

13

‘Grrr, grrr, grrr. How many is that?’ asked a naked Oddbjorn Ballengrud as he pumped out another three push ups.

‘Forty seven Chief,’ replied an equally naked Filipino able bodied seaman from the couch in Oddbjorn’s cabin.

‘Forty eight, grrr, forty nine, grrr, fifty, phew. Oh yes, looking at those pecs boys.’ Oddbjorn jumped to his feet and flexed his glistening chest. ‘No bad?’

‘No bad, Chief. You’re one pumped up sex machine,’ complemented the other Filipino able bodied seaman, who was laying on Oddbjorn’s rumpled bed. His skin was also glistening from the physical exertions it had gone through a few minutes earlier. ‘Can I have one of your Marlboros?’

‘What? Oh yah. Go ahead taking the packet, you’ve earning it. I have go in a minute my watch starting soon,’ replied Oddbjorn as he stood in front of the mirror wiping the sweat from his body. God, he looked good, his biceps were really pumped, and now he had started shaving it he could really see the definition of his chest. He wiped his front and back, and under each arm, and was about to continue drying himself lower down when he had an idea. Widening his stance he said to the Filipino on his couch, ‘Seaman, come and drying my balls for me.’ His balls hung perfectly symmetrically, as large as a pair of fine Italian plum tomatoes. He had recently taken to using hair removal cream on them and this left their delicate wrinkled flesh wonderfully smooth, perfect for sucking on. Oddbjorn couldn’t resist any opportunity that involved someone else paying close attention to his magnificent pair of pomodoros.

Looking down at the kneeling seaman beneath him, who had got straight to work, and across to his bed

where the other smoking seaman had begun to masturbate, Oddbjorn reflected how he really preferred much bigger men. Now that Geral had had to be disposed of however these two skinny Filipinos would have to do. Together they were up to the job. He continued to inspect his fine form in the full length mirror and enjoyed seeing the seaman so engrossed in drying every nook and cranny of his genitalia. Rubbing his hand round the back of his scalp he decided that he could put off shaving his head until tomorrow. The top of his head was actually bald, but by shaving off the remaining ring of hair he thought it made him look much younger and more butch. He fingered the satsuma sized indent in his head, the accident that had created it had been the catalyst for all these changes in his life, and the scar remained a reminder of his old life that he had felt so trapped in. Recently he had begun to feel strange movements inside the indent, from under the skin, and he felt the movements begin again now.

‘Be ready tonight,’ he said, addressing both the seamen. ‘You should be making your way from your cabins down to hold number three at two hundred hours. All the human crew will be asleep at that time.’

‘Should we come in our human vessels?’ asked the seaman looking up from between Oddbjorn’s legs.

‘No, it will be best to be leaving your human forms in your rooms. Leaving them in their bunks and setting them sleep mode, that way if anyone finds them there will be no suspicions. Obviously, leaving your bunny suits on.’

‘What work will we be doing tonight Chief ?’ the smoking seaman asked, wiping his own cum from his chest with one of Oddbjorn’s socks.

‘We must beginning the fit out of the humans that we are picking up in Busan and Osaka. Their brains will need removing, and the instrument panels and cockpits will be needing installing. We will be busy after Yokohama with the rabbits we are taking on board there, so we are needing to start work straight away.’

‘Righto Chief. It’s all dry down here.’

‘Oh great. You can be getting up now. Make sure you

are passing on the message about tonight to our four Chinese deckhands, and to the chief engineer.'

'What about the Commander?' asked other seaman as he sniffed the sock.

'No, leave him to resting. He has had a lot to deal with these past few days with that malfunctioning rabbit and the deterioration of his human. He is needing all his strength for what is to be coming.'

Oddbjorn slipped on his clothes that had been left lying about his cabin an hour earlier. He took a clean pair of socks from his underwear draw and pulled them on. 'Making sure no one is seeing you leaving my cabin when you go. I am the chief officer you know, and don't go getting up to anything with each other whilst I am not here.' Oddbjorn slapped the buttock of the nearest seaman.

'Chief?' said the other seaman.

'Yes seaman.'

'Can I borrow this Van Damme DVD?'

'Ya,' said Oddbjorn, slipping on his shoes and stepping out of his cabin. Standing in the corridor he adjusted his genitals inside his fine white cotton Y-fronts and his other hand absentmindedly went to the indent in his head where the strange movements beneath the skin had now stopped. But before making his way up the stairs to the bridge to begin his watch, he walked down the corridor to the radio room to check to see if there were any new faxes from the company. He entered the room and sat on the wood effect plastic laminate work surface that was home to the radio apparatus, a photocopier and the fax machine. The company newsletter hung from the fax. Scanning through it he could see nothing of interest, just the usual bilge from the companies aging director. This time he was going on about some outdoor pursuit weekend he had gone on recently, why did he think anyone would be interested in that? Oddbjorn was just about to head off to the bridge when the fax machine sprang to life and began to make the series of pulses and screeches that meant it was receiving a new message. By craning his neck right round Oddbjorn was able to read the fax line by line as it came out of the machine. It began

‘Attention: Captain Nemo, From: Mrs Nemo, PRIVATE & CONFIDENTIAL.’ Naturally Oddbjorn read on, but not before pushing the radio room’s door shut. The fax continued:

‘Dear Alkal. As you seem completely incapable of any adult conversation on the telephone, I am forced to tell you what I must by fax. What I tried to tell you yesterday on the phone, and which you seemed either not to understand or to completely ignore, is that I am having an affair with your brother, (the younger more handsome one). We have been seeing each other for the past twenty three years, and during that time he has spent more time in my bed than you have. There is no point coming home, and I certainly will not be joining you in Yokohama for our ‘little holiday’. It’s too late for holidays now. You should thank me you know, you can now go on and continue your love affair with the sea. Please don’t call. Bon Voyage. Cheryl.’

‘Well, well, well,’ murmured Oddbjorn, ‘Poor Captain Nemo, he’s probably best rid of her, but then I would be saying that wouldn’t I?’ He tore the fax from the machine and precisely folded it in half. Stepping out of the radio room, he crossed the corridor and gave three brisk knocks on the door of the captain’s cabin. There was no answer so Oddbjorn gave three more knocks as he really wanted to see that captain’s face when he got the fax.

‘What? Who is it?’ came a weary voice from inside.

‘Chief, Captain. Message for you.’

The door slowly opened and a dishevelled, bleary eyed captain came out. Oddbjorn was certain that it was brandy that he could smell on the captain’s breath. Clearly he had understood what his wife had told him over the telephone.

‘Fax for you Captain, just arrive,’ said Oddbjorn handing him the folded piece of paper. The captain seemed pleasantly pleased about this small diversion, completely unsuspecting of the final blow that this fax contained. His large fingers fumbled to unfolded the paper and his bloodshot eyes squinted as he read the message. Oddbjorn watched as the captain’s feline eyes

welled up and large silent tears began to plop out onto his smooth brown cheeks. Not looking up from the fax the captain slowly turned and went into his quarters, closing the door behind him with a gentle click.