

Let's Get Yachty

By:
Incognito
Mean

18+
Adult
Readers
Only!



“This party sucks. Don’t you think?”
Scoffed a familiar sounding calla lily
headed young man.

Brighton Diamine turned his faceted head to see his former classmate leaned back on the same railing at the edge of starboard. The young graduate held an empty champagne flute in his hand, twirling it nonchalantly, the glass stem dancing between his nimble fingers. Cal Ligus Junior, as he was called, wore a stark white button up by Label with a deep eggplant and royal blue silken striped tie. His shirt pocket contained a number of fine writing instruments that Brighton recognized from their luxury branding. His single eye may have lingered too long at Cal’s impeccably ironed slate gray dress pants and Italian leather belt adorned with an intricately detailed buckle before staring

down at his shining black plain toe shoes. He could see his own reflection blinking back at himself in these shoes, mesmerized by more than his visage.

“I guess so. I didn’t really ask to be here. I’m guessing you didn’t either.”

Brighton Diamine was the youngest son of Zion Diamine and Cal Ligus Junior the only son of Cal Ligus Senior. Both the young men being 18 years of age, on the cusp of moving on up in life. Senior worked under Diamine and both men were quite a big deal. Zion’s Pharmaceutical company that monopolized the country of Anterica had seen many successes as well as hiccups in his lifetime. However, the failures were never celebrated over open water on a dazzling yacht like tonight.

Diamine industries had been passed down the Diamine family line for generations and Zion wasn't going to let it stop at any of his three sons' accounts. Ligus Senior felt the same way about Junior, and put forth as much money and effort as possible into training him to follow in his footsteps in the tech side of the business. Neither kin of Diamine nor Ligus were highly enthusiastic about filling in their father's white collars and extravagantly priced dress shoes.

Cal rolled his single left eye. "God, you don't even know the half of it. I am sick of being on this overgrown ship sometimes. I can't keep making nice with all these guys I don't care about for my dad."

Brighton chuckled to himself, remembering quickly his company. "I'm sorry, it's just

kind of a relief that someone else feels the way I do. It's really hard to find someone who gets it, you know?" The viral quickly swallowed down, as if to take back his words in fear of what Junior might say. His prior experiences talking to like aged kin of the men his father played diplomacy with did not always go so well. You couldn't keep a secret around these parts.

Cal only laughed to himself, fully aware of Brighton's observation. "You know, Diamine, I used to be kind of intimidated by you. If your family wasn't so imposing, I'd probably have talked to you sooner. You seem cool."

"Me? Like actually cool?" Brighton nearly choked, nearly losing his cool.

“Yeah, you’re not going to tattle on me to daddy about me being a poor sport about this whole billionaire blowout, are you? ‘Cause if you did, then I’d be totally wrong about you in this moment.”

The viral sputtered at the floro’s teasing. “Of course not, I wouldn’t ever! I can’t even imagine telling any of this talk to pops.”

Despite not having a visible mouth, the young lily floro’s eyes squinted into a very clear smile. “You’re cool, Diamine. You’re cool. Say, I’m getting really low on bubbly here, you wanna get some more? I don’t see any in your glass either.”

Brighton nodded and trailed behind. It’s true that the young adults weren’t of legal age to drink, but that was of no concern

over the water and to the corporate crawl. The two weaved between the finely suited businessmen seated comfortably between their middle and upper ages, leather shoes tip tapping the wooden deck until they reached the refreshments and served themselves. The opened bottles of vintage champagne had flattened by the time the two reached it, but their conversation had become more vivid.

They both exchanged glances and clammed up as someone walked by or near and stifled their laughter as they left, unaware of the boys paying them mind. Cal and Brighton passed time with a few more drinks and lighthearted like minded conversation.

“Boy, you’re right,” started Brighton. “This yacht may be really nice, but it is boring as all hell.”

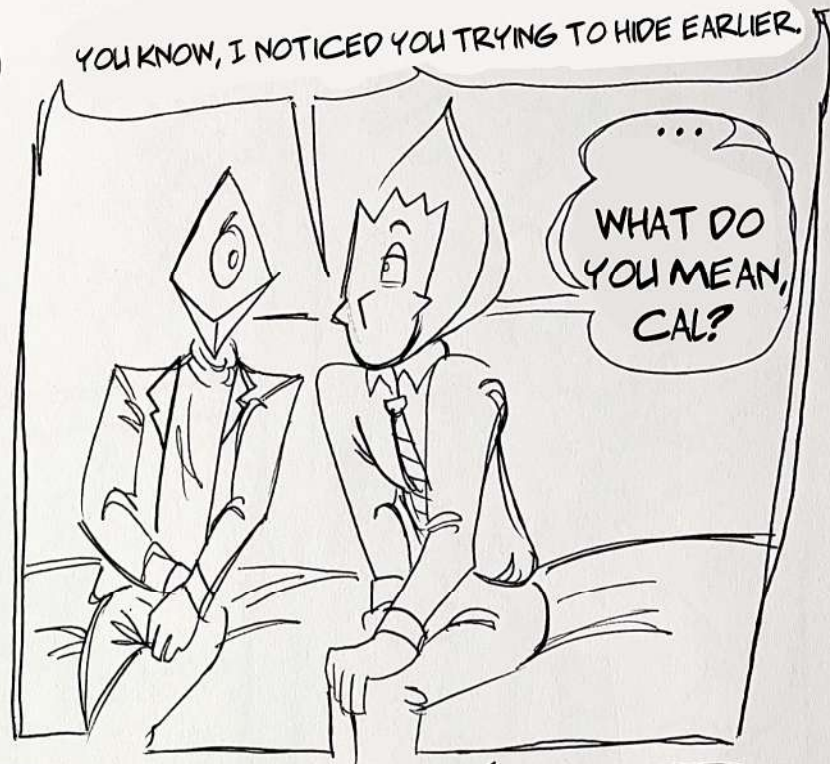
A sly look spread across Cal’s yellow complexion as he swished his last glass and cocked his other hand on his hip playfully. “It doesn’t have to be. I know a place we can get away.”

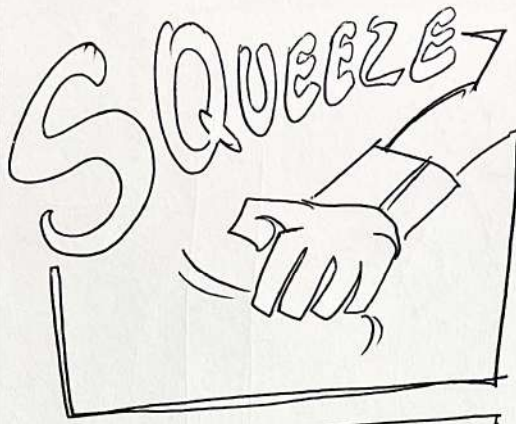
Brighton’s heart nearly beat out of his chest at the proposition. Was it a proposition? Was he imagining things? Overthinking them? Whatever he was thinking, he was curious as to where this would go. Once again, he trailed his new friend.

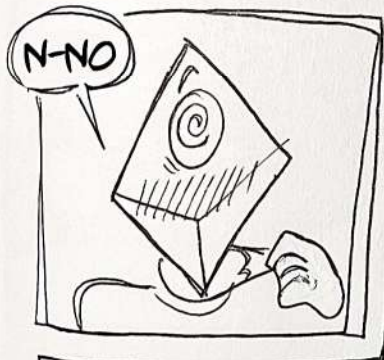
Cal led the two of them away from the crowd and to the inside areas of the ship, producing and using a keycard through a

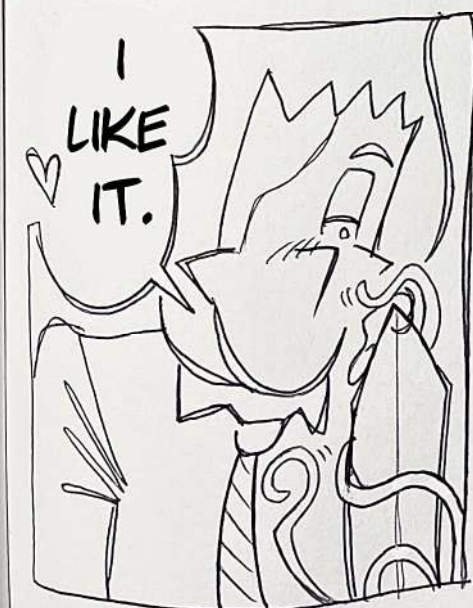
series of doors until he swung one open to reveal a spacious and modern bedroom. The door shut behind the two and Cal locked it. He crossed the room, patting the duvet and prompting Brighton to take a seat before making his way to the vast windows and grabbing hold of the curtains, where he recognized one of his peers leaning against the glass as he spoke to another.

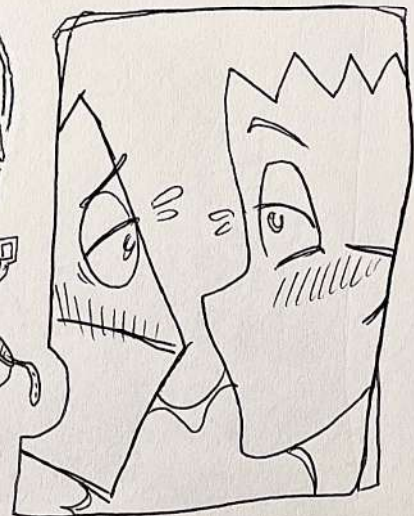
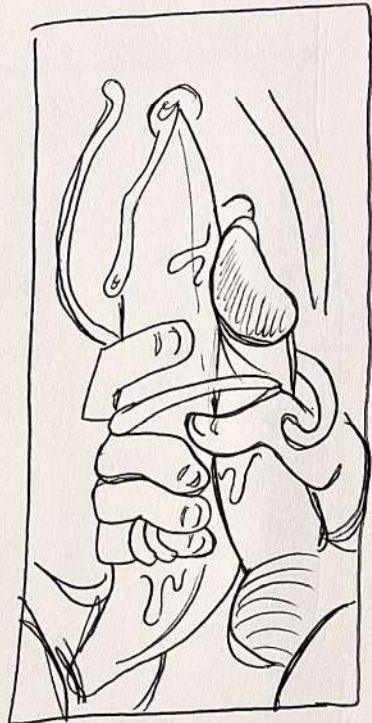
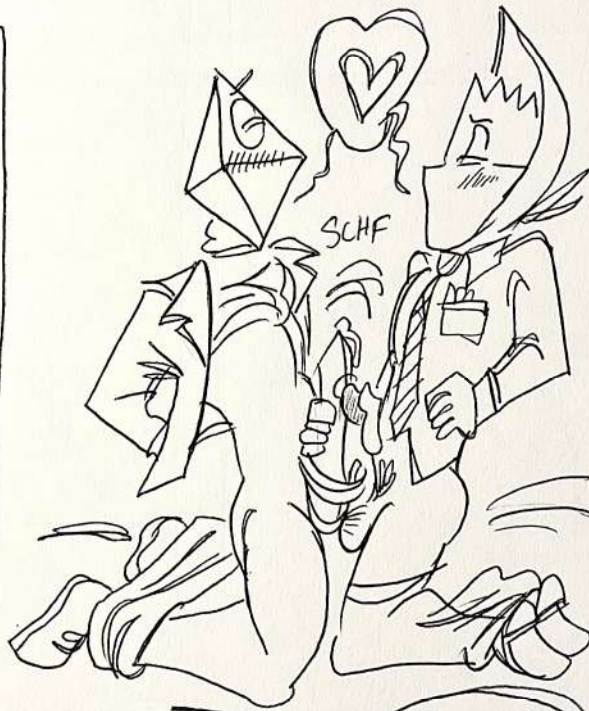
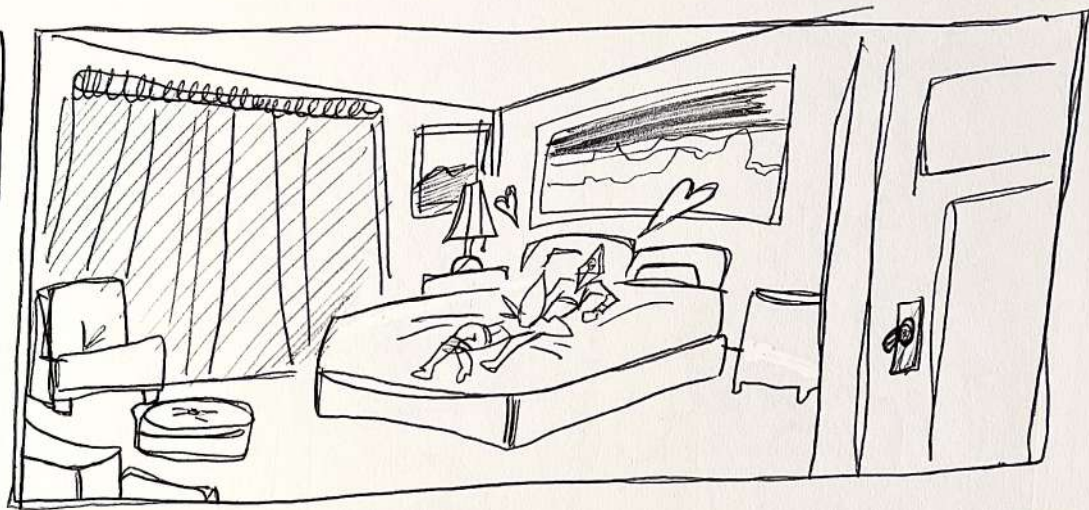
“Let’s shut these,” Cal drew together the deep merlot curtains, pressing them tight and checking for any gaps. Satisfied, he sat himself to Brighton’s left hand side. The viral to the right of him, not speaking a peep, had his hands placed firmly in his lap over his groin, which caught his curiosity.

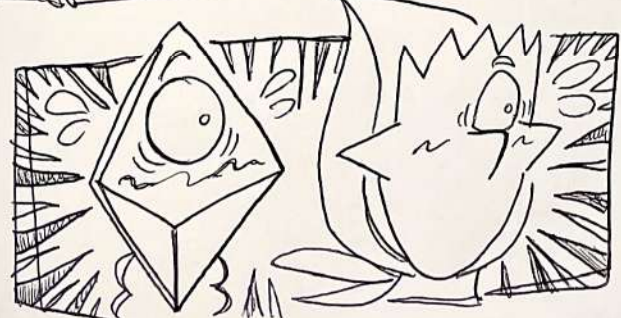












KNOCK KNOCK

Cal Ligus Junior, come Out!



JUNIOR, I'D LIKE
YOU TO MEET
BRYCE. HE'S
REGINALD'S SON.



I HEARD THAT TONE,
YOUNG MAN. MAKING
A GOOD IMPRESSION ON
THE POWERS IS VERY
IMPORTANT, DO YOU
UNDERSTAND ME?



OH. IT'S
YOU...



THE "DO NOT MESS THIS UP FOR US" STARE

I SEE YOU'VE
GOT BRIGHTON
WITH YOU.
HAVE YOU TWO
BEEN HIDING
ALL NIGHT?



NO, WE HAVEN'T.
WHY IS THAT
YOUR BUSINESS
ANYWAYS?



WHAT DO YOU MEAN,
"OH IT'S YOU?"



NOTHING,
WHAT DO
YOU THINK
IT MEANS,
GENIUS?

OKAY,
AND?

IN CASE YOU DIDN'T
KNOW, MY DAD IS YOUR
DAD'S BOSS. PLUS,
YOU'RE A TERRIBLE
LIAR. I SAW
YOU TWO EARLIER.

AND
I
GUESS
THE
RUMORS
ARE
TRUE.

THAT WAS
YOU
EARLIER?

SIP

NEWSFLASH, CAL, THIS
PRIVATE YACHT
OF YOURS
IS NOT
THAT
PRIVATE.

YOU WOULDN'T TELL ANYONE.

THAT WHAT? YOU'RE A COLOSSAL FAGGOT?

YOU AND
BRIGHTON
BOTH?

WHAT DID
YOU JUST
CALL HIM?





BRIGHTON? WHAT DID YOU DO?

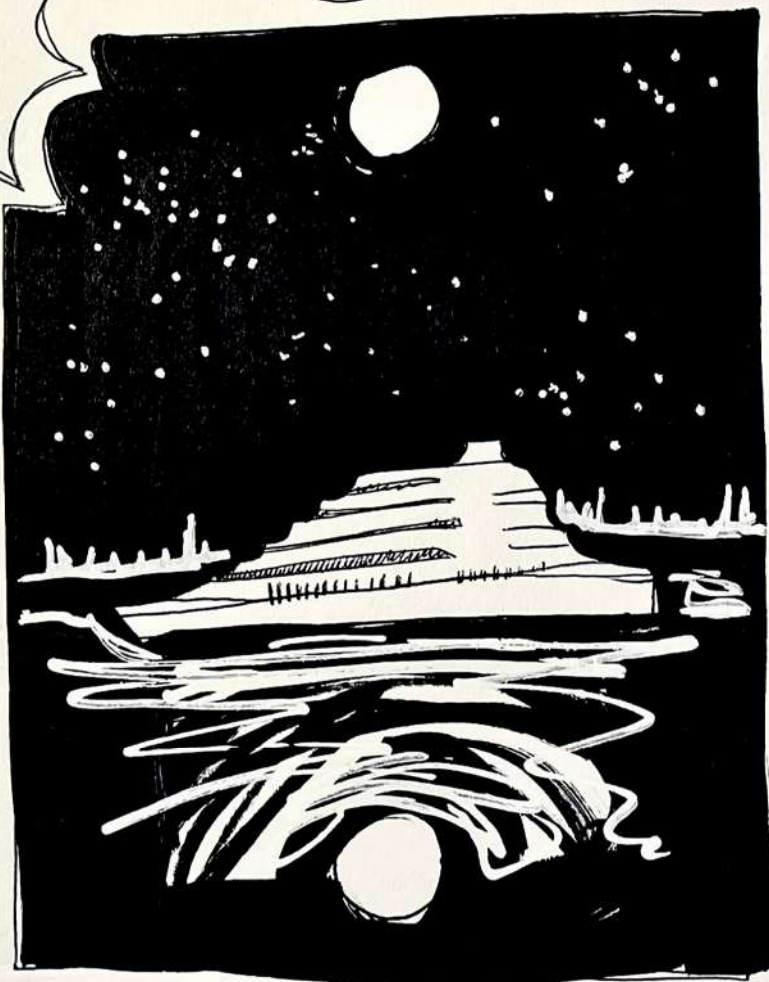


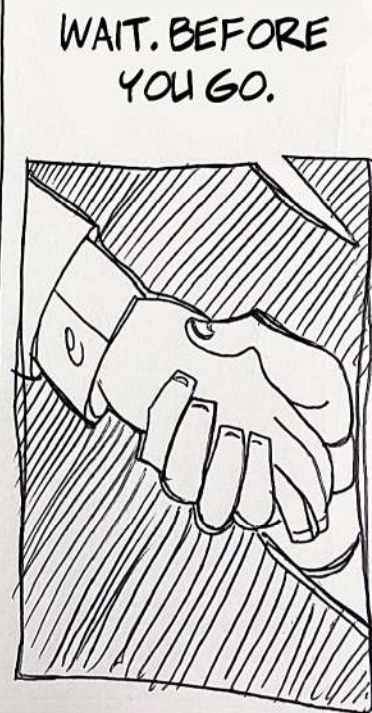
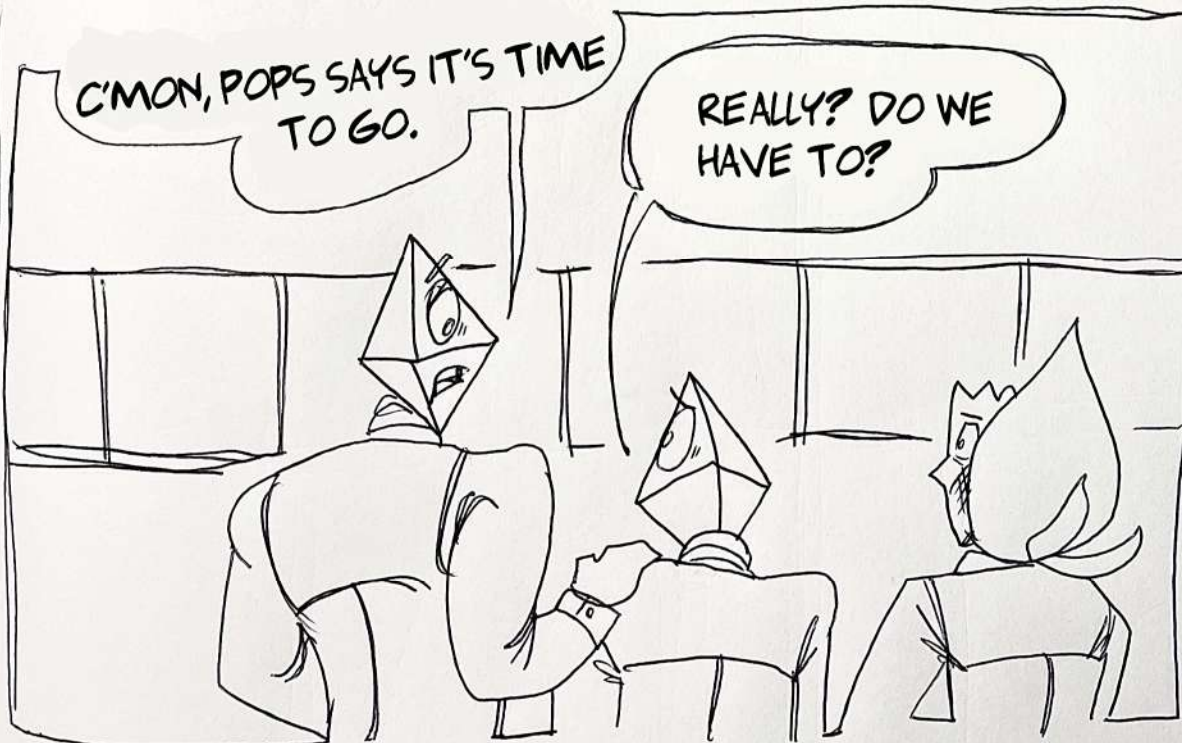
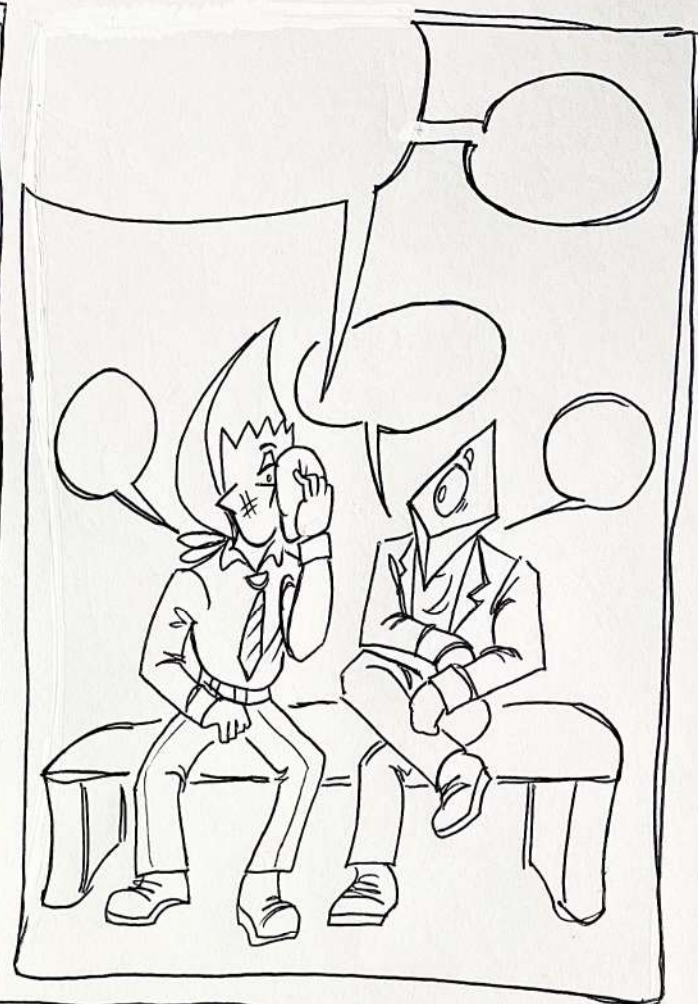
HEY, WAIT!

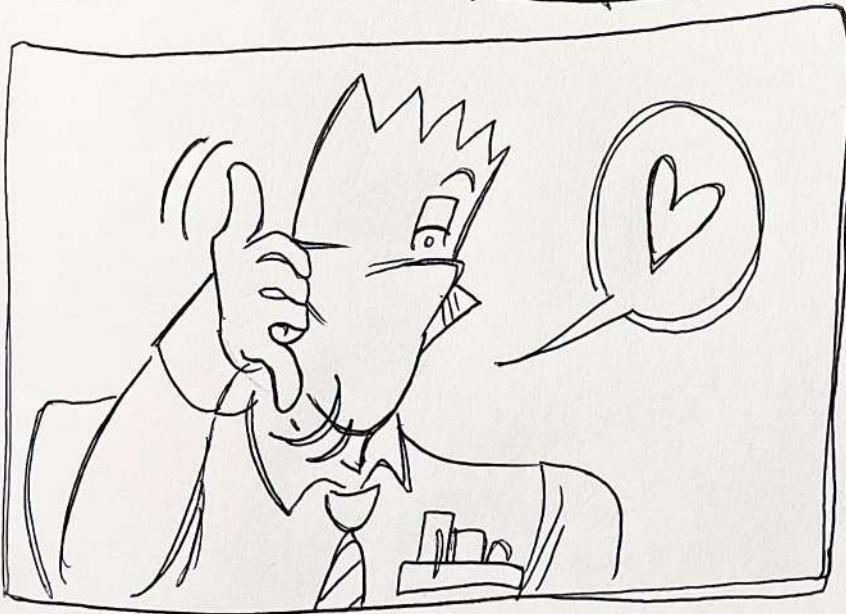
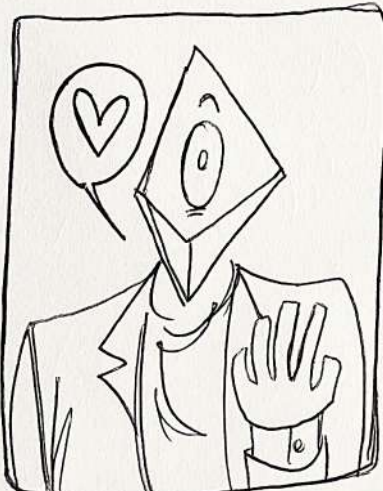
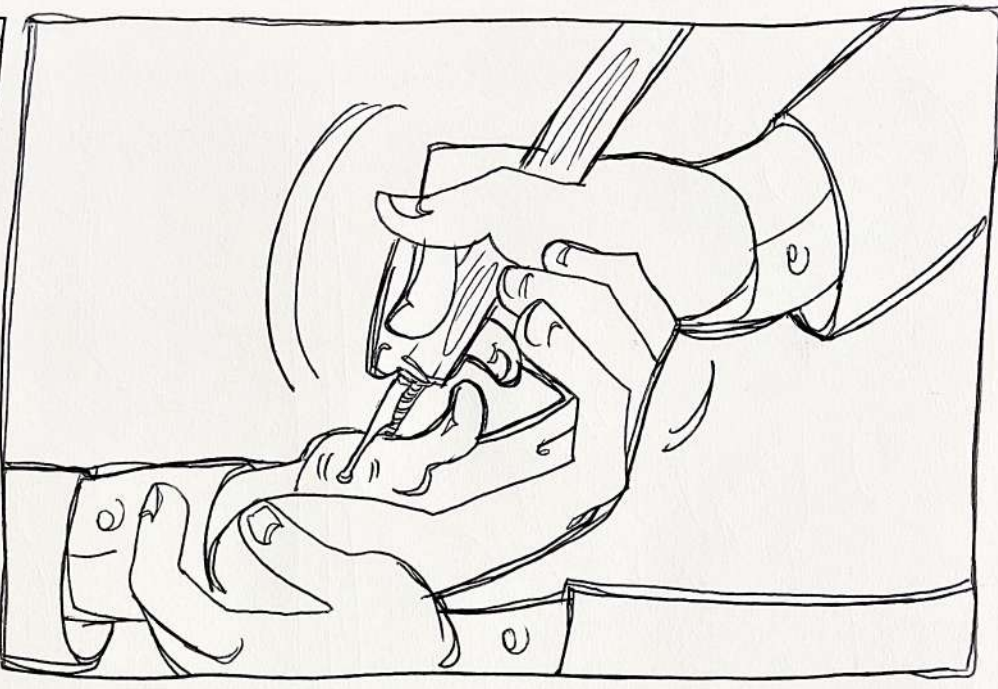


I DARE

YOU TO GET
BACK UP HERE!







HEY. SORRY FOR WHAT I SAID EARLIER.



I'M NOT GONNA GO AROUND
TELLING PEOPLE ABOUT WHATEVER
THE FUCK YOU GUYS WERE
DOING. BUT TELL YOUR STUPID
BOYFRIEND NEVER TO TOUCH
ME AGAIN, GOT IT?



OKAY. BYE,
BRYCE.

OKAY,
WHATEVER.
BYE.

