott's cum in his mouth. Awaiting his own turn to come. He swallowed a little, accidentally, as he came, but he noticed that Scott didn't seem to be swallowing his either.

As soon as he finished coming, Luke moved away from Scott and swung around to be face to face. He lowered himself gently onto Scott, their softening cocks pressing together once more. As Luke lowered his face to Scott's he could see his pale cum sitting in Scott's open mouth.

Luke pressed his mouth to Scott's and opened his lips. Scott's semen poured from Luke's mouth to mingle with his own in Scott's. Luke pressed his tongue deep into Scott's mouth to sample their combined emissions. For several minutes they passed the mixture back and forth between their mouths. Then they each swallowed half and separated, long streams of semen and saliva linking their mouths.

“Oh, this is just too hot!” said Dean, who now sat on the side of Luke’s bunk watching them closely.

Luke leaned over to place his mouth over Dean’s cock just as it erupted with his very powerful first orgasm of the day. The sheer volume overwhelmed Luke, who was at an awkward position. About half the cum spilled straight to the floor. Luke managed to hold the rest until Dean stopped coming and kneeled down to kiss Luke.

Scott, still under the weight of Luke’s body, rubbed Luke’s back as he allowed Dean to taste his own semen from his mouth.

Soon untangled, the four sat on the edges of the bunks looking at each other. Jason spoke to Dean.

“Hey, you really got into them kissing, didn’t you?”

“Fuck yeah, who wouldn’t? Well, ok, you wouldn’t. Face it Jase, I’m gay. Two hot guys kissing like that is the kind of stuff that really turns me on. Sorry if you don’t like that.”

“Nah, listen. I’m not saying there’s anything at all wrong with it, whatever turns you on. I mean I like tits, firm, round, perfectly formed, with small, solid nipples surrounded by light brown... Well, um, sorry. I was just saying that I noticed you were really horny from it, that’s all. Nothing bad.”

“Sure, I was just getting defensive I guess. Hey Jase, you know you and I are really perfect friends don’t you?”

“Why’s that?”

“Well, we’ll never be going for the same lover, will we? I don’t know about Scott so much though, he could be a threat to both of us.”

Scott grinned. “Ya know? I’m beginning to think I’m definitely, one hundred percent, absolutely bi. And I reckon that makes me better off than you two. I’ve got heaps more to choose from!”

Luke turned to Scott.

“Good to hear you affirming your sexuality Scott. But being bisexual’s not as easy as you might think right now. If you want to settle down to a permanent relationship, you’ll eventually have to choose between male and female. And if you’re right in the middle of the sexuality continuum, that decision is going to be next to impossible until, hopefully, one day you meet that person who truly clicks.”

“Sounds like you’re speaking from experience?” Scott asked.

“Well, sort of ... no actually I’m like 90 percent gay. I thought my last girlfriend, Jen, was going to be it for a while. She made me think that my homosexual experiences up till then had been just simple experimentation. I was too young to get into a serious relationship though, only nineteen. She slept with another guy. The worst part is though, I slept with another guy first, but she never found that out.”

“It wasn’t the same guy was it!?” asked Jason.

“No, um, it was his brother.”

“I don’t fucking believe it!” said Scott leaning back on his elbows.

“Trust me, I wouldn’t lie about that.”

“I’ve got to hear this story!” said Jason.

“Um, well, very briefly... Jen lived in a flat. I used to spend quite a bit of time there. Her flatmate was a guy our age, Richard. Well, Jen was away for the May vacation, and I was staying in her room. Richard’s younger brother, Eric, who was sixteen, was staying there for the break too. He lived with his parents down south, and was up to stay in the city for a week.

“Well, Richard had just started going out with this other girl, and they’d just started getting into full on fucking. He decided to stay at her flat one night, ‘cause he was sharing his room with Eric and didn’t want to make him sleep on the couch in the living room just so he could have a fuck.

“I was in Jen’s room at about eleven. I thought Eric had gone to bed, and I started wanking. Next thing I look up and see him looking at me through the slightly open door. He was just wearing his underwear, and was totally boned. I just froze with my hand around my cock and stared at him.

“He stepped into the room saying ‘Sorry, I heard you and had to look.’ Eventually I just said ‘Why, never seen a guy wanking before?’ He shook his head and said, ‘I have, a few times, but I wanted to see you do it I guess.’ Then he asked if I’d mind if he helped. Well, it went on from there, both of us sucking each other off and sleeping together for the night.

“Nothing was said the next day, but the next night I head Richard say to him at about two in the morning, ‘Shit Eric, if you’re gonna’ wank all night, go and do it somewhere else, I’m trying to sleep.’ A minute later there was a gentle knock at my door and he walked in. naked, with a huge hard-on. We got on the bed and wanked each other off, then he went back to bed, with both his and my cum all over him.

“Eric left the next morning. I helped Richard with the washing that day. He held up one of Eric’s sheets, with stains all over it and said, ‘Would you look at this! You

wouldn't believe it, but my little bro was wanking all night last night! Shit! He must have shot a gallon, scummy little bastard. No shame either, he just did it there in the room with me! He never did that at home.' I just smiled politely and went on with the laundry.

"Anyway, I went around about a month later one night and let myself in quietly. I wanted to sneak into Jen's room to surprise her. She wasn't in there, but her car was there. I heard typical fucking noises from Richard's room and looked in through his open door. He was lying spreadeagled on his back, naked, and she was sitting up bouncing up and down on his cock. I stood and watched until they both came, then I clapped. He said 'Oh fuck!', she just looked at me. I walked out and that was it. All over."

"Bummer." said Dean.

"Um..." said Scott, "You said Eric? was sixteen? Isn't that kinda' young?"

Luke nodded. "Yeah, he was sixteen. I was really dubious too at the start. But he initiated it. And sixteen is legal. Besides, I was only three years older than him, and I'm about five years older than you Scott."

"But that's a bit different. I'm seventeen, nah, eighteen now, I keep forgetting that."

"Ooo! A whole year older! But when did you loose your virginity?"

"Um, I was sixteen."

"There you go. You were old enough to get laid at sixteen, so was he."

"Yeah, I guess." said Scott, still sounding unconvinced.

"Think about it Scott." said Dean, "If you'd had sex with a guy at sixteen instead of a girl, would it have made any difference?"

"Well, not now, I guess."

"What do you mean 'not now'? I've known I was gay since twelve or thirteen. If you reckon you're bi, you must have had some idea about it before now."

Scott was silent. Dean pressed him.

"Well? Come on, honesty remember."

"Shit. Ok, I guess I've always been kinda' attracted to some guys. Just their bodies though. I always sort of thought it was just some sort of comparison I was doing with my own body. Yeah, I was kidding myself. Ok, I get the picture. What you're saying is that this guy already knew he wanted to do it with guys well before Luke

came along. I guess I was just saying the whole idea of kiddie sex is a big turn off for me.”

Luke nodded.

“For me too. You have to realise that Eric was sixteen. He was five foot eleven, had been through puberty four years earlier, and had an amazing eight inch cock! He was no kid. Shit, he was only just over a year younger than you!”

“Well,” said Jason as he stood, “everyone to their own tastes I guess. I’ll let you guys take care of your hardons while I get breakfast ready.”

Jason went for a piss, then to the galley as Luke and Scott jumped onto Dean’s bunk and they started rolling around on one another.

## Chapter 15

By lunchtime the sea had become choppy. While the Nova was very steady in the water, the swell had increased to a level where she felt like she was being tossed from wave top to wave top. Luke had just checked the latest weather update.

“Ok guys, it’s time to put away anything loose and make sure all the hatches are secure.”

“Are we in for a storm?” asked Dean.

“Uh, yeah. Not too bad, I don’t think, but we could get rolled around a bit. From now until I say otherwise, we don’t go on deck without a safety harness. That means you use the toilet in here if you need to. Understood?”

They nodded. Dean and Jason looked a little worried. Scott was grinning from ear to ear.

“I love storms at sea!”

“That’s nice. I’m already feeling a bit queasy. I’ll probably be chucking my cookies before too long.” said Jason.

Luke moved around the cabin putting things in drawers and securing cupboard doors as they spoke.

Within an hour, it was nearly impossible to stand without holding something solid the whole time. Luke had strapped himself into the helmsman’s chair and was trying to steer the Nova into the now very large swell which broke over the bow.

“Scott!” Luke yelled into the cabin, “Come up here will you?”

Scott slowly made his way up to the wheelhouse, slipping once on the short ladder and bashing his shin against one of the rungs.

“Fuck that hurt!” he said as he climbed up to crouch beside Luke.

“Can you take the wheel for a couple of minutes mate? I need a shit really bad. Just keep her heading into the swell.”

Luke had to yell to be heard over the sound of the breaking waves and wind driven rain pelting against the windows.

“No worries, take your time.”

Luke stood shakily as Scott slid into his seat. He carefully lowered himself into the cabin where he saw Dean clinging to the post of his bunk, his knuckles white.

“You alright there Dean?”

“Yeah, I guess. How long’s it going to last do you think?”

“Oh, we should be out of it in about half an hour I’d say. Hey, what the fuck are you doing Scott!?”

The boat had lurched suddenly to the starboard and Luke had fallen heavily onto Dean. Scott yelled from the helm.

“Sorry, she just swung around broadside. I’ve got her back on line. Shit, these waves are getting big!”

Luke looked to Jason’s bunk. It was empty. He pushed himself off Dean.

“Where the hell’s Jase?”

“He’s in the bog chucking his ring.”

“Shit. I need a crap. Well, he’s just going to have to move.”

Luke made his way the few steps to the small toilet door. The door had been latched open for the storm. Luke saw Jason clinging to the bowl of the toilet with his head leaning inside. His body heaved and Luke heard coughing.

“Jase, you’re just dry retching mate. You’ll be more comfortable back in the cabin.”

Jason turned to look at Luke. He was grey and his eyes were bloodshot. He just shook his head and turned back to the bowl.

“That’s an order Jason! Get back to your bunk! I mean it. You will feel better there. besides, I need to have a shit right now!”

Jason leaned back on his knees. He swayed inside the small cubicle, bumping his shoulders against the walls. Luke leaned in and grasped him under his arms. He lifted Jason to his feet and half dragged him from the toilet. Dean saw that Luke was having trouble and crawled over to help him get Jason to his bunk.

Once on his bunk, Jason was having difficulty holding steady, so Dean climbed on beside him, pinning him between the bulkhead and his own body. Luke made his way back to the toilet. With difficulty he managed to sit and hold himself on the toilet by pressing against the walls with his hands.

Luke emerged from the toilet a minute later and made his way back to the wheelhouse. Instead of risking the climb back down to the cabin, Scott just shuffled across into the second seat. Luke took back the controls and concentrated on driving them into the waves.

The pounding continued for another three quarters of an hour. By the time the conditions began to ease, Luke and Scott were beginning to feel ill themselves. Jason was in an exhausted sleep and Dean was throwing up into a plastic bag.

Two hours after they had entered the tempest, the worst of the storm conditions had eased to the point that only the odd wave broke over the deck. Luke was feeling much more in control at the helm, and Scott was able to go and check on Dean and Jason.

By five in the evening they were on almost flat water and the oppressive still heat had returned. As soon as they finally exited the storm, Luke went to check on the rest of the crew. Jason was still sleeping, though now he was restful. Dean was lying on his bunk, curled up in a fetal position. He still looked very pale, but was once again talking.

Scott was fine. He had come close to being ill just after leaving the bridge, but had busied himself comforting Jason and Dean which helped him ignore his own discomfort. When Luke went below he was sitting on his bunk talking gently to Dean.

“We’re out of it now. It’s all over, right Luke?”

“Yep, all over. That one was a bit of a surprise really. It wasn’t forecast until about eleven this morning when it was already brewing up fast. I’d say that would be the worst we’ll have to go through. Anything bigger would show up sooner and we’d be able to avoid it.”

Jason stirred and tried to speak. He couldn’t make a sound because he had almost vomited his throat raw.

Luke opened a cupboard and pulled out a bottle of water.

“Here, have a couple of sips of this Jase. Don’t have too much just yet.”

Jason put the bottle to his lips and coughed as the cool water hit his throat. As he coughed he winced in pain.

“You ok?” asked Luke.

“Yeah,” he croaked, “feels like all my ribs are broken.”

“That’s just from all the retching you did. Are you feeling any better now?”

“I’m not feeling sick anymore, but I still feel like shit.”

“I think it’d be best if you had a bit of a sleep Jase, you too Dean.”

Both nodded at Luke and curled up again on their bunks. Within minutes they were both sleeping again. Luke made his way out of the cabin onto the deck. Scott followed him, limping.

“How’s that leg Scott?”

“Just a bit of a bruise. That was a fair pounding we took today.”

“Sure was. Shall we look for damage?”

They covered the boat thoroughly together, checking that everything was still attached. Luke checked the antenna as Scott checked below.

Scott came up from below decks.

“There’s a bit of water down there. But the bilge pump’s been working and it’s almost all gone.”

“Right. Everything seems to have made it through intact by the look of it.”

Scott went to the rear of the deck and sat himself down to relieve himself. Luke returned to the cabin to prepare a light meal for himself and Scott. After they ate they went onto the fore deck to sit in the dying hazy light of the evening.

“Um,” said Scott, “this might sound a bit like I don’t care about those guys, but I feel like getting off again.”

“Why should that sound like you don’t care about them? Shit, they’re just seasick. What do ya want to do?”

Scott slid himself over to sit beside Luke on his right, their backs leaning on the cabin bulkhead.

“Um, I was a bit freaked when I kissed you this morning, but it was great. Can we just kiss, then see what happens?”

“Sounds fine to me, if that’s what you want to do.”

Scott lifted his left arm and wrapped it around Luke's shoulders. He then gently pulled Luke around and leaned to meet his face with his own. Their lips met and they both opened their mouths. Quickly their tongues were sliding around in each other's mouths.

As Luke wrapped his arms around Scott's back, Scott felt himself getting hard very quickly. They slid over together until they were lying face to face on the deck. Scott felt Luke's hardon growing and press into his stomach.

Lifting his left hand, Scott rubbed it through Luke's hair, pressing their faces together harder. He lowered his right hand onto Luke's ass and began kneading the flesh with his fingers. Luke wriggled and Scott found three of his fingers suddenly slipped into the crack of Luke's ass.

Luke pressed back against Scott's fingers and felt them gently sliding up and down his crack, lubricated by Luke's own sweat. Luke moaned and moved his left hand from Scott's back to reach between their bodies. He found his own cock, then Scott's. Both were already slick with precum.

Scott's foreskin was now only covering half of his swollen head. Luke carefully rolled Scott's foreskin fully back. It stayed by itself because he was so hard. He then pressed his own cock head against Scott's. Luke grasped his own foreskin the best he could with one hand, and stretched it until it covered more than half of Scott's head.

Scott moaned and pulled away from their kiss. He had no idea what was causing the incredible sensations he was feeling. He looked down and saw almost all of his cock head buried in Luke's foreskin. Holding his foreskin in place, Luke wrapped his hand around the intersection of their cocks and began tiny strokes back and forth.

The sensation of a foreign foreskin on his cock head, the slow firm strokes and the tip of his cock rubbing wetly against Luke's was too much for Scott to bear. He gasped and his body jolted.

Luke felt the jets of Scott's semen flowing onto and around his own cock head. His foreskin stretched out to accommodate the cum, then spilled out over his hand. As Scott continued pumping, the bulk of the cum suddenly squirted from between his fingers and spread itself equally onto Luke's and Scott's stomachs.

Luke stopped stroking, but didn't release Scott's cock as it began to soften. Scott relaxed and returned to kissing Luke. As he did, his fingers found his ass again, and he pressed one finger into Luke's hole up to the first knuckle.

Luke held tight to his foreskin. Eventually Scott's head slipped out of its grasp. Still clasping his foreskin, Luke trapped about half of Scott's cum.

Scott broke the kiss again and pulled his finger from Luke's ass. He slid down and kissed the puckered foreskin Luke was still holding. When Scott firmly held Luke's foreskin in his lips, Luke let go. A small flood of Scott's own semen raced into his mouth. Scott probed his tongue under Luke's foreskin, extracting all of the fresh cum.

He slid up again and pressed his lips to Luke's again, to share his load. Instead of pressing it into Luke's mouth, Scott was passive, making Luke's tongue do all the work to extract the sticky mess.

When they both had their lips coated with Scott's cum, Scott rolled Luke onto his back and positioned himself kneeling between his legs. He lifted Luke's legs onto his shoulders and bent over to take Luke's hardon into his mouth. Luke bent his knees over Scott's shoulders and rubbed his back with the soles of his feet.

Without taking Luke's cock from his mouth, Scott pulled firmly on Luke's body until his ass was raised and sitting on his thighs. In his kneeling position, Scott's re-hardening cock was pressing against the small of Luke's back. Luke almost came as he felt the soft, almost invisible, bristles of hair on Scott's stomach tickling his ass crack.

Then when Scott pressed another finger against his exposed anus, Luke was sure he was going to come. Sensing his tenseness, Scott stopped licking his cock head. Luke slowly backed away from the brink. Scott pulled his mouth off Luke's cock with a loud slurping noise as he sucked away his saliva.

Moving his hand to Luke's cock, Scott slowly and carefully milked it, bringing a lot of precum into view. When plenty had collected, he scooped it up with his index finger. His mouth then engulfed the cock once more.

Luke suddenly realised what was happening when he felt the slimy finger pressing against his hole. With the lubrication, Scott's index finger easily slid in. Scott felt Luke's ass tighten around his finger, then the cock in his mouth began to pulse. Scott enjoyed the feeling of the sprays of semen on his tongue as Luke bucked and grunted under him.

Scott had prepared for this moment. He wanted to save as much of Luke's cum in his mouth as he could. He held his lips firmly around Luke's cock until he had stopped his most productive pumps. He then pulled his mouth away, keeping it firmly shut. He pulled his finger from Luke's ass as he watched the cock in front of his face still spilling cum onto Luke's stomach.

Lifting Luke's legs from his shoulders, Scott leaned forward and slid his body along Luke's torso, spreading the remaining semen between their chests and stomachs until his face hovered over Luke's. Scott pressed his tongue out between his pursed lips and let Luke lick it.

He then allowed a little of Luke's cum to seep out of his mouth and run down his tongue onto Luke's. Luke reached up and pulled Scott's face down. Scott let his lips go loose and Luke's mouth filled with his own taste. They rolled onto their sides and kissed until there was no trace of cum left in their mouths. As they broke their kiss, they lay where they were, staring at each other and smiling.

Luke slowly ran his free hand up and down Scott's torso, gently caressing his shoulder, then his pecs, back, and finally his ass cheeks. His hand slipped down and came to rest on Scott's new hardon.

"Do you want to fuck me Scott?"

"Yes."

Luke smiled and nodded.

"I suppose you'll want to do me too?"

"Sure do, but only if you want to."

"Ok."

"Right," said Luke, getting to his knees, "you do me first. It's been a while for me, so go slow."

Luke got on his hands and knees as Scott kneeled behind him.

"Put a couple of fingers in first, one at a time, to let me get relaxed."

Scott reached around Luke's body and grasped at Luke's cock to coat two fingers in Luke's cum. he then spread Luke's ass cheeks with his other hand as the first finger slipped in easily. He moved it around inside Luke, who moaned at every twist. The second finger took a little pressure until Luke relaxed and allowed it to slide in.

After a couple of minutes Scott withdrew his fingers and pressed the head of his dripping cock against the slippery opening. With a little forward pressure Scott felt his foreskin begin to fold back as the warmth of Luke's ass pressed against his head.

Luke groaned, then he forced himself to relax. Scott felt the pressure disappear and his head suddenly popped through the opening. Luke yelled as he felt a burning sensation travel up his body. The pain disappeared as quickly as it came. He felt his cock spring to life and pressed back against Scott.

After several gentle pushes Scott was halfway inside Luke. Luke began pressing back harder against Scott's cock. Soon he was buried fully inside Luke. After adjusting to the sensation, and allowing Luke to adjust, Scott began gentle thrusts with his hips.

He didn't allow himself to thrust too hard in case he came right away. Soon though he was pulling almost half way out and thrusting fully in again.

Luke felt totally full. He found himself concentrating on the sensual feeling of Scott's hair brushing over his back and the sweat dripping onto him from Scott's face. He turned his head to see Scott fling his hair back. Scott's face was streaming sweat and was twisted in a mean grimace as he repeatedly pounded into Luke.

Scott opened his eyes to see Luke straining to see him. He immediately pulled his cock out and motioned for Luke to flip over. Luke lifted his legs as Scott placed them under his arms. Scott showed his strength as he lifted Luke's ass and quickly guided his cock back inside him.

Luke could now see all of Scott's muscles as he thrust in and out of him. He could feel Scott's balls slapping against his ass cheeks, and when he raised himself onto his elbows, he could see Scott's shaft sliding in and out of his ass. Luke realised he was about to come.

He reached up to Scott and pulled him down on top of him. Scott continued thrusting in the missionary position on top of Luke. The movement of Scott's cock against Luke's cock made him come. It was a prolonged orgasm which made his whole body go rigid. The convulsions in his ass, along with the sudden extra tightness made Scott yell and thrust as deep as he could go.

As Luke began writhing from his orgasm, Scott began coming deep inside him. Luke relaxed, enjoying the pulsing feeling in his bowels. Soon Scott's body went limp too and they kissed deeply for several minutes until Scott's flaccid cock slipped from Luke's ass, followed by a slippery load of semen that ran down Luke's crack and onto the deck.

Scott pressed himself off Luke's body and bent down to lick Luke's cum from his cock and stomach. They kissed again, Luke tasting his own cum once again.

They broke their kiss and Luke went to the aft deck with Scott following him. Luke sat on the rail and Scott watched as semen dripped from Luke's ass.

"When do you wanna' fuck me Luke?"

"Not tonight if that's ok."

"Whenever you want mate. I definitely owe you a good hard one and I definitely want you to be the first dude to fuck me too."

"And I want to be that dude. Shit, I wonder how long I'm going to keep leaking your slime? Oh, what the fuck, it's just cum. I'm going to bed now, see ya in the morning Scott."

Luke stood and walked to the cabin. Scott watched him in the fading light and saw a trail of cum dribbling down the underside of Luke's balls as he walked. He laughed to himself, thinking, 'Shit, I knew I came heaps then, but I didn't think it was quite that much!'. He turned and pissed into the ocean before entering the cabin himself and falling asleep.

## Chapter 16

Early the next morning Scott woke to see Jason walking back into the cabin. He had already been out to relieve himself. He walked past Scott, scratching his pubic hair as he sat on his bunk to wait for Scott and Luke to wake. Scott turned his head slightly and saw that Dean was not in his bunk.

“Morning Jase. Where’s Deano?”

“Up on the fore deck, wanking.”

“So, I guess you guys are feeling a bit better today?”

“Yeah, I feel fine. But I still fuckin’ hurt all over.”

“Well, you were spewing for hours mate. Can I suck your dick?”

“What?!”

“Hey, I was just asking Jase.”

“Uh, yeah. It just kinda’ took me by surprise. If you want, I guess.”

Scott jumped down from his bunk and leapt onto Jason’s. Wasting no time, he licked and swallowed Jason’s cock, making him hard quickly. Scott didn’t let up on Jason until he came. He swallowed everything, then kissed the shrinking head of Jason’s cock and sat up.

Scott looked across the cabin to see Luke lying on his back watching him.

“Your turn Luke.”

Scott got off Jason’s bunk as he said this and climbed onto Luke’s. Luke took about the same amount of time to reach orgasm as Jason had. Scott licked his cock clean then gently pulled Luke’s foreskin back up to cover his head where he had pushed it back with his tongue. He smiled at Luke then walked for the cabin door.

“Now for Dean.” he said as he left.

He found Dean lying spread-eagled on the deck, slowly squeezing his cock. He hadn’t come yet, but was very close. Scott quickly, and without speaking, dropped to the

deck beside Dean. He leaned in and licked the fingers of Dean's hand that were wrapped around his cock.

Dean opened his fingers, allowing Scott to lick the precum from them and occasionally probe the shaft of his cock with his tongue. Dean pulled his hand away and it was immediately replaced by Scott's mouth. Scott bobbed his head up and down only nine times before he felt semen spurting to the back of his mouth and coating the upper surface of his tongue.

After sucking hard on the wilting cock for a minute, Scott lifted off and kissed Dean's cock head, then reached up and gave him a quick kiss on the mouth, just enough for Dean to get a taste of his own cum. Scott stood up and strode back into the cabin. A few moments later, Dean entered the cabin.

"I don't believe that. Scott just came outside, walked up to me without saying a word, leaned over, and gave me a great blowjob!"

"Yeah," said Jason, "he gave us both one as well."

"Yeah?!" said Dean incredulously, "What's the occasion Scotty?"

"No occasion, just wanted to, that's all. Is that ok with everyone?"

Not one of them hesitated in saying just how ok it was.

"How about you though Scott?" asked Luke, "You're still pointing at the roof there. How do you want to get off?"

"Could you just give me a quick wank and rub the cum into my hair?"

"No probs!" said Luke as he stood and walked over to sit beside Scott.

Luke Grabbed Scott's cock and began beating his fist up and down rapidly. Scott leaned back on his hands and closed his eyes. Within three minutes of non-stop stroking, Scott leaned against Luke's body.

"Get ready, here it comes."

Luke watched Scott's body tighten up and stopped pulling on him. He pinched Scott's foreskin shut and held it tight as Scott jerked his body. All four watched as Scott's foreskin swelled and ballooned out around his cock head, stretched by the spurts of semen streaming from him.

When Scott had stopped pulsing, Luke loosened his grip on the foreskin and allowed Scott's cum to flood onto the palm of his hand. He reached over with his left hand and firmly milked the last cum from Scott's cock. This made Scott squirm and his cock began pulsing again, forcing out another few dribbles of thick semen.

Lifting his hand carefully, Luke moved it to Scott's head. A few drops escaped onto his chest, the rest Luke let drip to his hair. Luke then rubbed on Scott's head, massaging the cum into the tacky strands.

"Thanks Luke." Said Scott, "I guess everything's back to normal again, if you can call this normal."

They all laughed.

"Well, on my boat, this is normal now. So I guess you're right mate!"

"Yeah, well you're the captain Luke!" said Dean. "Hey, tell me if I'm wrong, but there's not a hell of a lot to do for the next week or two, right?"

"Well, we have about 5 days of good clear running before we start to see land, and we won't be in port for 7."

"Well, in that case captain, I suggest we do the fantasy thing again. You know, a fantasy way to get off."

Scott nodded, and swallowed a gulp of water.

"Sounds cool to me too. But I'd have to say right now that Luke fucking my ass wouldn't count."

"Why not?" asked Dean.

"Cause I owe him that already. I fucked him the other day."

"For real!? When?" asked Jason.

"When you guys were karked out after the storm. Luke was going to do me after I'd done him, but we were both too fucked, if you'll excuse the expression. So, I owe him a fuck."

"Um," asked Jason, "what was it like, fucking him I mean?"

"Pretty much like when I fucked Dean the other day. Oh, but Luke rolled onto his back half way through so I could see his face as he watched me going in and out. We both came face to face, and I didn't let my cock slip out this time, well, not until it was soft anyway."

"Oh, dude!" said Dean, "Why wasn't I there to see that?"

"Like I said, you were still unconscious in here. Jase? You want to try it?"

"I think not mate. Not my scene."

“Well. Your loss I guess! Luke’s a great fuck.”

Luke laughed. “Come on Scott. You said I was the first guy you’ve ever fucked! So how would you know if I was great or not?”

“True. But I lied. You should know, you watched us the other day. But I have fucked chicks in the ass before. No where near as good as you mate!”

“Well, I guess that’s a compliment. I have an idea for a fantasy for me guys.”

“What’s that Luke?” asked Dean.

“I want you guys to shave me.”

“What, your face?”

“Nup, my balls and ass. I want to be totally smooth down there. Just a little tuft above my cock.”

“With a razor?”

“No Jase, with your teeth. Of course with a razor.”

“Wouldn’t that be a bit dangerous?” asked Dean.

“Well I wouldn’t want to be nicked, but so long as you’re careful it should be ok. I have shaved my balls before you know.”

“Um,” asked Scott, “what about razor burn? That’d be a real bastard on your balls.”

“Yeah, you’ve just got to be careful that you don’t press too hard with the razor. That’s all.”

“Ok.” said Scott, “Where’s the shaving foam then?”

Luke smiled and stood up. He walked to one of the storage cupboards and fished around at the back of one of the shelves for a moment. When he turned he was opening a plastic package about the size of a hardback novel.

“What’s that Luke?” asked Jason.

“It’s a little inflatable paddling pool of course.”

“Oh, of course.” said Jason.

“You don’t think I’m going to let you guys shave me without soaking a bit first do you? That’d just be asking for pain. I’m going to fill this up with water from the

secondary storage tank, which should be nice and warm, then sit in it for a bit to soften up the hairs. Then it's up to you guys."

Luke walked onto the deck and inflated the small pool while the others collected together the razor and shaving foam they would need shortly. As the warm water slowly drained into the pool, Luke pissed into the gently swelling sea. Once the water was just deep enough to cover his genitals Luke turned off the water spigot and dragged the pool to the middle of the aft deck.

He sat in the warm water and watched as the grime, sweat and semen of several weeks gently floated away from his thighs and lower abdomen.

"Don't you know that you should never go swimming by yourself Luke?"

Luke looked up to see that Dean had emerged from the cabin and was shaking a can of shaving foam.

Luke stared openly at Dean for what felt like minutes. Finally he spoke to the smiling Dean.

"Come here dude."

Dean walked over to stand in front of Luke.

"Stand in the water. That's it, put your feet either side of my hips. Cool."

Dean's cock hung limply directly in front of Luke's face. The pale red head lay only just lower than his relaxed balls. Luke leaned forward just slightly and licked the bottom of Dean's scrotal sac, sliding across the head of his cock as he did so. Then he licked the head of Dean's cock more intently and flicked his tongue up and down the swelling shaft before sucking it noisily into his mouth.

Once Dean's cock was fully buried inside Luke's mouth, the action of Luke's tongue quickly encouraged a full erection. Soon Luke was not able to keep his nose pressed into the sweetly pungent bush of brown pubic hair.

Luke began bobbing his head back and forward as Dean looked toward the blue sky and moaned. At the first taste of precum, Luke stopped sucking and concentrated again on Dean's balls that had now pulled up closer to his body. As Luke rolled Dean's balls slowly with his tongue, he let Dean's throbbing cock rest across the side of his nose and spread its thin layer of clear precum under his left eye.

Luke was ready to finish this episode. He slurped his saliva off Dean's balls and drew back slightly to slide the well lubricated cock back between his lips. Luke kept his lips puckered tightly together as if he was kissing the tip of Dean's cock. The harder he pressed against Dean the more he could taste the salty precum that was letting the cock slide into his mouth.

Feeling the tip of Dean's cock just between his lips, Luke began to rub and flick rapidly at Dean's piss slit with the tip of his tongue while keeping the resisting pressure of his lips constant. The sensation was enough to make Dean's hips buck and for him to send a powerful shot of cum between Luke's lips.

The jolt of his sudden orgasm made Dean bend forward to support himself on Luke's shoulders. As he did this, his cock pulled away from Luke's lips and continued to spray at his face with quickly lessening power. Luke grasped Dean's cock back into his mouth as the last of his semen was being ejected. He kept the cock in his mouth, gently massaging it with his tongue, until he was soft, and Luke was once again able to inhale the deep musk of Dean's pubic hair.

Dean stood and looked down at Luke's face as he felt Luke release his soft cock from his mouth. Luke's face had several splotches of translucent pale white liquid on it that had slowly run down his neck and onto his chest as he had continued sucking on Dean's cock. Dean smiled as he stepped backwards and out of the paddling pool until he bumped into Scott who wrapped his arms around him to prevent him from losing his balance.

"Luke," asked Dean, "um, what exactly did I do to deserve that little treat?"

"You were just there, that's all. You see, I was just thinking, before you came on deck, that I am extremely attracted to all you guys, sexually. No point pretending. And then I saw you Dean. Standing there in front of me, naked. And I thought 'Fuck that guy's hot! I want to suck him right now!' and, so, I did."

"Well I'm sure glad you did! Hey, I loved the way you kept my cock from going back in then. It sent me over the edge really quick."

Scott was still holding onto Dean as he spoke.

"Hey Scott, if you press any harder against me, that hard thing poking my butt is going to snap."

Scott let go of Dean and stepped away from him.

"Oh God." said Scott, "I absolutely have to come again!"

"Not yet Scotty, you have to shave me first." said Luke as he wiped what was left of Dean's cum from his face and neck with his hand, then stood up from the pool of water with Jason helping him up.

Luke lay on the deck, leaning his head against the bulkhead of the cabin and opened his legs.

"Go to it guys." he said.

Luke's cock had been hard when he was sucking on Dean and it jumped back to full attention as soon as Scott lifted it up.

"Well, if you keep it hard like that, it'll make this easier to do Luke." said Dean.

"I'm sure you can help me with that." said Luke with a cheeky grin.

Jason sprayed a little shaving foam onto his hand and knelt beside Luke to apply it. Scott pushed his hand away gently.

"Wait a sec Jase. We need to trim a little bit first."

Scott picked up a small pair of surgical scissors he had retrieved from the first aid kit and leaned in close to Luke's crotch. The cold steel of the scissors on Luke's ball sack made him suck in his breath and a large clear blob of precum welled from the tip of his cock and ran languidly down his shaft until it came to a halt on Scott's fingers.

Scott leaned down and licked the precum from his fingers as he snipped a large clump of hair from Luke's balls. He kept his head close as he carefully worked his way around the flopping gonads until there was little left but short stubble. He then nodded to Jason.

Jason's hand had warmed the white foam and Luke hardly felt it as it was applied to his ball sack. Jason spread it carefully over the entire area, including the crevices at the tops of Luke's inner thighs and the base of his cock.

"So," asked Scott, "who does the actual shaving then?"

"Like I said before mate" answered Luke, "you do. And I think Dean should help out by holding the skin nice and tight."

Dean moved closer as Scott dipped the safety razor in the water of the pool. Scott directed Dean's fingers to pull gently on Luke's balls as he moved the razor into contact with the sensitive skin. Luke lay back and enjoyed the feeling of two guys gently tugging at his slippery balls and the rough rasping of the blade as it swiftly sliced through his fine pubic hair.

It took about two minutes for Scott and Dean to clean Luke's scrotum totally of hair, then they went to work on the surrounding skin and the base of his cock.

"All done boss."

Luke sat up and looked at himself as Dean spoke. The only hair left was a small, now trimmed, strip above his cock. He smiled then turned over onto his hands and knees.

“Not quite done yet guys, I said ass as well, remember?”

Quickly there were hands prying apart the cheeks of his ass. Luke felt the cool touch of the scissors, and heard the grating sounds of hair being cut. Then he felt hands spreading cool foam from the base of his balls all the way to the base of his back.

As Jason stepped back to let Scott and Dean get closer, he felt different hands working the foam over his ass. A finger slipped quickly into his hole, then popped out again just as quickly.

“Hey Dean, let’s get him shaved before you start finger fucking him!” said Scott.

Dean firmly held the cheeks apart as Scott used long firm strokes of the razor to strip away the few short hairs around Luke’s ass. The shaving was completed within less than a minute. Dean’s hands didn’t leave Luke’s ass cheeks, so he was a bit surprised when he felt a finger press at the opening of his hole and gently force its way in up to the second knuckle.

“It just looks so, well, cute. All naked like that.” said Scott as he inserted his second, then third fingers.

“Go on then,” said Luke, “fuck me Scott.”

Scott withdrew his fingers and quickly got to his knees. Luke winced as the hard flesh of Scott’s cock slid almost effortlessly to the loosened entrance of his asshole. Scott seemed to grow in size as he pressed his cock deep into Luke’s ass. The tightening of Luke’s ass as he pressed harder just made it feel that little bit more intense.

Scott slowly rocked his hips back and forth as Luke grunted and smiled, sweat dripping from his face into the murky water of the pool. After a dozen gentle thrusts, Scott’s face went as rigid as his cock and he let out a rasping groan as he came violently into Luke’s ass. All four of them were surprised at how quickly Scott reached climax.

As Scott began to relax, he let himself lean forward onto Luke’s back. He lay there for a few moments, then let himself slip slowly off Luke, his cock, still hard, dragging cum with it as it slipped out of Luke’s hairless ass. He let himself slide into the water underneath Luke and as his cock continued to dribble semen onto his stomach, he slid himself down to take Luke’s dripping cock into his mouth.

Luke wasted no time in taking advantage of the hot wet mouth encompassing his cock. He was thrusting into Scott’s throat as soon as Scott had positioned himself comfortably. It didn’t take long until Scott was swallowing Luke’s load for the second time in two hours.

Scott lay back in the pool of tepid water after he had sucked the last out of Luke. Luke turned himself over and lay down in the water beside Scott. They were both smiling at the blue sky above them as the sun glinted off their sweat soaked chests.

“Hey Scott”, said Jason, “you should see all the shit that’s coming out of your hair in that water man!”

Scott smiled serenely at Jason. “Come on me Jase.”

“Is that an insult or a request?”

“It’s a request Jase.”

Jason didn’t wait for another invitation. He stepped into the now crowded pool and placed one foot between Luke’s legs and the other between Scott’s. Facing the two reclining lovers Jason pounded relentlessly on his rock solid erection. He was, as always, prepared for anything.

Sweat started to pour from his face and chest as he continued his workout in the heat. Soon the sweat ran down to his crotch and started to drip around his cock and balls. The fury of his fist sent it spraying over the two guys lying in the water staring up at his silhouetted form, the sun creating an almost angelic halo from behind him.

Scott noticed Jason’s knees beginning to tremble and grinned in anticipation of what was about to land on him. The pounding suddenly stopped and both Luke and Scott watched Jason’s muscles bulge all over his body as he held the cock steady in aim. Luke followed the first volley with his eyes as it sped towards Scott’s face like a bullet. He heard the splatter as it hit and noticed Scott flinch as cum coated his nose and mouth, narrowly missing his right eye.

Luke didn’t see the second volley until it landed with force on his own face, a thick white streak on his left cheek. Both of them thought the best was over, but Jason had a special surprise in store for them. He didn’t stop spraying them. A total of ten full on powerful spurts of cum were directed at them in the next 20 seconds. Each as powerful as the one before. Never had either of them seen coming like it before in their lives.

When Jason finished spurting, he stood over them panting and sighing. Scott and Luke both lay still with their mouths open in awe. They noticed movement and saw that Dean had come up behind Jason and was gently moving him out of the way.

Dean replaced Jason and immediately released his own load onto the two prone cum recipients. Luke had not closed his gaping mouth and benefited from a full shot straight into the back of his throat. Dean finished quickly and stepped away to let

the sun shine down on both of them so that he and Jason could get a good view of the cum coated duo. Dean looked over to Jason.

“Dude, that was an awesome cum shot man! You made me blow mine right then and there. I’m just glad I had someone to come on!”

“Thanks mate. That was actually pretty cool and I’m glad you guys got to see it. I get an orgasm like that one about a couple of times a year I guess. It’s unusual, but feels fucking awesome.”

Luke playfully reached to his side and fondled Scott’s balls as he spoke for the first time.

“Nice work guys. I like the way you improvised with my fantasy and made it work for all of us. Who wants something next? I can offer lots of semen, most of it’s on my face and chest.”

“Well,” Dean said slowly, “if you guys are game for it, I do have a bit of a weird fantasy I would like to try out at some stage.”

All the guys looked at him expectantly.

“It’s, well, nah, forget it.”

“Oh come on! Just say it dude!” said Scott as he sat up in the water and scooped up slowly drying semen from his and Luke’s chest to rub it into his now wet hair. The combination of several loads of semen and water caused a light foam to froth up as he vigorously massaged his scalp.

“But really, it’s pretty gross.”

“Oh, and me shampooing my hair with your cum isn’t?”

Everyone laughed and then waited for Dean to finish.

“Oh fuck it. Ok, so I want to get pissed on. There. I said it.”

Raised eyebrows all around was the only reaction he got for nearly 10 seconds. Then Scott answered.

“Ok, so get us some fucking beers then piss bitch. You want us to give you a good golden shower, you had better stoke us up.”

Beaming from ear to ear, Dean raced into the cabin to comply, bringing out four nice cool beers and handing them around. His cock had sprung up flat to his body once more and was leaving shiny wet marks just above his navel where it leaked precum.

“Dude! You only just shot on us! What the fuck’s this?” said Scott as he bent the stiff cock in front of his face down and let its slippery head slip from his fingers and snap back against Dean’s stomach. He licked the precum from his fingers and chased it down with the entire beer.

Dean looked down to Luke who continued to fondle Scott’s balls in the water with one hand and hold his beer with the other.

“You don’t mind? I mean where can we do it?”

“It’s fine. We can do it right here on the aft deck. It’s not a problem to hose the deck down after we have hosed you down.” He laughed.

Scott wriggled free of Luke’s wandering hand and stood up in the paddling pool. Cloudy water poured off him as he stretched and yawned. He shook the excess water from his body and went in to the cabin, returning moments later with a fresh round of beers. Luke made sure the last of the shaving foam was rinsed from his body and then he too stood and flung the excess water from his almost perfectly hairless body. There was still the small patch above his cock, the thin dark trail that ended just above his belly button, and the dark tufts under his arms. But other than those areas, he was as smooth as a baby.

Luke dragged the pool to the aft rail with quite some effort and deflated it slightly so that he could empty the now very murky water into the trailing ocean. He deflated the pool the rest of the way and tossed the crumpled plastic into the cabin and then turned to face Dean.

“Well, I need to piss like a racehorse. I hope you’re ready.”

Dean wordlessly plonked himself down on the smooth wooden deck and looked expectantly at Luke. Nothing more needed to be said as Luke walked up to stand over Dean and let his bladder relax as he stood with his hands behind his head. The stream stuttered at first, making Dean flinch as it hit his chest. Then the flow powered up to full force and within seconds Luke had positioned himself so that his piss stream splashed off Dean’s face. Dean opened his mouth to let it fill as he too began pissing straight up into his own face.

Scott walked up to join them and held his semi hard cock in his hand trying to piss. He closed his eyes and managed to force out a dribble as Luke finished. Then it poured from him as he relaxed and let go. Luke stepped back and began stroking his cock as Scott shuffled around to stand in front of Dean while still pissing. The urine splashed off Dean’s chest and crotch as he aimed the stream to cover Dean as much as possible.

Jason then took over from Scott. He walked silently up to Dean and placed his cock in his mouth. Dean closed his mouth on the semi soft dick and then opened his eyes

in surprise as his mouth overflowed with the piss that Jason was flooding into him. Stepping back Jason continued to let loose onto Dean's face as Dean moaned in ecstasy and let the piss flow into his mouth and down his throat until he had exhausted his supply.

All three piss donors then stood around Dean's smiling body and stroked their own now hard cocks as they watched the sun glinting off the wet boy in front of them. Dean concentrated on the sight of the three foreskins in front of his face while his cock's throbbing made it bounce up and down in his lap. He was staring directly at Luke's skin slipping back and forth over the tightly stretched head as cum erupted from the piss slit directly towards his face.

The thick liquid splattered against his cheek and chest as Luke grunted with the effort. A splash of semen landed on Dean's own steel hard cock and set it off like a fire extinguisher. Dean wailed long and hard as his cock spewed forth a torrent of very liquid semen all over his body and legs. Because his cock was standing straight up when he exploded, large amounts landed on his cock and balls too.

Scott stepped up to Dean and pointed his cock at his open mouth and grunted. Now his cum shot into Dean's panting mouth and across his chin and chest. Scott stepped back quickly and watched as Jason stepped in to deposit yet another load onto Dean's tongue and across his face. Dean licked at his lips and chin while he moaned lowly from satisfaction. His cock continued to stand straight up and showed no signs of subsiding.

For several minutes Dean lay back against the railing letting the hot sun dry the piss and cum that covered him. His eyes opened in surprise as he felt hot wetness splashing onto his slimy cock and balls. He saw Luke was once more drenching him with a clear and strong stream of piss. He saw Scott straining and a dribble of piss also escaped from his still erect cock. It dripped onto his thigh. With a bit more pushing Scott's piss then arced up into the air and splashed against the side of Dean's face. Dean quickly turned his head so that he could catch the colourless beer piss in his mouth and drink it all down.

When the other two had finished Jason walked up to Dean and invited him wordlessly to take his cock into his mouth. Dean did not hesitate and began to suck on Jason's cock. His eyes widened in surprise and the others watched as he swallowed again and again as Jason pissed directly into his mouth. Just before his piss stream stopped Jason pulled out and flexed his muscles so that the last of the piss stream slammed into Dean's face with powerful force.

Dean was pounding away at his erection and started moaning as he too forced his piss out of his rock solid erection. The piss fountain went everywhere as he continued to stroke his cock. The piss stopped abruptly as he held his breath and thick volleys of white cum shot up instead, landing on him and the deck with splatting noises. Exhausted, Dean slumped down onto the deck and let the dribbles

of cum slip silently onto his flat stomach. A few seconds later they were followed by the remainder of his second piss which pooled in the shallow hollow of his chest. He shaded his eyes from the sun when he had finished and looked at his three shipmates.

“Guys, that was fucking awesome. Thank you so much. I mean it. Um, I guess it might be good to hose me and the deck down now though eh?”

Luke nodded and unfastened the hose reel. Pulling it over to the aft of the boat, he released the spigot and a warm spray of water bathed Dean’s body and rinsed the deck at the same time. When he had finished he returned the hose and joined the other three sitting on the freshly washed decking.

“Well, that was different. I take it you enjoyed that then Dean?”

“Hmm, well, the aching in my groin says I have more than enjoyed it!”

“I think we all have had quite a go in that way today - what, three or four loads each already? I’m ready for a bit of a break from coming I think!”

The other three giggled at Luke’s comment, but nodded in agreement anyway. The rest of the daylight hours were spent doing routine maintenance on the Nova and sunbathing. All four guys now had a very nice all over tan.

## Chapter 17

In the early evening Jason took his dog-eared journal onto the foredeck, sat down facing the sunset and began to write.

*Journal Entry 3047 - December 17*

*I know it's been a long time since I last wrote in here - and that's not cool. It's just that being out here on the sea has kinda kept my mind from this stuff for a long time.*

*Last time I wrote in here we were about to leave New Zealand the next day and I was writing stupid shit about how it was going to be so cool not having to deal with school and 'rents and stuff like that. I see I was also worried about how it was going to work out the four of us living in the same small cramped cabin - and that there could be some embarrassing shit going on. Well, that was kinda naive I guess.*

*Today I shot loads of sperm all over one of my best friends in the whole world - Scott. Scott for fuck's sake! This is a dude I have spent years with through all sorts of shit and we have done everything a couple of mates would. But having sex like that? Man! This isn't me! I know I'm not gay. I'm sure I'm not gay. But fuck! I have been totally getting off on the shit that's been happening on this boat. First the freaky shit starts with us getting naked and wanking together. Well I guess that was probably inevitable and to be perfectly honest I actually secretly expected it. Then I find out that Dean is queer. It does explain a shit load though. Then we start doing shit together - even me for fuck's sake.*

*I never would have thought that I would be happy for another dude to suck me off. But it happened - a bunch of times. Then of course there's all the wanking we have been doing together. Fuck! I get hard just thinking about it now as I write this! Then of course in the last ten days everything has changed. I have now given Luke and my two best friends ever hummers. Not only that, but I even swallowed their jizz. Now how is that straight?*

*Am I conflicted over all this? Hell yeah! I mean first of all - I'm still fantasising about Jill, Lisa and Angie most time I wank late at night. I have even had a couple of wet dreams in the last week believe it or not! And they were dreams about chicks not dicks. I am totally sure I'm not gay. But then there all the stuff we have been doing - I have been happy to watch Luke fuck Dean and Scott fucking Luke in the ass, I have been happy wanking and cumming all over all of them, I've even gone down on all three like I said before! And just writing this down now - I'm as hard as a fucking*

*rock and leaking pre! Hmmm - Just flicking back over the last three years in this journal I guess there's about three hundred references to me wanking - but never before has anything I have written about in here made me this hard!*

*Anyway - so we have been out there alone for what - six weeks? Is that long enough to make any guy get ok with sex with dudes? I guess it could be. But I went eighteen years without having sex at all before this - I'm still a virgin for fuck's sake! Well, at least I have never done anything with a girl! Fuck! Am I going to lose my virginity to one of these dudes? No. No way!*

*Or have I already? What's virginity for a guy anyway? For a girl I guess it's pretty clear - if she has a cock up her then she's not a virgin anymore. Is it the same for a guy? Does he have to have his cock inside a girl before he loses his virginity? If so does that mean Dean will never lose his? Nah - gay dudes must be measured differently - actually all guys must be different. Maybe it's just the first time a guy has his cock inside any part of another person. Does that mean when I got sucked by Scott I lost my virginity? Or did it take being sucked by Luke and Dean as well to get there? Or, do I have to fuck one of them first?*

*Shit! Now I'm asking myself about fucking one of my best friends - guys!!? What the fuck is wrong with me?*

*But even now - there it is down there between my legs. Totally hard and dribbling precum onto the deck. Is my cock betraying my secret sexuality? So secret that even I don't know? I'm going to be eighteen and a half in three days. Surely an eighteen year old guy knows what his sexuality is - right?*

*Five hours ago I wanked and came all over Dean out on the deck as well as pissing right into his mouth. A year ago on a hot December night I would have been wanking on a beach with Scott and Dean anyway. I would have come, he would have come - we all would have. The only real difference tonight was that I was straddling his body while I did it and I came onto his tongue. Oh and I had just watched two other dudes cum on him. OK - I guess it is kind of different.*

*So why am I so uptight over all this? If I really thought it was a bad thing I wouldn't do it. I mean I could go to other places on the Nova any time the other guys are getting off. But no - I sprout an instant hardon and my cock seems to find itself in the middle of whatever is going on. Fuck I don't know.*

*A couple of nights ago I sucked myself off in front of the others. Reading back here I see that it was October three years ago when I last did that successfully - when I was fifteen. I tried on my seventeenth birthday to see if I could do it still and couldn't even get it near my mouth. I think I managed this time because I was showing off. It did hurt like a mother fucker - but it was worth it for the look on those guys faces.*

*I've also noticed that since I have been on the boat and we have been doing all this cumming that I am shooting more than normal. I'm getting distance and volume now. Even though I'm cumming several times a day now - I reckon I'd be beating my records on a regular basis. I haven't been measuring of course. Maybe I should mention that to the others so I can measure without being looked at totally strangely. I know for a fact that Scotty used to measure his cum volume regularly. I'm pretty sure I mentioned in volume 3 of this journal that I found him cumming into a plastic jar once when I stayed at his place. I saw him close it up and put it at the back of the freezer compartment of the small fridge in his room. When I asked him about it later he eventually admitted he did it so he could measure the total volume of 100 cums and then average it out.*

*The other really weird thing out here on the boat is the toilet facilities. I don't have any problem with pissing off the back of the boat - even when there are others out there. Actually for me that's a major step - I have always had problems pissing at urinals for some reason - but out here it's sweet. But the shitting thing is just totally bizarre. From my berth in the cabin I look right out at the "poop" part of the "poop deck" when the door is latched open. So I see the guys out there sitting on that special railing - their legs splayed out on the foot rests - their cock and balls swinging and then see their turds dropping away - splash! It's so NOT arousing!*

*Then it's my turn out there. I feel so totally exposed. Sitting totally naked in the midday sun with my legs spread - cheeks spread - breeze tickling the hairs on my ass - pushing out a shit with Scott sitting there on the deck chatting away to me like I'm sitting on a couch at home! Stupid really. I am freaked about taking a dump in front of Scotty but am happy to cum on his face! LOL!*

*This is interesting. In this journal entry I have mostly been talking about Scotty. Why is that? Scott and Dean have always been my best friends - I have never made any distinction between them before at all. I'm beginning to think that maybe my friendship with Scotty is a bit more than it is with Deano.*

*Wow! Just had a kinda weird thought. Here's what my brain just farted...*

*"It would be kinda cool if over the next few days Dean and Luke hook up more. They are the two older guys and they are both fully into guys. Then maybe I could be closer to Scotty. I could crawl into his bunk one night and snuggle up with him. I like feeling my body next to his."*

*Funny thing is - I don't mind that I just thought that. A few weeks back Luke was talking about the gay straight continuum. I now feel convinced that I am at the straighter end of that scale, but I'm comfortable exploring the gay part of me too. Fuck! I think I'm even happy to kiss Scott.*

**NOTE TO SELF:**

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*Jase - this is a journal entry that will become one of the most important of your life. When you feel weird about anything you do with your best friends - especially if it's sex with a guy - just look back at this entry and feel comfortable that you are being honest with yourself when you feel you want to follow through with a sexual desire - whatever it is.*

*OK I guess this was a useful journal entry. I'm still totally hard. It's time to finish up and go back to living this fucking freaky life I call my own!*

## Chapter 18

Luke awoke startled. His eyes opened immediately and he felt his heartbeat quicken. Something had awoken his fight or flight response and adrenalin was beginning to course through his body. His head snapped from side to side to look for the cause of his alarm, then he heard a faint yelling from outside, but it sounded wrong. It was not on board. Luke realised they must be very close to another vessel. ‘Why the fuck didn’t the proximity alarm go off? Shit, are we on a collision course with something big?’

Luke leapt from his bunk and in three huge steps he was on the bridge and looking out the window. Nothing. He looked at the surface radar, nothing.

“What the fuck? Guys! Check out what they hell’s going on! I can’t see anything, but we’re close to something! Move it shitheads!”

Jason and Dean were up in seconds and scrambling for the hatch to the deck. They ran out on to the deck and looked carefully around the Nova. All they could see around them was dark blue ocean in the early dawn light. Jase and Dean returned to the aft deck and looked at each other shaking their heads. Dean jumped in the hatch and yelled up to the bridge.

“Absolutely nothing out there. Anything you guys can see out the front?”

Luke’s heart felt like it stopped for several beats and he felt sick.

“What do you mean? Who, who’s back there with you right now?”

“Me and Jase. We checked out the port, starboard and aft.”

“Where the fuck is Scott then? He’s not up here! Scott! SCOTT!”

Luke jumped down from the bridge in one leap and slammed open the door to the head. Nothing.

“Fuck!”

He was back in the bridge in two leaps this time and slammed his hand on the emergency stop. The prop disengaged from the engine and the Nova began a slow reduction in speed. Thinking purely on gut instinct and feeling somewhat amazed at how clear the process was to him, Luke took note of their heading and immediately

initiated a 180 degree turn on the spot. He then re-engaged the prop and the Nova began retracing it's wake at  $\frac{3}{4}$  speed.

“You two! On the fore deck now! I want eyes on the water in front of us, and 20 degrees to each side. I heard a yell just before I went to the bridge, I pissed about looking at instruments for maybe 30 seconds before sending you out. I think total time was like 2 minutes. If he's in the water, we should find him in the next three.”

Luke opened the sliding glass window of the bridge so he could get a clearer view of the water in front of them as well as yell to his crew.

“Guys, as soon as you see anything at all, yell your guts out. Jase, get up on the roof of the bridge, height will help in spotting. Dean, don't take your eyes off that water.”

Luke grabbed his binoculars from the hook on the wall and began scanning the quickly disappearing traces of their wake, which now slowly dispersed in front of them. He focussed on the mostly straight centre line. The sun was now glinting treacherously off the small waves and made his eyes burn with the brightness. It also made it agonisingly difficult to even pick out a wave trench let alone a drowning kid.

Jason jumped from the top of the ladder onto the roof of the bridge, managing to trip over the last rung and thumping heavily to the roof deck. He felt the immediate sting of injury bite him in his left arm but the pain fled to the back of his mind as he righted himself and grabbed the rail to help him steady his gaze. ‘How the fuck did he fall overboard? He did fall right? Of course he did! What the fuck are you thinking!’

Jason squinted and blinked as the combination of events filled his eyes with tears. He cleared his vision and concentrated on his only job right now - save the life of his best friend in this world.

Dean cried too. He wiped the tears from his eyes furious with himself that he was doing something so stupid that could easily jeopardize the life of his friend for so many years. He took several deep breaths and forced himself to open his eyes wide despite the agonising sunlight reflections hitting his face.

Luke glanced at the GPS and calculated that they were about to come to somewhere near the spot he had heard what he was convincing himself was yelling. It HAD to be yelling, it had to be Scott's yelling to them to wake them up.

“Fuck, what if it wasn't?” he muttered to himself. He could have been gone for hours!

Shaking his head to shake away that thought Luke pulled back on the throttle to reduce running speed to one eighth.

“Now’s the time to really look hard guys!” he yelled.

Nothing.

The nova continued on slowly in the early morning swell. Luke kept glancing at the GPS. He was convinced they were now in the right place. He scanned the water all around with the glasses and saw nothing but water.

For another two minutes they carried on, Luke brought the engine to dead slow and they looked and looked.

Nothing.

Luke felt his breathing getting faster and faster as panic gripped him.

His mind returned to that meeting that now felt so long ago and far away with the parents of his three crewmen. Especially the parting words of Scott’s dad, Grant: ‘Don’t let Scott kill himself will you? And more importantly, don’t hurt my boat!’

Luke clenched his eyes shut, squeezing the tears from them and took several deep breaths. When he opened his eyes the sea looked different. He immediately realized that the sun had been obscured briefly by a cloud on the eastern horizon. Within seconds Luke heard a gurgling shout from above him.

“There.” Jase coughed, “There! I see him! To the right and about a hundred metres away! Turn!”

Luke looked to the right of course and saw nothing, he scanned an arc from dead ahead to the far right of the boat with his glasses and then he saw it too. It looked almost like seaweed floating in the current, then Luke saw a glimpse of pale skin and with the binoculars he made out a face. The seaweed was in fact Scott’s hair floating on the surface.

Luke swung the boat around until it was heading right for the body floating in the ocean. A quick burst of prop closed the gap fast and then Luke went full reverse to bring the Nova to a stop only ten metres from Scott. Dean was already in the water and Jason was leaping from the railing as Luke made it on to the deck.

Luke grabbed the starboard side life preserver and flung it towards the mass of floating hair. He couldn’t see Scott’s face and it appeared as if he might be floating just below the water. The life preserver landed right beside Scott just as Dean arrived. Dean shot below the water and popped back up holding what looked like a lifeless body. Jason arrived and helped Dean to lift the flopping body on top of the floating ring. They waved at Luke and he began pulling the three of them towards the aft of the Nova as fast as he could pull.

Dean kept kicking hard with his feet to lift his own body from the ocean so that he could breath into Scott's mouth and nose while Luke pulled. When they reached the aft of the boat Jason clambered aboard and together Luke and Jason dragged the apparently lifeless body aboard and lay him on the aft deck. Luke started checking for life signs as Jason helped an exhausted Dean back onto the boat.

Pushing Jason's helping hands aside, Dean crashed to the deck beside Luke and continued mouth to mouth as Luke checked his carotid artery for a pulse.

"There's a weak pulse! Slow, but still there."

Dean sat back reeling and gasping for his own breath, so Luke took over as Jason held Dean's heaving body. Luke continued breathing for Scott for about half a minute until convulsions coming from the unconscious youth made him back away. Luke watched as a large volume of water gushed from Scott's mouth and nose followed by a weak cough. Luke stopped and waited to see if Scott would resume breathing on his own. After a few seconds he resumed breathing for Scott. This time it seemed much more effective though. There was a lot more air getting into his lungs and it was only five more breaths before Scott began coughing properly and breathing on his own.

Together Luke and Dean rolled Scott into the recovery position. More water emerged with the coughing, and then Scott vomited a huge amount of sea water onto the deck. His breathing had returned to normal strength and when Luke checked his pulse again he nodded and smiled to the others.

All three sat back exhausted and breathing heavily themselves. Their adrenalin was still pumping, but they were all beginning to shake. Scott's eyes fluttered open and he tried to get up, but flopped back to the deck and coughed weakly.

Luke gently pressed his hand onto Scott's shoulder.

"Don't move Scotty. You need to relax and just breath deeply for a while my friend. Watch him closely guys."

Luke then got to his feet and shakily walked to the aft railing where he leaned out and vomited into the ocean. It was nervous exhaustion, although the pitching of the drifting Nova on the growing swell didn't help much either. Luke wiped his mouth and went up to the bridge where he reset the controls and soon had them moving back on course at full speed. Luke knew that Scott should be checked out by a doctor as soon as practical. He checked over the charts and decided the nearest reasonable medical clinic was on the Atoll of Kiritimati just north of the equator. At full speed they could make landfall in 22 hours.

After setting the new course Luke remembered the pulse oximeter he had added to the medical kit on the Nova. He removed the med kit from under his bunk and

unwrapped the meter which would measure both Scott's pulse and oxygenation levels. If they were too low, then they could give him supplemental oxygen from the medical oxygen tank also in the kit.

He walked out onto the deck and gently attached the meter to the ring finger of Scott's left hand. The monitor beeped erratically for a few seconds as it calibrated and began measuring. All three rescuers crouched watching the figures blinking on the oximeter. When the numbers stabilized and the green light went solid they all read the figures. Scott's pulse was steady at 97 beats per minute and his oxygen saturation was measuring 91%. Dean and Jase looked at Luke to get the verdict. Luke nodded and stood again.

"I think some oxygen for a while would be a good idea."

Luke returned moments later with the oxygen bottle and soon Scott was breathing through the mask and getting pure oxygen mixed into each breath. They continued to watch the meter and soon the pulse started to slow down and the saturation levels climbed quickly to 99%. Scott began to stir and show signs of waking again. Luke went to grasp him under his arms and started to gently lift him.

"Let's get him onto his bunk and keep him warm."

The others nodded and helped lift Scott awkwardly into the cabin and onto his bunk. They carefully arranged the pillow behind his head to ensure his airway stayed open and placed the oxygen bottle carefully to avoid the line getting squashed. Dean grabbed a blanket from the cupboard and unfolded it over Scott's limp body. Looking once more at the monitor Luke saw that Scott's pulse was now a steady 66 and the oxygen level was holding steady at 99%.

Scott woke up coughing. His eyes flicked open in panic and his hand tried to rip away the mask over his face.

"Help, I can't breath! I'm suffocating!"

"No, you are not suffocating. You're on oxygen to help you breath. Don't fight it. Just take deep breaths and you'll be fine."

Dean's hands pressed firmly on Scott's arms as he began to relax and lay back again. The oximeter beeped as Scott's pulse had leapt to 115 as he woke up. The oxygenation level was steady though so they left the flow rate as it was. Luke spoke to Scott again in as calm a voice as he could muster.

"Now relax. I need to ask you a few questions to make sure you are Ok. Can you tell me your name?"

"Scott Cameron." He croaked. "I need some water."

Jason reached for a sipper bottle of water and handed it to Luke. Luke opened it and gently lifted the mask away from Scott's face and offered the water.

"Nice and slow now, you might gag on this for a bit. Take it very slow."

Scott coughed as the cool water hit the back of his salt water abused throat. He swallowed with difficulty and then took another sip that went down a lot easier. He nodded and Luke took the bottle away and replaced the mask.

"What is the name of this boat?"

"Unless I have been out of it for a long time, it's the Nova, out of Auckland. Your name is Luke, that's Dean, and the guy over there bleeding is Jase. What happened to you?"

Everyone turned their eyes to Jason who was looking at his left forearm and the long ragged incision that crossed it and dripped blood to the floor of the cabin.

"Ahh, I tripped when I got onto the roof deck, didn't even notice it 'till now."

Dean rummaged in the medical kit and brought out a pressure bandage and some tape. He covered the wound and taped it up tightly to stop the bleeding.

"We'll clean that out and deal with it properly when the bleeding stops." He said.

"So," said Luke, "what the fuck happened Scotty?"

"Ahh, I remember being out back for a piss, then I was just standing there watching the beginning of the sunrise. I was leaning out on the railing and just sort of. Oh."

"Sort of?"

"Sounds kinda silly really. I was leaning over the rail and sort of doing some rail presses, you know, where you support your whole body with your arms? Well, I was going really well and then there was a bit of a swell that put me off balance..."

Scott stopped as he was racked by another coughing fit. When he had had another sip of water and his breathing had returned to normal he continued.

"And the swell put me just a bit off balance so I corrected by lifting my legs up a bit more. Then the swell of course went the other way, and I went head first into the drink."

"Yeah," said Luke, "does sound kinda silly doesn't it. So, I heard your yell as you went over the edge then I guess."

"No. I didn't get a chance to yell then. I, hey, can I get this thing off me now?"

Luke checked the meter and removed the mask, turning off the flow from the tank.

“The monitor stays on for now though.”

“That’s better. So yeah, I went straight in and took in a huge gulp of water from the surprise. I coughed and spluttered for a minute before I realized I was in deep shit as the fucking boat chugged away from me. That’s when I yelled. I got one decent yell out and then on the second one a wave broke in my face and I sucked water again.”

More coughing.

“So, I dunno what happened, I’m a good swimmer, you guys know that. I guess I kind of panicked and that’s when things went bad. I was just desperately trying to keep my face above water. Then, well, then things kind of go black.”

“Well, it had to be no more than ten minutes from the time you went in to the time we dragged you back.”

“Really? Wow. I thought for sure I’d last longer than that. I’m guessing from the oxygen and stuff that you were a bit concerned about me?”

Jason laughed.

“Concerned? Shit dude! Dean pulled you up from UNDER the water and started breathing for you as I held you and Luke pulled us in. Then Luke gave you mouth-to-mouth for a fair while until you started coughing up shit loads of water. You drowned mother fucker!”

Luke returned from rummaging in the medical kit and placed a thermometer in Scott’s ear and read the result. He then placed a blood pressure cuff around his left bicep and pressed the read button. The cuff inflated with a mechanical whirring noise and then started to slowly deflate as Scott’s pulse made the machine beep in time with the flashing heart symbol on the pulse oximeter. When the blood pressure monitor chirped Luke read the results and compared them to the chart printed on the case.

“Well, all your vitals seem stable for now. But guys, I have changed course. We are headed for an atoll in the Kiribati line chain called Kiritimati. They have a doctor and an airstrip there and we are gonna get you checked out there.”

“Oh, come on, you just said all my vitals are fine. There’s no need for me to get flown out!”

“Hey, two things. Number one, I am the captain remember, and what I say goes. Number two, you had lungs full of water just an hour ago. That can lead to serious infections. We are going to get you checked out. Now, if the doc says you need to go

to hospital, that's exactly what will happen. If not, well then you'll be swabbing the decks by tomorrow afternoon."

Luke and Dean left Scott to contemplate his near death experience while the cleaned and dressed Jason's arm properly. It was a deep cut that appeared to be a split caused by crushing pressure when he fall onto his arm. His swim in the ocean had done most of the cleaning work and there wasn't much for them to do other than pack it with antibiotic creme and use wound closure tape to close it up. Then a sterile dressing and surgical tape finished the job.

"We'll get the doc to take a quick look at that too I think. I'm going to radio ahead to the island now and make sure they can deal with us tomorrow morning first thing."

Luke left the three guys talking in the main cabin and climbed to the bridge where he pulled out his satellite phone and tried searching for the right number to call using his satellite internet connection. When it worked it was horribly slow. Most of the time it just didn't lock on at all. Eventually he gave up and used the marine band radio to contact Kiribati marine search and rescue. They gave him the number he needed in moments and he was soon listening to the ring tone.

"Base clinic, what's up?"

"Hi, is this the Kiritimati Atoll medical clinic?"

"Christmas Island Medical it is, how can I help you this fine day?"

"Yeah, Hi, I'm calling from a New Zealand registered private vessel currently about 20 hours out of port. We have had a bit of a medical emergency here and I was hoping I could speak to the doctor please."

"You got him, this is Doctor Ted. What's happened?"

"One of my crew fell overboard this morning and when we dragged him out of the water he wasn't breathing, he had a weak pulse, but his lungs were full of water. We gave him mouth-to-mouth until he coughed a lot up, then continued until he started breathing on his own. Once he was in the recovery position he vomited a lot of water up too. We have been monitoring his pulse and oxygen saturation and gave him oxygen for a while too. His body temp is now normal and his saturation is now at 99% without oxygen. His blood pressure is 135 over 90, or at least it was about half an hour ago."

"Ok, is he conscious?"

"Oh, sorry yeah, he woke up about 15 minutes after we dragged him out. I have done a basic mental acuity test and he responded well to that."

"Ok, how old is your patient?"

“Hey, he’s your patient, not mine doc! Um, he’s 18.”

“Ok, well, his BP is a little high, but not surprising given that he just drowned. Sounds like you have done all the right things, and sounds like you have a good medical kit too. You should bring him in, I’ll want to listen to his chest. There’s always a serious risk of pneumonia developing in near drowning cases. Hey, I don’t suppose you have any antibiotics in that medical kit do you?”

“Yeah, hang on, I’ll go check exactly what.”

Luke returned to the bridge with a small box from the medical kit.

“Ok, we have Augmentin and Doxycycline.”

“Good, and what size are the tablets?”

“The Augmentin are 500mg and the Doxycycline are 100mg pills.”

“Great. Well, the most likely problem from serious aspiration of sea water is the little bugger that can cause pneumonia. Check to see if the patient is allergic to penicillin. If not, then give him the Augmentin, one every 12 hours. If he’s allergic to penicillin, then it will be best to give him the doxy. With the doxy it’s two now and then one every 8 hours. In both cases the treatment should be for ten days. But, your most serious risk is fluid induced bronchospasm. And that can be fatal. Do you by any chance have a bronchodilator inhaler in your kit, or do any of the crew have one? Typically they are the blue asthma inhalers, like Ventolin for example.”

“There’s a Albuterol inhaler here. It’s blue and says for use in asthmatic episodes.”

“Perfect! So, here’s what you do. Keep him warm, keep the oximeter going and be concerned if the saturation goes anywhere below 95%. Give him the antibiotics, but remember to check if he’s allergic before giving Augmentin. If he starts to have trouble breathing or his saturation drops, you need to use the inhaler, put him on 100% oxygen and get him here as fast as possible.”

“Ok, thanks a lot doc. We will see you tomorrow morning.”

“Good. What’s the name of your vessel and what time are you expecting to make landfall?”

“This is the private launch Nova. We should make landfall at about 7am I believe.”

“Right. I’ll have the harbour master waiting to escort you in. You have my number if anything goes wrong before then.”

“Thanks again. Oh, and one of the other crew cut his arm pretty badly during the rescue, maybe you could take a look at that too.”

“Sure, no problem. Hopefully I won’t need to talk to you before then. Take care. Wait, what’s your name sorry?”

“Oh, right, Stewart, Luke Stewart.”

“Ok, good luck then Mr Stewart.”

The phone clicked in Luke’s ear and he placed it back on the charger and nudged the throttle as far forward as it could go. The engine pitch raised almost imperceptibly, but it made Luke feel just a little more comfortable.

Within a couple of hours Scott was complaining that he was bored and that his back was starting to hurt from lying down the whole time. He then started moaning that his finger was getting sore from the oximeter. By evening the other three were about ready to throw him overboard themselves. But he had no obvious breathing problems and seemed pretty healthy.

## Chapter 19

The harbour master met the Nova at the entrance to Cook Island Passage at 7:15 the next morning. All four guys had scrubbed themselves down and put on t-shirts and shorts they had searched for the previous evening. Within 15 minutes they were docked and the harbourmaster had checked their passports and let them ashore. A grey haired thin man who had been leaning on the front of his Toyota pickup pushed himself up and walked over to greet them.

“Hi guys, I’m Ted. I see that you’re all walking, so that’s a pretty good sign! Come on guys, jump on the truck and we’ll go right to the clinic.”

The road to the clinic was narrow and bumpy, but they only took three minutes to arrive. All four piled off the back of the pick up and followed the doctor inside. It was barely two small rooms. One was an office littered with files and piles of bandages and cremes, the other was a small clinical room.

“Ok, so which one of you went for an unexpected swim yesterday? Oh, and by the way, the fact I have to ask is a very good sign!”

Scott held up his hand.

“Ok, you come with me and let’s take a look at you. You other guys just relax here for a few minutes. By the look of you, it might be a good idea to walk around outside for a bit, you all look a bit shaky on your sea legs there!”

Scott followed the doctor into the clinic room and the other guys took the doctor’s advice and went out into the early morning sun to walk their sea-leg wobbles off.

Just ten minutes later Scott appeared at the clinic door with a grin on his face and displaying the double thumbs-up.

“All good guys, I’m fit to carry on. But the doc’s advised I limit my swimming to pools for a while.”

The doctor joined him as the others came back with relieved looks on their faces and hugged Scott.

“Now, let’s take a look at that laceration on your arm young man.”

The doctor lead Jason into the clinic as Scott took a seat on the old wood bench outside the building and was joined by Dave and Luke.

“Shit dude,” said Dean, “we really thought you had almost died.”

“I did. The doc said I was really lucky, and you guys got me out just before my heart stopped and brain damage started. You all get mega blow jobs tonight dudes!”

Luke shook his head.

“Yep, sounds like you’re recovered. Sex, sex, sex. At least you’re back to normal!”

A few minutes later Jason and the doctor emerged once more. Jason had a fresh dressing on his arm and a few blood drops stained his white t-shirt.

“This one had the most significant lasting damage from the event gents. Jason, you need to keep out of the water for a few days. The stitches will dissolve by themselves in about six days and you should keep it covered for at least two.”

Luke paid the doctor and they all waved goodbye as they walked back to the dock.

“Guys, I’m gonna get some fuel on board while we’re here, so let’s say we’ll take off in what, two hours? See you back here then?”

#

Just before midday the Nova was fuelled, stocked with water and ready to leave. The harbour master refused to let them pay for the emergency berthing and told them they had to have a quick cruise around the lagoon while they were there. Not wanting to offend the locals, and secretly very pleased with the opportunity, Luke agreed and waved heartily as they cast off.

Heading out into the huge lagoon the four once again felt comfortable. They were back on the boat that had been home for so many weeks. Within minutes of leaving the settlement all four had shucked their clothes once more and were soaking up the sun with their tanned bodies on deck. Luke directed the Nova using the small deck mounted control set and all four enjoyed the incredible spectacle of the huge and fairly shallow lagoon.

Through the afternoon they travelled a good five kilometres into the heart of the lagoon and enjoyed the sights of the coral reefs and the brightly coloured fish all around them. Luke and Dean spent quite a bit of time in the water when they dropped anchor in a shallow sandy area surrounded by bright orange and red coral. Eventually Scott gave in to his nervousness and jumped in whooping and yelling as well. All three were very quickly aboard the Nova again though when they spotted several fairly decently sized reef sharks taking more than a little interest in their splashing and yelling.

Drying out on the aft deck Luke looked at the other three guys, Jason was still pouting because he wasn't allowed to swim.

"Well guys. What's next?"

All three younger guys looked at Luke with puzzled expressions.

"I mean, what's the plan. Where do we go? How far? Are we still enjoying this?"

They all sat in silence wondering how to answer. Scott eventually broke the silence and spoke quietly with a single tear running down his cheek.

"I have gotta be honest guys. Yesterday has freaked me out. More than anything else on this trip, and that's saying a lot. I think I'm about ready to go home."

There was a stunned silence for about a minute, then Dean spoke.

"Yeah, actually, I've now got so much to do at home. I'm coming out totally when we get back, and I have to say, I'm looking forward to it. I'm ready when you are guys."

Jason took a deep breath before answering.

"I'm not ready to fly home just yet. I have some unfinished business with you guys. I need a few more days alone with you to sort shit out."

Luke nodded.

"Ok, I kind of suspected there was going to be a reaction like that. All right, from here we're heading direct to Honolulu. It will take about five or six days at a gentle cruising speed. We crossed the equator last night by the way! Anyway, once there, we'll get you three on a plane for Auckland. I think it's the right thing to do. We've had a successful run so far, well, mostly! Let's finish it up before we all hate each other."

The other three nodded in agreement. Luke looked quizzically at Jason again.

"So, what's the unfinished business dude?"

Jason's head snapped up and his face and chest went bright red.

"Ahh, oh, fuck it. Ok, tomorrow is the seventh anniversary of the first time I came. When I did that, I promised myself I'd lose my virginity by tomorrow. I wanna fuck you Scotty. I don't wanna be fucked, but I wanna fuck you."

Scott slowly turned his head towards Jason, his mouth hung slack jawed in surprise.

“Well, fuck me! Hell, yeah, in fact, do fuck me! Ok, I’m game dude, surprised as all shit and never had cock in me before, but game. Lube that schlong up buddy and slip me one in the butt hole!”

Wordlessly Jason stood up and walked into the cabin. He returned a moment later with a tube of lube and a condom. He placed them down on the deck, then lay down on his front between Scott’s outstretched legs. Jason quickly went to work sucking Scott’s cock into his mouth. Scott lay back on the wooden decking and relaxed as his cock quickly grew in Jason’s mouth. Dean and Luke sat watching, not needing to touch themselves to match Scott’s condition.

After a few minutes Jason lifted Scott’s knees up so that his ass was accessible. He lowered his oral attention and began licking wetly on the twitching pucker in front of him. The taste of sea salt was mixed with the heady masculine taste and smell of 18 year old balls and ass. Jason was quietly glad they had all washed that morning and had that Scott had just been swimming.

Each prod of his tongue was met with a moan from Scott and a twitch from the cock that was stretching up from the balls that rested on his nose. Jason sat up and grabbed the lube. He squeezed out a dollop onto his fingers and began to gently rub them up and down over Scott’s virgin crack. Each time his finger tip passed over the wrinkled pucker Scott shuddered and sucked in another deep breath. Jason leaned down again and engulfed the throbbing cock in his mouth as he pressed one finger home.

“Oh my fucking god! Stop that or I’m gonna come right now man!”

Jason pulled his mouth away, feeling, then tasting a huge blob of precum that had just emerged from the bright red cock head. He returned his focus to Scott’s ass and continued pressing his finger home. Soon he worked a second finger down to the second knuckle and made an effort to massage the firm but slightly yielding prostate gland he felt with the tip of his finger. Scott yelped as a spurt of precum shot from the tip of his cock.

“Whatever the fuck you’re doing, don’t stop! Oh, just fuck me dude. Now or never.”

Jason removed his fingers and quickly and deftly applied the condom to his own dripping hardon. He rubbed another squirt of lube onto his stiff cock and then told Scott to get on his hands and knees. Scott quickly positioned himself and pushed back to give clear access to his hole.

“Nice and slow dude, I’ve never had cock up there before remember.”

Jason responded by firmly rubbing his slicked up cock head up and down the ass crack in front of him. He then placed it carefully at the entrance and began to apply pressure. Luke saw Scott begin to grimace.

“Dude, just push a bit, it’ll relax your ring and make it easier.”

Scott followed instructions and Luke and Dean saw Jason’s cock head pop past the resistant ring.

“Ow! Fuck! Ahhh! Shit!”

“Just relax, hold there for a minute Jase, let his ass stretch to take it. That’s right, now just push in a bit more, good, hold that for a bit. See Scott, it’s getting better right?”

Scott nodded with a grimace on his face. Jason began to move back and forth very slowly and gently for a few minutes. Sweat was now pouring off him and dripping on to Scott’s back. Scott slowly relaxed.

“Ok Jase, go ahead and fuck me now. I’m ready.”

Luke and Dean watched with amusement as Scott’s face alternated between pain and surprise for the next few minutes. Jason meanwhile was getting into his stride and was now sliding his fully hard cock all the way in and put of Scott’s ass. He pulled all the way out and squeezed a bit more lube onto his cock.

“Ok Scotty, flip over and let’s see if I can massage that pleasure button.”

Scott turned onto his back as Luke grabbed a pillow from inside to place under his hips. Jason knelt between Scott’s legs and lifted them so that they rested on his shoulders, then he guided his cock back into Scott like a seasoned professional. Scott’s eyes widened in surprise once more as the thrust reached much deeper into his guts. As the hard ridge of Jason’s cock head ran past his prostate on the return stroke, Scott moaned deeply and his semi hard cock let loose another flood of clear sticky precum.

Jason reached his hand down to rub over the sweaty balls and slippery cock in front of him. Scott hardened up immediately and began to really get into the rhythm of the hard fucking he was getting. Both of them were now sweating profusely and panting for breath. Jason returned both hands to Scott’s legs, pushing them back and giving him even more access to thrust deep and fast into Scott.

Laying back with his eyes slammed shut Scott started panting faster and faster, his arms twitched, but never left his sides.

“Oh fuck, oh fuck, oh fuck I feel, woah, I think I need to come. Oh fuck, yep, coming!”

Jason kept fucking as Scott began coming. Thick white ropes of cum began to spread across Scott’s stomach and chest as his unrestrained cock bounced about as it shot spurt after spurt. Jason scooped up some hot fresh cum with a finger and slurped it into his open mouth. He then stopped his thrusting and buried his cock as deep

within Scott as he could, threw back his head and yelled a guttural exclamation as he too came long and hard.

Jason lay forward and rested his body against the sticky moist body of his conquest. He exhaled deeply and secretly smiled into Scott's chest. After a few moments he pulled his still semi hard cock from Scott's ass carefully as Scott wriggled underneath him. He got up to his knees and carefully took the very bloated condom off, looked at the load inside it and proceeded to empty it out onto Scott's hair which lay spread out on the deck in the bright equatorial midday sunlight.

Sprawled back on the sun drenched deck, Jason smiled at the sky and stretched his body luxuriously.

"Ok, so now I'm ready to go home!"

Luke laughed as he raised the anchor.

"So, you loose your 'virginity' and suddenly everything is done and ready huh?"

"Basically, yeah. Oh, someone should bring me a nice cold beer now too - I'm exhausted after that!"

A few seconds later everyone, except Jason, burst out laughing as Scott poured cold beer onto the prone ex-virgin's body. Jason writhed in shock and then burst into a fit of giggles himself as he wrestled the can from Scott's hands and downed the remains in one long draft.

By the time the sun was beginning to boil the ocean on the horizon the Nova had carefully edged out the southern passage of the lagoon and was clear of land. Luke had set a nice quiet cruising speed in a direct line for Oahu. He had calculated that they had five days running before they were to dock at Ala Wai Yacht Harbor. There was very little said that night. A feeling of quiet determination and resolve had settled over the Nova and her crew.

The determination for Dean was to avoid breaking down and sobbing. He felt that this had been the most important period in his life. He knew there was so much he had to do back home, but he also felt comfortable and free for the first time in his life on this damn boat.

Jason had other reasons to be reflective. Even a couple of weeks ago he never would have imagined that he would choose a guy's ass to be the first destination for his cock. He had decided long ago that he'd probably die a virgin, he was just so shy about his body. That was a secret he now no longer needed to worry about. The trip had started with him loosing his shorts overboard, and his fears of being seen naked had flown away with them.

Scott was quiet because he was at peace. He had faced death and had learned a lot from it. Getting fucked in the ass was nothing compared to almost dying a couple of days before. He now realised that he could face anything with the sure and certain knowledge that it wasn't going to be something he could deal with somehow. He was even secretly proud that Jase had chosen him to be his first fuck.

Luke was confused. Sure, it was obvious that he had had a lot of fun on this trip and that he was going to remember it for a long time. But he hadn't considered the fact that he was going to miss these guys terribly once they flew back home. It had all been a bit of an exercise in sociology when it began and Scott had convinced him to bring the guys along. He had for a long time thought that it might be a bit of fun to have them there for part of the trip, but the real enjoyment would come when he was alone and free on the oceans. Now he wasn't anywhere near sure.

All four guys had a fitful and restless sleep, in their own bunks.

## Chapter 20

The sex didn't exactly stop in the remaining days of the trip, but it did seem to all four guys like it was not as exciting. It felt more normal now. With only one day left at sea Luke asked the guys to come together on the fore deck for a chat.

"In less than 24 hours we'll be back in civilization, and our shared boating adventure will be done. I have to say to you guys that I have been fucking impressed. Honestly, I sort of thought that by now we all might be comfortable wanking in front of each other at night or something. I had no clue we'd be so totally sweet with sex. I really do mean it guys, I'm impressed with how you've handled it."

Scott answered first.

"I was never shy. I didn't know I'd enjoy sex with dudes as much as I do, but I must admit I've really enjoyed seeing you guys getting off too. It's probably the happiest I have ever been, well except for the drowning bit I guess!"

"Yeah," said Jason, "I guess I really came out of my shell on this trip huh guys? Well, I'm totally cool with that anyway. I like the fact that I feel comfortable being naked in front of you guys any time now. Even boned!"

The other three chuckled as Jase spread his knees to reveal a hard cock springing up from his dark curly nest. Dean casually reached over, taking the hard-on in his hand as he spoke to Luke.

"Well, for me it's a totally huge thing. Yeah Jase, your cock too! Nah, I mean fuck, I came out here! With you guys! I'm gay, I'm into sex with hot guys and I'm proud of it! I know it would have come out eventually, but to have this opportunity to both let you guys know in a totally sharing environment, as well of course, getting to have sex with all of you - that was the really special part. Now excuse me while I have a bit of a suck on this thing."

Dean swooped down and engulfed Jason's cock. Jason laughed and flung his head back as the sensations overwhelmed him. He straightened his legs and leaned back on his hands to give Dean full access. Luke smiled and shook his head.

"You guys! Man, just remember that you won't be able to do that on the plane trip back to New Zealand won't you!"

Without lifting his head, Dean gave the thumbs up signal, bringing loud laughs from all three of the other guys. Taking a deep breath Jason pushed his legs apart a little as Dean moved his hand in to press gently between the sensitive thighs of the reclining guy he was sucking. Dean's fingers quickly slipped into the sweat moist crevice hiding below Jason's drooping balls. Dean's finger pressed firmly against the tight button that was his target and evoked a loud grunt from his trembling mate.

The grunt twisted into a guttural yell as Luke and Scott watched Jase's whole body tense up and go rigid. Dean had popped his finger inside Jason for the first time and it had triggered another of Jase's super orgasms. Dean lifted his head in surprise as his mouth filled rapidly. The last few huge eruptions shot into the air past Dean's face and splattered down on all four of the guys sitting on the deck.

Luke was watching the journey of a dribble of cum down his chest when he heard Scott.

"Deano, come on dude, my turn!"

Dean didn't argue. Within ten minutes Scott was lying squirming on his back on the deck. Dean had his mouth clamped over Scott's cock, and had two fingers of his right hand massaging Scott's prostate. Scott was dripping with the sweat of tension by the time he shouted to the scudding clouds that he was coming. Dean swallowed it all this time, then spent several minutes gently licking the taught skin of Scott's cock and giggling every time he managed to milk another drop of pearly liquid from the bright red tip.

When he was satisfied that Scott was done, Dean turned and looked at Luke. A sly smirk appeared on his face and he stood up and washed his hands from the fresh water spigot. Then he slid himself across the smooth deck and arrived between Luke's outstretched legs and immediately proceeded to devour his stiff cock. Luke let the practiced hands find his hole straight away, and took deep breaths as Dean worked his middle finger in to find the firm internal mound that was his target.

Luke shifted his weight back a little to allow Dean to reach in to the perfect depth. When the button was pressed, Luke giggled and squirmed, a pre-cum fuelled mini-orgasm followed. Dean lifted his head and smiled at Luke, his lips glistening with the salty clear natural lube that had just pumped into his mouth.

For a full 15 minutes Dean massaged Luke's prostate while continuing his tongue based cock stimulation. It became too much for Luke to cope with and he silently erupted into the soft wet mouth encompassing him. Shuddering, Luke leaned forward and held Dean's head still. The tongue induced sensations on his cock head were too much to bear. Dean slipped his finger clear and then pulled away from the rock hard cock with a loud wet suction pop.

"Your turn!" said Luke.

Dean simply sat back and pointed at his groin. A large pool of cum lay on the deck under his droopy ball sack. A dribble of cum still flowed lazily down his stiff shaft and fought its way through his pubic hair.

“Oh dude! That’s not fair. Ah well, we at least have a few days left to pay you back.”

#

Saturday morning dawned muggy and still. All four got up early and went to the fore deck to watch the sun rising over the still distant, but clearly visible peaks of the Hawaiian chain. The four of them stood silently at the railing watching the islands getting slowly closer as they quietly wanked each other, occasionally switching around so that they all had a go at each other.

They had agreed the night before that this was how they wanted to finish their time together. A simple gentle shared experience that they could remember fondly. Scott came first, the cum dripping from Luke’s fingers to the deck. Seconds later Jase came in Dean’s grip. Semen squirted out into the waiting ocean. Scott finished off Luke a minute later, catching the thick load in his hand and letting it drip slowly to the deck beside his own. Dean followed moments later, his cum coating the pumping fist of Jason.

The four guys then hugged tightly, feeling the smooth warmth of true friendship. They all had tears on their faces when they finally pulled apart, and none of them wanted to hide them. Silently they all washed and dressed, filling the next two hours with heavy silence as their ocean adventure came to an end.

## EPILOGUE

Luke finally picked up the phone three weeks after he arrived back in New Zealand. It had been eight months since he last saw the guys in Hawaii. Since that time he had taken the Nova on to explore the west coast of North America, through the Panama canal - piggy-backed on a freighter and on across the Atlantic to spend the northern summer cruising the Mediterranean. He left the boat berthed in Greece and flew back home to catch up with real life for a while.

“Hi, is that Dean?”

“Speaking.”

“Hey, it’s Luke. What’s up dude?”

“Fuck me! Where are you?”

“Back in town.”

“Dude! What timing! Me and the boys are just about to head off to the coast for our annual surfing long weekend. You gotta come! I mean literally, I take off in like 20 minutes. The others left this morning. Seriously! You gotta come!”

“Really? You sure that would be cool? I would like to catch up with you guys.”

“Of course! You realize of course that there will be sex.”

“Naturally. How could it be any other way! What should I bring?”

“Just yourself dude.”

Half an hour later Luke was settling in to Dean’s beat up old car for the three hour drive.

“So, tell me what happened for you when you got back?”

“Well, pretty short story. The world and its dog now know I’m gay. A couple of people freaked out about it, but I don’t miss them. My parents and sisters were really cool. I went back to the pool I used to work at to see if they’d take me back on. They wouldn’t of course. I bummed around for a bit, then ended up getting a job as a

youth events worker with the council. I'm now the gay youth events coordinator there. It's pretty cool."

"That's fucking awesome! What about relationships?"

"I have had a couple of boyfriends that lasted a few months, and quite a few fuck mates, but nothing too long term. Kind of enjoying being a slut really."

"What about the other guys? You see much of them?"

"Every now and then. We'll sometimes just get together and hang out at Jase's place and drink and shoot the shit. Scott usually manages to talk me into giving him a bj by the end of the night. He just loves getting head when he's buzzed."

By the time they arrived at the end of the isolated forestry road it was late in the evening. Luke and Dean collected the meagre supplies from the back of the car and locked it up beside Scott's car. Dean led the way through the maze of off road vehicle tracks and the thick plantings of pine forest until they were climbing the last dunes and could hear the pounding surf over the crest.

At the top of the dune Luke looked down and saw a sheltered clearing with a half moon opening onto the gently sloping beach. Nestled into the clearing was a camp site with a large tent beside a roaring camp fire. The light from a camping lantern shone through the fabric of the tent from the inside where it swayed gently. Lugging the boxes Dean and Luke quietly descended the dune and approached the tent.

Dean poked his head into the tent, about to yell out for the other guys when he stopped dead. He slowly withdrew his head from the tent flap and turned to face Luke with a huge smile spreading across his face. He motioned for Luke to quietly come and take a look.

Luke looked inside the tent to see Scott down on his hands and knees, panting, as Jason knelt behind him, his cock pistoning quickly in and out of Scott's ass. Dean squeezed his head in beside Luke so that he could watch too. Jase held firmly to Scott's hips as he continued his firm thrusting. Scott's balls bounced back and forth with each thrust and in the dim light the observers could see his rock hard erection caressing his taught belly.

Scott started groaning and quickly escalated to a squeal as the rhythmic pounding continued. Scott's silence coincided with his head lifting to the roof and the delicate sound of his cum splattering on to the plastic sheeting of the floor. Jason's rhythm faltered as he too reached orgasm, releasing nearly a weeks worth of abstinence into Scott. Slowly Jase massaged Scott's lower back as he withdrew. Scott relaxed and slumped to the floor of the tent as Jase sat down puffing.

"You guys never stop do you!"

Both of them jumped visibly as Luke announced their presence.

“Fuck! You scared the shit out of me!” yelled Scott.

“Nah, I think Jase fucked the shit out of ya Scotty!”

“Shit! Luke! Where the fuck did you come from?”

Jase came tearing out of the tent and grabbed Luke in a tight hug. He was quickly followed by Scott who also gave the surprised Luke a bear hug. Dean watched grinning as the two naked guys quizzed Luke on the highlights of the last 8 months. He slipped in to the tent and laid out his bed role and then stripped off, emerging from the tent naked as the finished giving the highlights package.

“Wow, I feel over dressed!”

Luke stood up from the warm sand and pulled off his t-shirt and then quickly shucked his basketball shorts.

“Ahh, that feels better.”

As the night deepened the four sat around the camp fire catching each other up. Scott had gone back to almost exactly the same life he had left. He still worked in his father’s boat yard, still spent as much time in the summer bronzing his hole body as possible, and still went through about two girlfriends a month. The key difference in Scott’s life was that he now also let some guys into his bed.

Jason had gone ahead with his plans to go to university, and was now enjoying his first summer break and had just finished exams. As soon as they had returned from the trip both Dean and Jason had gone out flatting. Dean had found his own small place, and Jason had moved in with an esoteric group from the university. A month into the flatting life, Jason had met Jessica and had fallen in love. They had been going steady for seven months and Jase had been totally faithful to her, except for the occasional fucking of his best buddy Scott.

“I think it’s fair to say all three of us have much better sex lives now,” said Jase, “and it’s all thanks to you Luke. Now, let’s have an orgy!”