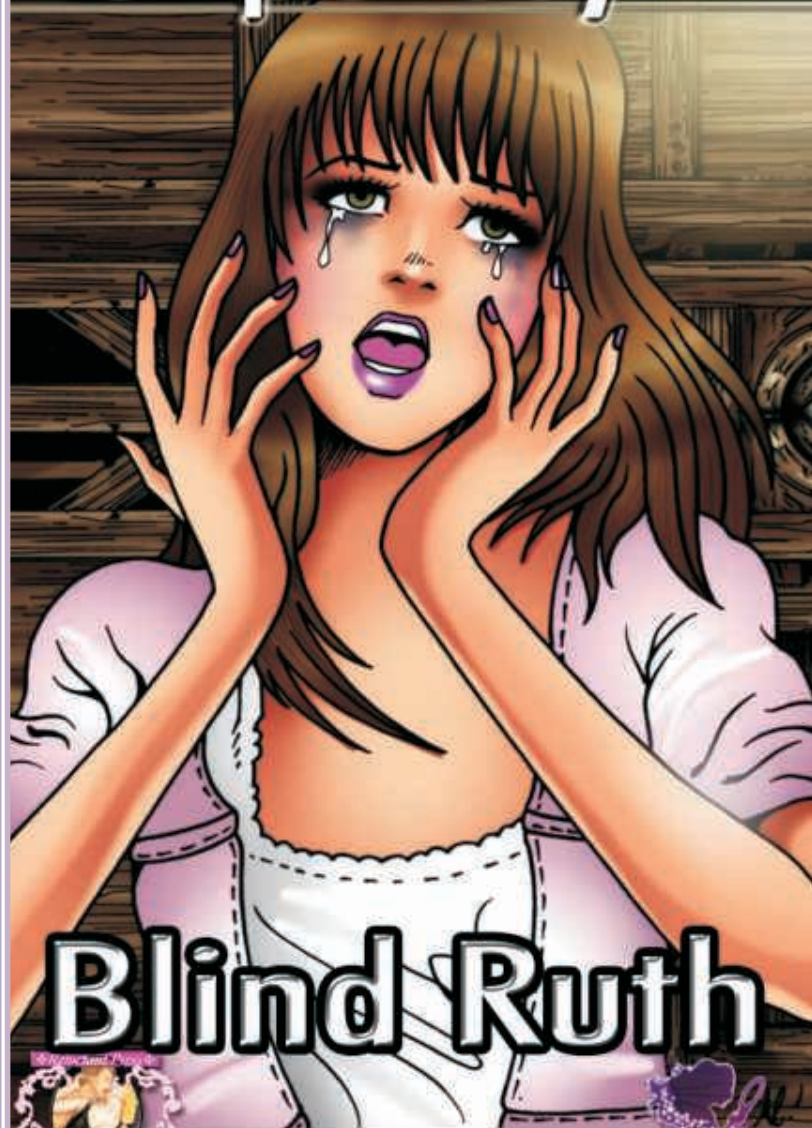


Ship's Lady 2



Blind Ruth

A "New Woman" Novel



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SHIP'S LADY 2

BY BLIND RUTH

PREVIOUSLY

Sir Edmund Cummings has found the treasure map of the legendary French pirate Jacques Le Blonde and decides to find it where his ancestors failed. His nephew Julian is part of the crew on the old sailing ship 'Bulwark'. However he is soon to become the "Ships Lady" and as Julia finds out what all that entails he/she is soon fitted out with pretty dresses and entertain the randy crew in her boudoir/cabin. Other amorous adventures follow and Julia is soon involved in the overthrowing the Generalissimo of the Pago Pago islands and his mistress. That was where we stopped read on for further adventures of our amorous heroine Julia.

PART 2; VOYAGE OF ADVENTURE STOWAWAY

For Julia it was good to be home as she regarded the Bulwark. Many questions were asked of her about her adventures with the Generalissimo. Captain Connelly said Chandelle and Raul made a good couple. Julia corrected him, saying Chandelle had done it for revenge of the Generalissimo killing her lesbian lover and Raul was involved for the people. Together they overthrew the tyrant. John Bowring was proud of her and she hadn't done Britain any harm in restoring good relations between the two countries.

The two miscreants who had raped Julia were put ashore on a deserted island and left to fend for themselves. The "Bulwark" sailed on to find the treasure of Jacques Le Blonde.

It was not long after the two men had been cast on the deserted island that Julia, as was her custom, was taking her daily stroll on deck for some fresh air. She thought she saw some movement in the part of the ship where she had been viciously raped. Not daring to go back there alone, she sought out a member of the ship's crew. Jed was one of those who had taken part in the infamous gang bang.

"Jed," said Julia, "I could swear I saw something move down there in the food storerooms. Would you look and see?"

"It could just be a rat but I'll have a look anyway."

"It looked bigger than any rat I ever saw."

Jed with a marlinespike in his hand went down the stairs. Julia gingerly followed apprehensively behind. Jed opened doors on one side of the passageway; she did the same on the other. Julia opened one and there in the

gloom was a figure crouching in the far corner. Julia let out a scream. "Jed, Jed."

He quickly approached the figure in a menacing way. "Get up!" he said and aimed a well-timed kick with his boot at the crouching figure.

"Don't hurt me, sir. I come quietly."

As the figure rose, they could see it was a small man or a boy. He was immediately taken to Captain Brendan Connelly.

As he stood before the captain in ragged clothes, Captain Connelly looked at him. "Well, what have you to say for yourself?"

"Sir, I am but a poor boy. I wished to leave Pago Pago for a better life. When I knew your ship was about to sail, I swam in the dark the night before and snuggled myself aboard."

"I see. Well, this ship has no time to turn back to Pago Pago but at the first port we call in, you will be handed over to the authorities. Meanwhile, you will be thrown in the brig till then."

The poor boy flung himself before the captain. "Please no. I will do anything you want me to do on this ship, sir. Don't give me to any authorities." Captain Connelly was not listening and the poor boy was dragged away and put in irons.

Julia, who had been witness to all this, had an idea. "Captain," she said, "what will happen to him once you hand him over to the port authorities?"

"I expect he will be sent back to Pago Pago. Why?"

"I think I could make something of him, Captain."

"Oh, and what would that be?"

“He is small and young and could easily be turned into a ship’s lady. I could do with someone to take a load of work off me. Once he/she knows the business, you could easily find him/her work on other ships!”

“Do you think you could really do it, Julia? I would release him from the brig and put him in your hands.”

“Bring the boy here and let him decide for himself. If he wishes to be female, the die is cast and that is how she will spend the rest of her life.”

The young man was brought back and Captain Connelly put the proposition before him. “It is every likelihood that when I hand you over to the port authorities, you will be sent back to Pago Pago. Julia is offering you a well-paid job and the prospect of full employment but the final decision must be yours.”

Julia added, “Before you make any decision, you have to realise that in time you will lose your penis and become a woman but at least you will have a trade.”

The boy looked at the captain then Julia. There was no future in Pago Pago but to lose his cock was another story. “Can I have time to think about this, please?”

The captain he spoke, “You have 24 hours to decide otherwise I am handing you over at our next port of call.”

The boy was standing before Captain Connelly the following day. “Well,” said Captain Connelly, “have you come to a decision?”

The boy seemed uneasy and moved his feet about. “Well?” said the captain again.

“Yes, I suppose so. I’ve never worn girls clothes before.”

“There’s nothing to it, you’ll love it. What’s your name?” asked Julia.

“Lutfi,” replied the boy.

“Lutfi, Lutfi, eh? Let me see. Lulu, that’s what we will call you. From now on that is your female name,” said Julia.

Julia took the boy’s hand and walked out of the captain’s cabin. “Where are we going?” asked the now Lulu.

“To Dr. Pennington for your medical check-up.”

At the medical room, Julia did all the talking. “Dr. Pennington, this is Lulu the stowaway. I am going to train her to be a ship’s lady. Please give her a check-up. She will become a woman in time so you should put her on hormones as of now, Doctor.”

Dr. Richard Pennington just did that and reported, “Lulu is very fit. You can start her training, Julia.”

THE SHIP’S LADYS APPRENTICE

Julia took Lulu to her cabin/boudoir and addressed her. “Lulu, you can start by having a bath, then we will talc and powder you. But before that, put this depilatory cream on your body. The bath will wash any unsightly hair off.” As Lulu left for the bathroom, Julia lifted the wall phone. “Captain, can you bring a single bed to my room for Lulu?”

Julia then busied herself looking out a dress and underwear for Lulu. Now that Julia had filled out a bit, some of her dresses didn’t fit so well. That done, she proceeded to the bathroom where Lulu was just ascending from the scented bath water. She looked a little cherub, thought Julia, and would be a most desirable ship’s lady. “Come here, darling, to be powdered and perfumed.” Julia then sprinkled honeysuckle talc all over Lulu’s body and with a big powder puff, patted it over Lulu. The light-skinned Lulu smelt delicious. Lulu was led into Julia’s boudoir

where the clothes Julia wanted her to wear this night were all set out.

A black garter belt was put round her waist and clipped there; a pair of honey-coloured nylon stockings were put on her legs and tautly attached to the hanging suspenders. A small black pair of panties was pulled up to her crotch area, then a bra with a pair of medium-sized breast forms in the cups was strapped onto her. A black nylon dress slipped over her body. She was taking shape; a female form was beginning to emerge.

Julia sat Lulu before the dressing table and went to work with powder and makeup. When she finished, a beautiful picture had been painted on Lulu's face. A multi-coloured necklace was placed round her neck and two matching clip-on earrings followed. Julia would see Dr. Pennington about having Lulu's ears pierced tomorrow. An auburn wig was placed on her head and a pair of two-inch heeled shoes went on her stocking feet.

Julia lifted a black leather bag with a rouleau handle and handed it to the new girl. "Come on, Lulu."

"Where are we going?"

"To the mess to show you off to the ship's crew."

"I'm frightened, Julia."

"Frightened? You'll have to stop that if you want to get anywhere as a ship's lady. You have to be friendly with the crew and make yourself available, if you know what I mean."

Lulu found her hand tightly held by Julia who was taking her to the ship's mess to introduce her. All except those on watch were there. A big cheer went up as the pair entered. Julia held her hand up for silence.

"This is Lulu, for lack a better word my apprentice. You will give her the same respect you do me. I expect

nothing less. Lulu, make yourself known to all." Julia need not ask for a drink for soon alcohol was flowing and Lulu found herself surrounded by men.

Captain Connelly commended Julia on the work she had already done on Lulu. "Yes Captain, she will be a real beauty. She is really meant to be a woman. She will be my servant and learn the ropes, so to speak."

Lulu was now the centre of attraction and was enjoying all the attention being paid to her. Maybe being a woman wasn't so bad after all, but then again she would lose her dong. Chung was whispering in Julia's ear that he would have two ship's ladies to fuck every morning.

Julia and Lulu had a merry night and finally made their way back to Julia's boudoir. "Wasn't it fun? Did you enjoy yourself, Lulu?"

"Yes, Mistress Julia, I like being dressed in women's clothes."

Julia opened her lingerie drawer and took out a long pure black satin nightgown. "Come here, you delicious girl." Julia was stripping Lulu of her clothes till she stood naked before her. Holding out the tempting gown, she said, "Feel this, Lulu. Isn't it nice? It will caress you every night."

Julia looked at Lulu's penis. It was standing to attention, showing how much he/she appreciated what was about to be put on her body. Without delay it was quickly slipped over Lulu head and slithered down her shapely frame. "Oh, she does like it," thought Julia thoughts as a damp patch was spreading at the front of the black satin nightgown. Julia wished she could fuck Lulu right now but Dr. Pennington had stitched her penis up so that was not possible. Some other lucky shipmate was going to get that honour.

She would do the next best thing: have Lulu sleep with her tonight even though there was a bed made up for her here in the room. Lulu was led into the double bed and Julia snuggled her close to her and held her tight. The ship's lady and her apprentice fell fast asleep, entangled together.

Morning saw them awakened by Chung serving breakfast and placing a large tray over their close bodies.

"Chung, you are not to touch me or Lulu this morning, do you understand? There will be plenty of other days for your shenanigans but not today."

"Chung see you fuck Lulu lady yourself, then I fuck her tomorrow and you as well. Keep you both happy ladies," he said with a chuckle.

Chung left the boudoir and both women ate their breakfast. As Chung had put it so crudely. Julia did want to fuck Lulu but knew she couldn't. "Lulu, have you ever had sex with a woman or even a man?"

"No, Mistress Julia," she shyly replied.

Lulu would not remain a virgin for long as her member would be buried in Julia's anus. To that end Julia wrapped her fingers round Lulu's shaft and stroked it up and down. It was not long till it was standing stiff. "Do you know where that is going, darling?" asked Julia.

Lulu shook her head; Julia had worked her into a high state of erotic excitement. "It's going here," Julia said, lying on her stomach and offering her backside seductively to Lulu. While Lulu may never have had sex with anyone before, it didn't take her long to figure out that her erection should be placed between the parted lips of Julia's nether regions.

Lulu entered the offered aperture with ease. Lulu's penis slid in to be gripped by Julia's sphincter muscles

which immediately contracted round it and started to milk Lulu's member. Julia had learned a lot since becoming the ship's lady on the Bulwark. It was her job to. All this experience would be passed on to Lulu. Julia just hoped Lulu was paying attention to all that was happening around her.

Lulu was very excited by all that was happening, so much so that she was about to cum. Not for the first time Julia found her anus saturated with the creamy white liquid of love. She clutched Lulu to her, kissed and cuddled her, and promised that Lulu would soon receive the same pleasure.

Both girls showered as it was time to take Lulu back to Dr. Pennington for ear piercing. Once there, the doctor said Lulu would have the same small operation Julia had to conceal her penis. Julia thought she had been fucked just in time otherwise it would be two shemales making love without a working penis between them.

For a number of days Julia worked on Lulu, teaching her everything she knew about makeup and dress sense. Lulu was even present as Julia did her work as a ship's lady and watched Julia's sexual activities with interest. "I hope you are learning, Lulu," Julia would say after a session with some mate.

"Yes, Mistress Julia, I watch you fuck very closely."

"That is good for I am going to hold a party in the next few days where you will have your baptism as a ship's lady. I expect perfection from you and we will look out a really sexy outfit so that the crew won't be able to take their hands off you."

“Oh Mistress,” lulu giggled as her face blushed a deep red. “I hope I don’t let you down.”

“You won’t. I’ll make sure of that.”

Before that day came, Julia was to make love with the man of her life, John Bowring. Lulu had been told to keep quiet and take note of all that happened. If there was one man that Julia would put herself out for, it was John Bowring. She would let him do anything he wanted with her and he usually did.

The party that Julia promised was delayed as the “Bulwark” had hit some really rough sea since she was launched again. Julia was used to bad weather but poor Lulu was flat out in bed, sick as a dog. Julia attended to her. “Don’t worry, kid, you’ll get used to it for this is your life now.”

Soon calmer seas were ahead and Lulu was feeling much better so Julia set the party for that night. A lot of activity took place that afternoon as Julia and Lulu set about tidying the boudoir/cabin, then setting out plates with crisps, sandwiches and plenty of drink. “Isn’t this exciting?” thought Lulu. She was going to be deflowered, by whom she had no idea. That was the thrill. She had watched her Mistress many times now and had a good idea what she wanted to do this night.

Everything set out for both the ship’s lady and her apprentice, it was time to have a shower and sprinkle nice talc powder all over their bodies. What with makeup and perfume to be applied and pretty dresses to be worn, it was all *so* wonderful to Lulu.

Captain Brendan Connelly was the first to arrive and he kissed both women on the cheeks. “I’ve been looking forward to this now that I can relax some after the bad seas of late.”

“You must be exhausted, Captain,” Lulu coyly said.

“Come over here, little girlie.” Captain Connelly patted the seat he was sitting on. As Lulu came towards him, he pulled her on to his lap. She didn’t struggle and put a hand round his neck. Soon they were kissing; Julia had placed a Jamieson’s whiskey on the low small table at his hand. The captain’s hand had already passed the bottom of her shimmering blue skirt and was travelling up her blue stocking leg to giggles from her.

“You naughty man,” said she but was doing nothing to stop him. By now the boudoir was filling up as Julia attended to their guests, handing out drinks and passing plates with all that she and Lulu prepared that afternoon. She felt the occasional hand slide up her own dress but then she was used to that. It was what a ship’s lady was for. To keep the crew happy was her job.

The captain and Lulu had disappeared. Soon Julia herself was on the double bed entertaining a couple of the crew who, one at a time, were depositing their love juice in her anus.

Julia had entertained all in her boudoir so she left the bed, pulled her knickers on, and went to find her apprentice. The captain’s cabin was the first place she looked and there was Lulu flat on her belly with Captain Brendan Connelly up her arse. Another two mates were having their members attended to with Lulu’s hands, both of them sporting stiff erections. Julia couldn’t say anything to her; she was just doing her job and Julia was rather proud of that. Julia shut the door on the happy scene and went back to her work. There was John Bowring just off his shift waiting for her. She took his hand and soon they were in bed together.

The next morning Julia found herself alone in her cabin/boudoir. As usual, Chung came with her breakfast. "Have you seen Lulu this morning, Chung?"

"Yes sure. I just fucked her in the captain's cabin. Now your turn. I said I fuck two lovely ladies every morning." No sooner said than done as Julia found Chung's member up her anus once more. "Oh well, keeps everyone happy, I suppose," thought Julia!?

Lulu had taken some of the workload off Julia which found her more often in John's cabin as Lulu would be using the boudoir for her customers. One day Lulu asked, "You love that man, Mistress. Will you marry him after your operation?"

Julia curtly replied, "He's married, stupid." Lulu knew she should not have asked that question and dropped the subject.

It had annoyed Julia. One night in bed with John after some passionate lovemaking, she asked John, "Do you love me?"

"Of course I do, Julia."

"When I have my operation, will you marry me?" Julia asked, knowing full well he was married to Elizabeth. She wanted him for herself.

John Bowring was in a dilemma; he loved Elizabeth but he also loved Julia. He would marry both if that was possible. What was he to do?

"Divorce her if you really love me," said Julia, putting more pressure on him.

John was in a corner. "It's not as easy as that, Julia. It would break Elizabeth's heart."

“Will it?” she said sarcastically “What do you think it is doing to mine? I want you for myself.”

“I do love you Julia but I also love Elizabeth. I don’t want to break either of your hearts. Do you understand that?”

She didn’t but said no more..There must be some solution to this predicament, thought she.

For some days Julia didn’t visit John Bowring and Lulu found herself getting a hard time from her. Julia occupied herself by spending more time with the crew which pleased them not that Lulu had done a bad job on her own.

PIRATES

“Pirates!” said John Bowring looking through the telescope.

Captain Brendan Connelly was at the wheel on the top deck. “Away with you, John. Stop playing games, you had your fun.”

“Pirates, I tell you Captain. Look for yourself,” John said, handing the telescope to the captain.

Captain Connelly took the telescope. Sure enough, there approaching the “Bulwark” was a ship flying the skull and crossbones. Captain Connelly rubbed his eyes in amazement. The ship came closer and fired two warning shots across the Bulwark’s bow. There was no way they could outrun this ship and it wouldn’t take much to sink the “Bulwark” with the armaments it had.

Soon the pirate ship was alongside them and the “Bulwark” was boarded by some men.

“Who is the captain of this ship?” demanded a yellow-skinned man.

Captain Connelly immediately stepped up. "I am, sir. And who might you be who has captured the Bulwark?"

"Captain Po Sin Hung and I claim this ship for myself."

"What good will that do you, Captain?" asked John Bowring.

"Plenty good for the exploits of your ship seeking of Jacques Le Blonde treasure are known here in the Indian Ocean. I think the will British government pay plenty to see no harm come to their subjects; maybe even more than the treasure you seek. Till then you are all my prisoners."

The "Bulwark" was now secured to the pirate ship, the name of which was Lakhnadon. Suddenly there was a shout as a pirate emerged from below decks. "Look what I've found, Captain," he said, pulling two struggling women with him.

"Women!" shouted the pirate crew.

Captain Po Sin Hung grinned. "We will make good use of them. Put them in my cabin till I decide of what use they will be."

As much as Julia and Lulu tried to wriggle out of the pirates' hands, they were held tight. Lulu spat at her captor. He lifted his hand and slapped her on the face. "That will teach you, spitfire."

Lulu sobbed and Julia consoled her. "This is not the time to fight, kid, save your strength."

They were flung into the captain's cabin and locked in. "Oh Mistress, what will happen to us?" sobbed Lulu.

"I don't know, Lulu. Be prepared for anything for I think these men haven't been near a woman for months." Julia had already suffered one ordeal in Pago Pago with Kami and the Generalissimo. Was she about to have another?

Captain Po Sin Hung having attended to all that was needed aboard the "Bulwark" now came aboard the Lakhnadon. Now he could attend to the "ladies" captured from the Bulwark.

"What be your names, beautiful ladies?"

Julia answered for both. "I am Julia and this is Lulu."

"I see, are you sisters?"

"No," answered Julia.

"Why are you aboard the Bulwark?"

"I am the ship's lady and this is my apprentice, Lulu." Julia had made a mistake revealing what she did aboard the "Bulwark" for Captain Po Sin Hung knew what ship's ladies were all about. He remained silent for a minute stroking his chin and thinking.

"Are you really? And an apprentice? I think we can employ you both and teach your apprentice a few new tricks. Both you ladies can strip before me so I can have a look at your bodies. I suspect that will not be unusual for you."

Julia told Lulu to comply for there was nothing else they could do in this situation. It didn't take Captain Po Sin Hung long to discover their sex once their dresses were off and knickers discarded.

"Interesting, very interesting. The only way you can take the prick is up your arse. You look pretty, Julia and I see you are developing breasts. Do you intend to change sex?" asked the captain. Julia replied in the affirmative. "And what about the little one?" asked Captain Hung pointing at Lulu. She answered yes.

"You're not one hundred percent women but it's a case of any port in a storm as far I and the crew are concerned. That little opening between your bum cheeks will take some pounding this day, I can tell you." Captain

Hung had a good feast for his eyes on the fake pussies of Julia and Lulu. Their pricks were well concealed being stitched in and that pubic hair around the fake pussy seemed so real unless you got close.

“I think it is time to show you to all the crew. Come with me.” Two of the crew fell to either side of Julia and Lulu and followed the captain on deck.

“Men, may I have your attention? We have struck lucky for we have captured a ship’s lady and her apprentice. I am sure you will teach that apprentice many things she knows not. Of course we will treat them well then have our pleasure with them. I am sure you have not seen a woman for a long time. I warn you, they are not what they seem; they are at present men but you wouldn’t think so. You’ll know what I mean once you have them in bed.”

The yellow-skinned men surveyed their captives with anticipation, some even having a feel of their dresses. Julia had some anxiety as to how matters would turn out for she didn’t trust this captain.

Captain Hung put his arm round Julia’s waist and led her away from the crew back to his cabin. “Where is Lulu?” Julia asked.

“Oh, I think she will be well taken care of by my crew,” laughed Captain Hung. Julia looked back to see Lulu surrounded by the crew who were leading her on to the open deck. She was yelling and struggling helplessly in their hands.

“Your crew won’t harm my apprentice, will they?”

“Of course not, as long as she puts up no resistance,” Captain Hung grinned “Now you must pleasure me in my cabin.”

Julia found herself once more in the captain's cabin. Just a bed and mattress competed for space but she had been in worse situations, Julia thought, remembering her ordeals with the Generalissimo and when she was raped.

"Well, get on with it. STRIP NOW!" ordered Captain Po Sin Hung as he sat on a chair watching Julia take off her clothes. Julia's naked body was exciting him; getting up, he held her naked body close to him. Julia could feel his member rise inside his pants. She wanted to get this coupling over as soon as possible for there was no pleasure in it for her.

Experience had taught Julia well about the male sex and her hand was unzipping the captain's fly to let his urgent penis free. Julia's hand wrapped itself round the yellow member of the captain and started to masturbate him. It was not long till he had pushed her naked body on the bed. After taking his trousers down and pushing Julia on her belly, his well-stimulated member was entered in the small aperture between her bottom cheeks. Julia knew how to fake an orgasm which she was now doing; her sphincter was contracting and milking all the love juice out of the captain to moans of pleasure from the two of them.

Julia felt the captain release his load within her anus and overflow on to her derriere. She did to admit to herself that she had some pleasure. On balance it was much better being a ship's lady than being with Sandy when she was Julian.

The sexual act over, she rose to dress. She had hardly pulled her knickers on when the captain pulled her close to him again and was having a feel at her fake pussy though the satin material. His mouth sought her breasts. It was all so unexpected; she had miscalculated in the captain's ardour but his cock was limp and she was not going

to masturbate him again. She let him have his pleasure, then he stopped and pulled his trousers on.

“You are a good fuck, Julia. I think we have much good times together till the ransom is paid.”

“Yes,” said Julia. Anything to keep him happy.

“We now go and see how Lulu, this apprentice, is getting along.”

The sight that Julia beheld as she came on deck was poor Lulu being held naked on a bollard, sobbing and being well attended in her ass by the crew. The bollard held her at a high level so the crew could stand as they entered her ass as she looked up skywards.

“I think your apprentice has now become a journeywoman for she learned much today,” said Captain Hung, chortling. “Make sure, boys, that apprentice pass her exams with flying colours.” shouted the captain to his crew who were giving Lulu all their attention, happy in their work.

“Stop them, Captain, I implore you. I’ll take her place, only leave Lulu alone please. She is so young,” said Julia.

“Oh, it may well be your turn next anyway. OK boys, that enough. Let her go.”

Julia ran to poor Lulu as she was released from the strong arms of the men holding her. “Are you alright, dear?” said Julia, holding a sobbing Lulu in her arms and leading her to the captain’s cabin. Once there, she consoled her. Captain Po Sin Hung had his little joke; Julia was not submitted to the ordeal that Lulu just went through.

THE RESCUE

When the “Bulwark” had been subjected to the attack from the pirates, the radio operator managed to get a mes-

sage off. This had been received by the British navel authorities. A corvette stationed in the Far East was now on its way to relieve the situation.

The Lakhnadon was an old freighter which had been converted to a gun ship by adding three mounted guns, the firing power of which was enough to stop any cargo or passenger ship. It was not as fast as the corvette and the firing power of that warship was vastly superior to the Lakhnadon. It also had missiles which the Commander would not hesitate to use if necessary.

Commander Philip Watkins in charge of H.M.S. Warrior had already made his plan of operation; these pirates had been making a menace of the commercial shipping lanes in the Far East and must be severely dealt with.

“Peter,” said Commander Philip Watkins to his missile officer, “how accurate can you aim your missiles?”

“I can drop one of them on a pinpoint from hundreds of mile, Philip, why?”

“I was thinking once we pick up this pirate on the radar, we fire a couple of rockets from a few miles away. Then we close in and if they don’t surrender, we sink the ship.”

“From a few miles there is no problem, Philip. Where would you suggest we aim for?”

“I’ve been thinking about one missile at the ship’s bridge to disrupt the captain and crew and another amidships and we’ll see what happens. I don’t know what they have done with the “Bulwark” so we will have to be careful that we do not hit that ship.”

H.M.S. Warrior found what they were looking for. “Something on the radar, Commander,” said the radar officer. “Looks like two objects.” Commander Watkins took

his binoculars and focused on the objects the radar had picked up.

“That’s them! We’ve got them, Peter. Line your missiles up and fire when ready.”

The missile officer having taken his bearings, now was the time to fire. With a deafening roar, both missiles left the corvette in a blaze of fire and smoke.

Commander Philip Watkins watched as both missiles hit their targets with pin point accuracy. Now was the time to close in for the pirates’ surrender.

When the missiles hit the Lakhnadon there was much confusion. People were running about all over the place and fire broke out. Captain Po Sin Hung shouted orders to which no one was paying any attention. What of our Julia and Lulu locked in the captain’s cabin? The explosion of the missiles and fire frightened them; both were huddled together as they were not able to free themselves from the cabin.

H.M.S. Warrior had quickly closed in on the Lakhnadon. Commander Watkins with a megaphone in his hand was telling Captain Hung if he didn’t surrender, he would sink the ship.

That really frightened Julia for she and Lulu would go down with it, being locked in the captain’s cabin.

However that was not to be for Captain Po Sin Hung gave in. Soon a bosun’s chair was rigged up between the Lakhnadon and H.M.S. Warrior as the crew from the “Bulwark” came aboard the Lakhnadon.

Commander Philip Watkins was one of the first to board the pirate ship; he could not help but hear the screams coming from the captain’s cabin. On investigating he found Julia and Lulu. Julia flung her arms round the Commanders neck and kissed him many times. Philip

Watkins was not adverse to that for he was a young and virile man; however he was an officer of Her Majesty's Navy and must show respect to the fairer sex.

"Thank you, ma'am. I did not know there were any women on board this ship otherwise I might have changed my plans on firing missiles. Are you alright? You seem most distressed."

Julia rather liked this handsome man so she made up lies as to why she and Lulu were here. "Oh sir, my little sister and I were captured from a cargo ship that had a passenger cabin as we were making our way back home to England. This brute of a captain captured us and defiled us, even took the virginity of my sister. We were used and abused. It was awful." Julia broke down in tears. What she said was a mixture of lies and the truth.

"Dear lady, I am sorry to hear the distressing news. You both will be taken care of on board my corvette, have no fear." Commander Watkins put a protective arm round Julia to which she was not adverse. She gazed up into his eyes and kissed him again. Philip Watkins may have been a bit embarrassed but wasn't about to refuse the kiss for this was one beautiful woman and it was understandable with all that she had been subjected to.

Captain Brendan Connelly had come aboard the Lakhnadon and was now talking with Commander Watkins, discussing matters.

"Your missiles were very accurate and no damage has been done to the Bulwark. It is just a matter of freeing ourselves from this pirate ship and carrying on our journey."

"I see, Captain. I think I shall escort you in case there are any more pirates about, also to take care of these poor ladies captured from the cargo ship."

Captain Brendan raised his eyebrows and was about to say something but Julia interrupted him. "Yes Captain, we are going to be taken care of since this brute of a pirate took us from the cargo ship taking us home to England."



What's her game? thought Captain Connelly. Had she set her sights on the Commander?

Julia and Lulu were aboard H.M.S. Warrior in Commander Philip Watkins' cabin, making themselves very comfortable. Commander Watkins, being a gentleman, had given his cabin to them while he had moved into another spare room.

"I'm sorry to have given you so much trouble, Philip," said Julia, eyeing up the handsome Commander.

"No trouble at all, ma'am, after your ordeal on that pirate's ship."

"You must stop calling me 'ma'am,' it's Julia, Philip. Tell me what will happen to Captain Po Sin Hung and his crew?"

"They will face trial when we put into port. They will no longer be my worry then. But my capturing them will act as a deterrent to others roaming these seas."

"Oh, you are so brave, Philip," gushed Julia, taking this opportunity to throw her arms round the handsome Philip's neck and kiss him again, leaving a red lipstick imprint of her mouth on his cheek.

"You and your sister will be at my table tonight, Julia."

That evening saw Julia in her bra and knickers ironing her dress and slip. These were the only ones she had, the rest of her finery being in her cabin/boudoir on the Bulwark. "Do you think he'll like this, Lulu?" Julia excitedly asked, holding up her ironed dress.

"You would look divine in any old rags, Mistress," Lulu answered.

The white summery dress and matching slip would have to do to seduce Philip for Julia had set her sights on him.

At dinner, Philip Watkins asked Julia if she would like a tour of H.M.S. Warrior to which Julia answered, "Yes please, Philip."

As the tour began, Julia found her waist being held in the Commander's arms to which she did not object.

"Are you married or engaged, Julia?" asked Philip Watkins.

"No, not yet, Philip, why?" Julia found her waist being held tighter by the handsome Commander.

"Oh, I just thought a pretty woman such as you would have many men chasing after her."

"Oh I do, Philip but one must not be hasty in these matters. I want to marry the right man and settle down."

Julia fluttered her eyes lashes flirtatiously as a sign of encouragement to the handsome Philip. The tour of H.M. S. Warrior was interesting to Julia but not as interesting when Commander Philip Watkins asked her if she would like a little nightcap in his cabin before she retired to bed.

As they entered his room Julia apologised for taking his cabin with her "sister."

"That's alright, Julia, we seamen are used to hard times. Now what do you wish to drink?"

"Have you got a gin and tonic?"

"Sure and Lambs Rum for me." Philip Watkins poured out the drinks and sat beside Julia on the Chesterfield.

"This is nice and cosy," said the brave Philip, putting an arm once again round Julia's waist.

"Well, he is definitely interested in me," thought Julia. "I may as well sit back and enjoy myself but I won't let

him fuck me for I want him to think I am a real woman. One can still have fun without going that far."

She snuggled up close to him; Philip Watkins took the lead and pressed his lips to Julia's. Julia opened her lips to let Philip's tongue inside her mouth. Philip Watkins was an expert on French kissing and his tongue soon combined with Julia's and both swirled in a dance inside Julia mouth for many minutes. They finally broke off for air. This time it was Julia who took the intuitive, inserting her tongue into Philip's mouth and going down his throat as far as she could. The Commander held her more tightly against him and Julia could feel his member begin to stiffen in his trousers against her white dress.

"Oh dear, I do think you are getting excited, Philip," said our heroine.

"It is you, darling Julia, that is doing this to me. I want you here and now."

"I like you, Philip, but maybe it is too soon for that. We have only just met. But I see no reason not to bestow other favours till that time when you can have all of me," said Julia, thrusting her breasts for an offering. Julia breasts were coming along nicely with all the hormones Dr. Pennington was pumping into her.

A hand was now placed inside her dress making its way to her brassiere to undo the hook and eye combination which sometimes gives men problems. Julia helped him out by unfastening her own bra.

The two globes fell into Philip's hands which lost no time in having a good feel of them. For the first time, Julia felt just how sensitive her chest was. Little moans of pleasure emitted from her lips as her nipples hardened with each touch of them from her handsome sailor Philip.

Her concealed cock in its confinement being stitched inside her body was doing its best to become erect, releasing a flood of thick sticky semen fluid into her knickers.

Julia was kissing Philip Watkins wherever she could in the uncontrollable ecstasy he had released from within her. Her hand was searching for the zipper in Philip's trousers. When she found it, her hand got busy giving a hand job to the Commander. Let us leave this happy erotic scene.

First mate John Bowring on board the "Bulwark" had kept a constant watch on H.M.S. Warrior since Julia had gone on board that warship. He had hardly spoken to her since she had asked if he would marry her. He had seen her from time to time on deck with the Commander who sometimes had an arm round her waist. He was intensely jealous of the Commander; if he had been aboard the warship, a fight may have broken out. He wanted Julia for himself. John was sure the Commander had had intercourse with her in the only way she could have in her present condition. The fact that she had had intercourse with the crew on the "Bulwark" worried him not for that was her job but with someone outside the crew was another matter.

Why was it, he thought, that he always fell for men in dresses? It wasn't as if he didn't like genetic women. He had been engaged to Brenda but that was before he met Elizabeth and everything changed. But Elizabeth was not just a man in a woman's dress; she fought to be a woman. In her heart of hearts, that was what she was. Before Julia had become the ship's lady and had a skirt on, he wouldn't have touched her as a man. He had no homosexual feelings, it was just that a man in a skirt did something in-

side him. Funny type of logic but there are that type of men in this world who understand transsexuals and what they are better than the average man.

Meanwhile, devious Julia sensed that John Bowring was watching all her movements from the Bulwark. An occasional kiss passed between she and Philip and Julia made it last long for the purpose of tormenting John.

Julia was getting tired of Commander Watkins and she wanted to be back in the arms of John again. To Julia, the Commander was just a plaything to make her true love jealous and it certainly was working.

Julia got a lucky break when Commander Watkins informed her that in a few days he would leave the Bulwark; he had had instructions that H M S Warrior was needed elsewhere and no sign of any pirates had been found.

"Oh dear," said Julia, "My sister and I must be a burden to you in your duties as an officer of the crown. I think it best we depart; maybe the good captain of the "Bulwark" could take us both on board his vessel."

"You're not really a hindrance, Julia. I can meet up with another ship of the navy and transfer both of you."

"That would be too much trouble, Philip, and take you out of your way. I insist we transfer to the Bulwark. That is if the captain will take me and my sister."

"I was so much enjoying your company, Julia, but it is true that ladies can sometime get in the way should the ship being needed for action. Maybe that is the right thing to do. I hope we can have a quiet dinner together tonight before you depart tomorrow for I am sure Captain Connelly will take you on board his ship."

"Surely, Philip, it will be nice before I depart and I look forward to it."

Julia had gotten what she wanted without a fuss and was looking forward to dinner with the Commander.

A delicious dinner was served up in the Commander's temporary cabin with a glass of red wine to finish off the meal. The Commander put his arm round Julia's shoulders. "Julia," he said, "I've been thinking about you since we met a few days ago."

"Oh, have you, Philip? Why would you be thinking of me?"

"I've given a lot of thought about this, Julia. Although we have only been together a day or two, I am proposing marriage to you."

That had come like a bolt out of the blue to Julia. Her heart belonged to another; if John Bowring had not been there, she may well have taken the offer.

"Oh Philip, I don't know what to say, you have completely surprised me. I did say I wouldn't be hasty and I do like you but I would like to know you better before I consent."

"Well, would you take my ring for an engagement till that decision?"

She didn't want to hurt the man; she would take the ring but give it back in time.

"Well maybe, but it is not binding, is that understood, Philip?"

"Yes of course, Julia." He took out his wallet, opened it, and from a buttoned-up pouch, took out a ring. "Give me your hand." Julia did and he slipped on a gold ring with a diamond and two emeralds on top of it.

"It's beautiful, Philip," said Julia, looking at this expensive ring.

"It was my mother's. She is now dead."

"Oh, I am so sorry." Julia felt like a heel taking this ring from the poor man under false pretences for she had no intentions of marrying him.

Philip held Julia tight and they kissed. "You will keep in touch with me Julia and we can meet up again in England."

"Yes of course. I will give you my address and we can meet but I feel I am unworthy of such an expensive ring."

"Nonsense," said Commander Philip Watkins. No more was said on the subject; they just held each other and kissed all night.

Once back on board the Bulwark, it was back to the old routine for Julia and Lulu. Lulu found she had quite a following since she became Julia's apprentice and she was very much in demand. It was one day after coming back that Captain Connelly asked Julia to come to his cabin.

"Julia," he said, "I have been in touch with a few captains I know and one has been on the lookout for a ship's lady since his left to marry after his last voyage. I have arranged a meeting when we put into harbour at Macao."

"Macao?" queried Julia.

"Yes. There are a number of repairs needed to the ship since we hit the recent storms. I know it is beyond the Indian Ocean and not in our plans but I know from experience the shipyard to go to where an excellent job will be done. While there, Lulu can be transferred to the "Sea Farer". Captain Buchanan is in command, an old friend of mine. She will be well taken care of."

"Excellent news, Captain. Lulu will be pleased, I'm sure. Her apprenticeship is over and she is a ship's lady in

her own right at last. She will serve Captain Buchanan and the crew of the "Sea Farer" well, I'm sure."

When Julia told Lulu of the developments, she was pleased and sad at the same time. "Mistress, I will miss you for you have been a most helpful tutor. I have learned much with your guidance. I only hope I can uphold the good name of ship's lady".

"Of course you will, Lulu, have no fear. No better pupil could I have had. I shall be proud of your achievements for surely your fame will be heard within the ranks of ship ladies."

"Oh mistress," said Lulu as tears welled up within her. The two ship's ladies found themselves embracing in a touching tear-stained scene.

Before the "Bulwark" docked at Macao, Dr. Pennington wished to see Julia. He said that where Julia penis had been stitched up, now was the time to undo it. In Dr. Pennington's opinion, it could no longer get an erection. So the stitches were removed and a small tiny flaccid floppy member hung between Julia legs which she and he thought was better removed, which it would be in time.

MACAO

Macao, that den of iniquity, had now been reached; the "Bulwark" docked for repairs which were going to take some weeks. There would be plenty of time off for the crew. Lulu transferred to the "Sea Farer", and was shown about the ship and the cabin/boudoir which would be her home for a number of years. The "Sea Farer" was a freighter, a slow moving ship which would be leaving port in two days time with cargo for South America.

Good-byes were said as Lulu settled in and made herself known to the crew. Both ship's ladies would keep in touch with each other over the years.

Now, as Captain Brendan Connelly said, was the time to let one's hair down and enjoy yourself before the hard work of finding that island where the pirate Jacques Le Blonde hid his treasure began again.

"Time," said Captain Connelly, "Julia to see how the other half live. Tonight we are visiting the Dowager's Palace where you may see things you have never seen before."

"And just who may this Dowager be, Captain?"

Captain Connelly laughed. "It is not a she. The Dowager's Palace is a magnificent nightclub that I have visited many times in the past. Just wait and see," said he in that Irish brogue.

Macao, it must be explained, is an independent state surrounded by China on three sides and the China Sea on the other. It is a tax haven for the rich where many ex-Brits and American millionaires adopt citizenship and nationality. They then shift their money away from their homeland. Decadence, vice, and corruption abound within its boundaries. The authorities turn a blind eye for which their palms are well greased with silver.

Luxury liners call into its port laden with passengers looking for the high life. Macao has plenty of casinos, red light districts, and brothels.

The Dowager's Palace was all Brendan Connelly said and more as the party containing Julia the captain and John Bowring entered a well-lit nightclub.

A meal was ordered just in time before the cabaret started; daring jugglers amused the audience by throwing lighted objects to one another and catching them with precise accuracy. Then came a knife throwing act with just as much accuracy. Knives outlined a pretty young Eurasian woman's skimpily clad body. She stepped from the board containing the thrown knives to much applause.

Now came the main attraction as the assembled band struck out a slow beat of Arabian type music. The lights dimmed and a dance troupe of young beautiful women emerged from the shadows, all dressed in see-through harem pants of various colours. The toes on each bare foot of the dancers contained rings of gold or silver studded with precious jewel. Above the harem pants were bare midriffs; within their navels were precious jewels, each jewel matching the colour of their see-through harem pants.

The woman's bosoms were draped with material matching the see through colour of the pants. A yashmak covered their facial beauty; all that was revealed was their sparkling eyes. Their hands were bejewelled in more rings of gold, silver or platinum; no expense had been spared on these wondrous outfits.

Their erotic and exotic dance was about to begin now. All attention from the audience was focused on the slim and lithe bodies of these young women of many races and colour.

The slow rhythm continued as each of the six women started the slow sensuous gyration of their hips. Feet firmly apart and not moving from where they stood, the undulation of their abdomen fixated the eyes of the now exited onlookers.

Julia watched the captain whose eyes seemed to be centred on one dancer, a young Arabian beauty. She was dressed in black gossamer silk harem pants through which the shaven outlines of her Mons Veneris could be clearly seen. Within her navel was placed a precious gemstone that glittered in the darkened atmosphere.

The rhythm was quickening; a swift movement of hands saw the unloosing of the flimsy material covering their breasts. A variety of bared breasts delighted the

watching audience. The dusky Arabian maiden's bust was of a medium size compared to others in the troupe; however Captain Connelly eyes remained fixed on it. Now the music was reaching a crescendo and the dancers seemed more to be than familiar with one another. Soft and pliable hands reached out to remove yashmaks from faces, revealing true beauty hidden from sight till this moment. Kisses were planted by dancers on each other's succulent lips which were greedily accepted and returned with interest.

But the show was not yet over for the erotic frolics were to be shared with the watching throng. The six belly dancers were dispersing from the slightly raised cabaret floor now littered with diaphanous breast coverings and yashmaks to mingle with the audience.

The dusky Arabian beauty made straight for Captain Brendan Connelly and sat on his lap. In a second, her hands had already unzipped his trousers and an erect penis sprang to attention.

"Ever ready, Brendan, for work on hand!" she exclaimed.

"Well, if anyone could attract its attention, it certainly would be you, Salima."

While her little hand was caressing the captain's member, he had slipped his own hand inside her harem pants. Fingers inserted within her sacred opening, he began rubbing it seductively. The amorous pair were not the only ones enjoying these delights for others from the dancing troupe were giving their favours to members of the crowd. Bared breasts were being hungrily devoured by men and women in an orgy of abandoned debauchery for which many had come here.

Salina whispered in Captain Connelly's ear. "I will have to resume the dance, Brendan, for we have titillated

the customers enough. That is what they have paid for and expect. But after tonight I am free for a few days. Come up and see me in my flat and we can have a good time."

With that, the Arabian beauty left the table, her hair dishevelled due to the captain's hand running through it. Salima was not the only one from the belly dancing troupe in that condition; others were worse as their harem pants had been removed to expose intimate parts of their anatomy.

When Salima vacated the table, two women sat beside the captain and Julia. One was young; the other much older, possibly three times the age of Julia.

"Still interested in ship's ladies, Captain?" said the elder of the two.

"Yes, Lady Emma, she was one of the best I ever possessed."

"She is a pretty one, I admit. She's been here for a number of years since she had the operation. How forgetful of me. Captain, this is my niece Tatiana. Pretty little thing. She is staying with me for a while, aren't you, dear? Tatiana gave a smile but said not a word.

Captain Connelly looked at the girl. She must be twentyish, thought he, a sophisticated little thing.

"I hear you are on some sort of treasure hunt and that you overthrew Juan Fernandez, late of the Pago Pago islands."

"It wasn't so much me as Julia here, Lady Emma," said he pointing at Julia.

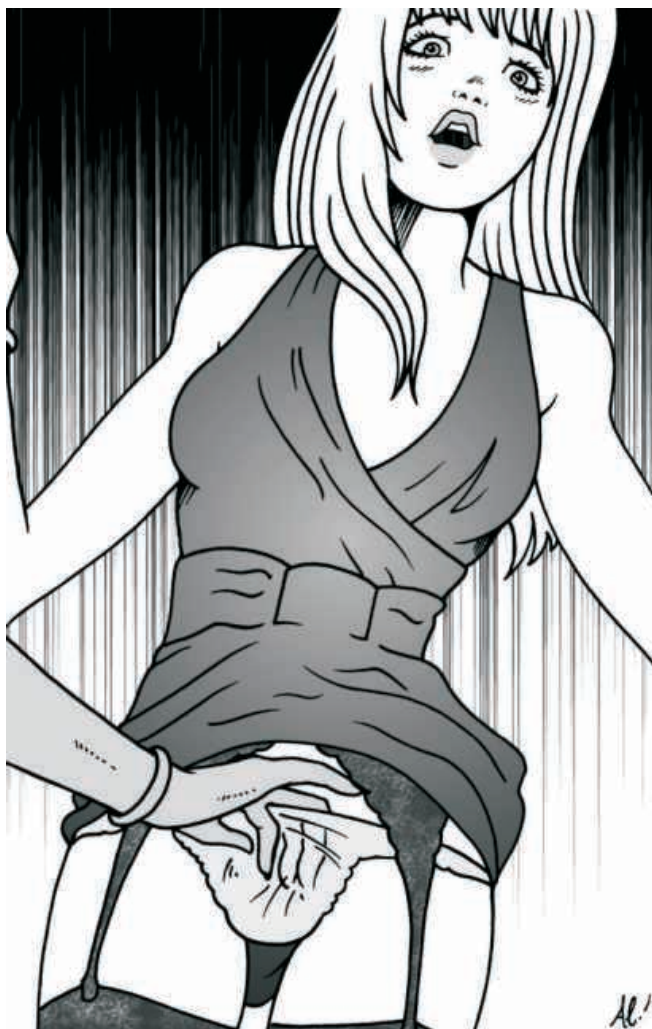
"Oh, indeed?" said Emma, looking at Julia from head to foot.

“You look delightful, my dear. So you were the real heroine of the ladies of Pago Pago. Are you part of Captain Connelly’s crew?”

“Yes I am, Lady Emma.”

“Hmm, that can only mean one thing,” said the senior citizen.

“Oh, and what is that, Lady Emma?” Julia said, curious to know the answer.



“This,” the sprightly woman said. Julia’s skirt had been raised and a finger inserted in her knickers and onto her limp penis.

“Ah ha, just as I thought, Captain. Up to your old tricks again with the ship’s ladies.”

Brendan Connelly gave a belly laugh and looked at Tatiana. “No more than you, Emma, for as nice and pretty as Tatiana is, I am sure she is not your niece.”

“Touché, Captain. We understand each other very well. Your assumption is correct. I think you know what she is. However your Julia fascinates me. How long do you intend to be in Macao?”

“About two weeks till the repairs are finished. The ‘Bulwark’ has taken some pounding in the hurricanes of recent weeks. Why do you ask?”

“How about a trade of partners for that period? Tatiana is your type of girl, Brendan, your card is well marked. I heard Salima give you the invite to her flat and now you can pleasure yourself with Tatiana. You’re spoiled for choice.”

“Yes, if she has been around and Julia fits the bill for the desires you harbour, Emma.”

Tatiana, who had been listening to the conversation, was not at all pleased and now spoke.

“Aunty, I don’t want to leave you for this man.

“It’s only for a short while, precious. Surely you will do that for your aunt.”

“I don’t like men, Aunt Emma.”

“Oh, they’re not so bad once you get to know them. It will be a new experience for you.”

Tatiana glanced at her supposed aunt and raged. "I won't, I won't, you'll see if I won't, Aunt," she said, stamping her foot.

Lady Emma looked at her pretend niece, then with the back of her hand delivered a stinging blow on Tatiana's cheek. "Listen, you ungrateful bitch, didn't I pay for these," touching a pair of enormous breasts the nipples of which were clearly protruding through her blue dress. "You said that was the size you wanted. And haven't I promised to pay for the expensive gender reassignment operation in Bangkok with the best surgeons in the world?"

"Yes, Aunt," the now crestfallen Tatiana replied.

"And this is how you repay your old aunt, is it?"

No reply came from her presumed niece.

"Then do as your Aunt says and let us hear no more of this nonsense" said the elderly Lady Emma.

Julia who had been listening to the conversation said not a word. Being a ship's lady, she was used to all sorts of sexual liaison but this one had a difference for the intimacies of sexual contact between her and the gender she desired had never been obtained. But Lady Emma old enough to be her mother and an erection could not be obtained, she thought. Lady Emma was going to be a disappointed woman.

It was dark when Lady Emma arrived back home with Julia in tow. "This will be your home for the next few weeks, dear. Have a good night's rest, then we will have a tete-a-tete in the morning. You'll find plenty of night-

dresses in the drawers. If there is anything you need, just tell me at breakfast." With that, the elderly Lady Emma gave Julia a light kiss on the cheek.

Julia observed her temporary bedroom; it was spacious and expensively furnished in the "French Style" of the 19th century. An ornamental canopied four-poster bed awaited her slumbers. Once in bed, her eyes beheld a well-painted country scene. It was a restful scene to which Julia soon entered the arms of Morpheus encased in a diaphanous black satin nighty.

A faint knock on her door gradually becoming louder disturbed Julia from sleep. "Yes, who is it?"

"The maid." A drowsy Julia bid her enter and asked what she wanted.

"Lady Emma awaits you for breakfast, Miss Julia."

"Then I suppose I must get up. What time is it?" said Julia, beginning to rub her eyes.

"Seven," said the pretty maid.

"What?" Julia eyed up the maid. "I don't usually get up at this time. What's your name?"

"Sheila," answered the maid.

"Sheila, you know you're pretty."

"Thank you for the compliment, Miss Julia, but the mistress has asked if you would please join her at breakfast.

I only convey her instructions."

"Of course you do, Sheila, but I have only the clothes I came here in."

"I wouldn't worry about that, Miss Julia. Go as you are and after breakfast we will sort out clothes for you. Within this room I am sure there are many outfits that will take to your fancy." Sheila lifted an open pair of

mules from a built-in wardrobe and fitted them on Julia's dainty feet.

Sheila led the way to the breakfast room where Lady Emma was taking breakfast.

"Good morning, dear, how delightful you look."

"Thank you, Lady Emma, but I feel not right."

"Are you not well, Julia darling?"

"No, it's not that. I feel I am not dressed properly in your presence, Lady Emma."

"I wouldn't worry about that. I've seen worst sights in my life, dear. You look pretty the way you are," said the noble lady eyeing Julia's breasts in the translucent night-gown.

"Now dear, what do you wish for breakfast? Just say and Sheila will rustle it up."

Lady Emma was dressed in a twin set and pearls, a white blouse grey skirt, and matching jacket. She had pearls on; a triple necklace and matching earrings. Her face had been well made-up for no wrinkles were to be seen.

"After breakfast we ladies will have an intellectual and enlightening talk."

When Julia returned to her room, Sheila was there to assist in her dressing.

"I think you must bathe. It was so much of a rush this morning, Miss Julia. It was remiss of me."

After having taken her bath, Julia asked Sheila what she should wear to please her mistress. Sheila took a number of outfits from the wardrobes. "Will Lady Emma approve of these, Sheila?"

"I'm sure she will, Miss Julia."

“Very well then. I value your superior knowledge.”

The dresses were not what Julia usually wore; they made her look middle aged, but for some reason she wanted to please the older woman. Picking up a black skirt and white button-up blouse, she turned to Sheila. “These.”

“Very nice, the mistress will approve of that.” Going to the dressing table drawers, Sheila withdrew a number of undergarments. “Put these on first,” she said, handing over a garter belt which Julia attached to her waist, followed by a pair of plain beige stockings. A buff-coloured pair of cotton knickers was pulled up her thighs, smugly fitting her hips.

“This,” Sheila said, handing a flesh-coloured brassiere. Julia was assisted into it and the maid’s deft hands gently clipped the hook and eyes at the back. A plain black slip was placed over Julia’s head. It nicely fell into shape over the curves that were now more prominent than before on her body. The skirt and blouse were helped on by her maid and a single pearl necklace was clipped round her neck by the ever attentive Sheila.

A black jacket held by the ever attentive maid helped over Julia shoulders buttoned up the front and a lace hanky was placed in the top pocket and a carnation pinned on the lapel.

“You look so nice, Miss Julia. The mistress will be pleased with your impeccable appearance.”

“If she does it will all be thanks to you.” Julia gave an affectionate kiss on Sheila’s cheek.

Julia made her way to the lounge where Lady Emma wished to converse with her. The first thing that stuck her, even terrified her, as she entered the spacious lounge, was a painting of the person she had last seen hanging beside the dictator Juan Fernandez.

"It's so lifelike, isn't it, Julia?" said Lady Emma, observing the fear stricken face of her visitor.

"Yes," said Julia her trepidation somewhat diminishing as she knew Kami was deceased. But the nude painting looked so real even down to her breasts and pudendum of the woman and the eyes seemed to follow her every step.

Emma Hamilton studied Julia's obsession with the painting.

"A young talented woman on her way up in the art world painted her. Kami was a good friend of mine and gave me the painting as a gift."

"Then you must hate me, Lady Emma."

"Why, because you were the instrument of her death? I always knew she and the Generalissimo were dicing with death. If it had not been you, eventually someone else would have started the revolution. Your actions being so quick, many lives have been saved."

"I never thought of it like that, but tell me, Lady Emma, how you came to know the debauched pair."

"It goes back many years when the Generalissimo came here to Macao for his sexual thrills. Kami was the madam of a very successful bordello here. It didn't take her long to realise that Juan would make a good meal ticket for her so she became his mistress and sold the brothel. She made it her job to pamper to the Generalissimo's sexual needs. Kami never lost her good looks as he grew older but the same could not be said for Juan as he developed a paunch. Kami knew this could lead to the demising of his sexual appetite and she could very well become redundant. So the devious Kami found a concoction of drugs and other means to enhance his libido. I think Juan would have eventually died from that excess but Kami would have been past caring.

I first met then when the Generalissimo came here on a visit in his luxury yacht. I was on the lookout for a shemale, my little peccadillo, which is why you were invited here my dear. On learning my preference for shemales, Kami arranged for me to bed many. I received many invites to accompany them on their visitations to other lands on the Generalissimo's yacht in search of more activities. But enough of me. I want to hear all about you," finished the grey headed old lady.

Julia proceeded to tell all about herself, from university to her/him being employed by Captain Connelly on the Bulwark.

"I see have you a girlfriend, darling," said the sweet looking old lady.

"No, Lady Emma," Julia replied.

"Why should that be, my dear, have you not met one that takes to your fancy then?" questioned Emma.

"I do or maybe did have a boyfriend."

"You're not sure then? How is that?"

Julia explained about Sandy and how now she had the desire to become a woman.

"I see but maybe you have had a girlfriend but then you had sex with a woman at some time."

"No," replied our ship's lady.

"No? A rare vintage indeed then; you are a virgin and it is going to be a pleasure when I bed you. Although I have lived many long years, it will be the first time I have lay with a virgin. My husband was long experienced with other women when we married. It should have been you that was named Tatiana and not the ungrateful one that lives here...for the present anyway," Lady Emma gleefully said.

Julia looked puzzled at this remark and Emma saw that.

“You do remember your Shakespeare, dear? ‘A mid-summer’s night’s dream.’ Who was the Queen of the Fairies? Tatiana. But forgive me if I have hurt your feelings. I mean no harm, just my little joke.”

“I’m afraid I will be no use to you in bed, Lady Emma,” said our heroine.

“Oh dearest Julia, why should that be? You do have the equipment. I felt it, did I not?”

“Yes but it was not erect nor do I fear it will ever be again.”

“Drop your drawers and let me see, sweet girl.”

Julia obeyed for once the dear old lady had seen all she possessed underneath the buff-coloured knickers. Hitching her skirt to reveal her underthings, she removed them, then stood there, exposing her limp penis highlighted between her taught suspenders and the beige stockings they held up.

“Come over here, sweetness,” ordered the elder woman. The flaccid member was now held in the palm of her hand. She flicked the prominent domed helmet.

“Pull your drawers up, dear,” Emma Hamilton declared. Julia promptly complied.

“There you see? Useless, is it not?” Julia declared.

“You do yourself an injustice, my dear. I think we can do something with what you have. Besides, your beauty inspires me, even more so that I may be the first and last woman you will possess. Pity, you would have made a good companion for me, better than that ungrateful Tatiana.”

“She will be getting her operation soon, Lady Emma?”

“Not a hope in hell for then she cannot service me. She thinks she will; it is like a carrot in front of her but I have no intention of paying for her operation.”

“What will she do when she finds out, Lady Emma?”

“I have no idea for she has no money to pay for that operation. She either stays here as she is or leaves. It won’t worry me for Sheila will satisfy my needs.”

Julia raised her eyebrows at that.

“Oh yes, Sheila is a shemale, maybe reluctantly for she never wished the breast implants but I insisted as I like to see breasts and a penis on a male. She does not desire the operation and that suits me.”

“You must tell me, Lady Emma, how you came to desire those that are half one sex and half the other. Have you had this desire your entire life, Lady Emma?”

“Come come, Julia, you must stop calling me Lady Emma for soon we will be intimate with each other. Emma is sufficient. As to your question, that desire came rather late in life. When my late husband Reginald died 15 years ago my friend Evelyn said, “You must stop moping about all day doing nothing. Get yourself back into circulation, Emma. Reggie is dead and gone. Get out and about. Come with me next Saturday to a fancy dress party.”

“It was probably the best thing Evelyn ever did for me. I went as Queen Elizabeth the First, the Virgin Queen. That’s a laugh. I met this man, Mary he called herself. I would never have known if Evelyn hadn’t been digging me in the ribs and whispering that ‘she’ a man.

“I had heard of such things. Everything about this Mary fascinated me, from the shimmering sequined dress to her immaculate makeup. I could not take my eyes off this spectacle of supposed womanhood. I had to make

myself more acquainted with this person. I admit her voice let her down a bit but that fact did not deter me.

“I told her how lovely she looked and that if it had not been for my friend, I would be none the wiser. Mary was rather pleased at that. I found myself engrossed in earnest and informative conversation with her all night. I found Mary was married but her wife knew naught of her dressing activities, not uncommon with cross dressers.

“I asked if she would be willing to meet me at a hotel. We never exchanged personal details except our first names, Emma and Mary. I had her cell phone number, that was all.

“We arranged a meeting for a midweek afternoon and that he would come dressed as Mary. I surmised from that he must be a white collar worker and could easily slip out wherever he worked without question. I never asked him about any of that.

“That first meeting I was excited with anticipation, even nervous. We met outside the hotel and entered together. I paid for the room for the afternoon. The desk clerk gave a glance at us. I have no doubt he was thinking we were a couple of lesbians as we ascended the stairs to the hired room. The room itself had the bare essentials: a bed, dressing table, wardrobe, a wash sink, and a frayed-looking carpet.

“Till now Mary and I had not exchanged words. She removed her long tweed coat, for the first chills of winter had arrived. The dress she wore was down-to-earth, unlike the shimmering dress I saw at the fancy dress party. She put it over a chair and stood in her panties, bra, and a pair of black hold-up stockings.

“Are they real, Mary?” I asked, staring at her bra.

“No, I’m afraid I could never afford breast implants. Even if I could, it would be the end of my marriage. Sarah would never understand.’

“Would you have implants if there was nothing in your way to stop you?” I asked.

“Yes. Not only that I would go all the way and have gender reassignment. I am a woman in a man’s body. But that will never be.’

“Will you keep your under things on while we have sex?” I asked.

“Yes, if that is your wish, Emma.’ We both knew why we had consented to this liaison.

“I won’t go into the details except to say I fantasised when I saw his member and dreamed he had woman’s breasts within his bra cups.

“We continued meeting for a few more months then for whatever reason, we stopped. It didn’t keep me for searching for the ultimate shemale. I eventually came here, for my husband was careful with his money and invested wisely. This is a tax haven so here I am. Tatiana was the latest in my pursuit for perfection in shemales, but not for long after her outburst last night. Ease come easy go, I say. There are plenty waiting to take her place.”

Looking at her watch, Lady Emma exclaimed, “We have talked so long it is lunch and I wish to show you around Macao, dear girl. Change into something summery. Sheila will know what is required. Then we’ll have a light snack and I will be your guide around the island.”

Julia was to find Emma a delightful companion and a knowledgeable one as she pointed out everything a tourist would learn from a guide and maybe more.

On arrival back at the house, Sheila was on the veranda to greet them with two dry martinis on a tray which were accepted by both ladies.

"Come here, Sheila," Emma Hamilton softly asked, patting the empty space beside her on the padded seat.

"Yes, your Ladyship," she replied.

"You're a thoughtful girl. You do your duties and never complain, unlike others I can name. Tonight you will occupy Miss Julia to bed and pleasure her."

Sheila blushed. "Yes mistress, if it pleases you."

"It does and you are a good girl." Lady Emma planted a kiss on Sheila's cheek.

"Now Sheila, what have you planned for dinner?"

She proceeded to tell her mistress what she had cooked for this evening.

"Excellent dear, you will join us of course for I have bought a pretty dress for you to wear. I should like to see it on you tonight. You may leave, for Miss Julia and I have much to discuss."

Sheila curtsied as she departed. "That girl is a good worker. You wouldn't think she studied at Oxford in physics!"

Julia rose her eyebrows again. Just what other surprises were in store for her here at Lady Emma's? And why was she not occupying Emma's bed? Almost two days here and her Ladyship had yet to bed her. She was rather taken with Sheila and looked forward to making love with her this night.

At dinner, Emma had Sheila model the dress purchased for her.

"Delightful dear, I do think that suits you. Don't you?"

"Yes, your Ladyship," Sheila said as she stood in the floral dress with the Peter Pan collar.

"Come here, dear," Lady Emma told her. "This is a little gift for your diligence." A pair of stud earrings was produced from her Ladyship's purse.

"Oh mistress, I cannot accept such a gift. I am not worthy of it."

"Nonsense, you are too modest. You wouldn't want to upset me, Sheila, would you?"

"Oh no, Mistress, your happiness is all that I desire. You are so kind to me."

"Then come here." As Sheila stood before Lady Emma, she gestured for the maid to lower her head so her existing earrings could be removed. Each hanging drop-per pearl earring was removed and replaced by a multi-coloured jewelled earring matching the colours of the floral dress she now wore. As each earring was put in the pierced lobe, Emma bestowed a kiss on the surface. A most touching scene, it indicated more than a sexual relationship between the women.

The dinner was eaten in pleasant conversation on womanly matters, of interest only to those present.

"That was a most delightful meal, Sheila. Your culinary skills improve all the time."

"Thank you, Mistress. I like dabbling in the kitchen. I find it exciting and I derive great pleasure from it."

"Good Sheila, do as you wish there with my consent. Now to other matters," said Emma putting her arms round the two girls' shoulders. "I hope you two girls will have a pleasant time together this night. I am about to retire to bed for it has been a most exhausting day. Good-night girls." With that, both received a kiss on the cheek.

When Lady Emma left, Sheila put out a hand and entwined it with Julia's. "Come." The direction Sheila was taking was towards the bedroom. In no time Sheila's nimble fingers had quickly undone the zips and buttons that held the white chiffon blouse and black skirt Julia wore. Julia now stood in a bra and panties, stockings, and shoes.

"Remove them, Julia," said Sheila, pointing at her shoes. While Julia stooped to do that, Sheila was disposing her own clothes. Following that, she withdrew the sheets on the double bed and motioned for Julia to lie beside her.

In the darkness Julia felt a hand slip within her panties and caress her limp penis. As she expected, it did not stir one bit; it was going to be of no use to Lady Emma when the time came. However Sheila was not deterred ; after seeing nothing was happening down below, she proceeded to remove Julia's panties. Then, an erect penis was pointed at Julia's nether region. As a ship's lady this would be nothing new for Julia. However Sheila's gentleness vastly contrasted to the sometimes rough handling of her shipmates. She could feel the gentle easing of Sheila's member within her inner regions, in no hurry to complete its work. Little flicks of Sheila tongue explored her shoulders, then it descended down her back.

Then both shemales remained motionless for some time. Sheila's penis was soaked in pearly white liquid that Julia was releasing from the stimulation she had been receiving. Julia wished she could kiss her shemale lover but in their present positions with her back to Sheila, that was not possible. "Sweet Sheila, I am feeling incredible pleasure beyond believe. I love you and apologise that I cannot return such to you."

"Do not worry. There are other ways you can deliver pleasure to me and delight me Julia and I am sure you know them."

After a pause, Sheila said, "Let us complete the first phase of tonight's loving for there are many such delights to pass before the first rays of the sun awake our sleep in the morning."

Moans of delight were coming from both shemales as their climax came ever closer. Sheila's hands tightened on Julia's buttocks to put her erect member even further inside the sopping wet aperture. Her pearly white liquid shot deeply into the depths of that nether hole.

Julia now performed fellatio upon her companion. Sheila's turgid member was placed within her mouth. With long sweeping strokes, her tongue excited Sheila to a high pitch. Another climax fast approached; soon Sheila was pouring goblets of white liquid down that receptacle. More activities of a sexual nature followed and eventually two tired exhausted and satisfied shemales fell asleep.

The morning came and Julia found her partner of the night gone. All that remained was the indentation of where her body had lain beside her.

Julia rose to shower herself and prepare for breakfast. The hour surprised her for it was not yet seven o'clock. Having dressed, she made her way to the breakfast table. On arrival, she found Emma in conversation with Sheila.

"Good morning, Julia, Sheila tells me she spent a most enjoyable night with you. You can run along, Sheila. Enjoy yourself for it is your day off. Here are the keys to the Volvo. If Julia and I wish to go anywhere, we can use the Vauxhall Insignia." So saying, Lady Emma gave Sheila an affectionate kiss on the cheek. Before leaving, Sheila made sure Julia had her breakfast.

"She's gone to her boyfriend. Won't be back till the morning. Nice chap, works in the bank. I think they will marry in the next year. I'll give her something nice for a

wedding present. She deserves it," the old lady commented

After breakfast, Lady Emma suggested they go for more sightseeing. Julia was taken to the oldest missionary church in Macao, an eighteenth century stone building. Emma Hamilton deposited a \$1000 bill in the box within the church. Then after seeing the highlights inside the holy building, Lady Hamilton knelt on the stone floor near the altar and silently prayed. She prayed to God for forgiveness of her desire for sexual intercourse with shemales. Her Ladyship always considered herself as a good Christen woman; in her mind her desire was a sin and there was no known cure.

Emma was a good companion but Julia wondered when she would have to perform the sexual act with her. Three days had gone, and still there was no pressure from her Ladyship for it. Julia again worried about for she was sure she could not perform as Lady Emma wished and she did so want to please her for she was a kindly person. Summoning up a bit of courage, she decided to ask her outright.

"Lady Emma, forgive me, but when do you wish my sexual services?"

"Such a dear sweet girl. I see you want to please me as you did Sheila from what she told me. I wanted you to be relaxed for that act. I will not keep you in suspense any longer. It will be tonight when we are alone for you mustn't be rushed."

"I feel I will be a disappointment as I indicated before and you have been so kind to me, I owe you something."

Lady Emma took Julia's face in her hands and placed a kiss on her lips. "Your concern for my happiness does you credit, Julia. I am sure when the time comes you will not fail me. Have no fear. But let these matters rest and think

no more of the coming night for I wish you to enjoy this day."

As Sheila had gone for the day, Lady Emma treated Julia to a meal at a five-star restaurant. Then arrived home about eight.

"You will see a kimono on your bed that Sheila laid it out before she left. Put it on, then come to my room. Shower and powder your body. There's a nicely scented perfume placed on your bed beside the kimono. Liberally splash it all over yourself. Before that, though, I want you to drink a glass of something I prepared for you yesterday, dear."

"What is it, Lady Emma?" Julia asked.

"It's better if you don't ask questions, dear, but you trust me, don't you?"

Julia felt safe with her Ladyship. Asking no more questions, she took the glass containing the clear liquid.

"Swallow it all, darling, to the last drop," encouraged the old lady.

Julia emerged naked from her shower and slathered herself all over with the sweet smelling "Madam's Delight." It smelt of rose petals. Before she put on the colourful kimono, she observed herself in the cheval mirror and shook her head at her shrunken member. Her dressing continued. She lifted the kimono and put her hands into the long-sleeved silk garment. Gaudy colours of green, purple and mauve depicted a dragon painted on the rear of the kimono. Fire of red was shooting from the dragon's nostrils. A sash was tied at her waist while the rest of the loose fitting garment finished at her ankles. A pair of

open toe mules on her feet, Julia made her way to Lady Emma's room.



A gentle knock on the door was answered by the refined voice of her ladyship. "Come in, Julia darling."

Upon entering, Julia saw the noblewoman sitting at her dressing table applying a plum coloured lipstick, dressed in an identical kimono. Emma Hamilton turned to her visitor. "You look exquisite, my dear. Come here and give me a kiss on the cheek." Julia complied; the old woman looked serene as the kiss was placed on her cheek. She rose took Julia's hand and led her to the bed where she sat Julia down.

"Don't you think the Japanese are an ingenious race making a robe meant for easy access and love?"

Julia was not quite with Lady Emma's train of thought until she felt Emma hand slip inside the top of her kimono and caress her breasts.

"They're nice, dear. I will shortly disrobe you but for now I will explore their contours before I behold their beauty." Her hand lingered within the kimono, tracing the outline of the breasts and fingering each nipple. This foreplay was beginning to put Julia in a mood for love. Her concerns about her ability to pleasure the old woman were forgotten. The slow, skilful, manipulations by Lady Emma's fingers were beginning to show results. Julia felt the pleasure conveyed by Emma's ministrations. Lady Emma could feel the rising hardness of Julia's nipples. Soon would be the time to disrobe her lover and admire at her leisure the shemale's breasts.

Emma Hamilton whispered in Julia's ear. "Please stand for I am about to disrobe you to feast my eyes on your naked beauty." Julia was more than willing to comply. The sash was loosened and gentle fingers eased the kimono off Julia shoulders to see it fall to the highly polished teak floor.

“Magnificent!” exclaimed Emma Hamilton, her eyes feasting on the site of the naked body before her. Julia could see her breasts, now firm. This, she thought, was all due to the persistent ministrations of the woman now sitting before her on the double bed.

“Come closer, treasured one. You belong to a revered circle the members of which have the breasts of a female and the genitals of a male. ‘Tis a pity you wish to leave that state and become a female; however it is my job to see you receive my best attention. But let us dally no more.”

So saying, the delicate old lady put her arms round Julia and brought her closer, her mouth now at the level of the breasts she just been agitating. Comfortably sitting on the bed, she could focus all her attention to gratify the younger woman. It gave her as much pleasure to do so, as she knew the she male before her would soon do to her.

The Lady’s plum lipstick-coloured lips hungered to touch the erect nipple of the younger woman. The firm breast was now held in Emma’s hand and her lip was upon the erect nipple, sucking its nub. She could hear Julia’s sharp intake of breath; it pleased Lady Emma much. As one hand held the shemale, the other slowly and deliberately travelled down the backside of the young woman. It leisurely felt the swells and undulations of Julia’s body. The curvaceous hips were particularly pleasing to the noble woman’s soft hand. It strayed for an instant between the parted legs of the shemale to softly encase the hanging testicles in her hand. A loving fleeting caress, then on for further exploration.

To Julia, there was a stirring within her member, a spark of hope from a long, deep, slumber. Her penis was begging to be rejuvenated.

The roving hand left the body it had explored and sauntered through Julia's hair, fingering strands of it in its fingers. Meantime her lips had transferred to the young woman's other breast. Julia held the grey headed woman tightly to her. She felt an excitement she never had had before. Julia lowered her head to kiss the forehead of her Ladyship gently.

Lady Emma ceased her sucking of the succulent breasts for she wanted to taste what her loving companion's tongue was like. Julia's lips came into contact with Emma's. Julia opened her mouth to receive the wet tongue of the older woman. The wetness of their tongues met as both tongues slithered around each other in a ballerina's pirouette. Julia closed her eyes for Lady Emma was putting her in pure ecstasy and the noblewoman knew it.

Her Ladyship glanced down between the shemale's legs and saw a semi-erect member. Her hard work was beginning to pay off. Now was the time to up the ante.

Emma's mouth departed from Julia's. She now spoke for the first since their loving had started.

"Dearest darling Julia, please be a dear and kneel before me and do as I ask."

"As you wish, Emma dear. I feel rejuvenated from the attention you have been paying to me. I willingly do as you wish."

"Then loosen my kimono but do not take it off, then kneel at my feet." This Julia did and the elderly woman opened her legs to expose her pussy.

"It is waiting for your sweet lips, my dear."

The younger woman needed no encouragement for her state of excitement was ever increasing.

The noble lady had placed her legs over Julia's shoulders to increase her own arousal. Julia's red lips descended on the mossy heaven to devour the awaiting contents without and within.

Julia's fingers parted the pubic hairs of the old woman to expose the open outer lips of her labia. They glistened, inviting Julia to extend her tongue to lick them. But the erect, elongated, clitoris was also commanding her attention. A difficult decision awaited Julia; which to attend to first. Both were worthy of her loving tongue. The protruding erection narrowly got first call and received first lickings and kisses from the young shemale.

Lady Emma congratulated herself on priming her young lady friend to fever pitch. In doing so she had aroused herself with erotic thoughts of what was happening within the young shemale. She had taken more care than she would normally do with other shemales. It was now time to clamp Julia's head to the spot she was licking so successfully. This Lady Emma did with amazing strength for one so old and seemingly frail. If her young lover didn't stop her licking, the noble lady was afraid her own sperm may be released. That she did not want at the present. Emma Hamilton realised she had made a mistake encouraging the excited Julia; this she must rectify at once.

"Julia darling, please rest for you may exhaust yourself. There is much more exertion ahead and your strength will be needed."

Julia raised her head, feeling cheated of further excitements, her lips coated with secretion released by the noblewoman.

"Don't look so sad dear, for this is only a respite. I want this to be a night you will remember," her Ladyship said.

Lady Emma patted the bed and indicated for her shemale companion to lie there as she disposed her kimono to the floor to lie there beside Julia's.

The nude Julia lay beside her elder lover; a faint aroma rose from Lady Emma body. It was what she expected a lovely elderly woman would sprinkle on her person: lavender. It delighted Julia and made her more perceptive to the demands that Lady Emma made on her body.

Emma extended her hand to hold Julia's, giving a gentle loving squeeze of affection; their eyes met and a look of love covered both faces.

Lady Emma considered that their ardour had subdued enough to continue. Placing her small frame over her shemale lover in a *sioxante-neuf* position, she faced a rising erection. The soon-to-be female saw the inviting vulva of the elderly woman above her face. While her Ladyship was performing her task of fellatio to perfection, Julia equally showed her expertise in the art of cunnilingus with lips and mouth.

Lady Emma Hamilton considered now was the time both were now ready for. Julia's penis was erect and the pair were in a high sexual excitement. With slow sexual movements, they would climb the mountain to their gratification and climax.

Lady Emma rolled off Julia to lay on top of the satin mattress. She opened her legs and ran a hand over the stiffened member of her shemale lover. It extended longer than Julia imagined it could. Her hardened penis slowly approached the open and exposed sex of Emma. Julia entered the heavenly dell.

"Slowly, dearest, slowly," said Emma Hamilton. The plum lipstick lips of Lady Emma Hamilton descended on the firm breasts and erect reddened nipples of Julia. This was what the noblelady always wanted, an erect penis

within her and the well formed breast of a shemale and its rigid nipple in her mouth. She had had many shemales in her time but it always thrilled her for each was different. Lady Emma could never get enough of them. Her search for such a perfect lover was endless.

Kisses rained on each of Julia nipples; she was receiving pleasure not only from that but also that her penis was within the cavity of Lady Emma. By now the noblelady had pulled Julia's breasts closer and wrapped her small legs tightly round her young lover's back. Heavy excited breathing was heard coming from both lovers.

Julia thrust her member gently within her Ladyship's cavern of love. It felt wonderful to the young shemale for her penis had never been used for the purpose nature had designed it for: impregnating a female. Impregnation was impossible for Dr. Pennington had pumped so much hormone into her body that that was out of the question. Also, Lady Emma was long past the age where she could conceive.

Julia was thankful to the elderly Lady Emma that she had bestowed this sexual gift upon her. This might be the last time opportunity Julia would have to perform the sexual act with a woman.

Lady Emma Hamilton had never indulged herself so much as she did this night with the beautiful shemale before her. Lady Emma had one last trick up her sleeve which she had been saving to heighten her pleasure and that of her almost womanly companion. Her middle finger was dipped into her wet pearly secretions now lying in small pools on the pubic hair of her Mons. This her ladyship softly eased into Julia's anus; there was no resistance for the love juice-coated finger slid easily into the puckered nether opening. The result the noble woman

wanted was achieved for the shemale's member extended itself even further within her sopping wet crack.

"I'm coming!" screamed Julia. "I must let go, darling Lady."

"Please do, dearest You have pleased me more than I would have thought. Let us indulge ourselves in the greatest of comings."

The screams of Julia were accompanied by gentle moans of prolonged rapture from Lady Emma Hamilton.

The sexually exhausted pair covered each other in kisses till their coupling disengaged and both fell asleep.

A gentle knock on the bedroom door disturbed Emma Hamilton from her sleep. "Come in, Sheila," she said for she knew it could only be her maid. The pretty girl entered carrying a tray with two breakfasts on it.

"Lay it on the bedside table, dear."

"Yes, your Ladyship," answered her maid.

Julia had woken and rubbed her eyes.

"Come closer, Sheila. Did you have a good time with your boyfriend?" Lady Emma asked.

"Oh yes, Mistress," replied the demure Sheila.

"Good and did you go to bed with your boyfriend?"

"Yes Mistress," said the pretty maid.

"Was the sex good, Sheila?"

"Yes, Clive is a good lover," she shyly replied.

"Does this man of yours intend to marry you, darling?"

"Oh yes, Lady Emma. He proposed a few months ago."

"When will the happy day be, Sheila?"

"I don't rightly know. I hear that same sex marriages will soon be allowed in Great Britain and I would wait till that happened. It would be so nice to have my family around me on that special day"

"Whenever or wherever it is, I shall buy you your trousseau as a wedding present."

"I am so unworthy of your kindness, Mistress."

"Nonsense, you have been a most loyal servant to me and you service me so well in bed to my delight."

Julia raised her eyebrows, unseen by her ladyship.

Emma Hamilton continued her conversation with her maid. "You must forgive me, Sheila. I am afraid I indulged myself with Julia during the night. I think you are aware of my weakness for that of your gender."

"Do not blame yourself, Ladyship. It is in your nature. You know I love you."

"You're such a forgiving girl. You have seen me indulge myself many times with your sister shemales. Tonight I will try and make up for it for I wish you to share this bed with me."

During this conversation, Julia watched as Sheila stood before Lady Emma Hamilton in her maid's uniform: a long black ankle-length dress, clean crisp white apron tied at the waist in a bow, and a white peaked cap. The hands of her Ladyship had transferred to the back of the young maid's dress and were even now lifting it to expose the plain white cotton knickers beneath. A hand had slipped underneath the waist band of Sheila's knickers to insert itself between her rounded bottom cheeks.

Sheila said nothing but her eyes were expressing delight. All conversation had stopped. After a short while, Lady Emma stopped the movements of her hand, withdrew it and patted Sheila on her derriere. "You may leave now, darling."

"Yes Mistress." Sheila tidily picked up the discarded kimonos of both women from the previous night. On leaving the room, a smile of contentment spread on Sheila's face.

"You love that girl, don't you, Emma?"

"Yes, sincerely, for she never gives me any trouble. She doesn't know it but she will be well provided for in my will. I trust you not to say a word Julia. Sheila is like the daughter I never had."

"Yes, of course, but there is something that intrigues me."

"Oh, and what would that be, sweet Julia?"

"I never thought I would have an erection now that the hormones have kicked in."

Lady Emma Hamilton laughed. "You can thank Kami for that. You remember last night I gave you something to drink before you came to my bedroom?" Julia nodded her head.

"Kami knows my predilection for shemales and has procured many for me for which I was most thankful. Kami concocted this mixture of drugs and god knows what else and it has never failed me. That was what you downed last night. I'm afraid it will be your medicine till you leave here if you don't mind, sweetheart. It never has given any problems or side effects so far."

"Not at all, if it pleases you Emma. I am also curious about the fate of Tatiana."

“After her outburst of the other night, I think she is on her way out, ungrateful trollop. It’s true that she doesn’t like men, however in Brendan’s hands she is going to have a sore arse. That will teach her a lesson. I’m sure the captain will make her share her favours with the rest of that crew.” Lady Emma gave a prolonged laugh.

Julia spend a delightful time at Lady Emma Hamilton’s home but soon it was time to depart Macao. Before departing, Lady Emma presented Julia with an expensive ruby necklace and matching earrings.

“I can’t take these, Emma. They’re so expensive.”

“You wouldn’t want to make an old lady unhappy, would you? You have given me so much pleasure during your stay.”

The ship ready, the crew was set to find the treasure of the notorious pirate Jacques Le Blonde.

PART 3

TREASURE ISLAND AT LAST

It had been a long and arduous voyage and the island where Jacques Le Blonde had hid his treasure had not yet been found. Julia had accumulated a small fortune of her own already what with that medallion she had been awarded as “Heroine of the Ladies of Pago Pago” said to be worth at least \$200,000 and the ruby necklace and matching earrings Lady Emma had given her. It seemed worthwhile presenting your arse and pleasuring elderly women. Julia congratulated herself on her good fortune.

It was back to the old routine for our ship’s lady but Julia found business a bit slack. This was mainly due to the fact that the crew had indulged themselves in the delights of the many brothels in Macao. The beautiful ladies therein had been all too willing to relieve them of their hard earned cash. John Bowring had been a frequent visi-

tor to them. Julia was tempted to give him the cold shoulder but it was her duty not to do that. She still loved him but wanted that golden ring on her finger and a bride's dress.

One day while in Captain Brendan Connelly's, putting on her clothes after their sexual activities she asked, "How did you find Tatiana?"

He gave a coarse laugh. "She was a wild thing, a man hater if ever I saw one. But she was soon tamed for I was having none of it. I grabbed her, put her over my knee, raised her skirts, and tanned her backside. That cooled her temper. In no time, I had her knickers off and we were hard at it."

Julia could imagine the scene here in the captain's cabin. "Lady Emma said you would do something like that and share her favours with the crew."

"Spot on, Julia. Her arse got no rest from then. I put her in your cabin and a procession of shipmates were knocking on her door. That little aperture between her legs got some pounding, I can tell you. She left here rubbing a sore bottom." More coarse laughter emanated from the bearded Irishman.

Julia asked in a more serious tone of voice, "Brendan, do you think we will ever find this treasure?"

"I've been thinking about that. I have been sailing off the usual ship lanes on the Indian Ocean and a keen and constant lookout has been kept from the crow's nest. Nothing out of the usual has yet been seen. A constant watch on the radar has revealed nothing unusual. Only a fraction of the ocean has been covered so there is still hope."

Julia's doubts were increasing as each day went by and still no sight of the elusive isle. Julia's concern was shared with the crew with one exception: Sir Edmund

Cummings. His faith in his ancestors never diminished. He was certain he would succeed where Jeremiah Cummings failed; it was Edmund who kept the captain constantly on his search. Both were to be rewarded shortly for their diligence.

ISLES OF MYSTERY

27th day, 13 hours, and 37 minutes since the "Bulwark" left Macao.

It was the radar officer who requested Captain Connelly to come quickly to his office.

"What is all the excitement about, Harry?"

"Look at the radar screen, Captain. Two faint blimps suggest something is out there. I have had a look at the charts and it shows nothing in these waters. What do you make of it, Captain?"

"Don't rightly know but it has to be investigated. Have you got the bearings?" The radar officer answered in the affirmative.

"Good, then we will sail in that direction." This information was conveyed to John Bowring at the ship's wheel. Captain Brendan Connelly came on deck to discuss this change of direction with him.

"What do you make of it, John?"

"Two islands. The maps make no mention of them. Could be a school of whales or something like that."

"I doubt it, John. We're too far away for the likes of that to show on radar. There is nothing to do but wait and see."

By now an excited crew was assembled on deck, watching the horizon as the objects came closer. As they got larger, it was clear that both were islands. One of the islands was larger and longer than the other. Sir Edward

Cummings now had the treasure map of Jacques Le Blonde in his hand.

“The smaller of the islands fits the shape drawn here,” said Sir Edmund, pointing to the frayed map.

“Then we will make for it for. There is a deep bay where we can anchor the “Bulwark” according to the map,” the captain said. Course was set towards that island. A large hill on the smaller isle was spotted

“A mountain!” exclaimed someone.

“No, it’s the volcano here depicted on this map,” explained Sir Edmund Cummings.

“Indeed it is,” Captain Brendan Connelly added. “See, there are puffs of smoke coming from it.” The captain’s hand pointed in that direction.

“Then we have found the island where Jacques Le Blonde buried his treasure,” an excited Sir Edmund said. A hearty cheer went up from everyone onboard that ship. But the gold, silver, precious jewels, and all that booty had not yet been found and unexpected trouble was about to show its ugly head.

Canoes, approximately ten in number, sailed from the island and approached the ship. Each of the giant canoes contained twenty dark-skinned furious looking men with their faces painted in colours of red, blue, and yellow. The canoes came along side the “Bulwark” and in no time the warriors had scrambled aboard the ship.

Spears in hand, fights broke out. Fierce battles took place but the crew were no match for the superior numbers of the dark-skinned warriors. Soon the crewmembers were rounded up, tied, and taken aboard the magnificent carved canoes, including Julia. From the looks on the faces of the dark-skinned warriors, the colour of the

crew's skin was a peculiarity, especially with Julia whom the dark skinned men were feeling and pinching.

These people had never seen a white person before. But a legend had been passed down from father to son for hundreds of years of a red-headed white man who spoke a strange language and had sticks of fire that had killed many of their forefathers. For the period of the time his large ship was at their islands, not one of their tribe would go near it. Then after the ship left, peace and harmony were restored to the islands.

It was in this atmosphere of suspicion that the canoes made their way to an inlet where the crew was unceremoniously dumped and prodded into a long journey through a jungle of tropical trees, plants, and vegetation.

£ventually they came to a large clearing in the tropical forest where a village of mud houses were seen. John Bowring calculated they must be eight miles from the sands where the canoes had been beached. A tired and weary crew was again prodded to the centre of this village. What looked like a throne, unoccupied at present, stood in the middle of the settlement. A giant of a man left them. After some considerable time he emerged, followed by a stately-looking man.

This brawny dark-skinned man had feathers of many hues placed in his long hair and was naked except for a loin cloth over his groin. He was in earnest conversation with the other, speaking in a tongue not understood by those who had come from the Bulwark. From time to time, one or the other would point to those who had come from the ship. Then the dark feathered-headed one ascended to the throne.

The party from the "Bulwark" was prodded to a kneeling position before this throne. What it was said they

knew not but it was directed towards the chief who put up his hand in recognition of their praise to him.

This chief had detected Julia and perceived she was of the female sex. He now said something to his second-in-command, that being the giant of a man. Julia was hauled to her feet and brought before the throne. In a trice the giant had ripped Julia's dress off and now stood in her bra and knickers. She feared another gang bang which would be not as pleasant as her first.

Her bra was now discarded to expose Julia's breasts. Julia thought she was going to be taken before the whole village for all to see. Many of the tribe had assembled to watch this white woman be taken by all the men in the village.

The crewmembers from the "Bulwark" were struggling to free themselves from the ropes that were binding them to go to Julia's aid. She was the ship's lady and they were rightly proud of her.

The silk knickers were quickly snatched off to expose her lower regions, then all stopped. The native villagers were all bowing to her and prostrating themselves. The chief pointed to her flaccid member, then her breasts. A lot of mumble jumble and chatter ensued among the gathered audience accompanied by a lot of pointing to her penis and breasts.

"What is happening?" she asked John Bowring.

"They think you are some sort of super woman or even a goddess, sweetheart."

"Oh, and why should that be?" said a bewildered Julia.

"From the way they are pointing at your breasts and genitals, I think they believe you are a special being. And

if that is so, we should use your good fortune to our advantage.”

“How?” asked Julia.

“Well, put them no wiser. Tell them we are friends of the goddess and come in peace. When they loosen our bindings, we can take it from there.”

Julia then, with some difficulty, used sign language to indicate that she was indeed a goddess and they must obey her orders otherwise she would bring her wrath down on them. She also indicated that their prisoners must be released for these were minor gods under her protection.

The chief was now showing a friendlier attitude towards Julia and by hand signals was inviting her to his dwelling place. Meanwhile Captain Connelly, John Bowring, and the rest of the crew were released from their ropes, made welcome by the villagers, and taken to their huts.

Julia entered the large hut of the chief to find three women. She learned they were his most important wives, his minor wives being relegated to a somewhat smaller hut. Words were exchanged between the chief and these women.

Giggles emitted from the women and they pointed fingers at Julia. The eldest approached Julia and held a hand of friendship out to her. Julia took it and was led by her, followed by the other two outside the dwelling to a pool which was heated by underground springs. The two giggling women behind Julia and with the elderly woman pushed the naked Julia into the pool. They stripped their clothes off and jumped into the pool beside Julia. The elder of the wives had a couple of articles in her hand which she threw to the young wives beside Julia. She too

now divested her clothes and was beside the other naked women.



Within the warm water the hands of the wives fluttered all over Julia's body, highly stimulating our young shemale. Not to be outdone, Julia reciprocated the gesture to the grateful women. Julia found the hands of these dark-skinned women paying particular attention to her limp member. But it was as dead as a dodo and would have needed the concoction that Lady Emma Hamilton used to put it in the upright position that would give a female pleasure. Be that as it may, digits were entering her anus and lips and descending on her breasts.

Julia found herself being soaped all over with a sweet-smelling substance which the ladies in the pool were not adverse to applying on their own bodies. The three naked wives of the chief now led the equally nude and bare-footed Julia to a nearby hut and proceeded to oil and scent the pretty shemale. Delicious odours rose from Julia's body. Was she being prepared for sex with their master, she wondered? But surely one would not have sex with a goddess without her permission?

The three wives brought in beautiful robes which looked like silk spun in delightful colours pleasing to the female eye and even more so to the male. Why should such clothes be designed if not to attract the male sex?

The most delightful makeup was now being applied to her face by the skilful hands of these women. Every little detail was paid, even down to the elder woman applying a reddish liquid to the nipples of which became erect from her gentle touch. Garlands of exotic flowers were placed on her head, two large bangles slipped on each of her ankles, and a necklace round her neck. Julia paid attention to these for the bangles were made of pure gold and the necklace consisted of a mixture of coloured jewels; diamonds rubies, emeralds and sapphires. A quick calculation by Julia estimated she was wearing several hundred thousand dollars worth of jewellery. These easy going

people had no idea of worldly wealth. But to Julia it was of importance; could the jewellery be part of Jacques Le Blonde's hidden treasure? The beautiful shemale was sure the tribe did not have the skill required to cast or set the precious stones.

The oiled, scented, and powdered Julia was brought for the approval of the chief who, beaming, touched her sacred parts but no further familiarities were taken with her body. For she was the Great Goddess of all gods who had come to visit her people; such was the awe Julia was held in. To do more than touch this goddess would bring wrath and destruction on the one who dared to do so.

Julia, the captain, and crew had been with the tribe two weeks. During that time all had been treated lavishly and made welcome by all to the extent that the tribe's women wanted to make love to these so-called gods. Their charms were not rejected by the crew; women were swapped among shipmates. However not one of the men of the tribe was allowed to touch the goddess Julia. Julia had become friendly with the elder wife and from her she learned something of the language of the tribe and taught her some English. From this woman she learnt there was great rivalry between her own tribe and the other two on the island. Julia was surprised to learn there were another two tribes on the island.

"This must surely stop, Mrs. Monday." The "Bulwark" had arrived at the islands on a Monday and the woman was christened Monday in substitution for her unpronounceable name. The older woman nodded her head in agreement.

“Then you must take me to these tribes, Mrs. Monday for your goddess wants peace to rein amongst all her peoples.”

“You are a wise and peaceful goddess, Julia. I will take you to the chiefs of both tribes.” The women kissed to seal their pact for the reconciliation of the three tribes.

One of the tribes was ten miles further on through dense jungle while the other was at the far end of the island, near to the ocean. Departing on the following morning, guided by Mrs. Monday, Julia made her way in the forest. It was mid-afternoon when the village came in sight. Mrs. Monday indicated to the villagers that they came in peace and wished to see their chieftain. Astonished stares focussed on Julia for no white woman had been seen before in these parts.

Taken to the chieftain, Mrs. Monday conversed with him; he raised his eyebrows in disbelieve. Mrs. Monday gestured for Julia to come forward. Julia now stood before the chieftain and Mrs. Monday divested the beautiful shemale of all her clothes. Julia stood without a stitch of clothing before the portly chief. Mrs. Monday caressed Julia’s breasts. Their nubs hardened became proudly erect. When the bulky chief had feasted his eyes, she directed them to her hand which travelled down Julia’s lithe body to rest between the young woman’s legs.

His gaze, captivated by Mrs. Monday’s delicate movements, was fixated on Julia’s limp and useless penis. An intake of excited breath from the chieftain was heard. He reached out to touch Julia; Mrs. Monday slapped him and words of disparagement passed between her and the chief. From what Julia could make of it, it indicated that

he was touching a goddess and even her own chief was not allowed to do such. He could be struck down by lightning or worse and disaster would befall the tribe for this was the Goddess of all Gods and Goddesses and she had these powers.

He immediately withdrew his hand as if it had been burnt by fire, fell to his knees and gave salutations to the great goddess. Julia conveyed via Mrs. Monday that she appreciated his worshipping of her status; she was a deity who would be kind to those who obeyed her wishes and give her benevolence to them. That went nicely, she thought and a great feast was held that night for her and Mrs. Monday.

What she ate that night she did not know. It was only after the meal that Mrs. Monday revealed that they had eaten roasted snake and crushed ants. After the feast the tribe that had captured her and this tribe with the portly chieftain had a much better relationship. On the morrow the women left to continue their journey to the tribe that resided near the ocean. The terrain was much easier to travel through. The village was reached by noon.

Again Mrs. Monday went through all the palaver of the day before. The chief, a much younger man than any of the chiefs before, sat on the throne with another throne holding a young beautiful wife beside him.

This seemed a more progressive tribe than the others ; the young chief was happy with the pretty dark maiden that was his wife. It was also found that this chief had only the one wife. These were very hospitable people, who only wanted peace with their neighbours.

Julia could now concentrate on the precious stones and how the women of the tribe came to have them. It was better that all tribes were united; Julia imagined that would be to her future advantage.

When Julia and Mrs. Monday got back from their trip to the other two tribes, Julia asked her where the pretty necklace of beads had come from.

"It is a gift from the great god Vulva."

"Vulva?" queried Julia. "Who is this god Vulva that I have never heard of?"

"The god resides over there," said Mrs. Monday, pointing at the small island that Julia had yet to see.

"Does he come here to dispose these pretty beads to you women?"

"Oh no, no, no, it is when he is angry and a young virgin is sacrificed to appease his anger," finished Mrs. Monday.

"How do you know this god is angry?"

"When Vulva blows smoke and fire from within itself and hot liquid comes from within to flow all over the ground."

"Well I as your goddess say this barbaric practice must cease for this is a false god who shows no mercy and I will destroy this god."

Mrs. Monday stepped back in fear of the goddess for plainly her tribe had angered their goddess for whatever reason.

"Who does this Vulva give these coloured beads to?"

"The men who take the virgin that is to be sacrificed. They bring them back with them."

"We will make a trip to this island, Mrs. Monday, and see how strong this god is."

"Oh no, no, for it is only males that are allowed to go to that island."

“You would defy your goddess? Have no fear for I will protect you. Those who believe in my powers will never die.”

This rousing speech put faith and courage into Mrs. Monday.

Julia was perceived as half-woman and half-man. Therefore in the eyes of the tribal chief the prerogative of the male had not been violated and there was no shame in a female accompanying this goddess.

A canoe was organised for Julia, Mrs, Monday and the chief, with six men of the tribe rowing. Although the distance between the main island and the one with the volcano was short, because of strong tides it took some considerable time.

It took a walk of an hour or so to come to the base of the volcano. An altar where virgins were sacrificed to the great god Vulva was shown to Julia. It was covered in blood stains as the chosen virgin was killed with sacred daggers before giving her to the god. Julia noted that the altar was in the path of where the lava from the volcano would engulf the victim with boiling liquid. The saving grace for the now dead virgin was that she suffered no lingering death.

“You will destroy this altar and never again practice this vile ceremony. Now you will show me where these coloured baubles are obtained.”

The party backtracked to a mile from shore. Thick bushes and undergrowth concealed a cave; these were pulled back and the party entered. A musty smell came from within the cavern. The party pressed onward into the depths of the cave. About five minutes in, on the rough floor lay a skeleton, its skull decapitated. Not far from it a few coins were scattered on the floor.

Julia picked one of them up. A golden doubloon. This could only mean that she had been seeking must be near. Then it came into sight: chests upon chests piled on top of each other. Julia found some full to the brim with more golden doubloons no doubt raided from some Spanish galleon. She had the party open a few of the other chests. There was untold wealth here, enough to insure that she and the rest of the crew would never need to work again for the rest of their lives.

She had seen enough for now so all departed the cave and went back to the village.

On learning the good news, Captain Brendan Connelly, John Bowring, and the rest of the crew congratulated Julia on finding the long lost treasure.

"We must quickly get it all aboard the "Bulwark" and depart," the captain said.

"No, we must not leave in haste. These innocent people are like children. They have made us welcome in their homes and asked for nothing," said Julia.

"Then what do you suggest?" queried John Bowring.

"I don't know, John, but let us try and think of something."

The conversation ended there and all dispersed to meet next day with any ideas.

The following day it was Julia who started the conversation. "I think we should take some of the young children back with us, bring them up in a civilised

environment, send them to university, and bring them back here at a later date. There will be no problem educating them for we are all now rich enough."

"But by that time many here will be gone and the children will be over twenty," someone replied.

"We will bring them back here every year so that they know where their roots are. I suggest we take one child from each tribe, probably the chiefs' offspring."

"Just how do you intend to do that, Julia?" asked the captain.

"By having sex with each of the chieftains and conceiving a son who then will be the Chieftain of all Chieftains, uniting all the tribes."

"That would be the miracle of all miracles, Julia," was Captain Connelly's comment.

"Oh, you may laugh, Captain but remember I am a goddess and all is believable from one they regard a deity."

"The only place you can produce a baby from is out your arse."

"Exactly, for now that is the only place I can have sex and that is where the chiefs will deposit their seed."

"Any other place but here that would be laughed at but you will get away with such trickery."

"Then we are all agreed that is how we should proceed?" Julia asked and all nodded their heads.

Julia explained to the tribes that the only thing she asked for her bestowal of these favours was that the baubles and trinkets on the volcanic island be given to her as a token for her upbringing of this child. So innocent and childlike were these people that they offered to transport the buccaneer's treasure to the Bulwark.

An agreement was arranged that all would converge at the village of the Julia, the captain and crew of the "Bulwark" first discovered. So that there could be no arguments about whom should be the first to plant their penis within their goddess' holy entrance, a drawing was held. The first out of the hat was the portly chieftain from the tribe Julia and Mrs. Monday first came visited. Second was the tribe that resided on the far side of the island. Last was the tribe where they were based which would host these godly activities.

All was now set and a day was chosen for all tribes to come to the village.

Mrs. Monday, as the oldest wife of the chief hosting the sexual activities, would conduct the ceremony to be performed.

Mrs. Monday was greatly pleased that she had been picked for this honour ; attention had to be given to the smallest details. On the night before she discussed these with Julia. "Julia, you will have to wear the bridal dress all the wives of the chiefs of our tribe wear on their first night with the chief."

"That is no problem. Let me see what I shall wear on this glorious ceremony of the uniting of your tribes."

Mrs. Monday commanded that a trunk be brought to her; it was similar to the chests that contained the treasure of the pirate Jacques Le Blonde. Inside it was a wonderful dress of satin and lace and intricate embroidery the likes of which Julia had never seen before. Julia surmised this must go back centuries.

"Where was this dress obtained from, Mrs. Monday?"

"Over there," she said, pointing in the direction of the island where the volcano was. "The men brought this back many moons ago."

“Was it from the cave we explored the other day?”
Julia asked.

“Yes,” said Mrs. Monday.

“All we brides wear this dress on our first night,” said Mrs. Monday, repeating what she had said before.

“Let me put it on,” Julia said. Put it on she did with a struggle. Julia could visualise the original owner standing in her boudoir in a well-laced corset, her maid behind her, laces of the corset in her hand.

Julia’s thoughts were interrupted by Mrs. Monday holding up a pair of old-fashioned drawers. “And these too you must wear, my goddess.”

“Let me see.” They were handed to the she male.
“How exquisite they are but not necessary for they will be taken off me. I will wear till just before my entrance, however I will keep them as a reminder of the Divine Ceremony.”

All was prepared for the following day. Mrs. Monday had just one request of Julia.

“Oh, what would that be, Monday?”

“That my goddess would kiss me before she departs this island to the Land of the Gods.”

“Surely. I will grant that favour now.”

“No no, my Goddess, I will ask it on the morrow.”

“Very well, you are in charge of it all. I look forward to kissing you for you have been of invaluable service to me.”

FOR THE LOVE OF A GODDESS

The day had arrived, the tribes assembled to see their chieftains make love to a goddess, *their* goddess. The crowded centre of the village was cleared for the ceremony and three thrones were placed near the middle for

the chiefs. In the centre was placed a chair with one end raised and from it a downward curve, all covered in royal blue velvet.

Drummers stood with their long bongo-type drums attached over their shoulders by straps and feet wide apart were all placed at one end of the cleared square.

Mrs. Monday now stepped out of a tent raised her hand for silence during the ceremony. The only sounds that should be heard were the passions of their chieftains and goddess. That explained, she went over to the drummers, raised her hand and a slow beat started. Leaving the crowd to the hypnotic drumming of the tom-toms, she entered the ceremonial tent. After a short while, she emerged with the three chiefs all naked, her arms linked with two, the other following behind. Each was placed on a throne.

Again she disappeared within the tent where Julia awaited. She stood in that dress of centuries past. Without a word, the goddess wriggled her drawers down her shapely legs and dispersed the silk undergarment onto a nearby chair.

“Are we all ready, my goddess, for the divine ceremony?” Mrs. Monday asked.

“Let the proceedings begin.”

Mrs. Monday took Julia’s arm with hers and exited the tent to gasps from the assembled throng. She wore the bridal dress, so therefore she was to be the bride of each of their chiefs. Being so, the tribes were now united under one goddess.

Mrs. Monday led the beautiful shemale to the altar of love. “Over the altar place yourself, my goddess.”

Mrs. Monday helped her do so. Julia’s anus was high, an excellent target for whoever was behind her. His penis

could easily slide into her nether cheeks, into the very depths of her rose. Mrs. Monday now took Julia's dress and layer upon layer of petticoats in her hands, lifted them up to Julia's shoulders and pinned them there, exposing her beautifully formed buttocks to the assembled crowd.

"Are you comfortable, my goddess?" asked Mrs. Monday.

"Yes, Mrs. Monday."

"Good, then we shall begin. I shall bring the first chief for you to service."

A large object entered between her holy portals and lodged itself within her. It wasn't long, rather fat, and the girth reminded her of Generalissimo Juan Fernandez' member. It was of course the portly chief she had first met with Mrs. Monday. He didn't go on and on for unlike the Generalissimo, he was not doped to the eyeballs by the devious Kami. He came very soon inside her. It was like an overflowing river as stream after stream poured out into the shemale's bottom hole and down her shapely legs.

As the portly chief was led back to his throne to rest, the young chief of the tribe from the far side of the island was led by Mrs Monday to do his duty to their goddess. Julia felt his hands on her hips and kisses descend on her puckered anus. Her juices were churning within that silky cavern between her bottom cheeks. She was trying her best to withhold her own emissions till he gave his tribute of lover to the goddess.

Just in time he came; if it had been a millisecond longer, she would have released her own white liquid. They came in unison and she was breathless. But breathless or not, the third chieftain was at present plunging his weapon into her. Not only was he putting his member

into her, the portly chief of her first encounter was standing in front of her with his podgy cock posed at her mouth. It forced itself between her lips and completely filled her mouth. One man implanted between her rounded hemispheres and another in her mouth. What else could possibly happen? Just then, the third chieftain had his hands on her breasts, fondling them. At that moment Julia thought she was a goddess. Hadn't she reached the heights of Mount Olympus where the gods reside?

Now explosion after explosion came; the portly chief came into her mouth at the same time as the other chief filled her backside with his dewy liquid. The portly chief at her front stepped aside to be replaced by Mrs. Monday. The lovely shemale remembered her request for a kiss. Right there in front of her eyes, Mrs. Monday uncovered her vulva.

Mrs. Monday pressed it to Julia's lips. Julia couldn't move as she was so exhausted but all she had to do was stick her tongue out. It easily entered the wide open quim of the black woman. Mrs. Monday clutched her goddess' head and held it there.

Julia passed out in rapture; she could never be better sexed than she had been this day. It was dark when she came back to her senses in the chief's hut. Mrs. Monday hovered around her. "We all thought you were dead, my goddess."

"Goddesses never die. I was in heaven conversing with my fellow gods and goddesses. In a few days time I leave with your children to take them back to my home in heaven. I will miss you, Mrs. Monday. but in a year I shall bring my son back to show all the people. He will be a great god and love all his people."

The following day Julia, Captain Connelly, John Bowring, and crew went round the villages, thanking ev-

everyone. Great roars were heard coming from Vulva the volcano. Fire and smoke came from within its depths, hurling rock and boulders in the air.

Great fear was on the faces of the tribes. Julia could see this and stood before all of them.

"I will never let this lesser god harm my people. I will destroy it even if I am not here. You must have faith in me forever." It put some hope in the tribes.

HOMeward BOUND

All the tribespeople accompanied the "Bulwark" in their long canoes as she set sail and left the mysterious island. Soon it disappeared in the distance.

"Captain?" said Julia.

"Yes, Julia?"

"Have you logged the longitude and latitude of these islands?"

"Yes of course. Why?"

"Don't you think these peaceful people should be left alone? When these islands are mapped and charted, they will be targets for all sorts of rogues. Don't you think it would be better if nothing is put down or said of our discoveries?"

"You have a good point, Julia. Unfortunately, we have sponsors who will wish to know of our exploits. The press and media will feel likewise. I will consider it and see if we can come up with a suitable answer." No more was said.

The question of the whereabouts of these islands was forgotten as a massive storm blew up, the likes of which had never been known in the 21st century. Gigantic waves tossed and turned the Bulwark; she was awash water. It was the skill and seamanship of Captain Brendan

Connelly that saved the day; if the ship had been captained by any lesser man than he the "Bulwark" would have been in Davy Jones' locker. For three days the storm was fought till eventually calmer seas came to the battered old lady, the Bulwark. The middle mast had gone in the storm sails, ripped to shreds. It was plain that the "Bulwark" would have to make to the nearest port for repairs.

But what had caused this storm? There was no warning of such a catastrophe. It all came to light when seismographs reported a massive explosion in the Indian Ocean, the epicentre of which indicated the island where the volcano Vulva existed. When planes flew over the spot, nothing but the ocean was seen. It was assumed there had been an undersea earthquake.

The volcano Vulva was erupting as the "Bulwark" left. It exploded, showering rocks and lava all over the island. It exploded with an intensity equal to that of two mid-sized atomic bombs. The island was torn asunder and sunk beneath the sea, causing waves the likes had never been seen before. And what of our three tribes? Unfortunately those near the ocean went under it, however some people made for the high ground of the island. The wise amongst them knew eventually the ocean would cover the whole island. Quickly boats were built in a race against time. Approximately 100 set off to find new islands. In their new paradise, idols were set up to their goddess Julia. Hadn't their goddess promised destruction of Vulva? The triumph was there for all to see for the volcano no longer existed. These people believed their goddess would return with her son to rule over them.

The three children taken by Julia would never see their homeland but they would grow up to be very talented and gifted children.

In calmer seas, the captain called Julia into his cabin.

"I do believe we have lost the ship's log."

"Yes Captain, it must have been the storm." she said, looking at the log and smiling in understanding.

"Julia, we make for India to be repaired and may be there for some time. I suggest now is the time you go for your operation if that is still your desire."

"Yes please, Captain."

"Good, then go and see Dr. Pennington. I will make arrangements when we reach port to fly you and he to Thailand."

When Julia and the doctor left for Thailand, there was one aboard ship who had given much thought to his situation, namely John Bowring. Hadn't he just left an island where having two or more wives was commonplace? Why couldn't he do the same if he explained to Elizabeth and Julia that he was sure they all would come to an amenable compromise? It could be classed as bigamy but if all were satisfied with the arrangement, was there really any crime? Julia could finally be the bride in white which she wanted. He would have to talk this over with Julia and introduce her to Elizabeth when they got back to England. Yes, that was the solution but would it work?

A few weeks passed and Julia returned after her operation. She could have flown straight back to England but decided she wanted to be with her shipmates when they sailed into Plymouth. Now that she had had the operation, Julia wanted to put pressure on John Bowring as to marriage. The question was put and the answer surprised her. Yes, he would marry her but it depended on the proposal he would put to his wife Elizabeth and whether the two of them could share their love with him on an equal basis.

"Whatever do you mean, John?" asked a puzzled Julia.

John Bowring explained his plan of being married to both at the same time.

“Sounds like you are acquiring a harem, John. I am not averse to such a situation as long I am married and that ring is on my finger. I look forward to meeting your wife; maybe we can work out this arrangement. But I am not for sharing the matrimonial bed with another woman, well not at the same time.”

“That will never happen for you will live in separate houses far from each other.”

The answers suited Julia so there was nothing to stop her presenting her willing pussy to John. For the rest of the homeward voyage John’s rampant penis was the only one that occupied her sacred spot.

During the homeward voyage, Julia had a discussion with the captain.

“Brendan, what would you think of marriage?”

“Marriage, Julia? Who to? John has proposed to you.”

“My dear mother, Captain.”

“Why the blazes should I marry your mother? I have nothing against her, you understand. But why her?”

“I am leaving some of the treasure that will be mine to her. I know from past experience that that money will go through her hands like water. A strong man such as you will see she does not fritter it away. Besides, she is not unattractive for her age.”

Captain Brendan Connelly roared with laughter. He remembered Julia’s mother in that office when Julia was Julian. Julia was right, her mother was not unattractive. Brendan’s wife was long dead; maybe it was time he got sexually active with a real woman instead of these ship’s ladies.

“Okay Julia, it’s a deal but you must pave the way and make me welcome to your mother. You know what that means, Julia?”

“No.”

“I will be your stepfather that’s what and give you away as the bride of John.”

“Oh.”

The “Bulwark” arrived at last to dock in Plymouth. The docks were lined with people all wanting to see the ship. The exploits of the ship had been followed by the country in papers and on television. On the dockside a platform had been set up where Captain Connelly and Sir Edmond Cummings would make speeches before television cameras and the lot.

Before that there were family members to meet Elizabeth for John and introductions to Julia who would be coming back to their flat for now. Julia mother’s Dezaerae was reintroduced to the captain. She remembered him from that time in her brother-in-law’s office. She rather liked the bearded captain but for now she was fascinated with her new daughter and talk of a forthcoming marriage. Her sister Eustacia meantime was all over her husband, fussing over Sir Edmund and asking for his well-being. Chung the cook was greeted with his wife holding a little baby girl in her arms, conceived before he set out to find the treasure.

Speeches over, all set off on their separate ways. John Bowring, his wife, and Julia went to his flat. Long discussions on their situation would take place and Elizabeth would be made aware of the relationship between her husband and Julia.

It is not often a wife is confronted with her husband’s mistress but Elizabeth bore no grudge against Julia. They did have something in common after all; both had been

ships' ladies. That was a bond for neither felt jealous of the other. They both loved John and he loved them both with all his heart.

Julia was given away by Captain Brendan Connelly, her new stepfather who had married her mother only minutes before her marriage in the same place.

Julia and Elizabeth lived apart. John would live with one for a month or so, then live with the other for the same length of time. What more could one ask for.

This ends our tale that started with the treasure map of a fierce red bearded French pirate. May god bless all ships' ladies" wherever they may sail.

The End