

**Homme fatale...**

## **Crusing the Merchant Marines**

Cole Ridge can put his rubber seaboots up on my bed anytime his ship's in port. Ain't a man alive that I'd go overboard for the way I went hook, line, and sinker for a merchant marine as handsome, hung, and horny as Ridge. Merchant marines are a prime commodity down on what's left of the San Francisco waterfront. I know. I've paid my dues hanging around the Seaman's Hall, the Scandinavian Mission, and the Ancient Mariner Bar and Grill down by the infamous old Embarcadero YMCA.

I spotted Cole Ridge first in the basement men's room of the Sheraton Palace Hotel. He was a hulk. Big. Broad shoulders in a flannel shirt. Sleeves rolled up his hairy forearms. A couple good-looking tattoos. Thick hands. Big fingers. A gold ring he never bothered to take off after he bailed himself out of a sinking marriage maybe five years before. Hair pouring up out of the unbuttoned neck. Barrel-chested. He looked too big for the Palace. And right big enough for me. He had the tea room toilet-brigade of Palace queens in an uproar. Those cocksuckers hadn't ever seen a man as genuine as Cole Ridge. They were maneuvering every *homme fatale* number in their tea-room repertoire trying to get Ridge's attention.

Ridge was above all the coy come-ons. He stood at the mirror slick-combing his thick hair as deliberately as a USN bodybuilder flexing a double-biceps shot. He didn't read any obnoxious attitude so much as very seductive aptitude. His full pack of crotch rode way above sink level. I spied his basket bulging with what looked to be an eel-size, thick dick tucked down and over the juicy top of a pair of forward-slung, heavy balls. I figured a big, booming, deep-six voice would spout basso out of his noble nuts. He caught me sizing him up in the mirror. His good-looking face held steady. Eye-to-eye. Squared off. He took one last stroke through his wet hair, and two final runs of the comb through his thick moustache. His jut of chin was a three-day romp of dark, sexy stubble.

Sure as Horatio was a Hornblower, I figured on the spot that I was gonna get me a chunk of that Big Mackerel and make him feel good in the long slow dick-sucking, pit-licking, ass-rimming process. What the

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**HOW TO LEGALLY QUOTE FROM THIS WORK**

fuck did I care for the hungry eyes and hungrier mouths Clarabowing all around us like a school of lovelorn guppies. I decided to sail directly on up to that steaming cruiser and make us more than two ships that pass in the night. A man needn't read semaphore to know when a merchant marine is ready for some bountiful social mutiny. Like a deep-throating man going down on him smack-dab in the middle of the marble-and-tile, piss-elegant pissoir in the basement of the Sheraton Palace Hotel!

I knelt, felt, rubbed my mouth against the manpack in his faded denims. His big fingers, nails crescented with ship grease, popped open his buttons and flipped out a dick that would have made Moby jealous. Seablue veins twined around his hardening shaft. I sniffed his thick-skinned uncut dick, lightly licking the sea-salt-piss-taste off its big mushroom knob. A pearl of lube juiced up the slit in its rosy tip.

His dick hoisted anchor out of his soft sargasso of hair. Its long low profile filling, changing, engorging until his dick stood mast-straight, tall, and thick. My face moved in under his throbbing cock. I looked up the full length of his big body at his unshaven, angular chin and jaw. Ridge looked down at me. The corner of his mouth rose into a pleased sneer of white teeth that said as much as his quick sly wink. We knew we were partners in crime together. Ridge liked the anxious audience watching us. From deep down by the seafood of his cock and big balls, I could see a circle of men forming, pulling their dicks out, stroking in silent admiration at the heft and haul of Cole Ridge's big equipment.

Games at sea were Ridge's specialty. Later I lay back many times with him in our rack over in China Basin where at night we could hear the far off foghorns kind of reminding me that Ridge would always be coming and going. A month in the City. Three, four, six months at sea. He liked to tell me about sex on the high seas: the boiler-room engineers; the cribs the crew set up with blankets among the cargo in the hold; hard fucking in rough seas; the pecking order of rapes and beatings when young merchant marines, hot out of high school, wanted to see the world, and instead, forced flat on their backs, with dick in their butts, got to see lots of ship-shape ceilings until their teeth rattled.

Cole admitted, late at night, our dicks in our greased hands, that more than once he had helped turn a shipboard gangfuck around. He meant, I think, in all his modesty, that when a young ship's apprentice was crying or cursing out his fuckers, he changed his tune when Cole took his turn between his legs and drove prow first into the kid's port.

Maybe it was Cole's insistent masculine look and his firm, persuasive style that made that young seafood stop resisting, start understanding, and

fast accepting what well-driven dick men like Cole use to plow into them. I liked to suck on his dick thinking of all the guys at sea that he had, by the force of his persuasive fuck, seduced into taking a man like a man.

Ridge had that grace. Even men, who never questioned their taste for women, took a look at the command presence of Ridge's essenced masculinity and realized that there were certain comforts a man could only get from another man. For all the release that women could be, men provide men a refuge where women can never tread. Ridge seemed to cause the straightest of men to weigh anchor and sail away into the bright sea of that part of their uncharted sexuality. Ridge made their docking a celebration of manhood. He was a sailor in no danger of falling from grace with the sea.

The surrounding circle-jerk of men beating their pud in the toilet of the Sheraton Palace stroked their meat hard as Ridge reared up. He threw his enormous head back. His big body arched like a sperm whale fluming up from deep waters. His dick exploded in my throat, in my mouth, on my face. His thick, white, gelatinous cum ran from my nose. I swallowed the depth charge of his load. I ate a thousand nights of hardon sex among shadow groups of sailors gathered on starlit decks with soft tropical sea breezes cool on their salty bodies; of men sacked up together in white canvas hammocks with cocks buried deep up butts, fucking to the rhythms of the freighter's ocean-roll; of men who choose to be alone, for months at a crack, with other men who go down to the sea in ships.

Cole bunks with me now when he hitches over to San Francisco from the Port of Oakland. When he ships out, I feel connected to every man he has in every port.

