

# **SLAVE OF THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE**

**2023 Edition**

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# Chapter One

## *Another time and place*

“Undress completely, ladies! Or would you sooner my men strip you?” Captain Smith commanded, waving his flintlock pistol.

A wail immediately rose from the twenty or thirty women on the quay, and none of them moved to obey as they huddled together. The sound of the women’s caterwauling was dampened by the blanket of fog that had uncharacteristically shrouded Lyford harbour all morning.

Most of the women were already partially undressed, for the pirates had taken liberties with them, slitting bodices and tearing their skirts, as they seized the women and dragged them screaming from their homes.

“Mister Smirk, make a suitable example,” Smith said, as if wearied by the women’s reluctance.

Captain Henry Smith liked to make examples. It was his regular *modus operandi*. His man Smirk was well-versed in the Captain’s ways and he needed no further instruction. The fearsome brigand pushed into the cowering women, roughly sorting through them before dragging a large, plain woman forward and hurling her to her knees beside a stout timber mooring post. The old bollard was some eighteen inches high and the same in diameter. Tarred and gritted ships’ ropes had worn it into a mushroom-shape over the years.

“Blind Fiddler, play a tune,” Captain Smith demanded.

“Aye aye, sir.”

The pirate fiddler reached sightlessly to gauge his position and then, lodging the end of his battered violin to his upper chest, he began to scrape a lively tune.

Smirk tore the woman’s gown open at the neck and inserted his cutlass into her upper garments. The razor sharp blade slit the woman’s bodice and underskirt to her waist, revealing large, heavy pendulous breasts. Another pirate immediately stepped behind the screeching woman to grasp her forearms. He forced her forward and to her knees, placing his knee between her shoulder blades and drawing her arms back.

“Lay her tits on the mooring peg,” Smirk ordered as the fiddler’s lively music carried over the quay.

The woman, although sturdy, was no match for the man who held her. She struggled, but he pushed her garments down to her waist and forced her chest forward until her ample breasts were presented on top of the bollard, like large, ripe honeydew melons on a fruit stall. Smirk leaned forward to grasp and squeeze the soft flesh, plumping it up and arranging the tits to his liking.

“In your own time, Mr Smirk,” Captain Smith said. “We haven’t got all day.”

“Keep her head back,” Smirk ordered the man who was holding the woman in position.

The woman’s head was jerked back by her hair until she was looking up at the sky with her throat straining and exposed. Smirk nodded and laid the sharp edge of his blade on the quivering breast flesh before raising the cutlass high and bringing it down with hissing slash. The woman let out a blood-curdling scream but then immediately went limp, mercifully unconscious. The pirate twisted her body towards the terrified women to display the gaping wounds on her chest. The watching women screamed as one, and one of them fainted too. Blind Fiddler continued to play his lively and cheerful tune, stamping his foot to the beat.

“An excellent example, Mister Smirk,” Captain Smith said as Smirk kicked one of the two bloody tits into the harbour water.

Smirk picked up the other severed breast and examined it briefly before stuffing it into a bag at his side. He reached for the stricken woman’s skirt and wiped his cutlass blade and smiled as he turned to the group of horrified women: “Now ladies, who wishes to be next example? Or would you sooner choose to strip now, as the Captain commands?”

The terrified women immediately tore at their clothing, and presently all were cowering naked and ashamed, trying to shield their bodies with their hands. Smirk pushed them into a line, positioning each equidistant to the next, and he then moved to stand behind them. They glanced fearfully over their shoulders as another pirate walked down the row, coldly studying each woman.

“In your own time, Slaver Quartermaster,” Captain Smith said impatiently.

The fiddler had changed to a slow air now, but the lilting melody did nothing to soothe the terrified naked females on the quay. The women cowered back as the slaver inspected them one by one. He presented a fearsome sight, with a black moustache and chin tuft, dark gimlet eyes, and a wild, unkempt hair. He wore a strap-work of leather and steel on his broad chest, and a wide sash of crimson silk knotted around his waist, above baggy trousers stuffed into knee-length sturdy boots. A number of copper disks the size of pennies dangled from his sash. As he walked down the line and paused before each woman, he reached to push her hands aside and ran his hands expertly over her body. Despite the captain’s words, the slaver worked without haste, hefting breasts, pinching stomachs, turning the women in turn and grasping their arses... They cringed but made no effort to resist.

“More speed if you please, Scobie!” Smith admonished.

“Just judging the stock, Cap’n. I’ll only select them that’ll fetch four hundred pieces, at least. We haven’t got space to waste.”

“Aye, but be quick about it. The navy frigates in the harbour might have been alerted by the gun fire. Blind Fiddler, play a merrier tune, blast your eyes. Let them think folk are at play here.”

The fiddler launched into a lively hornpipe.

Scobie nodded and, after his cursory inspection, he returned to the first in the line of cringing naked women. She was a buxom blonde woman with sagging tits, with stretch marks on her fleshy belly. His eyes again swept over her and then, his mind made up, he put one hand on her chest and pushed, making her stagger back. Smirk caught the woman and slit her throat with his dagger. Again the women screamed as the stricken creature gurgled and dropped to the floor, blood spewing from her deeply gashed neck.

“No!” a girl screeched as the woman fell.

The fiddler continued to play.

“It’ll pay you to present yourselves prettily for the Slaver Quartermaster, ladies,” Captain Smith called. “Proceed, Scobie, post haste.”

The next woman was rejected too, and her throat summarily cut.

“Aunt Maddie!” The young woman standing next in line was about to throw herself down on the stricken woman, but the Slaver grasped her arm. The remaining women shrieked in terror, and the girl tried to beat Slaver Scobie with her small clenched fists.

“Maybe another example is needed, Mister Smirk,” the Captain said grimly.

“No, that’ll not be necessary,” the woman who was next in line blurted. “The girl will do as you ask. She won’t resist.”

“Mother! They just killed Aunt Maddy—” The girl’s words were silenced by the back of Scobie’s hand as it slapped against her mouth.

“Mother and daughter, y’say?” Scobie mused, looking first at the girl and then the woman, as if comparing the two.

“We’ll both do whatever you say,” the woman said. Then, to her daughter, she whispered, “You must do what it takes to survive, Mary. Resistance is futile. Follow my lead and live.”

The mother drew back her shoulders, sucked in her stomach and thrust out her full breasts. In truth, the two women could have been taken for sisters.

“The bit of extra meat on the mother’s bones doesn’t come amiss,” Scobie said.

“Ah, praise be, some common sense at last,” Captain Smith said. “There’s a kinder example for you remaining ladies.”

The woman’s daughter was little more than a girl, 18 or 19 years, with a slight figure and a tumble of silvery ringlets. Now, urged by her mother, she struggled to present herself before Scobie’s critical eyes.

The fiddler hit a strident, screeching note, cursed, and then launched into a different tune.

“This one’s too good to throw back, Cap’n. A virgin, I’ll wager.” Scobie reached between her legs, probing into the dark black bush of hair there, gently at first and then with more force as he buried his finger into her cunt. The girl quaked and clenched her eyes shut, but she endured the indignity. “Not a virgin, Cap’n, but she’s good and tight.” Scobie withdrew his finger from her quim and carefully pulled a copper disk from his waistband. The reason for his care was apparent, for each of the disks was attached

to a half-inch barbed fish hook. He pinched the pink nipple of the girls apple-like right breast, stretching and distending it, murmuring, "Stay still, my girl. You've got small teats and I don't want to damage you."

The fiddler played a plaintive melody now, adding lots of quivering vibrato. Without further ado, Scobie pressed the needle-sharp point of the hook through the girl's nipple, piercing it through. Her scream mingled with the screech of the fiddle. She looked down in shock and disbelief at her breast. Her nipple was now adorned by a copper disk dangling from the large barbed fish-hook. Smirk quickly grasped her wrists and bound them behind her. Scobie calmly repeated the piercing on her left nipple, attaching another disk there. The girl screeched as another pirate grabbed her and hurried her down the quay steps to the waiting longboat.

Scobie then turned his attention to the girl's mother. "Aye, ye'll have a few more good years as a doxy," he said, taking her strongly protuberant nipple and thrusting a hook through it.

The woman winced and gasped in pain, but she struggled to contain her pain. He did not test her cunt, but instead quickly hooked her other nipple. Her wrists were tightly bound and she was hustled to join her sobbing daughter.

Scobie then moved to the next woman. She was older and thick-waisted. The slaver shook his head and placed his hand between her heavy cow-like breasts and was about to push her back onto Smirk's waiting dagger.

"No, please," the woman screeched. "I have information. Treasure..."

"Stop that cursed racket, Blind Fiddler," the Captain snapped.

"No, Maud, don't tell them," the woman next to her protested.

"Scobie, avast there," Smith called. He approached the woman and placed his pistol against her throat. "What treasure?"

"Maud, don't tell them!"

Scobie moved on to the next woman, the protester, and pushed her back to Smirk, who summarily despatched her and tumbled the bleeding body into the harbour. The would-be informant, glanced down in shock. "My sister..." she gasped.

"Speak, woman! Where do they keep their valuables here?"

There was an anguished squeal from another young woman further along the row as a fish-hook pierced her nipple, tagging her right breast with a copper disk.

"Have mercy, it's not that kind of treasure," the woman squeaked. "I know of more young women for your slavers..."

"I can get women any time," Smith said dismissively, his finger tightening on the trigger of his flintlock.

"No, these are altogether, sir. There's twenty or more of them, fine young ladies and their maids, virgins I shouldn't wonder, all aboard one ship with only a few guards and some older men folk."

There was another scream as yet another nipple was hooked through. Slaver Scobie and Smirk were methodically going about their work.

"Which ship? Tell me and I'll let you live unharmed."

"It's the merchant pink, Lester, sir. She's lying just inside the harbour, ready to sail for Jamaica, unless she's already gone. I doubt it in this fog. I swear it. Twenty young nubile women.... Easy pickings at sea for a fine mariner like you."

Smith considered this for a moment. He had noted the merchant pink as he sailed into the harbour. He nodded and raised his pistol high before bringing it down on the woman's skull. The plump naked matron groaned and crumpled to the floor. It was a hard blow, but one meant to disable rather than kill. "Leave her be, Smirk. We'll be gone by the time she recovers. Let no man say I'm not a gentleman who keeps his word."

"Another tune, Captain?" Blind Fiddler asked, cocking his head sightlessly.

"No, let's get our work done and be away from here."

Soon, except for the unconscious woman and the moaning old slattern who had been parted from her tits, no other females remained alive on the quay. Just eight sobbing women were sitting in the longboat, wrists bound behind them, and breasts cruelly tagged with disks from freshly-hooked nipples. The pirate slaver had been ruthlessly selective, taking only the very best. The others had been ruthlessly

murdered. Their bodies bobbed against the harbour wall, where the sea was red with their ebbing blood. Each of the eight captives sported the Shaytan coins on their nipples but only one of them, a girl with her long hair plaited in a single pigtail that hung to tickle her arse, wore a white-painted tag on her left breast to signify an intact hymen.

“Back to the Shaytan, lads,” Captain Smith called, and the pirates oared the longboat out into the heavy fog. He thrust his pistol back into his belt and added: “It’s been a profitable interlude. How much do you think they’re worth, Scobie?”

“Amybe four thousand pieces of eight, Cap’n, all told.”

“Aye, these little hens will bring a tidy profit in the slave market, and there’s more to be had yet this day if that old biddie is to be believed. A ship load of tight cunts waiting for you, imagine that.”

“Do we get to play with them first, Cap’n?”

“Of course. It’ll be good if they’re all knocked up by the time we sell them.”

Scobie added: “But don’t deflower the virgin. There’s good money to be had for her.”

Captain Smith nodded. “Aye, lads, ye’ll respect the seal in the cunnies of any white tags. Take their arses or their mouths, but don’t breach any virgin maidenheads.”

Smith smiled to himself. He had planned to sail immediately to rendezvous with the other two other pirate ships abroad in those seas. However, he was never one to miss an opportunity, and the merchant pink Lester was ripe for the picking.

## Chapter Two

*2011, one day out of Nassau*

Amy stood at the tip of the bow getting thoroughly drenched in salt spray as the sailing vessel Harmony scudded along by a strong breeze. Amy looked back at Dan, her new husband, as he stood at the helm of the boat. Dan waved, and his handsome tanned features broke into a broad grin as he spun the wheel and tacked into the wind.

'Harmony', a luxury 45 foot Catalina yacht, was hopefully aptly-named for a love boat. Mind, if the honeymoon couple were superstitious, the omens didn't auger well. A light drizzle had persisted all morning around Lyford Cay marina in Nassau as they had prepared to set sail. The drizzle gave way to a thick fog that lay like a warm moist blanket over the marina. Moreover, the radio reception had been patchy and even the radar went down. So they had waited, and used the time to double-check that the boat was in good order.

Out at sea at last, Amy didn't care about getting wet and, anyway, all she wore was a white thong bikini. The skimpy garment had been carefully chosen to well-display her lithe tanned body. The warm Caribbean sun felt good after the strange and uncharacteristic fog.

She hadn't known Dan for very long. They had met only a few weeks before, when Amy was an advisor to a film company shooting a period maritime film. On the face of it, this was an unlikely match. Dan was an Olympic yachtsman, handsome, carefree, accustomed to privilege, but an intellectual lightweight. Amy was a respected naval historian, something of a blue-stocking. Dan had been hired by the film company to actually sail the ships in stunt-work. His dashing and confident manner had swept Amy off her feet. It had been whirlwind romance without much time to really get to know each other. The sea was their common interest. She was an experienced sailor, although not up to Dan's standard, of course. Still, Amy knew the ways of the sea better than most. Yet Dan lived in an entirely different social world to her, with well-heeled and exotic friends. That was exciting. So what the hell? Besides, Dan had the biggest cock she had ever seen on a man.

Later that evening, Harmony gently bobbed at anchor in a sheltered bay in the lee of a steeply wooded green island. A small rocky islet rose from the sea a short way from the main island, shielding them from the currents.

## Chapter Three

### *Back on the pirate ship*

The xebec Shaytan moved quietly out of Lyford harbour. The oars slipped in and out of the water in a steady rhythm, making only a gentle lapping noise. It would still have been enough to alert those who know about these things, so Captain Smith took extra care to ensure that he cruised past the bows of the well-armed frigates and then he took advantage of the shelter provided by the Lester, the merchant pink he now had a particular interest in. The pink loomed high in the fog and he smiled, licking his lips. A swirling breeze was rising to fill the xebec's sails. Providence had been with him. The fog would soon be swept away, but by then he would be some distance out to open sea.

Presently the xebec was making good speed. The naked and gagged captives had been left kneeling on the deck, overlooked by Smirk who sat cross-legged as he carefully worked at the severed tit recovered from his bag. Eventually, holding the large teat between thumb and forefinger, he shook it and the bloodied flesh dropped cleanly away, plopping onto the deck. He was left holding the loose, empty skin.

"What are you doing with that?" Scobie asked as he approached.

"I'm making a tobacco pouch. It'll be just the thing when the skin is dried and tanned. I ought to have kept the other one," Smirk said as he admired his handiwork. He glanced back to the naked girls and smiled, adding, "Still, there's plenty more to be had."

The new slaves cringed as the terrifying pirate leered at them. They presumably had no illusions about their impending fate.

Smirk carefully arranged the breast skin on a marlin spike, while Scobie sat and busied himself tying more copper disks onto half-inch fish hooks with short lengths of catgut. The captive girls watched balefully as the slaver made more hooked disks, identical to those attached to their own throbbing nipples. As each disk was ready, he tucked the needle-sharp barbed hook into his waistband, taking care not to prick his fingers. Soon, his crimson sash was festooned by dangling copper disks, a few of which bore a splash of white paint, just in case.

After less than an hour at sea, as they were passing a small island, they again lost the wind. It dropped abruptly. Everything suddenly went eerily quiet, and the ship's great sail drooped listlessly from its spar.

"This damnable weather!" Smith said. "There's nary a breath of wind. We'll row to an anchorage near the island, and wait for an improvement."

Morny the Mate gave the order to the Galley Master below, who whipped his galley slaves into action. Smith guided the Shaytan into the lee of the steeply wooded island and dropped anchor, mindful to lay out as little heavy chain as was feasible. Henry Smith's reputation rested on small points such as that.

"As it turns out, this should be a right handy mooring, Cap'n," the Mate said.

"Aye..." Smith pointed to a rocky feature lying off the shore of a larger island. "I'll wager that the Lester will pass directly across from there, and she won't see us until it's too late. Keep the oars at the ready. We'll surprise her by coming about hard round the other side of the island."

"The merchantman will be becalmed, just like us. I'll detail the boy to keep look-out high on the mast," Morny said. "We'll have plenty of time to get ready when she's sighted. In the meantime, it'll do no harm to let the men amuse themselves while we are waiting."

Smith laughed. "Aye, indeed, Morny. I might just sate myself too."

"Save some for me," the First Mate replied with a ghoulish grin. "I'll attend to the gun deck first."

"Slaver Quartermaster Scobie," the Captain called. "I've a mind to have at the virgin's arse."

Scobie immediately stooped to drag the terrified girl to her feet, thrusting her in front of him and pushing her belly hard against the ship's rail. He pressed her shoulders forward by yanking up her bound wrists high behind her, making the squealing girl bend at the waist over the rail, looking directly down at the sea. The slaver then wrapped a thin line of rope round her neck and knelt to loop it round each of her ankles before securing it to a cleat.

"She's all ready and waiting, Cap'n," Scobie said, stinging the globes of the girl's upraised bottom with a couple of spanks from the flat of his hand.

"Excellent, Scobie. You're a master of your craft. Loosen her asshole for me. I've no doubt it's as virginal as her cunt."

Scobie promptly spread the girl's buttocks and worked his forefinger into her anus, laughing as she squirmed and protested into the gag. "Don't take on so, my girl. In short order, you'll be trained to use all three orifices to service a man's cock, and you'll love it."

"Use two fingers, Scobie, or even three. I don't want to tear her. Stretch her ring a tad."

The slaver grinned as he glanced round at Henry Smith's legendary penis, large by any standards, even though it was displayed only semi-erect as the Captain stood with his breeches down round his knees. Scobie spit into the divide of the girl's buttocks and worked another finger into her back passage, saying, "You'll dance on your toes with the Captain's cock up your shitter, my girl. Arse-fucking is his special preference."

"In your own time, Scobie," Captain Smith said sarcastically.

"Ah, there she blows, she's opening up nicely now," said the slaver as an involuntary fart escaped the girl's penetrated anus. "Her arse hole is sucking at my fingers."

"Damn it, move aside man!"

Scobie abruptly dragged his fingers from the girl's arse, making her grunt in pain. Captain Smith, breeches around his ankles now, shuffled forward and immediately pressed the head of his erect monster cock between the poor creature's buttocks.

"Can I give the other cunts over to the men now, Cap'n?" Scobie asked. "They're getting restless."

"Aye, the horny bastards..."

The virgin squealed and wriggled in renewed alarm when Smith's large, bulbous cock glans pressed against her tiny dark swirl of rectal muscle. Her protest rose into a screech when her sphincter gave way to admit the shaft, and she then screamed with each of the Captain's first strokes. After a few minutes of steady arse-fucking, though, the girl was reduced to just sobbing and grunting as the Captain thoroughly sodomised her.

The sounds of the other girls' misery was soon manifest as the pirates gleefully began to inflict their lust upon them. To the side, bent back over a powder keg, a blonde girl was lying frigid and rigid with terror as the fearsome Smirk plunged his cock into her cunt. Her spine was painfully arched and she was screaming in pain and humiliation as he thrust into her.

Another pirate had a dark haired woman on her knees, her hands still bound behind her back, forcing her to suck his rampant shaft, and the coloured disks dangling from the nipples of her full breasts danced as she applied herself to the task.

Slaver Quartermaster Scobie, with first claims after the Captain, had chosen to vent his lust upon the very slight young woman with a tumble of silvery curls and round tits that seemed almost too small for the disks that tagged them. She was on her knees, bent forward until her forehead was on the deck, with her bound wrists forced painfully up between her shoulder blades by his left hand. Scobie's other hand was massaging the peach of her cunt, exposed as if in a nest of silvery down.

"Ye'll part these flaps for my pecker, my girl," Scobie said, thrusting his finger into the slit and making her squirm. "And you will relish every inch of it, I'll wager."

The girl responded with muffled squeals of protests into her gag, and Scobie desisted, withdrawing his hands, but only to release his rampant cock from his pants. He grasped his shaft, waggling the head back and forth along her pussy lips. Then, positioning it so that the head nestled inside her sex lips, he drove his hips forward and the cock slide smoothly into the girl's cunt with surprising ease.

"Aye," Scobie laughed as he impaled her to the very hilt, 'tis as I thought. The sweetest meat is always closest to the bone. Wet as a doxy whore you are, my girl, which is what you'll no doubt become in short order."

The girl screeched in pain when he reached round to squeeze her newly-pierced breasts. The terrible fish-hooks had traumatised her nipples and they were swollen double their natural size. Scobie merely laughed and reamed her cunt with savage thrusts.

There were similar scenes all over the schooner's otherwise tidy deck. As the Captain continued to fuck the virgin's arse, her mother was pushed alongside and bent back over the same rail. A fat, ginger-



haired corsair lifted her feet from the deck by her hips and tipped her back so that her head hung down and her hair trailed towards the sea. Her legs were limply dangling widely-splayed towards the deck, and the pirate swiftly embedded his cock into her cunt.

“Better wrap your legs round my waist, bitch,” the ginger-head snarled, placing his hands on the rail to either side of her, “or you’ll be tipped into the sea for shark-food by my next thrust.”

The woman desperately complied, stretching her legs widely and hooking her heels together behind the corpulent fellow’s back.

“They’re a mother and daughter pair, so ye’d better not lose her overboard, Red, or ye’ll follow soon after,” the Captain warned, his hands on the virgin’s pelvic girdle as he smoothly pistoned back and forth.

The gruff ginger-haired man guffawed but he made no move to hold the woman’s body for safety as he started to hump her hips. “Just to encourage her, skipper,” he said, “just to encourage her. It tightens her cunnie no end.”

“You are perverse, man.”

“Aye, skipper, that I am.”

There were only eight women and many, many more pirates. Moreover, the virgin could be discounted for general fucking purposes. The rapacious men were keen to ream cunts. So the available seven women were pressed into cunt service. The pirates were forming rough lines at each of them.

One woman, a buxom freckled girl with wide child bearing hips, was sandwiched between two gleeful brigands, with her arse-hole impaled on the cock of one who lay on the deck, and the other on top, doubling her legs under his arms as he drove into her pussy. Her legs kicked high in the air.

Others were similarly used and abused, being passed from one to another. The scent of ravaged and aroused women perfumed the deck of the Shaytan. Soon women were in a jumble of bodies as the pirates plundered their various orifices, two or three at a time. These women might have had red tags on their tits, signifying previous use, but whatever their sexual experience, nothing could have prepared them for this. Respectable and reserved women, reared to be good wives to honest working men, found themselves on their hands and knees servicing the unwashed cocks of brigand after brigand.

This had been going on for over an hour, and the women had desisted their struggles. Most of the gags had been removed, and their hands untied too, albeit with stern warnings of having their tits lopped if they dared to damage their hooked nipples.

The Captain had long since dumped his seed into the virgin’s anal canal. He now leaned on the rail of the quarterdeck, quietly watching the scenes of ravishment. Morny the Mate, standing beside Smith, looked down at the girl, who was still bound over the rail.

“I’ll take my turn now,” he said, pointing to the virgin.

“Just her arse or her mouth, Morny! Her hymen has value.”

Mornington Cannon nodded and leapt lithely from the bridge. He went over to the girl and she gave a start when his hand rested on her back. He leaned over to speak into her ear: “Aren’t you Joseph Tyler’s girl?”

The girl’s body went rigid as she turned her head to look at him through tear-swollen eyes. “Yes, sir,” she said. “Mr Cannon?”

“Aye, tis me, Mornington Cannon,” Morny said, stooping to untie the rope that held her bent over the rail, untying her wrists.

“Thank God!” she said, straightening, rubbing her wrists.. “Both my father and mother were killed in front of my eyes. There are fish-hooks in my breasts...”

“On your knees, and reach behind and spread the cheeks of your arse.”

“What? My parents took you into your house and you broke bread with us. “The girl’s face was a mirror of confusion. Then, comprehension dawning, she slumped to her knees and reached back with both hands to her buttocks. Her voice was flat when she spoke: “There is to be no release, is there?”

“I’ve had my eye on you for some time, along with a few of the young fillies of Lyford,” Morny said as he lowered his canvas pants and flopped his penis in front of her face. “Keep your arse spread ready, but first suck my cock to get it good and hard.”

The girl groaned but readily obeyed, numbly and without further question, and the cock quickly grew in her mouth, distending her cheeks as he grasped her by the hair. However, her eyes gazed up at

Morny in hateful condemnation as she serviced the massive shaft. The First Mate seemed oblivious to all that. After a couple of minutes of her inexperienced oral ministrations, he withdrew and went behind, where her arse cheeks were pulled apart by her small, bird-like hands. Without further ado Morny rammed his cock into her anus, which was still lubricated with the Captain's cum. He grasped her plaited pigtail and yanked her head back as he sodomised her.

"Ship on the starboard bow," the boy shouted from his look-out position high up in the rigging.

Captain Smith placed a glass to his eyes. There, on the horizon, he could make out the square shape of the merchantman Lester. She was making slow progress, he judged, barely moving at all. The wind was still unnaturally absent. Yet the current was strong, and conveniently flowing in his direction. He smiled. His seamanship had been vindicated again! Captain Henry Aloysis Smith knew that he lived or died by his ability to rake in ample spoils for his crew. If the woman on the quay had provided accurate information, then he was about to deliver again.

"Secure the slaves, Scobie," he called.

"Aye aye, Cap'n," Scobie replied, climbing off a woman and clapping his hands as he strode among the rutting pirates, kicking a man's white bouncing arse. "Time for work, lads. Get the girls stowed."

"Morny," the Captain called down to the First Mate, "in your own good time, finish with that tight arse sheath and prepare the ship for battle."

"Aye aye, skipper. Right away."

The eight girls were all swiftly gagged again, this time with wooden sail pegs forced into their mouths and pushed so far back behind their teeth they couldn't dislodge them. The ravished creatures were then all laid on their backs beneath the lowest spar, looking up at the towering mast and the clear blue sky. The pirates, scenting battle, worked quickly and efficiently, two to each of the captives. One tied the victim's hands, and the other grasped her ankles and pulled them back towards her head, pressing his weight on her hams to bend her double. All fight had left the girls and they allowed themselves to be handled like rag dolls, even when their ankles were forced painfully back and tied together behind their necks. The ropes attached to their wrists were then thrown over the spar, and the doubled-over girls were hauled up to hang from the lowest spar of the mainmast. The women's wan and tear-stained faces grimaced on the bit that distended their jaws, framed by their cruelly-tied legs, and their cum-sodden cunts gaped beneath the disks dangling from fish-hooks through their nipples. The pirates were obviously well-practised in the procedure, for within less than three minutes they were dashing to their battle stations, leaving the eight new slaves hanging like exotic fruit on a bough.

"Don't bother with the mainsail, Morny," Captain Smith ordered. "Weigh anchor!"

Half a dozen men scurried to the windlass at the bow and began pumping the see-saw anchor jig, three to each side. The bow of the Shaytan began to inch back towards the anchor as the men laboured. Smith kept his spyglass on the merchantman. She was becalmed, of course. This was fine, because he calculated that the anchor would take at least 10 minutes to raise and stow. He was confident that the captain of the merchantman hadn't spotted the schooner lurking behind the rocky islet.

"Put your backs into it lads," Morny urged the men at the windlass. "Do your work well, and there'll be many more wenches hanging doubled from the spar before this day is done."

Smith smiled to himself. He planned a swift attack before sailing to rendezvous with the other two other pirate ships abroad there, and then all three would sail for home.

## Chapter Four

### *Another pirate, another victim*

Murat Reiz looked like a buccaneer: gold teeth and double ear-rings, callused hands and a sheathed cutlass dangling from one side of his belt and a dagger at the other. He stood on the quarterdeck of the corsair schooner Medusha, alongside a swarthy, hook-nosed fellow who wore a black burnoose. Murat picked up a spyglass and raised it to his eye, focusing on the small two-masted sailing vessel in the near distance.

“A brigantine, Ishmael, rigged with square sails on both masts, but making slow progress,” Murat said, handing the spyglass to the dark-skinned man. “Brigantines aren’t known for their speed.”

Ishmael swept the horizon. “No sign of any other ships protecting her either,” he said.

The two corsair ships, Shaytan and Medusha, usually hunted together but they sometimes separated for a while, as now. They were a long way from home waters, where pirate raids had become so frequent that whole stretches of the coastline were deserted as fearful folk moved further inland. Moreover, the ships in those seas tended to be wary of the corsairs’ attacks and heavily gunned. Here, though, the prey were less cautious, as evidenced by the unaccompanied brigantine. It was the kind of easy picking that Murat relished. Unlike the Shaytan, Murat’s schooner had no oars and relied solely on sail power. Her strength was as a marauding buccaneer on the high seas. Murat left Smith to mount the daring harbour raids.

In this particular corsair pack, besides the Shaytan and the Medusha, there was a third ship, a 1500 ton ex-Venetian galleon called Reneira a Soderina, armed with 60 cannons and 380 men. This was the cumbersome primary vessel, acting both as a supply ship and a floating warehouse, where the lighter, faster fighting craft offloaded their plunder. Murat knew that the Reneira should already be waiting at the rendezvous anchorage, which is where the Medusha was heading. That was still a day’s sailing away, and Murat was keen to make good time, but he was never one to miss an opportunity. He looked up at the Medusha’s billowing sails. The wind was getting up again and it would give his sleek craft the advantage.

“Bring her about,” he called to the helmsman. “Man the larboard guns.”

The crew of the Medusha responded with a cheer. They needed no further orders. Each of them moved in a well-rehearsed and efficient manner. A number of them primed their muskets and made their swords and daggers ready. Others dashed to the gun deck. Some swarmed up the rigging, taking their muskets with them. The helmsman turned the Medusha with the wind, heading the ship at a fast clip towards the brigantine. A single puff of flame flared on the prey vessel, immediately followed by a muffled booming sound. There was a splash as a cannon ball hit the sea many yards in front of the Medusha’s bow.

Ishmael smiled thinly and glanced at Murat. The firepower of the brigantine was no match for the Medusha’s larger cannon, yet she was obviously ready to resist. Besides her two full square sails, there were men at the oars too, trying to increase her lumbering speed.

“Port to port,” Murat called. “Gunners, be ready. Aim for her masts and rigging. I want her intact.”

A couple of minutes later, as the Medusha sailed broadside to the hapless vessel, a cannonade boomed out. Immediately, the main mast of the brigantine toppled and its large canvas sail folded uselessly. There was another cheer from the Medusha’s crew. The gunners were on good form, and the target’s slow headway didn’t present much of a challenge.

Murat called: “We’re going astern of her and up close along starboard. Rake her decks with musket fire when in range. Boarding party, hold yourselves ready. No male prisoners - we’ve neither the victuals nor the time for them.”

The unequal sea battle was over within minutes. The musketeers in the Medusha’s rigging fired a hail of deadly gunfire on to the brigantine’s deck as the pirate ship came alongside. Despite some spirited resistance from the brigantine’s overwhelmed crew, pirates soon swarmed over its deck. The corsairs all wielded a cutlass in each hand and held a dagger in their teeth. They hacked anyone who stood in their

way and soon the deck was awash with the blood of dying men.

A dignified man in monk's habit and tonsure stood amidst the carnage. He made no attempt to either fight or flee, but instead stood on the quarterdeck and calmly watched the ill-matched fights going on around him.

"A holy man," Ishmael said to Murat, gesturing with his gleaming scimitar towards the monk as he stepped over the debris of splintered spars on the brigantine's deck. A seaman hurled himself at Murat, but Ishmael cut him down with a single swathe of his scimitar, slicing off the attacker's head.

Murat nodded his thanks to Ishmael. Pushing the gore-gushing, decapitated body aside with his foot, he raised his voice above the din: "Don't kill the friar! I want him alive. Search the ship for anything of value."

Seamen were rushing up from the hatch, having left the oars. It was an uneven battle. All round the deck, the corsairs were slaughtering the brigantine's crew without mercy.

Murat strode up to the monk and placed the point of his dagger at the man's throat. The man eyed him calmly, although his eyes flickered slightly, perhaps in fear, when he looked at the swarthy, burnoose-wearing Ishmael who stood slightly behind Murat.

"Kill me and have done with it," the monk said quietly, his blue watery eyes holding Murat with an even gaze. "I expect no mercy from the likes of you."

At that moment, three women in nuns habits were dragged onto the deck by four rough pirates. Murat glanced over at the women and he raised his eyebrows. He called, "Bring the ladies here, Willie."

"Aye aye, skipper," a small, squat and ape-like man responded, pushing the women forward to stand before Murat and Ishmael.

The abbot's eyes closed for long seconds. Then he said, "This is the Mother Superior, and her two novices. I ask you not to harm the nuns. There are no other women on board."

"A holy ship," Murat said, tickling the monk's neck with the point of his dagger. "What is your mission, Father?"

"I am Father Abbot Adomnan. We are on God's work, going to the new colonies."

Another seaman came from below decks. "There's nothing much of value... just provisions, old church furniture, and some large vats," he reported.

"That is our finest wine... the good Lord's produce from our monastery vine yards."

"You'll be carrying funds and artifacts, of course."

"We have vows of poverty..."

"Aye, and yet the churches and monasteries are crammed with gold and silver. Where are your holy treasures, Father?"

The abbot smiled slightly but he made no reply.

"Strip the nuns, Willie!" Ishmael suddenly cried, and the monk looked at the swarthy hook-nosed pirate in surprise, having been concentrating on Murat, whose dagger was at his throat.

Willie, the ape-like corsair, yanked off the Mother Superior's wimple and revealing her roughly-shorn greying hair. Immediately other pirates began slicing off the nuns' habits with daggers and cutlasses, shredding the coarse black material. Presently, all three women were naked. The Mother Superior was middle-aged, fat, with sagging breasts and belly. The other two, the novice nuns, were little more than girls with trim waists and small pert breasts. One of these younger women was dark with wavy hair that still hung to her shoulders. The other's blonde and mousy hair had been hacked short. All sported luxuriant bushes at their loins and under their arms. The two novices cringed back, vainly trying to conceal their bodies with hands and arms. However, the Mother Superior held her hands in prayer, the tips of her fingers touching her chin, for all the world as if she were still clothed.

"Where is your church treasure, Father Abbot?"

The abbot held firm, steadily returning pirate's gaze.

"Willie," Murat said, without moving his eyes from the abbot. "Arrange the two young bitches on their backs, with their thighs spread."

"Aye aye, skipper."

Willie effortlessly threw the screeching dark-haired girl to her back and kicked her legs apart. Another pirate similarly dealt with the blonde girl. Both novice nuns lay quaking on the deck with their legs spread shamefully apart, yet they were too terrified to move.

“At least there is some holy treasure,” Murat said with a smile, indicating the exposed cunts of the two nude young women. “Those virgin gashes, once shaved, would bring good coin at a slave market. Yet I don’t foresee their maidenheads remaining intact for much longer.”

“You are despicable,” the Mother Superior blurted. “You risk the wrath of God.”

Murat lowered his dagger and grabbed the naked Mother Superior by her arm. She neither resisted nor assisted, remaining with her hands clasped as if in prayer as he pulled her forward and thrust her against the rail with her back to the sea. “I’ll ask you again, Father,” Murat said. “Where is your treasure?”

When the abbot remained silent, Murat viciously thrust his fingers into the Mother Superior’s cunt, making her screech in shock and outrage as she bent back over the ship’s rail with her legs flailing. “An aging virgin,” he declared as his fingers encountered the unyielding fibrous membrane of her hymen, “with a leather maidenhead that could break the bone of a man’s cock.”

“Amy God forgive you,” the abbot said in disgust.

Without hesitation, Murat withdrew his fingers and then drove his dagger into the Mother Superior’s vagina. He twisted and levered the sharp blade inside the screaming woman’s gut before withdrawing it. A gush of blood spewed onto the deck. The Mother Superior screamed and lolled back on the rail. Murat swept his boot up behind her knees, raising her body and tumbled her backwards into the sea. The woman was still screaming when she hit the water with a splash. The abbot gave a low, despairing moan and crossed himself.

“Aww, I could have fucked her first, skipper,” Willie protested. “I’ve never fucked a nun.”

“Very well, Willie, you Amy fuck one of the two novice nuns in recompense,” Murat said with a smile. He then pointed to a large black pirate, with a bare chest and a gleaming gold ring piercing his right nipple, adding, “And you, Trapper, can fuck the other.”

“Oh, it will be my pleasure, skipper,” Willie said, licking his lips with relish. “Come Trapper me lad, roger the virgin. You mayhap won’t get a chance like this again.” Willy buried his face between the thighs of the dark-haired girl, his tongue licking at her pussy and clitoris as she squirmed helplessly. “She tastes like nectar,” he said, spitting on her quim and jamming his finger up her arse and making her screech.

The other girl was already pinioned beneath the large black pirate, whose buttocks were lodged in the cradle of her thighs as he rammed his cock past her hymen. She screamed and groaned at her harsh deflowering.

Willie then clambered his hairy ape-like form up the dark girl’s body, nipping at her nipples before ramming his cock unceremoniously into her saliva-lubricated cunt, breaching her maidenhead. “She’s tight as a duck’s arse, skipper,” he called over his shoulder.

“Stop this, for pity’s sake,” the abbot pleaded in horror, “and I’ll tell you where the wealth is kept.”

“Now, Father Abbot, tell me anyway,” Murat said, brandishing his bloody dagger. “It’s too late to return their hymens, unless you can perform miracles. But you can save them from having my dagger thrust up their cunts...”

“There is a wine vat...” the abbot said quietly, his eyes flashing hatred.

“There are several wine vats,” a pirate said.

“This one is marked with a cross. Our church artefacts are hidden in the wine.”

As Murat nodded to a corsair, silently ordering him down below to check the hold, he smiled thinly and said to the abbot, “You wasted the Mother Superior’s life. We would have taken the young women and the vats anyway, but then we might have sold the wine without discovering the church gold.”

“The girl grunts like a pig,” Willie called, his arse pistoning back and forth.

“Aye, they all do. Within a few days, she’ll be a whore like all the rest of the slaves. When you have finished, tag their tits with the Medusha’s coins, then turn them over to the other men.”

A queue of pirates was forming behind the two young women.

“Kill me now!” the abbot said, closing his eyes to the outrage.

Murat laughed. “No, Father Abbot, that would be a sin. You will watch the unholy service of your young nuns. By the time my men have done with them, they’ll be novices no longer and ready to serve in brothels. Then, I’ll leave you alone on your ship, as a testament to the God-fearing mercy of Murat Reiz.”

## Chapter Five

### *A storm in the Bermuda Triangle*

“Jeez, what the hell...” Dan said, waking with a start as a sharp clap of thunder cracked directly overhead.

It was early in the morning, 3 o’clock, and Harmony was shifting from side to side with a distinctly unpleasant sliding motion. Dan jumped from the bunk and hurried on deck in his boxers. Amy was clinging desperately to a stanchion, her eyes wide.

“What’s happening?” she yelled as a heavy swell lifted the boat.

A snake of blue lightning slashed across the midnight blue-grey sky, accompanied by an immediate crack of thunder that shook the fittings of the boat. Within seconds, it was as if some malevolent sea god had upturned a huge vat of water from the sky. Torrents of rain flooded down in sheets.

“It’s going to be one hell of a fucking storm,” Dan yelled as Harmony yawed violently on her anchors. “Get below.”

Amy didn’t need to be told twice. Dan followed her down and ran to check the instruments. He shook his head in amazement. This was a big storm. Very big. It seemed to have come out of nowhere too. There had been absolutely nothing on the radar when he went to bed a few hours earlier.

“What can we do?” Amy asked.

“Try to outrun it. There’s no other choice. We need to lift the bow anchor.”

“I’ll go.”

“No! I’ll do it. It’s not a woman’s job in these seas. First we break out the life jackets.” Dan delved under the dashboard and pulled out two clear plastic bags, each containing a blue and yellow scarf-like strip attached to black a nylon harness. He passed one to Amy. “Neither of us leaves the cockpit without clipping our harness to the jackline, is that clear? It’s important. The jackline is the stainless steel cable that runs from bow to stern.”

Dan was in urgent emergency mode and it disquieted Amy. “We’re going to be okay, aren’t we?”

“Make sure everything is secure down here.”

Dan dashed up on deck. Amy stepped into the black harness of the life jacket and draped the inflatable arms round her neck. Then she set about making sure that everything was stowed away and tied down in the cabin. It didn’t take long. A few minutes later, Amy clambered on deck as the ship rocked and rolled crazily. She then shook out a long blue nylon webbed strap and attached it with a carabiniere to the sturdy D ring between her breasts and clipped the other end to the jackline. She looked forward and saw Dan’s figure bent over the side at the very tip of the bow. Just then though, a massive white-topped wave smashed into the side of the boat, sending her reeling, almost wrenching her arms from their sockets as she hung desperately to the side of the hatch. In the aftermath, as the boat rolled and righted itself, a torrent of sea water flooded over the deck.

The storm was really raging now and Amy had to scramble her way along the wildly pitching deck to the bow. Dan was struggling to free the anchor hawser, using a marlin peg as a lever. He looked frantically over his shoulder. “We need to deploy the drogue.”

“The drogue...” Her words were lost in the storm.

“A kind of sea-brake. It keeps our stern to the weather, so we run with the wind and waves.”

Amy grimaced. She knew these things well enough. Dan seemed to think she was a novice sailor. It was no time to argue. She staggered and lurched back towards the cockpit, every step a huge risk on the water-slicked deck. The storm-battered yacht rolled dizzily. As Amy ducked under the boom another wave washed over her legs, but she managed to stay precariously upright. When she got to the helm, she glanced round desperately. Fortunately, the canister she sought was familiar and of a standard manufacture. When she pulled the cord, it slipped from her fingers. She grasped it again and gave a sharp yank. The drogue, a long tapered line carrying a hundred or more canvas cones, shot out from the stern.

Amy grabbed the wheel. A monster freak wave reared up and towered high above the small yacht. She glanced round wildly. The top of the wave crashed way up the mast. As the Harmony tipped crazily

to port, Dan disappeared under a ton of water. Amy was knocked sideways too, losing her grip on the steel wheel. For a few, grey-green seconds there was nothing but rushing water in Amy's eyes and ears. When Harmony eventually floundered upright, Amy yanked at her safety tether, but it was loose and its end slithered towards her across the deck.

"Dan," Amy screamed.

Amy realised in horror that Dan was no longer there. Harmony briefly teetered on the very crest of the next huge wave, ready to drop in a steep valley of churning green water. Amy mewled with terror and slammed the clip of her tether on to the rim of the wheel. She clung on, looking frantically for some sign of life up forward, but there was nothing.

"Dan! Dan!" Amy screamed, but her voice came back at her in the wind.

The boat plunged crazily into a deep trough, carving its bow into the water. Amy was thrown hard on to the deck, face down, bashing her head painfully, and everything went black for a moment. When she recovered her senses, the boat was yawing crazily, angling sharply to port and then to starboard, with towering walls of seething green water on either side. She dived into the hatch and down the steps, unclipped her tether, and slammed the hatch shut as another giant wave crashed over the beleaguered boat. Water dripped in for a few seconds, but the seals held.

"Dan..." Amy said, turning to go back up the steps. Even as she did this, she realised that there was nothing she could do for her husband. "Oh my God!"

As the boat rolled dizzily, Amy sat at the console and reached for the microphone, making an effort to keep her voice calm. "Mayday, Mayday, Mayday. This is the sailing vessel Harmony... man overboard in high seas. Mayday, Mayday, Mayday... man overboard."

She looked at the instruments, tapping the gauges with increasing agitation. It was no use. The radio and all of the electronic instruments were inexplicably dead.

"That's it then," Amy said flatly. "I've no means of communicating with the outside world."

## Chapter Six

### *After the storm*

‘It’s over?’ Amy asked to herself somewhat disbelievingly as she emerged from below decks. The seas were calm. So calm that it was scarcely imaginable after such a violent storm. “Fuck! Is it ever over!” she murmured in awe.

Amy looked about her at the chaos. Anything that had been loose on deck had gone, swept away by the storm, with lots of other stuff that had supposedly been secure. There was debris everywhere. Looking at the helm area was like viewing the aftermath of a serious car smash. Stanchions and lifelines that had once been Harmony’s neat rigging were now a jumble of twisted metal and tangled cable. Sheer carnage. The splintered wood of the deck attested to the power of the sea. The portable mast ladder, once neatly rolled and stowed under the boom, was strewn across the deck and trailed over the side. Amy looked aloft and saw that the mainmast had snapped like a stick of crisp celery. The top section was folded over and now hung uselessly. Incongruously, a fully-inflated rubber life raft was tangled in the mangled rigging, somehow tossed up there by the waves. The radio aerial had been atop that mast, and the radar reflector was missing from its usual position 5 meters above deck. That might have accounted for some, but not all of the electronic equipment failures. The navigation lights had gone too.

Amy ran towards the bow, picking her way through the debris. She lay on her belly, inching forward to look down at the bow anchor, looking for signs of... Looking for signs of what? It was inconceivable that Dan could have survived. Yet she clung to a glimmer of hope, or maybe it was just the compulsion to gaze helplessly at the site of a loved one’s fatal accident?

Reluctantly, her heart like lead, she went to the helm and fired the engine. It burst into action, sending a cloud of acrid blue diesel fumes into the still air. However, when she put the engine into gear, although it seemed to be responding properly, there was no headway whatsoever. Gunning the throttle merely made the engine roar louder and pollute the air with more stinking fumes. Amy groaned. There was nothing for it but to inspect the prop. After a moment’s thought, she went below, threw off her clothes, and donned her white bikini and an uninflated life jacket before going back on deck. She picked up the light portable mast ladder, pulling it back from the sea and rolling it up for ease of handling. Taking it to the stern she lashed one end to a cleat before dropping the rolled ladder into the sea. Then she took a line and clipped it to the D ring of her life jacket harness. There was no jackline any more, of course, so she used the hook on the winch as a secure point for the line. Then, satisfied that she could get back on board, she stepped onto the platform and dropped into the sea. The water was tepid and crystal clear, but a strong current dragged at her. She shortened the line and dived down to the boat’s stern tube. The propeller was no longer there!

She was getting dragged under the boat by the current and her lungs were aching, but remained long enough underwater to see the extent of the damage. The thread on the prop shaft seemed to have been pulled smooth when the propeller was wrenched away. She swam to the surface and used the line to drag herself back onto the stern platform, gasping for air.

Now what? Amy remember Dan checking his Holy Fuck chest as they waited for the fog to rise at Lyford. Maybe a kept a spare propeller there? She hurried to the red painted box, threw back its lid delved inside. She wasn’t even sure what was in there.

Dan had certainly been well-prepared for most eventualities, other than losing the propeller, for there was no spare to be seen. She sorted through the contents anyway. There were two stout buckets and an empty canvas rucksack; watertight containers containing various flares, all neatly labelled: red parachute, white hand held, red hand held, orange smoke; alongside, the buckets there was a first aid kit; and beneath the green bag of the medical kit, in a sealed clear plastic bag, there was a hand gun with a couple of spare clips of bullets. Why would Dan have thought a gun might be necessary? She pulled out the spare set of navigation lights with a good number of torch batteries to operate them. Then her heart leapt when she found a small portable VHF transceiver and its batteries. Amy ripped aside the polythene protective covering from the radio. When she inserted the batteries, a low hum of static noise came immediately from the small speaker. ‘Great, it’s working,’ she thought. However, there were no



discernible voices or even signal patterns amongst the white noise. "That's strange," Amy muttered. She raised the set to her mouth: "<Mayday, Mayday, Mayday. This is the sailing vessel Harmony...." She stopped and shook the set, knowing that it would autoscan until it found a signal. There was no radio activity whatsoever. It was just the same as the large VHF radio in the cabin.

Amy returned her attention to the Holy Fuck Chest. What else was in there? A couple of fire extinguishers. Some canned food and cans of Coke. A throwing line. A high-powered handheld searchlight. A sealed plastic bag with a sextant and tables, a nautical almanac and a small book of charts. She lifted out a large orange plastic box with snap clips, surprised at its weight. When she opened it, she found a comprehensive set of tools, all neatly packed: hammers, a wooden mallet, bolt croppers, hacksaw and blades, a couple of sharp pocket knives and a large jack knife in a leather scabbard, screw drivers, a set of spanners... She took the rucksack and began to fill it with anything she thought might be useful: food, a knife, some tools, a couple of flares, the radio... The rucksack quickly became heavy. As an afterthought, she added the handgun and its bullet clips, still in the sealed plastic bag. Then she took the rucksack to the helm, and laid it down, and then lay down beside it. For the first time she wept for her missing husband.

## Chapter Seven

### *Dan finds pirates!*

The water was eerily calm when Dan recovered his senses. Thanks to his life jacket he was gently bobbing in an upright position and, incredibly, he found himself attached to an already-inflated rubber raft that floated a few yards away as if patiently waiting for him. So thank you God for that, if you really are there! He had managed to haul himself to the raft and find just enough strength to clamber on board.

Now, a couple of hours later, blood from the deep gash on the back on his scalp had congealed in his hair and his head ached like crazy, but he was alive. As his senses cleared, he assessed the situation. The raft was designed to carry four people, so it was spacious enough, and it was equipped with a comprehensive safety pack: a pair of oars, two red hand flares, a bailer and two sponges, a waterproof torch and whistle, a couple of dozen sea sickness pills, a drogue, bellows hand pump, lifesaving signal cards, floating knife, repair clamps, and a rescue quoit with a 30m line. He examined each of these things and then, the effort too much for him, he sank back into blissful comatose sleep.

Dan didn't know how long he had slept. When he awoke, his head was aching a little less. Then, to his surprise and joy, he saw a small black dot on the horizon. And here was another dot too, way further to port but visibly larger, with maybe four or five miles separating the two. One of those dots could only be The Harmony! The other represented potential rescue for them all. A ship, possibly responding to his distress calls? He clambered for the flare gun and snatched a red parachute-flare from the canister. His fingers trembled as he slammed the cartridge into the gun, and then raised his arm aloft and fired, watching the flare soar high into the clear blue sky and burst into a vivid red ball which drifted slowly downwards. He then took out a red hand-held flare and pulled the cord, holding it aloft. They would surely see that.

## Chapter Eight

### *Pirates find Dan*

“What in God’s name is that?” Murat Reiz said as the flare burst high in the clear blue sky.

Murat stood at the helm of the corsair schooner Medusha, alongside a swarthy hook-nosed fellow who wore a black burnoose. They watched as the red flare fell. Murat picked up a spyglass and raised it to his eye. Focusing on the horizon, he took a fix on the strange orange object in the distance.

“Anything?”

“Over there, Ishmael,” Murat said, handing the spyglass to the dark-skinned man and pointing to the distant object.

Ishmael took the telescope and pointed it in the indicated direction. “I can’t see what it might be,” Ishmael said after studying it for a full minute. He then quickly swept the horizon. “No sign of the Shaytan or the Reneira a Soderina...”

“Perhaps one or the other of them was undone by the storm?”

Murat spoke matter-of-factly. The loss of ships and life at sea was a regular occurrence. It was an occupational hazard they all accepted. They had nearly gone down themselves, after all. The crew of the schooner Medusha were still tidying the deck of debris. The sleek ship had been caught unprepared by the sudden freak tempest, and tossed and tumbled like a cork. The captain, Murat Reiz, roped to the helm, had managed to turn the ship and run with the storm, mainly due to the bravery of the men who had fought to reef the sails. It had been a damned close thing though.

“We’ll see if that flotsam comes from either Shaytan or Reineira. Whether or not, we’ll still head for the rendezvous when the wind freshens.”

“Damn this weather,” Ishmael muttered, looking up at the almost slack sails. As he spoke, there was a sharp crack and another flare burst in the sky spreading a spray of white against the deep blue sky. “Perhaps there is a God, after all,” he said, looking up uneasily.

Murat merely smiled and said nothing as he trained the glass on the orange object again. He did not frighten easily. His adopted name had become hated, feared and respected in equal measure. He had brought his crew great wealth, particularly with the seizure of treasure-laden galleon. He had also consigned countless people to abject slavery.

“There’s someone on that thing,” Ishmael suddenly said. “He’s glad to see us too and oaring towards us.”

“He must be from the Shaytan then. Who else would be glad to see us?”

Ishmael smiled again. The lack of oars was no great disadvantage on the high seas when there was sufficient wind. Now, after the mayhem of the storm, the sea was calm with hardly a whisper of a breeze. It was oppressively and eerily quiet. The current was against them too, but it was bringing the strange orange floating object and its passenger ever closer.

Dan paused and lay the oar aside, reaching for his binoculars. A strong current was sweeping him towards the ship. He gasped as he focussed on the vessel. A schooner under full sail was the last thing Dan expected to see. He had been paddling the life raft towards the distant ship for the past 10 minutes, and as he got closer it had seemed ever more surreal. Now, through the glasses, he could make out the ship’s distinct features. He could even see figures on the raised quarterdeck. He hesitated momentarily. Then he reached for a starburst flare and fired it, keeping his glasses focused on the strange ship. Then laying the binoculars carefully aside, he picked up the paddle again. Within minutes, with the combined effects of his paddling and the strong current, he was within fifty yards of the becalmed vessel.

“Ahoy there,” Dan shouted, still paddling frantically.

There was some excitement on board the schooner, and a row of faces appeared at the ship’s rail, peering down at him. A rope was tossed out. He thankfully paddled to grab the line and hauled on it to pull the raft alongside the ship.

“Permission to come aboard?” he yelled.

Nobody answered. The men all looked down at him with great curiosity, but not one of them

spoke. Dan took that as tacit permission, and he swung on the rope to place the soles of his feet against the ship's timbers, hauling himself up and literally walking up the side of the ship until he reached the rail. Nobody offered a helping hand, but he was able to pull himself up to the rail and swing over onto the deck. Some of the men were still peering down at his orange life raft. Others formed in a circle round him. He smiled.

"What a bummer that was! I'm so glad I saw you."

The men continued to eye him warily and, in turn, Dan's gaze wandered over the strange assortment of clothing they wore. A large man in a leather sleeveless jacket approached, and a man in black burnoose walked a pace behind him. The circle of men parted respectfully to admit the two.

"I am Murat Reiz," the large man said. He paused, waiting for a reaction, and when there was none, he added: "This is Ishmael ibn Bey."

"Hi, I'm Dan Richards. Am I pleased to meet you!" He offered his outstretched hand but neither of the two men made a move to accept it. Withdrawing his hand, he said lamely: "I was swept overboard by the storm."

"You conjured the lights in the sky?"

"The flares?"

"You are not from the Shaytan?" Murat asked, his eyes sweeping over him.

"Shaytan? Is that a boat? No, I was skippering the sailing vessel Harmony. We came out of Lyford Harbour, Nassau yesterday and got hit by a freak storm. A massive wave washed me overboard. My life raft was taken by the currents... strange currents for these waters."

"You have never heard tell of Murat Reiz?"

Dan shook his head.

The dark man, Ishmael, spoke to Murat in a language Dan didn't understand. Murat considered the words for a moment. He then nodded, and Ishmael moved to the side of the boat, uttering a staccato of orders. Immediately, a man climbed over the side, descending towards the life raft.

"You didn't see any sign of the Shaytan at Lyford?" Murat asked.

Dan shook his head. He noticed that the man's hand had not once left the handle of the strange old pistol he carried in the broad belt. There was something seriously amiss here, he knew. These men were distinctly unfriendly, even hostile. From the activity at the side, he guessed that the dark man was supervising the recovery of the life raft.

"Strip him and clap him in irons!" Murat ordered abruptly.

Immediately, before Dan could react, the surrounding men fell upon him, restraining his arms and legs as they sliced off his clothes, leaving him naked within the circle of ruffians. Then he stood dumbstruck as heavy shackles were placed around his wrists.

"Look, I'm no threat to you guys," he stammered, testing the stout chain that joined the shackles.

"The accommodation isn't pleasant below decks, but we will sell you at the first opportunity."

"Are you mad? Sell me for what?"

Murat shrugged. "This ship has no need for galley slaves, but there are plenty of others that do. Or perhaps you are pretty enough to serve in other ways. My crew will test that out, I've no doubt."

As Murat spoke, Dan's light life raft was being hauled up onto the Medusha's deck under the watchful eye of Ishmael. The dark man then cautiously stepped into the raft and started to examine the contents. He toyed with the binoculars and, surmising their purpose, placed them experimentally to his eyes, the wrong way round at first. Then he placed the glasses aside and stooped under the canvas canopy, crawling to examine the inside.

"How do you make the lights in the sky?"

"What? Oh, the flares... I'll show you," Dan said, keen to ingratiate himself. As he moved towards the raft, men blocked his way. He stopped and pointed to the flare canisters. "I can show you," he said again helplessly.

Ishmael picked up a canister and examined it briefly, shaking it, turning it this way and that. Then he stepped from the raft and walked to stand beside Murat, holding the canister. He spoke briefly to Murat.

"Very well," Murat said. "Show me."

"I need the flare gun," Dan said, pointing again.

Ishmael picked up the flare gun and examined it. After a moment's thought, he passed the gun to Dan who fumbled to take a red flare from the proffered canister and load it. He then awkwardly held the gun aloft, hampered by the manacles. The sudden whoosh of the discharged flare startled and scared the surrounding men, and they cowered in awe as the flare burst like a fiery red ball and then started to descend slowly on its small parachute.

"So, not a message from God after all," Murat said with a thin smile. Then, he ordered curtly: "Take him below."

Two men immediately seized Dan by the arms, dragging him towards the main hatch.

"As you said, Cap'n, he's a pretty boy with a pretty bum. Can we fuck his arse?" one of the men asked.

"Do as you will, but keep him alive for booty."

"Pretty Bum is a good name," scar-face grunted, hustling Dan into the dank hold of the Medusha, and pushing him to his knees. They chained him to a bolt, and he glanced around fearfully as his eyes became accustomed to the dim light. There, chained opposite, were two young women, as naked as him. They cowered back from the corsairs. However, the men were more interested in Dan at that moment.

Dan squirmed and protested when one of them grabbed his penis and stroked the flaccid flesh.

"A nice big cock," the man said, "as well as a pretty bum."

"And good balls too." The other corsair grasped Dan's testicles and squeezed them in his callused palm. "I wonder if he'll be allowed to keep them. Them Arabs like a eunuch, don't they. He's pretty enough for 'em to snip his bollocks off, and even his cock too."

"We could take 'em off right now, save them the trouble," scar-face said, taking out a dagger with a gleaming blade.

Dan shuddered in terror.

"Lay down, Pretty Bum, you might as well use your cock while you've still got it."

Strong hands pushed Dan to the planks. Chained as he was, he was powerless to resist. Things progressed from bad to worse when the grimy scarred man leaned to take Dan's cock into his mouth and began to suck it.

"Please, no..." he protested, but to no avail, and his protestations stopped abruptly when he felt the sharp edge of the dagger against his balls. Dan lay there terrified as the gruesome seaman sucked the obstinately limp cock. It was hardly surprising that it failed to stiffen, given that Dan was utterly numb with terror.

"His cock's got no life in it," scar-face eventually said, kneeling up and wiping his lips with the back of the hand that still grasped the dagger.

"Maybe he needs some encouragement," the other said, walking over to where the women were cringing back against the wall. He dragged them over to where Dan was lying. "Get his cock hard, ladies, or get lashed again," he ordered them.

The two girls at first glanced up with wild, uncomprehending looks. Then, though, one of them leaned forward and took his cock in her hand. As she did so, Dan saw that her back was cruelly marked with a lattice of lash marks. Her first touch was tentative, obviously reluctant, but then she applied herself to the task.

"Take it in your mouth, you stupid bitch," the man commanded.

"You," scar-face ordered the second girl, "rub your tits over his face. Let's see how long he resists that."

When the girl did as she was commanded, Dan saw that her nipples were hung with round copper disks. Worse, attached to her swollen nipples, were viciously-barbed fish hooks that threatened to take his eye out as she groaned and rubbed her pert breasts against his cheek. Dan could scarcely believe what was happening. He had stumbled onto a floating lunatic asylum!

Despite himself, his cock began to stir in the girl's warm mouth. She was cupping his balls too, rolling them in her hand with a skill borne of desperation. The other girl then began sucking and nibbling at his nipples. Then she eased her way up to lick his ear, and he flinched away from the fish hooks.

"Please, they will whip us if we don't succeed," she whispered. "You don't know the things they do."

The girl then kissed him full the lips, forcing her tongue into Dan's mouth. In spite of the horror

and the girls' desperate plight, or perhaps because of it, his cock became hard.

"Ah, they've turned into accomplished whores in no time," scar-face said with some satisfaction as he watched the girls work. "They were haughty simpering nuns only a couple of weeks ago."

"Aye," the other agreed, "but they've taken more cock in a fortnight than most women get in a lifetime."

"Suck his arse hole, girl," scar-face said. "Get it ready for my cock."

Dan groaned as the woman pushed her head between his legs and started licking round his anus. As she did so, her hand encircled his cock shaft, as if willing it to maintain its strong erection, and the chain on her manacles lay against his belly. The other woman was lavishing his face and body with lascivious kisses. He was totally caught in the moment as the two young females desperately sought to pleasure him. As it was, Dan was more concerned that he might shoot his load there and then. It was an inexplicable response to the horrific situation, but there it was, his body betrayed him, and there was nothing he could do about it.

"Turn him over."

The girl who was licking at his neck and pressing her tagged tits against his chest tried to lift his shoulders and twist his body. He resisted at first, but the terrified plea in her eyes made him comply. The other was working at his hips too, urging him to turn over and lie on his belly. He complied, knowing there was little option.

"Our turn now, ladies," scar-face said, kicking the cock-sucker aside. He roughly grasped Dan's hips and yanked them up. "Get on all fours, Pretty Bum."

Dan was raised to knees and pushed forward to support himself on stiffened arms. The other pirate presented a hard, foul-smelling cock to Dan's lips. "Girl, feed my pecker into his mouth," he instructed.

The girl grasped the pirate's cock and rubbed it against Dan's clenched lips. Her eyes were wide with fear. Reluctantly, fighting his revulsion, Dan took the pirate's smelly fat cock into his mouth and began to suck it. As he did do, he felt the other girl's hands on his buttocks, prizing them apart, and scar-face's cock nudged against the saliva-lubricated ring of his anus.

## Chapter Nine

*Amy finds an old merchant pink*

Another flare! That was three flares Amy had seen now. There was definitely someone else in trouble over there. Amy turned the binoculars on the horizon. She could just make out another ship there, some 7 miles away. It seemed that the storm had undone other vessels too. Now, though, in stark contrast to the turbulence and mayhem of the storm, the sea was absolutely flat, with hardly a ripple, and the wind had dropped completely.

Amy though was more interested in the large vessel, an old sailing ship that was scarcely half a mile away from the Harmony's battered hull. It seemed to have suddenly appeared out of nowhere. One minute the ocean appeared to be empty for as far as the eye could see, then the next time she looked to port, there it was, as large as life. The ship was an ancient square rigged pink: a merchantman with a narrow stern and she was utterly becalmed. As a naval historian, she knew that preservation societies often renovated and maintained old ships like this.

She turned her attention to the drogue that still trailed behind Harmony. This line of inverted canvas cones dragged in the water as a sea-brake and had probably saved her life by keeping the Harmony head-on to the storm. It was too much for one person to haul the drogue in by hand, though. In the end, she just cut it adrift. Immediately, the small battered boat began to drift towards the large sailing ship on the strong current. Within a few minutes, the Harmony was bobbing within yards of the old ship. To Amy's astonishment, when she looked up, she saw a line of female faces staring back her, with more than one bonnet in their midst. Two men lowered a sturdy rope net. Amy gratefully grabbed her rucksack and slipped her arms into its shoulder straps before clambering up the netting.

When she climbed over the rail, she was surrounded by a gaggle of giggling and curious women. Amy looked round her quizzically. They all wore period costume, with long, voluminous skirts and tight bodices, buttoned to the neck. Most of them were quite young, about Amy's age as far as she could judge, although there were some older women there too. Some of the girls wore long black dresses with white pinafores and mob caps... servants, apparently. There were men too, mostly heavily moustachioed and wearing formal jackets, and a few sailors in all manner of maritime clothing. They all gazed agog at Amy's bikini-clad body. A matronly woman with a jutting bosom, stepped forward, closely followed by two young teenage girls. These two young women - identical twins, it seemed and probably not yet 20 years old - giggled girlishly as they gazed with wide eyes at Amy's exposed flesh.

"Mama," one of the girls said, "she's all but naked."

"Bring this poor creature a cloak to decently cover her shame," the older woman said. Then, glaring at the men, she snapped: "Your eyes are the size of penny gobstoppers. Be off with you."

The two girls giggled again but the men looked sheepish and reluctantly turned away. Amy smiled as the woman put her arm around her protectively, contriving to shield her from the men's sight.

"Thank you... the storm."

"Indeed, it was quite, quite terrifying, but you are safe now, girl," the woman said. She spoke English in a strange accent that seemed almost, but not quite, like a Northern Irish dialect. One of the younger women, one of those in maid's costume, produced a long, voluminous cloak and wrapped it about Amy, rucksack and all. The matron nodded in approval but said, "We must find her a suitable uniform."

"One of mine might fit her, ma'am," the maid said.

"Who is your mistress?" one of the twins asked. "Whatever happened to her?"

"My mistress? I'm sorry, I don't..."

"The name of your employer," the older woman said impatiently, snapping her fingers. "Pull yourself together, girl. A storm at sea is no reason to lose your wits."

Amy glowered at the woman's haughty tone. "I beg your pardon," she said. "I am beyond playing games. My husband was washed overboard, presumably lost."

"You aren't a lady's maid servant?"

Amy shook her head in despair. They obviously took their role play seriously. "No," she said

wearily. "I'm not a lady's maid."

"I took you for a maid," the woman said with a sniff. She turned and glared at the twins, saying, "It's hard to imagine a woman of breeding presenting herself unclad so nonchalantly, even in the direst of circumstances. Woe betide any of you who does that."

The women, maids too, all giggled now.

"What is this, some kind of re-enactment society?" Amy asked, looking around at the surrounding deck of the old merchant pink. "I need to use your ship radio..."

"Ship radio?"

"It's a... Oh, never mind." Amy paused to consider this. They were treating their period game so seriously that they would forego a radio? That seemed ridiculous. Finally, she just said: "Very well, please could get me back to Lyford Cay without delay."

"Lyford? That is quite impossible. We left there over two days ago. We are God-fearing folk and ever-anxious to help, but have no time to waste. These young ladies are to join their families and men folk, now that the colony is established. We will put you ashore at our next port of call, or you can continue with us to the colony and live there with us."

"Colony?" Amy blurted. "Are you mad? My vessel has been wrecked and my husband is missing..."

At that moment though, there was a dull thud in the near distance, followed by a whooshing sound and a splash off the starboard bow. All of a sudden men were dashing hither and thither on the deck.

"Pirates!" someone yelled. "All the women get below."

"Pirates, for fuck's sake..." Amy began, but the woman was hustling her to the hatch.

Soon Amy found herself huddled in a space below the waterline along with about 20 other women. Re-enactment or not, they all seemed to be genuinely frightened. Some were clutching each other, as if for reassurance, and many of them were praying. They were in the hold, and it was stacked with wine vats, crates, plump sacks, a couple of bulky agricultural implements, and other miscellany, leaving only a small, cramped space for the women. The air, already humid and warm, quickly became dank and stale. Amy put the cloak to one side and removed the rucksack. Then she sat there in her bikini, grateful to be a bit cooler. The matronly woman maintained an aloof dignity but her face had become pale and tense.

Amy was going to complain again, but she was dissuaded by the palpable feeling of fear amongst the women. So, instead, she calmly waited, sitting with her back against the hull, listening to the merchantman's guns firing and feeling the tremor that ran through the ship with each salvo. Twice in quick succession there were heavy, even louder sounds, as something appeared to slam in to the ship's side.

"My God!" the older woman breathed. "We're hit."

A man wearing a peaked cap dashed below, shouting, "Hide, ladies. We are being boarded."

The girls wailed in dismay. "Where is there to hide?" one screeched.

"Find places. I have to get back on deck to defend the ship."

"The game has gone far enough," Amy said angrily, rising to her feet.

"It's a 'game' that could end in the death of us all, or worse" the matron said tersely. She clapped her hands, "Come ladies, spread yourselves thinly and hide as best you Amy. There's little advantage in us all congregating together now."

The girls immediately dashed off, gathering their long skirts as they scurried away. The matronly woman, though, remained where she was, and the twins stood beside her. "I shall stay here with my daughters," she said, pulling the two girls behind a couple of large wine casks.

"My God!" Amy murmured. "You really believe that we're in danger."

"Save yourself," the woman called from behind the casks. "Don't stay here, it will only reveal our hiding place."

"Go away," one of the twins squeaked.

Amy gasped. She remembered the handgun in her rucksack. Quickly she delved into the sack and ripped open the plastic bag that contained the gun. She glanced at it wildly, having little knowledge of such things. Taking a clip of bullets, she rammed it into the handle, and it gave a satisfying click. Then she rushed away, looking for a space to hide herself away. Using her knowledge of old naval vessels, she headed for the void behind the rudder stock and secreted herself there. The sounds of gunshots, screams



and shouts went on for more than half an hour. Amy knelt there, clutching the small Smith and Wesson handgun. She desperately tried to make some sense of the bizarre events. Logic told her that it was merely an elaborate naval war game. However, nagging instinct suggested something entirely different.

Then, to her dismay, two men came within 10 feet of her hiding place. She watched with bated breath as one of them placed a small keg on the planks. "This will blow the stern off her," one said as he unhurriedly removed the bung from the keg and replaced it with another that was attached to a long fuse. Then they left, unrolling the coiled fuse as they retreated.

'My God, it's a powder keg!' she thought. It seemed that they really meant to sink the ship. She waited for some time, perhaps half an hour or more, uncertain as to what to do. The sounds of yelling and screaming continued up above. It seemed obvious that the fuse to the powder keg hadn't yet been lit but, plainly, she couldn't delay there for too long. Eventually, heart pounding, she emerged from her nook and stooped to examine the keg. She pushed the gun into rear of her bikini pants and struggled to remove the fuse bung. It was too tight, and she finally had to snap the powder fuse itself.

"Well, what have we here?" a man's harsh voice growled.

She whirled round and saw a large, bearded man carrying a cutlass. He stepped forward and seized her by the arm. "A pretty slave wench, if ever I saw one."

## Chapter Ten

### *Pirates capture Amy*

The pirate effortlessly dragged the bikini-clad Amy onto the deck by her hair. She looked around fearfully at the carnage, with smashed spars and tangled rigging everywhere. The deck was slippery with blood beneath her bare feet.

“Another young hen here!” the pirate called out. “Already a slave, by the look of her.”

Just then a sailor sprang from a hiding place behind some barrels, attacking and downing the corsair with a crashing blow from a sabre that split his skull and sent bloody brain flying. Another pirate immediately fell upon the seaman, running him through with a cutlass. It seemed that the defending sailor had not been alone in his hiding place, for another darted from behind the barrels and ran along the deck. The corsair growled and took off in pursuit, and Amy was temporarily forgotten. She gazed down in stunned disbelief at her would-be captor, who now lay dead and bleeding copiously at her feet. Quite evidently, this was not a game at all. “I’ve gone mad!” she gasped, her eyes wide with terror. Glancing round fearfully, she reached for the small pistol that was still stuffed into her bikini pants.

It was mayhem on the merchantman’s deck. A pirate with a hook for a hand was fucking a fat middle-aged woman who was squealing like a stuck pig. Amy’s stomach churned as she saw that the hook was impaled in the woman’s side, and the gleaming steel entered the poor woman’s flank and emerged some inches below in a bloodied wound, hooked behind her ribs. Each time, the corsair slammed his hips forward, forcing his cock into the poor woman, he yanked his arm, using the hook as leverage.

A few feet beyond, Amy could see two pirates pleasuring themselves with a young woman whose shoulders were pressed on the pin-rail around the main mast. One of the men had his hands under her thighs, holding her horizontally while he thrust his cock into her. The other man, a lithe fellow, naked from the waist down, had climbed to squat on the rail, straddling the woman’s upper torso as he hung on to the rigging for support. The corsair used his free hand to push his erect cock into the woman’s mouth. Amy could hear the woman gurgling as she choked and gagged on the corsair’s member. Amy began to scream, but nobody paid any attention, such was the noise of anguished females on that deck.

A few men, presumably the pink’s surviving crew or passengers, were huddled miserably together, and four naked older women, their bodies bloodied and bruised, were amongst them too. These females had apparently been rejected, for a dozen or more other naked women had been herded towards the side and they waited dejectedly to climb down onto the schooner. There were three young men, too, their hands and feet in chains, standing miserably some yards away, and they too were completely nude. Two more struggling girls were brought up from below and summarily stripped and assessed before being pushed to await their fate with the others.

Amy scrambled to her hands and knees, fighting to retain her sanity. She made a determined effort to be calm. It wasn’t easy. She found herself looking directly at a group of older captives who quaked and clutched at each other in horror. Even as they watched, three pirates ruthlessly moved from one to the next of the screeching wretches, slitting throats as they went, one after the other, men and women alike, and then rolling their bodies into the ocean.

A brigand moved towards Amy. She squealed in terror and scrambled to her feet, darting over to the other side of the ship to avoid him. She heard him laugh, but he then turned his attention elsewhere. She cringed by the port rail, looking down. The low-slung pirate xebec was tied alongside the stricken merchant pink.

“This is crazy, it can’t be happening,” Amy said in horror as she looked down at the xebec’s deck, some feet below. A cowed group of nude young women were trying to cower together but a couple of men were pushing them into a line, forcing their backs to xebec’s side rail and fitting them with chains and manacles. The pirates were literally clapping the naked women in irons.

Amy’s haunted eyes flickered over the xebec. There was a large round crest, like a shield, placed on the bow where a traditional ship’s ‘eye’ might have been painted. The crest depicted the stylized head of a double-horned devil and the ship’s name ‘Shaytan’. “Shaytan... Arabic for Satan,” she murmured.

A strong line had been strung between the two vessels, attached to a block and tackle as a crude pulley. Some men were busily transferring sacks and barrels from the captured pink.

There was a commotion by a hatch on the merchant pink as the two twins were pulled onto the deck by a sturdy pirate. Their mother hung desperately onto the girls' arms, trying to drag them back. "Not my daughters," the woman screamed. "Take me, but not my daughters."

The large lumbering pirate desisted momentarily, leaving go of the two girls. He turned on the screeching older woman and struck the back of his hand across her mouth. "Very well, let me see you're worth, m'dear," he said, his voice surprisingly soft and gentle. "It'd be best to quickly remove your garments."

"Yes," she cried, hurriedly wrenching off her long gown, tearing at her copious white underclothes and presenting herself naked. "Yes, take me instead."

The pirate eyed her plump, sagging flesh. He merely shook his head dismissively and turned his attention back to the quaking girls.

Amy saw a small effete man with trim goatee beard and long flowing curly black locks strode across the debris on the splintered deck carrying a flintlock pistol in each hand. "Sterling work, lads. The prize is ours," he called. "Take victuals and anything else of value, and transfer them to the Shaytan."

"Aye, just dealing with a few odds and sods now, Cap'n, like these late-caught hens," the pirate said, indicating the cowering twins, who were staring in horror at their naked mother.

"Strip them down, Jenks," the Captain said. "There'll be no clothed slaves on my ship."

"You heard Captain Smith, m'dears," the huge pirate said genially. "Now, present yourselves naked as the day you were born, if you please."

"No!" the matron screamed, her large pendulous breasts swaying.

The two young women shook their heads wildly, cringing back in terror.

Captain Smith sighed. "More trouble..." He looked around and called, "Mister Smirk, another example is needed here."

Smirk stepped forward as the sturdy corsair grabbed the plump, naked and screaming woman by both arms, standing behind her with his knee against her arse. Smirk smiled and took some cord from his belt, and he then reached to tightly wrap the cord several times round the base of the screeching matron's pendulous right breast, compressing the flesh there to less than half of its previous circumference before tying it off. Heedless of the woman's squeals, he then similarly tied a cord round her left breast. Both orbs were soon presented like inflated balloons.

"Please, no," the woman wept, securely held by the man behind her.

The pirate hummed softly to himself as he reached up to grab a rope that dangled from the splintered mast, and he then expertly spliced the two cords onto it. Once this was accomplished, he moved to the mast and took another rope, hauling on it with some exertion, and glancing up at the pulley high on the mast. As he hoisted on the rope, the tension on the plump matron's bound tits increased until the poor screaming woman was raised up onto the tips of her toes. Her two large dugs had turned a livid purple colour. Her daughters watched aghast. The woman screamed and screamed, but the pirate continued to haul on the rope until the woman's feet left the deck, and with a few minutes she was hanging high in the rigging, suspended by her hugely distended breasts. Then, cruelly, the man loosened the tension on the rope, allowing the woman to drop a few feet like a stone, before expertly and abruptly stopping her descent by looping the rope round a capstan. The woman screamed again as the muscular structure of her breasts tore from her chest wall. Smirk then tied off the other end of the rope and approached the girls with a toothy leer.

"You too, m'dears?" the pirate Jenks asked the girls gently, gesturing up at the swaying woman dangling by her tortured tits. "It can surely be arranged."

"No!" both girls cried in unison, gazing in horror at the fearsome Smirk.

"Then..." Jenks simply tugged at his own clothing and spread his massive palms in an unmistakable gesture. The two girls responded by tearing off their gowns and petticoats in a frenzy, presenting themselves naked in short order. The man laughed and turned the comely young women about. "Why, alike as two peas in a pod," he said, sharply smacking their pert arses as he pushed them to join the huddle of nude women who waited by the far rail. Their mother was still screaming herself hoarse as she twisted in the wind.

Jenks then turned towards Amy. He gestured up towards the dangling, screaming woman high in the rigging. "You, m'dear?"

"No!" Amy said, brandishing the small pistol. "Keep away from me."

Jenks laughed and advanced towards her. Amy squeezed the trigger, but nothing happened. She fumbled for the safety catch and the pistol went off with a sharp retort, firing harmlessly over Jenks' shoulder. Before she could fire again, the pirate was upon her, and he effortlessly took the gun from her hand. Holding her easily by the wrist, despite her flailing, he glanced curiously at the small weapon.

"What did she have there, Jenks?" Captain Smith asked, stuffing one of his flintlock pistols into his belt and holding out his hand as he approached with Smirk and another fellow.

"Damned if I know, Cap'n," Jenks said, handing over the weapon. "It rattled off a shot, as far as I could tell. Shall we make another example?"

The effete captain glanced at the gun in his hand, weighing it, and turning it this way and that. He showed it to the other two men, and they both shrugged and shook their heads. Then he turned his attention to Amy, asking, "What manner of clothing is she wearing?"

Amy glanced down at her life jacket atop her skimpy white bikini. "I am not from this time, Captain," she stammered. "There was a sudden storm."

"We all saw the storm."

"I don't know how I got here. I come from another time and another place..."

"A witch..." one of the men breathed in awe, stepping back a pace.

"Silence! Stop your mad babble, girl! I'll not have you spooking my crew with such deranged nonsense." Smith turned to one of the men by his side. "What think ye, Mister Scobie?"

"Good stock, I'd say," Scobie replied. "Witch or not."

"Strip the wench. Don't damage her garments."

"No!" Amy screeched, stepping back as Jenks pulled at her life jacket.

The Captain raised the Smith and Wesson pistol and took careful aim, pointing it up at the screaming woman who was swinging by her tits in the rigging. There was a sharp crack, and the woman gave a strangled moan and went limp as a red patch spread on her belly. The men murmured in awe.

"Would you like to replace her?" Captain Smith asked Amy equably, pushing the nozzle of the gun into her belly.

"No, please..."

"Then you will allow my men to undress you, like a good girl," Scobie said.

A mournful young man, little more than a youth with pimples on his face and the wispy beginnings of a beard, hurried up to the Captain. "Best get your arses off this tub, cos the Master Gunner said it's time to start clearing the decks," he said morosely. "He's laid the powder kegs and will soon be ready to light the fuses."

"Aye, noted, Sunny Jack," the Captain said. "We have this last hen to pluck of her few strange feathers."

Amy stood numbly, defeated and terrified, as the lumbering Jenks fumbled awkwardly with the buckles on the life jacket. She pushed his hand away and flipped open the plastic fasteners before shrugging off the brightly-coloured jacket and passing it to the captain. He studied it briefly.

"I don't recognise the materials employed, but this is no new idea," Smith said dismissively, passing the orange jacket to the youth. "Whole armies have been equipped with such things when fording rivers."

The Captain looked at Amy expectantly. She groaned inwardly. There was no alternative, she knew. She reached back and snapped the clip of her bikini top. Freed from the support, her breasts tumbled forward. Sunny Jack stepped forward to take the bra, his eyes avid on her bare tits. Amy stood clad in only the bikini pants. She tried to tell herself that her naked body was nothing unlike anything the pirate slavers had seen a thousand times before but it made her humiliation no easier to bear. She pulled the string ties at her thighs and the tiny garment fluttered down revealing her carefully waxed pubes with its neat triangle pointing directly at the apex of her pussy lips. The pubic waxing had seemed a saucy and romantic thing to do, just prior to her wedding.

"You ever see the like of such garments?" the youth asked, stooping to take the pants from the deck. "She must be a witch. We're doomed, I shouldn't wonder."

“Take the clothes to my cabin, Sunny Jack. Now though, we will examine this supposed witch.”

“Assist Jenks to lift her, Mister Smirk,” Scobie said.

Jenks and Smirk slipped their strong arms under Amy’s shoulders and knees. She gave a small squeal when they raised her horizontally. She closed her eyes in shame, suspended between the two hulking corsairs.

“Spread her thighs, boys, and sit her up.”

Amy mewled in fright as her thighs were pulled apart and her shoulders hoisted higher so that her back was straight. The man on either side held her firmly, muscular arms locked about her thighs, giving her no option but to maintain her lewd exposure. She could smell their peculiar musk, a curious mix of masculine odour and cordite, and their skin was slick with sweat against her flesh.

“Do you wish to proceed, Cap’n?” Scobie asked.

“Nay, you’re the Slave Quartermaster, Mister Scobie. I’ll abide by your judgment on slave flesh, but I can already see that she’s an acceptable catch. Make sure you search her thoroughly for any witches’ marks.”

“She might have been taken by slavers before, judging by her shorn cunt,” Scobie said.

The slaver was indeed thorough. He examined her face and neck, his surprisingly soft fingers running over her face and neck, and his fingers rested lightly there for a few moments, checking the pulse. He then parted the hair on her head, carefully examining her scalp.

“In your own time, Mister Scobie,” Captain Smith said sarcastically.

“Lift her arms,” Scobie said, ignoring the captain’s jibe. His fingers trailed over the smooth depilated pits and then trailed to stroke and tease her nipples. She hung miserably, feeling the nubbins involuntarily tighten into knots in his fingers. He then palpated the flesh of her breasts, testing its tone, before running his hands over her flanks. “Arch her, lads. I want her belly pushed forward, hard and tight.”

Jenks huge hand spread flat across the small of Amy’s back, pushing her lower torso forward and arching her belly. She found her thighs forced even wider apart. Scobie ran his hands down each of her legs, from thigh to toe, even stroking along the soles of her feet. Seemingly satisfied, he returned his attention to her belly, maintained hard and arched forward by the hand that pressed at the base of her spine. Amy closed her eyes in shame as the slaver’s fingers lingered on the small triangular tuft of hair on her mons before stroking down to her pussy lips. She let out a small gasp as he widely separated the puffy labia, exposing the hot inner flesh to the cool sea air.

“There’s no thatch to hide any witch’s mark near her cunt, Cap’n,” Scobie said, pressing his thumb on her clitoris. “She’s got a pronounced pleasure nubbin here, though. It’s like a small cock.”

Amy gasped when she felt the slaver’s hot breath on the exposed flesh of her pussy. Then, to her horror, Scobie sucked at her erect clitoris. Worse, an illicit frisson of pleasure shot like fork lightning through her inner flesh from the root of that sweet spot.

“Post haste, if you please, Mister Scobie,” Captain Smith said impatiently.

The slaver’s fingers probed up into Amy’s gaping hole, and she knew that she was unaccountably wet there. “She’s no virgin, this one,” he called. “Lift her arse higher, lads.”

Amy screeched as the two corsairs hoisted her hips high in the air, lowering her shoulders. She hung miserably between them, not quite upside down but inclined backwards with her legs still widely splayed. She felt the slaver’s hands on her buttocks, prizing them apart. She bucked violently when he spat on the eye of her anus.

“No, not there, please...”

“Mayhap she’s not been a slave afore then,” Scobie mused, pushing his forefinger into her wriggling rectum, “or she wouldn’t consider her arse hole so precious.”

“Are there any witch marks?”

“Nary a one, Cap’n.”

“Very well. Set her down, and put her with the others. We need to clear these decks and get the Shaytan well away. This hulk will soon go up like a tinderbox.”

The two men lowered Amy to her feet and she stood shakily, but the slaver smartly slapped her bare arse and sent her scurrying to join the few remaining girls still waiting at the rail.

Smirk leapt over the ship’s rail and slithered down the rope netting, onto the deck of the Shaytan.

Another buccaneer supervised the terrified captives, making them climb down the stout net, two at a time, before dropping to the deck of the xebec, some feet below. Amy waited diffidently. Presently, though, the pirate pushed her forward. She whimpered in fear as her small feet clambered in the rough jute rope, and she clung on for dear life as she descended precariously with the two ships heaving on the rising seas.

Scobie and Jenks followed, and a few stragglers were still swarming down the rope netting as the Shaytan pulled away.

Smirk's latest 'example', the woman strung up by her its and shot in the belly by Captain Smith, was left dangling, her back arched, swinging to and fro as the otherwise deserted ship rose and fell with the swell.

## Chapter Eleven

### *Amy is enslaved*

“My God!” Amy murmured, her attention drawn to the eight naked women who were cruelly bound doubled over and bound with their ankles crossed behind their heads and dangling like pears from the lowest spar of the Shaytan’s mainmast.

It was a salutary sight that struck fear and submission into the bravest heart. Amy swallowed, dismissing all thoughts of rebellion. There was little time to further consider the matter anyway, for Slaver Quartermaster Scobie was already herding the new captives to the rail of the ship. He secured them there, one by one, a yard or so apart, their backs to the sea, with their elbows crooked behind the rail and their wrists fastened by a short length of rope that stretched tightly over their bellies. Scobie was assisted by the barefoot youth Sunny Jack, who moved back and forth carrying bundles of rope and manacles, complaining much of the time.

“I’m supposed to be the Captain’s clerk, I am,” the youth said, dumping the manacles on the deck with a thud.

“Quit your moaning, Jack,” Scobie growled. “You get a share of the booty, so you can do some of the work.”

“Who do you think keeps the records and calculates fair shares then?” the youth asked belligerently. “That’s work, ain’t it?”

“Aye and we all know your arse provides other services to the Captain, besides your reading, writing and arithmetic,” Scobie said. “Whoever named ye Sunny Jack had a grim sense of humour, and no mistake.”

Despite his persisting complaints, the youth helped Scobie deal with the new slaves. As the slaver tied each woman’s wrists, the morose young pirate, probably not yet 20 years old, snapped manacles and chains about her ankles. A line of a ten naked women were fastened to the starboard rail in that way and they all stood, terrified, with their bellies thrust forward by the rail.

“That’s it, my beauty,” Scobie said, taking Amy’s right wrist and slapping a manacle onto it before dragging her to the other side of the ship. “You’re the last pretty pearl for old Scobie’s necklace, so ye are.”

Ten young women were already fastened to that rail, too. The slaver thrust Amy with her back to the rail, next to one of the twins, whose pert naked breasts repeatedly heaved with convulsive sobs. The cabin boy grasped the chain and cuff dangling from Amy’s wrist and climbed onto the rail like a lithe monkey. He leaned to push the loose manacle under the rail, and Scobie took it, drawing it back until Amy’s elbow was crooked around the stout bar. She obeyed when he gestured her to similarly thread her left arm behind and under the rail, and then he snapped the other manacle onto her wrist. She gasped and wriggled uncomfortably. The position drew her shoulders back and thrust her belly and breasts forward, arching her back against the bar, and the chain bit tightly into the flesh of her belly.

Amy grimaced and remained silent. After the humiliating examination, she was only too aware of the utter vulnerability of her position. Scobie wandered back to the other side of the ship. Amy and the other women on the port rail had been left there without a guard, but they could only stand and wait. On the other side of the ship, the women uttered repeated squeals of pain and anguish as the slaver steadily worked his way along the starboard rail.

Amy tried to distract herself. In any other circumstances she would have relished the unique opportunity to be aboard a classic sailing vessel manned by apparently authentic seamen. The captain was calling a steady stream of orders, calm but authoritative, and the corsairs responded with impressive efficiency and economy of effort. They used long pikes to push the Shaytan from the merchantman, and then Captain Smith used his oarsmen to ease the xebec away before settings the sails. Soon the ship was under way. The triangular sails billowed in a strong breeze, straining the rigging taut behind Amy’s back and making the Shaytan’s timbers creak. She was surprised how much noise the ship made when under way.

“There!” Sunny Jack suddenly shouted, pointing to port as a puff of smoke erupted from the merchant pink.

Amy watched as the wooden ship began to burn ferociously, sending plumes of black smoke into the air. The corsairs cheered loudly.

“Mama!” one of the twins exclaimed despairingly.

“It’s for the best,” the other said. “Death will come as a mercy for her.”

“I wish I could die too,” the first girl moaned.

“Back to work, lads,” Morny the Mate yelled. “We have a rendezvous to keep.”

The Shaytan moved with impressive speed, leaping like a dolphin over the increasingly heavy swell. Amy felt her hair trailing like a flag in the breeze and the breeze and spray were cold on her naked flesh, forming her nipples into tight knots.

After some time, Scobie and Sunny Jack moved across the deck towards them. The youth carried a heavy leather-bound ledger tucked under his arm, and he had a quill grasped between his lips. Amy herself was not so sanguine, and her heart was beginning to race again in fear. There was no reassurance to be had anywhere on that damned boat. Even above the sound of the wind and creaking of timbers, Amy could hear the sobs and wailing of the women chained to the rail on the opposite side of the ship. She watched in trepidation as the slaver stood with widely splayed legs in front of her.

“Ah, the plucked witch,” he said with a smile, reaching to stroke the bare lips of her pussy. He then pinched both of her nipples, which were already strongly protuberant. She wanted to hiss and snarl, to hurl abuse, but she dare not. So, instead, she remained still and quiet as he toyed with her tits. Scobie withdrew his hand to take copper disk and hook from his maroon sash. Sunny Jack dropped to the deck and sat cross-legged, opening the ledger and spreading it across his lap, and he then withdrew a small cone-shaped ink flask from his pocket and unscrewed its cap before placing it carefully on the deck.

“What’s her number, Scobie?” Jack asked, dipping his quill nib into the ink flask.

Scobie glanced down and took hold of the half-inch barbed fish-hook between finger and thumb, and then he studied the copper disk in the palm of his hand. “It’s number 123, lad,” he said, dangling the disk in front Amy’s eyes. She watched as if mesmerised as it dangled back and forth.

“What happened to the other numbers? We lose some coins?”

“Aye, probably still attached to some dead cunts’ tits when we threw ’em overboard. Just write it, lad: number 123 - common booty to be shared by all, like all the others.”

Sunny Jack frowned unhappily. “The Captain will wonder where the missing numbers have gone. You know what he’s like for checking.”

“Tell him they’ve gone,” was all Scobie could offer.

Sunny Jack sighed as if he was dealing with an idiot. Then he scratched at the page with the quill, speaking aloud for the slaver’s benefit as he wrote: “‘120, 121 and 122... Scobie says gone!’ There, that covers it.”

Scobie glowered at the youth but he returned to the job in hand. “Number 123 - common booty...”

“Aye, got that.”

Amy waited helplessly as the slaver plucked and teased her nipples into full erection. She closed her eyes when he cupped and hefted her full right breast and she could feel the soft flesh spilling between his fingers as he squeezed. Her nipples, always large, had become stiff and protuberant from his handling. This seemed to please the slaver, because he spent some time stroking and pinching them and tickling the dark brown dimpled halos. He then took the right nipple between his finger and thumb and pulled, stretching her flesh.

“Holy fucking Jesus!” Amy screeched in shock and horror at the fierce, agonising pain as the large fish hook was unceremoniously embedded into her rubbery teat. Her breast seemed as though it was on fire, and she could feel the weight of the copper disk as Scobie fingered it to check the number.

“Aye, she’s number 123,” Scobie told the lad. “About 65 inches, dark hair, trim enough, but her tits are a good double handful. Make of that what ye will.”

“Aye, Scobie,” the boy sighed, scratching his quill across the ledger. “How much is she worth?”

“She’s not a virgin. Four hundred pieces, I’d judge.”

Amy froze when Scobie’s fingers closed around her left nipple, pinching and stretching... The needle-sharp point of the fish-hook pricked her, and she whimpered. Then it was driven through and



tendrils of agony swarmed over her breast. The pain was just as bad this time, but he was mercifully quick. The slaver left her and moved on to the twins, shackled beside her. Amy slumped in her chains. She stared incredulously down at her tits. Two large fish hooks now pierced her tortured nipples, and a copper disk depended from each, dancing and swinging with each heaving, sobbing gasp. She heard a gasp from the first of the twins as the slaver laid his hands on her.

“Two of them, both the same, Jack,” Scobie said. “Skin as white and as smooth as silk. Some 64 inches I’d say, and plump, with soft and sweetly ripe tits.”

“What shall I put then?” Sunny Jack asked in exasperation, his quill poised. “That’s no good, Scobie.”

“Twins. A matched pair, for fuck’s sake. Blonde and plump... write that,” Scobie told the youth angrily, and he reached for the girl’s breast, cupping the orb and jabbing at her nipple with the fish-hook. “I bet you slid out of your mother’s cunt with a scowl on your face and a complaint,” he told the youth as the twin screamed.

Before the blonde had stopped screeching, the slaver reached to push his fingers into her cunt. “Ah, now here’s a thing, a virgin,” he said. “If her sister is the same, they’ll bring 1500 pieces of eight as an exotic pair. Perhaps 2000, even.”

“I’ll write fifteen hundred.”

“Get a steel belt on this one and her sister too,” Scobie said, reaching for another copper coin, this time one that was splashed with a daub of white paint. He took hold of the girl’s left tit and paused for effect, his eyes meeting hers as he pressed the needle-sharp point into her nipple. The blonde girl gritted her teeth, steeling herself against the thrust, but he delayed. When he pushed the hook into her turgid pink teat, pausing with it half in to twist the shank, turning the barb inside the nubbin, she did not shriek this time, but she let out a long anguished wail of despair.

“For the love of God, no!” Amy murmured, aghast at what was being done.

“There ye are, a white tag,” Scobie told the girl as he pushed the hook fully through and watched the barbed tip appear on the other side.

The blonde girl slumped in her bonds. Like Amy, her tits were now adorned by two copper disks, and the viciously-barbed fish hooks that pierced her nipples were clearly visible. Within seconds, the girl’s twin sister screamed as her nipples were also skewered by hooks.

They could only wait as Scobie worked his way along the line of slaves, tagging the tits of each terrified girl. Amy, her nipples unspeakably sore, tried to close her ears to the distressed squeals and screams of the other slaves.

Eventually, Scobie glanced at the bridge, where the First Mate was at the helm.

“Ah, the Cap’n is in his cabin,” he said. “Take the ledger to him, Sunny Jack. He’ll want it right away. Then get steel belts put on the white tagged hens.”

## Chapter Twelve

*Amy's breasts are tagged*

Still shackled uncomfortably with her back to the ship's rail, Amy was terrified about what might happen next. However, Scobie had turned his attention to the women who were dangling, doubled and forlorn, from the spar.

"My breasts..." the blonde girl moaned. "Why do they do such things?"

Amy glanced at the girl, who was now even paler than before. "These disks obviously have a purpose other than decoration. There seems to be some method in their madness."

The girl nodded her head in the direction of the line of 8 suspended women. "Will they do that to us?"

"We can only hope not."

Each of the wretched dangling creatures stared balefully at the slaver as he paused to consider them, one by one. Their legs framed their faces, and the muscles in their hams and calves were stretched taut by the tie of their ankles behind their heads. The bit-gags that had been forced into their mouths were making them grimace in pain. Amy winced inwardly, indeed aware that the pirates would just as blithely inflict such a tie on her too if so inclined.

Scobie returned to the front of the line of slave fruit, where dangled the silvery blonde girl who had so taken his fancy. The girls had all been slung high so that their pussies were presented at the pirate's eye level. Scobie leaned to lick the slave's puffy lips, seemingly uncaring about the semen of others that had been deposited there. He step back and look up at her face as his fingers found the hard, pea-like nubbin of clitoris and palpated it, looking into her eyes for a reaction. The girl's only response was to clench her eyes tightly shut, and he growled to himself. He took the rope that held her, unwound it from the retraining cleat, and lowered her so that her arse was within three feet of the deck before securing the rope again. The slaver then loosened the sash around his waist and carefully placed it aside with a tinkle of unused copper disks.

"You'll pleasure me again now, my girl," he said, pushed his leather pants down around his knees. "I saved your life when the Cap'n was going to make an example of ye on the quay. Now ye can show me your gratitude again."

The girl murmured something. It could have either been assent or protest... the bit-gag muted her. It made no difference to Scobie anyway. His cock was already erect.

He thrust his cock into the girls quim, so nicely presented for fucking. He could just as easily have taken her arse. Using the sway of the ship to his advantage, he grasped her hips to prevent her swinging fully away and off the shaft that impaling her, he slowly eased his hips back and forth, reaming her deeply. This did not last for long. Within short time, Scobie let out a long, low moan and withdrew his cock, spurting semen over her belly. Sunny Jack, the Captain's clerk, returned on deck, carrying a couple of steel chastity belts.

"Ye want to fuck one of them, Sunny Jack?"

"Aye," the youth said, dropping the belts with a clatter and loosening his pants. "My cock is aching hard."

"Processing and tit-hooking freshly-caught slaves always does that to a cock."

"I could just as easily fuck one of the newly-acquired bitches, of course," Sunny Jack said, glancing over to the rail where Amy was chained.

"That's a pleasure to be deferred," Scobie said. "Is the Cap'n in his cabin?"

"Aye, he's studying your figures to make sure you're not cheating," Jack said sourly, loosening his canvas bags and dropping them to the deck, revealing a straining cock beneath his loose shirt. He indicated the virgin, who had been strung up in a steel belt which seemed to chafe at her flesh.. "How about if I fuck this one?"

"No, we keep her cherry intact. Fuck her mother instead."

"I wanted to try a virgin."

"Smirk," Scobie called, "dance these ladies for me. Loosen them up and give a show for the lads. I

don't want 'em crippled by being bound double for too long."

Smirk strolled over, scowling. "Why should I do it? Is your whip arm broke or something?"

"I need to speak urgently with the Cap'n," Scobie said, hoisting up his leather pants and retrieving his maroon sash. "Besides, it's your job to keep discipline."

"He's always getting others to do his job," Sunny Jack complained, sticking his cock into the cunt of the virgin's mother who dangled next in line.

"Surly as ever!" Scobie said, roundly clouting the youth's ear. "For that, lad, ye can help Smirk when you've finished fucking that wench and belting the virgins."

Sunny Jack yelped at the blow but he kept his cock firmly impaled in the woman's ripe cunt. Scobie wandered off, leaving the evil Smirk to lower the other swinging women to the deck. He was none to gentle, dropping them with a thud on their arses. As each lay huddled on the hot boards, Smirk stoop to work their jaws to remove the bit-gags. He then took a dagger to the ropes that bound their ankles and wrists. In sort order, the slaves were writhing on the scrubbed boards, moaning in pain as they straightened their aching limbs.

"Hurry up and shoot your load into that bint, lad," Smirk said. "Who knows, it might be you who knocks her up. Where's Blind Fiddler got to?"

"It's the Sabbath, his rest day," Sunny Jack grunted as he fucked the woman, his fingers digging into the cheeks of her arse.

"Sabbath or no, the bastard will come and scrape a tune." Then he turned and raised his voice to a roar, shouting, "Fiddler!"

Sunny Jack grasped the woman's buttocks, prizing them apart, with each forefinger jammed in her arsehole. He swung the woman like a pendulum, six or seven inches a time, and her cunt eased smoothly back and forth on his cock. Mindless of Smirk's demand for haste, or perhaps because of it, Sunny Jack took his time, making the woman, who was old enough to be his mother, take his full measure.

"Fiddler!" Smirk shouted again. "Get your arse here, and bring your fiddle."

The girls who were chained on the starboard rail cringed back as Blind Fiddler felt his way towards the sound of Smirk's harsh roar. He carried his violin and bow tucked under one arm, and reached out for guidance with the other. His hand brushed lightly on each of the women as he moved forward carefully. Amy tried to twist away as the man passed, shielding her aching breasts from his blindly groping hand. However, his touch was surprisingly gentle when he laid it on her shoulder. Amy was the last in line. The blind man hesitated then, reaching out with hand and outstretched foot, sweeping the area in front of him. Smirk strode over and grasped Blind Fiddler by the arm, leading him to the centre of the deck.

"Play a lively jig," Smirk said.

"It's the Sabbath," Fiddler protested.

"Let the saints be praised. Play your fucking fiddle!"

Blind Fiddler sighed as he tucked the violin under his chin and reluctantly stroked the bow across its strings. He paused to adjust the violin's pegs and then launched into a lively reel.

"Come, you whores, dance some life back into your bones," Smirk demanded, striding among the women who lay on the deck, putting his toe up their arses. "Get up and dance. Or do I need to make an example?"

The mere threat was enough to galvanise the naked women into action. They had witnessed enough of Smirk's 'examples'... The women scrambled to their feet and clung to each other for support, massaging their aching limbs.

"Dance, damn you," Smirk cried, grasping a length of rope and belabouring the women's backs and thighs.

The women squealed in pain and began to move in desultory fashion to the racy tune. Their movements were uncertain and utterly out of time with the fiddlers tapping foot. Gradually though, urged on by the swatting rope, they caught the rhythm, and presently they were cavorting energetically around Sunny Jack and the girl he was rutting.

"My God, dancing now!" the blonde girl breathed. "Whatever next."

"It's a tradition of sailing ships," Amy said. "Many captains made their sailors dance for two hours every night to keep them fit."

"They'll make us dance nekkid?"

“Who knows that they’ll make us do?” Amy asked with a shudder as Sunny Jack withdrew his cock from the woman’s cunt and sprayed his cum around the capering dancers.

## Chapter Thirteen

### *First use as a slave*

The xebec was moving well now, and while things went smoothly the ship needed minimal work. As the corsairs were relieved from their tasks, they gathered to watch Smirk and Sunny Jack drive the naked slaves in a wild dance about the deck. They also took the opportunity to assess the newly-acquired women who were chained on both rails. The men strolled along the line, inspecting the goods, like shoppers at a market. Amy tried to twist away when one man, a shifty-looking fellow with a wall eye and an uneven growth of beard, reached to pinch the underbelly of her breast. He then fingered the copper disk that dangled from her nipple. "Number 123," the man noted, licking his lips and flicking the disk so that it looped onto the upper swell of her breast before swinging down, twisting the hook shank unpleasantly in her tingling teat.

"You got writing, Scoggins?" another man asked in surprise.

"Aye, some... I aim to roger this one, so I'll remember her number."

He wasn't the first or last to lay his hands on Amy as she stood helplessly shackled to the rail. She steeled herself against the invasive touches. Her pussy was rudely probed on more than one occasion; the trim 'landing strip' of dark pubic hair seeming to puzzle the curious corsairs. The blonde girl to Amy's right now wore a gleaming steel belt with a triangle of metal over her pussy, but she attracted her share of unwelcome attention too. The leering men encouraged rather than deterred by the girl's squeals of shame as they handled her. Amy tried to reassure her, even though she was stricken with terror herself.

"It's best not fight them," Amy said. "If we don't fight, they might not hurt us so much."

Even as she spoke, Amy realised what was to come. There could be no illusions. The pirates who had gathered on the deck were already stripping off their clothes. Wherever she looked, she could see erect burgeoning cocks, presumably aroused by the display of so much helpless female flesh. The pirates openly stroked and wanked the shafts in front of the cringing women.

A short time later, when the nude dancers were all but exhausted, Scobie returned to the deck, bringing a cheer from the avidly-waiting pirates. He smiled good-naturedly as he pushed his way through to unchain the newly-acquired slaves from the starboard rail. He carried a large tub of grease and went to the first woman and laved her nether regions with the gloopy substance. She squealed as his hands massaged the grease round her pussy and anus.

"Ye'll thank me for this, my girls," Scobie said, moving along the line with his tub. None of the women were exempt, even those who wore a steel belt. Only when he had lubricated the last of the women on the line did he set about removing their manacles. As each woman was released, she wrapped her arms protectively about her chest to nurse her aching breasts.

'I know how they feel,' Amy thought, realising again how badly her own breasts were throbbing from the recent crude piercing.

It seemed there was to be no respite for the new slaves, however, for the pirates were already falling upon them. The reason for the lubricant was clear enough. Amy watched in sheer terror as one of the women was thrown to the deck by a large nude corsair with a corpulent gut. The brute flung himself on top of the woman, wriggling his big hairy arse to insinuate himself between her widely-splayed legs. The woman screamed in terror at her first harsh usage at the pirates' hands.

A girl with long blonde hair and milky-white breasts flecked with droplets of blood was forced to her knees and presented with a large flaccid cock to her lips. She seemed mesmerised as she reached out for the shaft with trembling hands and guided it into her mouth.

These scenes were repeated as each of the ten women on the starboard rail were released and given over to the not-so-tender mercies of the corsairs. Pirates were forming queues at each woman, jostling and impatiently demanding their turn, and some were working two at a time on a writhing and screeching female form.

A woman was pushed stumbling into the waiting arms of a leering, lumbering seaman. She screeched as he raised her high before slamming her down hard on the deck and dropping on top of her. Then the man pinned her legs under arms and then rammed his hips forward, impaling her.

Scobie picked his way through these scenes of developing debauchery, walking towards Amy and the women chained on the port rail. He was followed by a motley crew of rampant, expectant pirates in various stages of undress, led by the hulking Jenks. Scobie held his tub of grease at the ready.

"Here it comes," Amy said, shifting uneasily in her shackles.

"On, my God!" the blonde girl breathed.

Amy squirmed when the slaver greased her cunt and anus, working his greased fingers up inside both orifices. He then moved on to the blonde twins.

"Just your arses to be greased, girls," Scobie announced, making the first blonde screech as he thrust a slick finger into her anus. "Your maidenheads are safe behind steel, for the time being."

When Amy was eventually being released from the rail, she was immediately seized by Jenks, who had been pawing her pussy earlier. His naked body was covered in a dense mat of coarse black hair. "Now then, m'dear," he said softly, closing his massive mitt around her wrist.

However, even as Scobie knelt to unshackle her ankles, the shifty fellow with the uneven beard took hold of her other arm.

"Fuck off, Jenks," the man said. "I saw her first...Number 123."

"And I grabbed her first," Jenks said, "so it's you who must fuck off, Scoggins."

Amy was caught in a tug of war between the two of them. She squealed in fear. Both men were naked. Jenks, commensurate with his huge bulk, had quite the largest cock she had ever seen, even larger than Dan's.

"Steady," Scobie said, "the Cap'n has ordered she be taken to him."

Amy looked down at the crouching slaver as he released her left ankle from the iron. The Captain? Was this good or bad news?

"Why, she's not going anywhere, Scobie," Jenks said quietly, keeping a grip on Amy's arm with one hand and stroking his immense, erect cock with the other. "You know the rules. Equal shares and first come, first served. I am first."

Scobie was fiddling with the manacle on Amy's right ankle. He seemed to be delaying matters. "The skipper ain't going to like this, Jenks. You can have her after the Captain has finished."

"It's in Captain Smith's own articles, and he's bound by them just like the rest of us, as you well know. Now, if he wants to fuck the lass, then he Amy do so, of course... after I've had my end away. Oh, and then after Scoggins has had his turn."

"Hey, I had my eye on her first," Scoggins protested.

Jenks, though, was determined. He grasped Amy's wrist he wanked himself with his other hand and said amiably: "Fuck off, Scoggins. I ain't fucked a witch before. I'm going to be the first to put a bastard in her belly!"

The slaver sighed and rose to his feet. "As you say, Jenks, it's by the ship's rules. I'll tell the captain. But there's no point in you two yanking her back and forth like that. She's got more than enough holes for the both of you."

Amy listened to this with fascinated horror. They were calmly debating who would ravish her first. And there were democratic rules? The slaver flicked open the manacle and she stretched her leg a little. He then straightened and removed the cuffs from her wrists, a task made awkward by the fact that neither Jenks nor Scoggins would let go of her arms.

In the preceding couple of hours, Amy had often imagined being ravaged. However, when it occurred, it was like nothing that Amy could ever have feared in her worst nightmare. As soon as Scobie released the manacles on her cuffs, the two men fell upon her like rabid beasts, as if they were unable to contain themselves, and she was lifted from her feet.

The giant Jenks crushed her against his hairy chest, and Amy felt his long thick cock press against her belly. His penis was huge. His balls were nestling against her pussy lips but the moist cock glans was above her navel. Her legs flailed in panic when he suddenly stretched her backwards over the rail and, without ado, thrust his cock into her pussy. It all happened so fast. She grunted in shock as the thick shaft thrust into her recently lubricated tunnel. Then, though, she screeched in fear when, keeping his cock firmly embedded in her cunt, the pirate yanked her upright by her hair and wrapped his arms around her upper torso, pressing her sore tits to his hirsute chest. He then shuffled his feet to turn about so that his arse was leaning on the rail as he supported Amy's impaled body. "Now, Scoggins," he said, "You

can roger her arse.”

Scoggins needed no second invitation. He pushed his hard cock between the cheeks of Amy’s arse and she screamed when his cock rammed into her anus.

“Ah, that’s the way, Scoggins,” Jenks grunted, humping strongly with his hips, driving his huge shaft fully home. “Her cunt muscles tighten a treat when you push up her arse.”

Amy could smell the rank sweaty odour of their unwashed bodies. She was helplessly sandwiched between the two pirates, with both orifices pegged by their cocks. She groaned and yelped as the two corsairs energetically fucked her in both holes at the same time. Never in her life had she been used by two men simultaneously, and Jenks’ cock was certainly the largest one she had ever taken. The two cocks, separated by only a thin wall of flesh inside her, seemed to grind and rub together, filling her as she had never been filled before. Her legs dangled limply as they jerked their fetid bodies against her. As they vigorously humped her without any discernible rhythm, she was tossed about like a rag doll between them, supported only by cunt and arse. To mitigate the pain, she unthinkingly flung her arms desperately around the large hairy pirate’s neck, trying to support herself as the two cocks rammed into her.

“Ah, y’see, like all the whores, she likes old Jenks’s big cock in her cunt,” the larger man genially.

This dual ravishment probably didn’t last for too long, maybe only a few short minutes, but to Amy it seemed like an eternity of pain and degradation. Her arse was unutterably tormented, and the great cock in her pussy ground painfully against her cervix. Soon, though, Jenks’ hip grinding became more urgent until he roared and released his cum inside Amy’s vagina. As if galvanised by Jenks’s climax, the cock embedded in her arsehole began to piston back and forth. Amy’s body was jerked between the two corsairs as they vigorously fucked out their lust. Scoggins bit her shoulder painfully as he dumped a wad of cum deep inside her anal canal. Then, unceremoniously, their ardour spent, they both stepped back, dragging their cocks from her holes. Amy grunted and fell to the deck, crumpling in a heap with ejaculate dripping from both nether holes.

Another corsair started forward, making to grab her. She screeched and tried to scramble away, but Jenks blocked the man, saying, “Hold hard there, matey, we haven’t finished with her yet.”

The pirate cursed but moved away to join in a tangle of bodies on the other side of the deck.

“Clean my cock,” the wispy-bearded fellow demanded, entwining his hand in Amy’s hair and pushing his half-erect cock against her lips.

Amy blanched as the filthy shaft, so recently plunged deep within her arse, was pushed into her mouth. Reminding herself of her decision not to fight the pirates, fighting her revulsion, she licked and sucked the shaft clean. Even as she did so, from the corner of her eye she saw other corsairs waiting their turn with her.

Just then though, a flintlock pistol shot rent the air, and she yelped in fear, almost biting Scoggins’s penis.

“Blast your eyes, Jenks,” Captain Smith roared, staring down at Amy’s kneeling body as she sucked Scoggins’ cock. “I wanted to interrogate the witch first.”

Scobie was standing behind the captain. He spread his hands in an eloquent shrug to Jenks, who was sitting languidly now, his brawny legs spread out in front of him. His large, now semi-flaccid cock was draped across his left thigh, and he lazily stroked it.

“Ah, Cap’n, good day to you,” Jenks said genially. “What might be the problem?”

“I should have you flogged, you clod. Slaver Scobie told you I wanted that girl brought to my cabin.”

“We were just going by your articles, equal shares for all. Me and Scoggins, that is.”

Scoggins glowered at Jenks. He remained silent, although he removed his hand from Amy’s hair.

“Equal shares? I get one and a half shares, man.”

“Aye, that I know, Cap’n, and so you should,” Jenks said, idly adjusting his cock so it flopped onto the hairy flesh of his right thigh. “Why, you can stick your half in her now.”

Jenks’ manner, outwardly so soft and gentle, made his underlying menace all the more chilling. But Amy could see that Smith was struggling to contain his fury. His somewhat foppish form - small and slender, with a neat goatee beard and wavy black locks - was completely different to Jenks’ hulking and unkempt style. Yet Smith seemed totally unaccustomed to his orders being flouted by such ruffians. He hesitated, staring at Amy as she shrank back on the deck.

“Slaver Quartermaster Scobie,” Captain Smith eventually said, his voice brittle with anger, “the wench has jism drooling from both cunt and arse. Get her cleaned up, and bring her to my cabin.”

“Aye, Cap’n, right away,” Scobie said, winking to Jenks as Smith stomped away.



## Chapter Fourteen

### *Interrogated in the Captain's Cabin*

Amy stood nervously at the captain's door. Sunny Jack hesitated before knocking. Amy had heard Jack and Scobie discussing the captain's foul mood, and that had made her even more apprehensive.

Scobie hadn't deemed it necessary to chain her but he had instructed that she keep her fingers locked behind her head. She obeyed. What else could she do? Amy stood nervously at the cabin door with its varnished panels adorned by the fearsome Shaytan a devil's head crest. It was the same crest as that on the Shaytan's bow, and the same as the symbol embossed on the coins dangling from the hooks through her nipples... the ship's emblem, quite obviously, something by which to recognise the pirate xebec, its attachments, goods and chattels.

Amy's skin was prickled and sensitive after her bathing at the hands of Scobie and Sunny Jack. Her flesh still tingled from the astringent soap they had used. From the chemical smell of it, the soap seemed akin to the grease the slaver had used to lubricate her pussy and arse before her double fucking. The soap had been more astringent than the lubricating grease, though. Maybe there was silica sand in it, or something? Even after the ultimate humiliation of her dual fucking, she had still been embarrassed at being bathed on the open deck by two men. Men? Sunny Jack was only a youth really, and his rude, fumbling hands in her intimate parts embarrassed Amy even more than having to yield to Scobie's experienced touch. Scobie was fastidious with her pierced and horrendously sore nipples, gently soaping them, and she was silently grateful that he had refused to let Jack anywhere near them.

They had used sea water to bathe her, freshly drawn from the sea but taken from the warm topmost layer. The water had been poured into a large and very shallow pan made of dull black metal, where it quickly heated under the fierce sun. This had not been due to any consideration for her comfort, but merely because it enabled the men to more readily lather the primitive fatty soap they used. Demonstrating their utter lack of interest in Amy's finer sensibilities, they had made her use a waste bucket to empty both bowel and bladder while they waited for water to warm in the pan. The two men stood to either side as she squatted. She had gritted her eyes in shame, but there had been no option but to comply. The bowel motion inflamed her anus even more, but she was glad to get rid of Scoggins' filth from her arse.

When they sat her in the shallow pan, the water was unexpectedly hot on her sore arse. After her hair had been lathered, they made her place her hands on her head with fingers entwined in her lank locks as Scobie and Sunny Jack used cloths and sponges to rub the soap over her back, shoulders, breasts and belly. Then they spread her thighs and made her place her feet flat on the wooden deck boards on either side of the pan. Scobie reached to hold the lips of sex apart, instructing Sunny Jack to work the soap up inside her. She could feel the youth's fingers enthusiastically prodding and stretching her cunt. The astringent soap stung her sore flesh, but it had seemed strangely restoring and healing, even in those degrading circumstances. Then, though, Scobie ordered her to lie back, draped across the pan, with her shoulders on the boards of the deck, her hands still behind her head. She had moaned slightly as his fingers pressed to either side of her clitoris, massaging until it became very hard. When he told Jack to feel it, the youth had been clumsy. "No, like this," the slaver had said, slapping Jack's hand away and tapping at the very extremity of her bud before gently stroking it between his finger and thumb. Even now she shuddered at the recollection. It had felt as though a silk thread, knotted somewhere in the darkest recesses of her belly, was being drawn through the little shaft.

She had lain there under the hot sun with her eyes shut, utterly humiliated, and yet imagining the envious and hateful stares of the women who were still being used about the deck. Any one of them would probably have willingly changed places with her. Scobie made her kneel in the pan, still keeping her fingers locked above her head. They assisted her to rise by holding her arms. Jack had then roughly pushed his lathered finger up her anus.

Afterwards, she had stood spluttering as Sunny Jack doused her with more salt water, drawn from a greater depth and icy cold this time, rinsing away the meagre soap suds from her hair and body. The soap's smell had gone now, replaced with a drench of lavender water that had been allowed to dry on her

body under the sun as Scobie made her walk back and forth on the deck, carefully stepping around rutting men and women.

Scobie then brushed her hair to a sheen, much as if he were grooming a prize mare. "Ye'd better look your best for the Cap'n," Scobie had said. "It might appease him somewhat. Sunny Jack will take you to him."

"Why me?" Jack asked belligerently.

"Because you are the captain's bum-boy," Scobie had replied, but it was very obvious that the slaver wanted to keep out of the irate captain's way for a while.

Now, naked and perfumed, Amy waited, quaking, hands behind her head, shoulders drawn back, breasts thrust forward, as Sunny Jack rapped his knuckles on the door. There was no response and, after some time, Jack knocked again, his reluctance obvious. This time there was a muffled growl, or maybe a cough... it could have been anything. Jack raised the door latch and nudged the door open. It swung inward as the ship rolled a little, and Sunny Jack then pushed Amy firmly, making her stumble forward into the cabin. Amy gave a small anguished 'oh!' of surprise and, glancing over her shoulder, she saw Sunny Jack scrambling back up the stairs as fast as he could. The ship rolled again, and the door slammed shut.

Fingers still clasped behind her head, she looked around her. The cabin was opulent. The dark panelled walls had sumptuously inlaid panels, many of which were painted with nautical scenes, while others were embellished with shields and plates of gold and silver. Pride of place, though, in the centre of the far bulkhead, went to the devil's head crest, this time worked in burnished gold. Even though it was still only mid-afternoon, and the sun was blazing down, the cabin was dimly-lit and cool. The windows were small and round, and fitted with thick bulls-eye glass, and pot-bellied copper lamps burned to cast a subtle yellow shade to supplement the daylight, accounting for the tinge of sooty oil in the air. A large, sturdy table dominated the centre of the room, and it was strewn with charts and maps, and on top of these lay the garments that had been stripped from her.

"You enter in haste," Captain Smith said.

Amy gave a start. He was sitting in a huge upholstered chair to the side. She had not noticed him there. The chair was so large that she could only think of it as a throne. His slender form seemed much too delicate for this heavy piece, which had inordinately high arms. The two thick wooden arms of the throne terminated in a carved head of the devil, each facing outward rather than looking straight ahead. The horns of the two carved wooden heads were made of polished antler or ivory, some 3 inches long and tapering from an inch diameter at the base. There was another table, smaller, near the throne and laden with food: cold meats, bread, fruit. Captain Smith was drinking from a metal goblet.

"I'm sorry, I was pushed and—"

"There are things I would know," Smith said impatiently, cutting across her words. "Things that I *need* to know. Go to the table and bring your garments to me."

Amy was frightened and her legs didn't want to move, but she went to the table, glad to lower her hands. She collected her blue and yellow life jacket and the two halves of her white bikini. Bundling them together and clutching them to her belly, she returned to his throne. She noticed the captain's bunk at the side of the room, in an alcove, surrounded by heavy red velvet drapes that were tied back with gold-coloured tasselled cords. She stopped a full pace from his throne.

"Come closer." The Captain waited until she stood with her legs touching the front of his chair. He placed his goblet on the table and reached out to take the garments from her. He draped the life jacket over the right throne arm, and hooked the two pieces of the bikini over the horns of the carved devil's head. "What did your owner call you?"

"My name is Amy," she said.

He nodded. "Then I shall name you Amy. You Amy thank me for your name."

"Thank you," she said, nonplussed.

Indicating the life jacket, the captain said, "This is an interesting garment, Amy. Put it on."

She took the blue and yellow scarf-like strip from him, draping it round her neck and climbed into its black nylon harness, snapping the buckles shut. It felt strange on her naked body, and the crotch strap was uncomfortable. She blew into the mouthpiece to manually inflate the buoyancy pockets, wincing at the pressure on her sore nipples. "The automatic compressed air cartridge was discharged," she explained

lamely.

He looked at her quizzically. "You use words that I barely understand, yet we almost speak the same language. You say you came from another time?"

"Yes," she said hesitantly.

"I am an educated man. You may speak freely to me of such things." He paused, seeing her fearful response but Amy had no desire to question this. She merely nodded. He pointed to the life jacket. "That is a strange and ugly garment but I can see it's potential uses. I prefer you naked, however. It is your natural state as a slave." He fingered the skimpy bikini pants that hung from the devil's horns.

Captain Smith waited until she had removed the life jacket. She stood diffidently as he studied her. Her arms hung limply and her fingertips rested lightly on her outer thighs.

"Where is this other time and place time that you speak of?"

"It is a time far removed... more advanced."

"Hah! Advanced, is it? Yet you stand here as a naked slave." He fingered the bikini pants. "This is a slave garment. You were a slave in this other time and place?"

"No, slavery is illegal. They are things modern women choose to wear."

His laugh was incredulous. "Illegal, you say? What madness is that? Perhaps there is little need for slavery if the women voluntarily wear slave garb. Yet who's to do the manual work? Tell me about this...."

When he raised his hand, palm facing her, she saw that he held the small pistol.

"It's a gun."

Smith nodded, glancing at the stubby weapon, and then pointing it towards her, his finger curling round the trigger. "The like of which I've never seen."

Amy tensed. After some long seconds he lowered the pistol and looked at it again.

She said: "It's a Smith and Wesson handgun with a polymer frame, that's all I know. It was kept for emergencies on the boat."

"Smith, you say?"

"The maker's name was Smith."

He smiled and seemed to like that. "And the balls and powder for this piece?"

"It— It uses bullets in a clip. I might be able to show you..." She held out her hand.

"You expect me to give the gun to you? I think not." He paused and patted the devil's head carving on the high arm of his throne. "Come and sit here."

Amy stepped forward and perched her bottom on the arm of the throne with her back towards him. The highly polished arm was fully 6 inches in diameter.

"No, face me and sit astride it, on the devil's horns."

Amy stood and turned to face the captain. The outward-facing carved devil's head atop the end of the high arm of the throne nudged against her pubic mound as she wavered slightly. The side section of the carving was fully six inches wide. She leaned to place her hands on the polished wood, levering herself upward on straightened arms. She had to rise up onto her toes and spread her legs to straddle the head. She hesitated, feeling the two protruding horns between her legs. Smith nodded, lowering his downward-facing palm and watching her intently. His intent was clear. Amy groaned. However, still taking the weight of her body on stiffened arms, she carefully positioned herself. The leaves of her sex split about the carved, polished horn and she wriggled her hips to locate it into the mouth of her vagina. Lowering herself slightly, she gave a start as the other horn pressed against her anus. Amy gazed in dismay at the captain, but he merely nodded again. She clenched her eyes and lowered her body, giving a small mewling sound as the rear horn penetrated her anus. Thankfully, the horns were comparatively short, but the bases flared and her anus was stretched. The width of the carving spread her legs, and only her toes touched the floor, encouraging her to rest her whole body weight on the impaling horns.

"Fold your arms behind your back and clasp your wrists," Smith suddenly ordered

Amy moaned. He obviously meant to ensure that she sat fully impaled. The horns seemed to shift inside her as she tried to comply. She pulled her shoulders back and struggling to clasp the wrists of her folded arms behind her. He waited patiently until she had settled.

"Now, what about this boat you speak of?"

"Our boat was wrecked in the storm. My husband was..." Her sentence trailed off.

Captain Smith inclined his head at this and twisted his mouth in an expression of interest. "Tell me about this other time and place."

He seemed genuinely eager to know. Maybe that might somehow assist her cause? She wriggled slightly on the uncomfortable horns that penetrated her anus and cunt. The natural thrust of her breasts was accentuated by the way he insisted she folded her arms uncomfortably behind her back, and the disks gently swung to and fro from her nipples with every breath. She steadied herself, considering the task briefly. She decided to firstly tell him the personal stuff, simply because she didn't know where else to start: "I am a modern woman from the twenty-first century, a professional naval historian...."

Had she had time to consider the matter, then she would have structured her story, like an essay, with an abstract, an introduction, some logical progression... As it was, her pussy and arse impaled on the ivory horns, with the Captain's hand caressing her flank and breasts as she spoke, Amy rambled in a stream of consciousness. She told him of her recent marriage, her new husband, her job, Dan's job, the ill-fated honeymoon, the sailing vessel Harmony, losing the propeller, the storm, Dan presumably being lost, her capture. She found herself weeping as she spoke, trying to swallow her tears, but only succeeding in breaking into abject sobs. It had all been too much.

He sat quietly watching her weep. After a couple of minutes, he said: "Tell me about this...modern world."

Amy recovered some composure. She knew about naval things, and thought that might interest him. So she told him of naval surface ships, amphibious ships, submarines, and seaborne aviation. She saw his eye light up and gleam, and he leaned forward to listen. Warming to her subject, Amy went on to describe aircraft carriers, cruisers, destroyers, frigates, corvettes, emphasising their weapon systems. The horns that impaled her were all but forgotten as she warmed to the subject.

He listened avidly, but occasionally interjected, demanding an explanation. "Metal hulls?" he queried. "That would be metal plating on wood?"

"No, just metal."

"With great engines rather than sails and oars?"

"Yes."

"Pffts. And ships that fly?"

"We call them aircraft."

"As you would." He puffed his cheeks and rolled his eyes at her answer. Then he said, "Some might judge that you have a fanciful and fabulous imagination, girl. Many of my men already think you a witch. Others consider you mad. Some argue that you are a mad witch. Yet there is some compelling evidence to support your wild tales." He again glanced at the Smith and Wesson pistol, and his eyes lit up with visionary fire. "Great God, if but a fraction of what you say might be true and can be profited upon, what power might that give to a man? What can you tell me about gunnery, about navigation methods, about these engines?"

Amy saw that Captain Smith was hooked. He was already considering the advantages he might gain from her knowledge. She said, "The naval weapon systems usually include guided missiles and...."

"Stop!" he said, laying the gun aside and suddenly clapping his hands as he leapt to his feet. "This must be reserved for another time, Amy. I would have Sunny Jack commit your words to writing. So we shall let the matter rest for a while. In the meantime..."

Amy, straddled precariously on the carved wooden paw, watched as he took a small dirk and prodded at the food on the side table. He returned with his palm held upturned, dish-like. She saw that it held a small pile of meat morsels. Without asking, he took one of these pieces of meat in his long, pale and delicate fingers and offered it to her lips. Amy suddenly realised that she was hungry, very hungry. She leaned forward slightly and took the morsel in her lips. It was salty and slightly dry, but she hadn't eaten for some time. She gulped it down. He nodded and smiled, offering another morsel, and then took a chunk of bread and tore a small piece from it, offering this too, while she was still chewing the meat. Thus she ate her first meal in captivity, naked, with her arms folded behind her, fed piecemeal by the Captain's hand. Presently, when Smith judged she had eaten enough, he took the goblet and tipped it against her lips. The wine was at once sweet and acrid, but she had no option but to swallow it. The red liquid dribbled down her chin and over her breasts, and he ran his forefinger down the rivulet, which terminated at her nipple in a droplet. He stroked the tip of his finger round the sore flesh there.

“Your teats are smarting?

She nodded, her eyes bulging, and took another gulp of the wine.

“All slaves are pierced,” he shrugged. “They soon heal. The disks proclaim you as the property of the Shaytan. They will be replaced by steel rings before you are sold.”

He ran his hands over her belly, his thumb pressing into the well of her navel. Then he stretched his fingers down to the apex of sex lips, probing to find the nubbin there and pushing back its hood. “Slaver Quartermaster Scobie estimates that you’ll fetch 400 pieces of eight at auction. Until then, though, you are the communal property of the crew. Yet I would speak regularly with you, so you can tell me what you say you know...”

Amy was disturbed that his manipulation had encouraged her clitoris into a hard little knot. She shuddered as a tremor crept over her belly, as if someone had stepped on a grave. The horns that penetrated her now seemed even more intrusive, yet she found some perverse pleasure and moved her body against them.

“I need to find a way of securing your regular, undivided attention, without upsetting the crew.”

She gave out a series of small gasps as he pressed the flesh surrounding her clitoral bundle. Her nipples, sore as they were, had also tightened into tight, throbbing buds. At the same time, she was puzzled by his words. Smith was the captain of the ship, and yet he was evidently very concerned about the reactions of his crew. It was quite unlike her vision of an omnipotent, all powerful despot but, somewhere, in the recesses of her mind, she recalled reading of pirate democracy. There was no time to further consider these things for, inexplicably, Smith’s fingers were stoking a growing, glowing warmth in her belly. She groaned, “No, please...”

He put his other hand in the small of her back, below the fold of her arms, pressing her forward, arching her belly. His hand was at her puffy pussy lips now, drawing them away from the horn and holding them aside with his thumb and little finger, while his middle finger caressed her exposed clitoris, and his second and third fingers pressed into her alongside the horn. She could only gasp and wriggle against his expert touch.

“Yet there must be another demonstration, I fear,” he murmured softly, quite obviously noting her reaction. “It must be seen that I am not trying to hide you away for myself.”

With that, Smith’s hands left Amy, and he strode to the door, throwing it open. “Sunny Jack!” he called.

As it transpired, Sunny Jack was already crouched there, on the other side of the door, looking sheepish and alarmed. It was obvious that his eye had been to the keyhole. “Yes, Cap’n?”

“Take this slave on deck and tie her arse-up for the lads.”

“For common use?”

“Aye. I’ll take her first this time, to show that she’s no witch to be feared.”

Amy turned her head sharply. She was stunned by his words. Then, though, the youth’s hands were round her waist, lifting her from the devilish horns.

## Chapter Fifteen

*Amy is used by the pirate crew*

Amy was tied head down over the ship's rail with her head hanging towards the sea and her arse exposed to the pirates on deck. Another woman, a thin redhead, was splayed backwards over the same rail, being ravished by an hirsute man. The redhead's spine was bent precariously over the rail and she was grunting loudly as the pirate thrust himself into her.

Amy had been left alone for a short time, which was a mercy, because she was all but exhausted by repeated fucking in the past couple of hours. It had started with the Captain himself, ostentatiously taking her in full view of his crew, all the time loudly urging her to put a spell on him. Then, their fears assuaged, and their interest raised, many of the crew fucked her in turn. Now she was being allowed a rest, and the pirates had transferred their attentions elsewhere. The orgy of perverted sex was still going on, though, so she knew it would only be a brief respite. Most of the other women were still in use, and there were hardly enough of them to go round the rampant corsairs. There were scenes of depravity were going on all around the deck. The pirates were taking their turns and the women no longer screamed and fought and now they only moaned or grunted as cock after cock was pushed into one or the other of their orifices.

Amy heard a pirate order a sleek-haired dark-skinned girl to her knees for an arse fucking. "Hold them black cheeks apart," the corsair commanded, and the girl obediently reached back with both hands to spread her buttocks. The corsair drooled a gob of saliva into the dusky divide and massaged it in with his grubby thumb. "Get your tits on the deck and keep them there, or I'll staple them fish-hooks to the timbers, I swear. Raise your arse high." Amy saw the buccaneer drop his baggy pants round his ankles and step out of them. She was struck that his erect cock seemed to be bent, like a banana. In a few short hours, Amy had become an expert on the pirates' cocks of all shapes and sizes, and her methodical mind seemed to automatically catalogue them. Now, she watched as Banana straddled his brawny white legs over the girl's upturned arse. He then crouched down and plunged the curiously curved cock down into her rectum. The poor girl grunted each time the banana cock thrust up and down in her anus. After only a dozen or so thrusts, he pulled out and squirted an arc of creamy cum over her back.

"Stay as you are," Banana told the girl, reaching for his pantaloons. "My mate wants your black arse."

Another man stepped forwards, already stark naked except for his heavy, calf-high boots. 'Stubby!' Amy thought. Amy was only too familiar with this cock. This pirate, uncaring about the streaks of white jism that besmirched the girl's ebony skin, quickly pushed his short, fat cock into her well-buggered arsehole.

Across the deck, there were a couple of heaps of writhing naked bodies, men and women, locked together in a kind of communal fuck. The pirates shared the women's orifices together, and the newly-inducted slaves humped and groaned without respite. Only yesterday, these were respectable women leading mundane and staid lives. Now they were rutting animals. Naked women and girls were sprawled all round the deck, being shared by rampant pirates, young heads being cradled in old men's laps to suck gnarled cocks, their bodies variously and severally impaled. The bodies of several pirates covered each woman, and the virgins were included too. Amy could make out the white tag blonde girl who had been chained next to her on the rail. She was splayed forward over a powder keg, belly down, sucking a pirate's cock while another man sodomised her. Her sister was avidly sucking Sunny Jack's cock nearby (Amy had noticed a burgeoning affinity between these two, as only a young emerging Dominant and a new and innocent young slave might develop.)

Amy, tied over the rail with her sex lewdly exposed, was in no position to be judgmental at the women's abject cooperation in these scenes. She looked between her own outstretched legs and viewed the debauchery almost objectively, dispassionately, as if a researcher observing strange human behaviour. Three girls were hanging doubled from the lowest spar of the main mast. Amy dreaded the thought of being tied there like that. The poor creatures dangled with their ankles tied together behind their necks. They had been suspended at a height that rendered their gaping cunts and arse holes readily available for

fucking. Indeed, at that very moment, all three women were being simultaneously penetrated at both front and rear.

Nearby, on the main hatch, a young woman was vigorously bouncing up and down on a pirate's cock while wanking off two others who stood on either side of her. Her small hands were wrapped round the men's shafts, moving in rapid strokes. Her face was rapt and languid at the same time, and she didn't flinch when two copious spurts of semen pumped over her as both pirates ejaculated within seconds of each other. This girl had rapidly come to embrace her new station, it seemed, and she appeared mindless of her sore nipples as the disks that tagged her tits danced merrily as she moved.

Amy heard a sound behind her. She looked between her splayed out legs to see that three corsairs had approached, and they were drawing straws, apparently to decide their turn with her. It seemed superfluous, since she had already been used by at least 20 men, and some in multiples of three.

"Ah!" a black corsair said gleefully, holding up a short straw and stepping forward.

Amy groaned and braced herself as the black knelt behind her and pushed his nose into the divide of her arse. She found herself wriggling slightly as his tongue licked round her swirl of anal muscle, and she gave a small moan when his tongue dabbed and threatened to push its way in. Before being captured, Amy had never had anal sex. The very thought had disgusted her. Yet now she found herself strangely relishing the sensation as the man's lips and tongue sucked and probed at the ring of her arse.

## Chapter Sixteen

### *Feeding time*

The thin redheaded slave was doling out dollops of grey gruel into the bowls held by the women in the slave hold. Each day, one of the women was selected for galley duties and taken off to skivvy for the old ship's cook. Amy held out her bowl as the redhead approached. For some reason, the woman had taken a strong dislike to Amy.

"Eat all of your gruel, ladies. Not a drop is to be left!" Scobie ordered

"Do witches need to eat?" the woman asked, ladling a glob of gruel into Amy's bowl.

"Are you eating enough yourself?" Amy replied. "Perhaps you'd look better if they force-fed you, like the twins."

She motioned across the hold, where the twin virgins were kneeling with their elbows tied back over stout low T bars. Sunny Jack was offering a drilled red rubber ball gag to the mouth of one on the squirming and tearful girls.

"No, please, I'll eat the gruel," the girl begged, twisting her head and clamping her lips together as she desperately tried to avoid the gag.

It was to no avail, of course. Slaver Quartermaster Scobie had ordained that the twins be force-fed for a whole week. The girl was in no position to struggle, tied as she was with her elbows crooked round the cross bar and her wrists fastened together with a rope that stretched tight under her breasts. Sunny Jack merely pinched her nostrils shut until she had to open her mouth to breath, and he then forced the gag behind her teeth.

The redhead had watched this, and then she turned and quite deliberately, spat into the Amy's bowl, stirring it in with the ladle. "Eat all of your gruel, m'lady, or you'll end up strapped to the T Bar and have it poured down your throat," she said with a sickly smile.

Amy glowered angrily but took the bowl. She knew that there was nothing she could do but eat the gruel, for Scobie or one of his assistants always checked each bowl to make sure it was empty. If there was a speck of gruel left, the bowl was returned to the slave to be licked clean. That was how the twins had ended up being strapped to the T Bars at every meal over the past two days. A couple of days before, seemingly acting together, the girls had both refused to eat the gruel, pronouncing it disgusting, and demanding meat, fresh vegetables and bread. Scobie had taken direct action. For the past two days, at each meal time, the gruel had been force-fed to the twins. So one this day, like the previous two, despite their squeals of protest and pitiful pleas, the two would-be rebels had had their arses whipped until they stopped trying to resist the corsairs' efforts to strap them to the T frames - merely sturdy uprights some two and a half feet high with single crossbars at the top.

Amy looked again at the gruel. She reasoned that after swallowing bodily fluids from so many different people over the past days, then a glob of spit wasn't going to make much difference. Besides, she had no wish to end up like the twins.

At that moment, Sunny Jack was inserting a 4 feet length of greased rubber tubing into the hole in the twin's gag. He grasped the girl's chin with one hand and tilted her head right back and held it there so that she looked up at the boards of the ceiling. The girl moaned and whimpered behind the gag as the youth inexorably fed the tube down her throat and into her stomach.

Amy, sitting with her back against a wooden pillar, sniffed at the gruel in her bowl. Each meal smelled different to the last, and yet the colour and consistency remained the same. Nobody was ever sure what ingredients it contained, although sometimes she could make out colour flecks of fruit and vegetable in the grey mixture. She knew from her own day working in the galley that something more mysterious was added too - the cook had poured a good quantity of black liquor into the vat while the gruel was cooking. Amy hadn't dared to ask what it might be.

From the very first day of her enslavement, Amy had resolved to eat anything the pirates gave her, simply for sustenance. Whatever the gruel contained, it was obviously nourishing, for all of the women seemed in rude health. However, she had to agree with the twins that the gruel was indeed disgusting, even without the redhead's saliva. Amy dipped her hands in the gruel and shoveled a glob into her



mouth. She heard the redhead laugh.

Sunny Jack had gagged the second twin, and he was now holding a jug of the thin gruel high and pouring it into a funnel attached to the tube fed into her stomach. She held her head back voluntary, perhaps to ease the pain from the rubber tube down her throat.

“You, girl,” Scobie said, his foot nudging her leg, “after you have eaten you are to be bathed, and given an enema, and then you will attend the Captain.”

Amy looked up. An enema! Not again! However, she dared not protest. The Slaver Quartermaster words were surly, as if resentful of the captain’s interest in her. She merely nodded.

“Make sure that the old devil releases you before the dancing this evening. You must exercise, my girl.”

Amy didn’t respond to this. She was a slave. How could she insist that the Captain did anything? She returned to eating her gruel, and Scobie wandered to speak to another woman on the other side of the hold.

When the slaver had walked away, the redhead returned. “Being fucked up the arse by the captain doesn’t make you any better than the rest of us,” she whispered unpleasantly.

## Chapter Seventeen

### *Amy serves the Captain*

“Raise your hands back to back high over your head, back to back,” Captain Smith said with a manic smile, his eyes large and dilated. “Stretch for the ceiling.”

Amy stood near a corner of the large sturdy table in the centre of the captain’s cabin. She raised her hands as he commanded. Smith stroked the exposed soft pits of her arms with the tips of his fingers of both hands. Then he trailed the fingertips down over her breast, tracing around the large brown halos of her nipples. Despite the hooks that pierced her teats, Amy felt them grow hard and erect. He continued to toy with her right breast while his other hand traced down over her belly and then stroked at the pip of her clitoris, probing between her sex lips and pushing back the fleshy hood. She wavered as he touched her, her arms still stretched high.

“Turn your head and look at the table.”

Amy obeyed, and she saw that, as well as the litter of charts and maps on the table, there was also a ledger-style folio, opened, with entirely plain cream vellum pages. There was a ceramic pot with thin charcoal strips, and a quill and cone-shaped ink bottle. Also, there were other, more disturbing items littered there: a large ebony phallus complete with round bollocks at the base, a smaller ivory dildo, a cord with beads threaded upon it, a whip... There was also a jug and goblet on a silver tray. She glanced at the Captain enquiringly.

“You spoke with some authority of advancements in ship design,” Smith said, leaning forward to lick the very tip of her nose. “You can draw these things on parchment?”

“Y- yes, I think so,” Amy said, biting her lip as his finger probed into her cunt.

“Then I shall keep you in my cabin while the task is completed. We shall also...dally. Is that understood?”

“The Slaver Quartermaster said that I should return for the dancing—”

“Damn the Slaver Quartermaster, I am in command of this ship. Is that clear?”

“Yes, sir,” she said quickly as the Captain thrust his fingers higher in her cunt and yanked at her pubic bone to emphasise his words.

The captain nodded and withdrew his hand, presenting his fingers to her mouth. She sucked them clean, tasting her own juices.

“Turn and face the table,” he said tersely, his affable mood having suddenly dissipated. He waited until she obeyed and then said, “Sit straddling the corner of the table.” Amy swallowed hard. Despite her tremulous fear, a smouldering heat was beginning to glow in the pit of her sex, and she felt a hollow flutter of excitement coursing through her belly. Rising up on the tips of her toes, she moved forward until the corner of the table pushed between her thighs, edging them open. She sat awkwardly on the corner of the table. Smith’s hand pressed against her bottom, pushing her forward until her weight rested precisely on the fulcrum of her sex. “Keep your back straight! Wrap your legs around the table leg. Tightly now!” Amy was afraid that she would fall, for the position was precarious with her hands raised over her head in that way. Her discomfort was not eased when the captain’s hand reached round to spread her cunt lips apart, making them lie flat on the table top, open and sucking down.

She remained thus as Captain Smith took off his blue jacket and tossed it aside. He reached for the beaded cord from the table top, dangling it and running it between his fingers. Amy looked more closely now at that cord now and she saw that it was threaded with shiny black beads, each half-inch in diameter and spaced at two inch intervals.

Smith paused to take the jug and pour some liquor into the goblet. He raised the goblet to his lips, inhaled sharply, and then tossed the liquor down his throat. “Ewww, foul as a poxed whore’s cunny,” he said, placing the goblet back on the silver tray and wiping his lips. Amy wondered why he would drink such stuff, if it tasted so badly.

Now though, the captain took the cord and presented the first bead to her anus, pressing insistently. She squirmed and flinched, and then gave a small sound of alarm as her sphincter opened to admit the round bauble.

“That’s one,” Smith said, pushing the next bead against the sealed muscle. “You may thank me.”

“Thank you,” Amy said, moaning almost in the same breath as the second bead was pushed inside her.

“That’s two. Say thank you”

“Thank you,” Amy said again, clenching her eyes shut and struggling to maintain her precarious balance as he inserted yet another bead.

This went on for some minutes until Amy’s anal passage was packed with the beads. With each insertion, Amy murmured her thanks. Finally, Smith tugged experimentally on the end of the cord, and she felt the final bead compress against the business side of her sphincter.

“That’s twelve,” the captain said.

“Thank you.”

Actually, Amy felt anything but thankful. She remained with her hands high above her head, back to back, and her legs were entwined around the table leg, hanging on grimly. Smith poured another goblet of liquor and swallowed it with a grimace, closing his eyes and stamping his foot at the aftertaste.

He then took a long leather cord and wrapped it several times around the base of her right breast, each turn squeezing the flesh towards the still-tender pierced nipple. He tied the cord off tightly, and then wound it around the base of her left breast too. She moaned fearfully, remembering the poor woman the pirates had tortured on the merchant pink. It seemed though, that he had no wish to maim her, because he took pleasure in stroking and tickling her. Despite that, Amy’s breasts were thrust prominently forward, hard and swollen balloon-like, seeming to stretch the dark brown areolas that surrounded her throbbing nipples. Her discomfort was heightened when Smith reached to frig her clitoris, raising her heat until she was panting.

“Now, witch-girl, I shall use you as you have never been used before,” Smith said, taking another draught from the goblet and contorted his face at the taste. Wiping his lips, he said, “This accursed liquor gives uncommon stamina, and I will fuck you senseless. Prepare for a long haul.”

With that he yanked at the cord hanging from her anus, and the first bead plopped out, the muscle snapping shut behind it. Amy moaned, startled by the jolt of pleasure she derived from the strange sensation.

Captain Smith poured more liquor from the jug and offered the goblet to Amy’s lips. She took a nervous sip. It was a herbal concoction of some kind. Even the fumes took her breath away, and the taste at her first tentative sip was truly foul. She grimaced and tried to pull away, almost toppling backwards from the table. However, he made her drink it all, and she fancied that she could feel her head spinning even as it burned a fiery path to her stomach.

## Chapter Eighteen

### *The Slaver rescues Amy*

Scobie glanced at Amy as she lay on her belly on the table in the Captain's cabin with her legs wide akimbo and her bottom upraised. Her buttocks were unnaturally separated by a large dark mahogany object that protruded grotesquely at an angle, and another ivory phallus that was wedged in her cunt. Scobie sucked on his teeth, clicking his tongue censoriously as he looked to the Captain, who was lolling on the floor, head to one side, his eyes like saucers. Smith gave a small laugh, almost a girlish giggle, as Scobie stared down at him. The slaver raised Amy's shoulders slightly and her head lolled, although her eyes also wide and glassy. Her breasts were purple and bulging over tight cords.

"You've come to collect your stray chicken," Smith said. "Like a mother hen clucking after her brood."

"It's been a full day and night you've had her, Cap'n. You've monopolised her enough. I have work on her to release her heat," Scobie said archly, "We need her panting for cock when she's sold. It's how the Shaytan's girls command the highest prices on the block."

Smith guffawed. "Scobie boy, I do declare, you speak bigger bollocks than the ones on that king-size dildo stuck up her arse."

Scobie scowled and leaned to prod at the large wooden cock embedded in Amy's backside. He grasped the carved testicle base and twisted it slightly. Amy groaned and raised her buttocks slightly, as if offering herself to be used again.

"Her sphincter is fucked," Scobie said with a sigh, carefully easing the phallus out of Amy's anus and laying it on the charts

"I see you don't approve, Slaver."

"You've damned near killed her."

"I assure you, she took great measure from her pleasure," Smith said. He paused to reflect on the rhyme. "Measure from pleasure..." he repeated, giggling again.

"She's doubtless as drug-addled as yourself."

Scobie glowered as he unknotted his green neckerchief and balled it up in his hand like a magician before stuffing it into the gaping hole between Amy's buttocks. "I've no axe to grind either way, Cap'n, but it's in the interests of the crew to keep the stock healthy and ready for market. I'm the Slaver and Quartermaster, and it's my responsibility. You can ruin a woman's arse and tits..."

"A pox on you, Slaver," Smith spat contemptuously.

Scobie removed the ivory phallus from Amy's vagina, and she whimpered slightly. As he laid the dildo on the table, his attention was taken by the large ledger that lay open there. A picture of a ship had been drawn there in charcoal in ink. It was a ship such as he had never seen, with no sails, large chimneys, and a hull with incurving lines that came to a sharp edge at the bow. He saw that Amy's hands were dark with charcoal dust. Flicking back through the pages, he saw pictures of other equally strange vessels there. He sighed uncomprehendingly, and then turned Amy on to her back. The slaver's face was grim as he withdrew a small dirk and cut through the cords that were wrapped around Amy's breasts, ignoring her slurred protests at the pain..

"I will have her bathed and allow her to rest until tomorrow," Scobie said, scooping Amy up into his arms. "After that, I'll assess the damage. If she has to be tossed overboard, be aware it's from your share, Cap'n."

"Aware and share," Smith giggled again. "We're all poets."

## Chapter Nineteen

### *In the Slaver's tender care*

"So," Scobie said, irony ringing in his voice as he eyed Amy, "the witch has awakened after her debauched orgy with the Cap'n."

Amy bit her lip. Scobie looked at the numbered disk hanging from her nipple as she stood before him in the slave hold. Then he turned away from her, as if disinterested, and bent to rummage in a large sea chest. She was uncertain what to do, but stood quietly behind his stooped form. She had slept soundly for ten hours or more. Her head was still slightly befuddled by the strange concoction that the captain had made her drink. After a loose bowel movement, a new cotton plug had been inserted into her sore, stretched anus. Amy was grateful for the plug because she was trembling and she feared an embarrassing accident.

She looked warily at the scene. What she saw didn't exactly soothe her jangling nerves either. All around her, wherever she looked, there seemed to be little tableaux of activity, each centering upon this or that nude, writhing woman.

Scobie appeared to be assisted by half a dozen pirates, uniformly stripped to the waist, barefoot, some wearing tight three-quarter pants that clung to their calves, and others in baggy canvas trousers. These men were obviously seconded from other duties, because Amy recognised Sunny Jack there. They were all busy supervising (or perhaps tormenting) the slave women. Yet the creak of ship's timbers was punctuated by the murmur of lascivious feminine moans and the air was heavily-laden with the unmistakable fragrance of female sexual juices.

Thick square timbers were spaced 3 or 4 feet apart to support the upper structures of the ship and some women were slumped on the floor, chained to bolts embedded in these pillars. Elsewhere, other slaves were bizarrely tied and occupied in various positions.

Amy saw one of the blonde virgins - the girl who had been tied next to Amy on the ship's rail when they were first captured. The girl was strung up with her back pressed against one of the massive timber uprights, and her legs were widely splayed and chained on either side of it. Her steel chastity belt lay on the floor beside the pillar, and her entire body seemed to be glistening with some viscous substance. Sunny Jack, stripped to the waist like the rest of Slaver Scobie's assistants, was seated on a low three-legged stool in front of her, paint brush in hand. Amy judged that Jack and the girl were about the same age. In another world and another time, they could well have been studying at college together, with the blonde girl flirtatiously teasing and taunting the callow youth. Here and now though, the girl was a helpless, naked slave, and Jack was her erstwhile Master. It seemed to suit her. Her eyes seemed to linger longingly on Jack as he sat before her. There was a bucket between his ankles and he was dipping the round brush into what appeared to be slimy goo. He was taking his time and carefully replenishing the long, soft head of the brush, continually raising it from the bucket, allowing it to drip and then dipping it back in again. The virgin was watching him intently, her eyes wide and large as Jack finally raised the brush and, starting at her right ankle, began to paint her leg in long, slow strokes, as if he had all the time in the world. He gradually worked up the girl's leg, painting it with a film of glistening paste, and Amy saw the girl gasp as the strokes reached the exposed inner thigh, and the soft, pointed end of the brush flicked at her full vulva. The blonde whimpered and strained her hips forward, making her belly tight. After just a couple of light strokes there, Jack returned the brush to the bucket to recharge it with paste. The girl groaned in exasperation and looked directly at Amy, who couldn't decide whether the glance was of anguish or longing. Amy looked away, embarrassed.

The area was relatively large, apparently occupying the whole width of the aft beam of the boat. But the ceiling was low, lending a claustrophobic feel. Shallow loops of rope hung from these boards in various places, perhaps as supports in rough weather. The bulkheads and the hull sides were festooned with all kinds of iron chains and manacles. There were leather harnesses, belts and halters too, and Amy could only guess at the nature of various other cage-like contraptions of different shapes and sizes, made of slender metal bar and. The very sight of these implements terrified her, and she dreaded the thought of them being used on her own body, whatever their purpose might be.

Anything was possible, she knew. Only a few feet away to her right, an olive-skinned woman was suspended from the low ceiling, hanging by her arms. The woman's spread legs were horizontal, straight, straining at right angles to her body, her ankles held by a small wiry man with well-defined ribs like a lean greyhound. Another pirate was stooped on one knee behind the woman, manipulating his wrist between her legs, and his hand was fully inserted inside her cunt. She squirmed and groaned, and Amy could see the olive-hued flesh of the woman's belly undulating as the fist moved inside her. A butterfly of warmth fluttered in Amy's pussy, and she instinctively contracted the muscles of her own belly, as if in empathy with the woman.

Suddenly, without warning, Scobie struck Amy across her buttocks with the dancing and biting leather thongs of his whip. She squealed in pain.

"Now, are you going to be a good girl?" Scobie asked sternly.

Amy swallowed hard. She had temporarily been absorbed by the sights of the tormented women. Scobie spoke to her as if she was a difficult child, and it made her angry. However, she merely nodded, clutching at the hot flesh of her stinging bottom, her gaze now fixed on the leather lashes in his hand. "Yes," she said.

"Yes what?"

"Yes, I'll be a good girl."

"The Captain says you claim exotic provenance?"

Amy hesitated before replying. Just then though, the virgin let out a low, burbling wail and Amy couldn't resist looking. Jack was carefully painting the girl's entire sexual delta, from arse hole to clitoris, in slow, steady strokes of the soft-bristled brush that terminated with a deft flick of the soft, slick tip. Viscous fluid dripped obscenely from the girl's pouting sex lips.

"Well?" Scobie persisted.

"There was an incredible freak of nature, it seems," Amy said distractedly, wary of exciting primitive superstitions again. "A storm..."

The olive-skinned woman gave another low moan, even more urgent this time. Amy looked across to see that the wiry fellow was squatting with his head at the woman's pussy, and the thighs of her still-straight legs were ledged over his shoulders, her thighs on either side of his head. The other pirate's fist was still embedded inside the woman's cunt.

"We all saw the storm."

"It brought me here... from another time and place—" Her words were cut off with a yelp as the lashes rapped the side of her thigh.

Scobie frowned and dangled the whip to and fro, its handle held lightly between forefinger and thumb, the thin thongs swaying. He stared hard at her and she averted her eyes downward. Finally, he said: "I've heard such tales before, usually from slaves with wild imaginations. Be they true or not, you are here now. You'd do well not to repeat them too stridently. My task is to ready you for your life as a slave. Either that or..." He paused to draw the handle of the whip across his throat, as if it were a dagger. "Do you understand?"

Amy nodded. She had seen enough death to know exactly what he meant. She glanced around at those women who were slumped on the floor, their backs against the pillars. They seemed exhausted. What had the men been doing to them? What would the slaver do to her? Her the sphincter of her anus was already widely stretched, perhaps beyond repair. She looked back at him but he seemed distracted again. His attention was drawn by the blonde twin moaning and begging loudly.

"Hey, I don't want her cumming for a good while yet, Jack," Scobie called, as the virgin squealed and groaned and strained at her bonds, seemingly trying to engulf the taunting brush-head with her pussy. "Slowly does it. Paint her belly and tits for a while. Put more astringent in the paste."

The girl let out a long frustrated moan of protest as Jack withdrew the brush, and she shot an accusing glance at Amy, as if it was all her fault. Amy gave her a wan smile and averted her eyes.

"Let's get started," Scobie said, rapping the wooden whip handle on a timber upright that was fully 18 inches square. "Turn round and stand beside this beam."

Get started! As Amy obeyed and turned to face away from him, her shoulder against the timber upright. It felt as though a long thin sliver of ice was being drawn through her spine. Glancing nervously over her shoulder, she saw that the slaver had turned to stoop and delve in the large sea chest again. What

was he rummaging for now? She was aware that the other women, those resting tiredly on the floor, were silently watching. They had all endured repeated fucking by the crew, just like her. In their few days on the Shaytan, that had become a normal state of affairs. When a pirate summoned any woman, she went quietly and cooperated fully, just like Amy herself had frequently done, with the Captain and many others, since being dropped into that hell. The things that were going on in the slave hold seemed different, however, and designed to achieve some specific aim of some kind. What result did Slaver Quartermaster Scobie seek?

Directly in Amy's line of vision, fifteen feet away, two pirates led an unresisting but obviously apprehensive and wide-eyed young woman to a strange wooden hurdle that consisted of two round parallel bars supported on square uprights, one at waist height and the other perhaps a couple of feet lower and a similar distance forward (it was hard for Amy to judge, because the contraption was facing her). A couple of cuffs on short lengths of chain hung from the upper transom on either side. The woman was brought forward and stood facing Amy with her belly touching the hurdle. Amy saw one of the men mouth some command. The woman hesitated for only a split second and then obediently bent over the upper bar and reached down to place the palms of her hands flat on the floor. Her long dark hair hung like a curtain and brushed the wooden floorboards, and her back touched the lower bar as she lay draped in this way. One of the men used the instep of his bare foot to push the woman's legs apart until they each touched the base of an upright.

Scobie made Amy jump when he slammed the lid of the chest. He straightened, triumphantly tossing a small jar up and down in his hand. "Found it!" he said.

The woman's ankles were being strapped to the uprights of the hurdle by one of the men, keeping her legs widely spread. Even as this was done, the other pirate was taking the woman's left arm and pulling it behind and round the lower bar, fastening her wrist to one of the manacles dangling from the upper horizontal. The men worked swiftly, and the woman must have wondered what was happening as her limbs were simultaneously trussed so unnaturally and so quickly.

Scobie saw that Amy's eyes were transfixed on the woman strapped over the hurdle directly in front of her. "Ah," he said, "I see you are entranced by the slaver's art. Never fear, you too will soon experience such things."

That, of course, was precisely what Amy did fear.

The poor woman's other arm was fed over the lower bar and manacled high behind her. The effect was that her body was strapped tightly over the upper bar and under the lower one, in an inverted S shape curve, with her shoulders sharply drawn back and her breasts sharply out-thrust beneath her by the tension, and the metal coins swung down from her nipples. She was looking directly at Amy now, and Amy was surprised to see that, instead of fear and anguish, the woman's pretty features were alive with unbridled sensuality.

"Reach up and grasp the cock," Scobie suddenly ordered, tapping Amy's shoulder and gesturing upward.

Amy gave a start and looked up, following his gaze. A stout wooden peg similar to the kind used for fixing ships timbers had been driven into a hole in the beam, just below the ceiling. However, this peg had been carved to the shape and size of an erect penis with its base driven into the post. Only now did Amy notice that other, similar pegs were embedded in the beam at various heights. She reached up and grasped the wooden cock peg with her left hand, her small fingers closing around its carved girth. It seemed slick and smooth.

Scobie grunted in satisfaction. He said, "Now, my girl, raise your left leg and bend your knee, pressing it flat against the timber." She obeyed, lifting her left leg a little, not fully understanding as she stood on one leg and hung onto the cock-peg for support. The timber pillar, although gnarled and old, was smooth and cool against the inside of her leg. The slaver pulled another cock peg from the return face of the timber. He then stooped to grasp Amy's calf with his other hand, raising her leg until her knee was way above the level of her waist and touching the underbelly of her breast. He rammed the cock peg into a hole just below the crook of her knee. When he released her leg, her knee was hooked over the phallus and held unnaturally high.

Scobie straightened and took hold of Amy's right wrist, saying, "Now, my girl, clench this rope... there." Scobie stretched Amy's right arm so that her fingers touched a shallow loop of rope hanging from

the ceiling some 3 feet away from the timber beam. As Amy reached widely to grasp the rope, she felt the tightening of her breasts as her chest muscles constricted with the long stretch. Scobie nudged her right ankle with his foot, pushing it outwards until her leg was fully extended to the side with her toes bent to give some support. Amy gasped. The position stressed her muscles terribly.

Scobie delved into her arse and pulled out the neckerchief that plugged it. His finger gently touched the aching mouth of her anus. She gave a start. Having been bugged by so many pirates and having her anus so widely stretched, she feared that she might foul herself. That would be too much! Scobie left her. She could hear him moving near the sea chest. When he returned, his finger touched her anus again, making her buttocks clench. "Sssshhhhh, this will soothe you," he murmured, smearing ointment on the sore swirl of stretched muscle and pushing it into her rectum.

Amy gave a start. Her anal cavity was exposed and open. A dollop of the ointment now filled that dark well, and it was beginning to burn the inflamed flesh. The calf muscle of her upstretched leg cramped, but she maintained her position and hung onto the cock-peg and the rope. His fingers left her, but they were immediately replaced by a rounded object, perhaps an inch in diameter, being slowly turned against the eye of her anus. This too was smeared in the astringent ointment. It wasn't soothing in any way, and a strong chemical fume assailed her senses, making her eyes water. She twisted her head and saw that the slaver was pressing the whip handle between her buttocks. He held the small jar of in his other hand. He had obviously dipped the whip handle into that.

"No, please..."

"Relax your arsehole!" Scobie rasped, pressing the end of the handle insistently against her anus, but that only made her buttocks tense all the more.

A fiery burning sensation exploded inside her. She screeched, but the slaver relentlessly turned the whip-handle, working the salve into the stretched funnel of her anal canal. She whimpered and squirmed. After a couple of minutes, he withdrew the handle only to dip it into the salve again and push it back into her. The ointment-smeared leather left a spiral of fire on her tender inner flesh, and yet exquisite waves of pleasure flowed from there, seeping inwards and upwards. She groaned and pushed back against the invading strap handle. Scobie's breath was hot on her neck and she hung with white knuckles from the cock peg and the rope strap, her left leg folded high above her waist with its soft inner thigh pressing against the smooth flat timber. Her right leg, the muscles hard and straining, was trembling and shaking. Suddenly, Scobie withdrew the cock peg from beneath her crooked left knee. However, although her knee was now unrestrained, she maintained the muscle-stressing pose of her own volition, keeping her leg tucked high. Scobie let go of the whip handle, leaving it embedded inside her. He stepped back, watching her shudders as the whip's many thin thongs swayed and softly caressed the hard muscle of her supporting leg. Amy gasped again. She could feel the swell of delicious pleasure building inside her, like rising waters behind a dam, threatening to breach her defences. What had they done to her that such perversity could engender this reaction? She was overwhelmed with shame and horror that her body could betray her in that way, and yet she craved more of the terrible intimacy.

"That will restore the elasticity back to your arse ring," Scobie said, capping the jar and tossing it into his sea chest.

He then carefully lowered her left leg and, placing his hands around her trim waist, he lifted her and set her down again, a foot or so to the right, equidistant between the two pillars. The whip handle in her anus shifted, and she groaned as he thongs swung to and fro between her knees. He raised her hands to grasp the two cock-pegs high on each of the facing pillars, and then nudged her feet widely apart until her toes nestled against the base of each pillar. Presented thus, star shaped and spread-eagled, Amy could only look directly ahead.

The woman strapped to the hurdles was watching her. One of the pirates was standing behind the woman, and from the woman's expression it was apparent that he was stroking or teasing her. Then the other pirate knelt up in front of the woman. His back was facing Amy, obscuring her view, but she could guess at his intent and she longed to see the woman's reaction as he lowered his pants to reveal pale tight buttocks.

Anyway, Scobie came to stand in front of Amy then, so she had other, more pressing things to occupy her. He now held a short, stiff leather strap, perhaps 15 inches long and barely an inch wide. He stroked the leather blade down her belly to the apex of her sex lips. She shuddered.



“The captain seems to be uncommonly interested in you, my girl,” Scobie said, sharply lashing the tawse against the juncture, where her clitoris was prominently unhooded. “Perhaps you have bewitched him.” He struck her again with an upward stroke, landing fully on her tender petal-like inner labia. Amy gasped. The lashes of the whip embedded in her arse swayed and tickled her thighs. She seemed quite unable to move, even though she wasn’t tied in place. Then, unaccountably, a low long orgasm rumbled inside her, taking her completely by surprise.

“Why?” she asked in astonishment and delicious discomfort as her body trembled and flushed.

Scobie chuckled. “Tis your slave heat rising, my girl,” he said. “By the time we deliver you to the slave market, you’ll be begging for any man to touch you.”

Amy blushed in embarrassment, highly conscious of the invasive whip dangling from her arse. Her sphincter was tight around it, and it seemed the slaver had been correct: the elasticity of her anal muscle had returned. His thesis seemed preposterous, however. Slave heat? Logic dictated that his claims were scarcely credible, and yet she knew that a glowing ember of needful lust seemed to be constantly burning in the pit her womanhood, ever ready to burst into uncontrollable flames, overwhelming her and making her do things that would have seemed inconceivable only a week or so ago. At that very moment, she was pressing her hips forward as Scobie reached to push his fingers into her cunt and press against the front wall of her vaginal sheath. He clucked his tongue in apparent disappointment.

“Not caught yet,” he said, probing higher. “Still, you seem healthy, despite the Captian’s worst endeavours. No doubt we’ll soon have you knocked up and blooming.”

Amy bit her lower lip in anguish. Did they truly intend to impregnate her? It confirmed the deep fears she had harboured since being captured, and she found herself wishing that she had opted for the long-lasting contraceptive injection rather than relying on daily pills. She hadn’t taken a pill for over a week now, although no period had yet shown. That was probably due to stress but, with the regular fucking she received, she knew it probably wouldn’t be long before she became pregnant. It was the same for all of the women.

## Chapter Twenty

### *Scrubbing the deck*

Amy blinked against the bright light and felt the warmth of the sun on her body as the slaver took her up on deck. She was presented with a scrubbing brush and a wooden bucket fashioned from half a keg with a fitted handle, attached to a long rope. Scobie tied the end of the rope around Amy's waist and then tossing the bucket over through the gap in the rail designed to accommodate the gangway. She felt the sudden drag on the rope as the bucket filled and sank, and it dragged her forward, stumbling towards the rail. Amy dropped the brush and clung onto the rigging, fearing that she might be pulled into the sea.

"Haul it back in," Scobie ordered, standing back.

She used both hands to heave on the rope. It was heavy work and she grunted at the strain. Scobie gave no help at all, but just stood back, watching her struggle. A couple of other pirates paused briefly to watch, but they then went about their duties. It seemed an impossible task, but Amy braced one foot high on the rail to gain some purchase, and then she was able to haul the bucket up, a few inches at a time. She was perspiring freely when she finally managed to get the bucket on board. The half-keg was impossible for her to carry, and a lot of the water slopped onto the deck as she pulled and dragged it from the rail. Breathing heavily, she paused and scooped her hand in the makeshift bucket, splashing water over her face, shoulders and breasts.

"No tardiness!" Scobie warned, scalding the flesh at the back of her thighs with his strap.

She fell to her knees. Scobie kicked the brush towards her. He didn't need to give another instruction. Amy went on all fours and began scrubbing the deck, commencing with the puddle of water that she had spilled. As she did so, the slaver leaned to grasp the full purse of her sex in the palm of his hand, squeezing the puffy lips together. She continued to scrub at the decking, even when his forefinger slipped into her vagina and wriggled inside her. She let out a small murmur, partly of surprise. Scobie evidently heard her, because he chuckled and probed against the front wall of her vaginal sheath, making her squirm and almost drop the brush as he found the sweet spot. A flush of warmth surged in her belly, matching the warmth of the hot sun on her back. He continued thus for ten minutes or more, until she was panting and moaning, and grinding her pussy against his hand. The water splashed and stained the wooden planks as she scrubbed, but it quickly evaporated in the hot sun.

A large black pirate walked past, his muscular right arm thrust through the coil of heavy rope that was slung over his broad bare shoulder. He paused and looked down at the mewling woman who was still determinedly scrubbing the deck.

"I have to bring them on heat for the market, Jacob," Scobie explained amiably, tapping the well of Amy's anus with the end of his thumb. "This one's no different from the other bitches. Once you've uncorked the bottle and let the genie out, there's no getting it back in, they are lost to their own lust and enslave themselves."

Amy inhaled sharply. Is that what the slaver was doing, bringing her on heat to improve her sale price? That seemed ridiculous. And yet, not for the first time, she noted the inexplicable arousal that they effortlessly aroused in her. The very sight of an erect cock seemed to set her juices flowing.

"All the more kitty for me and the lads to share," the man said with a grin.

"Aye, you can aid her training if you've a mind to," Scobie said, again thrusting his forefinger into Amy's cunt. "She's good and ready, and aching to be fucked."

Amy determinedly went on scrubbing the deck with all her might. She was shamed that the slaver had spoken the truth: the honey-sticky fluids of her sex were seeping around his fingers as he palpated and massaged her sex lips as if milking a cow's treat. Jacob laughed and dropped the coil of rope onto the deck with a thud.

"Pause for a while and suck his cock hard," Scobie told Amy when the man dropped his pants and stroked his flaccid cock. "Then you can carry on scrubbing the deck as he fucks you."

She unquestioningly dropped the brush into the pail with a splash and then knelt up, taking the limp cock into her mouth. Her belly was fluttering in anticipation and need as she worked to make the man erect as quickly as possible.

## Chapter Twenty-one

### *Raising Amy's slave heat*

Amy, strung up from the ceiling of the slave hold, screamed and jerked her body convulsively as the fourth orgasm overwhelmed her. Sunny Jack smiled and returned the paint brush to his pale with a splash.

"That should do it," he said, rising from his stool and wiping his hands on a cloth that was stuffed into the top of his pants, which bulged with a massive erection. "Nicely warmed, I'd say."

Quartermaster Slaver Scobie, some feet away in the centre of the hold, clapped his hands together. "That's enough, boys," he called to his bare-chested assistants. "Give the fine ladies a rest before their elegant dance."

There were a few chortles, even from the some of the slaves. After these past days at the hands of the slaver and his men, the women were anything but fine ladies. That title and status was in their past now, dumped along with the modest ladylike behaviour that went with it. Now, with their slave heat carefully nurtured to simmering point, the once prim and proper women were just abject and panting sluts rabid for sex. That was the result of the slaver's continuous training. It was all achieved by constant and calculated attention, and the nurtured nubbins of the women's clitorises were rarely allowed to soften. The slaves were continuously brought to the very edge of orgasm and then made to withhold their pleasure, to resist release on pain of the whip, before being brought back to the near peak again. The effect was that, despite the fucking they all regularly received - and there was a lot of it, several times a day for each of them - they were constantly yearning for more. This, Amy came to realise, included herself. They had brought her to the point where she only had to think of an erect cock, much less see one, to find herself seeping fluids and ready to beg.

She slumped panting in her bonds now, her entire body alive and tingling from the fiendish paste that Jack had painted all over her, probing every nook and crease of flesh. He had paid particular attention to her cunt, and she had shamelessly begged the youth for the brush there. It just rendered a warm glow now rather than the fierce heat of before. Her pussy, anus and nipples were still pleasantly throbbing, though. She was almost mellow now in the after-math of orgasm, having been eventually brought to such full release.

Some of the women were already resting on the floor, exhausted and sweating, exuding an aroma of raw sexual juices. Other slaves were still receiving attention from this or that pirate on some contraption or other in the large hold. Scobie had an amazing variety of devices and methods, given such a relatively confined space, and every one of the women came to experience each of them at some time in her training. Now, as the slaver's assistants brought their work to a conclusion, the hold was filled with the sensual moans of women in the throes of delicious climaxes so long cruelly-withheld.

Jack untied Amy's wrists from the hook on the ceiling, and chained her to a pillar. The chains were unnecessary - there was nowhere to run to and, given the state of their sexual need, they were unlikely to leave anyway - but it seemed to be part of the slaves' conditioning. Amy was utterly exhausted, having spent a salacious two hours groaning and pleading at the hands of Sunny Jack and his infernal paint brush. A dark girl was chained to the same pillar, lying on her side, her head propped on one elbow. Alongside her, the thin woman with a flame of red hair and alabaster skin was sitting with her legs akimbo unashamedly revealing the pink slash of her pussy

"Whatever are they doing to us?" Amy asked breathlessly.

"Turning us into pleasure slaves," the dark girl said with a shrug that made her full ripe breast tumble to the side.

Amy sat back against the pillar and pushed a lank lock of hair from her face. She would have scoffed at the notion only a couple of weeks before, but not now. Her own raging needs, never experienced before in her life, were a testament to the slavers skills. "I think they put something in our gruel," she said.

"Of course they do," the dark girl answered, casting an amused smile at the red-haired woman. "It's to keep us in heat."

The redhead sniffed, brushing a crawling insect from her ankle. "It's not just the stuff they put in our food that makes us so slutty. They release the heat and lust in our bodies with their strange skills, and we can't help ourselves. It's well-known. You never heard of that, witch woman?"

"No," was all that Amy could say.

"It's well-known," the dark girl confirmed. "We've all heard tales of how girls are always aroused to fever pitch before they are sold, and delivered dripping to the sales block, begging to be bought and used. That's what's awaiting us."

"And then what?" Amy asked, aghast.

The dark girl shrugged again. "We'll all be with child by then, so they'll go easy for a while until we've given birth, I shouldn't wonder."

"It depends who buys you, I'd say," the red head offered. "Any sex slave will still be expected to give pleasure right up till she pops her sprog."

Amy was astonished that the two slaves could be so blasé about the whole thing. All of the women had been horrified when they were first captured and when their nipples were tagged with the terrible fish hooks. However, since then, they had all seemed to quickly come to accept their lot. These two were no exception.

"What happens after we've given birth?" Amy asked.

"You will be put to breeding again, silly," the red-haired woman laughed.

"My God, what happens to the babies?"

"They go to some baby farm, I suppose."

"That'll be our job, after all, to breed their stock for them," the dark girl interjected. "That's why they have slave women."

"We don't see them again? That's obscene! What happens to the children?" Amy was almost ready to burst into tears, and she found herself holding her belly, as if to protect an unborn child.

"It depends on the owners. Some grow up as slaves, some go to wealthy families and grow up as their own, a lot of the boys are trained as soldiers... It's none of our business." The girl reached to lay a reassuring hand on Amy's knee. "Don't take on, there's nothing you can do about it," she said with a small smile.

"No," Amy said with a shudder.

Slaver Scobie and his henchmen eventually left the hold and it became quiet, except for the creak of the timbers, the murmuring of women, and the low rumble of voices and clanks of chain from the adjacent rowing hold where the galley slaves lived. Amy lay on the hard boards and rested her head on her outstretched arm, and she drifted into a slumber.

She woke up when something touched her foot. When she opened her eyes, she saw the dark girl licking the very tip of a pirate's cock as the thin red-headed woman sucked his balls.

"The world has gone mad," she thought, turning over and going back to sleep.

## Chapter Twenty-two

### *Pirates' rendezvous*

"Ship ho," the lookout called.

"Where away?" Murat Reiz yelled.

"Port bow, sou'sou'west."

Murat placed Dan's binoculars to his eyes. He scanned the distance and saw the familiar lines of the xebec. "It's the Shaytan, riding at anchor," he told Ishmael. "No sign of the Reneira a Soderina. She should have been waiting for us by rights. The old Venetian tub would have behaved like a pig in that damnable storm. It'll be a fine kettle of stinking fish if she's gone down with our victuals and booty."

Ishmael nodded. The unwieldy 1500 ton ship was the essential supply vessel for the other two pirate marauders. She carried much needed replenishments of food and grog. Furthermore, the Reneira's steerage was full of the slaves, as well as looted treasure and bullion. So it was a disaster indeed if the Reneira a Soderina had foundered in the freak tempest. The signs weren't good.

"The lack of wind would have hampered her," Ishmael pointed out. "Or she Amy have taken shelter for repairs."

"At least the Shaytan has arrived for the rendezvous," Murat said. "Smith might have some news."

It was almost like fiesta time on the deck of the Shaytan. The main deck was alive with music and dancers. Everyone was aware that this was probably the last day the women would spend on the cramped xebec. They were due to be transferred to the larger Reneira a Soderina, and then transported to their final destination nearly on the other side of the world. The large ship hadn't yet arrived at the rendezvous point, but a pirate schooner had recently arrived and was anchored less than fifty yards away in the bay. As Amy was herded up on deck with the other slaves, she saw the Shaytan's lighter ferrying Captain Smith across to the schooner.

Now Blind Fiddler stood in the centre of the deck scraping a merry tune, his foot stamping the rapid rhythm. Around him, two lines of dancers, men and women mixed, moved rapidly in opposite directions, weaving in and out of each other. Naked girls with plump bouncing breasts and cheerily smiling sailors gamely stepped out to a racy reel. Laughter and the wild whoops of both men and women punctuated the screech of the fiddle.

Amy skipped on her toes past a gaily prancing seaman, and he took her hand to guide her across him. The coins on her nipples jiggled as she swung to the inner circle and then out again. Amy had learned to keep apace with the others, mindful of Scobie's ever-ready spiteful strap, and she moved as well as the rest. A laughing girl with large swaying breasts danced past her, followed by the clumsy clod-hopping Jenks whose heavy boots threatened the girls' bare feet with his every step. In truth, there seemed little formal choreography to the elementary dance. Blind Fiddler invariably played a manic tune, forcing the dancers to move at a run. Today, though, for the seaman, there was a distinct air of holiday about it.

Amy smiled as she high-stepped round a hatch and a coil of rope on the deck. She no longer much minded the daily dance. It was a time when, for a few minutes, even the pirates seemed to have normal, human feelings. She enjoyed the chance to stretch her legs. Few of the men needed much encouragement to join the dance, even though it was mandatory. This was hardly surprising, given that the slaves were naked and available for fucking when the fiddler was done.

That day, though, the regime was less stringent. A corsair peeled away from the line, dragging a squealing but unresisting woman. Around the deck, half a dozen or so women were already carousing with pirates. Amy knew that, sooner or later, she would find herself grunting and humping beneath a corsair. It no longer shocked her. Like most of the other slaves, Amy had come to accept and embrace her lot as a whore in those sex-packed few days on board the Shaytan.

### *Murat meets Henry Smith – Dan is transferred to the Shaytan*

Murat Reiz stood on the bridge of the Midusha with Captain Smith listening to the music and the wild shouts drifting across from the Shaytan's deck. "There seems an uncommon air of gaiety on board your ship, Henry," Murat said.

"We dance the slaves every day. It's a regular feature of Scobie's routine. He brings the bitches on deck and makes them dance to a lively tune with the men. They protest at first, but it keeps them supple, and after a while it even raises their spirits."

"And the seamen?"

"The same. Those men who can be spared are commanded to dance. It's their exercise too. I commend it to you."

"For now we have a bigger problem, my friend," Murat said to Smith. "The Reneira a Soderina..."

Smith sighed heavily. "Aye, she should have been here by now."

"I can't wait much longer," Murat said. "The Medusha has one more tryst with Lady Destiny before this tour is done. There's a bullion ship, just waiting for the taking if I time it right. It will bring handsome profit. Yet I am seriously short of victuals."

"The Shaytan's hold has a good store of foodstuffs taken from a merchantman," Smith said. "We have more than enough. I can share the victuals with you, if it helps. With careful rationing it would get us both home. How many slaves are you carrying?"

"Just three: two debauched novice nuns and a pretty boy."

"Then we can exchange... I'll give you victuals. You can offload your slaves and add them to mine - I'm already carrying twenty-nine, so three more will be no hardship. You sail off to claim your prize, and I'll wait here for the Reneira. If she arrives, then all well and good, and I'll transfer the slaves to her hold. If she doesn't get here within a couple of days, I'll make for home."

Murat nodded grimly. "She's carrying our wealth, Henry. Let's hope she's just making repairs somewhere." Then, turning to a sailor below, he called, "Yo, bring up the three slaves and put them in the Shaytan's lighter. And send half a dozen men across to get some victuals."

Smith waited as the shackled captives were brought up on deck. The girls were comely enough: young with pert breasts. The coins dangling from their nipples denoted them as prizes of the Medusha. This would differentiate them from the copper-tagged slaves taken by the Shaytan. Smith saw that the handsome male slave was a man, rather than a boy, and he was as naked as the girls, displaying a large flaccid cock.

"Bound for life as a eunuch?" asked Smith, a connoisseur of male flesh.

"Aye, or a galley slave. Or even a pretty boy... The men have put his arse to good use, I'm told."

"Where did you get him?"

"The most damnable thing," Murat said. "He was adrift in a strange small craft, the like of which I've never seen. And this..." Murat held out the binoculars. "He had the finest spyglass you're ever likely to come across. Take a look." He firstly demonstrated, focusing on the deck of the Shaytan, and then handed the binoculars to Smith. "The fool had some cock'n bull story about coming from another time."

Smith raised his eyebrows at these words. He made no reply but gazed intently through the binoculars at the Shaytan's deck. He saw Amy high-stepping with gusto in the whirl of dancers. "A fine spyglass," he admitted, handing the binoculars back to Murat. "He had other things of interest, you say?"

"Aye," Murat said. He reached into the large pocket of his leather jacket and withdrew the bulky flare gun. He had learned how to load the gun and it already carried a cartridge. Raising his arm, he pulled the trigger and the flare whooshed into the sky. The crew of the Medusha cheered. They had witnessed the flares before, of course. "Did you ever see anything like that?" Murat asked with a proud smile amidst the smell of cordite.

Smith shielded his eyes with his hand as he watched the flare descending. "I once saw something similar on a Chinaman," he said, contriving to appear unimpressed. However, Captain Smith's mind was already turning over strange, private thoughts as he looked down and saw Dan, naked and in shackles, being pushed into the longboat. He smiled thinly and said: "I'd better return to my ship. Your false sun will have put the fear of God into my crew. I'll arrange for the provisions to be sent across."

*Amy sees her husband Dan again*

A flare! Amy gasped in astonishment as it shot up from the Medusha's deck and burst high in the sky. There was communal exclamation of awe from those on deck. Blind Fiddler, oblivious to the sight, continued to scrape a lively reel, but the men and women stopped dancing abruptly. They all shielded their eyes and gazed incredulously at the sky, and some crossed themselves.

Amy's heart leapt. She squinted as she gazed up at the parachute flare. It seemed hardly possible, but there it was, a bright light descending slowly towards the sea, like an angel of mercy. It was her first connection with the modern world since her capture. Could it mean that rescue was nigh after all? Amy glanced around her. Like almost everything else in her time there, it was surreal, with the manic fiddle music merrily playing and naked girls huddling against their captors, as if for protection.

Morny the Mate was leaning against the rail, looking out at the Medusha. "Prepare for the Captain's longboat," he called.

"Now there were reports of similar lights after the storm, Morny, although I didn't see them myself," Jenks said gently, watching as the longboat drew closer. "You think it might herald another tempest?"

Blind Fiddler played on.

"It heralds the Cap'n returning, is what I see," Morny said gruffly. He then called: "Mister Smirk, lower a ladder for the Cap'n. The rest of you, continue dancing if'n you don't want the skin flayed from your backs."

"Dance!" Scobie yelled, his strap cracking on the nearest bare arse.

The struck woman screeched and instinctively leapt into a dance. After a couple more strikes from the strap, the two circles were intertwining at a wild caper in rough time to the frantic music of the fiddle.

"You!" Scobie rasped, smacking Amy's arse a sharp stinging blow as she stood as if mesmerised by the flare. "Dance, I said."

Amy yelped. The hot searing blow immediately brought her back to her senses. She skipped away from the slaver's spiteful strap, joining the dance.

Captain Smith stepped from the tender and climbed the accommodation ladder as Smirk held it steady. "Mister Scobie, I have more slaves for you," he called as the slaver strode around the circling dancers.

"More?" Scobie protested. "We're full to the gunnels already, Cap'n."

"Aye, and it's likely to be a cramped voyage back to Barbary if the Reneira fails to show. The two ladies were nuns, so treat them nicely. The male was well-used by the Medusha roughnecks, who called him Pretty Bum, so make of that what you will."

The two naked young women were hustled up the ladder and onto the deck. The pirates hadn't bothered to shackle them. They cowered together and looked nonplussed at the prancing dancers. Dan was thrust onto the deck with a kick of a heavily-shod foot up his bare arse and he stumbled and fell on the sun-scorched boards.

"I suppose I can find room for two more hens," Scobie said, striding forward and casually kicking Dan in the ribs and making him huddle in a ball and groan. "Pretty Bum can go and join the galley slaves and pull his weight on an oar."

"No! I want the him kept at hand so I can speak to him at length."

"Speak to him?" Scobie asked with a sarcastic smile.

Smith scowled. "Aye, Slaver Scobie, I wish to converse with him about matters you wouldn't understand. Cage him on deck under a tarpaulin. I'll cut his balls off if I find him tugging any of the women with that uncommonly massive cock."

Scobie lashed one of the cowering ex-nuns with his strap, making her screech. "Dance!" he ordered, striking the other girl for good measure and sending them both scurrying to join the whirling circle of dancers. Then he kicked Dan again. "You can exercise too, Pretty Bum. You'll need all of your strength to withstand the Captain's 'conversing', if I know him."

Dan scrambled to his feet and joined one of the circling trains of dancers, inserting himself between two nude women. He wasn't a natural dancer at the best of times and this primitive folk dance was alien to him. It was simple enough, though. He awkwardly tried to follow the women's nimble steps. The two lines moved in opposite directions, weaving in and out of each other, with each oncoming dancer offering the crook of an arm. After two such moves, he was getting the hang of it. Then, to his astonishment, he

saw Amy prancing towards him, stark naked, with copper coins swinging from her nipples. From the look on her face he saw that she had seen him too.

“Amy, what the...?” he began as they hooked their arms together, but she was gone in an instant, whirling past and behind him, and a large black pirate was oncoming and offering his arm.

It seemed an age before Amy came round again. Dan saw her approaching, skipping lightly on the balls of her feet as she moved in and out of the dancers, seemingly oblivious to her nudity. Amy gave a small wan smile as she offered her crooked arm to Dan. “Keep dancing... we’ll talk later,” was all that she had time to hiss as she swung past him.



## Chapter Twenty-three

*Dan is interrogated in the Captain's cabin*

Dan stood nervously at the captain's door, his cock was erect and glistening at the tip. His hands were closely manacled behind him and he was flanked by the burly sailor and youth who had so roughly scrubbed him down with long handled, stiff-bristled brushes in preparation for his meeting with Captain Smith. Dan looked at the Shaytan's devil's head with its double horns and splintered jaw, varnished on the door. He shuddered, partly at the sight of the demonic crest, but also because the youthful pirate reached to stroke his erect cock again.

Dan's naked skin was glowing pink from harsh abrasion only minimally aided by soap. The men had enjoyed making him squirm with pain. One of the pirates, the one they called Smirk, repeatedly threatened Dan with a vicious looking dagger. He had lovingly laid the razor-sharp blade against Dan's balls, as if to lop them off. Dan was terrified, because Smirk seemed devoted to pain.

It had been an excruciatingly embarrassing experience too, as first one of the men and then the other took turns to fondle Dan's cock as they cleansed him. With his hands manacled behind him, there was little he could do but stand in the steel pan on the open deck and endure the men's teasing and salacious handling. Despite Dan's best efforts, his body had betrayed him and his penis was soon upstanding and erect. He had expected to be buggered again but, mercifully, that hadn't happened. He had been regularly sodomised during his time on the Medusha, often several times a day with different seamen, but since being transferred to the Shaytan his arse had been left untouched as he cowered in a lower cage on the deck. Neither had the two sailors drawn him off to fruition, and his cock was still throbbing as Smirk wrapped his giant hand around the shaft, and he rapped on the cabin door with the other. He then pushed the door slightly ajar.

The youth called into the cabin: "It's Sunny Jack. We've brought the pretty boy, Captain, all clean, soft and fragrant as a girl."

"And he's still entire," Smirk added, kicking the door fully open.

"Enter, Mister Smirk," Captain Smith said laconically.

Smirk strode forward and pulled Dan into the cabin by his cock, with Sunny Jack following behind. As he entered, Dan looked directly ahead at the opulent cabin with its dark wood walls and painted inlaid panels and gold and silver ornaments. Copper oil lamps flickered and the air smelled of soot.

"Ah, Pretty Bum, welcome to my parlour," the Captain said.

Captain Smith had spoken from the side and slightly behind the trio in the oddly shaped cabin. Dan turned his head to look in the direction of the voice. He was unable to twist his torso because the corsair was still grasping his cock. Dan saw Smith sitting on a throne-like chair, and he held a silver wine goblet aloft as if in greeting. Disconcertingly, Smirk was slowly easing the silky skin back and forth against Dan's hard shaft. Dan froze. For sitting straddled on the polished arm of the throne-like chair, raising herself slightly on straightened arms, sat his naked wife. Dan closed his eyes in humiliation as the corsair slowly wanked his erect cock. However, he felt compelled to look at Amy again, and he saw the anguished look of shame and embarrassment on her face too. There was a simple trestle placed directly in front of the throne, just a narrow padded beam supported by triangular supports at each end.

"Begging your pardon, Cap'n," Smirk said, squeezing Dan's cock in an iron grip, "but if you're going to cut his balls off, can I do it? I'd enjoy that."

"All in good time, Mister Smirk, all in good time. When the time comes, I promise that the honour will be yours."

"Aye, it'll be my pleasure, Cap'n," Smirk said, turning Dan by his cock and giving it a few final rapid wanks.

Sunny Jack suddenly smacked Dan's arse with painfully whipping fingertips, as if to remind everyone that he was there. Dan nearly came there and then as he involuntarily jerked his hips at the unexpected blow. A small bead of glistening per-cum formed on the eye of his cock glans. Dan saw Amy avert her eyes from his shame..

"Nobody butchers them quite like you, Mister Smirk," the Captain said fondly.

“Aye, sliced nice and clean at the base for a full job, or just a nick in the ballocks sack and squeeze the balls out if you want to leave him something to piss through.”

Dan winced and clenched his buttocks at Smirk’s words. He had no doubt that the man would as readily castrate him as soon as look at him.

Smith smiled thinly, obviously enjoying Dan’s discomfort. “Quartermaster Slaver Scobie has the say on whether he keeps his cock or not. Now, lads, put him astride the horse.”

Smirk achieved this by maintaining his grip on Dan’s cock, but also using his other hand to grab the testicles dangling below. Aided by Sunny Jack, who kicked Dan’s arse, Smirk pulled Dan to stand beside the trestle, facing Amy.

“Cock your leg over the beam, Pretty Bum,” he said, squeezing Dan’s balls.

The cross bar was higher than Dan’s waist. Dan grimaced in pain and raised his leg high in front of him, managing to ledge his calf on the padded bar. He hopped on one leg to ease the tension on his thigh. Smirk motioned to Sunny Jack, who immediately fed his arm under Dan’s crotch from behind, lifting him bodily with some difficulty. Dan let out a cry of pain and he squirmed, his legs kicking as he landed with some force on the beam, which bifurcated his buttocks. He wriggled to get some ease, manoeuvring his balls to the side of the apex. With his hands manacled behind him, he could only sit straddled on the uncomfortable perch with all of his weight concentrated on one single point between his legs.

“Jack, tie his wrists back,” Captain Smith ordered.

Immediately, Sunny Jack grasped the loose end of the rope that bound Dan’s wrist, looped it through a metal ring in the upright beyond the back of the cross beam, and yanked hard. Dan gasped as his arms were drawn back and secured, leaving him with his back arched, his legs dangling, and his cock thrust high. The tie had changed the fulcrum to a tender point in the divide of his arse. Although the bar was padded and covered with soft leather, it was very uncomfortable, even after only a few seconds. Worse, Jack looped a rope round both of his ankles and then tied each end off to the rear base, effectively keeping Dan in that strained, tortuous posture.

“Thank you, Mister Smirk. You Amy go,” Smith said. He gave a derisory glance to Sunny Jack and said, “You too, boy. Be off with you.”

Sunny Jack glowered and turned morosely to leave. Smirk smiled and stooped to plant a kiss on the glistening glans of Dan’s cock. With that, Smirk finally released his grip from Dan’s shaft and left the cabin, dragging Sunny Jack by his ear.

“Remember to yell for me, Cap’n, if’n you want his pecker slicing off,” Smirk called as he closed the door.

Captain Smith took a swig from the goblet. “Hands...” he said to Amy.

Immediately, without further instruction, Amy raised her hands and laced her fingers behind her neck. She remained statue-like as the Captain tilted the goblet and trickled wine down the swell of her out-thrust right breast. Keeping his eyes on Dan, Smith leaned forward and licked the small red rivulet from her white flesh, dabbing the tip of his tongue at the nipple where a single ruby droplet had formed, carefully avoiding the barbed fish hook. Dan, his neck straining, was watching in anguished fascination. Now that Amy’s hands had been removed, Dan could see that the lips of her sex were penetrated by a projection fixed to the chair arm on which she was straddled. She murmured slightly as the Captain’s tongue rasped down her breast.

“You two know each other...” Smith said.

“No,” Dan said.

“Yes,” Amy said.

Smith smiled at their disharmony. It had been a statement, not a question. He tilted the goblet again and this time poured wine down the swell of Amy’s belly. He allowed it to trickle down to her sex lips and then slipped from his seat and onto his knees as he lapped at the wine round her clitoris. He then glanced up at Amy, saying, “Your husband, I presume.”

“Yes,” Amy said quietly, inhaling deeply as Smith’s tongue dabbed at her nubbin “this is my husband.”

“Was your husband,” Smith corrected as he rose to his feet and offered the goblet to Amy’s lips.

The Captain then turned to Dan as Amy sipped at the wine. “So, it seems I now have you both. Do you also have wild tales to tell of another place and another time, Pretty Bum?”

Dan strained to raise his head to look at Smith, his muscles in unnatural tension, bent back as he was on the uncomfortable perch. He opened his mouth to speak, but no words came.

"I will ask you the same questions as I asked this slave girl who was once your wife," Smith said. "Be careful with your answers, boy. One word from me and Smirk would have your balls dangling from the tip of his dagger. And you..." - he turned to Amy - "rise off those dildos your so fond of, and join him on the beam. Sit facing each other."

It took a moment for Amy to understand the Captain's intent. She hesitated, glancing uncertainly at the Captain, and then she lowered her hands from behind her head and lifted herself on straightened arms, raising her body clear of the ivory phalluses that had been embedded in her cunt and arse. Dan's eyes widened as he saw the extent of Amy's bondage. She was obviously practiced at the manoeuvre, for she swung herself with a scissor kick from the polished arm, like a gymnast on a pommel, landing lightly on her toes.

Fixing her eyes on Dan's contorted countenance, Amy walked slowly to the trestle, with her shoulders pulled back, belly sucked in, breasts thrust forward, and her head high. Without losing his gaze, she reached out with her hands, feeling for the padded beam, and then stepped forward a pace until its end touched her belly. Then, on straightened arms again, she hoisted herself up with her legs extended and spread before slowly lowering down onto the padded leather. Her legs dangled on either side, her toes a good foot from the floor. Then, still staring intently into Dan's eyes, she slowly inched forward along the beam until her legs touched his. The contact made Dan's body jerk, as if convulsed by an electric shock. Such was his arched posture, with his arms tied cruelly back, that his moist and cool cock glans, pointing strongly upward, brushed against her belly with each deep breath that she took. They sat facing each other, Amy's hands free, and Dan with his bound wrists tied back, his cock aching erect.

Dan looked at his wife, agonised, appraising her, as if seeing her naked body for the very first time. Her hair, always long but worn loose now, hung forward over her shoulders and her pink pierced nipples peeped through the dark strands. The teats were longer and thicker than he remembered, and large barbarous fish hooks skewered each one with a metal disk swaying from each short shank. His cock twitched and brushed her belly again. He thought that she gave him a small, sensuous smile, but then it was gone. The Captain stepped forward and reached to spread the pink petals of her pussy on either side of the apex of the triangular beam, and she wriggled slightly as her moist flesh clung closely to the slick leather.

"Have you no passionate kisses for him?" Smith asked with a slight sneer in his voice. Then, his voice hardening, he added: "Do it!"

Amy inhaled deeply. Then she clasped her thighs against the beam and leaned forward to place her palms flat on Dan's thighs. She leaned forward and brushed a kiss against Dan's cold, clammy face. The Captain exhaled loudly, and there was an implicit threat in that sigh. Amy quickly locked her mouth onto Dan's flaccid lips and thrust her tongue deeply inside. Dan could feel the cold touch of her nipple tags on his breath, and her warm belly was flat against his hard cock as she ravished his mouth. She had never, ever kissed him in such a lascivious way before. It was as if she was ravenous. What had they done to her?

"More. Pleasure him!" The Captain had a catch in his voice as he rasped the command.

Dan was even more terrified now. He glanced from Amy to the Captain and back again, three times. The Captain's face was set in manic fascination and had the look of madness about it. Amy pulled away from Dan's mouth with a last thrust of her tongue, which she then used to trace across his shoulders and then to lightly tickle round his nipples. She inched back on the padded beam so that she could bend to lick down to his navel. Then her lips closed around Dan's purple cock glans. He groaned, throwing his head back and looking up at the cabin ceiling as she lapped hungrily and surprisingly expertly at the bulbous head. Her soft mouth was like that on an angel, after the seamen who had been so forcefully and coarsely sucking his cock in recent days. Amy pulled her head back and delicately licked the head, working her loving tongue in lapping movements over, under and across it. Then, after inhaling deeply, she took the whole shaft into her throat. He moaned and felt her throat spasm slightly as she gagged. She took him so deeply that the tip of her nose touched his belly.

"Enough, you fucking hussy!" the Captain suddenly snarled, and he slapped Amy's buttock so hard that she momentarily bit slightly on Dan's shaft.

Amy pulled back sharply, straightening, thrusting out her breasts and looking straight ahead. She placed her hands behind her and gripped at the beam, mirroring Dan's position but without the accompanying stress of being tightly bound. Dan looked at her in astonishment. It had been as if she had been trying to eat him whole. She had never been so proficient a cock-sucker in his time with her. Her eyes were glistening with tears, perhaps from his cock that had so engorged her throat, perhaps from the Captain's stinging blow, or more likely from shame and humiliation.

"See Pretty Bum? After just a couple of weeks in the hands of a demon slaver, your beloved and chaste wife has become an insatiable whore like the rest of them," Smith snarled. "Now that her slave heat has been raised, she would grind her arse on the floor for satisfaction. There's no returning the genie to the bottle, either. Once a slave whore, always a slave whore, even if she's set free, which will never happen."

Dan stared at Amy as the Captain raged. She gave a small, almost imperceptible shake of her head, as if to deny the words. However, Dan could not deny that there was a marked change in Amy. She had been transformed from a blue-stockings academic career woman into a sensuous pleasure slave. Even now there was a look of longing need in her watering eyes. She was rocking slightly back and forth on the beam, rolling her pussy and clitoris against the padded leather.

Now, though, Dan had other things on his mind. The Captain had a dagger in his hand. Smith's sudden jealous rage was inexplicable. After all, he had ordered Amy to pleasure Dan, and she had little option in the matter.

"And you, Pretty Bum, what about you?" Smith said, his hands quivering as he placed the blade under Dan's erect cock. "Should I cut this off now?"

Dan could feel the razor-edge against his shaft, and he was afraid that the skin might already be cut "No, please, not that," he blurted in terror

"One upward slice and Mister Smirk would be deprived of his pleasure, and you would be parted from your cock. The next living being to have your cock in its mouth would be a fish."

"Anything... I'll do anything."

"There are things I would know from the pair of you. Tell me about this other time and place." The sentence trailed away with an implicit threat, for the dagger remained where it was beneath Dan's erect cock and the Captain then began to stroke the veined shaft with his other hand. "Mind that this stays to attention," he murmured to Amy, breathing hotly into her ear..

For the next two hours the Captain interrogated Dan. He wanted to know everything. Where he had come from, how he had got there, the sailing vessel Harmony, the storm... He was keen to hear about the engine failure. Smith was inordinately interested in engines - something he could only imagine. All the time, Dan was made to keep his cock erect. Whenever the sinew showed signs of flagging, Smith would order Amy to see to it and bring it back to life. And throughout her service, the Captain kept asking questions, pausing and probing whenever Dan's story seemed at odds with the version that Amy had given. Smith was dismissive that Dan, supposedly a sailor, knew less than Amy about naval ships. Dan knew almost nothing about them, in fact. Smith nearly cut Dan's cock off in disgust. However, Dan saved the day and his penis by quickly going on to speak of electricity, radio, electrical circuits, radar, electronics, electric lighting, hydro-electric power... He could see Smith's eyes gleaming.

"You can make an engine?"

"I can draw one on paper. It needs special metals..." Dan hesitated, afraid to expose his uselessness. He was coming to realise just how little of his knowledge of modern technology could be practically applied in that ancient alien world. Dan knew how to use things, but not how to make them. What was the point of trying to explain about computers and televisions, for example? He could no more make one than fly. "I think I can make electricity," he offered hopefully.

"And these missiles... you know how to make them?"

"Amybe I do," Dan lied, desperately stalling for time.

"Suck his cock again!" Smith ordered Amy.

Dan closed his eyes as Amy leaned forward and closed her warm mouth round his penis. The shaft was aching from the prolonged erection, and he wondered if it would ever become flaccid again.

"This electricity. What good is it?"

"It makes light at night," Dan said with a grunt as Amy suckled on just the head of his cock, making

good suction with her hot mouth and drawing her tongue against it. She then started sucking him off with purpose, bobbing her head up and down, back and forth, in quick tight strokes.

“Tell me more.”

Dan gulped, desperately thinking of the batteries and torches in his raft, which was now stowed somewhere on board the Shaytan. “I will just need access to some of the things on my life raft.”

“If you speak the truth, I could be king of the world with such things,” Smith breathed, lowering the threatening blade and stroking Amy’s back as she gobbled Dan’s cock.

“You could certainly be very wealthy,” Dan said, straining his hips to push into Amy’s mouth. “I could write stuff down and sketch the designs.”

“You read and write? I might have a use for you, after all. That damned Sunny Jack has been struggling.” Smith fondled Amy’s arse, and he said: “Now girl, I’ve a mind to give Pretty Bum some pleasure before flicking off his bollocks. Draw him off fully. ”

Amy immediately began to work with greater urgency, bobbing her head back and forth until Dan let out a low, growling groan and shot a thick wad of cum into her mouth. She made no attempt to withdraw but instead gulped to swallow, her hands strongly gripping his thighs like small talons.

“You are keen to keep your cock, Pretty Boy?” Captain Smith said, taking a strand of Amy’s hair and drawing his dagger across the tress, parting it effortlessly.

Dan’s eyes were wide. He nodded vigorously, relishing the feel of Amy’s warm mouth working against him as she gulped on his cum.

“Then you shall assist me, working with Sunny Jack to aid him in his reading and writing. At least, that’s what I shall tell the Quartermaster Slaver. That will keep him from snipping your bollocks for a while. In reality, I will have you give me detailed drawings and information about your supposed modern world. And you can serve me in other ways too.”

“Yes, of course, sir, anything.”

“Yes... anything. The damned crew will still want to fuck you too, of course, just like they demand to fuck this doxy who was once your wife. I shall continue to make you both available to them.”

Dan bit on his humiliation. Amy was rasping her tongue up his shaft, eliciting the last dregs of pleasure from his climax and, besides, it was no time to argue with the mad Captain. He merely said, “I understand, sir.”

“I’ll make sure your cock is kept to attention and busy, at least while you still have it. You shall be drawn off four times a day, at wakening, noon, supper and night, as well as the other times when the lads or myself want your arse. The other whores will see to you, though, not this little whore. The Slaver Quartermaster wouldn’t want her forming an inappropriate attachment to you before she is sold.”

## Chapter Twenty-four

### *Amy the whore*

Amy never ceased to be surprised that the pirates didn't weary of fucking the women. It was early in the morning, just past dawn, when the ship's crew began to stir for work, and yet already a trio of men were taking their pleasure with slaves in the hold. Most of the girls were doing what they had to do to survive. But there was more to it than that now. The women were relishing in their debasement, even begging for it. At that very moment, one girl was lying on her back with her legs wrapped around a brawny buccaneer, raising and lowering her hips in response to the man's thrusts. Another was sitting astride a buccaneer, her tits swinging as she bounced up and down on his cock.

Two more pirates were coming down the ladder. Amy looked up. One was lean as a bone, while the other was a large, muscular black man with a gleaming shaven skull.

"There's just time to get our cocks away before we start our chores," the small white man said as they gazed around at the naked female flesh in the hold. "Who are the lucky girls?"

Amy saw that the men's interest was in the twins. The girls sat together, gazing up balefully at the two pirates like helpless fawns. Amy was glad that they were at least making an effort to look brave rather than cowering and cringing as before. However, they were still obviously and utterly terrified.

Amy gathered her courage and smiled as she faced the pirates. "Hello, boys," she said.

Both men turned and Amy's smile faltered when the huge black man placed his cool hand on the warm flesh of her breast. .

"Ah, this is the captain's witch-bitch," the white man said. Then, to Amy, he added, "Pay no mind to old Jacob. He's black as your hat, but good as gold. He's very fond of white women's pussy too."

"The twins are white tagged," Amy said. The information was unnecessary, given that the girls both wore a conspicuous steel girdle.

"Aye, well, Jo-Jo can still fuck their arses, or they can suck my cock," the black man said.

"Yes, of course," Amy said. "Or you may prefer a more experienced and less restricted girl?"

Amy could scarcely believe that she was actually saying this. She was no different from the other women. A persistent heat smouldered at the pit of her womanhood, ever-ready to burst into flames and consume any inhibitions and modesty. Like the others, she had decided to do whatever was necessary to survive, but now it had become a deep, dark need for hard sex. It was too late for second thoughts, anyway, because she had ignited their interest now. As she gazed up intently into the pirate's black features, her fingers went to his tight pants and she worked at buttons of his fly. His brown eyes seemed to gleam as Amy pushed inside his pants and found his large member, which began to stiffen in her hand.

"What's your name, witch-bitch?" Jo-Jo asked, laying his hand on the swell of her bottom.

"The captain calls me Amy," she said, pulling the black man's cock out of the pants as it rose to strong erection. She suppressed a gasp. Jacob's penis was even bigger than that of the pirate Jenks which, up to that moment, was quite the biggest she had ever seen. Ever since meeting Dan, Amy had become a connoisseur of large cocks.

"You reckon you can pleasure us both?"

"Of course," she said, licking her lips and stroking the massive cock.

"On your hands and knees then, sweet Amy. I'll have first dibs at your cunny, while you suck old Jacob's black cock. How will that be?"

"Just dandy," Amy said ironically, sinking to her knees while keeping her grip on the warm silk-like skin of the thick black shaft.

### *Dan sees his wife used by a pirate*

When Dan came down to the hold, he was surprised to see his wife on all fours, enthusiastically sucking a huge black cock while another man fucked her from behind. He hung back in the shadows, watching, mouth agape. Amy's hair was hanging forward over her face, but he knew it was her without a doubt. Dan was shocked to see that Amy was so-eagerly embracing her degradation. Her breasts were

swaying beneath her and the copper disks on her nipples were swinging back and forth as she moved energetically in response to the pirate's thrusts. Judging from her groans, she seemed to be thoroughly enjoying the cock that was slowly easing his cock in and out of her pussy. Dan could see Amy's kittenish tongue licking in long rasps along the thick black shaft of Jacob's cock.

Then, abruptly, he saw the black man reach over to push the other back. The white man withdrew his glistening cock and laughed, saying, "Aye, swap places, matey."

However, the black man twisted Amy onto her back and waved the other pirate away. Dan watched as if mesmerised as the black shaft nudged between his wife's outspread legs, and he saw her tense as the cock glans worked its way between her pussy lips. The black pirate had Amy's hands pinned to the planks on either side of her head, so she was in no position to resist, but she was raising her hips to meet the cock as it slid inside her.

"Oooh, yes," Amy sighed, her breathing ragged as she flexed her knees and parted them wider accommodate him.

The black man started to ease his hips back and forth. Dan saw that Amy's feet were firmly planted against the deck and she was arching her back upwards to meet each downward stroke. The man released her hands and she wrapped her arms around his gleaming ebony back. It was almost more than Dan to bear. He watched, as if transfixed, as his wife was comprehensively fucked. It was beyond doubt now that she was finding pleasure in it. She reached down and her small white hands gripped the man's black buttocks. Each time he drew back his cock, her fingers dug hard into the tightly-knotted flesh, desperately pulling him back into her. Dan saw the wanton look of intense erotic pleasure on his wife's face as she lasciviously twisted and gyrated her hips to embrace the massive black cock. She was pushing her cunt onto the cock and moaning in pleasure each time he thrust.

"What's your business here, Pretty Bum?" the white pirate, standing nearby, suddenly asked.

Dan suddenly remembered the captain's errand and his express instruction not to dawdle. He looked around the hold. "Captain Smith requires the urgent presence of Mister Scobie," he said.

Amy gave a start when Dan spoke. Her eyes widened in recognition as she clutched at the black man's buttocks and wriggled against his cock. At that point, the powerful black man hooked his muscular arms under Amy's knees, lifting her legs as he leaned forward to bend her body almost double. She groaned as he began to hammer his cock back and forth and, each time he thrust to the hilt, his balls made slapping sounds against her upturned arse.

"Well, Scobie ain't here," the white pirate said. "Fuck off, before I decide to ream your arse with my cock."

Dan nodded and, with one last anguished glance at Amy and the black pirate, he clambered back up the ladder, the noise of his wife's rutting ringing in his ears.

Amy was appalled that Dan had witnessed her fucking. There was no time to consider that further though, for the black pirate was pounding in and out of her pussy and she could feel the tide of her climax rising. She heard herself making a mewling gasp with each thrust, and the pirate was grunting as he increased the tempo of their fucking. She squealed and kicked her ankles when her orgasm hit her, and at that same moment the black's body jerked frantically several times, his cock fully impaled inside her hot sucking flesh, before he fell panting against her sweating body.

Amy sighed deeply in languid after-pleasure. The pirate removed his arms from behind her knees but she wrapped her legs around him and squeezed tightly, reluctant to let his huge cock leave her pussy. Even as she lay thus, spent and sated, Amy was alarmed at her own wantonness. She had been utterly overtaken by the pleasure and the humiliation of it all.

Her arms and legs wrapped tightly around the muscular pirate's hard body as she suddenly found herself sobbing. The black man stroked her hair, and his touch was surprisingly gentle.

## Chapter Twenty-five

### *Dan assists as the Captain*

Dan was sitting uncomfortably at the table in the captain's cabin, trying to work on the ship's ledgers as Captain Smith buggered Amy. Amy was down on all fours and Smith gripped her hips as he drove his cock into her arse.

Dan tried to close his mind to the scene. He pored intently over the ledgers. On examining the records, he had been astonished at the booty accrued by the crew of the Shaytan. Much of it had been in the value of the slaves they had snatched and sold, but they had seized treasure and bullion too. His current job was dividing the spoils according to the allotted shares for each man. It was all done to a method laid down in the Shaytan's articles. It was complex work without a modern calculator, so it served to take his mind from the buggery that was occurring nearby. The Captain was allotted five portions to what the ordinary seamen had; and slaver and officers' share was three. After that, the pirates, from the highest even to the lowest of them, drew equal parts. Jack, the captain's clerk, received a half a share.

Dan had found the ledger entry for Amy, slave number 123, and saw that she had been valued at 400 pieces of eight. He could not even begin to equate that to currency in the modern world, but it didn't seem a sizable amount for a young woman. Even Sunny Jack had accrued more than 1000 pieces of eight and he could therefore buy at least two girls of the same price as Amy. Still, Dan's own value as an entire male slave was less than half that of a biddable and beddable woman.

It was hard for Dan to concentrate on the books, and not just because the captain was rogering his wife only a few feet away. He couldn't get used to seeing Amy being used by other men, and neither could he reconcile himself to her own wanton and enthusiastic participation as a whore. She seemed to positively relish the many cocks that were thrust into her various orifices each day, energetically rutting like a sow in heat. The image of his wife being fucked by the big black pirate was a recurring theme of his private moments. Right at that moment, she was grunting and grinding her hips back onto the Captain's cock. Dan's own reaction also disturbed him. Dan felt his cock harden.

"Pretty Bum," Captain Smith called. "Get down here. Give my arsehole a lick."

Dan swallowed hard. He dreaded these moments after that first night with the lascivious Captain. Nevertheless, he laid down the quill and went to where the pair were happily buggering about. Reluctantly, fighting his revulsion, he knelt behind the captain and separated the white buttocks.

"Get your tongue in there. A catamite needs to know how to use his mouth round a man's arse. Isn't that right, Amy?"

"Yes, sir," Amy grunted as Smith drove forward again.

Dan pushed his face between the captain's buttocks to bring his mouth directly over the brown circle of puckered muscle. He grimaced, but then placed his lips over the dark circle of skin and dabbed his tongue at its centre. Smith pulled his hips back, pushing his arse into Dan's face. It was surprisingly easy to force open up the captain's hole and Dan's tongue was soon working at the opening. Fortunately, Captain Smith was a fastidious man, and his arsehole was relatively clean, compared to the corsairs on the Medusha.

"Now wet your finger and stick it up my arse," Captain Smith ordered. "I'm nearing the vinegar stroke."

Groaning inwardly, yet pleased to get his mouth away from the captain's dark hole, Dan obediently sucked his finger and then jabbed it into the captain's arse, perhaps with more power than was necessary. Captain Smith grunted, but he didn't appear to mind, because he was riding Sunny Jack hard and fucking Amy's arse with some frenzy.

"Reach under with your other hand and frig her off," Smith ordered. "Let's bring her to fruition."

Dan groaned but, with the forefinger of one hand stuck up the Captain's arse, he reached round with his other to stroke Amy's pussy and rub her prominent clitoris. She grunted urgently, evidently ecstatic at the touch, and her hips increased the frenzied rhythm. Even as Dan manipulated her nubbin, he realised that this situation somehow equalised things between himself and Amy. Neither of them had any option



but to cooperate with the people who used and abused their slave bodies. She could hardly be blamed for her wanton response. Besides, all the slave women seemed to have become utter and abject sluts, panting to be fucked at any time of the day or night. Amy was no different and in constant demand. Dan thought that he was probably the only male on board who hadn't fucked his wife during her time there. He frigged her pussy all the more at that thought.

Presently, Captain Smith gave out a loud roar. Dan watched the cock thrust in and out of his wife's anus with a white collar of foaming cum. When the Captain finally pulled from Amy's richly plundered hole, Dan saw the sleeve of flesh drag before the muscle puckered and closed. She gave out a shriek of pleasure as she hit her own orgasm, grinding her cunt against Dan's hand.

"We should make landfall tomorrow," Smith said, dragging his cock from Amy's arse hole. "That might be the last time you have the pleasure of me."

## Chapter Twenty-six

### *The Shaytan arrives in port*

The Shaytan was no longer creaking with the stress of the open sea, but there was a persistent thud of timbers as the harbour swell nudged the hull against the buffers on the side of the quay. It was an exciting time for the slaves aboard the Shaytan, something they hadn't witnessed before, with the ship moored in a port. The women had all been bathed on deck, using the large steel pans and warmed sea water, rather than rough drenching from freshly-drawn buckets. Their bodies had been shaved too with frightening cut-throat razors, well-revealing their sex lips with nary a nick of the tender flesh. This had all been keenly watched by the seamen, merchants, labourers and male slaves on the wharf, and the women had not been shy to display their charms. The sensuous slaves, many in the fist flush of pregnancy, were entirely different from the modest and demure women who had been captured and tagged.

Other than for their bathing, they had not been allowed up on deck since their arrival, not even to be danced. It was as if security was an issue, which seemed strange given the pirates' fearsome ways. Or perhaps there were too many things for the pirates to do to make the Shaytan secure and shipshape, other than bother with slaves. Now though, below decks, Slaver Scobie's assistants were busily grooming the women in a way they had never been groomed since their capture.

There was an air of expectation and excitement in the slave hold of the Shaytan. There was great activity too. The women had been acting like a gaggle of giggling girls ever since land had been sighted, overjoyed at the prospect of being back on land, even if only as chattels and sex slaves. They were commanded to silence now though. The slaves lay on narrow mats, some being prepared, others awaiting their turn, and others having been oiled and groomed. The air was redolent with the heady air of exotic perfume and aromatic oils.

Amy lay on her back, her hands raised over her head with her palms together, and her legs were splayed widely and bent at the knee with her feet pressed sole to sole. She steeled herself against rising tides of yearning as the pirate's strong hands massaged every nook and cranny of her body, burnishing her skin until it shone and tingled, eliciting waves of pleasure with his heavy, uncouth touch. Presently, even as she squirmed and moaned a small plea, the pirate left her, moving on to the next girl. Amy groaned inwardly, remaining in position. She looked up and saw Dan crawling over to her on his hands and knees, a rag and a tin pot in his hand.

"Hi," she said with a weak smile.

Dan didn't speak. His face was set in a mask of despair as he dipped the rag into the tin and then reached for the copper tag on Amy's right breast. "Are the hook piercings still painful?" he asked as he began to polish the disk.

"No, not any more."

He nodded grimly and continued to burnish the copper medallion, turning it to polish the other side. Amy felt his fingers fleetingly touch her turgid nipple. She looked at him and wished that she could stroke his cheek. He looked so sad and despairing. In many ways, she knew, life had been harder for him on the Shaytan than it had been for her. For herself, she had come to embrace the life of a slave, relishing her sexual bondage in a way that she would never have previously imagined. Even now, fires of need were raging in her belly.

"You are pregnant," he said. It was statement, not a question, even though her condition barely showed, other than for a ripening of her breasts and a slightly more rounded aspect to her belly.

"Yes," she said, closing her eyes.

"You will be sold soon."

"I know."

"Then I probably won't see you again."

Amy heard the catch in Dan's voice and realised that he was crying. The days on the pirate ships had softened him. She didn't open her eyes to deepen his humiliation. He was polishing the medallion on her left nipple now and, as he worked, the little tugs on her nipple sent frissons of tingling pleasure through her breast. She knew that Dan was right: this was probably the last time he would ever

bring her any sexual pleasure, meagre and unintentional as it was.

“What will become of you?” Amy asked.

“I don’t know,” Dan said, giving the coin a final rub. “I don’t much care now.”

Then he was gone. Amy opened her eyes and saw that he was crawling to the mat of another woman nearby who, like her, was lying on a mat with her oiled body in a sort of lotus position, arms over her head, palms together, and knees wide and tightly flexed with the soles of her feet touching. Dan set down the tin of polish and dipped his rag into it, and then reached for the coin on her left breast. Amy closed her eyes again. She realised that she no longer loved Dan, not in the same way as before anyway. His frailties had been exposed since his capture and rough treatment. It could never be the same again. She looked down and saw that the copper medallions resting on the swell of her breasts were gleaming bright in the flickering light of the oil lamps.

Presently, the helpers all stood to the side, their work done. Only the sound of the ship rubbing on the quay and the occasional female murmur broke the silence in the hold. Scobie strode about, pausing to look down at each slave with a critical, appraising gaze. Amy looked up at him with doe eyes. She was longing to ask what was about to happen to her. Nobody bothered to explain anything to the women. Why would they? They were slaves and would simply do as they were told. Scobie merely nodded slightly to her, apparently in approval, and then moved to inspect the woman on the next mat.

Amy’s hips were aching from the position she was required to adopt. Paradoxically, she found some relief by pressing the soles of her feet together more tightly and forcing her thighs even wider. She strained her neck to see where Dan was, but it seemed that he had been taken from the slave hold. Scobie soon left too, and the women were left with their own thoughts. Nobody spoke. The air was fraught with tension.

After thirty minutes or so, Scobie returned. He descended into the hold and clapped his hands. “Stretch your legs, ladies,” he shouted. “You will soon be on your way and you must walk well through the town. Remember, the better you display your wares, the better the owner you are likely to attract.”

The hold was filled with the women’s moans and sighs as they climbed to their feet, massaged their limbs. They, like Amy, were glad to be relieved from the posture they had been made to hold for more than two hours.

“We’ll soon be on our way,” a slave said to Amy with a look of eager anticipation.

Amy smiled and nodded, her eyes flitting over the girl’s pert flesh. The girl was one of the two novice nuns who had boarded along with Dan. The once fearful and timid creature had been transformed into an oiled and perfumed hourri. The polished copper tags danced on her breasts, which had already become more full and womanly. “You are with child too?” Amy asked.

“Yes,” the girl said, looking down shyly.

Amy nodded. “It would be a miracle had we been otherwise, given the fucking we’ve endured.”

“Endured?” the girl said with a giggle. “I love to be fucked. I don’t think I can live without it now.”

The redheaded woman, who had evidently been listening, stretched like a cat and leaned to massage her legs. She interjected, “You’ll have no worries on that score, holy girl. There’s a lifetime of fucking and breeding ahead of you.”

“And you too!” the girl said.

“I’m not with child,” the woman pointed out, her red curls tumbling over her chalky-white shoulders as she straightened and threw her arms out to the side, thrusting her shoulders back. The woman’s alabaster-white, pointed breasts were slightly mottled with blue veins. She turned to Amy and added, “There’s no need for you to look so disapproving, Witch Woman. I’ve heard you grunting and begging for more when a cock is rammed inside you. You’re no better than the rest.”

Amy tightened her mouth in a wry grimace, but she made no reply. The redhead’s statement didn’t require a response. Everyone knew it was perfectly true: Amy had become a more than willing slut like all of the slaves. The redhead, on the other hand, was cold and frigid more often than not when the men corsairs used her. Scobie’s mysterious ministrations evidently hadn’t worked with her.

“We’ll see who brings the higher price on the block,” Amy said.

“Please God, let me find a lusty owner who wants to fuck night and day,” the ex-nun murmured, crossing herself, and they all laughed, perhaps glad to diffuse the rising tension.

In any event, Scobie was organising things, ushering women up the stair to the deck. As Amy she emerged into the sunlight, she was halted by Sunny Jack, who clipped a cuff around her right wrist and snapped the other end onto the wrist of the red head, manacling them together. Looking round, Amy saw that the other women on deck were similarly chained together in pairs.

The pirate smartly slapped the redhead's arse, making her pout and leaving a vivid red imprint on her chalky-white buttock. She pulled Amy away from the hatchway and they joined the other women on deck. The fierce sun was hot on Amy's skin, and it seemed to thin the body oil and make it more visible on her curves. The newly-polished copper medallions hanging from the slaves' nipples glinted and shone in the bright sunlight. The women were excited and giggling together, but it was all tinged with a nervous edge.

The wharf was teeming with life, as labourers and slaves hurried back and forth carrying boxes and sacks, some hauling loads on wheeled carts. People were shouting, and there was a clatter of hooves on the cobbles as a heavily-laden horse-drawn dray passed. Further back, there was a promenade of people going about their business. Others, well dressed in long flowing robes, men and women, were simply idling, chatting together, and watching the pageant of the docks. Amy saw two wealthy looking men, perhaps merchants, pause to greet each other and

shake hands warmly. A man with a large steel urn strapped to his back meandered slowly through the crowd, selling tea or some such. Elsewhere, dock hawks were calling to passers by, drawing attention to their wares. A couple of urchins were playing in the filth of a dry gutter, squatting and throwing pebbles. It could have been a scene on any busy third-world port, excepting that all the vessels at the dock were tall sailing ships, and Amy was naked and chained to another slave. People stopped to watch as the sleekly oiled women were readied to disembark.

"You'll need to find your land legs," Scobie said. "Hold hands, and walk down the gang plank."

"Looks like it's you and me, Witch Woman," the redhead said with smirk, taking hold of Amy's hand.

"Lovely," Amy replied tersely.

## Chapter Twenty-seven

### *The slaves are paraded through the town*

The naked women moved nervously in single file down the shaking, flexing gang plank. They were then lined up on the cobbles of the quay in ranks of two, forming a double file, with each pair holding hands, like children on a school outing. Brawny, weapon-wielding pirates flanked the slaves, and Slaver Scobie strode back and forth.

“Stand prettily, ladies, bellies tight and tits thrust out. When you walk, take care to sway your arse or you’ll soon find it well-whipped. You are under the eyes of men. I’ll flog any whore who slouches.”

Scobie snapped his whip, and Amy found herself immediately pulling in the muscles of her stomach and raising her ribs to accentuate her breasts. She saw the red-headed slave do the same. Their hands had squeezed briefly together when the whip cracked. It had been an instinctive, involuntary movement and not any gesture of mutual support. The training sessions on the Shaytan had ensured that they instantly, unthinkingly responded. Amy and the redhead were the fourth pair, and they were therefore as anonymous as it is possible to be in a group of naked slaves on public display. However, Amy didn’t want to take any chances and she stood with her hip turned, right knee flexed and toe pointed, just as she had been taught to do.

“Blind Fiddler, where are you, blast your eyes,” Scobie yelled.

Sunny Jack scampered down the plank. “He was trying to find his fiddle, Scobie,” Jack called, and both the pirates and some of the women laughed.

“Coming, Scobie, coming,” Blind Fiddler called down from the side of the ship, feeling his way along the rail to the gangway.

Captain Smith cut a foppish figure as he strode nimbly down the gangplank. His wavy black hair was brushed to his shoulders, his small moustache and beard newly-trimmed, and he was resplendent in his blue uniform coat decorated with its numerous dubious medals. A large sword dangled ostentatiously from his belt, and his pearl-handled flintlock pistols were on show too. Amy noted that the small Smith and Wesson handgun was also tucked there, seemingly insignificant, but presumably still carrying three lethal bullets.

Smith looked to the slaves and then to the slaver. “A fine turn out. My compliments, Slaver Scobie,” he said.

“Thank you, Cap’n. We are ready to move, as soon as the fiddler finds his own arse.”

The Captain smiled and walked towards the head of the group, pausing to affably greet a couple of pirates on the way. He was in a good mood. He walked straight past Amy without so much as a sideways glance, but she was convinced that he had seen her there.

The silvery blonde virgin, her polished chastity belt gleaming in the sun, stood alone at the front of the coffle. She was leashed too with a thin rope around her neck and her hands were cuffed behind her fastened by a length of chain fastened her wrists to the twin virgins who were the first pair. Smirk led the line, holding the silvery-blonde’s leash in one hand and his vicious gleaming scimitar in the other. For a brief moment, a flash of jealousy coursed through Amy. Why hadn’t she been chosen as the lead girl? Throughout the voyage into captivity, Amy had been the one who was different and set apart. What had changed now? Amy wasn’t sure if the blonde had been selected to lead the two lines of slaves because she was considered of superior quality, or because the three virgins were considered special. But there were thirty-one slaves, so it might simply have been because the silvery-blonde girl happened to be remaining one after the others had been cuffed together in pairs. Amy found her herself ruefully smiling at the incongruity of her jealousy. She about to be paraded, naked and chained, through the streets of a city, for God’s sake. She looked over the shoulders of the preceding women to see the Captain station himself directly in front of the silvery-blonde, and he then took her leash from Smirk. Another flash of irrational jealousy flared in Amy’s mind. Surely, if anyone was to be led by the Captain, then it should have been her? However, Captain Smith had his trophy to exhibit to the gaping townsfolk, and the gleam of her chastity belt matched the glint of the medals bedecking his jacket.

Blind Fiddler shuffled his way unaided down the narrow gangplank, violin in one hand and the bow

in the other, his arms held outstretched to the side as if in counterbalance like a tightrope walker, one foot tapping the side of the flexing plank before taking the next sliding step. As soon as he was on the quay, a pirate took his arm and led him to the front of the procession, positioning him directly in front of Smirk. 'It all seems rehearsed,' Amy thought. 'How many times have they brought slaves here to be sold?'

After a few experimental caterwauling scrapes, Blind Fiddler launched into a marching tune. The pirates began to sing in near harmony:

"We'll rally round the flag, boys,  
We'll rally once again,  
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!"

Amy reflected ruefully at the paradox of their words. Freedom? 'One person's freedom is another's slavery,' she thought.

Scobie cracked his whip again, Captain Smith yanked on the silvery-blond's leash, and the slaves moved forward. The crowd watching on the dockside parted as Blind Fiddler walked briskly and unseeing towards them, with the point of Smirk's scimitar at his arse to steer him.

"Swing those pretty arses, ladies," Scobie called, cracking his whip for theatrical effect.

Amy felt the gaze of the onlookers upon her. There were whistles and comments too. She blushed hotly but this was no time for self-consciousness. Amy kept her eyes on the swaying buttocks of the girl in front and, with each long stride, she moved her hips in the exaggerated manner of a lascivious slave girl. It was either that or the further indignity of having her backside smacked in front of the spectators like a naughty child.

Blind Fiddler was setting a cracking pace, and the girls swung along hand in hand, striding out to the beat, full breasts moving fluidly. The fiddle music and the pirates' raucous singing served also served to alert the populace of their presence. It created a carnival atmosphere, and people crowded from the warehouses, shops and houses to see them. The streets narrowed once away from the docks, and the slaves were in touching distance of the laughing spectators who crowded from the shops and houses. The pirates marched alongside, guarding their loot, but they seemed more interested in their lusty singing and offered little protection from groping hands. One girl squealed when she was rudely handled. Scobie cracked his whip theatrically again, but he laughed. Amy felt her left buttock cupped and squeezed by a large hand and she turned to see a huge black man smiling broadly down at her. He almost lifted her as he pushed her on her way, and she tripped away from him, hearing his booming laugh above the pirates as they sang the chorus:

"We'll rally round the flag, boys,  
We'll rally once again,  
Shouting the battle-cry of Freedom!"

Even Sunny Jack was smiling for once, marching along in a jaunty manner, awkwardly swinging his arms high, like a defective toy soldier. He carried a large metal ring strung with small keys, and they jangled like a tambourine each time he swung his right arm. The fiddle's marching music was infectious, and many of the watching people tapped their feet. Their dusky faces beamed in a slightly perplexed but avidly interested way. Blind Fiddler's old Irish and English tunes were undoubtedly alien to them. The city had an exotic air. Most of the faces in the crowd were swarthy or black, and they were dressed in the long white robes of the Arab thawb. This was obviously where the pirates had their base and patronage but, clearly, it was not their homeland. They were mavericks and renegades to a man, selling their cut-throat skills to the highest bidder. The Barbary port was merely their adopted rat hole. Wherever it was in the world (Amy thought akin to Algeria, perhaps), it seemed apparent that the land had an appetite for white-skinned slaves, for there were several fair faces peeping out through the doorways or crept through the crowds, wearing all manner of clothing, usually brief and revealing. A rag-tag of urchins danced along in front of Captain Smith as he marched through the town with his captives, like a Roman general in a ceremonial Triumph.

The brightly polished medallions dangling from Amy's breasts danced as she strode on. Blind Fiddler abruptly changed his tune, but the beat tempo remained the same. A couple of the impish urchins darted in and out amongst the marching slave women, and one scurried impishly behind the redhead and reached between her legs to pinch her inner thigh. She screeched and twisted without breaking step, trying to swat him with her free hand as he darted away laughing gleefully. "Little bastard," the redhead

snarled, rubbing the red mark on the soft white flesh of her inner thigh as she walked. A pirate swatted her arse with the flat of his hand, which enraged the redhead even more. "He is free," the pirate said.

It seemed that they were taking a circuitous route, for Amy was sure she had seen the streets before, although most of them looked the same anyway. Nevertheless, the crowds thronged all of the narrow alleys, and presently the procession entered an open market in a wide square surrounded by tall walls. The procession made its way through stalls selling all manner of things, from food to clothing. A smell of roasting meat from a vendor's brazier assailed Amy's nostrils and she found her mouth watering. She had not tasted meat since her capture.

There was already a raucous noise in the market, and the sound of Blind Fiddler's music and the pirate's singing added to the cacophony. The parade stopped temporarily, halted by the general throng of the market traders and their customers. A paved area some ten meters square was raised three feet above the rest of the market. Traders had obviously keenly sought this advantageous spot, for stalls had been erected there, and others had spread their wares on the paving and were squatting beside them. Many people sat on the single high step that surrounded the entire raised area.

Four of the pirates had moved on ahead now, and they were clearing the market traders from the raised area. The street hawks protested and cursed, but one received a solid cuff around the ear from a burly pirate, and the sight of the corsairs' cutlasses made the others pull back. A small gaggle of traders continued to complain vociferously, even as they moved their goods away.

"This is supposed to be the slave market, damn you," Smith rasped. "I've got slaves to sell."

Amy looked up sharply. A slave market! Were they going to sell her, right there and then? This was nothing like she had imagined. Blind Fiddler continued to play, and the pirates were still singing, and it was ringing in her ears.

## Chapter Twenty-eight

### *Danced naked in the market*

The slaves were then ushered up onto the raised patio, two at a time, pausing while the preceding pair of slaves had their handcuffs removed. Sunny Jack was sorting through the keys on the large ring, trying to unlock the cuffs as each pair stepped up. Amy and the redhead had to wait their turn as Jack fumbled through the keys.

"Damn your spindly cock, Jack. Get a move on," Scobie cursed.

"Hold your horses," Jack said, "there's a lot of keys here."

Eventually Amy and the redhead were ordered to mount the step and hold out their conjoined wrists for Jack to remove the manacle. As it happened, he found the right key first time and chortled in self-congratulation as if having achieved a miracle. The redhead stepped away, still rubbing her inner thigh, but she was ordered back by Scobie. "Hold hands," he ordered.

The redhead scowled but grasped Amy's hand again, and they were then directed to join the women who had preceded them. The seven women were standing hand in hand, and Amy and the redhead were added to the end of the line. Others joined them. Soon all thirty-one women were standing in a row, holding hands, facing the gawping crowd in the market. Amy was again reminded of little girls under supervision.

"Right, ladies, time to dance," Scobie ordered. Then, to Blind Fiddler, he called: "Play a lively jig, Fiddler."

Amy winced. She had danced naked often enough onboard the ship. Now, though, there was a throng of interested onlookers. Scobie was obviously staging it as part of his exposition of slaves for sale. All of the women must have been thinking the same, because they were slow to respond. The girl at the end of the line squealed as the slaver's strap bit against her calves, making her hop. She scurried to lead the line, dragging the others behind, forming one circle. The circle of women began to skip anti-clockwise around the foot-stomping fiddler. It all caused great amusement and interest in the bemused crowd of onlookers, and people surged forward towards the raised paved area.

"Gather, good people, these fine slaves, new to their bondage, will soon be on sale from this very spot," Captain Smith announced loudly. "They are all of sound health and in good breeding condition. Most of them are already with child."

The circle separated and the women, in pairs, linked arms, skipping along on their toes. Amy again found herself with the redhead.

"Shake those big tits, witch woman," the redhead said, "and you might get a wealthy master."

Amy glared at the woman. The gleaming copper coins were already swinging crazily from her nipples with the fluid movement of her heavy breasts. "I doubt if anyone would buy a stick of white chalk," she said tartly as the pairs stepped apart and formed into two concentric circles, moving in opposite directions.

The dance went on for 10 minutes or so, until there were signs of the crowd becoming bored. The fiddle music continued, but Scobie called a halt to the group dancing. Instead, he displayed the women one at a time to the spectators, bringing each slave forward to the edge of the raised area, making her dance around him as he extolled her virtues. The first woman, a lithe dark haired girl, moved with a sinuous and seductive grace, smiling to the onlookers' calls. 'I could never do that!' Amy thought with an anguished gasp. However, she could, of course. There was no other option. Other women were taken forward, one by one, and she watched with some grim pleasure as the redhead was forced to prance round the slaver. Amy's turn came next, though, and she soon found herself skipping forward and spending two or three excruciatingly humiliating minutes dancing a naked and solo jig as the slaver harangued the crowd as if selling soft fruit.

"No better than the rest of us," the redhead affirmed when Amy, panting and flushed bright red, was eventually allowed to return to the line of slaves and join hands.

Presently, the women were formed in pairs again and readied to leave the patio.

"To the slave barrow now, Slaver Scobie," Captain Smith called.



They weren't manacled this time, but the pirates formed on either side of the lines and there was no likelihood of them escaping. In any event, the large building that Smith led them to was only fifty yards away from the slave market.

## Chapter Twenty-nine

### *In the slave barro*

The slave barro was a fortified building of rough hewn stone, high with escarpments, and the entrance was via a pair of massive timber gates on heavy black iron hinges. These gates swung open as the procession approached and Smith and Scobie marched in without breaking step. However, the other pirates did not enter the building.

A large bare-chested black man in a burnoose and silk pantaloons waited in the courtyard inside the gates. "Greetings, Captain, it's good to see you again," the man said in a strange, high-pitched voice as he bowed deeply. "You've brought me yet more slaves, I see. The prices are not good. There has been a glut on the market."

"Aye, indeed, Sulieman, thirty-one of the very best, and twenty-four of them with child."

"Maybe some of the other seven are too," Scobie said with a shrug. "They've all been fucked enough."

The black man giggled. It was a strange sound and seemed to echo around the high walls of the building that surround all four sides of the courtyard. "My physician will examine them, but it is known that Slaver Scobie has always been able to get most of his mares in foal before delivers them here," he said. "He is a very energetic and virile man."

Smith raised an eyebrow to Scobie. "Aye, he has some willing helpers though," he said.

"The prices probably won't be good," Sulieman said again. "We have sold a lot of white-skinned slaves in the last few weeks. The same terms as usual, Captain? I will prepare them for sale and auction them and you pay me a commission?"

Smith nodded. "Aye," he said, "it's up to you to get the best prices for our mutual benefit. Tell me, have you had any news of the Reneira a Soldiera? She has a hold full of slaves."

"The Reneira?" Sulieman said, obviously surprised. "She left here a week or more ago."

Captain Smith looked up sharply, his eyes suddenly blazing. "The fuck you say!" he exclaimed, drawing a flintlock pistol from his belt. "That bastard Ward came on ahead? Those slaves are the property of the Shaytan and the Medusha."

Sulieman cringed back. "They were all wearing Reneira tags," he protested. "I sold 342 slaves for Captain Ward, as he demanded."

"Damn my cock!" Smith cursed.

"Sadly, my cock was sent to damnation many years ago, Captain," Sulieman said, gazing fearfully at Smith's cocked flintlock pistol. "I hope to be reunited with it one day in the celestial garden, but not just yet."

"We'll hunt Ward down," Smith vowed, firing the flintlock in a random direction.

The ball pinged from a wall and Amy instinctively ducked low as it ricocheted back over her head. Bare-chested black men carrying gleaming scimitars immediately emerged from the surrounding buildings. It seemed that they had been watching silently there. One of them was over-enthusiastic and dashed towards the Captain, his scimitar raised and flashing in the sunlight. Smith reached into his belt, drawing and firing the small handgun, drilling a neat hole in the man's forehead.

"Do any more of you bastards want a taste of Captain Smith and Wesson?" he called loudly as the man crumpled dead in the sand.

"That won't be necessary, Captain," Sulieman said desperately. He then clapped his hands and shrieked to his men: "Stupid dolts, get these valuable slaves out of the sun and take them to the physician. Must I do everything myself here?"

## Chapter Thirty

### *The strangest medical examination*

Whips cracked, and the women were immediately ushered into a nearby building. Amy grasped the redhead's hand and scurried ahead, keen to get away from the crazy gun-toting Captain Smith. Other black men were waiting inside. They wore the same type of baggy pantaloons and boots as those worn by Suleiman, and any one of them could easily have been mistaken for him. Amy was certain, from their body characteristics and the pitch of their voices, that they were all eunuchs. One man, though, was an aging and bent white man, and he wore a white smock over spindly bare legs. He was readying an array of equipment and occasionally looked up with rheumy eyes as the slaves were chivvied into a line.

Because of Amy's haste in getting from the courtyard, she found herself only three places back, directly behind the redhead. However, it seemed that the room was hardly large enough to accommodate all of the slaves and the queue stretched out of the door.

"Stand closer together, tits to back, cunt to arse," a black man shrieked, cracking a whip. "Wait in line for the physician." All the girls shuffled closer together. "Tits to back and cunt to arse," the man piped again.

Amy felt the pert breasts and oiled pudenda of the next woman pressing against her, and, in turn, she pushed against the redhead. In this way, with their bodies tightly pressed one against the other, all of the thirty-one women were compressed into the relatively small space. The old white man shuffled off into a small ante-room and, after a couple of minutes the first girl was ushered to his room.

"No talking!" the eunuch screeched.

There was complete silence in the room, except for the occasional sounds of muted voices coming from the physician's room. Amy heard the woman grunt, perhaps in pain. After 10 minutes or so, the physician called for the next slave and the redhead stepped forward. This left Amy standing at the head of the line.

"Move forward. Move forward. Keep tits to back and cunt to arse."

The line shuffled forward a couple of feet, and then they waited again. Amy heard the redhead's voice, apparently replying to the physician's questions. Amy waited quietly. Her mind was a welter of mixed thoughts. A part of her was glad to be on dry land again. On the other hand, her body had become ravenous for the pirate's lusts, and in latter weeks their demands had been far from unwelcome, but almost every man in the barro appeared to be a eunuch. Her lusts and desires no longer shamed her. After all, what 'modern woman' would behave any differently in such circumstances? Also, of course, there was the small matter of her impending sale. Her heart and belly fluttered at the very thought of it. What new adventures and trials would that bring? Part of her was excited and yet another part, the corner of her mind where the 21<sup>st</sup> century liberated woman was still in residence, was utterly horrified. All of these things went through her mind as she waited at the head of the line, with the girl behind pressing her breasts against her back. At one time, when the line had shuffled forward, Amy felt the girl's smooth sex lips separate as they pressed against her buttocks.

"Next!"

Amy was hustled forward, into the physician's room. To her surprise, it was quite a large room. For some reason, she had imagined it to be a little ante-chamber, but in fact it was spacious and the walls were lined with books. The redhead was leaning forward on her elbows over a table. The physician was standing behind her with his cock in her cunt, and he turned to glance at Amy.

"I shall attend to you in a moment," he said with a ghoulish gummy smile.

The physician looked frail and weary. He had no teeth. His white hair was thin and wispy, and his skin was sallow with sad eyes sunk in the deep hollows of his skull-like face. His smock was raised up above his waist and tied in a loose knot, revealing a scrawny arse and bony legs. He turned his attention back to the redhead and his claw-like, skeletal fingers grasped the redhead's hips.

Amy stood back, glancing around the cluttered room. The hundreds of books all seemed to be medical treatises of one kind or another. There was a polished set of brass balance scales and weights, a large round globe atlas set on a polished stand, and one wall was occupied with shelves that contained all

manner of jars and earthenware containers. A glass cabinet was full of terrifying implements, included saws, pliers and chisels. The main table (over the end of which the redhead was stretched) was sturdy and old, with large rounded carved legs, and equally stout carver chairs flanked its sides. On a smaller side table, there was a small brazier set on a copper tray, and an iron was thrust into the glowing coals. There was also a pair of old but comfortable looking green leather easy chairs. It appeared that this was the physician's living room, as well as his work area.

The redhead was moaning and gasping, apparently in pleasure. Amy's mouth twisted wryly. 'So much for the frigid woman,' she thought. Still, Amy was just glad that it was the redhead and not her impaled on the old man's long cock, which seemed out of all proportion to the fragility of the rest of his slight and aged body. The noise of the woman's lust grew ever louder, reached a crescendo with a loud grunt, and then ebbed away, leaving only the sound of her heavy breathing as her upper torso collapsed flat on the table.

After a few moments, the physician withdrew his cock. He turned to Amy, and said, "Now you, my dear... on the table."

Amy shuddered inwardly but she stepped forward. The physician indicated a place on one side of the long table, above the other woman's bright red hair. Amy turned her back to the table edge and raised herself to sit upon its cool surface.

"No, no, no. Climb up. Kneel back and spread your knees wide."

Amy did as she was bid, feeling anxious and apprehensive. He pressed his left hand against her belly and tapped it with his right forefinger, continuing like this for some time, repeatedly moving his hand and pressing and tapping again. Her right flank and thigh felt the heat from the small brazier set on the side table nearby.

"When did you bleed last?"

"Seven weeks ago."

"Master. You must call me Master."

He continued to palpate her belly. Then he leaned to peer at her sex, opening her with his bony thumbs, pressing to either side to separate the puffy lips and peer at the flesh and nubbin beneath. Then he thrust two fingers into her cunt, feeling against the ridged front wall of her vaginal canal. After some moments, he nodded and withdrew his hand, wiping it on a towel. "You are with child," he said.

"Yes, Master."

He took a pair of pliers and a small wooden box from the small side table. Amy winced in fear as he raised the pliers to her right breast, but he carefully snipped the barbed end from the hook shank and pulled it free from her nipple, tossing the copper medallion into a steel bowl. After inspecting the site of the piercing and rubbing in a salve of some kind, he replaced the fish hook with a split steel ring taken from the wooden box, forcing it through the narrow hold in her teat. He then took a slender red-hot iron from the brazier and carefully welded the steel together. Amy gasped, feeling the heat of the iron and scarcely daring to move. The ring was about 3/4 inch in diameter and of a heavy gauge. The physician grunted with satisfaction, and then similarly attended to the Amy's left nipple. She glanced to the bowl, and saw that it now contained six medallions. He had obviously also ringed the redhead and the preceding woman.

Amy bit her lip. She was glad that her nipples were rid of the barbaric fish hooks and tags, but it hadn't occurred to her that they would be permanently replaced by steel rings. It seemed her captors intended that she be forever marked as a slave. The heavy gauge rings distended her nipples, which had begun to throb, but there was no pain.

The old physician hefted her breasts, testing their tone. He then reached for a large cup from the table and offered it to Amy's lips. "Take a sip," he said.

Amy was apprehensive, but it seemed that it was just milk, probably from a goat. He ran his other hand over her shoulders and arms, pressing and watching her reactions for signs of tenderness. The physician tilted the cup further, tipping it until milk spilled down Amy's chin and over her chest, coursing in rivulets between and over her breasts. She sucked in her breath as the cool milk tickled down to her belly and over her sex lips, which had remained agape. When she glanced down, there was a pool of milk under the apex of her thighs. The physician smiled and placed the half-empty cup to one side. He then stooped to put his head down to Amy's belly, lapping at the milk, before licking up to her breasts, and

then sucking the nipples of each in his toothless mouth.

“Cup your breasts in your hands for me,” he ordered.

Amy obeyed, kneeling ramrod straight, as the old man suckled on each of her nipples. She gave a start when she felt his fingers between her legs, manipulating her clitoris until it stood hard. This old physician’s examination techniques were certainly different from anything she had ever encountered before.

He picked up the bowl again and tipped it so that a trickle of the white milk ran over her right breast and he again lapped at her erect nipple with its new steel ring. The milk trickled over her hand as she cupped it under the full breast, and he took the entire teat into his mouth, steel ring and all. His toothless gums were hard on her flesh. She imagined herself lactating, suckling, and it sent a tremor through her body. He stroked her inner thighs as he sucked at her nipples and, despite her revulsion, she could feel the seed of hot lust in her belly beginning to smoulder.

The physician sighed and nuzzled his head above Amy’s breasts, directly over her heart, listening. At the same time, the physician was looking down and tipping the milk exactly at the apex of her newly-shaved and slightly parted sex lips and, as he did so, the finger of his other hand pushed back the hood of her clitoris.

“Breathe deeply,” he said, but it was an unnecessary command, for her breathing had already become heavy.

His head slithered down her belly and he dabbed his tongue very precisely at the tip of her throbbing bud. She murmured and involuntarily pushed her hips forward.

“Turn round and kneel forward,” he said.

Amy glanced down. Amazingly, the old physician’s cock, so recently discharged in side the redhead, was upright and thrusting again. Amy bit her lip but did as she was bade, twisting her body and stretching forward on hands and knees, her heart thumping. She shivered when he reached under her body with both hands, one pressing flat against her belly before stretching extending further to cup her left breast, squeezing the sticky nipple. His other hand then checked her legs, starting at the thighs, working slowly down over her calves, pausing to encircle her ankles in turn. All the time his fingers were wriggling inside her, eliciting little tremors that shot through her body. He tested her feet, stroking his finger down the centre of the soles and making her squirm.

His fingers then delved into her cunt, parting the full lips, pulling at first one and then the other. Then he dipped two fingers into the mug of milk and Amy groaned audibly when he pushed them up inside her.

Then, to her surprise and disappointment, he suddenly left her panting on the table. She waited as he moved away, not daring to move. However, she peeked to the side when the redhead suddenly stirred and moaned. The physician had moved behind the woman, who sighed deeply as his cock sank into her pussy.

“Squeeze and then relax your cunt muscles hard around my cock, and grunt each time,” the physician ordered the redhead. The woman grunted, once, twice, three times. “More!” She grunted again. “That’s better. I’ll do my damndest to get you knocked up.”

Amy buried her head against her arms as she heard the redhead grunting and moaning. It seemed that the physician had used her to raise his libido in order to fuck the redhead. This was the strangest medical man she had ever encountered. It seemed that if a woman wasn’t pregnant, then he would take direct action to address the shortfall. The redhead squirmed and squealed as the old man fucked her. Amy closed her eyes, feeling her own frustrated heat pulsing through her body. She could hear the physician grunting with every thrust, and each time it was accompanied by a liquid, sucking sound. When the redhead climaxed her fingers clawed at the table top, and she cried, “Yes. Yes. Yes.”

The physician drew back. He suddenly looked weary and tired as he unknotted the smock and allowed it to fall round his knees.

“Abdul, they are both hale and hearty, but this one” – he paused to slap the redhead’s arse with a resounding crack – “isn’t pregnant yet. We’ll need to keep her back a month or more.”

Still kneeling forward on the table, Amy peered back under her arm and saw a black eunuch standing in the corner of the room beside a wall. She hadn’t heard him enter, but he was now moving towards her.

“And this one?” he asked, stroking Amy’s arse.

“Aye, she’s expecting alright. You can sell her tomorrow. I shall give her a draught. “

Sold tomorrow? Amy was pulled round to sit on the edge of the table. The physician offered a small thimble cup to her lips. She drank the liquid it contained, gulping at the foul taste.

“I hope for your sake that aren’t many of the others who aren’t carrying a child, effendi,” the eunuch said, pulling .

“Aye, we need to get more entire males around this place,” the physician said, wearily rubbing a hand over his thin hair. “It’s a hard job I’ve got, and that’s a fact.”

## Chapter Thirty-one

*Amy is prepared for sale*

Amy was dozing. The draft administered by the old physician had made her pleasantly drowsy. So it surprised her when a feather-light touch flicked around her halo of her right nipple. Looking down, she saw that a wizened and naked old crone was kneeling beside her with a small, pointed brush in her hand.

"Keep still now," the old woman whispered. "I'm going to make you look beautiful for your sale." There were three pots on the floor beside the hag's scrawny knees and she dipped the brush into one of these. It emerged glistening with a deep vermilion paint, and the woman carefully applied this to the areola of Amy's breasts.

"Are there no male slaves here?" Amy asked sleepily, thinking of Dan.

"Yes, but they have separate quarters," she said. "Some are in the hospital, recovering from the operation."

"Operation?"

"They usually cut off their appendages," the crone said matter-of-factly, dipping her brush into one of the pots.

"My God!" Amy said.

"They have a good life," the woman said with a shrug, examining her brush critically. "Look at the eunuchs in this place..."

'Poor Dan!' Amy thought.

The woman applied herself to her task again. Her tongue peeped beyond her thin lips in concentration as she expertly worked scarlet unguent around the gleaming new rings that now pierced the fat nipples.

Amy looked down at her breasts. As the paint dried, she could feel her nipples constricting, and yet it made them even more turgid and prominent. The woman cleansed the brush on a rag and then dipped it into one of the other pots. Amy saw the dusky blue hue of the paint as the brush tip lowered to her eyelid. She shut her eyes. The woman worked in short, quick strokes, covering the lids. She then thickened Amy's lashes in black kohl. After that, the old woman cleaned her brushes and collected her pots, moving without another word to the next slave.

There was a short respite and Amy drifted into a pleasant, languorous sleep again. She awoke with a start, surprised to find herself mewling in a low purr, and realised that her sex lips were being purposefully patted and stroked. She looked up drowsily and saw a naked male slave squatting beside her. 'Glory be! He is entire,' she thought. The large sac of his balls dangled beneath a strongly erect cock, and the slave was purposefully manipulating her clitoris, making it hard, fully awakening her sex. Amy smiled and twisted over, ready, happy and eager to receive him. However, the slave, despite his erect cock, appeared to have other things on his mind.

He had a small wicker basket beside him, laden with what appeared to be eggs of assorted sizes, some as large as a chicken's egg, some smaller, some larger, but all glossy and luridly coloured in swirling shades of lavender, purple and green. Amy squirmed slightly and widened her legs, surrendering her sexual delta to the man's expert touch. He concentrated on the job at hand and did not look at her face. It seemed like a procedure rather than a prelude to fucking. Yet this was not an impersonal medical examination conducted by a dispassionate physician. The slave's touch was unmistakably lascivious, and his cock was erect, thrusting up from between his legs as he squatted, showing that the work aroused him too. His fingers firstly entered her vagina. Amy moaned. He inserted two, three, and then four fingers, stretching the moist flesh. After a minute or so, apparently satisfied, he then probed the small eye of Amy's arse, opening it and pushing two fingers into the velvet sheath (thoroughly trained and tamed aboard the Shaytan, her anus opened easily and readily now). When he withdrew his fingers from the small dark hole, it dragged against the velvet flesh, and it seemed to pull through the very centre of her body, right up to her throat. The slaver then took her feet, one in each hand, and applied pressure to bend her knees, before pressing the soles together, opening her fully, much as she had experienced on the Shaytan. She remained thus, fully exposed, her thighs and hips

protesting.

Amy watched, like a rabbit confronted by a python, as the slaver carefully selected one of the strange eggs from his basket. He held it between his finger and thumb at either end of the oval, inspecting it. Amy watched, wide-eyed. The object seemed large, almost the size of a duck egg.

“Don’t worry, this will heighten your lust,” he said

He reached with his other hand to spread Amy’s cunt lips, briefly reamed her hole again, and then pushed the egg inside her. She gasped. Her well-trained and hungry vagina tightened around the egg as the slaver’s finger bedded it firmly against the mouth of her womb. She groaned. The sleeve of her sex was lined with an icy coating wherever the object had touched and yet small tendrils of heat began to seep from this inner flesh. The large alien object was slick, soft and yielding, yet it seemed to fill her.

“Soon you will be panting for sex,” the male slave said, noting her reaction

Amy closed her eyes against the heat already building inside her belly. However, the slave did not wait for any response from her. Instead, he grasped her two feet in one large hand, and raised them, lifting her buttocks. With his other hand, he took another egg, somewhat smaller, perhaps the size of a quail’s egg, and unceremoniously pushed it up her arse. His long forefinger thrust up to the fist knuckle as it pushed the egg up inside her, leaving a trail of cold heat. The slave then released her feet and pulled her legs straight, collected up his basket, and moved away, leaving Amy with tears of need welling in her eyes.



## Chapter Thirty-two

Twenty-nine perfumed and exotically painted naked female slaves were ushered into the courtyard of the barro. Four of the women, including the redhead, had been left behind, presumably in an effort to get them impregnated before their sale. The virgin, her chastity belt polished and sparkling, was there however. There was also a woman from another group.

The sun was hot on Amy's oiled skin as she nervously stepped into the harsh afternoon sun light. Also, her body was tingling from the subtle manipulation of slavers and attendants that had kept her teetering on the brink of orgasm for the past two hours. She could feel the objects inside her. It was making her burn for sex, and she knew that the other women were feeling the same. She had heard their lascivious moans in the preparation room. Even in the fresh air of the courtyard, there was an unmistakable aroma of female sex juices.

"Form a line," a black eunuch shrieked. "Form a line."

The woman obeyed. Amy stood next to the girl who had been a novice nun before her capture. Now, with her flesh gleaming with oil, her ringed nipples tinted, her pretty blue eyes outlined with black kohl, she looked like a painted whore. The other women presented similar pictures. Their bellies, although nicely rounded, were not yet distended by the still tiny embryos they were carrying. Amy knew that it was the same for her. She hadn't seen a mirror in the barro, and could only gauge her own appearance by looking at the other slaves.

"My God, I need a man inside me," the ex-nun whispered to Amy.

Amy smiled weakly but made no response.

"No talking!" a eunuch squeaked, warming the girl's arse with a strap and making her squeal.

Suliman, the Head Slaver, stepped out into the sunlight and walked along the line of women, inspecting them critically. He nodded his satisfaction and then spoke to the group.

"Every one of you must perform well for the buyers and and achieve your reserve price at the auction. You will be whipped within an inch of your life if you are returned here." He approached the woman who had been added to the group, placing his black finger under her chin. "Isn't that so, girl?"

"Yes, Master," the woman whispered with a shudder.

He toyed with her engorged nipple. "You have learned your lesson and will perform well today?"

"Yes, Master."

At that moment, two male slaves were ushered from building on the other side of the barro and lined up opposite the women. They too were naked and oiled. Amy looked across and saw Dan blinking back at her as he became accustomed to the harsh sunlight. She tried to smile, both in greetings and encouragement. His face had been painted with a golden lacquer. It was as if he was wearing an exotic mask. Like the male slave beside him (Amy had not seen this man before) Dan's large cock was impressively erect and there was a gleaming metal band about its base. A wave of relief swept over Amy, for she could see that the sac of Dan's balls was still intact beneath his cock. A black eunuch prodded Dan and the other slave, and they were ushered to stand into the line of women. Dan was pushed into the row to stand beside Amy.

"They are going to sell you too?" she whispered.

"So it seems," he said grimly.

"Silence!"

The wicket gate in the massive timbered gates opened, and a large group of men entered, each ducking under the low gate, escorted by a pair of guards. The men were clothed in short tunics that exposed muscular thighs. A eunuch cracked a whip, and the men quietly lined up opposite the women, forming two files facing each other.

'Yet more slaves!' Amy thought. It was becoming evident to her that slavery was endemic in that place and time.

Unlike Dan, most of these men did not wear cosmetics on their faces, although a few were painted, as if a woman. They stood in a row, and the man opposite Amy silently eyed her body, licking his lips.

"Strip!" a eunuch ordered.

The newly-arrived male slaves removed their tunics, which were swiftly gathered up by a black

attendant. The newcomers all had limp and flaccid cocks, but every one was large and impressive. The man directly opposite Amy had a golden ring piercing the base of his organ. He smiled and licked his lips again when he saw Amy staring at it, and she quickly averted her eyes, embarrassed.

“Join your brides,” Sulieman ordered.

Brides? The male slaves immediately stepped forward, and Amy found herself looking directly at the man. He was big, almost a giant, well over six and a half feet tall and with broad shoulders and impressive muscles, yet his handsome features wore the make-up usually associated with a young girl. He smiled and winked. Amy looked down shyly but, in so doing, found her gaze again fixed on his pierced and magnificent cock. The egg-like objects inside her seemed to move and turn in her copious juices. She glanced to her left, where Dan stood facing a lean and limber swarthy man with gold rings in his nipples.

“Arouse your partners,” Sulieman demanded. “Quickly!”

Amy hesitated, uncertain of what was required. She glanced along the line. One woman reached to fondle the cock of the man directly adjacent to her. Another stepped forward and pressed her breasts against a fellow’s chest. The swarthy man had taken hold of Dan’s already erect cock and he eased the foreskin further back and delicately stroked its exposed plum. Amy looked up at Dan and saw him close his eyes, whether in shame or pleasure, she could not tell. Then she gave a start, for the slave facing her had taken hold of her hand and gently placed it on his limp organ. She looked up at him, and he smiled encouragement and nodded. Her small hand closed around the thick, flaccid flesh and squeezed slightly. The effect was almost instantaneous, and she felt it twitch. It was long, perhaps 10 inches, and its girth grew perceptibly in her grasp. The slave’s hand was on her shoulder now, pressing down, and his meaning was clear. Amy sank to her knees in the sand, still holding the man’s pierced cock. She was aware that similar scenes were being enacted all along the line, and from the corner of her eye she could see the ex-nun greedily sucking at Dan’s testicles.

The giant slave reached for Amy’s face and tilted it upward slightly, making sure they had eye contact as she licked the cock head. He grinned as Amy worked her tongue in lapping movements over, under and across the cock glans. The cock quickly grew massively erect, making the shaft tight against the large ring threaded through its base. She continued to suckle on just the head of his cock, making good suction with her hot mouth and lapping her tongue against it. Her eyes feasted on the sight of the magnificent organ. Now that it was fully erect, a prominent blue vein coursed along the shaft, and the girth seemed to flare at the base where the beaded ring had been threaded.

“Quickly now!” Suleiman shouted.

Amy paused. What else did the chief eunuch women want them to do? She glanced to the side, seeing Dan on his knees, sucking the cock of the swarthy man, who was holding him by both ears.

A whip cracked, making Amy flinch. She got back to sucking with purpose, bobbing her head up and down on the cock in quick, tight strokes. The slave’s body was tensing and flexing as she worked. Remembering her lessons on board the Shaytan, after a moment’s pause to relax the muscles in her throat, Amy eased forward and took the massive cock fully into her mouth. Although gagging when the shaft entered her throat, she reached round to grip the taut cheeks of his arse and made certain that her nose nestled against his smooth belly, inhaling his musk. She remained thus for a long minute. Her lungs were aching for air and her eyes were watering when she withdrew. She smiled up at him and wrapped her small hand around his shaft and rubbed the head all over her mouth, covering it with saliva, slapping it gently against her tongue and tasting a drop of little precum. The slave smiled and gently pushed her back.

“It’s enough for now,” he said.

Amy nodded and eased back on her heels, still holding the large cock in both hands. She looked round and saw that Dan, standing now, was staring down at her as if in incrimination, even though the swarthy man was licking along the length of his cock, his pink tongue caressing its underside. Amy glowered and leaned forward, placing a light kiss on the very extremity of the giant slave’s cock, greedily licking at another drop of precum that glistened in its eye. Then she looked back defiantly at Dan, who looked away.

Suleiman clapped his hands. “Time to go,” he called, walking up and down the line, checking the status of the men’s cocks.

The man leaned forward to help Amy climb to her feet. When she made to release his cock, he shook his head and grasped her hand. Looking at the other women in the line, she saw that they too were each holding an erect cock. Dan too held the swarthy slave's cock in his hand.

The heavy double timbered gates were thrown open. Amy could now see the thronged marketplace. It looked to her that there were hundreds of people there. Although there was the same clamour of assorted stall holders, most of the people seemed to be gathered around the raised paved area of the slave market.

"Perform well!" Suleiman called, stepping forward.

Whips cracked and the line began to move. The virgin was at the head of the line again, alone, and Suleiman held the leash that was attached to her chastity belt. The other women were each paired with a male slave, including the virgin twins. Each woman grasped the erect cock of the man beside her, and the first pair stepped forward out of the gates. There was a rustle of excitement outside, and ripple of applause. She saw Dan step out into the large square, his penis upstanding, and he stooped slightly to keep hold of the swarthy man's penis.

The giant slave stroked Amy's bottom and then cupped her buttock in his palm. Amy realised in some shock that she was required to walk to the auction block holding the slave's erect cock, and she found herself gripping the thick shaft tightly, as if hanging on for dear life. She hesitated, seemingly unable to move, but the slave lifted her bottom in his hand to push her forward, and she had no choice but to step out into the marketplace. The crowd opened up to form a corridor as the procession of naked slaves moved forward. The objects inside Amy's belly moved with her every step, sending tremors of passion and need through her body, catching at her throat, and making her nipples throb. As she walked, her hand eased the silky skin of the slave's cock back and forth, and she could feel the thick vein throbbing powerfully.

The raised area of the slave market had been transformed with scarlet drapes at the rear and a huge gold-coloured awning, supported on stout poles. Carpets had been laid on the paving, and plump cushions too, all in hues of crimson and gold. A white-robed man, presumably the auctioneer, was haranguing the crowd like a fairground barker.

The male slave squeezed Amy's buttock in encouragement whenever she faltered. Her breasts, full with the early bloom of childbearing, moved fluidly with each step, and although pierced by the heavy gauge rings, they seemed lighter now that the hated hooks and medallions had been removed. Her heart was pounding and blood rushed through her veins as she grasped the large cock and walked steadily forward through the gawping mass. She had never experienced such exquisite humiliation in her entire life, even allowing for the degradation of the slave ship.

They were led behind the crimson drapes at the rear of the raised paved area. A two meter corridor had been left between the curtains and the high stone wall that was directly behind. Black eunuchs were waiting, and they had obviously been preparing for some time. The paving there had been covered in mats and carpets, like the slave block itself, and there were a couple of tables laden with fruit and water.

Suleiman ordered parted the curtains slightly and peered out at the crowd hemming them in on three sides. After a minute or so he turned away, leaving a small gap in the drapes. "Keep your partners warm," he called. "The crowd is waiting to see hot flesh."

Amy was uncertain what the slaver had meant. However, the giant slave turned her towards him and pressed her breasts against his chest. His other hand reached to the juncture of her legs, stroking her pussy lips, parting them, and finding the already engorged nubbin there, teasing it out even further. She was momentarily shocked but found herself easing into his touch, desperate to assuage the animal need that raged inside her. She could hear the auctioneer beginning to harangue the crowd, but her main focus was on the male slave. Her right knee slowly raised above waist level, her foot coursing up his leg, and then she crooked her ankle behind his thigh as he pinched and teased her clitoris.

Dan, standing to Amy's right, was similarly engaged, although lacking initiative and probably terrified by the impending sale. The swarthy man, though, was lavishing long, languorous licks along Dan's cock. On Amy's left, the ex-nun was already panting like a bitch in heat and shamelessly rubbing the purple plum-like glans of her partner's cock against her pussy. This did not shock Amy, for the male slave was fondling her to distraction, and she longed to get his massive cock inside her. Following the lead of the girl alongside, she rubbed the cock head along the lips of her cunt, and then eased it beneath to

the hungry mouth of her vagina. The male slave smiled and pulled back, shaking his head. She gulped and looked down, embarrassed.

Amy glanced at the small gap in the curtains that had been inadvertently left open by the slaver. The crowd were clamouring for action, and the auctioneer was skilfully building up their anticipation. The object again shifted inside her belly, despatching an icy network of fine fiery filaments of lust to tingle every nerve end of her body. 'My God, will this torment never end?' she thought to herself, squirming helplessly. The slave seemed to sense her anguish and he pinched the pushed out pulsing knot of her clitoris, making her whimper aloud, as if a lost soul. She could feel the juices welling in her cunt and seeping out, hot, sticky and fragrant onto his fingers. Furthermore, the small egg in her anus was burning insistently, seeming to move higher inside her, working its own fiendish counter-magic against the icy-heat that nuzzled against her womb, making her tremble with strange and hitherto unknown delights.

'They send their slave women to the sales block begging and panting for a cock.' Amy recalled hearing that said among the women in the hold. It was true, she now knew. She clasped hard to the male slave, pressing her need against him and wanking his cock so that the tip rubbed against her belly. Her other hand went round his neck, pulling her face to his and ravishing his lips. He drew back after a couple of seconds.

"Steady," the giant whispered, stroking her hair, "you have a long time to go yet."

Amy could only reply with a whimper of deep frustration.

## Chapter Thirty-three

*Amy's slave heat is raised for the sales block*

There was a cheer from the crowd. Amy peeked through the curtain and saw that the virgin had been led out to face the crowd. The auctioneer extolled her virtues and removed her steel belt, allowing it to fall to the carpet. She walked well, from the little that Amy could see of her as she passed back and forth across the line of sight afforded by the chink in the curtain. Amy knew that, although the girl was technically still a virgin, her arse had been plundered daily and she had been made to suck enough cocks to last most women a lifetime. The sale was swiftly concluded, and the girl was led off to the right.

‘So that’s it?’ Many thought, almost disappointed. ‘So quick and mundane.’

Now both of the twins were led onto the block, each clutching the erect cock of her partner. Amy watched, fascinated, as the girls were ordered to kneel on all fours, facing each other, sideways to the crowd. The girls knelt on all fours, spreading their legs, squirming their hips when the male slaves nudged their erect cock between their buttocks. Then, without haste, the men began to fuck the girls’ arses, mirroring each other. This was obviously the spectacle that the crowd had been waiting for, for they yelled and shouted encouragement to the rutting pairs. The auctioneer stood above them, occasionally prodding with his whip, urging them to greater efforts.

Amy gasped. “They surely don’t want us to...” she began. The giant slave turned and glanced through the gap in the curtains. The girl was clutching and clawing at the carpet as the slave humped her arse. “I couldn’t possibly...” Amy said.

The slave smiled and tweaked her clitoris again, and this time his finger snaked up inside her, lifting her high on her toes. “You will,” he said softly as she groaned and melted into his touch.

The crowd were chanting now.

“What are they doing?” the ex-nun alongside Amy asked.

“The two slaves are arse-fucking the twins.”

“What, out there? My God, how divine,” the girl breathed, seeming about to swoon.

Amy glanced through the curtains again. The male slave’s oiled arse was thrusting back and forth rapidly, and the girl beneath him was panting, her head hanging between her straight arms. One of the male slaves on the twins let out a loud moan to announce his orgasm, and the crowd cheered.

“Simply divine!” the girl repeated hearing the sounds, and stooping to kiss the end of her partner’s cock. “I can’t wait.”

Amy looked to the other side of her, where Dan was being fondled by the swarthy man. Dan’s face was covered in gold paint but, she knew, that beneath it he would be pale and wan beneath it. He seemed somehow aware of Amy’s gaze and glanced at her. However, precisely at that moment, Amy shuddered as the giant slave worked his finger in her cunt, probing into the very epicentre of the ice-fire there, stoking it further, and making her almost faint with pleasure.

The auctioneer was calling: “The next two slaves for sale then, these lovely young twin wenches, new to their bondage, hailing from the Northern climes. They are both certified virgins. What am I bid. Fine specimens, just 20 years old and in full breeding fettle, maybe throwing twins, for all we know.”

Amy paused in the throes of her passion and peeked through the gap in the curtains. The girl was standing on a raised wooden dais, her flesh glistening with sweat and oil as she faced the buyers.

## Chapter Thirty-four

### *On the block*

Amy peered through the narrow gap in the curtains and watched with bated breath as Dan stood on the sales dais.

“Any more bids?,” the auctioneer was calling as he grasped Dan by the arm. “A fine male slave, certified fertile. Use him as you wish, either as a sodomite, or as a pleasure slave for the ladies, or as a breeder...”

The slave auction had been a long-winded affair. It seemed to be scheduled to go on through afternoon and into the evening, with each slave taking half an hour or more to sell. It was therefore unsurprising that fruit and water had been provided for the slaves who waited behind the backdrop of the auction block.

Dan was breathing heavily, for his session on hands and knees with the swarthy man had been arduous, to say the least. As the man fucked Dan, he had reached to grasp Dan’s cock and wanked him until white arcs of viscous cum spurted onto the red carpet. Dan had cooperated fully, even enthusiastically, as the slave reamed his arse, but then, Amy supposed, he had little choice if he wanted to keep his balls. Now his head hung as the auctioneer called for final bids.

“Done!” the auctioneer exclaimed, and Dan was hustled from the block.

“Dan has been sold!” Amy thought desperately. She realised that she Amy never see her husband again, and despite the travails of the past few weeks, it made her suddenly feel inordinately sad.

However, there was no time to dwell on this further, for a the giant male slave was leading her out onto the carpeted sales block. She blinked into the bright yellow-orange sun that was just dipping beneath the fringe of the awning that covered the area. The giant motioned her to the carpet, and she lay down, avoiding the patches where Dan’s cum had landed. As she lay on her back and looked up at the striped awning, she could hear the occasional call from the crowd but they seemed somewhat sated now, having already witnessed half a dozen couplings of one kind and another. Surely, there are only so many variations on a theme?

The male slave knelt between her legs and patted her thighs, and her knees seems to fall aside and spread widely of their own volition. He smiled before he lowered his head. His tongue rasped along her pussy lips and drew a long sigh out of her body, right from the very seat her womanhood. His tongue pushed into her and lapped at her juices. She moaned and raised her hips. There were more calls from the crowd. They were in no mood for prolonged foreplay. The giant was unhurried however as the fingers of one large hand spread and held her sex lips wide before pressing the knuckles of his other hand against her entire sexual delta as if seeking entry for his whole fist. Amy felt his knuckles press against the ultra hard pip of her clitoris, and she moaned, willing her legs to stretch even wider apart. Again the crowd yelled for more action, but the slave lowered his head and darted his tongue deep into Amy’s gaping and sodden cunt. Her body jerked and she let out a squeal of sheer debauched pleasure.

“My God!” she gasped, her legs kicking and her fingers entangling in his long hair to press his face to her cunt.

He was obviously an expert at arousing women to slaving states of carnal need. Presumably, it was why he was used for such unseemly exhibitions. Even as the male slave skilfully played with her body, the rational, modern woman in Amy realised that this was merely his job. Now though, stretched on her back in front of a baying crowd, helplessly subjected to the giant’s incredible sexual wiles, her slave heat had reduced her to a slaving beast. So much for the modern woman!

His middle finger moved very slowly into her pussy, and then out again. Then he laid that finger along the groove of her sex with it’s pad resting on the tip of her clitoris.

“Reach down with both hands and mould your cunt lips round my finger,” he ordered.

Amy obeyed. Then she moved her hips wantonly, up an down, pressing against the finger, groaning at the shots of intense pleasure that slithered from her clitoris like so many writhing eels.

The auctioneer towered above them, and he prodded the giant with the butt of his whip. “Get on with it,” he ordered.

The man glanced up at the man. "She isn't yet ready, Master," he said. "The egg is still intact, but it's very near to rupturing."

'Not yet ready?' Amy thought desperately, writhing on the carpet. Her whole body was alive and tingling, and she was desperate for him to fuck her. 'How much more ready can I be?'

"Break it," the auctioneer said. "Get her fucked and be done with."

Without further ado, the slave pushed his large forefinger into Amy's vagina, pushing high, where the object was simmering and shifting inside her at the very mouth of her womb. He pressed hard and something seemed to explode within her belly, a bomb of pleasure, instantly releasing a swarm of icy-hot filaments which flowed outwards like an unstoppable tide, down to wreak havoc in her cunt and anus, and up over her belly, to her breasts, flushing her chest and neck, and seeming to take over mind. She could hear herself crying out, not in pain, but in the throes of the most exquisite, passionate hunger that she had ever known.

"I've punctured the egg," the giant slave told the auctioneer. "It would have been better to allow it to dissolve in its own time. I'll leave the one in her arse..."

"Just fuck her hard while she's begging for it," the auctioneer said.

"Yes, yes," Amy gasped, beside herself and scrambling to comply as the giant turned her onto her belly. She raised herself on hands and knees, unashamedly presenting her arse. Her breasts hung heavy and pendent beneath her. She pushed out the wanton peach of her sex, which now seemed to hang heavy between her thighs. She strained to split lips of her cunt and offer herself. Yet still the giant took his time. He oiled her cunt and bottom simultaneously with her own free-flowing juices, his large hand working round the mound, over her clitoris, up and down beside the engorged petals of her sex, and then brushing over her anus. Amy whimpered and moaned, gyrating her arse, lowering her breasts to the carpet and scraping her nipples against the rough pile. Eventually, after what seemed like an age, the massive cock slid into her cunt and she threw back her head and groaned, "Oh Yes! Yes, yes, yes... That's it."

The magnificent cock filled her, its head churning the seething tendrils that seemed to be swarming from the mouth of her womb. She rocked back and forth in counterpoint to each thrust, and screeched when the slave reached round to tweak her clitoris again. This went on for some minutes, until Amy found herself turned onto her back with her legs kicking high until he pinioned her ankles over his shoulders and doubled her over. She scratched and clawed at his back like a wildcat, and he laughed as he hammered his cock into her. Amy was still screaming for more when the slave grunted and pumped wads of cum into her pussy. He withdrew and rolled away from her.

"Get up!" the auctioneer ordered.

Amy rose to her feet on shaking knees. She couldn't quite comprehend the astonishing desires and primal need that had been visited upon her. The animal lusts, she knew, were engendered by the strange egg-like objects the slavers had inserted into her body. Yet they had taken her completely by surprise, and even now her sex juices were dripping on the carpet.

"On the block!"

She moved unsteadily and mounted the low wooden dais. From the moment she had been led onto the stage, she had not really looked at the crowd. Now her eyes scanned the audience from that elevated vantage point, and she was taken aback at the sheer numbers. Every face she could see was gazing towards her. A knot formed in her belly. At that precise moment, the egg implanted in her anus seemed to convulse, and a waves of heat flooded through her belly. "Oh!" Amy gasped, unable to contain herself.

The auctioneer cast a curious glance at her as he began to address the buyers: "Now, what am I offered for this horny young wench? She was captured in the Indies. This woman is 24 years old, born to fuck and breed. Buy two for the price of one... she is already carrying a child, although we can't guarantee its colour. She will produce many healthy offspring in the years to come, if that is your aim."

The bidding commenced slowly at first and then gathered pace. Amy, the modern young career woman, a respected naval historian in her own time and place, stood naked on the sales block, her sex juices dripping and the heat still burning in her belly. She knew that her new life of slavery in that strange world was only just beginning.

**THE END**