Emergence

by Devilish

Summary

When Chip Morton tells Lee that he is acting like a love sick kid, little does he know who is the focus of Lee's lust.

“You’ve been a naughty boy, Captain,” Nelson said in his best command voice.

“Yes, Sir,” Lee Crane replied, standing to attention, totally naked in front of Nelson’s desk.

“Are you ready for your punishment?”

“Yes, Sir.”

Very well,” Nelson stood and moved around the desk. “Bend over the desk and spread your legs.”

Lee placed both hands on the desk and bent over, his cock already partly erect.

Nelson smiled to himself as he moved behind Lee and started to slap one cheek as hard as he could, until he left pink marks on the flesh, then he switched his attention to the other cheek and did the same. Lee didn’t make a sound, but Nelson could hear his breath quicken, and he was starting to tremble with excitement. “Stand up.”

Lee straightened, and again came to attention as he faced Nelson.

“What’s this?” Nelson took Lee’s cock in his hand, watching the expression on Lee’s face as he struggled to keep control.

“It’s my penis, Sir.”

“And what do you suggest I do with it?”
Lee swallowed hard. “Anything you’d like, Sir.”

“Ummm, I think I am going to enjoy playing with you,” He moved his hand along the shaft, keeping it enclosed in his hand, when he pulled down. Lee closed his eyes, biting his lip. “You like that?”

“Owww, yes, Sir. It turns me on, Sir,” Lee breathed. Please, Admiral, I want more.”

Nelson could see the hunger in those expressive eyes as they watched his hand. Nelson’s own organ was getting hard; the sight of Lee’s arousal was so erotic. The man was gorgeous, and Nelson still had a hard time believing that Lee would want him this way.

“Owww, please…” Lee pleaded, his hands balled into fists in an effort to stop from touching himself.


“Owww, Admiral, please hurry.”

“Tell me what you want.”

“I want your cock inside me, Sir.”

Nelson smiled and pushed another finger inside, searching for Lee’s prostate. When he found it, Lee bucked under him, his eyes closing and he moaned. “Open your eyes, Lee. Look at me,” He wanted to look into those honey gold eyes as he penetrated Lee’s body.

Lee opened his eyes. “Please, do it – I can’t take much more,” he panted.

Nelson positioned himself and pushed inside and waited for Lee to adjust to having him inside. It felt so good to be buried inside Lee’s hot passage as it slammed around his own hot flesh. Lee moaned, lifting his hips impatiently and Nelson started to move, his hand closed around Lee’s cock, moving it in time to his own thrusts.

“Owww, more – push harder,” Lee moaned, his head rolled from side to side.

Nelson quickened, burying himself inside the beautiful body, loosing himself in the sight of Lee writhing in total ecstasy beneath him. “I love you,” he whispered.

“Love...you...too,” Lee gasped, he reached up and took hold of Nelson’s shoulders, pulling himself up and impaling himself deeper. “Owww, I...love...having you...inside me. Can’t get...enough.”

Nelson gasped and groaned as he as he moved, trying to satisfy his lover. They were both bathed in sweat. Lee bucked beneath him, meeting his thrusts. Their excitement build to a crescendo as they both climaxed together.

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Lee stifled a groan as he straightened from the plot table. He was a little stiff after his punishment last evening. His cock stirred at the thought of his next session with Nelson, and he was glad that his reaction was hidden by the chat table. He was relieved that Nelson had not found it necessary to come to the control room. It was difficult to concentrate with him around. Thankfully, they were
coming to the end of this cruise and would be back in Santa Barbara in twenty four hours. Since he and Nelson had started a relationship, he had turned into a sex maniac. He’d never experienced sex like it before.

“Lee?”

He almost blushed as Chip broke into his wayward thoughts. “Yes, Chip.”

“Are you okay? You look a little flushed.”

“Yes, I’m fine.” Just randy as hell. “Status report, Chip?”

Chip handed him a clipboard. “We’re on course, proceeding at standard. Is there anything else?”

“No, that’s fine, Chip,” Lee took the report and glanced through it before handing it back. “Carry on.”

“Aye, Sir.”

Lee heaved a sigh, wishing that he could order them to flank speed. He needed to calm down before he blew a fuse. Lifting his gaze to the observation nose, he watched the scene captured in the searchlight. He was looking forward to spending some time at Nelson’s private beach house. The water would be warm at this time of year and it would be good to go swimming without the need for a wet-suit. Realizing that he was letting his mind drift again, he gave himself a mental shake. He needed to focus on his job.

The control room was quiet and nothing disrupted the routine. The crew sat at their stations, their attention fixed on the instruments in front of them. Their hands poised over controls, ready for any change in the display. Even the radio was silent. Lee moved forward to pour himself a coffee from the pot in the nose and perched on the edge of the table while he sipped it thoughtfully.

“Enjoying the view?”

Lee turned to find Chip standing behind him. “Yes, I never tire of it.”

“Are you sure you’re all right, Lee. You seem a little distracted?”

“Yes, I’m fine, Chip – really. How long until we reach Santa Barbara?” Lee asked in an effort to distract Chip from the subject of his behavior. He knew that he had not been his usual self. This was all so new and unexpected, he felt like a kid again.

Chip looked at his watch. “About another eighteen hours, we should be in port by morning. You got any plans?”

Oh, yeah, to screw Nelson senseless. “The Admiral and I are going to spend a few days at his beach house. Do some fishing and go over the details of some new equipment he’s thinking about.”

“Well don’t spend too much time working; you are entitled to some time off.”

“Don’t worry, Chip.” Lee smiled, getting to his feet. It wasn’t work he had planned. “You have the Conn, Chip. I’m going walk about.”

“Aye, Sir.

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Seated beside Nelson in the wardroom, Lee tried to keep his expression bland as Nelson’s hand moved further up his thigh. He almost let out a groan as Nelson’s hands roamed higher.

“Have you decided what you’d like, Sir,” the steward asked.

“I’ll have the stake, medium well,” Nelson answered.

“I’ll have the same,” Lee said, eager to get rid of the steward before he caught on that anything was going on.

The steward scribbled a note on his pad. “Anything to start?”

“Soup,” the both said in unison.

“Thank you, Sirs, will that be all?”

“Yes, that’s all, thanks.”

Relieved when the steward turned and walked away, Lee grabbed Nelson’s wrist and pushed his hand away. “Admiral!” he admonished softly.

Nelson chuckled. “Something wrong, Lee?”

Lee gave him a reproachful look, but he ignored it and replaced his hand to, using the fingers to stroke and squeeze through the fabric.

“Admiral, Please!” Lee protested more forcefully.

“Yes, Lee?” Smiling, Nelson continued stroking and squeezed Lee’s growing erection.

“Damn, I’m going to come if you don’t quit,” Lee groaned.

“That’s just a taste of what I am going to do to you when I get you ashore,” Nelson whispered as he released him.

Lee groaned as his swollen length made his pants painfully tight. Just then the steward returned with their soup. God, Nelson made him so horny. Lee nodded an acknowledgement to the Steward and turned his attention to the soup, hoping that Nelson would let him eat in peace.

Chip walked down the corridor with Seaview’s doctor, headed for the wardroom. “I’m telling you, Jamie, Lee is not himself. He’s been distracted and he looked flushed when he came to the control room.”

“I assume you asked him if anything was wrong.”

“Yeah, but you know Lee, he just clams up the minute you mention his health.”

Jamieson nodded sympathetically. “Well, if you won’t talk to you, the rest of us don’t stand much of a chance. Where is he now?”

“I’m not sure. He was with the Admiral earlier.”
“Maybe the Admiral will have had more luck getting Lee to talk.” Jamieson paused outside the wardroom door and opened it, waving Morton through ahead of him.

“Good evening, Admiral, Captain,” Jamieson greeted upon finding the two officers already eating. “Mind if we join you?”

“Not at all, gentlemen,” Nelson replied cheerfully.

Jamieson and Morton slid into the seats opposite, while Lee didn’t even look up, but continued eating. After a moment the Steward arrived to take their order and remove Lee’s now empty soup plate.

Puzzled by Lee’s behavior, Chip glanced at Nelson. Was this a prelude to an ONI mission that Nelson had taken exception to? Lee had spent a lot of time with Nelson over the last few days. But Nelson didn’t appear concerned as he discussed some new equipment for sickbay with the doctor. Maybe Lee was ticked because Nelson had dragged him to the wardroom.

No, that wasn’t it, Lee didn’t look angry, Chip decided. He wasn’t sure how he looked. Lee’s attention appeared to be focused on Nelson and the conversation, although Chip was sure that Lee wasn’t listening. It was as if Lee’s mind was somewhere else.

Suddenly realization dawned on Chip, Lee had met someone. He wondered who she was. Lee hadn’t mentioned her, but one thing was obvious, Lee was besotted.

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Chip had decided to wait until Seaview had docked and most of the crew had gone ashore. Now he and Lee were alone in the control room. “So, who is she? And when were you planning on telling me?”


“Come off it, Lee. It’s obvious; you’ve been acting like a love sick kid. Must be pretty serious?”

Lee shook his head. “Where did you get that crazy idea? There is no-one.”

“What’s the matter? Is it someone I know?” Chip persisted.

“I told you, there is no-one.”

“Come on, Lee. You can tell me.”

Lee sighed. “There’s nothing to tell. Now, are you going ashore or what?”

Chip frowned, he could tell that Lee was getting slightly miffed, which was strange. What was he hiding? “Okay, Crane, but this isn’t over. I want to know all the details when we get back from leave.”

Lee didn’t rise to the bait. “Have a good leave, Chip.” He smiled dismissively.

“You to, buddy, whoever she is.”

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Lee stood with his hands shoved into his pockets, listening to the sound of the ocean. The sand was wet beneath his bare feet, and the salt laden breeze tussled his usually neat hair into curls. The sun was sinking toward the horizon and he pulled his gaze away from the view to look back at the house. The Spanish style architecture was typical of the area. Smiling to himself, Lee started back toward the house. He was looking forward to their first night ashore together.

“Where were you?” Nelson asked, as he approached from the house.

“I went for a walk.”

“You’ve been gone a long time, is everything all right?”

“Yeah, sorry – I guess I lost track of the time.”

Nelson slipped an arm around Lee’s waist and pulled him closer. “You’re not having second thought, are you?”

Taking Nelson’s other hand; Lee pressed it to his groin. “Does it look like I’m having second thoughts?”

“Come inside and let me warm you up,” Nelson took Lee’s hand and they walked back to the house.

“Help yourself to coffee,” Nelson said as he walked through to the kitchen.

“I’d rather have you.”

Nelson turned. “Now Lee, food first. You need to keep your strength up, amongst other things,” he teased gently, his blue eyes sparkling with mischief.

“I don’t need anything to keep it up; I’m always hard when you’re around.” Lee groused disappointed.

“I promise I’ll make it up to you later. Why don’t you take a shower and get rid of that sand.”

“Sure you won’t join me?”

“Lee, Go now, and hurry up. Dinner is almost ready,” Nelson ordered.

“Yes, Sir.” Lee laughed as he gave Nelson a mock salute and turned toward the door.

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Nelson looked up from setting the table to find Lee, still barefoot and dressed in black pants with a white shirt, open at the neck, leaning against the door frame.

“I’m not criticizing Lee, but what’s with the bare feet?”

Lee looked down at his feet and shrugged. “I left my shoes in the porch.”

Nelson smiled, shaking his head in mock disapproval. There was something about Lee with bare feet. He was seeing a new side to Lee Crane. Gone was the Captain of Seaview, transformed into a
ravishingly beautiful, carefree, sexy young man. And when it came to sex, Lee knew exactly what he wanted. Nelson walked over and ruffled Lee’s hair. “That’s better.”

Lee laughed. “I don’t think it would be good for my image as Captain.”

“We’re not on Seaview now. Come and sit down before I’m tempted to have you instead of dinner.”

“Promises, promises.”

“You’re encourageable.” Nelson chastised jokingly. In truth, he could hardly keep his hands off Lee; he looked so good. He quickly poured a glass of wine for Lee and one for himself. “I’ve fixed grilled salmon with salad, and chocolate brownie to follow. As this was an informal meal, he’d kept it simple.

“Sounds great, I’m starving.”

“Then I’d better feed you,” Nelson was pleasantly surprised by Lee’s sudden appetite. Normally it was almost impossible to get Lee to stay in one place long enough to eat.

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Lee stood beside Nelson, helping him with the dishes. It hadn’t been worth putting them in the dishwasher. During the meal, Lee had caught Nelson watching him. A shiver ran through him as he remembered Nelson’s hands on him and the promise he had made about what he was going to do to him when he got him ashore. He felt so privileged, to have command of Seaview, and them to have Nelson for fill his dreams a second time.

From their first kiss, he had become almost obsessed with the man. Heat rose inside him as he thought about that fat cock and how it felt to have it inside him, fucking him while he writhed and moaned his pleasure beneath his lover. He was suddenly too hot, his mouth dry. He reached for an empty class and filled it with cold water, then took a long drink.

“Lee, you okay?”

Lee gave him a shy smile. “Yes, fine.”

Nelson was smiling at him, those blue eyes sparkling. “Come on, let’s leave this until later. I promised to warm you up, but I think you’re already hot enough.”

“You also made another promise,” Lee reminded him.

“Yes, I did, and I always keep my promises.”

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Nelson put a hand on the shower wall and let the spray massage his back, helping to alleviate the stiffness in his shoulder and back. Every part of him ached from their energetic love making last night. Lee had been playful and demanding, and Nelson was beginning to wonder if he would be able to keep up with his young stallion.

Reaching for the shower gel, he soaped his body, noting the bruise marks from Lee’s fingers on his thighs. Incredibly, his cock stirred at the memory of Lee fucking him. Ducking his head under the
spray, he washed and rinsed his hair before turning off the shower and stepping out.

After drying off, he pulled on his robe and brushed his teeth, then returned to the bedroom. Lee was sprawled on his stomach, the quilt tangled around his hips and long legs. For a moment Nelson stood watching him sleep. He looked so young and almost childlike. Nelson found himself moving towards the bed, with an irresistible urge to touch the sleeping man.

Lee stirred and rolled onto his back, groaning softly as he stretched.

Nelson sat on the edge of the bed. “Good morning.”

Lee’s eyes opened and focused on him. “Morning,” Lee reached for him. “Come back to bed.”

Nelson chuckled. “I’m not sure that I can perform again just yet.”

“Please, just for a few minutes,” Lee pleaded. Taking Nelson’s hand he guided it to his growing erection. “Hold me.”

“Well, I guess if you put it like that,” Nelson took the small bottle of massage oil and put a few drops onto his hands and then took Lee’s straining length into his hand, slowly spreading the oil over the shaft. Starting at the tip and moving down towards Lee’s tight balls.

Lee’s eyes closed. “Owww, Harri, Owww!”

Reaching the base, Nelson gently stroked back along the shaft to the tip. He repeated it several times until Lee was gasping, his cock rigid. Using both hands he began to gently squeeze with each downward stroke, hand over hand, always keeping Lee’s cock held in his hands.

Lee moaned louder, breathless. His face flushed and his fingers gripping the pillow either side of his head. “Owww, yes, Owww.”

Nelson speeded up, wrapping his hand around the shaft and pushing down towards the base until a drop of moisture formed on the tip. Nelson stopped and turned his attention to Lee’s balls. He lifted them, rubbing his thumb down the centre, pulling the skin tight and separating them. “Do you like that?”

“Owww, Harri...you’re...killing me,” Lee panted one hand reaching for his cock.

Nelson swatted it away. “No touching, you’re mine,”

“Owww, please!”

Nelson returned to fisting Lee’s cock, moving up and down and squeezing until Lee exploded into his hands.

Lee sighed and rolled onto his side, curling up contentedly. “Thanks, I needed that.”

“It was a pleasure.” Reluctantly, he forced himself to his feet. If he stayed there much longer he’d be tempted to get back into bed, and as much as he enjoyed pleasing Lee, common sense told him that they couldn’t spend the whole time screwing. His heart would never stand the pace; but what a way to go.

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An hour later Lee wondered into the family room, looking slightly disheveled in jeans and a pale green shirt that hung open. He was still shoeless, but had on a pair of white socks. He ran a hand
through his hair, still damp from the shower. “You let me sleep in?”

“You looked like you needed it.” Nelson put down his paper and watched Lee, still not totally able to believe the transformation. “There’s coffee in the pot.” Aboard Seaview, Lee practically lived on coffee.

“Thanks,” Lee headed in the direction of the kitchen, buttoning his shirt as he went.

Nelson trailed after him, intent of making sure that Lee had a proper breakfast. After all the energy he had expended, he’d need it.

The kitchen was soon filled with the smell of bacon as Lee stood at the stove. Nelson pulled out one of the chairs and sat down, watching Lee. Once again Lee had surprised him. Nelson usually had a housekeeper that did the cooking when he was home, but here at the beach house, he usually ordered from one of the restaurants; but it seemed that Lee was more than capable of cooking for himself.

“What would you like to do today?” Nelson asked.

Lee turned from the stove and gave him a mischievous grin. “How about some adventures in the water?”

Nelson chuckled, knowing exactly what sort of adventures Lee had in mind. “Is that legal?”

“I don’t know. We’ll have to find a secluded spot where no-one can see us.”

“Captain, I do believe you’re trying to lead me astray,” Nelson joked.

Smiling, Lee moved to the table with his plate of bacon and hotcakes, and sat down. “I’m a naughty boy, remember?”

“Oh, yes – very well.” Nelson’s cock swelled at the memory of Lee bent over his desk. “I can see that I am going to have to punish you again.”

Lee shivered and momentarily abandoning his food. “Yes, Sir, please, Sir.”

Nelson’s pants were becoming uncomfortably tight as he thought about what he was going to do to Lee, and that thick, juicy cock. “That’s enough, Captain. Finish your breakfast and we’ll discuss it later.” Nelson took a gulp of his coffee; he was definitely going to need the caffeine.

“Yes, Sir.”

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Nelson was enjoying the view as Lee waded ashore and headed up the beach towards him, water still dripping from his tanned skin. He gave Nelson a brilliant smile as he closed the space between them those amazing eyes alive with happiness. He couldn’t take his eyes from the firm body, wanting to run his hands all over it. To touch the hard nipples and take them in his mouth. His own sex hardened in response. He licked his lips, he wanted to pull down Lee’s trunks and take his pulsing cock in his hand.

Lee flopped down onto the towel beside him. “You should’ve come in, the water’s great.”

“I think I would rather use the pool, its warmer,” Nelson could think of a few things that he would
like to do with Lee in the pool.

“And more private,” Lee grinned, voicing what Nelson had been thinking. Although the beach was private, there was no way to guard it from sea and the view of any passing boats. “Do you want to go inside?”

Nelson shook his head. As much as he wanted to touch Lee, he told himself he should give Lee some space and not jump him at every opportunity.

Lee stretched out on the towel, one knee raised and an arm across his face, shading his eyes from the sun.

Nelson’s gaze drifted over the lean torso causing a rush of desire. He closed his eye to shut out the provocative sight of a near naked Lee Crane lying beside him. He was a retired Admiral for heaven’s sake, yet his body was acting like that of a sex starved animal on heat. For both their sakes he needed to get control of his mind and body, or working so close aboard Seaview would be impossible.

“Chip asked me who I was seeing.”

“What?” Nelson pushed up on his elbows and looked at Lee.

“He said it was obvious, and that I was acting like a love sick kid.”

“Did you tell him?” Nelson asked carefully.

Lee shook his head. “Not while we were on the boat. Besides, I’m still getting used to the idea.”

Nelson smiled. “Me too.”

~~ End ~~

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