The Love Boat

By lyke2bite

“Cast off all lines!” The Officer of the Deck called over the 7MC to the line handlers, telling them that they were to relieve their ship of its tethers to the pier. They were pulling out of port, on their way to the Mediterranean for a six-month deployment. This was the first time a United States Navy submarine had gotten underway with women on board. The logistics, not to mention the politics, were a nightmare. Forget about the press coverage; that didn’t bother the commanding officer, Captain Billy Taggert, half as much as the microscope he was under from the Navy’s top brass. As they left port, Captain Taggert prayed quietly to himself, hoping nothing would happen that would cost him his command or his career. Now that the USS Texas was underway, she would sail out just past the coast, conduct a shakedown, and then be on her way to the Med.

The crew of the USS Texas had been together for more than two years, and was as tight as any family could be. For most of the crew, this would be their second deployment on the Texas, but everyone’s first deployment with female sailors. Just like with every submarine in the Navy, new crewmembers had to get qualified, and the Texas was no different. Each person had to go around the ship and learn the location each valve in each compartment, as well as the systems for which each division is responsible, from the propulsion plant to the sanitary systems, and the easiest way to get it done was to partner up with another non-qual, and study.

Steve and Jamie had been friends since they started at the US Navy’s Submarine Education Center over a year ago and, as fate would have it, they would share a similar training pipeline and end up with orders to the same ship. They reported aboard a couple of days apart, and linked up almost immediately. Since they were both non-quals, they would be able to spend time studying together. Steve would help Jamie with mechanical systems, and she would help him with nuclear theory and navigation. The first few days underway were spent with the administrative shuffle that is common for all newcomers. Then they would be assigned to mess decks to work as food service attendants while they studied their qualification materials and prepared for the qualification board; usually held within the first year aboard.

Steve and Jamie had just finished cleaning up after the noon meal, and were headed to the Torpedo Room for some study time; tonight, it was ventilation. In forward compartment, lower level, the Torpedo Room was quiet, and they could study together. They broke out the volume of the Ship Systems Manual covering ventilation, and began reading. Every now and then, Steve would look up from the book at Jamie, just to see if she was looking back. She was a very attractive young woman; too attractive for the Navy Steve thought, but he was happy she wanted to spend what little free time they had studying with him. Jamie pretended not to notice when Steve looked at her. She would not admit it, but she liked him too; maybe even more than she should.

“I think we need to get into the fan room to check this stuff out. The schematics don’t make sense to me, I need to look at it so I understand it,” said Jamie.

“You’re right. I mean, I understand it, but it would be helpful to see it too.”

Up in the control room, Steve got permission from the Chief of the Watch to enter the fan room, a requirement while the ship was underway. Once the Chief of the Watch informed the Officer of the Deck, they were given permission to open the fan room door and go inside for qualification purposes.

The fan room contained all the fans that provided the circulation of air for the entire ship, and was loud enough that it required hearing protection at all times. Steve and Jamie each grabbed a set of Mickey-Mouse ears (a nickname for the type of hearing protection that covers the entire ear), opened the fan room door, and stepped inside, closing the door behind them. The space was tight. The room was small, and completely filled with fans and ventilation ducts. Steve and Jamie made their way through the room slowly, climbing over items that were stowed for sea, finally making it to the back of the room. “Look here, I found fan twelve, the one that supplies the engine room!” Steve was yelling at the top of his lungs so he could be heard over the noise of the fans.

Jamie didn’t bother answering, she just made her way to where Steve was to take a look. On her way to him, she stumbled over something, and fell against him. He caught her, and that’s when it happened. Their eyes met and suddenly, there was electricity between them. Neither could explain it, but they both new it was there. Jamie turned away first, almost like an embarrassed schoolgirl. When she did, Steve touched her cheek, and moved her face back to his. As soon as their eyes met again, he kissed her gently on her lips; he was surprised at how soft they were. Jamie was stunned; she didn’t know what to do. She kissed him back. Steve pulled away from her, he wanted to see the look in her eyes…to see if she felt what he did. Just then, Jamie pulled herself up to him, and kissed him passionately, this time slipping her tongue into Steve’s mouth. Steve’s cock began to swell in his pants. He began to caress Jamie’s legs, hips, and ass, squeezing her firm cheeks with one hand, holding her with the other. Jamie reached up and pulled Steve closer to her, kissing him deeper.

Jamie stood up and looked back, surveying their line of sight to the fan room door. Satisfied that ventilation ducts blocked it, she turned back to Steve and began to unbutton her uniform shirt. She let it fall open, exposing her perfectly shaped 34B breasts, still restricted by a pink lace bra. Steve was almost frozen in place with surprise…this couldn’t be happening, certainly not to him. She leaned forward-a devilish grin on her face-and began to unbuckle Steve’s belt. His cock was starting to ache, throbbing, yearning to be set free. She rubbed it through his pants, admiring the thickness. She unzipped his pants. Steve raised his hips so she could slide them down to his feet. His cock flopped up and stood erect; all eight inches. Jamie got a big smile on her face and her mouth started to water at the sight of Steve’s cock standing tall, waiting to be sucked. She knelt down in front of him, grabbed his shaft of with one hand, cupped his balls in the other, and slid his cock as far into her mouth as she could. Jamie started to bob her head up and down, sliding Steve’s cock in and out of her mouth, and pumping the shaft at the same time. Steve began to moan, but there was no way she could hear him in the noisy fan room.

Steve let his head fall back, lost in the ecstasy of Jamie’s expert sucking. His balls started to tighten and, at that moment, Jamie pulled his shaft from her mouth. Still kneeling in front of him, she looked up and smiled, still slowly stroking his cock. Steve looked back at her, still feeling as if he were dreaming. Jamie reached down and unclasped her bra, exposing her perfect tits. She leaned forward, wrapped her tits around Steve’s throbbing cock and began to move them up and down on the shaft, sliding the head in her mouth every time she slid down. Steve’s balls began to tighten again. “I think I’m gonna cum,” he told her, practically yelling over the sound of the fans. Luckily she heard him, and shoved his cock into her mouth, swallowing the length. Steve’s hot juice pumped into her mouth as fast as she could drink it. When she felt his dick stop pulsating, she slid it out of her mouth, making sure to lick the last drop of cum that seeped from the head.

Jamie got up and turned around, bending over one of the ventilation ducts, she turned to Steve and said, “Do you wanna fuck my tight little ass?” Steve didn’t even answer her. He stood up, his cock in his hand, and went to her. Jamie rested her weight on the duct, reached back and spread her ass cheeks apart, relaxing her pink knot so Steve’s cock could slide inside. He pushed the head of his dick against her tight rosebud, easing it slowly into Jamie’s ass as she relaxed it. The head of his cock slipped inside. He paused for a second, then continued to push slowly until the entire shaft was buried deep inside her. He began to slide his cock in and out of her ass, faster and faster. Soon he was pounding his shaft into her. She was starting to cum, Steve could hear her moans over the whirl of the fans.

“Do you like my cock in your ass?” He had to yell for her to hear.

“YES!!! FUCK MY ASS WITH YOUR BIG COCK!!!” Jamie reached down and began to rub her swollen clit. He slammed into her even harder, his hips smacking into her ass, his balls crashing into her middle and index fingers as they rubbed her stiff button. “OH, FUCK ME!!!” Jamie yelled out as her ass continued to get cocked.

“I gonna cum again!” Steve gave her a warning, although not much of one.

“Shoot your thick cum into my ass!” She didn’t even finish the command, and her ass began to be pumped full of hot cum from Steve’s pulsing dick. As soon as she felt the first squirt of cum, she pushed her ass against him. He met her with a thrust forward. Steve could feel her ass tighten around his cock as the juices from her orgasm ran down between her fingers. He leaned over, grabbed her around the waist, and held her close to him, his cock slowly shrinking and starting to slide out of her ass.

Steve stood up and put his pants back on and Jamie got dressed as well. It turns out that it was just in time…CS1 Roberts had just opened the fan room door. “Where the hell have you two been? I’ve been looking all over the place for you! Get your asses back down to the mess decks! Chow is in thirty minutes, and you still have to clean up! MOVE!”

Steve and Jamie left the fan room for the mess decks as fast as they could. “Sorry CS1, we were working on quals,” Steve tried to explain.

Jamie broke in, “Ventilation…we were studying ventilation.”

“I don’t give a FUCK what you were doing! You were supposed to be down here getting ready for chow an hour ago! You two better get your asses in gear; you got twenty-five minutes to get this place ready to serve.”

Steve and Jamie did as they were told, and went to work. Jamie started cleaning the deck while Steve started on the dishes. There was a huge mess left over from the after-watch crew. They always came down and watched movies after the meal. Jamie was just finishing the floor when the meal started. Now that the mess decks were running at full swing, Steve and Jamie could settle into the routine and not be hurried. They took turns doing dishes and serving drinks, exchanging smiles whenever they could without someone noticing.

After the meal was over, they cleaned up the mess decks and got ready for the next one. The cycle of cleaning studying and serving never seemed to end, and now they were in the study phase once more. They needed to continue working on ventilation since the last study session ended with Jamie’s ass full of cum, and nothing new learned about the ventilation system except that someone could fuck in the fan room without being heard. They adjourned to the torpedo room once again; this time they would study and not be distracted. The books were open, and they were reading, quizzing each other.

“Where is fan nine?”, Steve asked.

“Is that the one in the back of the Torpedo Room?”

“Yep. What is it for?”

“The battery compartment.”

“Why does the battery compartment need its own fan?”

“For the same reason your cock was in my ass earlier; because I like it!” Steve sensed the lust in Jamie’s voice, even though it was barely a whisper. The thought of his cock in her ass made it begin to swell in his pants.

They laughed for a moment as if they were somewhere else, then came back to reality. “No, really…why does the battery need its own fan?”

“Fine…be that way. It has its own fan to remove the hydrogen gas that gathers above the battery during a charge. It’s a special fan…blah, blah, blah. I know it already. The problem is, that I can’t think about ventilation right now. The only thing I can think about is what your cock would feel like fucking my pussy instead of my ass. THAT’S the only thing I want to learn right now.”

Steve’s cock was really starting to strain the fabric of his pants. “We can’t. We have to study.” Jamie could hear the disappointment in Steve’s voice…she stepped closer to him, biting her bottom lip and smiling devilishly. She reached out her hands and touched Steve on his chest, and stepped toward him, leaving just enough room to look innocent if someone happened to come into the room.

“Wouldn’t you rather study my pussy with your cock?”

“You know I would, but we can’t go back into the fan room… We were just in there a few hours ago; it’ll look suspicious.”

“Don’t worry, I have another idea… What do you think of the missile vent space? There is a spot all the way forward where no one will be able to see us.”

“What about the Torpedoman of the Watch?”

“Why, do you want to fuck her too?”

“No! I meant what if she hears us?”

“Don’t worry, Liz is a friend of mine. I asked her to stand lookout for us.”

“Why would she do that? What’s in it for her?”

“I told her about your cock, and mentioned that I might be willing to share you.”

“You WHAT?!?”

“I told her about your cock and how it filled up my ass and how good it felt, she practically started masturbating in front of me. When I told her that I might need a favor sometime when she’s on watch, she agreed…but said it would cost me. When I asked what she wanted, she just looked at me and said ‘you know what I want’. So I agreed.”

“I’m not some fucking piece of meat that you can pass among your friends, you know. What if I don’t want to fuck her?”

“Do you like fucking me?”

“Yes.”

“Then you’ll fuck her… You only have to do it once.”

Steve peaked around her to get a look at Liz. She was an average looking girl, not beautiful, but not ugly either; nowhere near as pretty as Jamie…a little thicker in the ass too.

“On one condition… The only way I am going to fuck her is if we all do a three-some when we pull into port. But I still get to fuck you while we are underway, deal?”

“Let me talk to Liz, I don’t know if she’ll go for it.”

Jamie walked to the front of the torpedo room and was back in a few minutes, Steve watching her the entire time. As Jamie walked back to where he was standing, he could see Liz smiling like a Cheshire cat; he knew the answer was “yes”.

“She agreed then?”

Jamie turned back and looked at Liz. “Look at her, what do you think? She said that she would play lookout for us for the rest of the deployment if we invited her to a three-some! Now, are you going to fuck me with that huge cock of yours or what?”

Jamie grabbed Steve by the shirt and walked backward toward the front of the torpedo room, pulling him along the way. They walked around the front of the supply shack, and worked their way as far forward as they could.

In the front of the Torpedo Room is the missile vent space, and there is just enough room for two people to have a good time, as long as no one was nearby. The only problem with this particular location is there is no background noise to muffle noises that may attract unwanted attention; Steve and Jamie would have to be quiet.

Jamie pulled Steve close, and began to kiss him passionately. She was in control now and she wanted there to be no doubt in Steve’s mind that she was running the show. As she kissed him, she reached down and rubbed his throbbing cock through his pants. She could feel it straining at the cloth, wanting to be released. She would make him wait a little longer. Every time Steve tried to reach up and caress her beautiful tits, she would stop rubbing his dick, and make him put his hands back at his sides. He complied with her silent commands, but the desire to fondle her tits was almost more than he could handle. Steve tried again to unbutton her shirt. Each time she would force his hands back to his sides.

“If you want me to fuck you, you’re going to have to stop. Let me do this my way,” she told him.

“I can’t help it… You’re driving me fuckin’ CRAZY!”

Jamie started kissing him again, this time grabbing him by the shoulders and turning him around so his back was to the bench-locker. Still kissing him, she began to undo his pants, letting them fall to the floor. With less clothing holding back his thick cock, his bulge was much more pronounced. Next, she reached down, tucked her thumbs into the waistband of his boxer-briefs, and started to push them down to his knees, his cock springing up to attention now that it was free.

She pushed him back onto the bench, and was now standing in front of him. She reached up and began to unbutton her shirt, revealing her succulent tits stuffed into a dark red, lacy bra. Steve couldn’t resist… He reached up to cup them with his hands, only to have one of them slapped. “No touching,” she commanded. She reached up between her lovely globes, and unclasped the bra, setting them free. Steve’s mouth began watering at the sight… He loved to suck on tits, and these were some of the best he had ever seen.

“Do you want to suck on them?” she said, smiling down at him.

Steve could barely mutter a “Yes.” He was excited enough that he was afraid that he might yell it out, and their game would be over.

“Then suck them…but don’t touch. You can’t use your hands.”

Again, Steve did as he was told. Jamie bent over slightly, dangling her breasts in front of Steve’s face just close enough for him to suck a nipple into his mouth and flick it with his tongue. Just as he did, Jamie put her head back and let out a sigh. She loved to have her tits sucked, nothing made her pussy wet faster than her tits getting a good tongue-lashing. She moved her tits back and forth in front of Steve’s wanting mouth, giving each nipple its turn. Her pussy was starting to drip with the anticipation of being filled with Steve’s hard cock.

She pulled her tit from Steve’s mouth, pushed him down on the bench, and took off her pants. She stepped toward him and straddled his large cock. She reached down and guided his throbbing shaft into her soaking wet pussy, slowly sinking down on it until her hot cunt enveloped it. She began to move her hips in a circle, tickling her cervix with the head of his dick while grinding her clit against his pubic hair. She leaned back, put her hands on his knees, and raised her hips up and down on his shaft, forcing the head of his dick to push against her g-spot; it was already beginning to drive her wild. She started to bounce faster onto his cock, trying to force it deeper each time she came down. She started not to care if anyone heard them.

“Fuck my pussy, you fucking non-qual! Fuck me good!” She tried to be as quiet as she could.

“You like riding this dick, don’t you. You like the way my thick cock fills you up!”

“I want you to cum in my mouth. I want to taste my pussy juices mixed with your salty cum.” It was more of a command than a desire.

“I hope you are ready for it soon, I can’t hold it much longer.”

Jamie could feel his balls begin to tighten each time her ass landed on them, and his cock was starting to swell, the head now more firm, as it rubbed on her g-spot; it was driving her crazy. She quickly rose off his cock and knelt in front of him, cupped his tight balls with her left hand and the base of his shaft with her right. Her timing was perfect… Just as the head of his dick slipped past her lips, he began to shoot his hot cum into her mouth. His cock jerked each time cum shot from the head. Jamie savored each drop and continued to swallow until his balls were dry.

“My God, that was fucking great!” Steve said with a sound of fulfillment in his voice.

“Oh, you’re not done yet,” Jamie informed him.

She stood up and turned around. Exposing her ass to him, she bent over and, once again, lowered her cunt onto his still hard cock. Once he was inside her, she put her hands on his knees and began to bounce on his shaft, this time her clit crashed onto his balls with each bounce, his cock even deeper in her cunt than before. She only slammed down on his cock five or six more times, and then it happened… Jamie’s whole body became very tense, then started to convulse, all the muscles in her body jerking at once. Her legs clamped together on his, and she began to whimper, obviously holding in the scream she do desperately wanted to set free. As Jamie’s pussy tightened on Steve’s cock, he could feel her orgasm drip from her cunt, down his balls, and onto the floor.

“FUCK that was good.” Steve was satisfied with their session.

Jamie rose off him and stood there looking between her legs at Steve’s dick, glistening with her juices. She couldn’t resist. She bent over and licked her juices from his cock, starting from his balls, and working her way to the tip of his cock, then slid the length into her mouth and back out again. Then, with a huge smile on her face, she put her clothes back on and walked away leaving him there on the bench. She went back into the Torpedo Room to wait for him.

Steve got dressed and walked back into the Torpedo Room about two minutes behind Jamie. When he came around the corner, he saw Jamie standing close to Liz and whispering to her. When they saw him, they stopped talking and stared at him.

“What?” he asked them, not really expecting an answer.

“Nothing,” Liz answered, “Jamie was just telling me how your cock filled her perfectly, that’s all.” Both of the girls giggled.

“C’mon, we have to get back to the mess decks. CS1 will be wondering where we are, if he hasn’t started looking for us already.”

They went back up to middle level to the mess decks to clean up for the day. Their twelve-hour shift was almost over, and it would be time to get some sleep before they had to get up and start over again. Every day for the next six months would be pretty much the same except when they pulled into port. Then, Steve, Jamie, and Liz, had the day off for liberty. They rented a hotel room so Steve could make good on his promise for a threesome with Jamie and Liz.