



BLACK LACE
QUICKIES

Even More Taboo

EROTIC SHORT FICTION



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About the Book

Featuring tales of boyfriends and girlfriends, lesbians and gay men, wives, husbands, acquaintances, strangers, *Even More Taboo* gives you even more stories of kinky romance.

About the Editor

In the last decade, Debra Hyde's erotic short stories appeared in numerous major anthologies from several major publishers. Among the earliest bloggers to write about sex and culture, Debra has maintained her key weblog, 'Pursed Lips', since 1999, she keeps a light-hearted author web site/blog, 'Weaving Erotic Wonders', and writes about her experiences as an e-book author and reader at Thin Air Codex. She also dabbles in podcasts and YouTube content, keeping the erotic world primed with content.

Debra is an erotic adventurer, a wife and mother, a daughter and sister, a friend to others, as well as a queer supporter, eccentric bibliophile, and confirmed New Englander.

Quickies:
Even More Taboo

Edited by
Debra Hyde

BLACK
LACE

Dedication

To good lubrication, which makes all things possible.

Captain's Boy

By Felicity Chapman

At precisely half past eight, Lieutenant Aaron Williams knocked on the door to the captain's quarters aboard the *HMS Resolved*. As a boy he had not been punctual, but when his father paid his commission and he was sent to sea, Aaron learned quickly of its importance. Especially aboard the *Resolved*, whose captain demanded perfection from his men, Aaron included. That first assignment had prepared him well for his promotion to lieutenant, but nothing could have sufficiently prepared him for Captain Walter Griffith.

The captain was an accomplished officer, a stern man with high expectations and a stiff, impatient demeanor, even with the young officers under his command and mentoring. The first week on the *Resolved*, the Captain had given Aaron a glass of whiskey and told him to abandon his idealistic dreams if he hoped to ever accomplish anything in His Majesty's Navy.

"Leave those things on land, Lieutenant," the captain had instructed him firmly that first evening. "The sea will not care for your ideals, and nor should you."

So Aaron had tried well to put aside his ideals and be more like the captain and less like the eager boy who had stepped on a ship nearly seven years before. He even began to think he was succeeding. The captain was never softer toward him, except during certain stolen moments, moments that had become more frequent in the last few months, every Thursday evening at exactly eight thirty, when the bell above deck was rung.

In some respects, it was an evening like every other evening Aaron had come to the captain. At first, it had been for his continued mentorship, those lessons in commanding men under the most difficult of conditions, but in the last four months, things had begun to change.

When Captain Griffith answered the door, he betrayed no special pleasure at his young lieutenant's visit. He ushered him in with a curt nod and went to his desk to pour them both a glass of wine.

"Did you peruse the logs I gave you?" the captain asked, walking over to his porthole and turning his back to him as they spoke.

Aaron admired his straight back. Though the captain had removed his jacket for the evening, he looked as regal and imposing as ever. Their evenings together were often like this: the Captain patient when it came to the carnal, but impatient when it came to answers to his questions. Aaron snapped his gaze up.

"I brought them back earlier this week," he answered, carefully handling the crystal glass of whiskey before him.

The captain turned and looked at him steadily. "You acquitted yourself well in the storm last night. I was not disappointed."

Aaron could hardly help his smile in the light of the captain's high praise. "Thank you, sir."

The captain made a quiet noise, ending that conversation, but he didn't look away from the window, either. He often seemed drawn to the horizon, as if some great, heavy thing drew his attention. Aaron knew not to disturb him during that time, but wondered what he thought about so deeply.

Aaron didn't dare to move towards him until he was given permission. No matter what he thought about their intimacies, duty always came first.

"I may make a solid officer out of you yet," Captain Griffith said. He drained his glass, signaling an end to business. It had come earlier and earlier in their talks

lately, and remained the only visible sign of any eagerness on his part.

Aaron shakily finished his glass and set it down, nervously wondering as he always did if he should have washed them. The captain finally tore himself from the window and placed his glass on the little tray on his desk where a crystal decanter held the rest of his whiskey. Aaron stood up clumsily, banging his knee on the underside of the table and cringing with the burst of pain that came with it.

As always, the captain looked unaffected as he approached the table and looked down at Aaron, though they were of nearly equal height.

“On your knees, Lieutenant,” he instructed, his calloused hands barely brushing Aaron’s shoulder in something that approached affection.

Aaron fell to his knees, always quick to respond to his captain’s order. There was no mistaking his words for anything other than a command, although it was one Aaron was very pleased to obey. He unbuttoned the captain’s trousers and palmed him through his undershorts, feeling his heat, the firmness of him. Then Aaron pulled him out carefully and took him in his mouth, letting him harden fully.

Aaron found it difficult to remember if it had been Aaron’s idea or the captain’s, but he always hoped he could pull any sort of reaction out of the captain other than the soft sort of noises he made when he finished. As always, the captain was quiet, yielding nothing more than an approving hum, but his cock was as unyielding as marble. Or his command.

A piece of hair fell into Aaron’s face. The captain brushed it back with the same decisive and gentle touch he always employed, but looking upward Aaron saw he seemed pensive and distracted.

Aaron pulled back and pressed a kiss against the tip of him. “Is something wrong, Captain?”

“I think I want something different,” the captain said in his slow rumble. His hand rested on Aaron’s cheek, and he pulled away before he finished speaking.

Aaron’s heart stopped and he staggered to his feet. Something different could mean a great many things. It could mean the captain was no longer interested, a prospect that, surprisingly, deeply frightened him.

“Come here.” The captain turned and led him back into his quarters, to his immaculate bunk. Aaron had been there a few times, whenever the captain had the urge, and certainly didn’t object at all. He began to unbutton the captain’s uniform.

The captain looked about to object, Aaron stilled his hands, resting on his buttons. The captain pulled away and began undressing himself with efficiency so fierce that Aaron openly stared. In all his memory, he couldn’t recall the captain ever undressing himself as he was just then: into complete nakedness. He had never done more than pull down his trousers when they were together, and seeing him bare was as strange as it was exciting. He was a tall man, firmly built and roughly weathered from years at sea. When Aaron stepped forward, his captain gripped his arm and pulled him closer to the bunk.

“Captain.” Aaron looked up at him, full of longing. He suddenly wanted to be pushed down onto the mattress. But the expected force didn’t come, and he found the captain gazing at him with the same plain expectation.

“Lieutenant,” he said, his mouth tight. “You have allowed me certain liberties.”

“With pleasure, sir,” Aaron answered, watching him. The captain sat on his bunk, then lay back.

Aaron moved toward the edge of the bed, his limbs heavy and slow. “Captain,” he muttered in a low whisper, staring into his steely eyes.

“Come here,” he repeated, taking his hand. “I want you to fuck me.”

It was unexpected, forbidden, and even intimidating, but Aaron's cock gave an eager twitch. The crass word sounded all the more arousing coming in those familiar clipped, short tones. He knelt on his bunk and looked down at him, the angle unfamiliar and foreign to him. Why would his captain want this from him?

"Sir," Aaron breathed, touching his bare knees, admiring his sinewy frame beneath him. "Sir, are you certain?"

"Of course I'm certain," the captain snapped as if he were delivering an order.

Aaron found it oddly endearing.

But the tone was unquestioning. Aaron spat in his hand, just like the captain did for him, and reached down to touch him. He found his entrance warm and tight, and it took some patience to slip in even a single finger.

In times past, with Aaron on the bottom, the captain had been patient and careful with him. Aaron would do at least that much for his captain. While the captain closed his eyes and took slow, even breaths, Aaron allowed him whatever time he needed to adjust to the meager girth of his finger. Slowly, he twisted his finger. He'd need to stretch the captain considerably to warrant a prayer of getting anything as large as his impatient cock inside him. But with patient and persistence, Aaron gradually worked him open slowly. Soon he had three fingers inside the captain. "Are you ready?" he asked shakily.

"Yes!" His forehead damp with sweat, the captain's eyes flew open, meeting Aaron's gaze with a piercing stare. But beneath his stern reaction, a hidden spark revealed itself—the eagerness Aaron had always hoped to see.

But it was fleeting. In the next breath, the captain barked at Aaron. "Do not fret over me like some sort of trembling maiden, Lieutenant."

"You made it good for me," Aaron explained in a low mutter. He carefully pulled his fingers out and aimed the slick tip of his cock instead. "I want to make it the same for

you.” He took a deep breath, met the captain’s eyes, and pushed forward.

If Aaron thought it impossible that anything could ever feel as good as the captain fucking him, he was about to discover otherwise. When his cock breached him and Captain Griffith’s lips parted, it was utterly amazing. The captain *trusted* him to do this for him, a responsibility Aaron vowed that very moment to make sacred.

He worked slowly, sinking deeper bit by bit until he was fully sheathed inside him. The captain was tighter than he ever could have imagined, gripping his cock so firmly he could barely move. He made an involuntary sound, and so did the captain, something soft and urgent.

That little noise drew Aaron down to the captain. He reached for the man’s face, diverting his hand to his shoulder at the last moment.

“Oh, sir,” Aaron gasped, drawing himself out with maddening slowness. He went still when the captain silently grabbed his elbow, panting to catch his breath. Giving him a moment to recover, Aaron pressed back inside. The captain’s rough breath hit him, his fingers pressing hard enough to bruise Aaron’s arm.

“Lieutenant,” the captain gasped, and reached down to stroke his stiff and untended cock.

Aaron shuddered and leaned into the task the captain had given him. “Yes, sir?”

“I told you I am not a blushing maid.”

Aaron nodded breathlessly and began to work his hips, pushing in and out despite the incredible tightness and resistance. He’d never felt pleasure like this, not from his own hand, nor the captain’s.

Every thrust made the captain gasp a little louder. His thin fingers gripped his manhood tightly until it lurched, and a full-body shudder indicated he was mere seconds from climax. The Captain grabbed the back of Aaron’s neck just as he came, pulling him down into a bruising,