

MACH 35

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Don

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MACH

ISSUE 35

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Cover photo of Angel by **Brush Creek Media**.

Titanic

Story by Jack Fritscher • Illustrated by Ricky Ellsworth



board Titanic. At sea. Westbound.
Sunday, 14 April, 1912

It was a night to remember. The Astors had retired early from the grand first-class ballroom. So had the Rockefeller party. Edward Wedding, who was my lover since our second year at Oxford, sat next to me. He had excelled in sculling and sex while I, Michael Whitney, had distinguished myself with the British Romantic poets. And sex. Edward hated it when Mrs. Brown, who knew everything about everybody, teased him, calling him "Ever-Ready Eddy Weddy." She knew by looking, because Edward sported that certain swagger: the smug, engaging smile of a young man packing a big, how do you say in French, piece of pork.

Actually, we both had grown quite fond of Maggie, who insisted she be called Molly, since we found ourselves tablemates the first evening of the voyage as the Titanic sailed full steam from Southampton, stopping only once in Belfast, taking into steerage hundreds of young micks, I fancied with potato-sized dicks, immigrating to America's streets of gold. The shipboard gossip and salon attitude was that Molly had been a showgirl, which was a scandal because showgirls, everyone knew, were always whores, no exceptions, thank you, even though Molly had married up into millions when she snagged the well-heeled land baron, the big-hung cowboy, Johnny Brown back in Colorado.

Whatever she was when she was Maggie, Molly Brown was the kind of female who recognized two people in love, which, if it was two men, was aces by her. "Frankly, I prefer the company of you fellers. You know what you want when most don't. If love is what you got, you got more than the Astors. Besides, you dress better than the best, and you never laugh at any of my git-ups."

"Eddy Weddy," I said, "wants to wear your red ball-gown with the red ostrich headdress." My American sense of put-down loved to pique Edward's British starch.

"Michael!" Edward said; no, *commanded*. My dick stirred. His handsome jaw jutted out for days below his perfect white teeth and blond mustache. His eyes were bluer than the North Atlantic at high noon. His knee touched mine beneath the table. He had the strong body of a trained athlete. My cock rose thinking of his lean, hard thighs and long-muscled arms in his black cutaway. His tailor, lingering over measuring his long inseam, had commented how broad his sculling had made his shoulders, to say nothing, I mused, of his tight belly and mounded pecs, each crowned with a rosy brown nipple that grew hard when I sucked them and wet-rolled them between my fingers. His pecs and tits drove him crazy and made his big prick stand stalwart as a steel sword. As a coxswain to his crew, he was my cocksman in bed. "Michael," he repeated, "bugger off!"

Molly laughed in a tickling, tinkling cascade of feathers and diamonds and silk. This was our fifth night out, Sunday, on the magnificent ship. The eight-piece orchestra was swirling couples, colorful ladies held delicately by gentlemen in black, waltzing around and around the dance floor. "Everything smells so new," Molly said. "New wood. New paint. My new good fortune. And us new friends here, snug as bugs in a rug in the North Atlantic. I want it never to end!"

"Here, here," Edward said.

"All I want," Molly whispered, "is more ice in this fancy drink." She leered at Edward. "I simply adore big fat chunks of ice."

Four nights before, the very first night, Edward had asked our redheaded purser, Felix Jones, if what he heard about the catwalks above and through the boiler rooms, and the hallways in the crew quarters in other ships was to be the case with the Titanic.

"Cruising, you mean, sir?" Felix winked. "Why the Titanic's a cruise ship, isn't she now?"

"And the very fastest in the world," I said. "Top speed, 30 knots."

"Then," Felix said, "I suggest you young gentlemen head fast and quiet down the back stairs portside, say, about 11 o'clock. You'll find what you're looking for where the women never go. Some say first-class never mixes with second-class nor with steerage to say nothing of mixing after hours with the crew. What you see on your tickets and what deck is your promenade has no meaning below stairs. There's no separation down in the hold. Just men being men. Is there anything else I may do, gentlemen?" Felix was good-looking, a big-boned Welshman, no more than 22, our age, but we were reared worlds apart.

"Yes," Edward said. "Whom would you recommend?" He made a slow show of unbuttoning his shirt.

"Down below, sir?"

"Yes." He stripped off his shirt and stood magnificently buffed to the waist.

"I'm partial to the boiler-tenders, sir. The coal-heavers." The redheaded purser's face was flushing with sudden lust. "Shoveling coal night and day makes them strong and hard."

"And dirty," I said.

"Which can be," Edward said, "a virtue."

"Why, Eddy," I said. I teased his aristocratic need for sexual slumming.

Felix was fully aroused and at sixes and sevens about propriety in the suites he waited. His hard cock showed big in his black trousers. He was no small man, a good 5-foot-10, gifted with the body of his coal-miner father. He had worked in the mines of Wales as a boy and young man, and the work had made him strong. His tailored uniform could not disguise his deep chest, tight biceps, moon rump, and thick thighs that left no room for his hardening cock to be decent in a first-class suite.

I could see in his green eyes the cautious, yet confident, look the lower classes have, because they know they're what the upper classes seek most when they slip out on the slum. In heaven or hell, or on the water, there's nothing more attractive to a rich man than a lower-class stud, even one bettering himself by choosing to be a purser rather than a shoveler in the boiler room. Felix Jones had had enough of coal in Wales. On the high seas, he had a taste for serving young gentlemen.

Edward took a step toward Felix, reached around him, locked the door, and groped his hand along the shiny length of the well-trained purser's untrained, hard cock. Felix's head rolled back on his strong neck. I unbuttoned his shirt and brushed my nose through the surprise of thick red hair covering his chest, licking into his sweat-sweet armpits, and tonguing his nipples.

