

NAVY DISCIPLINE

by Argus

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Chapter One

Ordinary Seaman Kim Morgan heard the sound of strange voices nearby; female voices. Her mind was foggy, but she lifted and turned her head slightly, weakly, trying to focus as the voices grew nearer. She had been hanging upside down for some time now, and she anxiously waited relief, waited for someone to come and release her, waited to make her desperate apologies and promises of obedience and good behaviour.

"Oh there's nothing in there. Just a paint locker," she heard Lieutenant Hodge said.

The voices passed further away, and after a moment her head sank again. She was exhausted, drained, and ached over every inch of her body. She had no idea now how long she had been hanging as she was, nor how much longer she would continue to do so.

The captain had said it was fitting punishment for one who was acting above her station, who habitually spoke out of turn, and who seemed more intent on doing nothing than getting her assigned tasks done with dispatch.

Kim had come aboard HMS Majestic, only four months earlier, as a bright, eager new recruit, her soft brown hair newly shorn to collar length, the soft curves of her youthful body hidden beneath the stolid blue cotton of navy jerseys and pants.

She had soon learned that discipline on the Majestic was harsh, and particularly unsympathetic to the women the politicians had forced the old navy hands to take aboard. The Majestic was a warship, a cruiser, and the men who sailed her were bitter at the inclusion of females.

The door opened then. She heard the soft creak of it, then the little snick as the lock was turned once more. She strained her senses, her skin tingling as she awaited a touch, anxious about how rough, how brutal that touch might be.

She heard the sound of hands fumbling at clothing, but no word was spoken. A moment later she felt a touch at her thigh, felt a finger sliding along the narrow shaven opening into her body. A finger stroked her there, searching out her clitoris beneath the questionable protection of its hood.

She felt a small tingle there, inhaling sharply as the finger rubbed softly and deftly. Her limbs strained instinctively against the ropes binding them, then relaxed. A second finger touched her there, slowly twisting downward into her body as the first continued to rub lightly.

"Been a bad girl, have you, Morgan?" a voice whispered. "Going to learn your place now?"

She could not place the voice, though it was familiar. She heard a click, an electrical sound echoed in the small room, and she braced herself for pain before relaxing slightly. It was a vibrator. She felt its touch with a sigh of relief as it rubbed lightly along her slit, then dipped inside her.

She felt the tingling grow more intense, her body responding to the device. Again, her limbs strained lightly, then relaxed, and her head tried to rise, her eyes blindly seeking sight of whoever was with her.

She felt the vibrator thrusting down deep. It was a fat one, and long, and she felt some pain at the strain even as her body tingled more, welcoming the fullness of it. Fingers pushed at its base, jabbing, forcing the base in so it was flush with her straining pubic lips.

The hands withdrew, and she whimpered behind her hood and gag, her body straining, waiting.

She barely heard the hiss as the flog swept down, the long, light leather strips spreading out then striking directly against her hairless sex. The cut into her inner thighs and buttocks, and into the soft pubic mound spread out and bulging around the vibrator impaling her. One caught at her clitoris directly.

She screamed and twisted, writhed in her upside down bonds. Her legs strained desperately to close against the ropes holding them wide. The flog whipped down again, and another battery of pain ripped into her mind, the strips like a dozen sharp needles cutting into her flesh.

She jerked and thrashed, screaming again, trying to beg even with the thick ball-gag in her mouth.

Again the flog descended, and again, and again, as her throat ached with unvoiced screams and her body streamed with sweat. The flog lashed against her until she thought she would go insane with the pain.

Then it began to fade - slowly. The blows continued, but a wall of pain seemed to screen her mind, the pain fading, only the feel of the impact staying behind.

Her mind floated weakly, a haziness gripping her. She groaned softly as the flog whipped against her pussy, her insides throbbing and roiling.

The expected blow did not fall. The vibrator continued to purr within her. She felt hands on her buttocks, spreading them apart, then something soft - yet not - prodding at her anus. She was pierced, a cock driving down into her and rutting furiously. A hand slapped down on her mound, jarring the vibrator inside her.

She sobbed and then screamed. The cock thrust deeper, pumping now, faster and faster. Again, the hand slapped against her sex, and then again, and again.

The climax arose like a geyser, sudden, jarring, fountaining up within her senses, then dropping back. Then it rose anew, or another

did, screaming upwards, blotting out everything else as her body trembled and spasmed.

Every thrust into her body sent a new spasm of exulted pleasure through her mind. Every slap of his hand against her aching sex drew fire from deep within her.

She slumped weakly as the climax ended. She was hardly aware of him finishing, withdrawing. The door opening and closing.

Her mind drifted, for she had not slept in some time. Her head ached painfully, making it difficult to concentrate on anything.

She hung from her ankles, both of which were spread well apart, so much so that the tendons in her inner thighs ached from the strain. Her elbows were bound up together behind her, pulling her shoulders back painfully hard. Her wrists were also bound together, and pulled up high, so that they were almost behind her neck, attached to the collar there.

She wore a complete leather hood which blinded, and partially deafened her. The small round opening over her mouth was hidden beneath a thick leather strap which held the ball gag deep in her mouth.

The ship turned sharply and she heeled over a little on the end of the twin ropes suspending her. Then as it straightened she swung back again, making only the softest of groans.

Her usually pale skin had darkened under the sun as she had worked on deck, yet now it was more reddened, every inch of her exposed flesh criss-crossed with angry red welts and stripes from her whipping and beating - her groin especially so.

She remembered her first startled surprise on her second day aboard, when she had brought coffee to the chief and he had been dissatisfied with the temperature.

"Take it back and get me another that's hot," he'd snapped.

And as he'd turned her and given her a little shove his big hand had swung down and cracked her on the buttocks with such force she'd leapt forward with a cry of startled pain.

Such treatment was against all the posted rules, of course, and she'd seriously and angrily considered whether to protest, and to whom to make such a protest.

Such naivety.

Shortly afterwards she had witnessed a whipping, again, something that was utterly against all the rules and regulations she had learned. It took place in the mess. In one corner, a thick metal bar protruded from the bulkhead about a foot. Attached to it was a second, meter long bar, which ran parallel to the wall.

The male sailor who suffered the punishment, seemingly taking it in stride, was stripped to the waist, his wrists bound to the bar, just to either side of his head, and ten harsh lashes of a long whip given to his bare back.

She had been stunned. Such things simply did not happen in the navy. This was the edge of the twenty first century, after all, not the eighteenth.

She had been terrified, and done her best afterwards to be a meek, obedient sailor. She had endured sneers, curses, cuffs, and increasingly bold groping from male seamen and petty officers. But it had been for naught. They were determined to catch her out at something.

Two weeks into her first cruise, weeping and begging and cursing, they had dragged her up to the bar as other seamen looked on, sipping their tea or eating biscuits, most grinning in anticipation. Her wrists were strapped into place, and then, to her shock and horror, her tunic was torn free, her T-shirt cut loose, and her bra removed.

Several of the sailors whistled and made catcalls as her small breasts jiggled whitely in the glare of the overhead lights, and she pulled frantically at her bound wrists as the Chief read off her offence - insolence.

Right up to the moment the whip had sliced into the soft skin of her upper back she had convinced herself it was a show, that they would not really dare strike her.

Then the pain slashed across her mind and she had screamed in horror and agony, her body writhing and jerking desperately against the tight leather straps, her hips twisting, legs kicking and feet flailing.

The whip cracked down again, throwing her forward, striking the center of her back with enough force and pain to stun her. Tears spilled from her eyes, tears of rage, horror, humiliation and pain.

Another welt rose across her back as the whip swung again. This time the sadistic leading seaman who served on the punishment detail swung wide, letting the whip strike her back a full foot from its tip. This allowed the tip to swing around under her right arm and snap cruelly into the side of her breast.

She howled in agony, pulling even more frantically at her wrists, cursing amid her sobs, threatening them all with exposure, jail, death.

The next blow landed, and a tortured cry of pain broke her words and half knocked her off her feet. Sweat was streaming down her face by then, and beads of it were standing out on her white breasts, and under her arms.

Another blow landed, and another, and she sagged, screaming at the pain, then sobbing weakly. The seaman swung the whip wide again, even wider than before. It hissed in along a deadly curve, arching around her back and ribs, the tip snapping into the centre of her right breast just beneath the small pink nipple.

She was half twisted around, knocked off her feet now, sobbing hysterically. She let herself hang by the wrists as the next blow lashed her burning back.

She could hear some of the seamen behind her, their catcalls softened now, muttered, grunted, growled but no more sympathetic. She could feel their lust and desire, their eagerness as they watched her

whipped.

"Little bitch is getting what she deserves!"

"Nice little tits on the little slag."

Crack!

"Little slut shoulda knowed better."

"Should be in a bordello somewhere, not on this ship."

Crack!

"She'll learn her place right proper now, I reckon."

"Like to see her turned around."

"Shoulda taken her trousers off too."

Crack!

"Something like that's for officers, lad, not the likes of us."

"Nice to look at it, though."

"They should whip those titties."

"I'd like to see that."

When it was done, they unstrapped her, then two powerful seamen had held her arms, half carrying, half dragging her, still nude from the waist up, back through the room. The sailors had leaned forward eagerly to see her bared breasts, licking their lips and leering as her head lolled bonelessly.

"Like to get me some of that!"

They took her to her bunk, where the ship's doctor had been waiting to apply a healing salve to her back. He had seemed very sympathetic, though somewhat eagerly so as he had applied the salve to her breasts, including the one which had not been struck.

No one on the ship had seemed surprised or disapproving, and she had no way of telling anyone else. Her mail was checked by officers before it could be sent off, and she was permitted no other means of communication.

The cruise continued, and she spent most of her time swabbing the deck on all fours, or cleaning out greasy trays in the mess, or cleaning the officer's uniforms.

She had not been surprised when the Captain had taken her the first time, casually, arrogantly, as though she belonged to him, as though she were a mere body for his use with no mind able to dispute his actions.

She had been bringing his uniform to his cabin late one evening. After knocking, he had let her in, let her place the uniform into his wardrobe, then, on turning, found the cabin door closed and the Captain removing his jacket.

"Strip off, Morgan," he ordered.

She had hesitated only long enough to see the coldness come to his eyes, then, frightened, had reached down and with trembling fingers, unbuttoned her blouse. She pulled it off, then, again with a brief hesitation, undid her belt and slid down her trousers.

She wore navy underwear, a heavy bra and ugly panties. He nodded impatiently and, red-faced, she had removed them and stood there, almost

at attention, nude.

The stripes had faded from her body, but not from her mind, as he inspected her.

"Soft. A soft, woman's body," he said.

His hand rose and cupped one of her breasts quite casually, a thumb rising to rub across her nipple.

"Are you going to be a good, obedient little sailor, Morgan?" he asked quietly.

"Y-yes, Captain," she whispered, heart pounding, dazed.

"You know your place, do you, girl?"

"Yes, S-sir," she breathed.

"You don't want another whipping, do you?"

"No, sir!"

"Because you're weak. The navy is no place for females, Morgan. They haven't the strength of body or mind."

His hand closed slowly over her breast as he talked, squeezing tighter and tighter. The pain mounted, and she began gasping for breath. Tears filled her eyes and her hands half rose, her legs trembling as she shifted her weight from one to the other.

"P-Please, sir!" she whimpered.

"Something wrong, Morgan?" he asked.

He twisted slowly, and she felt the tears fall onto her cheeks. She could hardly breathe as her body half turned, trying to follow his movements.

"P-p-please!" she sobbed.

He released her breast and she felt a wave of relief, yet did not dare raise her hands to clutch at the hot, aching mammary.

"Ughh!"

His hand had cupped her sex, palming it, holding her casually. Then two fingers crooked and pushed up against her opening, seeking entrance to her body. They found it, and she felt her horror grow.

"I'm sure you've fingered yourself many times, Morgan," he said softly. "Rubbing at your pussy like the randy little trollop you are."

His hand pulled back and he stared at her, standing and trembling before him.

"Get on your knees, Morgan."

She looked downward at the deck, then slowly knelt, breathing raggedly.

"Get on all fours."

She knelt before him as he circled her slowly, frightened, anxious, humiliated. He halted before her once again.

"Do you see that spot on my shoe, Morgan. There near the toe. It's smudged."

"Y-Yes, sir," she said, not understanding.

"Get on my bunk, girl. Now."

She rose, then moved slowly to his bunk and climbed in. She lay on her back, quivering, watching as he casually undressed. When he was

nude he approached her, climbing onto the bunk and roughly spreading her legs.

He knelt there between her thighs, his hands moving over her body, stroking, squeezing, and caressing. He plucked at her nipples, grinning at her, then dropped heavily atop her, lips crushing hers.

His tongue thrust into her mouth as his hand pulled at her hair, forcing her head back. Then he ripped his mouth free, and chewed at her exposed throat as he fit himself against her pussy.

With a grunt, he was inside, driving himself deep, ignoring her gasp and moan as he buried the last inch inside her trembling young body.

"The comforts of home," he grunted as he ground himself against her.

He used her for long minutes, rarely speaking. Several times he rose off her, moving back to his knees. Once he lifted her legs up over his shoulders. The next time he gripped her ankles and jammed her legs back against her, pumping down savagely from high above, arms extended, a leer of conquest on his face as he skewered her.

When he finished he rolled off, got to his feet, gave her a curt nod of dismissal and gone into his small personal shower.

Kim had knelt there for a long minute, then slowly gotten to her feet, pulled on her clothing, and stumbled from the cabin.

It had not occurred to her to protest.

Chapter Two

Lieutenant Erika Foster looked out from the bridge in satisfaction. Assigning women to warships was a battle long fought and only recently won, and she was delighted at being among the first to savour the spoils.

She was a tall woman at nearly six feet, with a slender, willowy body beneath her white dress uniform. She held herself with an air of command, however, and there were muscles beneath the soft skin of her arms and legs.

She brought the binoculars to her eyes, scanning the horizon momentarily before dropping them back onto the table before her.

"As you can see," Captain McKenzie said gruffly. "Magnificent is of the twenty two class. There aren't many like her left, but she's quite capable and in some ways superior to the newer frigates and destroyers. With her greater armor and tonnage she'll shake off a hit that would destroy them and set their aluminum armor alight like a fluffy white wedding gown.

Erika turned to look at him, frowning. She considered the analogy in poor taste, and somewhat sexist given the circumstances.

Still, she supposed it wouldn't do to get in a pique her first day aboard.

He hadn't noticed her frown, intent as he was on directing Sub Lieutenant Hanson towards the wheel, his hand on the small of her back as he pushed her forward.

Erika could clearly see this surprised Fiona Hanson. Military guidelines were rather clear that touching persons of the opposite sex was to be done only as absolutely necessary, and such familiarity was frowned upon.

Captain McKenzie apparently either was not aware of this or had chose not to see his behaviour in that light. Erika's jaw tightened and she felt a mild anger, knowing she was going to have trouble with this man, that he was one of the old breed of dinosaurs the Labour Party was doing its best to weed out of the military.

Now he was taking Fiona's hand and placing it on the wheel, moving behind her, far too closely behind her in Erika's opinion, to instruct her in the steering of the ship.

As though this were the job of a sub lieutenant and not the seaman assigned to take the wheel!

This was clearly sexist, degrading behaviour, and Erika considered the words she would use in her formal complaint.

Lieutenant Hanson did not seem to be upset with such behaviour, and Erika's opinion of Hanson was lowered another notch.

She knew that part of her disapproval of the woman was unfair, due to her looks, her sweet, feminine face, and lushly curved body. Also, she admitted to herself she was biased against heterosexual women. She could not, for the life of her, understand what they saw in men or how they could stand those big, hairy brutes sliding their grotesque bodies against them.

She had met Hanson several days ago, and been disappointed at her attitude almost from the beginning. The woman seemed to fawn over men, and simply ignored the slights and sexist behaviour Erika would never have tolerated. In Erika's opinion such women were anchors dragging down the feminist movement and the fight for equality between the sexes.

Hanson giggled at some ridiculous quip made by the first officer, and Erika's frown deepened. She would most definitely have a chat with the woman this very night, even as her complaint was being sent out to London.

There were six women on the ship now, two ordinary seamen who had joined up a few months back, and the four who had just flown in today. Aside from herself and Hanson there was a butch looking petty officer named Gail Baxter, and a mousy looking radar specialist by the name of Amy Peterson. As the senior woman aboard Erika considered herself to be both the spokeswoman and leader of the small group, and would make sure each and every one knew that they need not tolerate even a hint of sexist behaviour.

"Where will we be bunking, Captain?" she asked, no longer able to stand the way he seemed to be hovering over Hanson.

The Captain turned in surprise, and for a moment she thought she saw a look of icy anger on his face. Then he smiled tolerantly.

"Commander Denton will show you to your cabin. You and junior lieutenant Hanson will share one, of course, just as the four enlisted girls have a cabin and shower to themselves."

This was too much for Erika.

"I'm sure you didn't mean to say girls, Captain," she said coolly.

McKenzie stepped closer to her, standing only inches away and looking down at her. Erika refused to back up as she tilted her head slightly.

"I'm sure I don't need you to tell me what I mean to say, Foster."

"Of course not, sir," she said, not shifting her eyes an inch.

Just you wait until my protest reaches the Admiralty, she thought.

"The two of you are dismissed to settle in. Make sure you read up on ships regs. This is a warship and discipline is very tight, tighter than anything I expect you're used to."

"I'm sure we can manage, captain," Erika said with a toss of her head.

"I'm sure you had better, Lieutenant," he snapped.

Commander Denton, a tall, thin Welshman, led them down into the officers quarters, and into the small cabin which had been set aside for their use.

"It has its own small shower," he said with a grin. "We can't have you two showering in with the men, now can we? So I suggest you both strip, wash up your lovely bodies, then get into your work clothes so I can show you the engine spaces and crew compartments."

Erika's jaw dropped in outrage. The words were incredibly sexualized, and absolutely intolerable!

"Commander, I wonder if you have familiarized yourself with naval regulations governing behaviour and communication between male and female members of the service," she asked tightly.

He seemed to smirk at her. "I assure you, Lieutenant, that there isn't a rule or regulation with which I am unfamiliar."

"Then I can only suppose you have chosen not to abide by them," she said.

"You suppose whatever your pretty little heart desires, Lieutenant, just have that soft little behind of yours in a pair of dungarees in thirty minutes."

With that he turned and left, leaving Erika fuming.

"Can you believe that!?" she demanded.

"Things are different aboard a warship, Erika," Fiona said.

"Rot! This ship and everyone on board are required to abide by

naval regulations! I can assure you that after I make my report..."

"Oh lay off, Erika," Fiona sighed. "You'll just cause trouble for both of us."

She was stripping off her jacket and skirt even as she spoke, and Erika felt the contrary emotions of lust and contempt as she exposed more of her soft, curvaceous body.

Her breasts were too big and too round, her body too soft and womanly. The only tautness on her frame seemed to be her buttocks. Even her hair was too long, almost certainly over regulation, she thought angrily.

Her anger, of course, was at least partly due to the fact that despite her dislike of Hanson's attitude she was finding the woman's now almost nude body a very exciting study indeed.

Hanson removed the last of her clothing, then turned, raising an eyebrow.

"See something you like?" she asked.

Erika blustered as her face turned red, and Hanson laughed lightly. "Remember, Erika, you can look, but you mustn't touch. Not allowed in the Navy, you know."

"I can't imagine what you are referring to, Sub Lieutenant Hanson," Erika said as coldly as she could manage.

"Of course not, ma'am," Hanson replied primly.

She saluted, then turned and bent far over to pick up her socks, giving Erika a very lewd view of her backside and the small, neatly trimmed mound between her thighs. She straightened, gave her a grin, then put her things on one of the bunks and disappeared into the small shower.

"Slut," Erika hissed under her breath. "Filthy little cock loving whore!"

Deb Smith winced as she turned slowly on the deck to scrub at a new section. She hissed softly under her breath, then let out a soft moan as the cramping sensation in her lower belly grew worse. She reached under and cupped her stomach, then carefully eased up and back onto her heels before rising - just as slowly, and, leaving her bucket and scrub brush behind, made her way down the corridor to see the chief.

Deb was a big boned girl, with wide hips, big feet and large breasts. She was not fat, but she would never be mistaken for one of those svelte models the men had pinned up around their bunks. The Captain, on seeing her, had said she was of obvious peasant stock.

Deb might have been offended had she any pretensions. Yet she accepted it easily enough. She was from the countryside, not very sophisticated, and not, she admitted to herself, all that smart. She was a capable girl when instructed carefully, but needed strong direction.

Her blonde hair was almost white as it hung around her face, and her forehead was furrowed as she winced again in pain.

He looked up from his clipboard and scowled at her approach.

"What is it now, Smith?"

She hesitated. "P-please, Chief," she whispered. "I can hardly work it hurts so bad!"

"You should have thought of that before, shouldn't you?"

"I'm ever so sorry, Chief. I promise to behave better in future. If you could please see your way clear to... to easing it up just a little. Please."

The anguish on her face and appeal in her voice left the chief unmoved. Yet he sighed in a long suffering way, and directed her into the small cabin behind him. She eagerly stepped inside and he followed, closing the hatch behind.

Waiting for his nod of approval, she unzipped her heavy coveralls, easing the zipper down to her groin before shrugging the garment back over her shoulders, then bending carefully to ease it down her legs and step out.

She was being punished for speaking an obscene word in the presence of Lieutenant Commander Bradley the previous night. At the time she lay draped naked across his lap and Bradley was in the process of inserting his entire hand up her pussy. She had not resisted, of course, but the word was enough for some form of punishment.

She winced as she stood before him, the deck cold beneath her bare toes. She wore no bra, despite her large breasts, for she had been told not to. Nor did she wear underwear of any kind.

She did, however, wear a tight leather belt around her waist. Descending from the middle of it was a second belt which slipped down the centre of her abdomen, curved in beneath her trembling thighs, then rose up between the cheeks of her buttocks to fasten again at the small of her back.

The belt covering her mons was exceptionally tight, cinched up hard, forcing her pussy lips apart and squeezing her soft flesh to the point where she felt constant nausea as she moved. The pressure was pulling down the strap around her waist so that it dug in tightly against her hips, but that was a minor thing by comparison.

Chief Spencer unsnapped the front of the belt, letting the vertical strap loosen from her pussy and ease back. As soon as it did her entrance, cleanly shaven, became visible. Her labia were straining wide at the moment, gripping a very thick round object which had been thrust up inside her.

Even as he watched the Chief saw the object sliding forward into the light. Without the strap forcing it in the pressure inside her body was seeking to expel it. It did not move far, of course, for it was too tight inside her for that. The object was almost as thick around as the Chief's powerful wrist.

"So how many inches do you think you can take, Smith?" he asked calmly.

Deb hesitated. She knew if she asked for the tube to be

shortened too much he would be just as likely to actually lengthen it, for the object was adjustable in that way.

"I-I don't know, Chief," she said. "But... but perhaps if it were just shortened an inch... Please?"

He nodded and turned her around. Deb gratefully bent over, spreading her legs as he gripped the tip of the tube and eased it slowly out. She groaned at the relief inside her, for the tip had been jammed up against her cervix, and the pain had been awful.

"We'll drop it to fourteen inches then," he said, turning the end of the massive metal dildo, retracting the tip an inch or so.

Then it was thrust back into her body, and she winced a little as he jerked the strap over her pussy and cinched it in tight again.

The nausea returned, but weakened, and the piercing pain in her belly had dropped to a low throbbing as he straightened her up.

"Tha-thank you ever so much, Chief," she said gratefully.

"I like to keep my people happy, Smith," he said jovially.

His hand was already on his zipper, and as he pulled his organ out Deb gave a mental wince, then bent forward again, taking it into her mouth. His hands went to her head, fingers sliding through her hair as she bobbed her lips up and down quickly, seeking to moisten his cock as much as possible before -

He held her by the back of the head as he thrust forward, and she braced herself an instant before his thick, sweating cock slipped past her mouth and drove down her throat.

Her gag reflex gave only a murmur of protest, by now quite used to such penetration, and she was able to hold herself still as the Chief began pumping himself back and forth through her lips and down her throat.

"With the new girls coming aboard, you two sluts are available now to non-commissioned officers and specialists," the Chief said, looking down at her. "I'm sure that will please you to no end."

He reached beneath her, his splayed fingers digging up hard and painfully tight into her heavy, hanging breast, squeezing and pinching it as his hips worked back and forth.

"Have you seen your little friend Kimmy lately, Smith?" he asked casually. "She's going to be a changed girl when the Captain finally gets done with her. Be interesting to see if she works faster at last."

Deb did not, of course, reply, but merely held herself still, as she knew the Chief wished, while he thrust himself into her mouth.

"Some nice stuff with those new girls. We're to get the two enlistees after the officers have had their taste. Too bad we won't get a crack at the two officers. I'd love to teach one of them snotty bitches her place."

He pulled out then, and pumped his hand over his shaft as he came. Dollops of sperm jetted out, spattering over her face as she panted for breath. He sniggered, then rubbed his spit-wet cock all over her cheeks, nose and forehead, smearing the warm liquid into her skin.

"You can get back to work now, Smith," he said, releasing her and doing up his pants.

"Y-Yes, Chief," she panted. "Thanks ever so much."

Chapter Three

Fiona and Erika, dressed in their gray-blue work uniforms, followed Denton on his tour of the ship, leading in and out a variety of compartments, and down through various decks. Fiona did her best to smile and get along with him, as well as the other officers they met. She was aware there was still resentment among the men to their presence and tried to lessen it.

Unlike Erika, she thought wearily, who was an obvious dyke, and quite clearly uninterested in getting along with anyone. She was cool, icily proper, and in most instances quite unpleasant to the men they met, and perhaps in response those men had seemed to do their best to taunt her - and Fiona.

Certainly she could find no other explanation for one of the Lieutenant Commanders giving her behind a rather obvious squeeze, and even grinning when she turned an open-mouthed stare on him, or for some of the barely hidden sexual comments among them.

They were destined to be cooped up with these men for many months to come, and she was determined to become friends with them. If that meant overlooking the kinds of behaviour she never would have back in Portsmouth, then she would do so.

As they looked upwards to one of the ship's powerful engines she felt Denton's hand on her back, felt it sliding downwards to the small of her back, where it rubbed softly. She turned to look at him but he continued looking upwards as Lieutenant Commander Jones explained some of the quirks of the engine.

Then his hand glided lower, following the curve of her buttock as he stroked it gently.

She reached down and gripped his wrist, pulling it firmly off of her, hoping no one had seen. No sooner had she done this, however, then she felt another hand slipping down onto her behind. This time she turned to stare in astonishment at Jones, who continued to look up towards the top of the engine as he talked.

She reached for his wrist only to feel Denton's hand down on her behind again, each of the men taking one buttock, stroking their hand back and forth along its round surface.

This was such shockingly bad behaviour she could barely believe it. Not only were neither of them acting the least bit like officers, they were behaving in a way which could lead to both being court martialled. Despite her desire to get along she was going to have to

speak to the Captain if this sort of behaviour continued!

She moved away from the two, giving each a frown. Then, as Jones completed his little lecture, and led them towards another compartment, she turned to confront Denton.

"Excuse me, Commander," she said coolly. "Might I have a private word with you?"

"Certainly, Lieutenant," he said with a grin.

He led her into Jones' small officer compartment, then, to her surprise, closed the hatch behind them.

"I'd rather you leave that open, sir," she said.

"Why?"

"Because it would be more..."

"Proper?" he asked with a grin, closing with her.

"Commander, though I'm far more tolerant than Lieutenant Foster, I must tell you that I cannot tolerate your touching me as you did out there," she said, somewhat nervous as he backed her against the bulkhead.

"Why is that, Hanson? Is it... arousing you?"

"It's not respectful. Sir!" she said, pushing her hands against his chest.

"Do you not think so?"

"No, sir!"

"And one must be respectful towards the fairer sex, mustn't we?"

"Sir, naval regulations... "

"Don't you quote naval regulations to me!" he screamed, his mouth inches from her face.

She stiffened, jerking back in fear.

"Stand at attention, you miserable incompetent harpy!" he screamed. "Who do you think you are trying to quote regulations to me!?"

Her ears rang with the thunder of his voice, and she stood stiffly, chest out, arms at her sides as he snarled into her face.

He paused in his tirade, his face going calm.

"Now, do you see what you've done? You've given me a temper. That's not a good way for you to start, Lieutenant, not good at all."

His hand lifted and stroked along her cheek as she stared back at him fearfully.

"S-sir you..."

He batted away her hand, stroking along her cheek and down over her neck.

"Commander!"

He gripped her slim wrists, grinning, then lifted them up and back, pinning them together behind her head.

"Commander! Please stop this!"

"Lieutenant," he said, "There are over three hundred men on this ship for just you few girls. Don't tell me that didn't occur to you when

you joined up."

"Th-that's irrelevant!" she gasped, trying to twist free.

"You're lying," he said, eying her breasts as he pulled down on her pinned wrists and forced her back to arch.

"Commander, I insist you release me this instant!" she cried.

In response he pulled her wrists down further, and she gasped in some pain, then in shock, as his free hand pressed against her lower chest, then slid up to caress her breasts.

"Commander, are you mad!?" she cried.

"Hardly, my dear," he said. "I'm merely... exploring the capabilities of one of my new officers."

She felt his hand at her belt, felt it opening, then his fingers undoing her trousers.

"Commander! Stop it!" she gasped. "I... I'll scream and..."

"In the engine room? Good luck to you," he laughed.

And he was right, of course. Even without the hatch closed her voice would be unlikely to be heard over the sound of the engines.

"This is insane!" she panted, trying to twist her lower body free as she felt his hand slipping into the front of her trousers.

"You'll learn that the officers of this ship are very demanding of their colleagues," he said, his fingers slipping into her panties and fingering her light tuft of pubic hair.

"I'll have you arrested!" she exclaimed.

"I don't think so," he said, fingers slipping down to the soft indentation of her sex, feeling its heat as he eased between her labia.

Abruptly, he yanked her belt out of its loops, then wrapped it tightly around her wrists before pulling it up above her head and over a pipe which paralleled the wall.

"Release me at once!" she screamed.

His hand calmly slapped her face. The crack of pain shocked her and flung her to the other side. She almost lost her footing, and for a moment hung by her wrists.

"Y-you..."

His other hand lashed out and cracked against the other side of her face, flinging her head back to the other side. Again he struck her and then again, open handed, slapping hard, jarring and stunning her as her head was flung from one side to the other and then back again.

She half hung by her wrists, jaw slack, stunned as he ripped open her blouse and undid her bra. His hands fastened on her breasts, squeezing crudely, then his lips descended as he began to suckle on her nipples.

Her face felt hot, burning, her thoughts still disjointed, but frightened of drawing another blow. She watched him as he licked across each nipple, then sucked roughly and wetly. He began to nibble and chew on the surrounding flesh as his tongue lapped across her quickly swelling nipples with eager lust.

He raised his head and grinned at her from inches away.

"Like that, do you, sweetie?"

"No," she whispered.

Another slap cracked her face back and to the side, and she moaned weakly.

He caught at her panties and tore them loose, then bunched them up and stuffed them into her open mouth.

He smirked at her, then dropped downward before her. A moment later she felt his tongue at her inner thigh, and gasped in shock, trying feebly to kick out at him. He had her thighs tightly held, however, and was kneeling between them.

She felt his tongue at her sex, lapping softly up and down the length of her gash, then wriggling inside.

She tried again and again to pull free, but the belt held her tight, and with her legs spread and him between, there was nothing she could really do.

His tongue worked slowly over her pussy, and despite her anger and fear, she felt her body beginning to respond. His tongue was quite talented, and he seemed to know his way around a woman's body quite, quite well.

Madness, she thought dazedly. What kind of an officer acts like this? He must be demented, suicidal. The scandal of it...

Would destroy her, as well, she realized. Oh yes, how the media would love the story of a wren officer being tied up and then... then eaten by a handsome senior officer. She wouldn't be able to show her face in any base or ship ever again without all her colleagues, the ratings, and certainly her superior officers thinking of her like that.

His tongue was pushing up into her small hole now, pumping slowly in and out as his nose ground against her saliva coated clitoris. She closed her eyes and groaned through the panties as his powerful hands moved back down her body and cupped her naked buttocks, digging in deep as they squeezed.

He half lifted her behind up as he spread her legs wider still, his tongue squirming away inside her, then pulling free and assaulting her clitoris once again.

She had little fear of him actually harming her physically. And her shock was beginning to fade now as the realization set in that she really would not be able to tell anything about what he did to her began to grow in her mind.

"Bastard!" she cried into the panties.

He ignored her, of course. What was worse, she was finding it increasingly difficult to ignore him. She was chewing furiously on the panties even as his tongue was stroking intimately across her now swollen clitoris, and while her mind was infuriated her body was rather less so.

He abandoned his grip on one of her buttocks now, and she felt his finger pushing inside her pussy. She tried to twist around but he cursed her, then she yelped as his hand smacked in against her bare

backside with surprising pain.

"Settle down, Sub Lieutenant," he ordered.

Then his lips pressed in against her clitoris and he began to suck softly.

"You like that, don't you, Sub Lieutenant?" he whispered.

And she did. She hated him, loathed him, and despised her body's weakness. Yet she felt the hunger in between her legs, and knew well what her body wanted.

His lips drew back, and he blew a stream of air across her clitoris before engulfing it again. She trembled and moaned, her hips bucking helplessly forward against his face.

"Slut," he said with a chuckle.

He stood, abruptly, and leered down at her, his hands yanking her shirt up higher, baring her breasts to his admiring eyes.

"Lovely, lovely breasts," he said, kneading them gently.

He bent and took one of her stiff nipples into his mouth as he kneaded both breasts. One hand slid down her body, then, fingers probing at her sex, stroking across her clitoris as she twisted her head, shaking it in denial.

Then he was undoing his own trousers, and she felt his cock as it rubbed the length of her now moist opening. Her eyes widened, and she shook her head in denial, but he only grinned at her as he forced her legs apart and thrust himself inside.

And, God help her, she felt a deep, wonderful satisfaction as he filled her. He was big, and firm, and hot, and her body gloried in its penetration as his fingers dug into her backside once more.

He chewed on the nape of her neck, thrusting hard and fast, forcing her legs wide as his hips pumped forward.

This cannot be happening, she thought dazedly.

And yet it was, and as her body was so crudely used she felt the swirling buildup of pleasure within, felt the tightness in her chest and the churning pleasure in her loins. Her legs jerked up of their own volition, wrapping themselves around him as he pumped, and he tore the panties out of her mouth, jamming his lips down, plunging his tongue into her mouth.

She groaned into it, her tongue meeting his as he ground her against him. His hands half holding her aloft as he jerked her up and down to meet each new stroke.

Then she came, stiffening, her insides a maelstrom of wildfire pleasure. She trembled violently in his hands, her eyes rolling back as the force of the climax drove all thought from her mind but pure, unadulterated bliss.

Erika glared around her, then turned and left the cabin. Things were not at all to her satisfaction on Majestic. The crew were slack, slow, and insubordinate. She had already cited half a dozen of them for not paying the proper respect due her as an officer, and was only just

beginning. Before she was done these men would show her the respect due her, regardless of their own, thoughts.

"Miserable, ignorant cretinous males," she muttered under her breath as she proceeded to the next cabin.

Despite her disapproval of the ignorance and stupidity of the male species she was enjoying herself thoroughly. Her small notebook already had a dozen pages of tightly spaced words detailing her findings of their incompetence. She was sure Admiral Yawlings would be delighted to receive it.

She glared about her as she entered the cabin, searching for the enlisted types who ought to be about.

Abruptly, the world seemed to disappear as a sack was flung over her head and brought down past her shoulders. She yelled out as it was lashed tight around her arms, pinning them to her sides.

"What!? What are you... release me! How dare you!" she screamed as rough hands pulled her further into the cabin.

She heard the air tight hatch slam closed as a male voice chuckled evilly.

"Filthy stinking scum!" she shrieked, writhing and twisting furiously.

She felt herself bent across a pile, her head pushed low. Then a hand squeezed her between the legs.

Her eyes bulged, and she tried to kick back, but found only air. A hand reached around her and unfastened her belt, then undid her trousers.

"You don't dare!" she screamed. "You don't dare!"

Her trousers were yanked down low, and her panties followed so that both were pooled around her ankles, pinning them together.

Her mind burned with humiliation, yet her rage tore it aside. She screamed curses at her assailant as she sought to free herself.

Then something struck her across the buttocks, something hard and thin. She yelped in startled pain as heat flared along her backside.

"Bastards! Filthy stinking verminous Aaggghh!"

Another blow struck her, then another. She could hear the instrument of torture as it cut through the air, a narrow stick of sorts, or switch, but harder.

Again and again it lashed down across her upraised behind, and there was nothing at all she could do to hinder it. She was bent far over the pipe, blinded, her arms at her side and her ankles locked together by her own trousers and panties.

The blows continued to land, up and down across her backside, criss crossing her rear until it burned with pain, until she had to clench her teeth desperately to keep from screaming out loud, and blink her eyes furiously to keep the tears away.

"Maybe you'll learn some manners now, missy," gravelly male

voice said.

"Ahr, she needs more'n that, Bill," another voice said.

Something touched her between the legs, and she jerked feebly. She felt something hard pressing against her pussy, forcing the lips back as it pushed into her. She cursed again, snarling and raging as something thick and long was jammed inch by inch up into her body.

Her panties were drawn up, and a hand cupped her sex. A moment later her trousers were raised.

The hand holding her bent across the pipe released her, and she straightened instantly, then stumbled and fell, dizzy. She cried out again as her insides cramped and ached, the thing inside her jammed even deeper.

Her hands tore at the sack, finally ripping it off. She was alone in the cabin, rage in her eyes as they darted about. She got to her feet, wincing at the cramping inside her, then threw open the hatch and looked out to find the passageway empty.

Trembling with rage and fury she made her way back to her cabin, then slammed and locked the hatch before yanking off her trousers. She spread her legs and bent to pry at what had been pushed inside her. She drew it out slowly, five inches, ten, and then a bit more, of very realistically painted and sculpted male organ.

She flung it against the bulkhead, and it bounced back and fell to the floor. She stomped on it furiously, then hurried into the small toilet and turned to present her posterior to the mirror. She winced at the sight of the red lines criss-crossing her fair skin, feeling another surge of rage.

She would get them. She would find them. She would kill them!

She thought about going to the Captain, but given the man was a pig himself she doubted he would believe her. And what would she tell him anyway? That persons unknown had put a sack over her, bent her over, and then caned her bare bottom?

She would be the laughing stock of the ship!

She let out another string of curses as her predicament sank in. She tugged her trousers back up and, sitting being rather uncomfortable, paced back and forth in the small cabin.

Finally, she eased the hatch open and peered out. With no one about she slipped out into the corridor, then made her way to the communications room, finding a lone rating sitting at the radio.

"I ah, wish to make a call ashore," she said.

"Sorry, lieutenant," he said, not looking at her. "No one uses the radio without the captain's permission."

"That includes officers?" she demanded frostily.

"Yes, ma'am," he said with a cheeky grin.

She turned away without a word, her stomach churning.

Kim almost threw up as she was finally lowered to the deck.

"Keep your head back for a bit," one of the burly sailors ordered, removing the rope from her ankles, then undoing her wrists and easing her elbows apart.

She groaned in relief mixed with pain, the cramps in her shoulders and arms fierce even as the sailor, and a second one, massaged her.

"Bet you're a little stiff, Kim," the first man said.

He was leading Petty Officer Lloyd. The other, older, smaller, with a noticeable paunch, was Leading gunners mate Peterson.

Their hands were knowing and their expressions relaxed as they worked the feeling back into her shoulders and arms, but there was no secret in their eyes as to what their intentions were as they held her there on the floor between them.

"There's more girls on board, Kim," Peterson said. "So the captain's given you and Deb to us for a time."

"He figures his officers and him will be happy enough with the new girls," Lloyd said, one of his hands sliding down to cup and fondle her breast.

"So we get some of what you've been giving the officers the past month," Peterson said.

They helped her sit up, and pulled the gag from her mouth, then unbuckled and removed her hood. She squinted against the sudden light, the first she'd seen in days. Lloyd gave her water, which she gulped desperately, ignoring their pawing as she gulped down the cool liquid.

"Lovely little tits on her," he said to Peterson.

"You're gonna be a good girl from now on, aren't you, Kim?" Lloyd said, pulling back the cup.

"I-I'll be good," she gasped, reaching for it again.

He nodded and let her drink a little more before pulling it free.

"Come on," he said, he and Peterson rising and pulling her to her feet.

Peterson reached for the hatch and opened it, then the two half carried her out into the passageway.

She was still entirely nude, but hardly cared, her head lolling weakly as they helped her down its length, then around the corner to the petty officers mess.

There were several men there when they brought her in, and even with the considerable exposure her body had taken since joining the ship she felt a tight dagger of humiliation in her belly as they licked their lips and called out lewdly.

The two men lowered her, not onto a chair, but onto the edge of one of the tables, then pushed her back. She made no attempt to resist, groaning weakly as the others gathered around.

Lloyd lifted her legs up and apart, then undid his trousers. She closed her eyes and groaned as he took out his cock and drove it into

her pussy.

Amy Peterson was a slip of a girl, short, slim, with a small round face and large gray eyes. She was shy, but cheerful, and a whiz at radar. She was new to the navy, but her instructors had been confident she would reach leading radar technician status within the year.

Lieutenant Kingston was going to be a considerable obstacle to overcome, however. He was her department chief, and a boorish, insulting man who had made it clear from the start that he had no patience for the "weakness" of women. She'd heard much the same before, but never from an officer.

Now as he sat with her in the small radar compartment she was sweating and miserable. He threw question after question after her, grunting reluctantly when she got the question right, snorting in disgust when she missed it.

"You're not being fair!" she protested in frustration.

"Fair!? Fair?! Who the hell said life was supposed to be fair?" he demanded. "If life was fair I wouldn't have been stuck with some half-grown slut of a girl in my department."

She stared at him in outrage, but held her tongue, turning to look at the screen again as sweat broke out on her forehead.

"Now you get this right, you stupid little bitch, or so help me I'll stick your tits against the contacts and fry them."

She bridled at the threat, for of course, she knew it was nothing but words. No officer in his right mind would ever dare something like that. Even suggesting it was grounds for charges.

He threw more questions at her, questions which frustrated her for many were in areas she had never been taught. Her protests were ignored, however, and she finally refused to answer, staring at the screen, heart beating and jaw clenched tightly.

"Answer me, you slut!"

She ignored him, thinking of how she would protest to the Captain later, or if not him at least one of the female officers.

"Right. Have it your way, then. Strip off and get across the counter."

She turned to give his idiotic words the contempt they deserved, and saw him pulling out a long, thin, pliable piece of rubber tubing.

"Move it, girl!"

"Don't be stupid," she snapped.

She yelped as he drove his hand into her short red hair and yanked her up out of her chair.

"Here! Let me go! What do you think you're doing!?" she cried as he pushed her belly into the counter, then bent her over it.

"Carter. Smith. Grab this slut and strip her down," he called over his shoulder.

Two passing seamen grinned and came into the cabin, and Amy squealed in shock and horror as they took her arms and held them back

while Kingston undid her trousers and shoved them and her panties down to her ankles. His quick hands unbuttoned her blouse, then pushed it back over her shoulders as the seamen helped undo her bra.

She was stunned and horrified. She could not believe what they were doing.

"You'll learn obedience on this ship, girl," Kingston growled.

The men pulled her forward and bent her over as Kingston drew the tubing around one breast, then the other, twisting it in sharply to squeeze her breasts out into plump, hard mushrooms. She screamed as her flesh was twisted cruelly, tears filling her eyes as she was raised upright.

Her arms were forced together behind her back, and a length of leather cord wrapped around them, pinning them back farther and farther, until her elbows touched and her shoulders screamed in protest.

Sobbing, she was turned and bent over the electronic face of the radar, then her wrists were lifted upwards, higher and higher, until she was sure she would faint with the pain as she awaited the sound of her arms breaking loose from her shoulders.

A chain was hung from a pipe in the ceiling, and her wrists were fastened to it, her arms going straight up as she was bent cruelly down and forward. Lieutenant Kingston then forced a narrow cord between the figure-eight loops of the tubing around her breasts, and pulled it down, stretching and tightening the rubber so he could tie the cord to a small ring set in the middle of the radar's surface.

"That will be all," the lieutenant said.

"Yes, sir," the two men replied, turning and leaving the cabin.

He closed the hatch and came back behind her, his hands reaching beneath her, then pinching one of her nipples. He held an alligator clip in one hand, and slipped the sharp metal teeth around her nipple, then let them snap closed.

She shrieked in pain, twisting as she could, howling again as she sent bolts of agony through her shoulders. He ignored her response, moving to her other side and snapping another alligator clip to her other nipple.

Both clips were attached to wires, and as she sobbed and whimpered he opened the side of the radar set and screwed the ends of the two wires into place back there.

"Now we're going to see how you do with more incentive," he said, straightening.

He programmed in a drill which would simulate a variety of different contacts, then turned on the repeater scope. Amy watched, dazed, as the long line of the scope swung around the face like the dial of a clock. The machine let out a small sound as a tiny dot appeared in its wake, and she yelped as something bit her nipples at the same time.

"Each contact produces a somewhat different display, of course," he said. "The closer or larger the object, the larger it appears on the screen. Of course, the more we turn up the setting, the more focused the

radar becomes."

He turned a switch, and when next the electronic line swung around the face of the scope and struck the object it seemed far larger.

The shock that was transmitted into her nipples was also far larger. It was just for an instant, but it stunned her, drawing a startled yell of pain. The shock was gone before she could even recognize it, and she was left with the trembling afterglow.

"Please," she gasped.

"Identify this object."

"I..."

The beam swung around again and she tried to brace herself. She screamed again as another bolt of lightning spat up through the twin wires and into her nipples.

"Let me go!" she cried, desperately watching the remorseless movement of the white line as it circled the screen.

"Identify this object."

It swung around again and another whipsaw crack of pain tore at her nipples.

She screamed and twisted, growing frantic and panicky.

"No! No! You can't do this to me! Let me go!"

Another blast tore at her nipples, and another, and as the Lieutenant tuned the receiver up to an even finger pitch she was thrown up and back by the next shock, silenced in mid scream.

"You'd better figure it out, girl," he said. "Because you'll not move until you do."

Amy whimpered dazedly, her hair on end, her skin raw. Another bolt of electricity crackled along the wires, roared through her nipples and into her breasts.

Her head jerked back spastically, and she panted for breath, eyes rolling back.

Another bolt struck her, then another, each one all but lifting her toes off the deck.

"I'll leave you here then," Kingston said. "Perhaps I'll come back in an hour or two."

He started for the door, and some small sane part of her found her voice.

"No! It's... it's a... AHHGgghhhh!"

She jerked back breathlessly, moaning, head falling.

"It's a what?" he asked patiently.

She raised her head slowly, weeping.

"A-a tanker," she gasped before another shock burned into her nipples.

He reached out and returned the machine, then adjusted it to ignore the tanker.

"Good. And how did you know what it was?"

She moaned weakly until he gripped her by the hair and raised

her head.

"I... it was... too large and slow to be anything else," she panted.

"Good. Now let's see what else we can find."

Another object appeared, and she identified it as a civilian multi-engined jet after the first pass. Another object appeared, and another. Each time she guessed wrong he turned up the intensity of the scope to bring the signal in stronger, and the electric current travelling up the wires grew stronger.

She was semi conscious and covered in sweat when he decided she had had enough. He patted her head, rather like a dog, she thought blearily, then moved around behind her.

"Bet you're a tight one," he said, a finger probing inside her pussy.

He pulled her legs apart and she cried in pain as the pull against her shoulders increased. She rose on her toes, her shoulders threatening to break apart as the Lieutenant fingered her pussy and then undid his own trousers.

"You'd better get it through your skull right now, girl, that you're here to do whatever you're told, and to please any officer that wants pleasing," he said.

She felt his cock against her inner thigh, hot, hard, throbbing. The nose pushed up against her pussy, then began to push into her. She whimpered helplessly, straining to hold her position, to fend off further pain from above.

She could feel his cock sliding inward, riding a thin layer of something slippery. Perhaps he had rubbed some lubricant on his manhood, she thought frantically.

Still, she was tight, and his hardness was an ache inside her as it drove deeper and deeper.

"Ahhh," he groaned, his cock giving a sudden sharp thrust that had his crinkly pubic hair jammed in against her cheeks.

"Hot and tight," he whispered.

His hands caressed her body, sliding up and down her sides, stroking her soft back, then moving beneath her to cup and fondle her swollen breasts. He seized the wires and then tugged sharply, sadistically, drawing a yelp each time as he chuckled in amusement.

"You're going to learn real Navy discipline on this ship, wren," he said with a snicker.

He had every last inch inside her now, his hips flush with her backside, flattening her cheeks as he ground himself against her.

"Tell me you want it, slut," he ordered, pinching one of her nipples hard. "Tell me you love my cock!"

"I love it!" she cried, twisting in pain.

"What do you love, slut?"

"I-I love your cock!" she sobbed.

He jerked back on her hair, drawing a scream.

"You forgot to say sir, wren!"

"I love your cock, sir!" she cried.

He snickered and thrust in hard, then began pumping with deep, violent thrusts.

She grunted weakly, staring at the deck below as she was raped.

"Say fuck me," he panted. "Say it!"

"Fu-fuck me," she whimpered weakly.

"Louder!"

His hand slapped the side of one hanging breast sharply and she cried out in pain.

"Louder!"

"Fuck me!"

"Again! Again!"

"Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!" she cried.

He thrust into her harder still, using her like a wild beast, tearing at her hair, beating at her breasts, slapping at her face as he rammed himself into her slight body. Then he gave a final grunt and jammed himself against her, holding tightly as his semen spewed deep within her belly.

"That's not bad for your... first try," he panted, easing back.

"You'll have to get much more professional, however, to live up to our requirements."

He did up his trousers and walked around her to stare down with a smile. "Now I want you to keep an eye on the radar and call out if anything shows up. If you fail to notice it this little session will seem like a glorious picnic. Understand, wren?"

"Y-yess, sir," she breathed.

Chapter Four

When Fiona got back to her cabin it was empty. She lay down on the bunk and stared up at the bunk above her, not seeing it, thinking. Commander Denton's abuse would have seemed like just a very bizarre aberration taken alone. But the oddity of having two officers fighting to grope her behind earlier gave her cause to think such an attitude as his was rather more common aboard the Majestic than she would have believed possible.

Was Lieutenant Commander Foster likely to be at all sympathetic to her complaint? She thought not. And how would two men dare do such a thing on a disciplined ship unless they felt the Captain would protect them?

The brazenness of Denton's assault made it likely he would repeat his actions again if she did not take action.

Yet even if the Captain would believe her, did she dare report

it? Her career would be in ruins. She'd be a scandal, on the cover of every tabloid in the country. No, the only possible way for her was a quick, quiet transfer off the Majestic and back to shore.

But how? She had only just been transferred. The Navy did not look fondly on those who immediately sought transfers because they did not like new assignments. Especially when they had fought hard to get those assignments in the first place.

One quick way off a ship was pregnancy, but that didn't help career wise either. Then there was the little problem of her not being pregnant. Some other illness would suffice, however, and she began to put her agile mind to thinking up something which might fool the ship's doctor.

Of course, she could simply confront the Captain. That might actually be the best way out. She could tell him what had happened, promise him she would not make any protests or reports, then ask for his cooperation in getting off the ship.

The problem with that was that the Captain was almost certainly going to disbelieve her. It was a rather shocking story, after all, and she had no proof. It would be her word against his.

She wondered if she should talk to Erika, but only briefly. Erika was too much the zealous feminist. She would immediately want to get everyone from the press to the Prime Minister involved. She certainly could not discuss the problem with one of the enlisted women either. That sort of thing simply wasn't done.

She stood up, looked at herself in the mirror, fiddled a bit with her hair to tie it back properly, then left her cabin and made her way forward to the captain's office.

"Enter," she heard after a precise knock.

She entered and closed the door, standing stiffly in the small cabin.

"Sub Lieutenant. Getting to learn the ship are you?" the captain asked from his desk.

"Ahh, yes, sir," she said. "Sir, I have a problem."

He looked up and motioned her to approach.

She stepped forward and halted, face reddening, mouth dry.

"Well, Sub?"

"I... sir, I'm not sure how to say it."

"Try English."

"Sir I... I've been assaulted."

"Assaulted?" he exclaimed, eyes widening.

"Yes, sir."

"By whom?"

"Sir, by... by the first officer, sir."

He pursed his lips disapprovingly. "This isn't one of those wretched feminist things about touching your back is it?"

"No, sir!" she exclaimed.

"What precisely did Commander Denton do?"

Her face burned with embarrassment and she swallowed repeatedly.

"Well?"

"He... sir he... he raped me, sir," she blurted, dropping her eyes.

"He what?!"

She did not answer and he stood up.

"Are you trying to tell me that no more than two hours on board the ship and Commander Denton has raped you already?"

"Yes, sir," she said in a low voice.

"Where?"

"In the engineering compartments, sir, near the engine room, in a small office there."

"And did anyone else see this... rape?"

"No, sir," she gulped.

"Tell me exactly what happened," he ordered, sitting on the front edge of his desk.

"Sir I... I'd rather not. I don't want to make a formal complaint. I'd just like..."

"Well that's rather late a decision to make," he said. "You've reported it to me. I can't very well ignore it no matter how you feel. Now tell me what happened."

She knew he was right. She should have realized it, and perhaps did before coming in here.

Face red, she related how she had asked to see Denton alone.

"Why?"

"Sir. ah, because he was, being familiar with me and I..."

"Familiar?"

"He... put his hand on my behind, sir."

"And so you asked to be alone with him."

"I asked to speak with him alone sir, in an effort to resolve this privately."

"And you went into the engineer's office."

"Yes, sir, and Commander Denton... seized my wrists, sir and pinned them up behind my head."

"Why would he do that?"

"He... I don't... understand."

"He pinned your wrists behind your head?"

"Yes, sir."

"To make your chest push out more?" he asked with sudden understanding.

"Well.. ." She blushed again. "Uhm, partly perhaps."

"And then what?"

"He ah, tied them behind me, against a pipe there."

"Then what?"

"He... removed my trousers, shoes and underpants," she said, deeply embarrassed.

"Not your blouse?"

"He opened it."

"Ahh, then what did he do?"

"Sir, is it necessary for me..."

"Yes, of course it is. What did he do?"

"I... he performed oral sex on me," she said, eyes downcast.

"He licked your ah, vaginal area?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"And your clitoris?"

"Yes, sir," she said, face on fire.

"Did he put his fingers inside you?"

"Yes," she said in a strangled voice, fingers digging into the palms of her hands.

"And then what?"

"He ahh, he stood up and ahh, he.... he penetrated me."

"He stuck his cock into you, you mean?"

"Yes, sir," she breathed.

"And how long did this go on?"

"For.. some minutes, sir."

"Did anyone notice?"

"No, sir. The door was closed."

"How long was his penis?"

"Sir?" She lifted her eyes at last, staring at him in startlement.

"Well, if you can relate that it would tend to back up your story, wouldn't it? I mean, at least we'd know you'd seen him in a er, state of erection."

"Yes, sir," she said, realizing that the question did have a kind of logic to it.

"So? Was he big?"

"Ah, fairly ordinary, sir."

"What's that? Six inches?"

"About six or seven," she said.

She wondered if it were possible to die of humiliation.

"And thick?"

"Well, fairly thick, sir."

"But he was able to ah, get it all inside."

"Sir!"

"Just trying to get evidence, girl," he said.

"Yes, sir."

"Did he sodomize you?"

She flushed red again. "No, sir," she whispered.

"Did you take his organ into your mouth?"

"No."

"Where did he touch you exactly?"

"Well... everywhere, sir."

"Your wrists?"

"Yes, of course."

"Breasts? Buttocks?"

"Yes," she said, excruciatingly embarrassed.

"Excellent. We can hope for a few bruises then."

She looked down, lifting her hands. The captain took one, pushing her sleeve back. There was no bruise on her wrist, nor on the other.

"It was only an hour or so ago, sir. Perhaps..."

"Ought to be some redness then."

"Well he didn't squeeze really tight," she said.

"No?"

"I mean, tight enough to keep me from breaking free but..."

"Well, why don't you drop your trousers and we'll see if there are any marks."

"Sir!"

"All I've got at this point is the word of one new sub lieutenant against that of a respected, experienced commander I've known for some time. I need some evidence, girl."

"I'd rather not, sir," she said.

"Oh don't be foolish. Drop `em now. That's an order."

"But... sir, couldn't Lieutenant Foster... examine me? Or the doctor?"

"Lieutenant Foster is a lesbian. I'm sure you know that."

"I ah, don't know that, sir," she said hesitantly.

"If she's not queer then I don't know it when I see it. I don't see how having a lesbian look at your private parts is any worse than having me do it. Now go ahead."

"But sir..."

"That's an order, Sub Lieutenant!" he snapped, eyes cold.

This was not, of course, the way such an investigation should be carried out. Fiona was not innocent enough to believe the Captain's interest was purely functional. Her heart sank as she realized the real reason why Denton had felt safe. It wasn't because the Captain would never believe her. It was because the Captain was of the same sort himself.

"Sir, I... withdraw my complaint," she said.

"It's far too late for that, Hanson. Remove your trousers. In fact, remove all your clothing while you're at it."

"Sir... sir regulations..."

His open hand caught her across the cheek, sending her staggering backwards against the wall. She held her cheek, shocked and frightened as he stared at her coolly.

"I won't tolerate insubordination or disobedience from my officers," he said. "When I give an order I expect it to be obeyed at once, not shrugged off with false modesty as an excuse. Now carry out my order."

She stood up straight, breathing heavily. She looked down to see

her fingers trembling as the moved against the buttons of her shirt. She halted, and looked up at him again. "Sir I... sir it's against regulati..."

His hand moved faster than she would have believed possible, and another open mouthed slap caught her across the other cheek, sending her staggering against a low shelf.

"Carry out my order, Sub Lieutenant," he growled.

Fiona's shaking fingers undid her blouse, then her trousers. She stepped out of her shoes and socks, then stripped off her underwear to face him nude, at attention, as he ordered.

She was trembling slightly in fear now, her cheeks red from more than embarrassment.

"Put your hands behind your head as you say the Commander did," he ordered, circling her slowly.

She obeyed, eyes closing as he moved in to inspect her breasts.

"I see no bruises on your breasts, Sub Lieutenant," he said.

"No, sir," she panted.

"Put your chest out more."

She arched her back further, stomach fluttering, chest tight with tension.

"Spread your legs more, Hanson," he ordered.

She shifted her feet apart on the cold deck, then winced as she felt his fingers at her sex.

"I don't feel anything amiss here. No sign of trauma. You didn't say the Commander used any lubricant. I'm sure you wouldn't have forgotten."

"No."

"Bend forward across my desk and spread your legs."

This is mad, she thought.

"Lift your behind more. That's a girl."

She expected to be raped again now, as she felt the Captain's fingers against her slit. She wondered how such behaviour could be carried out in the modern navy without anyone finding out.

"I don't see any sign of forceable entrance here," he said. "Is it possible you were already very wet before he entered you?"

"I... he... had been licking me there, sir," she said.

"So you enjoyed it."

She did not bother to deny it. There was no point, she realized.

"Did you enjoy his toungeing?"

"Yes, sir," she said hopelessly.

"I thought as much."

His finger stroked back and forth along her slit, rubbing gently against her clitoris each time he crossed it. Fiona was shocked, for a moment to feel a distant pleasure each time he touched it, then thought back to the strange eroticism of her rape in the engineering office.

And it had been oddly, crudely erotic. She had never really gone

in much for bondage before. No one she had known had. But there was something about being helpless like that, at being simply a receiver of pleasure.

Always before she had been in relationships before she had had sex, relationships which depended, at least to some degree, on her performance in bed. So each lovemaking session was filled with the need to please her partner, and at the same time not do anything which made him think the less of her.

With Denton there was no such need. And the belt around her wrists had made her feel bizarrely liberated.

"Did you climax when Commander Denton fucked you, Sub Lieutenant?" the Captain asked softly.

"Yes," she whispered.

His index finger was inside her now, probing here and there, twisting from side to side. Another finger was stroking lightly over her clitoris.

"I wouldn't call that rape, Sub Lieutenant Hanson. I'd call that consensual sex. And consensual sex is forbidden aboard Her Majesty's warships, as you well know."

"Yes, sir," she breathed.

"Get on your knees, Hanson," he ordered.

Light headed, she straightened, then stepped back and dropped slowly to her knees. She watched the Captain draw what looked like a meter long swagger stick from a cupboard. The stick was thin, however, and more flexible. After a second, she realized it was more leather than wood, more like a crop.

"Put your head down," he said.

Blinking, she slowly bent over, sitting on her heels, then bending to put her breasts against her thighs and her head on the deck.

What did he mean to... Surely not!

"We handle things informally here," he said, moving to stand beside her. "No paperwork, no reports, and no bothersome involvement of senior officers."

The crop swung down against her back and she gasped as the pain lashed her. Her back erupted in fire, and she trembled, whimpering, as the crop rose, then swung down again - and again.

Each blow was - light, without very much pressure. But a second after the blow came the gush of pain that made her cry out, made her sob, made her clutch herself tightly.

The blows rained down across her upper back at first, then moved lower, down to her lower back, then the small of her back, then the tops of her buttocks. She was sobbing, by then, gasping and crying out with each blow as the fire travelled south along her body.

"I want you on all fours, Hanson," The Captain said, his voice light, casual.

"S-s-sir," she sobbed, head rising slowly, body trying weakly to unfold.

It took her long seconds to get her shaky hands and arms under her and rise up. More to lift her behind. But then she was kneeling there, head down, hair now bedraggled and loose around her face as she stared at the deck through blurred eyes.

She clenched her teeth as the crop swung up against her backside, and let out a low cry as it hit again, then again.

"Are you going to be more respectful towards your seniors in future, Hanson?"

"Y-yes, s-sir," she panted.

"You're not going to make any more false charges, are you?"

"N-no, sir," she said, her voice breaking slightly on a sob.

He stood before her, and she stared at his polished shoes.

"Are you sorry for causing me this trouble, Hanson?"

She nodded slightly. "Yes, sir," she said.

"And you'll be wishing to make it up to me, will you not?"

"Yes, sir," she said dully.

"Undo my shoes and help me off with them."

She focused on his shoes again, not taking his words at first. Then she understood, and felt the tightness in her chest growing worse. She felt the tip of the crop along her spine, and reached for his laces, undoing them, then tugging at the shoe. He lifted his foot and she slipped his shoe off.

"Is that a speck of dirt on that shoe?" he asked, as she moved to undo the other.

"No, sir..."

"Surely it is. Right there," he said, pointing.

Fiona saw nothing.

"Clean it off, girl. We keep things well polished on Majestic."

"Clean, sir?"

She raised her head, looking up at him, blinking her eyes in confusion.

"Just moisten it a little. Use your tongue."

She looked down at his foot again, then up again at him to see his eyes growing cold, the crop rising.

She hastily lowered herself, staring at his shoe again, then dropping her head lower still. Her tongue pushed out tentatively, flicking across the point of his shoe.

"Much more, I think," he said, sounding amused.

Her heart pounding, she began to slide her tongue out further, licking across the surface of his shoe. She was utterly in his control, she realized, and he was demonstrating how far that control extended. He was showing her that he could force her to demean herself any way he required.

And yet, despite the humiliation she felt, despite the fury making her stomach churn, there was the strangest flicker of acceptance. No, not acceptance, more... recognition. This was indeed degrading, and yet it was somehow... appropriate.

Her hands pressed in against his shoe, her head turning slightly as she let her tongue lick all the way back along the side. Her mind was almost numbed, but some deep, hidden part of it was feeling a detached sense of acceptance, and even an odd satisfaction.

Fiona's sex life, as she had honestly recognized for some time, was boring, dull, and horribly conventional. She had grown up in a military family, on bases where gossip could ruin not only a girl but her father's career. Then into the Navy she'd gone, where any kind of sexual gossip was a killer for a woman.

And all along there had been a repressed longing for wicked excitement, for the shocking stories whispered about, giggling, with trusted friends. Oh what people do, but not, of course, her, no, never. Shocking. Sick people, really.

And here she was naked, kneeling at the Captain's feet, licking his shoe.

"Enough," he said. "Remove it."

Should I say yes master, she thought numbly.

"Yes... sir," she said.

She unlaced and removed his shoe and sock, then straightened, still on her knees.

He reached down, sliding his fingers through her hair, then closing them, twisting her hair around his hand as he pulled her up higher, pulled her against his groin. She cried out, reaching up instinctively to grip his wrist.

"Undo my trousers. You know what's required," he said.

She groaned weakly, staring at his bulging crotch for a moment, then moving to obey. Her entire back was throbbing with heat from shoulders to thighs. There was a different kind of heat growing inside her mind, however, and it was triggering the same kind of heat between her thighs.

The kind of heat she had felt with Denton earlier.

She undid his belt, then unfastened his trousers and tugged them down. She could see his organ thrusting out against the boxer shorts he wore before she pulled those down as well.

She gasped at sight of him. He was quite thick, and longer than any of the men she had seen before.

He gripped himself, then rubbed the head of his organ across her forehead, trailing it down across her cheek and around her lips.

"Pretty little lips," he said softly, pushing against her mouth.

She let her mouth open, blood racing through her as it crossed her lips and slid onto her tongue. She reached up only to have her hands slapped down.

She dropped her arms to her side, sucking softly as his cock pushed forward, licking at the underside and trying to move her head back and forth.

His hands went to opposite sides of her head then, holding it

still as he began to pump himself in and out.

He was using her mouth like a pussy, she thought dazedly, fucking it.

She licked at his head as it passed back, then passed forward again. Each time he pushed himself deeper, and she began to gag a little more. Her hands kept leaping up of their own volition, and her body kept jerking backwards.

Then he halted, pulling free, shifting his grip on her hair to force her head far back even as he forced her up on her feet.

"So Denton took your pussy, did he? But he didn't take your mouth, and he didn't take this."

His hand cupped her bottom, and a finger pushed against her small wrinkled anal opening.

She cried out as he turned her and pushed her against the wall, then abandoned her hair to take her wrists in a tight grip and lift them above her head. He spread them apart and slapped her hands against the wall as his hard erection pressed into her rear.

"Now you hold that position, Hanson," he ordered.

His cock shifted against her, and she felt him adjusting it until the nose was at her rectum. Then it pushed up and forward.

She shuddered, feeling a mixture of hot shame and that strange hot euphoria.

Her breasts were hot, despite the cold bulkhead they were pressed against, and her nipples were so tight they itched. She longed to drop her hands and...

But why? What was the matter with her?!

"Ungh!" she cried as his cock thrust up sharply.

"Have you ever been sodomized, Hanson?" he growled from behind her ear.

"N-n-no, sir!" she gasped.

"You've got the ass for it. A bottom like yours was made to swallow cocks all day long."

With that he drew back, then jammed himself in again. She cried out, feeling the head of his cock jamming into something inside her, twisting, burrowing higher. She could feel it forcing her open, filling her to overflowing.

"God," she half sobbed.

"On this ship, that's me," he said, his breath hot against her ear before his teeth bit down on the nape of her neck.

"UNngh!"

He thrust up savagely, impaling her on his stiff cock. Cramps rippled through her belly and tears filled her eyes as his heavy body pinned her to the bulkhead.

Her breasts were crushed painfully, but the pain was nothing compared to the terrible ache in her gut. She felt him shift, pull back, and felt a rush of relief. Then he thrust up again and again she cried out.

There was a knock on the door and she almost cried for help even while - oddly - wanting whoever it was to go away.

"Come," McKenzie barked.

The door opened, and a small petty officer stood outlined in the sun for a moment, eyes widening as he took in the situation.

Fiona's face burned, and she turned her head away.

"Well?"

"Uhm, daily reports, Captain."

"On the desk."

"Yes, sir."

McKenzie thrust up hard suddenly, making her gasp. He gave her a hard series of fast thrusts as the petty officer moved to the desk, then eased after the door closed.

"You don't think he'll tell anyone about your horrible secret, do you?" he asked with a sneer.

He chuckled and started moving more slowly, pumping steadily in and out of her, shifting angles and directions as he wore down the muscles of her anus.

He pulled back then, his cock slipping free of her aching rectum.

He pulled her from the wall and turned her.

"Bend over, grab your ankles."

Wearily, she complied, spreading her legs at his direction as he entered her again, driving himself home in her anus. There was no new pain now. She had adjusted to him and the steady pumping even began to feel strangely soothing.

There was another knock at the door, and after McKenzie's impatient "Come", she heard it open.

"I thought you might like to see me, Captain," she heard Denton say.

"You were wrong, Number one."

"I see you're instructing our new Sub."

"Yes. She's quite obedient when the rules are pointed out to her."

"I noticed."

"No one better touch that blonde dyke's pussy before me," McKenzie growled.

"I do apologise, sir," Denton said, moving around in front of her. "I couldn't resist."

"You're lucky you left me her back hole. From the time I saw her ass I knew I had to have it."

"I suspected as much, sir."

She felt a hand on her arm, pulling her up, and raised her head, dazedly.

Denton had opened his trousers, and his erection was pointing at her face. He tugged on her hair, then thrust himself home as she started to cry out. A moment later the captain took her wrists, pulling them

straight back behind her.

Still bent over, she was held still between the two men. McKenzie's tool was pumping steadily in her bottom while Denton began to plunge into her mouth with harder and harder strokes.

Suddenly he thrust in sharply and she began to twist and writhe between them as she gagged. He chuckled, as did McKenzie, but both held her tightly as his cock pushed forward.

Her eyes rolled and she felt her insides turning over as Denton's cock slid into her throat and blocked it. She couldn't breathe, and panicked.

"Hold still, girl," Denton ordered. "Just swallow it like it's a large chunk of meat."

"Which it is," McKenzie said.

Her face was pressed against Denton's groin now as he held his cock lodged within her. Only slowly did he begin to withdraw, and her chest was aching from the strain before he finally pulled it loose.

She was too desperate to draw in great gulps of air then to think about throwing up.

"I'm sure you've heard of it, Hanson," Denton said. "I'm sure you always wished you could do it yourself but were reluctant to try."

"On this ship we give the orders and you obey them," McKenzie said.

With that Denton pushed his cock back into her mouth, and before she could even think to resist it was stuffed back into her throat like a cork in a bottle. When she tried to twist away he stepped on her bare foot, giving her a new source of distraction as he sheathed himself in her throat.

"You'll learn to obey, girl," McKenzie said as he picked up the pace of his thrusting. "And we're just the ones who'll teach you."

Chapter Five

Erika had no intention of telling anyone she had had her bottom caned. But she could, she reasoned, tell the Captain about the disrespect she was shown, and perhaps ask to use the radio.

But as she approached the Captain's cabin she saw a petty officer knock, then open the door. He had stood there a moment before going in, and to Erika's shock she could easily see, just inside the doorway, the Captain, wearing only his shirt, and Fiona Hanson pinned naked to the bulkhead.

Rather than leaving the petty officer had gone inside past them a moment, and Erika watched the Captain thrust up hard and fast into Fiona. She could even see his thick cock, and from the angle...

She drew back, trembling, then turned and fled.

This ship was insane! It was a ship of... of pirates! She had to get word out quickly before what was happening to Fiona happened to her!

She wondered about the other women on board, the enlisted personnel. If she was going to get help it would be from among them. She hid for a moment in a side corridor, trying to get her breathing under control and think.

Perhaps they could lower a boat when no one was looking, and escape that way. They were going awfully fast for that, however. And the lookouts would surely spot them. Besides which there was too much chance of drowning at sea, or sitting for days in the little boat, dying of thirst.

Gail Baxter. She was a petty officer, and petty officers were a resourceful sort. Besides, Baxter had set off Erika's gaydar as soon as she'd seen her. The woman, with her hair cut almost in a crewcut, and her big shoulders and arms, was almost certainly a lesbian. She would certainly cooperate. She would not want any part of these filthy men and their disgusting male sex games.

Petty officers did not normally have their own quarters, but being the only female Baxter had been given a very small one. Erika found it, then tried the door. It was unlocked, and to her relief Baxter was within.

That relief was short lived, however, for as she slipped in and closed the door behind her she noted the woman lay on her bunk, legs spread wide, face lined with pain.

"P-petty officer Baxter?" she gulped.

Baxter started in fear, then calmed slightly on seeing her.

"Lieutenant!" she gasped.

"Baxter, we have to find a way to get off this ship," Erika hissed, coming closer.

"Yes, ma'am," Baxter grunted.

"Apparently the radio is off limits. Do you... What's wrong with you?"

Baxter looked at her for a moment, then whipped back the covers to show she was naked.

For a moment Erika admired her powerfully built body, her washboard stomach and tight little breasts. Then she noted the shaven slit between her legs, and something protruding from between the tautly splayed labia.

"What..."

"Corn," Baxter panted. "They shoved a whole ear of corn up inside me, and a cucumber up my backside."

"God!"

"I can't... can't get them out," Baxter moaned, sounding almost close to tears.

Erika bent over, her fingers pressing against the younger woman's straining lips and trying to get a hold of the corn stalk

sticking out. But there was less than an inch of it in sight and she could not get a good enough grip to pull it from its tight sheath.

"I'll have to get someone," she said, trying to ignore the delicious musky aroma coming from the quite attractive little pussy.

"Are you crazy?"

"You watch your mouth, petty officer!" Erika snapped.

"I-I'm sorry, Ma'am," Gail said, swallowing.

"Maybe I could do it myself. Wait here."

She went down the ladder and across to the closest mess, then pushed past the sailor standing by the door and started rooting through the drawers.

"Something I could get ye for, ma'am?" the cook asked.

"I need a corkscrew."

"What kind of a screw did you say you wanted?" he asked, raising his voice.

The men in the mess across the counter turned and laughed.

She turned and glared at him and he smirked.

"A corkscrew, right now."

"I'll give you that screw all right," he said, turning and opening a drawer.

She snatched it from his hand and stalked out as he and his companion chortled in amusement.

She returned to Gail's cabin and found her in the same position. The woman stared at the sharp corkscrew.

"What you gonna do with that?" she demanded.

"Just shut up and keep still," Erika snarled.

She bent over and pushed the end of the screw into the tip of the corn, then began to turn it very carefully and slowly. It penetrated the ear, driving deeper and deeper. When it was lodged in almost to the handle Erika began to tug with sharp little motions.

At first Gail only hissed a little, but then she began to groan, clenching her teeth tightly as the corn began to ease back. The dry corns rasped across the soft skin of her pussy as it was pulled free, and she strained her legs as wide as she could as she fought to not clamp down against the pain.

Then it narrowed at its end and pulled free. She let out an explosive groan of relief, cupping herself gently and closing her eyes.

"Oh God that feels good," she moaned. "I didn't think I'd ever close my legs again. You're a genius, mum."

"Thanks," Erika said dryly. "Now the other."

Gail drew her legs up and back, and Erika screwed the corkscrew down into the small round green tip of the cucumber. This one was even thicker and deeper, and even with the corkscrew buried to the hilt she had a hard time moving it. Slowly, though, it began to give way, and with Gail working her anal muscles more and more of it began to pull free.

"Oh, God," Gail moaned. "I had a whole hand up me once and it

didn't hurt as bad."

"A whole hand?" Erika asked, looking up, startled.

Gail blushed and then shrugged. "Me and my girlfriend were playing around."

"But a hand?"

"Well, I was kind of uh, ready for it, and she greased up a lot. Anyways, her hand ain't so thick, you know."

"You realize admitting you're homosexual is cause for dismissal from the service?" Erika asked dryly.

"Yeah, but I don't think you'll rat on me, Ma'am," Gail said with a knowing smile.

Erika let her eyes flick down along the girl's body and smiled back, then tugged the last of the cucumber free.

"Ohhh yeaaahhh," Gail moaned, cupping herself again. "God was I ever split open."

"Did they... rape you? I mean..."

"Only with them," Gail said, glowering briefly. "They said something about the officers having first crack at me. I dunno what the hell they're talking about."

"Maybe they meant me," Erika said lightly.

Gail rolled flat and let her legs slide a little apart.

"I kind of ache a little down there, ma'am. Could you... maybe take a look and see if anything's been damaged?"

Erika let her hand slide down between Gail's legs, her fingers tracing the line of her pussy. She knew she wasn't supposed to have anything sexual to do with an enlisted crewman, but the sight of Gail's powerful body had been awfully pleasant, and she had been working at her pussy now for several minutes, prying the corn free.

She easily slid a pair of fingers into her still slightly open hole, stroking them in and out as she and Gail looked at each other. She let her other hand slide up the woman's stomach, admiring the play of muscles beneath the skin, then finger one of her nipples.

"I haven't had one of you butches in a while," she said thickly.

"You're missing the best kind," Gail said confidently.

She took Erika's hand and slid it up over her face, then licked at the finger, taking it into her mouth. Her other hand pulled the Lieutenant down atop her and they kissed slowly, then with quickly growing passion.

Her hands cupped Erika's bottom through her trousers, squeezing and kneading her cheeks as their tongues slipped back and forth from one mouth to the other.

Then she rolled over atop the slighter woman, roughly undoing her blouse and jerking her bra down to bare her breasts. Erika groaned as she began to chew and suckle at her already aching nipples.

Gail quickly stripped her and their bodies slid together, their legs spread wide as they ground their pussies together. Their hands

raced over each other as the pleasure rose like a wall around them.

The door burst open then and there was Captain McKenzie, First officer Denton and Lieutenant Commander Bradley.

"What the devil is going on here?" the Captain roared.

Erika and Gail threw themselves apart, screaming in shock.

"We don't tolerate homosexual perversions on our ship," McKenzie growled.

Both women were speechless, trying frantically to cover their nudity as the Captain directed several brawny seamen into the cabin.

"Let go of me! How dare you!" Erika cried as they dragged her out of the cabin.

"Take them midships. We'll teach these dykes a thing or two," the Captain said.

Struggling wildly the two naked women were dragged outside, back along the ship, then to an open area at the base of the funnel. There was a small crane there, and at the Captain's order the hook was lowered, then a meter long steel bar hung from the end. Thick leather restraints went around their wrists, and Erika and Gail's wrists were then fastened to the bar.

They were pressed together, breast to breast, and as Erika cursed desperately the hook was raised, lifting them off their feet. She felt the tightness on her wrists, then the ache in her arms and shoulders as her toes twitched helplessly far below.

"Let me down, you bastards!"

"Spread `em," McKenzie ordered.

Burly sailors pulled their flailing legs apart and held them there as Bradley moved in with a shockingly long dildo.

Or at least Erika thought it was. After a moment she realized it was a double headed dildo, and that it was pliable enough to bend in two. She and Gail raged helplessly as the dildo was forced high into their bellies, half in Erika, half in Gail. It strained to unfold, to straighten out, and that was more than enough to keep it solidly in place as their legs were released.

A moment later a grinning petty officer reached between their bodies with an ice cube. While other men pulled their bodies back apart, he rolled the cube across Erika's left nipple. On their other side another seaman was doing the same to Gail's left.

"What are you filthy fucking perverts doing!" she screamed.

No one answered, but in moments their nipples were frozen and stiff. They were then eased back together, close enough for their nipples to press together. Two men moved in on either side, both holding a pair of pliers and a long, very thin wire. Both of them screamed as the wire was wound carefully around their stiff nipples, pinning them tightly together.

Then Erika howled, followed a moment later by Gail.

"Let `em go," McKenzie said.

Their legs were loosed and they hung by their wrists alone once

again. Their legs did not move as much now, however, due to the small elastic pinning the alligator clips together.

The alligator clips locked tightly around each girl's hot, burning, aching clitoris.

"Before we're finished," the Captain whispered into Erika's ear, "You'll beg me to fuck you."

"Bastard!" she sobbed.

The officers left, and after a few minutes, and a number of crude comments, the enlisted personnel began to drift away too. The two women were left alone, gasping, groaning, and whimpering, pressed tightly together, and trying not to move.

"Oh fuck! What kind of a ship is this!?" Gail groaned.

"They're mad! They're all bloody mad!" Erika sobbed.

Gail looked behind them and saw there was no one in sight. She looked up at the bar above, then down at the deck, inches below her toes. Her movements made her body jerk ever so slightly against Erika, pulling on her nipples and clitoris.

"Hold still!" she cried.

"There's no way out of this till they come and let us loose," Gail panted.

"Fucking bastards!"

"Cripes. My pussy just gets emptied and now it's stuffed full again," Gail grunted.

"I can't believe they did that! I'll have them all in prison!"

Erika exclaimed desperately.

"Not bloody likely," Gail snorted angrily. "If they did this its because they figure they can get away with it."

"They won't!"

"You better watch your mouth, Erika, or you'll turn up missing at sea."

"What?" Erika stared at her in shock.

"Think about it, Lieutenant," Gail said angrily. "You make too many threats, they start to think you can carry them out, and you'll be dumped at sea with the garbage."

"They wouldn't dare!"

"Of course they would, you stupid nit! Who's to say otherwise!?"

"You can't... talk to me like that," Erika started to say, finishing lamely as she realized how foolish the words were.

"What are you gonna do, put me on report?" Gail sneered.

They hung quietly for a time.

"This dildo isn't near as bad as the corn was," Gail said.

"Under other circumstances I might even like it."

Erika sobbed, not replying.

"Here, it's okay," Gail said, nuzzling her. "Most likely they'll just have a bit of sport with us. We'll get away eventually."

"A bit of sport?" Erika said in despair.

"It ain't that bad." Gail kissed her gently on the lips and Erika jerked back, looking around.

"No one's near," Gail said.

Gail kissed her again, softly, and they looked at each other.

Gail moved her hips a little and Erika winced. "Shit!"

"Softly then," Gail whispered.

She ground her loins a little, tugging lightly on the elastic linking their clitoris'.

"Don't!" Erika cried.

Gail grinned at her, eased up, then resumed her movements, the elastic tugging rhythmically at Erika's clitoris.

"Petty Baxter!" she cried.

"Come on, Ma'am. We're going to get right and truly plugged soon by them bastards. Might as well enjoy ourselves first."

"Absolutely not!"

Gail continued her motions anyway, ignoring Erika's protests. Erika glared at her, then turned her head away, trying to adjust her own movements to keep the tugging at a minimum. Soon the motion was doing disturbing things to her aching clitoris, however. Erika began grinding in the opposite direction almost unconsciously.

"Fuck, this feels good," Gail gasped.

"This is insane!"

"This whole fucking trip is insane!"

She eased back a little, her nipples pulling on Erika's. Erika hissed, then eased back, their nipples straining.

"Gail! Please!"

Gail spread her legs, then raised them and threw them together around Erika's back. She grinned at the shocked woman, then kissed her full on the lips, sliding her tongue into her mouth.

Erika kissed back weakly, still dazed, and Gail began to grind her pelvis in and out, using her powerful leg muscles to thrust her sex back and forth. She was able to ride the dildo that way, at the same time tugging even harder at the clip biting Erika's clitty.

"Oh fuck! Gail! Stop it!" Erika sobbed.

"I can't," Gail groaned. "Oh shit it's good!"

"OHhh! Stop iiiitt! Ooohhhh!"

Erika sobbed helplessly as the heat soared within her. The aching of her clitoris had made it excruciatingly sensitive, and every movement Gail made sent waves of pleasure and pain flowing through her body and mind. Her nipples, always very sensitive, were being plucked relentlessly, twisted and jerked from side to side as Gail twisted and jerked against her.

The dildo inside ached but in an increasingly pleasant way. She had never been one of those lesbians who got off on penetration, really. So the thick rubber tool was an unaccustomed sensation inside her. Yet her pussy was responding with delight, the muscles clutching repeatedly around it as Gail's movements made it twist and even pump a little.

"Well look at these fucking sluts," a male voice growled.

Shocked and horrified, Erika twisted her head around to see Commander Denton return, a smirk on his face. Accompanying him were several junior officers, all watching she and Gail with considerable interest.

Gail halted, letting her legs slide apart and fall, going still as she stared over Erika's shoulder.

"I think they need something to distract them," Denton said.

Two chiefs appeared, carrying flogs, long handled, with a mass of long leather strips attached to the ends. Erika whimpered a denial but Gail only sighed in acceptance, then she turned her face back to Erika and kissed her softly.

Erika felt the other woman's body flinch as the sound of the flog striking her back echoed on deck. She whimpered, then cried out as the other flog struck her own back, the thin leather strips light of weight, but heavy in tandem. Stinging pain rained across her back.

Gail began to roll her hips almost frantically, twisting her body, grinding her breasts against Erika's. Her lips crushed Erika's, her tongue desperate as the flog came down again, then again.

The two kissed deeply, their bodies heaving and twisting and writhing as they hung there by their wrists. Interlacing lines of red pain appeared across the smoothness of their pale white backs.

"F-fucking c-coming!" Gail whispered in a strangled voice, bucking her hips against Erika in a way that stretched out her clitoris painfully far.

Then her body shuddered violently, her head jerking back. The whip lashed across her shoulders and back faster and faster while Erika moaned and cried out at the slashing strokes across her thighs and buttocks.

Chapter Six

Amy Peterson was living a nightmare which refused to end.

After her abuse and rape at the hands of Lieutenant Kingston - and the fondling, groping and crude comments she was subjected to by crewmen who had come in to look her over, she had then been taken naked from the radar room.

Lieutenants Andrews slapped a dog collar around her throat, then forced her onto her hands and knees and dragged her out of the cabin. He walked her along the passageway on the end of a leash, past other leering crewmen, a sharp cane slashing down across her aching behind every time she slowed or tried to rise.

"You think you're too good for us?" Andrews asked, turning her down another passage, then halting at the entrance to the petty

officer's mess.

There were a half dozen men inside, and they all grinned to see Amy forced to crawl in amongst them. She burned with more humiliation than she would have once thought possible, and her eyes misted up again before she was pulled up to her feet beside a low table.

Deb Smith lay sprawled across it. Her behind was on one edge of the table while her head hung loosely over the other. Her wrists were down beneath her head, pulled back beneath her neck and bound in wire. That wire ran beneath the table, around the post beneath its middle, then up the sides to circle her thighs just above the knees and spread them forcibly wide

She was moaning softly, looking dazed. And Amy could clearly see the woman had been used hard and repeatedly. Her inner thighs were red, her shaved pussy glistening wetly, the lips fat and swollen and pulled out. Her breasts were bruised, swollen and red. And they too glistened, the overhead light reflecting off the semen splattering them.

"I see you men are getting acquainted with one of our female crewmembers," Andrews said. "I trust I need not remind you that she is to be treated with respect, and that there will be no sexual harassment aboard this vessel."

"No, sir," a half dozen voices answered.

"Splendid. Carry on then."

One of the men swaggered forward, reaching down and gripping Smith's hair roughly, jerking it down slightly as he opened his trousers. Amy trembled as she watched his thick, hairy cock emerge, hard and eager, then let out a gasp as the man, without the slightest hesitation, thrust it into Smith's open mouth and right down her throat.

Amy could clearly see the bulge in Deb's throat as the man's cock pushed through it, and watched in horrified fascination as the man began to use her mouth, thrusting hard and deep, his testicles slapping against her eyes as his hands roughly mauled her big breasts.

Then Andrews jerked her around by the collar and led her out of the room, forcing her back to all fours again and smacking her behind to hurry her along.

"When the officers get bored with you you'll join Smith in with the petty officers and senior ranks, so you'd best see what you can do to hold our interest, what?"

It was insane. It could not be happening, Amy thought as she crawled along the steel deck.

She was led into a wide storeroom and whimpered to see two more men waiting, both grinning lewdly down at her as she crawled in.

"So this is one of the new girls, eh?"

"Radar Technician Peterson, may I present Lieutenant Becker?" Andrews said formally.

He jerked up on her collar to force her off her hands, then took the back of her head and shoved her face into Becker's crotch.

"Charmed, I'm sure," Becker said.

"And, of course, Lieutenant Fox," Andrews said, yanking her head back, then shoving it into the other man's crotch.

"How lovely to meet you," Fox said.

"Peterson, Peterson," Andrews said in disapproval. "You've no military courtesy at all. Have you forgotten to salute?"

"What are they teaching these new recruits?" Fox sighed.

Amy stared at them all, frightened.

"Well?" Andrews snapped.

Amy continued to stare, and suddenly Fox's open hand cracked into the side of her face. Her head whipped around as she was thrown back to the deck, crying out in pain and shock.

"Military courtesy will be required at all times, Peterson," Andrews said drolly.

"Get up, slut," Fox said coolly.

Whimpering, Amy pushed herself off the deck and knelt before the three officers. She raised her hand shakily and saluted them.

Fox smirked and then saluted back. The other two gravely saluted in turn.

"I think you'll need considerably more training," Andrews said.

"Most definitely, Becker agreed.

"We can start with seeing how you do at removing my clothes," Andrews said with a raised eyebrow.

"S-s-sir?" she whispered.

"Now, Peterson."

She started to rise, hesitating until he nodded, then got to her feet. Squirming mentally under their eyes, she unbuttoned his uniform blouse, then pushed it off, slowly folding it and placing it on a nearby table. She turned, again hesitating.

"Faster, slut," Fox snapped.

"The shoes, Peterson," Andrews said.

She bent again, undoing his shoes, then removing them and his socks. She undid his belt, opened his trousers, unzipped them, and tugged them down, bending to slip them off his feet. Then, dreading the moment, she reached for his underpants, and slowly eased them down.

His cock sprang up hot, hungry and as sure of what was about to happen as she.

He sat down in a straight backed chair, then motioned her over. She started to walk forward but another slap to the face sent her flying to the deck with a cry of pain, where she lay whimpering and sobbing as the three men regarded her.

"Crawl, slut," Fox ordered.

"On your belly," Becker added slyly.

"P-please don't hurt me," she whimpered.

"Peterson, we haven't even begun to hurt you yet," Andrews said.

"But we will." Fox smirked.

She crawled forward awkwardly, her breasts cold against the hard steel deck, panting and whimpering as she neared where Andrews feet lay. She reached him and he gripped her hair, slowly lifting her upwards as she gasped and moaned, then pulling her face in against his cock as he held it in his other hand.

She opened her mouth and it slipped inside. She closed her lips and began sucking, trying to avoid further brutality by pleasing him.

He combed his fingers through her hair as her face bobbed up and down, the other two men coming closer to watch, then he caught at her arm, lifting her up, pulling her to her feet and forward to straddle the chair.

"Take my cock in your hand and sit on it, Peterson," he ordered.

"Y-yes, sir," she said dazedly.

She held it straight, moaning as it touched her pussy entrance, then slowly began to ease down upon it, feeling her sex spreading under the pressure, aching from her recent hard rape. As the three men watched she took the head inside her, then, wincing, began to descend, feeling it pushing higher and deeper into her slender body as she lowered herself further.

His hand came up and cupped one of her breasts, squeezing roughly, and another circled behind her to knead her buttocks. Then she was down all the way, breathing hard, feeling him tight in her belly, his hairy legs flat against her sore buttocks.

His hands pulled her chest forward and he sucked and chewed on each nipple in turn, then he slapped her behind sharply.

"Start riding, Peterson," he ordered.

She pushed down with her legs, tugging herself up, feeling her pussy pull against his cock as it rose. She lifted herself higher and higher, then sank down slowly once again.

"Faster, slut," Fox ordered.

Obediently, she began to work her legs more, rising and falling faster and faster as Andrews sucked and chewed on her breasts, and his hands squeezed and kneaded her buttocks.

"Nice little arse she's got. Think she's ever been sodomized?" Fox asked casually.

"Doubt it," Becker replied.

Fox gripped her breast, twisting it so she cried out.

"Have you ever been sodomized, Peterson?" he asked casually.

"N-no, sir," she sobbed.

"Ahh, that's for me, then," Fox said with a broad smile.

He began to strip, as did Becker, while Amy continued to ride up and down on Andrews' cock, wondering what had happened to the world she had built around herself, willing it back.

Then Fox was beside her, turning her head and guiding it onto his cock. He twisted her head by the hair, forcing it deep into her mouth so she almost gagged.

"Wet it down, lovey," he said. "You want it nice and slick when I ram it up your backside."

She sucked obediently, helpless to resist as the men abused her. Soon Andrews groaned and his cock softened, his semen filling her womb. He pushed her back and Fox roughly yanked her up and pushed her onto her back on a low box, lifting her legs up over his shoulders as he poised his spit-wet cock against her nether opening.

"Please," she breathed.

"See, she's begging for it?" Becker said.

"She doesn't need to beg for this," Fox said with a leer.

Amy felt his cock pushing against her anus and closed her eyes, feeling the pressure mount, her little wrinkled opening slowly giving way as he jabbed harder and harder.

She remembered the sight of Deb Smith and wondered if she would soon look the same, gasping and moaning as Fox brutally forced himself deeper and deeper into her rectum.

It was not as painful as she had feared, and her humiliation was almost total even before he started, so could hardly plunge much lower. She lay there as he raped her anus, his thick cock pumping steadily in and out of her as he grinned down from above, his hands pinching and twisting her nipples as he leered in smug conquest.

After he was done Becker took her in the same position, though vaginally, forcing her legs back against her body as his hips pummelled her upraised backside, thrusting his cock like a piston into the deepest depths of her sore pussy.

She was then ordered to bend over the back of the chair and spread her legs, while Andrews showed her an oddly shaped metal device. It looked like an egg, and as he held it before her he showed her a small round hole in one end.

He thrust a narrow metal rod into the end and twisted it to lock it into place, then she felt his fingers at her rectum. She inhaled sharply as the egg was pushed against her well used anus, and slowly pushed inward. With her anus closing behind it he gave a sharp twist to the rod and little spikes in the sides of the egg thrust out to press against the silk walls of her rectum. She cried out in pain as the spikes pressed into her, her hand darting back but quickly yanked aside by Fox and Becker.

Andrews gave the rod another twist and it came free, leaving the egg inside her.

"Now then, Peterson, we're going to try some training," Andrews said.

Fox moved to the corner and drew out a video camera, setting it up on a tripod before her.

"You're going to pose for the camera, twist and turn your body

as we want. I don't want to see any hesitation or any refusal."

He pulled her upright, then he and Becker moved out of the view of the camera as Fox let it roam up and down her body.

"Hands behind your head. Arch your back," Andrews ordered.

She obeyed, flinching under the gaze of the camera, imagining the people who might one day see the video.

"Now turn, spread your legs and bend over.

She stared longingly at the hatch, but obeyed, bending far over and showing her pussy to the camera.

"Reach back and peel your pussy lips apart," Fox said. "Show us how pink and wet you are inside."

Face burning, she obeyed.

"More. Wider, slut!"

She pushed two fingers of each hand into her pussy, grunting with effort as she peeled herself open.

"Now dance for us."

She blinked her eyes in surprise. Music began to play from a portable stereo and she straightened, turning to look at them in confusion.

"Come on, slut. Give us a nice hot dance." Fox leered.

"I-I can't," she said nervously.

Andrews grinned and held up a small box, a remote control of some sort. She was still staring at it, wondering its purpose, when her insides exploded with agony.

She screamed, clutching at her belly, then at her backside, twisting violently, then falling to the deck. She screamed again as another jolt hit her, howling as it burned into her belly.

She twisted and writhed on the deck, screaming, banging into the chair, the table, and some boxes, her fingers jamming at her anus to try and force their way inside.

The pain eased, and she collapsed, sobbing.

"That's just a taste, Peterson," Andrews said. "You'll get that every time you refuse an order."

"but I don't know how to dance!" she sobbed helplessly.

"Well, you'd best learn then," Fox observed.

They dragged her to her feet, and she tried feebly to dance, twisting her hips and flopping her arms around.

"Pathetic," Andrews said.

His thumb pressed down on the remote briefly and rocketed her forward across the top of the boxes, screaming and sobbing hysterically.

The three men looked on, unmoved.

"Wipe your eyes, Peterson. You've more work ahead of you," Andrews said.

They steadied her up, then handed her a large dildo.

"You're going to masturbate for the video, Peterson, and you're going to keep at it until it looks realistic. Understand? I don't care

if it takes all day. I want to hear moans of pleasure and whimpers of delight as you pump that in your pussy."

Fiona hung by her wrists, tired, cramped, sweating, and slack jawed. She had thought, on more than one occasion of how erotic such a sight might be, and she had learned she was right.

When the captain had placed the leather restraints around her wrists and then he and Denton lifted her so she hung from a hook which had previously held a planter, she had found it difficult to hide her excitement.

It was necessary for her to do so, however. What manner of slut would not resist such treatment, would not be furious or distressed at being raped, sodomized, and then hung naked by her wrists?

She was an officer in The Royal Navy, not some cheap tramp. And yet, she found the treatment she was receiving struck a chord deep within her mind. Something long willed and never satisfied was coming to fruition now, and while publicly trying to show her disapproval she found herself in a desperate state of arousal.

It was embarrassing, of course, humiliating in some senses. And yet even the humiliation, the degradation, somehow struck that same strange chord within her, setting off ripples of pleasure and dark satisfaction within her.

She wondered if they would whip her, and the thought sent shudders through her body.

They fondled her as she hung there, their fingers probing and stroking and dipping, making her strain to avoid showing her body's true responses.

They left her for some time, hanging lightly, her arms aching, shoulders hot, chest sore, legs cramping. She hung in a low level but constant state of heat until Denton returned, holding a large vibrator. She caught her breath at the sight, and turned her reddening face away.

"Something to keep you company, Lieutenant," he said.

His fingers stroked at her clitoris and she barely repressed a moan of pleasure.

"Spread your legs. Now girl," he ordered, slapping her behind.

She spread her legs slowly, weakly, for they seemed to have doubled in weight since she had been hung there. She looked away as she felt the head of the vibrator press against her, then jerked her eyes back as he turned it on and it began to buzz powerfully.

He chuckled, rolling it slowly up and down her pussy slit, circling her clitoris as her breathing became faster and more ragged. Then he shoved it up inside her slowly teasingly, until only the tip remained. He palmed it, and her sex, pushing up in hard, forceful movements that lodged the thing achingly high inside her.

Then he left, and she hung alone, her legs closed again, feeling the pressure against her inner thighs, the buzzing inside her lower abdomen.

She groaned aloud now, and gave herself fully to the sensations of lust and pleasure rippling up her spine. She arched her back, squeezing her thighs, squeezing her pubic muscles as the buzzing took hold of her.

The first climax had been powerful, all consuming, and she had jerked and twisted on the hook, moaning and gasping helplessly as the sensations poured over her.

But that had been some time ago. Several orgasms had torn through her body since then. Now she was exhausted, the effort required merely to breath wearing her down as she hung limply. The toy was dead inside her, still making its presence felt by the hard fullness within her.

She was still aroused, like a pot set on simmer, yet the exhaustion was near total. She did not even notice the captain when he entered the room and lifted her head to smile down upon her.

"Hello there, Lieutenant. Enjoying yourself?"

"L-let me... d-downwwn," she whispered.

"Should I? Hmm. I suppose I should. Tired are we?"

She groaned in response.

He went to the wall, and the hook began to lower her. Her toes touched the deck, and she moaned in relief as she continued to drop lower and she was able to bend her legs. She was soon on her knees, wallowing in the relief as the pull on her wrists, shoulders, arms and chest eased.

The Captain squatted beside her, spreading her knees. While she knelt there dazedly he slipped thick black straps around each leg, strapping her upper thigh together against her calf. A moment later a thick, leather mask of sorts was slipped over her face. It left the top of her head free, yet covered her face completely, blinding her, pressing down heavily on her nose, and leaving just a hole over her mouth. He removed the vibrator, fingered her to a helpless, trembling climax she could not hide, replaced it - with new batteries and, as far as she knew, left.

This was less exhausting than hanging by her wrists, and she could turn her body slightly. More importantly at first, she could bring her legs together, squeezing her thighs around the vibrator and soon throwing herself into another climax.

She had recovered from that, and was beginning to feel the heat building up once more when she was startled by the touch of a hand on her chest.

She jerked her head around, as if she could see who was responsible.

"Wh-who's there?" she asked.

The hand slid up and down her chest between her breasts, gently caressing her skin, then eased down under her right breasts, gently lifting and cupping it, the fingers stroking against her erect nipple. She felt a pinch, then a sharp tug and a moment of sharp pain that made

her cry out and pull against her bonds.

Her nipple continued to ache even after it was released ,and tears filled her eyes behind the mask as the hand moved to her left breast.

"What a-are you doing?" she asked to the emptiness.

There was no answer, but a thumb stroked roughly across her nipple, then a finger closed against it and it was tugged out hard. Another sharp pain followed, as though she had been stabbed, and she cried out once more even as the nipple was released.

She felt fingers brushing her aching right nipple, felt something cold against it, cold and hard, which stayed even as the fingers disappeared. She felt a strange heaviness at her nipple, as if something had been placed there. And a moment later the same experience was repeated with her left.

"What are you doing?" she panted. "Who are you?"

She felt a hand on her knee, pushing it back, half turning her to her right. When the hand moved back she found her leg had been bound to the side for some reason. A moment later the hands were on her right knee and were pushing it back. She gasped, then groaned as her leg was pushed further and further back, spreading her lewdly, then achingly, then painfully open.

"Oh! Oh! It's too far! Please!" she cried.

Whoever it was ignored her, and when the hands were released she found her left leg too, was locked back. The strain in her inner thighs was terrible, and she felt her tendons straining and stretching, threatening to tear.

The hands reappeared, this time combing through her hair, pushing it back behind her. She felt her hair twisted together in back, tied as if in a tail. Then it was slowly pulled back, forcing her head back farther and farther, until she was staring blindly up at the ceiling. She felt something probing at her anus, felt it thrust into her.

Then the hands disappeared. As with her legs she found her hair held tightly. From the pressure, she realized it had somehow been tied to whatever had been pushed up her backside. And whatever THAT was it was hooked to pull up against her tailbone and lock in place.

She again felt the fingers, this time at her pussy, felt the fingers stroking up and down her moist slit, spreading her labia open wide. A moment later they folded back the hood over her clitoris, and then she screamed and thrashed as the pain nearly blinded her, nearly nauseated her. She thrashed in helpless abandon as her clitoris burned and throbbed in agony.

She hardly noticed the fingers retreating, nor heard the swish of air as the flog whipped down across her breasts. With her back arched as it was they were firm and straining out, and the strips of leather bit into them remorselessly.

The pain was almost a welcome distraction from the agony between

her legs, but drew another startled scream from her lips.

"Please! Please don't! Who is it! Why are you... AHnhgghhh!"

The flog whipped down again, then again, steadily, brutally, the strips lashing across her breasts and chest as she sobbed and screamed and twisted in her bonds. Then they moved lower, cutting into her lower chest and belly, then still lower, until she could feel the strips cracking against her inner thighs, her abdomen, and her helpless pussy.

She could do nothing to avoid them, nothing to relieve the pain, nothing to affect the abuse of her body as the flog lashed down again and again and again, moving patiently up and down her body from groin to neck, then back again.

Then it ended.

She wasn't aware of the ending at first. Dazed, sobbing, exhausted, she all but hung by her wrists, jaw slack, moaning insensibly. After a time she realized the pain was constant, that nothing new was being added to it, and felt a measure of relief.

The front of her body burned everywhere, and she for a time she imagined she was bleeding, perhaps from the whipping. Then she realized the trickles of liquid were sweat, for the room had grown immeasurably warmer.

She knelt there for an unknown time. Occasionally her position, with her head fully back and her legs spread wide disoriented her so that she fell backwards. Of course she could not actually fall so much as tilt back far enough for her weight to come down more heavily on her wrists. This woke her somewhat and she pulled herself forward once more.

It was hard to measure time in the dark with pain as her companion. The vibrator continued to purr within her, but its movement was not enough to overcome the pain she felt.

Again there was no sound before the first touch. A hand on her chest, again stroking softly. This time it rode a strawberry scented oil which it spread gently across her aching breasts, then down her body and between her legs. The oil cooled the heat of pain and she groaned as relief flooded her overworked system.

The fingers spent considerable time at her pussy, spreading the oily substance more carefully, stroking up and down her slit and riding gently over her still hot clitoris. After a time Fiona realized there was something foreign down there, other than the fingers, of course. And with a new awareness she recalled the same sensations at her breasts.

Had she been less muddled and dazed she would have realized quite quickly, but it had taken her this long to understand that something hard had been placed against her clitoris. Yes, and against her nipples, as well, she thought weakly. And as the fingers searched upward and rolled a nipple between them belated understanding dawned.

She had been pierced. The small metal bits she felt by her nipples were studs, for someone had pierced her nipples and, she thought, her clitoris, as well.

She shuddered at the thought of a sharp metal needle piercing her sensitive nipples, and could not even take in the idea of having her clitoris pierced.

Then she heard the zipper being undone, and moments later the soft head of a penis brushed her lips. The sharp pull on her hair had already forced her lips wide, and she made no attempt to respond as the penis rubbed across her cheeks, then back against her mouth.

Hands gripped her head on either side as the penis, a thick one, filled her mouth. She licked at it weakly, confusion filling her. The underside of the head was now upside down and she tried forlornly to curl her tongue up around it.

She could not move her head at all, of course, and closing her lips fully was difficult for some reason.

Not that it mattered, for before she could even understand what had happened, before her senses could respond, before she could gag or choke his cock had pushed down into her throat and she could feel his groin pressing against her face.

Her throat was full and straining. It did not hurt, and in that the sensations were fighting to make themselves felt over the rest of her. It was an unnatural sensation, and she tried weakly to pull her head away.

It withdrew slowly, caressing her tonsils in a most uncomfortable way that almost had her gagging.

Not that she had eaten much lately, nor drank for that matter.

She could feel the big, spongy head as it pulled upwards through her throat, feel it pull all the way up into her mouth. She coughed explosively, gulping in air as the wet cock was rubbed across her face. Then it was back in her mouth, and she could only think the cry of denial before it was pushed deep down her gullet once more.

This time it began to move almost at once, pumping in and out steadily as the hands abandoned her head and moved down to fondle her oily breasts. The pain of that distracted her, and she didn't even notice when whoever it was finished his business and pulled out.

Again she was alone, her stomach aching for food now, her throat and mouth dry and wanting water.

She heard a sound after a time and jerked her head around.

"Please! Please can I have some water! Please untie me! You can fuck me all you want! I'll do anything you like! Hello? Please!"

Whatever was holding her legs spread was relaxed, and she groaned in relief as firm hands caressed the outside of her thighs and moved around to cup her bottom.

She felt him against her then, his musky scent, his hard male body pressed into her soft, aching flesh. His hands moved over her, squeezing roughly, pinching and tugging as she panted and moaned and begged.

She felt him enter her, his fingers digging into her buttocks, half lifting her up and forward as he thrust furiously.

"Yes! Please! Anything you want!" she panted as he used her. "Do anything to me! I just need water! Please! A little food!"

He finished and his touch withdrew. Moments later she felt a clink of chain, then felt the tug firming up against her wrists.

"Please!" she whimpered as she was lifted up off the deck once again to hang by her wrists.

Her legs were still bound tightly up behind her, so her heels were almost pressed into her backside, and her hair continued to force her head back.

Moments later she heard the soft sound of a thin object cutting through the air, then a flexible switch cut into the sole of her right foot.

She screamed helplessly, then screamed again a moment later as the pain redoubled.

"Please!" she shrieked, "I'll do anything you want!"

The switch came down again, this time on her other foot.

Chapter Seven

Gail lay groaning naked on the deck. She was chained hand and foot and exhausted from multiple rapings and beatings. Yet she was not as shocked or distressed as Lieutenant Foster, who lay whimpering only a few feet away. Gail was a veteran of many violent sexual encounters, most of them quite willing. Of course, they had, for the most part, been with other females. But aside from that the difference in what had been done to her was only a matter of scale rather than methods.

She was also a pragmatic young woman. She had no intention of doing anything to annoy the officers in charge, not until she had a reasonable chance of success. She would be as good a little slave as they could possibly hope for, she decided, for as long as it took.

When they came for her she made no attempt to resist, even tried to show her willingness as they brought her up the stairs and down the length of the ship. They gagged her with a large ball gag that made her jaw ache, then dragged her into a cabin up front where she was not overly surprised to find another bound naked woman.

This one wore a punishment mask covering her face. The top of the hood was open to allow her long hair out, and that hair had been bound into a tail which was forcing her head back. It took only a moment to realize it had been fixed to a hook stuffed up the woman's anus.

The woman's body bore whip marks, her full, round, lovely breasts criss-crossed with angry red welts. More of the same, some lighter, probably coming from a flog or cat, she thought, covered her belly back.

The sight aroused her, despite her own situation, and she tried

to ignore her excitement, knowing the woman kneeling before her was no more there willingly than she herself. Yet after thinking for a bit she decided the only woman this could be was Lieutenant Fiona Hanson.

Gail decided she had much nicer breasts than Lieutenant Foster, and felt a bit of shame at a sudden flickering wish she had been present when they had been whipped. Gail had been into the lesbian S&M scene for a while, but there were few women submissive enough to allow her to whip their breasts, and none of them had the big lovelies Fiona Hanson had.

She watched as Lieutenant Kingston raped Fiona's throat, noting the bulge in the front of the woman's throat as his erection moved up and down inside. It was quite a delicious sight, she thought, despite the man doing the job.

Kingston finished, depositing his filthy semen in Fiona Hanson's belly, then moved to a crank on the wall. Soon Fiona was hanging by her wrists, legs still strapped back, and Lieutenant Fox was pushing Gail forward.

She was unchained, and to her surprise, given a short, thin crop. Lieutenant Fox tapped the soles of Fiona's feet, and Gail felt a little shiver run through her belly.

She blinked her eyes at them and raised the crop as though to hit, and he stepped back, nodding and grinning.

She could not resist. If she did they'd be doing the same to her. She realized that in an instant, yet even so felt a flicker of shame that the idea of tormenting Lieutenant Hanson was not at all unpleasant.

She brought the crop down smack against the centre of the woman's foot and both winced and exulted in her scream of pain.

Gail was brought up in east London. She had always resented the posher girls who lived in their big houses or fancy flats, who went on to university and well-paying jobs. Fiona and Erika were like that, smug officer types who lorded it over everyone else how smart and well educated they were, she thought.

She brought the crop down again on the other foot, drawing another scream of pain from Fiona, who now began to thrash and twist, begging her to stop, promising to do anything they wanted of her.

Weak little slut, Gail thought contemptuously.

She brought the crop down again, and again, whipping harder and faster now as Fiona howled and shrieked, no longer able to actually speak sentences as the crop reddened her soles and heels and toes.

She felt a throbbing within her well-raped pussy, and looked over to see the growing erections on the men. She felt another wave of shame at the betrayal of another woman to these filthy men, yet her practical side and dislike of Fiona's sort kept her moving.

Only a hand on her arm stopped her. She drew in a deep, shaky breath, and stepped back obediently as one of the officers took the crop from her and motioned her to kneel in front of Hanson.

Lieutenant Fox flicked his tongue at her, and she felt a swirl

of disgust and resentment. With it, however, came a little flicker of excitement as she turned and looked into Lieutenant Hanson's sex.

Hanson had not been shaven, but her pubic hair was a very small, narrow line meant to be hidden by high cut bathing suits and lingerie. A small gold ring pierced her clitoris clear through, and again Gail felt a soft thrum of heat at the sight. Few women were daring enough to allow their clitoral hoods to be pierced, and fewer still the clitoris itself. The pain must have been - excruciating.

Gail pressed her thumbs against the woman's soft lips and spread them apart, revealing the gleaming pink flesh within. She could clearly see the woman's round little hole, spread wide now with just the base of a large vibrator visible.

She leaned forward, licking along the inner lips, aware of a sudden bright light, then Lieutenant Fox closing in with a video camera. Her fingers circled the base of the vibrator, then eased in around it, grasping at it and tugging it down.

It was tight inside its snug sleeve - and no wonder, she thought, given how thick it was. She eased it down, feeling it purring smoothly as inch after inch slid out of Hanson's body. The metallic looking device glistened in the light, wet with Lieutenant Hanson's juices, and Gail gave a small snort of contempt at yet another sign of the woman's weakness.

She drew it further out, blinking in surprise as still more appeared. The thing was a good foot long, she decided, as she finally extracted the conical head from Hanson's hole.

She rubbed it slowly up and down against the woman's pierced clitty, then penetrated her again, sliding half the thick vibrator up into her body before withdrawing it again. She ran it up Hanson's body, rolling it against her pierced nipples, then drawing it down again and thrusting it up fully into her body once more.

Her moist fingers gently massaged the pierced clitoris, then her mouth went forward, her tongue moist and warm, licking lightly around the hood, then brushing it gently.

Hanson was moaning and groaning insensibly, hardly aware of what she was doing. Gail knew the pain in her soles would outweigh even that of her recently pierced clitoris now, and that the woman would be crawling for some time to come.

A shudder of excitement ran through her, and she let her tongue lap fully across the trembling little clitoris, her arms circling the woman's body, hands squeezing her wounded buttocks, fingers kneading the soft flesh as she sucked lightly on her clitoris.

She hated that the men were here, but she was, if nothing, adaptable, and getting her way with a delicious, posh woman like Fiona Hanson made it almost worthwhile.

She bit down lightly, giggling as the woman jerked and sobbed.

Erika's eyes opened slowly, fluttering in the bright sunlight

streaming through the cabin's porthole. She rose with a start, staring around her fearfully, then looked down at her naked body, seeking the damage which had been wrought there.

She could see nothing, of course. Only her back had been flogged. She stood up, grasping the bulkhead for support as her legs went rubbery, then reached behind her.

The door opened and she gaped for a moment at Lieutenant Commander Denton before trying to cover her nudity.

"I think I've seen all there is to see of you, Lieutenant," Denton sniggered.

He was right, of course, and she let her hands fall, glaring at him.

"So, ready for work, are you?"

"What are you talking about?" she demanded.

"Bridge. It's your watch."

"Me?" She looked at him suspiciously and he grinned.

"Of course. Just because we're having a bit of the old sport with you and the other sluts you don't think you'll be let off work, do you?"

He pointed at a pile of clothing sitting on the steel desk.

"Your new uniform. You'll be expected to wear it while on duty."

Erika stepped to one side and lifted up what appeared to be a pair of little girls' shorts, then a tiny top, and finally a pair of stiletto heeled shoes.

"I'm not wearing these," she said flatly.

"You either wear them or go naked," he said cheerfully. "Which would you prefer, Lieutenant?"

Ten minutes later she was walking alongside him, face burning, as they headed for the bridge, and thinking that naked might well have been a better choice.

The clothes were a mockery of a naval uniform, the shirt the proper colour, bearing her rank on the epaulettes, but far too tight, and cut off just below her breasts to hang loose well above her trousers.

The trousers were very tight, as well, naturally, and were so short that the lower third of her buttocks protruded from beneath.

They walked onto the bridge, and the half dozen men there all turned their eyes on her, some smirking, all appreciative.

She glared back as best she could, despite the lack of confidence her clothing gave her. She knew they all wanted to use her, and yet no one had yet. It was a continuing tension in her belly, waiting to be raped. She knew it would come, just not how, or by whom.

Denton's hand cupped her backside as he guided her forward. She pushed his hand away, stepping sideways, glowering sullenly.

"I expect my officers to be polite, Lieutenant," The captain said. "Those who aren't can expect punishment."

Erika became instantly aware of the throbbing in her back and buttocks - not that it had receded far enough for her to forget - and she lowered her eyes.

She had to get off this ship! This whole thing was madness! Where were the other women? Where was Gail Baxter, or Fiona Hanson? Where were the other enlisted women?

The captain's hand slipped behind her back and guided her up beside him. His hand slipped up under the bottom of the shirt, stroking her bare back (She wore no bra, of course) as he talked.

"Now bridge duty is a serious business, girl," he said, puffing on his pipe. "No time for giggling and flirting like you girls usually prefer."

She stiffened but made no other response other than to imagine him dead in a dozen very messy ways.

His hand eased downward and gave her behind a squeeze, his fingers stroking against the bare skin sticking out the bottom.

"Now go over there and have a look in those lower cabinets," he said. "You'll find a number of very important items there."

She moved hurriedly forward, burning red under the gaze of the several smirking enlisted men nearby.

"The lower cabinet, girl," McKenzie said.

She took a deep breath, then hastily let it out for fear the buttons in the front of the shirt would explode. She tried to squat, grunting as the material of the tight shorts dug into her mons.

"Just bend over, girl," McKenzie said. "It's the easiest way. We all promise not to look at your splendid backside."

The men chuckled, and again she burned, but, remember the whipping, she bent over, knowing that as she did the already high, tight shorts would ride up higher still.

She opened the cabinet and the captain "instructed" her on the use of such mundane things as torches and radios within, all while she stood bent at the waist with her hands almost on the floor.

When she was finally permitted to straighten she was placed at the wheel while Captain McKenzie stood behind her, guiding her hands, his groin pressed in firmly against her barely covered buttocks as he ground himself lightly against her.

Over the following hour she was groped and fondled outrageously by Denton and McKenzie, while the enlisted men looked on with considerable interest. All the while they kept up the pretence of normality as they instructed her in her watch duties.

And then, to her considerable surprise, they left, and she was alone on the bridge with just the wheel man, the messenger, and the radar technician. It was unsettling, and, after a few minutes, almost normal - except for the way she was dressed. She tried to stay at the rear of the bridge, so their backs were mostly turned, and thought how she could escape and have them all arrested.

The radio was obviously the key. If she could just get to the

radio she could get a message out, and these sick male animals would all find themselves in cages.

She remained on the bridge for another hour, glaring furiously every time she caught one of the enlisted men gazing at her barely contained breasts, or her cheeks peeking out from beneath her too short shorts.

When the captain and Denton showed up again they were not alone. With them was a woman clad in leather - or perhaps, unclad in leather.

Erika stared at the woman before her, her jaw dropping in shock as the breath hissed out between her lips. It had to be Fiona Hanson. The body was too perfect, just like the one she had admired what seemed ages earlier in their small cabin. Yet there was no face to this woman, for her head was completely encased in a leather hood which was almost completely smooth. There was no nose, just two small slits, no eye sockets, and, so far as she could tell, no mouth either. Though there might have been had a wide leather strap not circled her head just across the mouth.

The woman was wearing thigh high leather boots with stiletto heels higher than Erika would have thought walkable. She had on matching shoulder length leather gloves. Both wrists and ankles were encircled by leather restraints which were only slightly visible against the leather beneath. In fact, they might not have been noticeable at all had it not been for the small chain linking her ankle restraints, and the fact that her wrists were bound behind her back. Her wrist restraints were only part of the binding behind her. Her arms were encircled by two wide leather straps which pinned them back together behind her back, joined up as far as the elbows. Erika wondered her arms didn't pull loose.

Fiona wore an odd sort of girdle about her lower chest and upper belly. It was leather, of course, and it squeezed her belly into impossible slenderness while thrusting her breasts upwards and together. Two inch wide straps travelled up around the outside of her breasts, then curved in above to press down. They crossed above her breasts and fastened behind her neck. A second strap, thinner, crossed just at the top of her breasts, completing their encirclement. Fiona's already attractive mammaries were now thrust up and out, then squeezed together at the sides, and pushed down from above.

It was, she conceded, rather a stunning look, and her fingers twitched at her sides at the sudden thought of caressing the lovely white orbs. Fiona wore an inch wide leather belt about her abdomen. It was curved downwards at her middle, pulled hard by an attachment, a second, wider strap of leather which descended between her legs, squeezed up very tightly against her mound, then travelled up between her buttocks to fasten at the back of her belt.

Erika noted that Fiona's nipples had been pierced. Two wide gold rings hung from her small pink nipples. A Y-chain was attached to them, the separate chains joining together a foot forward and held by a smirking Commander Denton as he led the woman forward by the `leash'.

"Take this," he ordered, handing her the leash.

Erika drew back in shock for a moment, then hesitantly took the chain, gazing at the woman before her in dark fascination. Fiona had been reduced to a faceless sex doll, not a person at all.

"We want her to get her exercise, after all," Denton said. "So you can walk her around on deck for a bit. Take her to the stern, then back up the port side. Make sure she walks smartly and keeps her back straight."

He handed her a long leather crop, and she blinked in surprise. "If she slows up just whack her bottom with that." There seemed no alternative but for Erika to tug lightly on the chain and lead Fiona away.

"Oh and... Foster," the captain said, smirking. "You can put her through whatever paces you wish, of course."

She kept her lips tightly clamped together, saluting properly before leading Hanson away.

She kept gazing at the woman as they walked, her eyes travelling from the faceless mask over her face, to the way the chains pulled her nipples, stretching them outward.

"I bet your arms hurt," she finally said with some awkwardness. "I don't know what we can do to get away from these madmen, but until then the only thing I can think of is to obey them."

She saw the thin lines which crossed Fiona's breasts and buttocks and swallowed. "As I'm sure you've discovered, they are quite prone to physical abuse here."

She led the woman along, having to continually remind herself that this was a fellow woman, that this was Fiona Hanson, not a faceless body here for the amusement of - of anyone who wanted it.

The captain's leering suggestion had been all too obvious. It had been an invitation to her to abuse Fiona Hanson. As if she would!

Not that anything she could do could begin to approach the disgusting things he and his lecherous cronies had already done to the poor girl.

Of course, Hanson had been something of a snob, an arrogant one, at that. Don't think so much of yourself now, do you, Hanson, she thought uncharitably.

She glared at the men they passed, but they ignored her as they ravished Fiona Hanson's practically nude body with their disgusting eyes and minds.

And Hanson's body was lush and well displayed, she admitted to herself. Lovely, lovely breasts, she thought. The long, thin nipples were only accentuated by the gold rings piercing them, and the slight tug only served to lift her already high breasts more.

She looked down, wondering what lay beneath the tight leather pressing in against Fiona's sex. It would be the charitable thing to do to look, to remove anything which may have been placed there.

She tugged a little harder on the leash, watching the strain on

the woman's nipples, watching them stretch out a little more before she scurried to move faster.

She led her around the ship, then back up the passageway which led to officers' quarters and into their cabin.

"We're alone in our cabin now. I think I can take this off," she said, unclipping the leash.

She stared at the woman, licking her lips. "I've always wondered what it would feel like to get my nipples pierced," she said, reaching out and fingering one of the rings.

Her gaze travelled down the girl's body, and she noted how she stood, legs straight but well apart.

"They put something into you, didn't they? Filthy animals. Even when their own dirty organs aren't up to the task they'll find something that will do the job. They're like barbarians in their need to thrust things into a woman's body."

She reached down and undid the vertical belt where it rose from between Hanson's thighs and joined the one about her waist. She had to pull it slightly tighter before slipping the buckle, and the woman grunted very lightly through her hood.

Then the strap fell away and Erika inhaled sharply at sight of the well laced mound, feeling a sense of shocked excitement at the realization the woman had been whipped between her legs.

"Poor you," she whispered.

Fiona's groin did not look right, however, and as she sank slowly down she realized why.

Her labia were spread horribly wide apart. And as she lowered she saw the reason was that something had indeed been pushed up into her vaginal sheath. Her eyes widened at sight of it, for it was far wider than the dildo which had been used on her, or even the ear of corn which had been used to rape Gail Baxter. It was easily as thick around as her wrist. No, thicker.

And above that lay another small gold ring, pushing aside the hood over her clitoris, and neatly impaling the small, sensitive button.

She reached out, hand shaking slightly, and ran her fingers along the taut, straining pubic lips, then lifted the ring lightly before pulling back. She tried to ease a finger in to grasp at the object. She failed, unable to do more than tap at its base, which was flush with the woman's sex.

She looked up, but of course, Fiona continued to stare off at nothing, blinded and gagged.

She looked down again, and saw the thing move slightly, as if Fiona was working her pubic muscles, trying to expel it.

Slowly it pushed out, easing downwards until Erika, eyes wide, could grasp it between her fingertips and tug on it. Even then it eased out slowly. She was appalled, and at the same time electrified by how thick it was, and how much of it had been forced into the poor woman's

body. A full foot long, she thought, and as wide as her forearm. How it must have hurt going in!

"I bet you f-feel much better now," she whispered, staring up at the gaping hole between Hanson's trembling legs.

She stood up, staring at the blank leather face.

"Happy with your choices now, Hanson?" she whispered. "Still think men are so sweet and nice? Still like having their dirty cocks pushed into you? I wager you've had quite a few recently."

She reached down and felt the moisture of the girl's opening, then let two fingers rub lightly against her ringed clitoris.

"I bet it feels awfully good to have that out of there," she said. "Yes, awfully good."

She thought she imagined it, at first. Then she was certain as Hanson's hips began to roll ever so slightly.

She smirked and rubbed a little harder, undoing her shorts and shoving a hand down between her own legs as she stared at the girl's whip marked pussy and rubbed against her clitoris.

"You're such a slut," she said in contempt. "You probably like what they've done to you. Don't you?"

She tugged lightly at the ring and watched Hanson's hips jerk forward in response.

"I bet that hurt," she breathed.

She rubbed and rolled the hard little button with growing force as Hanson's body jerked and humped against her. It was eerie, but exciting. The woman had no face, and made virtually no noise. She was like a sex doll, a toy, not a human being at all.

She let her hands slide upwards and cup those lovely breasts, lifting and squeezing them together even more than the odd halter already did. She bent, rolling the nipples between her fingers and tugging on the rings.

She stepped back, eyes aflame, and picked up the leash, attaching it to the nipple rings again, then looked upward to a low overhanging pipe. She reached up, flinging the end of the leash over the pipe, then catching it as it fell.

Then she pulled ever so slightly, cocking her head to one side and watching in fascination as those magnificent breasts were tugged upwards, the nipples stretching more and more. She saw Hanson trying to rise up, her back arching as she pointed her breasts at the pipe.

She dropped to her knees, staring at the woman's sex, then pressed her lips forward and let her tongue flick out.

She licked slowly up the length of her moist valley, feeling the hard metal of the ring against her tongue as she pushed her lips in around it. Hanson's pussy lips were closing now, only a small hole remaining to show how strained her lips were. Erika pushed three fingers up into her easily, however, as she sucked on the ring and clitoris.

She could hear the very soft moaning coming from beneath the hood as Hanson reacted to what she was doing, but that was little more

than a minor distraction. Erika tugged and twisted the ring which impaled her clitoris, then started tugging on it to stretch her clitoris out, licking at the swollen little button as Hanson's legs trembled and shook.

She stood up, panting for breath, and saw that Hanson's nipples were stretched out at least two full inches now. She eased up on the leash, letting it go, and pulling it back over the pipe. She removed it from Hanson's nipples and took both into her mouth, sucking and licking lightly.

She stepped back, then clipped the little chain leash to the ring between Hanson's legs, pushing down on her shoulders as she did.

"I'm sure you'll be delighted to please me as you have your other superior officers, Sub Hanson," she breathed.

She reached behind the hood and undid the buckle of the strap which wound around her head. As it fell forward the strap remained fixed in place only over her mouth, and Erika had to tug that back very slowly and gently as she discovered the ball gag was attached to the strap.

Finally the small hole in the leather hood over Fiona Hanson's mouth was revealed. It was round, of course. Just the shape for filthy male cocks to push through.

"You're going to be a good girl, aren't you, Fiona?" she whispered, giving the leash several sharp little tugs.

She felt a roiling heat through her belly as Hanson responded with little gasps of pain, her loins bucking forward.

"Aren't you, little Fiona?"

"Y-y-yes, ma'am," Fiona replied, her voice a harsh croak.

"I bet your mouth is dry from all that chewing on the ball gag. Fortunately, I can provide some moisture."

She shoved her tight shorts down and off, then drew Hanson's mouth in against her dripping pussy. She snarled inwardly as it became obvious the woman had no idea how to proceed, tugging on the leash to display her unhappiness.

"You can do better than that, little one," she said with a pout. "Push your tongue out more. That's it, up into my pussy. Lick out my cream. Isn't it tasty? Much better than that nasty cock juice I'm sure you've been drinking."

With careful guidance, and judicious use of the leash, she soon had Hanson lapping at her swollen clitoris. Despite her anxiety, embarrassment and rage at what had happened to her at the hands of the ship's male crew she could not repress the sadistic joy and fierce lust she felt at utterly possessing the beautiful and haughty young sub lieutenant.

The first orgasm, excited as she was, came quickly. But She remained in position through a second, a third, and a fourth. Whenever Hanson's jaw grew tired a few harsh snaps of the leash leant her energy.

Finally her own clitty was sore from the long licking and she

pushed the woman back with a groan. Hanson fell on her back on the deck, legs spread apart as she worked her overused jaw.

"M-much better that time," Erika panted.

She bent and picked up the ball gag, still moist from Fiona's saliva, then jammed it against her open mouth before she had a chance to speak. She felt the resistance, but pushed down remorselessly until the strap was flush with her lips. She raised her head as she pulled the strap behind it, then buckled it in place and stood up once again.

Now Hanson was a... a thing again, a faceless, voiceless body, with no complaints and no resistance to anything Erika might choose to do.

"It's time we got you back to the captain," she said.

She turned and gazed at the enormous dildo, then licked her lips and picked it up. As she bent over Hanson's prone body she found the woman was as sopping wet as she had been herself, and smirked to herself about the woman's weakness.

"Open wide, little girl," she whispered.

She pushed the rounded tip of the dildo against Fiona's sex, then began to push inwards with sharp, rhythmic motions. It took a minute before she could get those tight pussy lips open enough, but then she stood up, eyes alight with lust, staring at the long, thick thing sticking out of Fiona's defenceless body.

She put her foot on the base and began to push, at the same time tugging repeatedly on the small chain attached to Fiona's clit ring. Fiona's hips rolled and began to buck upwards, and Erika alerted the pressure of her foot. Instead of pushing steadily she let her weight come down with the same rhythm as her tugs on the chain.

Still, inch after inch slowly ground past Fiona's straining pussy lips and disappeared into her belly, inch after inch pushing through until the base was flush with her mound. Still Erika pushed, letting her stiletto heel jab against the base as she continued to tug on the chain.

Fiona's legs suddenly flew up and apart, and her pelvis began to roll and buck frantically. Her back arched and her head rolled backwards as her body jerked from side to side. After long, long seconds of violent shaking she went limp, laying still on the deck.

Erika unclipped the chain, clipping it to her nipple rings instead. She pulled the strap between Fiona's legs, then yanked it through the buckle hard, fastening it in place.

She hoped, then, that Hanson remained gagged and would not be able to tell the captain what she had done. For as the worst of her lust began to fade she felt a flush of guilt come to her cheeks. What she had done was almost, well, almost masculine! She had rudely and crudely used this poor girl merely to satisfy her own lust. And wasn't that just like a man?

Not that the little bitch hadn't deserved it, mind.

She quickly slipped on the oh-so-tight little short trousers,

snarling a bit as she examined herself in the mirror, then slipped the little "leash" into the rings set in Fiona's nipples, pulled her to her feet, and led her out of the cabin.

Chapter Eight

The Majestic continued its long, steady journey southward, arcing around Portugal and then heading into the Mediterranean. On the surface, the ship behaved as any other warship might, with the crew doing their regular maintenance and drills and the officers supervising them carefully.

Life for the four enlisted female crew members began to settle down, especially for the two longest serving, Kim Morgan and Deb Smith. They were in the hands of the non commissioned officers, who largely had common tastes. Each was provided with a schedule of those men who's pleasure they were to see to, and at which times of the day. During other times they were responsible for the same sorts of duties any other crew member might be given.

Of course, those duties were often interrupted by the unscheduled desires of this or that petty officer, or the requirement they provide entertainment at one or another gathering, usually in the petty officers mess.

Both girls had become used to the requirement they perform as strippers - their dancing abilities encouraged by canes applied to slow moving buttocks - and were beginning to become used to the requirement they provide live sex shows as well.

These might involve performing sex acts with one or more of the chiefs, or using a variety of sexual implements upon themselves while the men watched. More recently performing sex acts on each other had become quite popular to their audiences, though neither girl had the least inclination towards lesbianism.

The newer "girls" were, of course, still in the hands of the officers, who had more imaginative, and some would suggest more disturbing tastes. The mere use of lush female bodies was not enough to satisfy them. Their first explorations with subjugating wrens had shown them the pleasure of dominating females. Now they wanted more.

For Sub Lieutenant Fiona Hanson, who clearly had some hidden submissive desires, that involved turning her into the absolute model of a sexual slave, a woman who lived and breathed for sex and punishment, who would not at any time even consider resisting any order given her to perform however lewd an act was desired by her masters.

For young Amy Peterson, a comparative innocent, it meant breaking her utterly, degrading her to the point she no longer possessed an ounce of pride or resistance. Not a natural submissive, as Hanson was,

this required more effort, and more sustained cruelty.

The two lesbians, Gail Baxter and Erica Foster, were, they considered, an interesting challenge. Both owned a certain cruelty the officers admired, and an obvious interest in the sexual degradation of women - other women, of course.

They had little difficulty recruiting Baxter to aid them in subjugating Hanson and Peterson, and it was with some delight they then forced her to submit to the same sorts of attacks herself. It was doubly pleasing since her outrage and resentment was so clear -at least at first.

The captain, however, was a master of psychology. He reasoned that any woman so aroused and excited by the idea of women being tormented and sexually abused could eventually come to see such abuse on herself as arousing, as well. The task, then, was to turn a man-hating lesbian into a fawning she-slut who begged for the whip, even while hating the men who wielded it.

Erica Foster was the most interesting challenge. Using her own desires to turn her into an unwilling conspirator and accessory to their crimes was the beginning. Making her into a sexual object conscious of her status as such would work to influence her mind.

And no man would force her into sexual activities - not, at least, on the ship. The arrogant lieutenant Foster would be taught her place in different ways.

Erika took some comfort in her own state of dress, at least as compared to the other women present. She wore her full uniform, including cap, and stood among, if apart from, the uniformed men assembled in the room.

No such covering existed for Amy Peterson, Fiona Hanson, or Gail Baxter. All were nude before the eyes of a half dozen ship's officers, and a dozen more officers from the Moroccan military, who had joined them as guests after Majestic had docked in Casablanca.

The three had started the evening in respectable dress uniforms, as well. Then Peterson, the youngest, and still least easy with her changed circumstances, had been ordered to raise her skirt and masturbate in front of the assembled men. Red faced, she had done so, even slowly forcing a cucumber from the dinner table up her vagina as the men laughed and joked.

Fiona Hanson was then bent across a chair, her panties dropped and skirt raised, for a switching on her bare buttocks. And after this Gail Baxter had dropped to her knees before a beaming Moroccan man, unfastened his trousers, and taken his erection down her throat.

Before very long, of course, all were nude and being used in ever orifice by the men crowding around them. Oddly, Erika had not been forced to take any part. Although she did have to remain and watch, stiffly ignoring the smirks and lewd looks turned her way by the Moroccans.

She had felt for the girls and yet... her own desires were roused by the sight of them being so degraded, so used, of their ripe, lovely bodies being abused by the filthy males in their ribald rutting.

Yes, fuck her. Fuck the little slut! Ram it into her harder, she had muttered in her mind, watching Hanson being sodomized by a grunting Moroccan Admiral. Dirty little slut. Getting what you want now, aren't you, Hanson?

Her face had been stone as Peterson straddled another officer, inserted him, and then began to ride up and down his long, thick organ with feigned enthusiasm. It aroused her more than Hanson, for some reason, for she knew Hanson was enjoying her degradation while Peterson was not.

Poor little Amy, she thought in cruel amusement. You didn't want to lick pussy, did you? Thought lesbians were sick. Well now you've got that big cock in your snug little pussy. You ought to be happy about it.

Every time the little slut had let her tight little pussy lips slide down the glistening length of thick white cock Erika had thought about how deep inside the girl it had been driven, and felt a little twinge of satisfaction and pleasure within her.

Then, of course, with the men sated, it was time for them to languorously watch as Erika was forced to demonstrate on the girls the discipline she so enjoyed doing in private. She was aroused, but loathed providing sport for these vile men. The alternative, however, was to be on the receiving end of their disgusting sexual excesses, and so she really had no choice.

She took some enjoyment in the abuse of Gail Baxter, who she considered a particular traitor. She had never forgiven her for giving in to her own desires with all the men watching, grinding her naked flesh against Erika as they hung there before half the officers on the ship. And she knew that, despite herself, the stupid girl was beginning to enjoy her role as a sexual slave. She was worse than Hanson since, as a lesbian, she ought to have more control over herself - especially around men.

Baxter made no complaint as Erika, lips pursed and face expressionless, stepped forward and fastened the leather restraints around her wrists and ankles, and the thick collar around her neck. She raised her own legs as she lay on the deck, drawing them back against her body even before Erika gripped her ankles and began to push them down.

She forced the girl's legs back far, and Baxter pushed her arms through them, curling her arms back as Erika slowly rolled her over. She gasped in some pain as Erika seized her arms and pulled them back farther and farther, jamming them in against her pinned legs and then locking her wrists together behind her back.

She rolled her over once again, eyes primly avoiding sight of the woman's lewdly displayed sex, shaven and gleaming moistly.

There were several large eye bolts in the ceiling, and as the men looked on she drew over a small step ladder and inserted a chain through one, pulling one end down to a pulley set into the bulkhead and attaching it there. she attached a spreader bar to Baxter's ankle restraints, then attached a chain to the back clasp of her collar and went to the bulkhead.

The crank turned easily at first, then as the slack was taken up she was forced to use both hands to lift Baxter upwards off the deck. It took only a minute, however, before she could lock the pulley off with the woman dangling several feet up, her eyes five feet or so from the deck.

Her upper torso was at virtually the same height as it was when she stood on her feet. And her head was erect, staring at Erika. The only difference was that her legs were thrust straight up in the air above her, her ankles back behind her head, and her nether regions very crudely displayed and ready for use.

Erika then went to a cabinet and drew out a large dildo. It was of hard rubber, with small rubber spikes protruding out from all around it. She returned to Baxter and slowly forced the thing, easily a foot long, all the way into her pussy, then began to pump it in and out as the men watched with interest.

The girl jerked and gasped, and Erika sniffed in some satisfaction at the obvious pain in her eyes. She felt no sympathy for Baxter. Indeed, although it caused her considerable distaste to be providing the watching males with such enjoyment she found herself becoming aroused again.

She pumped the dildo hard and fast for a minute, then thrust it deep and got another. This one was forced up the woman's rectum, and again, used to batter away at her innards as the men - and Erika, watched her anguish.

With that shoved deep Erika picked up a flog and began to whip her exposed groin and buttocks, at last drawing more than grunts and gasps from the blonde girl. The men watched, engrossed in the action, as Baxter screamed from each blow.

Erika set down the flog and picked up a stiff crop, aiming directly for the woman's narrow slit, and putting especial effort into her work to make the screams rise louder.

She halted and found two alligator clips. She snapped one on each of the girl's pubic lips, then by use of a chain running around Baxter's body, forced those snug lips to open wide and reveal the base of the dildo buried in her pussy, and the small swollen bud of her clitoris.

She picked up the riding crop again and went to work, causing some of the men to block their ears and complain at the noise of Baxter's howling.

Erika knew only disdain for them, for the sound was music to her ears. She was fighting to keep from grinning now each time the leather

lashed down into the girl's pink sex,

A word from the Captain halted her in mid blow, and she set down the crop, fighting to control her breathing and excitement as she turned to Fiona Hanson.

The woman's eyes were electric with desire as Erika seized her and began to fasten restraints around her wrists and ankles.

There was a hole set in the deck, and Erika went to a corner and retrieved a three foot long metal pipe. She inserted one end into the hole and gave it a quick twist to lock it in place, then dragged Hanson over to it. She pushed her belly into the rounded metal pipe so all present could see how high it would be once within her, then fastened her wrists together before her.

She set up another chain and pulley and Hanson's arms began to rise above her. Soon she was on her toes. Then they left the deck, rising up higher and higher, until the opening to her sex was only slightly lower than the rounded top of the thick silver pipe. She moved over to the woman then, adjusting her body, lifting it slightly then impaling it on the pipe.

Hanson groaned weakly, but did nothing to fight or resist as the thick pipe forced her sex wide.

Erika returned to the wall and began to lower her, and all the men present watched with bated breath as her straining pussy slid down the length of the pipe. She was groaning weakly as her toes touched the deck, and fought to remain there as the chain above went slack.

Erika returned to her and, businesslike, removed the chain from her wrist restraints and pulled her wrists back behind her back. She clasped them together once more, then used a wide strap to force her arms back until her elbows were pressed together. She thrust a thick hook shaped like a half donut up Fiona's anus, then attached a chain to the protruding end and fed it through the clasp between her wrist restraints.

This served to force her wrists downwards and arch her back rather sharply.

She used a very thin crop, at first, so the men could watch the pale ivory flesh atop Fiona's straining breasts being laced with colour. She started on the right breast, and the crop hissed through the air before cutting into the perfect orb.

Fiona showed none of the restraint Gail Baxter had, screaming at once, and then repeatedly as Erika lashed her breast into a throbbing pink. She started on the other, then, turning that a bright, glowing pink before lifting up a thicker, heavier crop.

By that time Fiona had settled flat on her feet, her jaw going somewhat slack as tears spilled from her cheeks onto her throat, then trickled down onto her burning breasts.

Erika was not fooled, however, and let the tip of the crop nudge Fiona's pussy. The heavy bar had forced her lips wide, and the flesh around them was straining out. Her clitoris was quite visible, swollen

as it was, and the men growled throatily as they watched her the muscles in her thighs working.

Fiona was slowly lifting and lowering herself on the thick metal pipe impaling her, fucking herself on this cruel dildo even as her breasts sent agony through her system.

Erika moved in and let her finger rub roughly against the little button and Fiona groaned aloud, her hips grinding helplessly forward.

Erika drew back and raised the crop, then lashed it down on Fiona's big pink breasts.

Erika's screams rose, but she continued to ride herself up and down the metal pipe, rising to her toes now, only to drop her heels back to the deck. Her head began to thrash violently and her screams warbled, rising and falling as a very obvious climax took her.

She went limp, slack jawed, and Erika halted, fighting the heat within her own pussy, fighting the desire to tear off her own clothes and grind her pelvis against Fiona's.

Amy Peterson came next. Erika strapped her ankles together, then bent her legs back and strapped them to her thighs. She pushed her knees tightly back against her chest, then strapped them there. Finally, she strapped her arms tightly together around her knees.

Amy was in a tight ball now, her eyes blinking desperately.

She fed another chain through another eyebolt to another crank and pulley, then produced a device none of the girls had seen yet, a device brought aboard by one of the Moroccan men. It was six inches long, narrow at the tip, but widening very rapidly, rather like an oversized butt plug. Two inches from the base it appeared as wide as her forearm, then very abruptly narrowed to no wider than a man's organ.

Erika turned the girl and slowly worked the device into Amy's rectum. It hardly fit, at least at the end, and the girl was moaning and gasping and sobbing before the widest part slid past her straining opening.

This left a spare inch of base remaining outside the girl's body. Erika inserted a narrow metal device into an opening in the base and began to turn it in slow circles. None of the men could see any result, except that the little redhead began squirming and gasping more and more.

Inside her rectum, they knew, the widest part of the device was growing wider still, so wide it could not possibly emerge from her small wrinkled opening. Not, at least, without tearing her apart.

"Stop it! Stop it!" Amy begged.

Erika ignored her, of course. She stopped only when the thing would turn no more, then reached up and drew down the chain, snapping the catch on the end to the small ring at the bottom of the device.

She stood and went to the crank, and the chain tightened, then dragged Amy's squalling body along the deck until she was directly beneath the bolt in the roof. Slowly, her body rose, teetering on her shoulders for a moment, then lifting off the deck as Amy's howls rose in

tandem.

Erika raised her several feet before locking off the crank. She picked up a double handful of small clips and balls from the counter and returned.

Each clip was attached to a small chain which held a weighted metal ball. Erika carefully clipped each to a twist of Amy's hair, until a dozen of them dangled from her upside down head, pulling down cruelly on her red hair.

Then, picking up a narrow crap, she began to beat the soles of the girl's feet.

The three girls were left hanging in place as the captain accepted an invitation from the Moroccan officers to come ashore and visit their base. Erika was delighted at hearing this, certain she would soon be left alone with her three little slave girls for more intimate enjoyment.

She was annoyed and suspicious when she was included in the party the captain brought ashore. The fact they had left her in uniform so far did not mean the Captain had nothing more humiliating in store for her.

Indeed, on the drive over the Captain sat beside her, and stroked her thigh through her skirt. The Moroccan officer on her other side eased her skirt up and let his own hand glide up along her inner thigh to finger her bare pussy.

She sat sternly, eyes forward, ignoring the both of them as they chuckled in amusement.

"You're quite moist here, Lieutenant," Captain McKenzie observed.

"Perhaps she enjoyed the torments she visited upon those poor, innocent girls," the Moroccan officer suggested.

"Yes, I'm quite sure she did."

Erika could not deny it, though she remained as stiff as possible. That was growing difficult, for she had been quite aroused, and the Moroccan officer in particular had quite talented fingers. She had to steel her mind to not think of the feel of the crops against those soft bodies, the sound of their screams or the sight of the welts and stripes rising on their flesh.

Doing so for only an instant, with the man's fingers stroking her pussy, made her blood boil and her heart race with helpless excitement.

The group arrived at a palace belonging to one of the local leaders, and moved through marble halls on thick persian rugs before arriving at a pair of high, wide doors guarded by two bearded men in robes.

The doors were opened and they entered a room filled with women. There were settees, padded chairs and cushions scattered around the floor, circling a wide pool of crystal clear water.

The women, about two dozen of them, were all young, all

apparently beautiful behind the semi-transparent veils they hastily drew over their faces, and all dressed in colourful silk harem pants and matching halters. The pants were slit in both legs from ankles two thighs, and the halters were nearly sheer.

It was, Erika realized in some fascination, a harem.

She braced herself for a display of male rutting, looking about her at the young women. All had long hair, and they appeared to be of all races, from the big busted blonde sitting by the pool to the gleaming ebony of the athletic African standing next to a stone pillar. There were also young Asian girls, their bodies gold and smooth, and Arab girls of varying shades of brown.

One woman in particular stood out, a tall, powerful looking Arab woman with piercing eyes. She was speaking to one of the Moroccan men in Arab, bowing obediently and repeatedly.

How disgusting, Erika thought, that a strong, obviously intelligent woman had to kowtow to some fat pig of a man.

The woman said something to the women, and all obediently and without hesitation stripped off their clothing and gathered nakedly around them.

Then hands seized Erika and she yelled in protest as she was dragged away from the group of officers into their midst. She struggled furiously, but the women only laughed as they stripped off her jacket and blouse, then her skirt and shoes. Naked, she was forced to her knees before the tall woman, who smiled darkly down at her.

"Sheik Abdullah has given you to us as our plaything," she said in heavily accented English. "He says you have no use or need of male organs and prefer the taste of women on your lips. You are to be our slave."

"No, I..."

A harsh slap to the face silenced her, then the woman eased her legs apart and gripped Erika's hair, guiding her mouth in against her groin.

The two women kneeling beside her kept her arms pinned back, and one tugged on her hair harshly until Erika cried out and began to lick.

The men watched, grinning, as Erika was forced to please one girl after another, slapped, cuffed and pinched to obedience until her tongue was too tired to perform any further.

Every hair on her body was then shaven off and her smooth body was bound at ankle, wrist and throat by heavy metal shackles linked with chain.

The giggling harem girls then donned large, strap-on dildos and began to use her nether holes as the men watched and laughed, plunging them deeply and forcefully into her rectum and pussy until they tired of the sport.

Erika was hung by her wrists then and legs spread wide. One of the younger girls, a bright-eyed Asian with long silky black hair, knelt between her thighs and began to lap at her clitty as the long, evil

looking bull whip was applied to her back.

The agony and the humiliation burned deep within her, and tears spilled from her eyes as the men watched. Then they all turned and filed out. The tall doors closed with the sound of finality, and Erika cried out against the pleasure seeping through her body.

The pleasure was horrible, yet she clung to it desperately, fighting off waves of pleasure as the girl's tongue whipped against her throbbing sex. Yet as the men left, and she found herself surrounded only by women the last desperate desire to withstand her humiliation faded and she gave herself up to the orgasm hovering over her.

And with it the madness came crashing down around her, swamping her.

Scream after scream was torn from her lips, each signalling more and more mindless pleasure. The tall Arab woman moved before her and the whip lashed her breasts, cutting deep into the soft flesh, tearing at her aching nipples, then searching lower still, snapping upwards into her dripping slit, and flicking at the opening to her rectum.

She was hardly aware of the flow of time thereafter. She forced to crawl at all times, bowing before the other women, who giggled at this novelty. Again and again she washed their pussies with her tongue and drank the cream of their bodies. Her tongue scoured their toes and lapped at their rectums, and her body was pierced again and again by objects of every size and shape.

Exhausted, and poorly fed, her mind remained in a haze, moving only by animal instinct. Her throat ached from screams of pleasure and howls of pain. Her inhibitions melted and disappeared, and her body became more and more sensitive to their expert touch.

She was not permitted to touch herself, and must crawl in her chains, licking at the toes of this or that girl, some young enough to almost be her daughter, begging them to use her. Then she would whine like a bitch in heat as their eyes would roll and their hands would slip between her legs to finger her to thundering orgasm.

Day after day passed, yet she remained in a hazy world of lewd pleasure and exquisite pain. Her jaw and tongue muscles gradually strengthened from lapping dozens of girls each day. Yet that only allowed more girls to make use of her.

They often used dildos of various sizes on her, so she barely noticed the first time a man dropped behind her and rode her violently, moaning and crying out her pleasure as his cock plunged into her pussy.

More days followed, and more and more often it was men making use of her bodies, men fingering her to squeals of pleasure, men driving their stiff cocks into her pussy and rectum. Soon she was swallowing their cocks to the hilt, her bald head bobbing up and down as cocks pushed into her anus or pussy.

She was freed of her shackles, donning the harem costumes of the other girls, and learned to dance lewdly and seductively for her masters, grinding her pelvis as her eyes stared at their bulging groins.

She did not think about Majestic, or the crew members of that ship, not until one day the Captain and Commander Denton appeared in the audience. She rolled her hips lewdly towards them as she danced, stripping off layer after layer of silk until she was nude, and bucking her hips into their faces

They put a leash around her neck then, and led her, crawling, into a small, private room. There they put her through her paces, and she responded wantonly, begging for more as they drove their cocks into her overheated body.

"We're glad to have you back aboard, Foster," Denton said.

Her name shocked her slightly. She had been called "slut" for... for however long she had been in the harem.

"On our way home, we are," he said. "Well, most of us."

"Aye," McKenzie said. "Pity about that radar tech Peterson deserting in Greece."

The two men grinned.

Finished with her, they had her crawl back into the main room, where, she saw a small redheaded woman being forced to please Fatima, the chief harem girl. She recognized the girl, slightly, then was led past her and out the door.

She crawled down the long hall, not feeling any degradation, only curiosity at her destination, and a thrill of excitement at the looks on the faces of the men they passed.

They put her in a car, which drove quickly back to the port. There, wearing coveralls now, she was led up the gangplank to Majestic and taken aboard.

Almost immediately she was taken belowdecks, stripped, and then hung by her wrists and whipped into unconsciousness. When she awoke they were out to sea once again, and she lay on her bunk, her back aching.

Fiona shook her briefly, then stepped back.

"It's your watch, Lieutenant," she said.

Erika sat up weakly, blinking her eyes. Fiona wore only a small blue thong. After a moment Erika realized she wore the same.

"Wha... what?"

"You have bridge duty, Lieutenant," Fiona said.

Erika nodded dazedly, then pulled herself to her feet. She winced at the soreness in her back, but followed Fiona to the hatch and accompanied her along the passage, passing another girl, one with large breasts, on all fours scrubbing the deck. The woman looked up briefly, then returned to her scrubbing. Like they, she wore only a thong.

They arrived at the bridge, and Fiona saluted sharply. Erika looked at her in confusion, then after a moment of hesitation, she brought her hand to her forehead.

"Permission to come on the bridge, sir," she said, remembering as if from a long time past.

"Permission granted. Come in, wrens."

"Proper wrens you are now, too," Denton said with a grin.

"Yes, sir," Erika said softly.

He motioned her to her knees before him, and she dropped quickly, reaching for his trousers. A moment later she spotted Fiona out of the corner of her eye also kneeling, her lips slipping around the captain's cock.

"I think I may have to change my mind about women at sea," McKenzie said. "There may be benefits to it, after all."

He grinned down at Erika as he slipped his cockhead into her throat, and she smiled back hesitantly.

End.