

Assigned Duties

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Curious Cabbit Press

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Tracy's fingers hovered over his keyboard, his index fingers caressing the nubs on the "F" and "J". The dense source code filled almost the entire screen in nine point font. His brown eyes scanned along the symbols, picking out the code as he searched for the subtle bug that broke the ordering process. A few moments later, he spotted it, a pointer being set to null when it should be the next order. He smiled triumphantly and his fingers flew across the keyboard, correcting it in a flash.

"Hey, Tracy?"

Tracy finished the statement and peered over his shoulder to his boss, Devin. "Yeah? What's up?"

Devin, a black man who migrated up to Seattle from Louisiana, gestured to his office. "I'm having a quick meeting, come on."

Tracy felt a strange, twisting in his gut. Devin's usual easy grin was gone. Instead, Tracy saw a bit of something more dire in his boss' eyes. Gulping, he nodded sharply and locked his computer screen. He caught sight of his eyes in the reflection of the monitor, the cobalt almost glowing in the darkness and the pale blur of his face. He grabbed his coffee mug and stood up.

"Sure, Dev."

Standing up, he followed Devin into his office. Behind him, Devin's three other programmers filed in after him: Rishi, Johnathan, and Mike. While Rishi came from India, Tracy and Mike were born and raised in town. Johnathan followed Devin from Seattle with the promise of six-digit salaries and dreams of a cutting-edge business selling expensive and customized boats.

Neither happened yet, but Tracy knew they were a few months away from the best boat configuration and sales system in the world. If they could just fix the bugs.

Devin sat down heavily in his chair, scratching his growing belly.

"You know," he started, "our first release didn't go so well."

Rishi let out a snort. Six months ago, Rishi was brought on as part of the desperate attempt to get out the first version of their software. It had bugs, crashed when someone used a credit card, and had the unfortunate insistence that twenty-foot boats needed a thousand foot mast. Besides those, it also didn't sell well. In two weeks, Devin planned a 2.0 release which would hopefully restore his software company's reputation.

Tracy frowned at Devin's words. He heard that tone of voice before. The twisting in his gut redoubled. His hand started to shake with the anticipation of what would come next.

"I have to close down."

Mike gasped. "Seriously? When?"

"As soon as the 2.0 release. We've only had two sales in the last month and I just can't keep the doors open."

Johnathan gestured to their workstations. "What about the release? Is that still going to happen?"

Devin sighed and rested his hands on his desk. "Yes, I can pay all of you until the release, then I'm going to sell the new version cheap to try to recoup some of my costs."

"What about tech support?" asked Mike.

Devin's eyes flickered toward Rishi. He cleared his throat before he spoke. "Rishi offered to work for nothing for support."

Johnathan, Mike, and Tracy all glared at Rishi. Rishi shrugged and held out his hands, trying to look apologetic. Tracy saw triumph in Rishi's eyes; he felt a sharp stab of betrayal twisting in his gut.

Mike sighed. "Damn it, you know how hard it is to find a job in this town?"

Devin sighed. "I know, and I'll give references to all of you. But, I-I," his eyes were shimmering with unshed tears, "I just can't afford it."

Johnathan stood up. "Well, fuck this." Spinning on his heels, he stormed out of the room.

Devin stood up to stop him, then his shoulders slumped. “I know if you feel the need to leave, but I would really like you to stay.” Devin’s eyes focused on Tracy.

Tracy, his mind already dreading the idea of looking for another job, simply nodded. He needed the time to find something new, or to figure out how to afford moving to somewhere with work. He got up with the others and returned to his desk.

Sitting down, he tried to work on the next reported issue, one dealing with some credit card entries being double billed, but his mind refused to wrap around the code. After an hour of working in silence, he still couldn’t find the bug. With a sigh, Tracy flipped open a web browser and entered a job hunting site.

Twenty depressing minutes later, he had a very short list of development jobs within an hour’s drive.

One. One miserable job.

With the economy and a town only known for custom-built boats and a dying fishing industry, there was very little need for new programmers. Any coder with a job did everything they could to keep it: taking pay cuts, pulling second jobs, or even bribing the boss. Tracy glared at Rishi who did nothing to hide his glee.

Miserable, Tracy changed his search to other cities and plane tickets. Even with a quick inspection of his back accounts, he knew he couldn’t afford to move without serious risk.

He left work an hour early after making an appointment for a job interview. Devin waved to him unhappily, but he didn’t stop Tracy. Devin didn’t have a right to deserve Tracy’s loyalty anymore, but Tracy planned on staying until the end.

Tracy raced to his small apartment and dredged up his only suit. Brushing off the dust, he stripped down and reapplied his deodorant. His trim body still fit into his suit and he quickly buttoned the crisp white shirt over the faint lines of his abdomen and chest. Two hours every day at the pool kept him in shape, but Tracy loved swimming ever since high school so it wasn’t a chore. He found his tie in the bottom drawer and put it on neat and tight. Inspecting himself quickly in the mirror, he ran a brush through his black hair, and raced back outside.

Twenty minutes later, he walked into the front door of the only place with a programmer job. And nearly ran into Johnathan

shaking hands with someone. Tracy came to a skittering halt, his mouth opening.

Johnathan gave Tracy a sly grin, then turned back to the other man. "Well, I'll see you on Saturday, Kent."

Kent, the owner of the company according to the website, grin broadly. "And give Stella my love. I'm going to interview him," he nodded to Tracy, "and get back to you tomorrow."

"No problem, take your time."

Johnathan sounded so calm and confident. He walked past Tracy with a self-assured grin on his face.

Tracy felt a sinking sensation gripping his heart. He turned to Kent who looked him over.

"All right, Tracy is it? Let's get this over."

The interview was not promising. When he left the office, despair gripped his heart. Kent already made a decision and he just went through the motions with Tracy. It was unfair, Tracy knew all the languages and technologies as well as Johnathan. But, he didn't have that personal connection.

Dejected, he walked past his car and down along the wharf. Unlike his own personal life, the men walking around were in high spirits for an spring afternoon. While the economy was down, the rich still bought boats and this town provided some of the best custom-built ships on the entire west coast.

Tracy wondered if he could get in on the action and considered heading toward the unemployment offices to find out. He didn't. Instead, he continued to walk along the docks, watching the bright white ships bobbing in the water, the screeches of seagulls echoing with the noises of construction.

He passed through a bunch of chatting dock workers. As he passed one of them, a muscular man about a foot taller than Tracy, and got a strange sense of familiarity. Turning around, he saw the other man also facing him.

"Oh my, Tracy?"

It took a moment for Tracy to place the voice. "M-Matthew?"

Matthew's face split into a incredible grin. He stepped forward, spreading his arms wide. Built like a bear, Matthew completely enveloped Tracy as he hugged him tightly.

Tracy felt a surge of embarrassment, he was never a hugging type and he didn't think Matthew was either. He extricated himself after a few humiliating moments and stepped back.

Matthew's friends watched with sly looks of amusement. They were all built like Matthew: tall, broad-shouldered, shirts that stretched around well-defined muscles, and short haircuts. With a start, Tracy realized they were all football players from high school.

Tracy returned his attention to Matthew. "Matthew? What you doing here?"

"I work here, silly. Me and the boys," he gestured to his friends, "work in the factories here. What about you? I thought you left town years ago?"

Tracy shrugged. "I did. I worked in Seattle for a few years but then Devin started a business up here. He knew I was from around here and asked me up. I came back about six months ago and I've been working ever since."

Matthew smirked and cocked his head. "And you didn't think to look me up?"

"I didn't know you were still in town," Tracy said a little lamely.

"Right," drawled Matthew, "it's a small town. We never leave." Matthew turned to look at his friends, then back at Tracy. "Hey? Want to grab a beer?"

"I-I shouldn't."

Matthew's eyes narrowed. "Why, too good for us? Just because the swim team always won—"

"No, no!" Tracy replied sharply, holding up his hands, "No, not that. I just lost... well, I'm going to lose my job in a week. I need to save my bank account."

"Oh, I'm sorry. Then, how about I, we treat you to a beer? You probably need it."

Tracy's initial response was to turn him down.

Matthew wrapped a large hand around Tracy's wrist. "Come on, you need a beer."

"Y-Yeah, I guess."

Matthew grinned and tugged Tracy along. "Come on."

Tracy meekly followed. Matthew's friends surrounded him and Tracy felt very small between the heavily muscled men. They joked

and laughed but Tracy didn't know the jokes. Instead, he tried to smile and laugh at the right places.

At the dingy bar, they grabbed a corner table, squeezing Tracy up against Matthew in the center. Tracy shivered, feeling even smaller pressed up against him. He could feel the former football player's body against him, it was like a stone wall grinding into him. He tried to shift away, but the man on his other side, a black man named Eric, pinned him in place. Tracy looked up, helpless, and saw both Matthew and Eric grinning down at him.

"Here," said the larger man as he pushed a large glass in front of Tracy.

Tracy grabbed it and drank deeply. Around him, the other men did the same, polishing off the glass a few seconds before Tracy. As the burn of alcohol pooled in his gut, Tracy leaned back.

Matthew chuckled. "Always hits the spot. So, what's happening?"

Tracy stuttered, then he told the gathered men what happened. It didn't take long before he finished. "... and I guess I have to find a new job. But, there isn't anything around here."

"You could learn how to build boats?" suggested one of men.

Tracy made a point of looking at the heavily muscular men. "I don't think I have the muscles for it. I mean, do you guys pick up the boats and just toss them in the ocean?"

It was a lame attempt at a joke, but they laughed. Matthew reached down and squeezed Tracy's arm. "You aren't that weak, you know. You still work out? Swim?"

Tracy nodded. "Every night."

Matthew laughed and smacked one of his other friends. "Remember how much Tracy loved the water? Every night, every day. He won us state more than a few times."

"Yeah, and lorded those trophies over us," came a surprisingly bitter reply.

Matthew reached around and squeezed his shoulders. "Don't worry, Tracy, we were young and stupid. And that was five years ago. I'm sure you don't even remember those damn trophies."

Tracy remembered them, it was a point of pride, but looking around at the half-dozen men surrounding him, he felt very fragile and alone. There was a tension in the air around him, a pressure as

he saw twelve eyes boring into him. He gulped and shivered, pushing back against the padded seat.

“No... I don’t remember them anymore.”

“Good, but enough of dredging up history,” announced Matthew, “let’s drink!”

Thankful for a reprieve, Tracy drank deeply.

The next morning, Tracy found it difficult to program through his hangover. Five beers were five more than he normally drank. Somehow, Matthew and his friends all matched him drink for drink. Unlike him, they were sober enough to deliver him home.

Tracy heard Devin walked up. “Tracy, I heard that Johnathan got a new job.”

“Yeah,” Tracy said sullenly. He had the rejection message on his voice mail but didn’t have the heart to delete it yet.

Devin sighed and patted Tracy on his shoulder. “I heard you tried.”

“I did. I didn’t get it.”

“Any other places?”

“Not in this town.”

“Look, Tracy, I can’t afford to fly you out of town. And,” Devin spoke softer, “I know I haven’t been paying you very much.”

Tracy looked up at Devin and spoke sullenly, “You haven’t paid me in a month.”

“I know, but just give me a few days? I’ll send you money as soon as I make it.”

Tracy knew it would never happen. He sighed and stood up. He turned to Devin.

“Look, Devin, I’m working because I need a good reference. But you and I know that you’ll never send me money.”

Devin’s eyes darkened, but there was truth in them. He shrugged and stepped back. “Look, Tracy, why don’t you just go?”

“Yeah, Devin, maybe I should.”

Tracy packed up his things and left the office he worked at for six months. Half a year of hoping for something more than just enough to pay for his apartment. He felt tears burning in his eyes as he closed the door behind him. He made it to the car when Devin ran out.

“Tracy! Wait!” At first, Tracy hoped that Devin suddenly got some large sale. But, Devin reached out and handed him three hundred dollars. “Look, it isn’t much, but it’s all I got. Look, take care of yourself.”

Tracy pocketed the money and watched Devin disappear back inside. He pull out of the parking lot, but didn’t know where to go. Without a clue, he just picked a direction and drove. It only took him a few minutes to cross through the small town. He slowed at the intersection to his apartment, but the idea of spending hours alone drove him past it. Instead, he decided to drive to the wharf. A few hours of drinking might dull the pain.

He found the same bar from the day before. Sitting down at one of the tables, he ordered a beer and desperately tried to drown himself in it. He managed to get a good buzz going by the time five o’clock rolled around and the dock workers started to filter in.

Tracy realized he was looking for Matthew. Setting down the glass, his shoulder slumped.

“Feeling lonely, Tracy?”

Tracy looked up to see Matthew standing next to him, his greasy overalls clinging to his body.

“I-I-”

“Never saw you drink so much before. Something go wrong?” Matthew frowned and slipped into the seat next to Tracy.

Tracy sighed unhappily. “I don’t have a job now.”

“I thought you had a few weeks?”

“Devin cut me free with three hundred dollars.” Tracy tapped his empty glass, “Well, two-seventy now.”

“Well,” Matthew dragged the glass away from Tracy’s fingers, “I’m paying the next one.”

Tracy slumped. “Go right ahead.”

Matthew ordered it and turned his chair toward Tracy. “Figure out what to do? Staying in town?”

“Yes, no, I don’t know. I still haven’t found any work and a couple hundred won’t get me far.”

“Not if you drink it away, Tracy.”

Tracy looked up, humiliated. “I know.”

“Well...” said Matthew, “what about New York?”

“There are plenty of jobs in New York, but we’re three thousand miles away.”

Matthew grinned. “Well, what if I could get you to New York and get you a couple grand in the process?”

Tracy gaped.

The larger man continued to smile. “I just got a job to pilot a boat to New York. Sometimes the buyers would rather pay a few of us to deliver their boat. In this case, I’m getting ten grand to pilot a thirty-footer to New York.”

“Um, and you want me to go?”

“Sure!” Matthew said cheerfully, “I could use the company.”

“And you’ll pay me?”

“Sure, two grand for your troubles.”

Tracy gulped. “Why me?”

Matthew’s lips stretched into a grin. “I remember high school.”

Tracy felt a shiver down his spine. He wondered if the rivalry between football and the swim team would get him in trouble. He remembered the pranks that grew cruel and destructive in senior year,

“Besides, we Sharks and Rays have to stick together.”

Tracy let out his breath as Matthew’s easy smile. He looked over the much larger man, wondering if it was too good to be true.

“Matt, I don’t know anything about boats.”

“Don’t worry,” came the sly smile, “I can assign you duties you can handle.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, Tracy, but only if you’re interested.”

“Two thousand?”

“Two thousand and as soon as we touch New York, I’ll let you ashore. I get the company, you get a chance at a new life. What do you say?”

Tracy closed his mouth with a snap. “Um, yes!”

Matthew ordered another round of beer. “Great, on Friday we ship out.”

“What do I need?”

“Just the minimum, actually, the boat will have all the supplies we need.”

Suddenly, Tracy's future looked a lot brighter. He raised his glass to Matthew and they clinked loudly. They drank together well past midnight. By the time they left the bar, Tracy had to surrender his car keys to the bartender and took a taxi home instead.

Friday started as a beautiful, sunny morning. The spring air smelled crisp and the flowers were just coming out, perfuming the breezes as they ran along the wood and concrete wharf. The early crowds already gathered, with fishermen heading out to sea and the others pumping gas and performing repairs.

Tracy walked nervously along the wharf. His bright red bag, an old SCUBA duffel, felt heavy against his back. He had all his clothes and even his old portable game system. A few books and a bottle of wine completed his supplies. He left his apartment empty and even risked selling off his car. That got him a few more hundred dollars, which he carefully squirreled away in the bottom of his bag.

His sneakers caught on the rough boards of the walk. He followed the scrawled instructions on a piece of paper. The directions took him to one of the furthest of docks where a pristine sailboat bobbed gently in the waters. As Tracy expected, it looked so new he thought it should have plastic on the seats. The sails billowed like the bright clouds and the boards shone with fresh polish. The sailboat had a bright name on it, glistening in the sunlight: *Glorious King*.

As he drew closer, Matthew came up from the hold, stomping up the stairs in the middle of the boat. Tracy stumbled to a halt as the shirtless man came to a halt at the top. Tracy never saw Matthew that way before, and he never wanted to. The heavily muscled man glistened with sweat, rivulets of it rolled down over his hairy chest and soaked into his shorts.

Then, Tracy saw a large bulge tenting Matthew's shorts. It took a moment to realize what it was, then a second thought to realize that Matthew was considerably larger than Tracy, as evident by the size of the man's bulge. Tracy looked away uncomfortably; he was as straight as they came and the very idea of seeing Matthew naked make him profoundly embarrassed.

A hand smacked him on his back and Tracy let out an shriek, stumbling back. His foot caught the edge of the dock and he failed around helplessly. Another hand reached out and grabbed him by

the strap of his bag to yank him back to the dock. Tracy hit Eric's solid chest, he had a brief smell of sweat and salt water before tumbling to the ground.

The black man leaned over and grinned. "Be careful, don't want you to be swimming with the fishes already."

Tracy's cheeks burned as Eric held out his hand. Tracy looked around for something else to use to stand up, but seeing nothing, he accepted Eric's hand. The massive palm engulfed his own and Eric didn't even strain to pull him to his feet. Tracy started to sway and forced himself to hold still as he looked up into Eric's brown eyes.

Eric smiled at him, a broad and easy smile. He reached over and rested his large hand on Tracy's shoulder. "Come on, we're burning daylight." With a push, he guided Tracy toward the boat.

Tracy avoided looking at the boat, just in case he saw Matthew's hard-on, but when he finally glanced at his destination, Matthew stood there, but his cock didn't. Breathing a sigh of relief, he looked at the narrow plank that bridged the boat and dock. He hesitated, but Matthew reached out his hand for him. It was obvious that both men were supremely confident in their skills.

Tracy took the hand and stepped along the plank. Matthew pulled him next to him and Tracy's cheek smacked against slick flesh. Embarrassed, Tracy stepped away and watched as Eric trotted along the dock to where a set of ropes kept the sailboat bound in place. As he started to unhook them, Tracy turned to Matthew, surprised to see the larger man at the opposite side of the boat.

The former football player sat on a bench in front of controls. He turned something and a powerful motor coughed. A second later, the deck beneath Tracy's feet rumbled to life.

Tracy felt useless as he turned back to see Eric finishing pulling up the mooring ropes. With a casual jump, he crossed the boarding plank and lifted it up. Tracy felt a surge of embarrassment that Eric, a man twice his size, didn't even need the plank.

"Um, Eric?"

Eric's eyes gleamed as he looked up. "Yeah, Tracy?"

"What do I do?"

"Oh," he said in a lower voice, "we'll figure out something. For now, why don't you just put your bag in my cabin?"

Tracy's stomach twisted violently. "Your cabin?"

Eric straightened up, the sunlight causing his dark skin to almost glow. "There's only two cabins. Since Matt and I'll be sleeping in shifts, you'll just move between our beds."

"I-I-" stammered Tracy, suddenly unsure about what he just got into. His eyes flickered to the dock which bobbed as the sailboat bobbed freely in the water. He gulped.

Eric shrugged. "It isn't that big of a boat. Don't worry, you'll get used to it."

Tracy's discomfort grew and he ducked his head. He didn't have a choice anymore, now that he didn't have an apartment or a car or a job. He decided that the two thousand dollars meant a bit of discomfort, plus he didn't know how to sail, so he nodded.

"Okay," it came out in a softer voice than he wanted.

Flushed, he hurried down the stairs. There wasn't a hall below, instead it opened up into a small sitting room around a cramped table. A small kitchen area, barely larger than a cabinet, sat at one end, and he spotted four doors. Curious, he opened the first to see a tiny cabin, barely large enough for the twin size mattress and a built-in cabinets. The second door was a bathroom, complete with a shower smaller than a coffin. The third was another cabin.

Tracy wasn't sure which room was Eric's and he didn't want to embarrass himself by asking, so he tossed his bright red bag into the second cabin. He peered outside the porthole for a moment, to see docks and other boats sliding past, before inspecting the kitchen area.

It wasn't anything remarkable, but seeing how Eric and Matthew handled the ship, Tracy suspected he would be cooking a lot more. He toyed with the frying pan and sighed. He could cook for them. That way, he wouldn't be entirely useless on this trip.

The fourth door was locked, but it had slats across it. Peering through them, he saw boxes of supplies and materials. He didn't want to look through it, so he left the supply room alone.

Returning to the desk, Tracy breathed in the warm, salty air. He watched as they continue to pass other moored boats, moving with steady progress toward the breakwater.

Eric and Matthew sat at the stern, laughing. As one, they looked up at Tracy and grinned.

Tracy shivered and headed toward them. “Um, anything I can do?”

“Get us a beer?”

He hated the desperation to be useful, but it was something to do. Tracy headed back to the kitchen area and pulled out three cans of beer. He remembered seeing a bunch of cases in the supply room; they wouldn’t be thirty at least. Returning, he sat down on one of the padded benches and cracked open his.

Matthew offered a toast: “To a memorable trip.”

Eric added his own with a grin. “To a lifetime of memories.”

Tracy felt embarrassed as he tried to come up with something. Then, he tapped their cans. “To a new life.”

Both men roared with laughter and drank deep from the cans. Tracy chuckled and joined them, already ready to be in New York. Something felt off, but he just decided it was his nerves.

“So, um, what will I be doing?”

Matthew grinned. “Don’t worry, we’ll find something.”

“I can cook, maybe?”

“Yeah, cooking isn’t a bad idea. Maybe a bit of cleaning, this is a small boat, but otherwise, you’ll probably just be relaxing and chatting. We have a long time to get to know you.”

Tracy looked around. “What about now?”

Eric shrugged. “Nothing. It will take us another twenty minutes to get to the breakwater. Until then, just relax. Come on, this will be an easy trip for you. You’ll be able to just rest on your back and enjoy it.”

Matthew turned away and coughed.

A brief silence surrounded them, interrupted by the vibrations of the boat and the screeches of seagulls. Finally, Eric interrupted it. “So, what happened to you after high school?”

Tracy, thankful for something, started to give his life story to two of his formal rivals.

Hours later, he was surprised to see the entire ocean turn blood red. As they chatted about their life stories, Eric and Matthew set up the sails and the boat sliced through the water as they headed south. The sun, warm against his side, felt good against his skin, but he applied sunscreen twice to avoid burning. He didn’t have

Matthew's deep tan or Eric's natural darkness to protect him from burns.

Looking around, he couldn't see anything but rolling waves. The ocean was a field of red, with tiny crests of pink foam splashing up. The familiar sound of seagulls was gone. Cars and the buzz of town no longer filled his ears and he realized he was in a far different world. It scared him, in so many ways, but he was committed.

He watched the sunset with a faint beer buzz. Both Eric and Matthew had three cans each, but Tracy knew he couldn't keep up with their drinking. A lightweight, they called him, in laughing tones, but Tracy suspected he would always be the fragile thing compared to his two hulking companions.

Tracy picked up the remains of their dinner and headed downstairs to clean. When he was done, he grabbed his portable game player and headed back up from the claustrophobic rooms below. Setting back down, he fired up a fighting game and lost himself for a few more hours.

Eric interrupted him after one of the bouts. "Hey, Tracy?"

"Yeah?"

"It's getting late. Matthew said he was going to bed soon and you've been yawning. Maybe you should crash?"

Tracy yawned as Matthew mentioned it. He stood up and swayed with the bobbing boat. "Good idea. Can I take a shower?"

"Sure, why not? This is your place too."

Eric followed him down below decks. He passed Tracy and started to go through the cabinets, muttering about a screwdriver. Tracy watched him for a moment, then headed to his bag. He stripped down to his underwear. He gave Eric an embarrassed look, but the black man didn't look away as he pawed through a drawer. Tracy decided to keep his briefs on and wrapped a towel around his chest.

With Eric's back was to him, Tracy scurried into the bathroom. The small cramped space didn't encourage him to linger, so he went to the bathroom, brushed his teeth, and jumped in the shower. To his surprise, the water was warmer than he expected with a salty taste to it.

Even though he jumped in for only a minute or so, the water quickly ran cold. He stopped and watched the droplets sluicing off his chest. Rivulets of water ran down his stomach, clinging to his

faint six pack before sinking into the darker patch of hair around his cock. He reached down and shook it clean, the narrow shaft warm in his palm. A few droplets clung to his arrow-like head and he shook it again before releasing it.

He thought about Eric and Matthew. They were so much larger than him and he had no doubt that they were hung large also. The idea of being teased didn't appeal to him. He was always smaller than the others, frail and thin. He remembered guys like Eric and Matthew beating on him in high school, at least until he found his calling with swimming. In a matter of months, he was top of the school, dragging trophy after trophy until they started throwing the older ones in a storage room.

Tracy sighed. After the fact, he knew he was a dick. "I'll apologize to them at some point."

He just didn't know when.

Leaving his underwear off, he wrapped the towel tightly around his waist. He could pick up a clean pair from the bag, after he locked himself carefully in his temporary room; no reason to risk being teased again.

Cracking open the door, he looked outside. He spotted no one and pushed the door further apart. Walking on damp, bare feet, he padded across to his room. When he didn't see his bag on the bed, he stopped. A frown furrowed his brow. Still holding the towel, he looked in the other room but didn't see the bright red bag there either.

The twisting sensation in his gut returned.

He called up the stairs. "Um, Eric? Matthew?"

Matthew answered, walking over to lean against the railing. "Yeah? What's up?"

"Where's my bag? I can't find it!"

"Oh, Eric said that you put it into the wrong room and he moved it."

Tracy shook his head and tried to find the growing discomfort. "It isn't there."

Matthew cocked his head, then headed down the stairs. "Really? I'm sure you just missed it."

Tracy stepped back from Matthew as the larger man reached the bottom of the stairs.

Matthew gave him an easy grin and headed into the second room. Peering inside, he gave a curious grunt. "Maybe he threw them in the drawers?" Reaching out, he pulled up the drawer then closed it.

Tracy heard him going through the drawers and felt a pang of anxiety hit him. Worried, Tracy returned to the first room and started going through the drawers, carefully crouching down and holding the towel as he fumbled with the handles. But, he didn't find even a hint of his possessions by the time he opened the last drawer. Instead, he just saw a number of Matthew's shorts and underwear.

"Find it, Tracy?"

Tracy looked up to see Matthew in the door of the cabin, leaning on one side as he watched Tracy with a serious look.

"No," whimpered Tracy, hating how the growing fear filled his voice.

Matthew shook his head and frowned. Leaning back, he yelled up the stairs.

"Eric! Get down here!"

Tracy could hear Eric's footsteps on the deck above, then the heavy tread as the large black man walked down the stairs. Eric peered over Matthew's shoulder into the cabin, looking directly at Tracy.

"What's up?"

Tracy worried his lip, but Matthew answered first. "Tracy can't find his stuff. You move it?"

Eric smiled broadly. "Sure, he put it in the wrong room."

Tracy finally spoke up. "Where did you put it?"

"I threw it overboard," came the simple, deadpanned response.

"Y-You what?" screamed Tracy, standing up. He felt the towel slipping away and grabbed it, squeezing it tight enough for the edge to dig into his skin.

Eric didn't seem disturbed. "Well, I did get the game system and the cash out, but I threw everything else over the edge."

Tracy looked at Matthew, hoping that Eric's friend would do something.

Matthew nodded and grinned back. "Sounds good, actually."

Tracy gulped. "Matt? What is going on?"

Matthew leaned his head against the door. "Remember high school?"

Tracy felt tears burning his eyes. "You said that wasn't an issue anymore! That you forgave me!"

"It isn't, it really isn't. But, back when we hated your guts, Eric said something that changed our lives."

Eric chuckled, "I remember it. We were so pissed that you were high stepping around after winning state, acting like you had a stick up your butt. I made the suggestion that if you wanted to act like that, we could just rape that ass of yours until you earned that strut."

Tracy's sphincter tightened at the words that pummeled him. He glance around the tiny cabin, already knowing that two large men stood in his only escape.

"I-I-" he stammered, but Matthew interrupted him.

"A bunch of us realized that we've all considered the exact same thing. You were sexy as hell: tight ass, slender body, long legs. I wanted to feel your lips around my dick ever since sophomore year."

Eric said, "And I want to feel my cock so far up your ass, you're choking on it."

Tracy whimpered, his hands shaking. He backed into the bed, if anything to protect his ass. He felt naked, as if the towel didn't shield him. His mind spun furiously and he knew that he was helpless, hundreds of miles away from shore, on a boat in the middle of the ocean.

Matthew continued. "After that, it broke the ice. We were gay and now others knew it. We came out of the closet for each other and have been best friends ever since."

Tracy started to hyperventilate. "W-What? I don't understand, this isn't about high school? It's about you being gay? I-I'm not, I mean, I'm not gay."

"Those eight guys you drank with? All gay."

Tracy thought back to the eight large men he drank with. He shivered with fear, his body tensing and sweat dripping down his back.

Eric chuckled. "All eight wanted you in high school, wanted to see your ass on their dicks and you choking on their cocks. And,

seeing you that day on the wharf, most of us realized we still wanted you,” Eric made a show of looking Tracy over. Tracy blushed hotly and clutched his towel, looking around for his underwear. Eric licked his lips, “Well, let’s say that our reasons may have changed, but we decided that we were going to have you, one way or the other.”

Matthew dropped his hand to his crotch, where his obscene bulge pressed against his palm.

Tracy whimpered, unable to look away as Matthew curled his fingers around his cloth-wrapped shaft, his massive hose terrifying Tracy even more.

“Matt, Eric, please don’t do this. Just leave me alone, you don’t have to. Just let me go? Please?”

“Actually,” said Eric as his smile turned evil, “This is just the beginning. We have plans for you. All eight of us.”

“Oh god,” whimpered Tracy, “this can’t be happening. This isn’t real.”

Eric bumped Matthew from behind. “Enough talk, I got blue balls.”

Matthew groaned, still massaging his cock, “Okay, get the gear?”

“Sure,” chuckled Eric before walking out of sight. Tracy stared at the door, seeing a small gap between the frame and Matthew. He spotted Eric heading back to the supply room and an idea came to mind. He would slip out, race up the stairs, and slam the hatch shut. Neither Eric or Matthew could fit out of the small opening above the supply room. Once up there, he could lock the hatch and call for help.

“Tracy,” Matthew said, straightening up. “It’s time. Now, you can do this two ways. Drop the towel and come out or I come in after you. What do you think.”

Tracy barely heard Matthew as he ran through his plan, imagining his feet slapping on the ground, his fingers grabbing the door to spin around. He took a deep breath.

“Tracy? How is it going to be? Easy or hard?”

Beyond Matthew, the door to the supply closet squeaked open and Tracy relaxed his hand on the towel. He planned on dropping it to distract Matthew. With a gulp, and feeling sweat dripping down his body, Tracy let the towel flutter to the ground.

Matthew let out a sigh, "Oh god, you're beautiful." His eyes were locked on Tracy's limp cock and Tracy felt humiliated.

One. Two. Three. Tracy shoved off the bed and dove through the door. Matthew jumped, startled, then tried to grab him, but Tracy grabbed on the door and spun around, his bare feet catching on the floor. He launched himself up the stairs.

At the sight of the hatch already closed, he felt fear spiking through his body, an intense bolt of adrenaline. Desperately, he raced up the stairs and slammed into the hatch, hoping it wasn't locked.

He felt the impact from the heavy hatch throughout his body and he stumbled back. His bare feet slipped on the stairs. The resounding ringing in his ears and stars across his vision increased his fear, but he only had precious seconds. Crying out, he pawed at the lock on the hatch, trying to open it.

A hand grabbed his ankle. "Come on, it won't be that bad."

Tracy screamed out and kicked with one foot, catching something solid on his heel. Matthew grunted and the hand released his ankle. Tracy's fingers found the door and he flipped the latch. Yanking it open, he breathed in the fresh salt air.

A hand grabbed his other ankle, squeezing painfully down on it. Tracy tried to kick, but Matthew yanked him back down the stairs. Tracy barely had enough time to catch his hands on the stairs to avoid slamming his face.

Matthew hauled him down the stairs, letting Tracy's hands and chest bounce on the steps. Tracy cried out, clawing at the stairs, but he didn't even slow the more powerful man from dragging him back into the depths of the boat.

"No! No!" he screamed helplessly.

Matthew grabbed his arm and yanked up, dragging Tracy to his feet. He wrapped his other arm around Tracy, pulling him into his tight, hairy chest. Tracy felt smothered by the hard chest. He was even more disgusted by the hard cock pressed against his belly. The size of the cock scared him and he flailed around, trying to punch Matthew to escape.

"Eric? A little help."

"Got it!" Eric dropped something and Tracy felt the black man's presence behind him.

Tracy continued to scream, kicking forward and back, trying to keep the two men away from him. Eric focused on grabbing one wrist. When he did, the large palm squeezed down on the joint until Tracy sobbed from the pain. Then, cold metal wrapped around it and the handcuffs clicked into place.

“What!?! No!” Tracy’s eyes grew large as Eric grabbed at Tracy’s other wrist. Tracy yanked it away, but then Matthew dropped him to grab the wrist, pinning it in place until Eric twisted Tracy’s handcuffed arm behind his back and brought the other to it. The terrible feeling of the cuffs clicking around his other wrist brought fresh tears to Tracy’s face. He tried to pull his arms apart, but the unyielding metal refused to give him relief.

Matthew grabbed Tracy’s shoulders. Spinning him around, he threw him toward the tiny table in the center of the cabin.

Tracy tried to stop, but the force of it slammed him into the edge, folding him in half over the table. His chin smacked the top and stars exploded across his vision. He twisted, aiming to slide away, but one of the men’s hands ground down on the small of his back, pinning him to the table.

He felt vulnerable and helpless, knowing that his naked ass pressed out toward their perverted eyes. He kicked back blindly, hitting nothing. He tried again and one of them, Eric he thought, grabbed his ankle. He felt something wrapping around his ankle and he screamed out, flailing with all his strength.

It didn’t stop Eric. He yanked Tracy’s ankle to one of the legs of the table and finished threading a plastic zip tie around the wood. Pulling it tight, he pinned Tracy’s ankle tightly in place.

Even knowing what came next, Tracy couldn’t stop Eric from binding his other ankle to the other leg. He sobbed with humiliation, at the feeling of his balls being crushed between his body and the table, and the cool air that tickled his now exposed asshole. He couldn’t escape, he couldn’t stop what had become the worst night of his life. He couldn’t do anything and it terrified him.

“My god, you are beautiful,” breathed Matthew. A hand trailed down Tracy’s right buttock, tracing the sensitive line of buttock and the inner flesh that never saw daylight. Fingers circled around Tracy’s vulnerable anus, prying it open slightly and before releasing it.

Tracy's sphincter closed tightly, his muscles vibrating with the effort to keep it sealed.

Matthew chuckled huskily. "God, I'm about to come already. Eric, hold him down?"

Eric's footsteps filled the cabin as he walked around into Tracy's view. He was naked already, black muscles glistening with sweat. The smell of man, musky and powerful, filled Tracy's nostrils and he caught the familiar tang of male excitement. His eyes widened as he could help staring at Eric's cock.

Unlike Tracy's comfortable six inches, Eric was a monster. Thick and swollen, a hard length that jutted out at least eight inches. Tracy never saw anything as large as that, except in pornos, and never that close. The veins on it pulsed with Eric's rapid heartbeat. Below the shaft were two large, shaved balls. A dark brown sack with two plums hanging in it. Eric hauled his cock up with an exaggerated effort and dropped it on the table. The tip of it bounced against Tracy's face, leaving a wet smear on his nose.

Tracy whimpered and turned away, tightly closing his eyes. He felt Eric's hands grabbed his bound arms, pushing down to pin him in place. Matthew's hands slipped away. Tracy tried to close his legs but the plastic strips dug tightly into his skin.

"No, no," he whimpered, choking through the tears.

A plastic top opened up and he jumped. The wet squelching noise left nothing to the imagination. Tracy knew that Matthew was slathering lubricant on his cock in preparation to rape Tracy's ass. He sobbed, feeling the hot tears splashing down on the table.

The first touch didn't come from Matthew, but from the hard plastic opening of the lubricant bottle. It had a rounded top that pressed right against his tightly clenched asshole. Tracy's body shook and he tried to push back, but Matthew ground it into the opening, rotating it until Tracy's ring started to give.

The first blast of icy lubricant flooding into his bowels left Tracy gasping for breath. The liquid surged up, filling him with a loud slurping noise.

"Don't want you to get hurt," muttered Matthew as he pulled away the bottle, "I'm pretty big." Tracy tried to push out the lubricant and felt it oozing out of his opening, dripping down to his balls, pooling on the table.

“Don’t push it out too much, Tracy, you need it in you.”

Tracy opened his mouth to say something, but the words froze in his throat when Matthew’s cock pressed up against his ass, plugging it up with a light pressure.

“Rip his ass open,” growled Eric, his voice filled with lust. Tracy felt Eric’s cock pressing against his cheek, precum oozing out and dripping down his face. The smell of Eric’s excitement choked Tracy, powerful and inevitable.

“No, I want to enjoy this.” The pressure increased and Tracy felt his pucker relenting under Matthew’s intrusion. Tracy’s tears splashed down, mixing with Eric’s precum, but he could do nothing as Matthew relented. The hard cock pushed in a few inches, then Matthew stopped.

Tracy bore down, trying to push the intruding hardness from his body. He felt it sliding out, giving him relief from the burning discomfort of a cock inside him. He felt it sliding out, but just as the last of the swollen head pushed out, Matthew’s hips flexed and the cock stopped. Tracy whimpered, pushing harder, but Matthew’s head remained lodged in his asshole. It felt hot and hard, prying his anal ring apart.

Matthew bore down, forcing his cock back in. His shaft plunge deeper, stretching him out from the inside. The silken hardness invaded his guts, tearing him open. Matthew’s hands grabbed Tracy’s hips, using Tracy’s body for leverage to force another inch inside Tracy’s spasming hole.

“God, stop! It hurts!”

Tracy’s ass burned with even the small intrusion. Matthew relaxed and Tracy tried to push him down. The slick cock oozed out of his rectum, but once again, Matthew stopped him before his shaft fell out.

With a groan, Matthew pushed his cock back into Tracy’s tight entrance. The heavily lubricated cock slid in, stretching it open and burying even deeper. It felt huge, a log being shoved into Tracy’s tortured ass. It slid further than he thought possible. He tried to stop it, to slow it, but he could not prevent the inevitable.

Matthew gave up pretending Tracy had a chance to stop him and started slow strokes, pulling it out a few inches and forcing it back in, inch by inch.

Tracy felt it invading his rectum, filling him from the inside. To his horror, he could feel the pressure causing his own cock to stir to life. Every stroke brought a fresh surge of blood through it and it untwisted painfully between the table and his body. On the next stroke, it scraped along the table and fresh tears rolled down his cheeks.

Matthew continued to fuck his burning asshole, forcing his thick tool into the opening. Every stroke left Tracy shuddering with humiliation and pain. He stopped crying for help, knowing that Eric and Matthew would give him no relief.

Matthew let out a low moan of pleasure and drove the cock forward, forcing the hard, throbbing length into Tracy's ass until his hips smacked against Tracy's butt.

Tracy squirmed on the cock impaling on him. The hardness burned a line from his screaming anal ring to far in his guts. The pulse of Matthew's cock surged through his body, adding heat to his searing pains.

"Oh god," said both men, one sobbing and the other in lust.

Matthew's grip tightened on Tracy's hips. He started to thrust deep into Tracy, stroking with long strokes that quickly became brutal jabs into the helpless man's innards. Wet, slurping noises filled the cabins, mixing with Tracy's sobs and Matthew's moans.

Tracy closed his eyes tightly, begging for it to end. He pushed against Matthew's cock, but hearing the larger man's moan louder, he realize he only gave Matthew more pleasure.

Moving faster, Matthew pounded into Tracy, forcing his cock deep into Tracy's helpless ass. The brutal strokes drove into Tracy until Matthew's balls slapped against Tracy's. The cock inside Tracy grew thicker and hotter until finally Matthew let out a guttural scream and drove forward with all his might.

The table rocked forward as hot cum flooded Tracy's innards. Tracy shuddering with pain, trying not to think about the searing cum that filled him, pushing up through the warmed lubricant.

Panting, Matthew pulled his softening cock from Tracy's abused rectum. Liquid poured of Tracy's opening, coursing along his balls and splashing down on the floor.

Eric chuckled, his hands grinding down on Tracy's back. "How was it?"

Matthew moaned. "That was probably the sweetest ass I've ever had."

Tracy sobbed, slow cries that filled the room.

Ignoring Tracy, Matthew grunted. "Want a shot at him?"

"Not his ass, I want to let it tighten up a bit. I'll fuck him in the morning."

"Pity, it is sweet."

Eric released his hands on Tracy. He spoke in a low, lusty voice. "I have weeks to find out. But, for tonight, there is another hole I want to fuck."

Tracy peeked up from the table, his eyes blurry with tears. When Eric shifted closer, his black cock bobbing up and down, Tracy knew that there was only one other hole in his body. He closed his mouth, trying not to think about it.

Eric laughed. He reached out and pushed Tracy off the table by his shoulders. Tied to the table, Tracy couldn't retain his balance and he slid off the table, hitting the ground on his abused rear. He screamed out from the suddenness of it, then from the pain that coursed up from his aching asshole. He could feel lubricant and cum pouring out of his rectum, flooding the ground beneath him.

Eric stalked around the table, pumping his cock in one fist. Tracy tried to pull away from it, but Eric casually reached out and grabbed Tracy's hair, pulling him closer to the thick member. Laughing, Eric smacked Tracy's face with it, leaving wet smears on his cheeks.

"Come now, you know what to do, you little cock slut."

Tracy whimpered and looked away, but Eric slapped him across the cheek. His face stung from the impact and he tried to look the other way, right in time to see Eric's palm catching his other side, smacking him across.

"Start sucking," commanded Eric.

Tracy considered fighting, but a third slap caught him across the face. He felt the burning on his cheek and he blinked back the tears. Eric raised his hand, preparing to strike again.

"Open your fucking mouth."

Unwilling to take another slap, Tracy turned toward the thick cock. He gulped with fear, but he's seen enough videos to know what he had to do. Closing his eyes, he opened his mouth obediently.

Eric rested his cock on Tracy's tongue. Precum oozed out of the end, soaking Tracy's tongue and giving him the first real taste as it started to pool. It was musky and salty, not quite sweet, and Tracy's stomach rumbled with the discomfort and fear. Inhaling, Tracy breathed in Eric's excitement, adding to his humiliation.

Eric held Tracy's head tighter with one hand and pushed his cock in with the other. The spongy head lodged against Tracy's lips, forcing them open, and then scraped along the teeth.

"Wider, you little cock slut," Eric growled.

Grabbing Tracy with both hands, Eric repeated his command as he pushed harder into Tracy's mouth. The silken steel cock forced its way into Tracy's mouth. Tracy tried to open it, sobbing around the cock, but even when his jaw ached from the effort, he could feel the occasional scrape.

Eric didn't seem to mind. He groaned as he started to slide his shaft in and out of Tracy's mouth, pushing back until it pushed against the roof of Tracy's mouth, then started to slide back.

Precum flooded the abused man's mouth, coating the insides and squishing around. Tracy felt it dripping down his throat and he swallowed to avoid coughing. His lips felt tight around Eric's shaft, feeling every bump and ridge as it slid past. He knew where Eric drove for, the cock pushing into the back of his throat and the uncomfortable gagging sensation that rose with every stroke.

"Use your tongue," came the command.

Tracy could barely move his tongue with the cock in his mouth. He tried to swirl it around as Eric continued to drive it in and out, punching toward the back of his throat. Tracy's head jerked with every throat as the cock head slammed into the back of his mouth.

Eric shoved forward, grinding his member deeper, trying to force it down Tracy's throat, but Tracy couldn't take it. It felt like Eric was trying to shove his cock out the back of Tracy's neck. Eric growled and pulled back, slamming forward again.

Tracy gagged and almost threw up.

"Get in there, you little fucker." Eric pounded into Tracy's mouth with hard, sharp strikes. The cock gagged him, forcing his mouth open as it drove to the back, but Tracy could only take half of it in his mouth.

Suddenly, Eric changed gears. He tightened his grip and started to thrust faster, longer strokes that dragged his glans from the back of the throat to Tracy's lips, then back again. Tracy choked on it, sobbing around the cock, but obediently tried to use his tongue and lips to end it as fast as possible.

Eric yelled out, "Fuck!"

The first surge of cum shot down Tracy's throat. Eric yanked his dick out and let the second and third splatter across Tracy's face, coating his nose and lips. As Tracy coughed on the first, Eric continued to splatter him with hot, searing cum.

Panting, Eric leaned back in the table, grabbing his cock and giving it a few squeezes. "Damn it. Tomorrow, I'll last longer." He chuckled, "And maybe we'll start teaching you to suck a cock properly. I want to see my balls on your face, you know what I mean."

Coughing violently, Tracy gasped for breath. He felt the cum soaking with the tears and the gooey mass rolling down his face and chest.

Matthew came up behind him, kneeling on the ground and pressing his half-hard cock against Tracy's back. Large arm enveloped him, pulling Tracy into his arm. It was almost tender, except for Tracy's bondage and humiliation.

Matthew spoke quietly into Tracy's ear. "Remember when I said you'd be assigned duties? Well, this is it. Cooking, cleaning, and being our little cock whore."

Tracy's body shook, but Matthew wasn't done.

"And that trip to New York? We're going, but you aren't. A few days out from the Big Apple, Rock and Randy are going to pick you up on a different boat. It will only be a few weeks, but then Eric and Greg are going to get you. We are going to pass you from boat to boat, fucking you for as long as we can. If we do it right, you will never see land again."

Tracy, still coughing, looked at Matthew with a pleading look. He gasped and opened his mouth, a line of cum connecting his bottom lip to his top. "Please, don't do this. I'm sorry. I'm sorry for whatever I did."

He felt Matthew's manhood growing, a wet slimy rod pressing against his back. Matthew looked over him, then let out a soft, lusty growl.

"God, when you cry like that," Matthew pulled Tracy forward and positioned his hips in front of Tracy's mouth, "it makes me want to fuck you so hard."

t'Sade

About the Author

t'Sade has been happily using third-person singular since the late eighties. Besides that strange quirk, they enjoy writing a brutal combination of sex and violence for decades. Most of their stories explore the fringe edges of sexuality in the epic quest of trying to write a story for every fetish and turn-on known to the human libido.

It's going to take a long time.

Their writing can be found on their website, tsade.com. Most of it is free to read and enjoy.

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