

Cabin Boy

# Cabin Boy

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As the ship's cabin boy, Bran is often called up by members of the crew to satisfy their lusts on long voyages, but he always particularly looks forward to the visits from the First Mate.

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The sound of his door sliding shut with a click was what woke him in the darkness. The ship rolled back and forth, like a child cradle, rocking its occupants to sleep. As the youngest on the ship, at age 18, Bran was used to late night visits from various members of the crew. Normally he wouldn't know who it was until they reached his bed, but since they'd just been in port yesterday where the men had been able to avail themselves of the whores located there, he knew that only one man would be coming for a visit so soon afterwards.

Landon, the first mate of the ship, was a handsome roguish looking man in his mid-thirties. He caroused with the men, whored with them, and kept a tight fist on discipline aboard the ship, but he was also the most frequent visitor to Bran's room. And the most highly anticipated.

Soft steps came closer to the bed and a warm hard body slid between the sheets, pushing Bran over so that he was trapped against the wall.

"Bran," Landon's deep voice murmured, his callused hand sliding over Bran's naked stomach, down to his already rock hard cock. He'd been hard the moment he'd heard the door open and realized who it was.

While Bran had heard of men who loved men, the way a man loved a woman, he knew that he wasn't one. He hated the attentions of the crew, his extra "duties." With everyone except Landon. He highly suspected that Landon preferred men to women, but only with Bran was he able to indulge himself, away from watching eyes. And Bran would never betray him. He craved Landon's visits, his own desires shaming him, which only aroused him more.

The warmly callused hand grasped his sensitive cock, rubbing against him with harsh friction and he groaned deep in his throat.

He sensed, rather than saw, Landon hovering over him in the darkness, and then masculine lips pressed against his, face harsh with bristles. Landon's tongue thrust into his mouth, demanding, importuning. And Bran whimpered and kissed him back, tasting the dark spices of beer and man, rolling it around his mouth and moving his hips in time with the gentle fisting of his dick. Something soft and hard and insistent rubbed against his hip and he knew that Landon was just as aroused as he was.

Most of the crew, when they needed to satisfy their bases desires on long voyages, would skulk into Bran's room, turn him onto his stomach, lubricate their cocks with some of the oil kept by his bedside for exactly that purpose and shove them in, fucking his ass hard like he was a woman. They would touch him nowhere but his hips, where he had almost no body hair, pulling his cheeks back against their thrusting groins, splitting him open with their hard poles with very little care for whether or not it hurt him. Landon wasn't like that. He wanted to explore Bran's body, to touch and taste him, treating him like a lover rather than a woman. Every visit was different, except for the end.

Breaking off the kiss, Landon began to slid his tongue over the sensitive skin of Bran's neck, teasing him. "Put your hands above your hands and hold onto the top of the bed."

His voice was authoritative, his First Mate's voice. Bran's cock jerked in his hand as he responded to it. So it was going to be one of those nights. Sometimes Landon was gentle, other times rough, sometimes he would allow Bran to take the lead, and sometimes, such as now, he would take complete control of the situation. The hand around Bran's cock squeezed, almost to the point of pain, as if to hurry him. Not that Landon had any doubt Bran would do as ordered. Lifting his arms above his head, Bran curved his hands over the edge of the

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mattress, fingers digging into the soft cushion as Landon's hand moved from his cock to his balls and his mouth began to slide down Bran's chest.

Moaning, Bran flexed his groin muscle as Landon rolled his balls around, the callused fingertips feeling extra rough against his soft sack. A bristled cheek rubbed against his chest as Landon searched out his flat nipples, his lips and tongue teasing the tiny buds until he could tug at them with his teeth. Each sharp pull sent a jab of sensation straight through Bran to his cock, which flexed and bounced against his stomach, aching for attention as Landon played with him.

"Please," he whimpered as two of Landon's fingers slid behind his balls to touch that super sensitive spot just beneath, brushing over it in a teasing manner that made his groin throb with the need for his cock to be touched. But he didn't move his hands - he'd learned. The first time Landon had done something like this and Bran had moved, Landon had tied him in place and then taken twice as long to explore Bran's entire body before turning him over and fucking him in the ass, without once ever having touched his cock. Bran had still cum at the end of it, needing nothing more than Landon's long shaft probing his inner recesses, after such prolonged teasing, but it hadn't been as physically satisfying as Landon usually made their experiences. But he'd been twice as hot the next time Landon had come to his room.

Just thinking about it made him randy all over again. Hot breath warmed the flesh of his cock and he groaned as Landon's fingers increased their firm stroking of his taint, his palm squeezing Bran's balls gently.

"Pleaaaaaaaaaase," he begged as he felt Landon's lips and teeth scrape over his sensitive hip bones. His cock bounced again as Landon bit down on the jutting bone, just hard enough to mix a little bit of pain with the pleasure that Bran was already feeling.

"Please what, Cabin Boy?" Landon asked, his voice sounding amused. Sometimes he called Bran by his name, but sometimes he just used his title, and Bran was never sure which made him more aroused. His cock felt like it was about to split open, as if it had expanded to twice its normal girth and length just from aching need.

"Please touch me, Sir."

Hands pressed down on Bran's hips, holding him in place. His balls felt cold where Landon's touch had been removed, but he couldn't regret the loss because now Landon's mouth was creating hot suction around the mushroom head of Bran's cock, a wet tongue flicking against the tip. Moaning, Bran tried to thrust his hips up, but Landon was stronger than him, using his leverage to keep Bran's lower body firmly in place. He was completely at Landon's mercy, the other man torturing him with an exquisitely slow descent of his mouth, taking in Bran's rock hard shaft with a long, drawn-out glide. With every centimeter, his tongue lashed against the sensitive underside of Bran's cock, taking him so slowly that Bran thought he might go insane. Beneath Landon's hands, Bran's body tried to twist and buck, trying to force more of his dick upwards and into Landon's welcoming mouth.

Instead he was held in place, overpowered, and Landon sucked him down as slowly as he wanted to, taking him in all the way to the root. It was a feat that Bran had yet to duplicate on Landon's massive cock, but he freely admitted that the First Mate was more well-endowed than he anyway, he had a bigger cock than any other man on the ship in fact. Not that he was thinking of that at the moment, he was too busy enjoying having his cock sucked down the other man's throat, feeling tight muscles gripping the sensitive head and the wet wriggling tongue that was dancing along the base of his shaft. Then the mouth began to withdraw, also with pain staking slowness, and Bran groaned and arched as much as he could against Landon's hands, his own hands clenching against the mattress.

Landon tormented him with several more long, slow glides as he whimpered and pleaded, his balls feeling hot

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and tight he was so ready to cum with just a little more encouragement. Then Landon began to bob his head up and down with intent, making soft sucking noises as he went to work on Bran's cock, his hands still holding the younger man in place so that he was in complete control of the pleasure that was driving Bran so wild. The sudden change in tempo had Bran crying out as Landon's mouth worked him over, saliva coating every inch of his cock, that talented tongue sliding into his pee slit every time Landon withdrew so that just Bran's tip was still between his lips.

Gasping at the intensity of the sensations roiling through him, Bran's body went rigid under Landon's palms as he began to cum. Immediately Landon took him fully into his mouth again and Bran writhed with ecstasy as his spunk shot into the back of Landon's throat, his cock pulsing against that coaxing tongue, mindless pleasure surging in waves with every sucking swallow that Landon made until Bran was drained and limp beneath him.

Then Landon pressed his mouth to Bran's again, tasting salty and slightly more bitter than before, and Bran knew that he was tasting himself in Landon's mouth. They kissed deeply, Bran accepting that Landon wanted him to taste his own seed, shivering a little as Landon ran his hands up and down Bran's prone body while their tongues twined.

When Landon pulled away to speak again, his voice was deep and tight with lust. "Get on your hands and knees, Cabin Boy."

As he obeyed, his muscles feeling limp and watery, he could hear Landon opening the jar of oils, located so conveniently nearby. A slick finger probed at his anus and he flinched and then relaxed as it prodded forward, opening him in a way that felt both strange and good. Although he'd become more used to the quick entry made by the other men on the ship, he appreciated Landon's slower touch most nights. Sometimes it made him feel more ashamed that he enjoyed the stretching sensation and the slight burning friction, but the more shame he felt the harder his cock would get all over again.

Tonight Landon's slow torture had left him limp and submissive, and the feel of Landon's finger felt entirely natural. Good. A second finger pressed into him, stretching him further and he groaned as Landon began to dip his fingers back and forth into Bran's tight ass, much tighter now that they had spent a few days in port and none of the crew had bothered with him for that time period. The stretch felt good, the slick rubbing back and forth against his sensitive inner walls had his dick stirring again. He could feel Landon spreading his fingers inside of him and he groaned at the slight discomfort.

Dropping his head to the mattress, he kept his ass high in the air, sure that Landon would note the change in position despite the darkness of the cabin, and appreciate it. He felt even more vulnerable as Landon's big fingers began to fuck him harder, twisting back and forth which created a whole new myriad of sensations around the sensitive entrance to his tight hole. Then Landon's fingers pulled out completely, leaving Bran trembling and empty.

Landon's cock, rock hard, pressed against the crinkled entrance, pushing Bran open. He cried out. The other man felt must more massive than usual, the pressure on Bran's anus was intense as it was forced to stretch open to accommodate Landon's plump mushroom. Quivering, Bran buried his head into the mattress, feeling blood rushing to his cock as his asshole was forced wide until finally it popped shut, snugly encasing the bulbous tip of Landon's cock in his tightness.

"That's it," Landon murmured, rubbing his hands over Bran's asscheeks and lower back, caressing the younger man comfortingly. "Take my cock in your tight ass." Bran groaned again and shivered, he loved it when Landon talked dirty although he'd never admit it. The other man's light touches across his sensitive skin had him jumping, his ass flexing convulsively, almost painfully. "I didn't put any extra oils on my cock tonight,

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there's only what I used on my fingers. I want you to feel every inch of my cock going deep in your ass."

The cock in his ass nudged deeper as Landon spoke, making it harder for Bran to concentrate on the other man's words. Less oils... that was it. Most of the men overused on the oil, wanting Bran slick and wet, so that his asshole was easy to use. Apparently tonight Landon didn't want that, he wanted both of them to feel exactly what was happening, so that there was no denying that Bran was a young man taking a massively large cock up his tight, squeezing asshole. When Landon began to pump his hips back and forth, forcing the length of his cock a little deeper with each thrust, Bran swore that he could feel every ridge, every vein, as it passed through the tight ring at the entrance to his ass.

Without the excess lube his asshole felt tighter, hotter than ever, the friction burning in the most wonderful way and his own dick was already slapping up against the underside of his belly with every movement of his hips. As he had with his mouth, Landon took his time, slowly working the entire length of his rod up Bran's protesting backside, allowing them both the luxury of feeling his ass slowly accommodating the large intruder. Finally his groin was pressed up against the curve of Bran's cheeks, his cock as deep into Bran's body as it could go, and both of them were groaning with the wonderful sensations.

And then Landon began to fuck him. Hard. Mercilessly. Bran cried out in protest as his spasming asshole shuddered around the quick moving length; it felt like he was being stretched anew over and over again, the hard cock pounding fast and deep. He wriggled, trying to move away from the mercilessly fucking, but Landon's hands held his hips firmly in place, pulling him back with every stroke. The slap of their bodies rang throughout the room, pierced by Bran's grunts and whimpers and Landon's grunts of pleasure as he sodomized the Cabin Boy.

Landon had never been so rough with him before, but Bran found himself loving it, in a way that he never had when the other men had used him hard. There was something about Landon's movements that indicated a deep need, a frantic erotic longing, to dominate and possess Bran. Mewling, he pushed back against Landon, accepting the discomfort as his ass was pillaged, finding that it mixed with his rising pleasure and made the sensations all the more intense. When Landon reached around his hips and took his cock into his callused hand once again, Bran thought he might melt with the pleasure. Landon's fingers were still slightly slick with the oils and he began to pump Bran in time with his own thrusts, forcing the younger man back onto his cock, and their grunts and moans melded together, becoming frenzied as they rutted hard and fast.

Inside Bran was a sweet spot, that Landon's long cock was rubbing against, the head occasionally pushing against it directly, as he thrust in and out of Bran's accommodating hole. Bran arched his back, thrusting his buttocks upwards, and Landon hit that spot again, his cock gliding past it as Bran began to shake and shout, bucking with ecstasy beneath Landon as he came for the second time that night, spurting seed onto his bed sheets - which was no matter because they had seen plenty of it before. Dimly he was aware of Landon's own bellowing and the pulsing thrusts into his ass, warmth spreading through his bowels as hot cream was jetted into his tight tunnel. He felt his ass convulsing around Landon's throbbing cock, as if it was sucking the flood as deep into his body as he could get it, extending his own ecstasy despite the fact that he had already emptied himself.

Collapsing as much as he could, Bran's ass was kept high in the air by Landon's hands as the other man moaned and circled his hips a little, obviously enjoying the tight, clasping warmth of Bran's tunnel around his slowly shrinking cock. Carefully, he helped Bran to settle onto his side, Landon's cock still inside of him, his arms wrapped around the younger man.

"What-?" Bran asked sleepily.

"Go to sleep," Landon whispered into his ear, giving him a kiss on the back of his neck. "Sleep while you can."

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When you wake up, I'm going to be hard inside of you and fucking you all over again." His hand ran up and down Bran's stomach as the younger man shuddered and moaned, that sounded so sinfully wonderful, his face heated with shame at how much he craved waking up with Landon's cock already hard and thrusting in him. "You like that don't you Bran?"

"Yes," he admitted, although he felt his head bowing away from Landon with the shame of it.

"I like it too," the other man said, bringing his hand up to Bran's face, turning it towards him and giving him a hard kiss on the mouth. "This is my last voyage with this ship. I'm retiring after this. I'd like you to think about coming with me."

"Come with you?" Bran echoed sleepily. "To do what?"

"Be my permanent Cabin Boy," said Landon, his teeth nibbling Bran's ear. "Don't answer now, just think about it."

Despite knowing that he wasn't supposed to like what Landon did with him, knowing that any minister or priest would condemn them soundly if they were to discover what happened late at night in Bran's room on the ship, Bran already knew what his answer was going to be. But he closed his eyes to fall asleep anyway, snuggling back against Landon and feeling the half-hard cock inside of him flex a little. That was going to be a wonderful wake-up call. And there was plenty of time later to tell Landon yes.

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