

In The Navy

“Join the Navy they said. You will love it they said. You will get to see the world they said,” I grumbled to myself as I traversed the long, thin corridors of the aircraft. I had thought joining the military would give me a life of adventure; travel to other parts of the world, fight some bad guys, maybe find a few fun nights with some random guys overseas. But it was the same day, nearly identical to the one before. I would wake up, eat, go on duty, eat again, workout, eat for the third time, and then go to sleep. Some days I would have the entire time off, but I would just work out longer. Which, in fact, just made life that much more difficult on the aircraft?

Being a man over six feet tall made going around the aircraft was a problem, but with the constant feeding and working out I went from string bean and into a full-on Viking. The food didn't taste well, and the gym was lacking proper machines, but try hard enough and results were sure to happen. I had put on 40 pounds of muscle in the last three years and crested the 200 pounds at the beginning of going under way this time. The goal was to come back around 220, but getting clothes that fit was already difficult. I could only rip out of so many suits, and uniforms before my commanding officer allowed me some leeway when it came to dress code. They only had so many clothes on the ship, and I couldn't keep buying out the stock when there were hundreds of other men on the ship with me. Not that the men that I found on the ship were not fond of my muscles ripping out of my suit.

So many of them enjoyed the roleplay of an over muscled military man taking advantage of a smaller, younger, newly enlisted guy. They enjoyed the play time and I enjoyed getting my rocks off. Some were better than others, but some was better than none.

So here I was coming back from my overnight duty, tired, sore, horny, and in clothes that were ready to burst. I grabbed a quick dinner from the mess hall, which technically was breakfast, but it was typically the best meal of the day. Pancakes, French toast, eggs, bacon, and a crap ton of coffee. I hated sleeping all day and needed something to keep me going through my only day off this week.

It had only been two months since the aircraft left base, and I still felt like I didn't know my way around the ship. They decorated the halls with signs and the floors with long lines denoting directions that I would go to get back to the dorms or to the top of the ship. But I wanted to see what else was here. I turned down several long hallways, finding one that held no signs and no lines.

“Where is this going?” I asked myself as I walked further into the bowels of the ship. I could hear heavy grunts echo through the hall as I followed them to their source. I could discern loud thuds and the closer I got to the source. When the hallway ended with a large metal door, I knew that I had finally arrived at the source. Even through the several inches thick hatch door, I could hear the loud cheers of men and the sound of two things as they collided with one another. I attempted to open the door, but it was locked from the inside. A rule that was strictly forbidden on the ship, due to safety concern. And it was one rule that nobody broke until now.

“Hello?” I asked, knocking on the door. The rowdy sounds on the other side of the door overshadowed my knocks and I tried a second time. I banged aggressively on the metal door, putting more muscle behind the knock. That time I was heard. The sounds within the room ended with a man shouting for silence. The now silent room ended was broke with a loud thud of something that fell to the floor. Metal, scrapping metal filled the long hallway as the door was opened and inside stood one of the commanding officers.

“Giles. What do you want?” Commander Briggs asked, standing in the crack of the door, keeping what was behind him hidden from view.

“What are you doing in there?” I asked, leaning towards the door trying to see what was inside. He pulled the door closer towards the door, giving even less than a sliver of sight.

“Nothing. Shouldn’t you be sleeping at this hour?” he asked, clearly dismissing the thought of a conversation.

“No.” I said shortly. He was hiding something, and I wanted to know what it being kept hidden at such an obscure location. I placed my hand on the door, pressing just a small amount of my strength into the door to keep it from being shut on me. I had several pounds and inches on this man. I could overpower him, but obedience held me from fully pushing open the door. “What is going on in there?” I asked a second time, adding more force behind my words.

Though everyone knew of the lumbering Viking on the ship known as Andrew Giles, few knew that my usual sunny disposition and love of coffee was but a mask that I used to cover my disdain for my job. This was the most interesting thing that I had found since boarding the ship, and I wasn’t going to give up that easily.

Commander Briggs grew silent, acknowledging my stance on the subject and my continued interest on what he was hiding. I saw a hand place on his should and he turned to a person behind the door. Some sort of unspoken connection was made and Commander Briggs looked back to me.

"If I let you in here. You must swear to never speak of it to anyone. That nobody will hear about what is in here. Do you understand?" he said solemnly. What were they hiding? I opened my mouth to respond, and he continued to speak. "Before you answer. Be warned. If you speak of what is happening behind this door. Then you will be dishonorably discharged and flagged as insubordinate." I closed my mouth, honestly thinking of what could be so serious that they were hiding from the rest of the ship.

"Understood," I responded, and the door was swung open and I descended into the darkness.

I would say that I could have guessed what was happening inside from the sounds, but I would have been severely wrong. The men stood in the center with black eyes, bruised faces, and blood covering their fists. I didn't know either of their names but I had seen them in the gym. They were two of the larger men on the ship; muscular, angry, practically Neanderthals.

"What is this? Some sort of fight club?" I asked as I heard the large metal door swing shut behind me. With a flip of a switch, the few lights that hung from the ceiling came to life and revealed nearly a dozen or so men surrounding the two fighters. Some of them were in worse shape than the two men and others didn't look like they had ever been in a fight.

"Or something," Commander Briggs said as he stepped up from behind me. "I had been eyeing you as a potential competitor recently. If I am being honest," He said as he placed his hands on my shoulders and gave them a squeeze.

"You what?" I said, spinning around and saw the overly excited face of one leader on my ship.

"You ever fight before?" he asked, eyeing me up. I considered lying to him, but knew it would be too obvious a lie. My nose was slightly crooked from the many years of fighting with people. My lip had been busted so many times that it was permanently swollen from splitting. Though the crooked nose gave me character and my extra large lip felt good against cocks, or so I have been told; both were telltale signs of a fighter.

"A few," I said shortly, clearly not interested in getting roped up in whatever nonsense these men found fun at the expense of the lower-ranking officials.

"You interested in having a few more?" Commander Briggs asked, stepping forward. "We have a big fight today, and no takers. Could be fun," he said with a shrug of his shoulders. But the way his eyes basically glowed with excitement told me that he found his cash cow with me.

"No," I said firmly. Not for him, not for this fucking ship, not for this job.

"Let me try this another way. Fight or we say that Jefferson over here," he nodded towards the bloody Latin guy in the center, "was beaten nearly to death. And everyone of us will corroborate that story." The unarmed men nodded in unison. "So you can either fight. Or you can choose to throw your

life and your career in the toilet.” I felt my brows knit and my shoulders tense in anger. It wasn’t like I had much of a choice, and there weren’t many people on the ship that could actually beat me in a fight. I had seen what most of the men had to offer and I wasn’t afraid. Well I wasn’t until I saw the Lavron.

Lavron was one of the few people who could match me at the gym and in size. If the two of us were to meet in a hallway, one of us wasn’t going to go in the direction that we were intended. He stepped from behind the few well-dressed men and out into the light. He was already shirtless and glistening with sweat. His muscles were large and his ego was larger. He was the kind of guy who took the navy machismo to a whole new level, and the type of guy that I was more than okay with beating into submission. I unbuttoned my shirt and pulled off my tank, showing off my own body.

“Fight ends when one of you taps out. Nobody taps out the fight, isn’t over. Understood?” We both nodded. “Place your bets, men!” Commander Briggs shouted to his fellow betters. The men muttered amongst one another, taking note of the odds and when they were set. The fight began.

At first it was dodge one fist, dunk the other. I landed a few hits. He landed a few in response. He attempted a few sweeps of his long legs against mine, but luckily his height wasn’t an advantage against me like he used against others. I got a few solid punches into his side, one where I felt like I dislodged a finger and possibly cracked a rib. I wrapped his body and tried to take ahold of his waist, but he grabbed onto my balls and squeezed. The move was a surprise and was uncalled for. I released him quickly, and he fell free of my grasp. The men surrounding us chuckled at my surprise and I came back at him with a renewed sense of anger.

I pounced on him with as much anger as I could muster and wrapped one leg around his body and clenched his balls in my hand. Or as much as I could grab. His balls were massive and his shaft as hard and pressed against my hand. While mine pushed onto his round muscular ass. He thrashed on the floor, attempting to free himself from my grasp but I only tightened my grip on his groin. The betters grew quiet as we wrestled around with one another, going from a manly tussle into something far more sexual. I could feel that he enjoyed the feeling of my body overpowering him. He withheld moans of enjoyment as I groped his privates, moving my hand along his shaft before moving back to his balls. The tighter I gripped the more he seemed to grunt in my ear. I then knew he wouldn’t tap out so easily, so there was only one other option.

One of my arms slipped further up his body and wrapped around his neck. I felt him claw at my arm with his free hand, trying to break free but I flexed my arms against his neck and cut off his airflow. He coughed and grew rigid as his body begged for air, and when he stopped moving, I knew I had won. I stood as Lavron fell to the ground limp.

I wiped the blood from my lips and spit on the ground, feel the men began to weave in between one another collecting the funds that were due. But the anger I felt boiling within me, due to being wrangled into this stupid game and the arousal caused from wrangling with Lavron awoke something in me. Something broke that I had held onto since I first joined, and I was ready to set it free. . I looked at Lavron as he slowly roused from his unconsciousness and I knew how to take my revenge, and it started with this beast of a man.