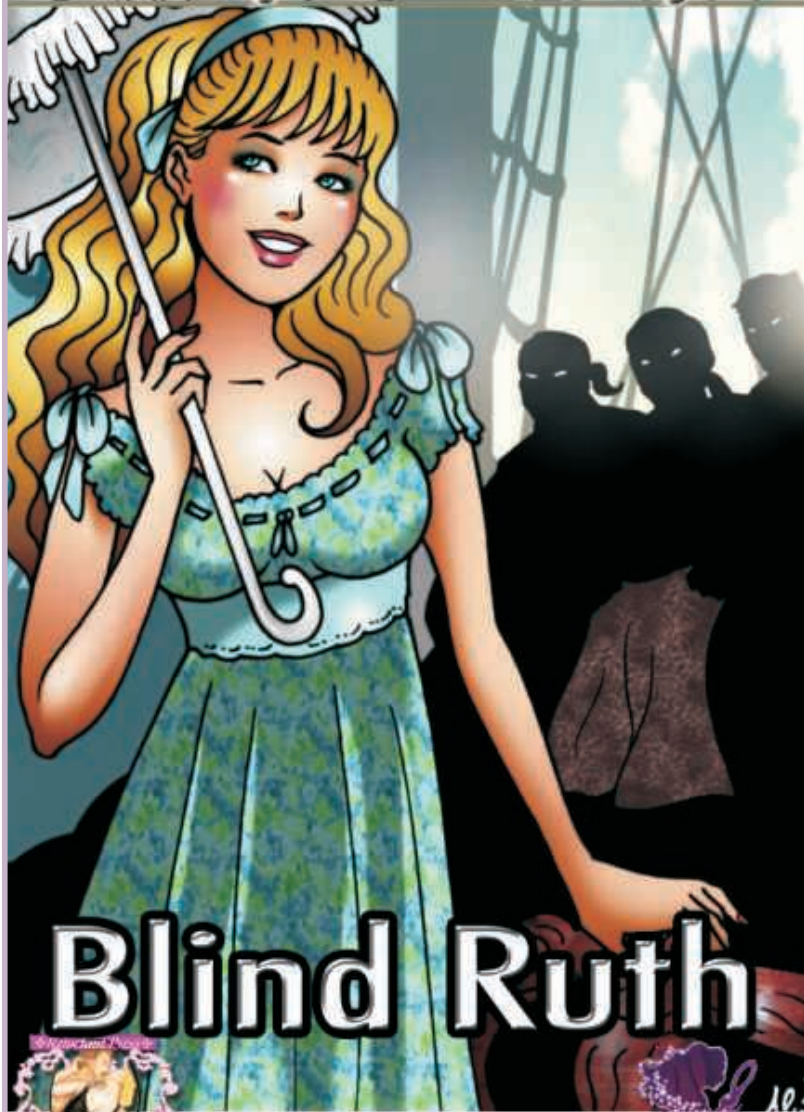


Ship's Lady



Blind Ruth



An "Adult Tv" Novel



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SHIP'S LADY

By Blind Ruth

PART 1 PREPARATIONS SHIP'S LADY

What is a ship's lady? To put it in simple terms it is a man dressed in woman's clothes onboard a ship. There have always been such men since time began in ships that sail the high seas. It has always been considered unlucky by sailors for a woman to be onboard a ship. Therefore it is no surprise that some men have dressed in female clothes. These men were not scorned or laughed at; to the contrary they were revered and respected as a welcome sight on long voyages. It was not uncommon for members of the crew to fight over the favours of such "ladies." These men who dress in women's clothes take great delight in dressing in female finery. Of course such men would attract other members of the crew even if those men did not consider themselves homosexual. In some

cases it was not unknown for a ship's lady to share the captain's bed.

For many such "ladies" it could be an easy life as they would be excused from the usual duties and hard work onboard ship as long as she gave her favours to the crew. Make no mistake, these "ladies" were beautiful and accepted as ladies and therefore learned the art of makeup. It was in their own interest to be attractive. Some could make a good living from dressing in women's clothes. Fine dresses, perfume, precious jewels and other such goodies would be theirs and they could retire on their ill-gotten gains and maybe live full time in women's clothes.

It is whispered in nautical circles that the famous "Mutiny on the Bounty" may never have happened had such a Ship's Lady been on board. That could be mere supposition and we will never know but it is food for thought.

Even today these ship's ladies still exist on the many super oil tankers, tramp steamers, and huge cargo ships that sail for months on end, going from port to port all over the world. The ship's ladies of today can have breast implants, even gender reassignment.

This is the story of one man who became a ship's lady unknowingly but maybe not unwillingly.

TREASURE MAP

Sir Edmond Cummings was at present converting his attic into an office for himself in his spacious manor house. It wasn't that Edmond had wanted to do it but Eustacia, his wife who had a quick temper, told him she was fed-up with clearing all the papers and business letters he kept leaving all over the place. Anything for a quiet life for his beloved Eustacia; she had a wicked tongue.

Sir Edmond was what one might call a business magnate; the family business in engineering had been handed down from father to son over hundreds of years. Edmond was the most successful of that line for the company had expanded under his guidance into a large conglomerate of companies which dealt in a wide diversity of goods and services. He had been knighted by her majesty the Queen for services to industry years ago.

He had hired a construction company to convert the attic to his office; the floor would need strengthening as would the beams within the attic. A lot of what Sir Edmond called junk had accumulated over the hundreds of years his manor house had been in existence and the construction company was told to clear it out. Edmond, being a cautious and careful man, told the contractor to put aside each item for his inspection before it was disposed with. As he had expected, a number of paintings were found. Some were of his ancestors; those he would keep, the others would go to auction. The items found were numerous but one that came to his notice was a large locked oak trunk.

This caught Edmond's imagination for it looked centuries old but how to open this mysterious object for there were no keys with it. A locksmith was called; he came with bunches of keys and soon had it opened. The heavy lid creaked open to reveal an abundance of papers, letters, and documents. The contractor was told to bring the trunk to the library where Edmond could peruse the contents at his leisure. He took a keen interest in reading the hand-written letters from centuries past. It took him some time to go through all papers within the trunk. At the very bottom was a yellowish waterproof oilskin pouch tied with string around it which immediately got his attention.

On unwrapping the string, Edmond found it contained a shabby dog-eared map written in French. There was also an envelope with a seal on the back which was from one of his ancestors, Jeremiah Cummings. On breaking the seal on the envelope, he discovered a letter which read as follows.

My Dear Descendant

To whoever you may be, it is I, Jeremiah Cummings, who writes this letter. I hope it is one of my descendants that reads this epistle. I would not like the contents of this letter to fall into the wrong hands. If you are reading this, you will have discovered a map, written in French, which I had translated into English. This is said to be the treasure map of the famous French pirate Jacque Le Blond whose treasure has never been found. Jacque and his pirate ship sailed many seas and oceans and struck terror into the hearts of all he captured. He was a fearsome individual of six foot six inches and had a red beard. He carried a cutlass that would kill a man in seconds with a swift blow. He amassed a fortune from the booty plundered in his raids on helpless merchant ships. He was no respecter of the fair sex. Any woman found on board a ship would be brutally raped by him and his merciless crew, then killed.

This map came into my hands as payment of a gambling debt from a Frenchman with a dubious past said to be a member of Jacque Le Blond's crew. He said it was given to him by his captain on his death bed as a gift to a trusted friend. The treasure is buried on the island shown on the map. The island was not on any map of that time. Jacque thought it an ideal spot to bury his treasure. So Jacque and three trusty members of the crew went to it by longboat over a period of several days, making many trips to the island. Only one man returned at the end of the trips and that was Jacque. It was said that he had killed

the other three so no one would know where the treasure was buried on the island. The island is somewhere in the Indian Ocean as I know from the translation from the French.

I was told I was a fool to accept such a worthless piece of paper as a gambling debt but I did believe this Frenchman so much that I financed an expedition to find Jacque Le Blond treasure, which I never found. Many things went wrong on that voyage of the ocean-going Mary Rose. I had to ration the food supply, for the ship was months on end without the sight of land in scorching heat. I suffered a near-mutiny of the crew which I, the Captain, and a few trusted crew members held off till we arrived safely back in England.

I do believe the treasure exists and it is my wish that a future generation of the Cummings family will try and seek out Jacque Le Blond's bounty.

Should you are set out to find this treasure, I wish you God-speed.

Yours Faithfully,

Jeremiah Cummings

After reading that letter and studying the treasure map, Sir Edmond was most thoughtful. Edmond was an adventurous man; he hadn't built his empire without a sense of adventure. He was seriously thinking of taking up the challenge laid down by Jeremiah Cummings. Then a bright idea came into his head which could garner a lot of publicity for his various companies. Why not build a ship similar to that of his predecessor Jeremiah Cummings and try to find the long-lost treasure? Even if he found such a ship, a most skilful captain would be needed for the art of operating ships with sails was long lost.

Edmund intended to seek sponsorship for the voyage from his business associates and other interested parties. Interviews with the press and media would surely bring

that. Stories of pirate treasure should fire the imagination of the public. Where Jeremiah Cummings had failed, he would succeed for Edmund was a determined man.

He first needed someone with knowledge of the wooden sailing ships of the 18th century. Jeremiah had translated the French writing on the map and that was a help. A person with knowledge of maps was hired to see if this island was still there and could be gotten to.

The island was named "Le Blond Island" after the pirate, probably by Jacque himself. It was three miles long and approximately a mile in width with a number of coves and bays where Jacque La Blond would have anchored his ship. There was a volcano on the island.

A person with knowledge of sailing these ships had not been found. A sailor and captain who had experience with finding treasure had, however, been found. Captain Brendan Connelly was an Irish man; his credentials were perfect and he had a reputation second to none. Edmond Cummings was impressed with this six foot two muscular giant of a man of fortyish whose hair was turning white and who had a beard

"Everything seems in order, Captain Connelly, except for one item."

"And what would that be, sir?" asked Brendan in his Irish brogue.

"I can tell you now, Captain, that this voyage is to find the long-lost treasure of one Jacque Le Blond, a Frenchman and well-known pirate."

"Your man mentioned that before I came for this interview. My record is unparalleled in these treasure hunts as can be seen in the expeditions I have captained."

"Please let me finish, Captain."

"To be sure, sir," answered Brendan.

"This will be no ordinary hunt. I have decided that the ship I sail in will be as near as possible to the ship my ancestor Jeremiah Cummings sailed in three hundred years ago. That means it will be a sailing ship with no mechanical means whatever. Do you think it is within your ability to captain such a ship and have a crew proficient enough to handle this type of vessel?"

Captain Brendan Connelly didn't reply at once and a thoughtful expression came over his face before he spoke.

"It is true I have never sailed in the type of ship you described, however I am a Master Mariner. This is a challenge I will gladly take up if you hire me, sir."

"Captain Connelly, I think you are a trustworthy and honest man and will sign you up as captain of this ship whenever it is found."

"I would like some things cleared up, sir, before we shake hands. While the ship maybe of the eighteenth century, I hope you will be installing radar, sonar, and a ship's radio and that I shall have complete say as to who I wish for members of the crew."

"These matters I leave to you, Captain." The deal was signed. Now the task was to find a ship!

For Captain Brendan Connelly there seemed nothing he could do till a ship was found, however he was not the kind of a man to twiddle his thumbs. He dropped in on Sir Edmond's office. Edmond was rather surprised to see him.

"Captain Connelly, you are more than welcome here but I did say you would be informed whenever a ship was found."

"I know that, sir. Do you have the captain's log of the ship your ancestor sailed in by any chance?"

"No, it wasn't among the papers in the trunk. But why would you want that if I may ask, Captain?"

"It could very well be of the utmost importance. I am sure the daily log will have the settings and positions of the ship. If I have them, I can plot the course the ship took from when it left Plymouth to where it turned back in the Indian Ocean. Whether that will be of any help, I do not know but at least we will know what parts of that ocean he sailed in and where he didn't. If it can't be found, Lloyds registers all ships and the log book of the "Mary Rose" should be in their files."

The log book of the "Mary Rose" was indeed down in Lloyd's basement among other dusty logbooks of ships from centuries past. The log book of the "Mary Rose" was a thick volume detailing from when it came into commission till it went to the breakers yard. The ship had a life of more than forty years, mainly as a cargo ship sailing the England-to-West Indies route. Captain Connelly had brought with him maps of the area the ship he would be captain of would be sailing in. He took notes of the captain's daily logging and positioning of the Mary Rose. These he painstakingly marked out on the maps. Even in the twenty-first century there were still parts of that ocean that have no charts. Brendan would make a point of visiting these blank areas.

Captain Brendan Connelly could not fail to read other entries in the log. One which caught his eye was an entry from when the "Mary Rose" crossed the equator. It read as follows.

Captain's log: Friday July 7th in the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and twenty-three.

To-day we have crossed the Equator. All the crew are in good spirits and to celebrate this auspicious occasion I have ordered an extra supply of rum and that a party be held this evening when it will be much cooler than now as the sun mercilessly beats down on us.

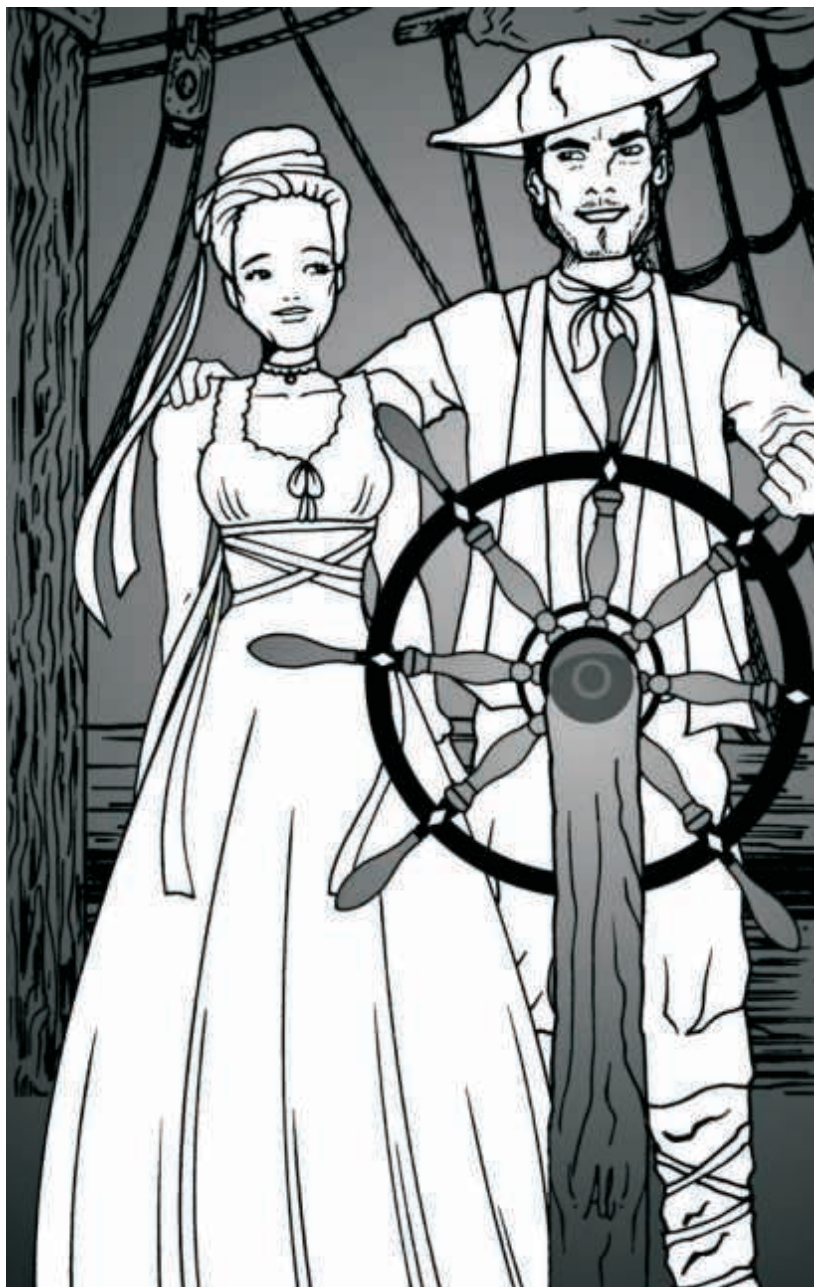
The events of this evening were most jolly and gay; cook laid on a sumptuous meal. The bosun entertained us with his playing of the violin and the crew joined in on the many sea shanties he played. I was more than surprised to see a lady in our presence for one of that fair sex had certainly not boarded the ship on leaving Plymouth.

On approaching her, I asked where she had come from. The sweet thing blushed and answered, "Don't you recognise me, Captain? I'm midshipman Jenkins." It took me several minutes to identify the features of young Anthony Jenkins for he certainly disguised himself well in the form of the gentle sex. I was not annoyed by this for she was popular amongst us sailors who had not seen the female form for several months.

It seems among our crew, young Jenkins was given the nom de plume of Lady Antonia, a fitting name for Anthony in a woman's skirts. He certainly was the centre of attention that night and I think he rather enjoyed the treatment and the civility that all paid to him. I do think the presence of a so-called lady had a calming influence on the crew. I had expected a rowdy drunken rabble and was prepared for such and would excuse it because of the festivities.

The following morning, everyone tackled their jobs with zeal. On enquiring of the first mate James Rowan as to why all seemed in a good humour compared to other days on this voyage, he replied, "It is the Lady Antonia, Captain. As you well know, these men for months have been deprived female company. I can tell you, Captain, only this morning I have been approached by several

mates as to why there is no presence of Lady Antonia on board ship and asked to relay this to you, Captain."



I said that surely they understood that it was only midshipman Jenkins in a frock.

He replied that they did but the Lady Antonia's presence had greatly brightened their attitudes and enabled them to perform their duties with renewed vigour. He asked me if I would consider allowing "her" presence for the remainder of our voyage.

I did give the matter considerable thought and spoke with young Jenkins on this matter. I asked him if he enjoyed the wearing of women's clothing. He informed me that he used to play with this sister when he was young and that she took great delight in dressing him in her clothing. He did in fact take pleasure in the wearing of frocks. I then asked him if he would mind dressing as Lady Antonia for the rest of the voyage and he informed me that he would not mind that duty in the least but he was concerned with missing his duties as midshipman.

I informed him that he would be relieved of them and would no longer sleep in a hammock below decks with the men. I will make available for his use a small cabin used when this ship had passengers on board. As there are none on this trip, it is his to use.

Jenkins said that this new duty was a dream come true for him.

Young Jenkins, in the guise of his alter ego Lady Antonia, put a spring into the step of all who saw him and it was a much happier ship. A few nights later before retiring to bed, I decided to take a stroll on deck to get some fresh air in my lungs. There to my surprise was first mate James Rowan whose watch it was at the wheel with his arms around "Lady Antonia." I made a noise again as if clearing my throat to let them know I was near. On hearing it James quickly released his hand from Antonia's waist and she stepped backward as if studying the bright stars above. I noticed Antonia had a necklace of various colours

which I am sure she never had before. I think it was a present from James. What they do is their affair as long as it does not interrupt the harmony of the ship.

No more did Captain Connelly read of this Lady Antonia in the ship's log.

So they had them hundreds of years ago. These women were what Brendan called Ship's Ladies and he knew all about them. Many a ship he sailed on had a ship's lady. Even his own vessels had these so-called women who served a purpose and trafficked in a trade as old as the world.

The captain now had all the information he had come for. He must now wait for this ship; till then he would start seeking out he knew from past experience were reliable for his crew.

ELIZABETH

The expensive apartment block was modern and well-kept; only those with a reasonable income could afford to live here. The amenities were first class as they should be for the money paid. To gain entry one had to press the call button of the flat of the person one wished to see. This Captain Brendan Connelly did. After a slight delay, a woman's voice was heard over the intercom.

"Yes, who is it?"

"It's Brendan Connelly, Elizabeth."

"Right Captain, do come on up."

The elevator swiftly rose to the third floor where Brendan alighted, then made his way along the corridor past a number of flats till he came to a door with "Bowring" on the nameplate. He pressed the button beside the door and chimes were heard. A minute later, a woman of some five foot nine opened the door.

"You look as beautiful as ever, Elizabeth," Brendan greeted the woman, aged 32.

"You always were a flatterer, Captain but do come in. It's nice to see you once more. What has brought you here this fine day?" Elizabeth said as she led Brendan to the sitting room.

"It's John, isn't it, Captain? You wouldn't come all this distance to see anyone else."

"But I came to see you as well," he lied.

"Why don't you stay for tea? John is still in bed but will be getting up shortly for his tea. He is on nightshift at present. Then you can talk about old times if that is what you are here for."

"Yes, that would be nice, Elizabeth." The captain had serious matters to discuss with John Bowring.

Captain Brendan Connelly did not lie when he said Elizabeth Bowling was pretty. He had held her naked body close to him many times in the past.

Elizabeth went to the cocktail cabinet, poured out a glass of whiskey, and handed it to Brendan. "Jamieson's, Captain, that's your favourite, isn't it?"

"You never forget these things, Elizabeth, you're a good hostess." Elizabeth had poured herself out a Bacardi and coke.

"Well, I think I have known you long enough, Captain."

Elizabeth Bowling let her mind wander back to when she first met Brendan Connelly. She was not dressed in all the female finery that adorned her figure at present. She had signed on as an able-bodied seaman. All through her life, she had never come to terms with her maleness. Elizabeth's brain never functioned as male, always female.

For years she had gone through mental torment in a fight to establish her female identity. On her original voyage with the captain, she found him a reasonable man and approachable which gave her confidence. It was on the third day of that voyage when she asked to see the Captain in private.

Seated before Brendan Connelly, she talked in hushed tones. "Captain, I have come to discuss a very delicate matter. I know you are an intelligent and impartial man and will hear me out. What I have to say has taken a considerable amount of courage. You see, I have been struggling all my life with my sexuality and I feel now is the time I expressed my femininity. I ask your permission to that do now, please, Captain."

Captain Connelly looked at David Donnelly (for that was her name then). Brendan turned matters over in his mind but had further questions to ask.

"David, you say you want to express your female side. By what means will you do this?"

"By wearing the clothes of my own sex, female. I now regard myself as a female. The clothes mean nothing but if that is the way society determines who is a woman, then that is how I want to be seen."

"I have no objections to that, David, but do you understand the danger you will be putting yourself in?"

"Danger, Captain?"

"We are at sea for months on end and the sight of a woman can do strange things to a man's mind. Remember, you will be the only woman onboard."

"I hadn't thought of that," replied David. "But I have not had the operation yet, Captain!"

Captain Brendan gave a belly laugh "And you think that makes a difference? I've been around a long time;

some of the things I've seen with ships' ladies—and that is what this crew would regard you as—I wouldn't want to repeat to your young ears."

"I still want to go through with this if you give me permission, Captain."

"In that case you will have to remove your things from the crew's quarters and I shall make a cabin available next to mine for your safety. I take it you have some woman's dresses and skirts here with you. By what female name do you wish to be called?"

"Yes Captain, I do have a few dresses and frocks. Please call me Elizabeth which I think is a fitting name."

No more was said as the now-named Elizabeth transferred her things to the assigned cabin.

That inaugural meeting between Captain and the now-Elizabeth was in the passageway between cabins as Elizabeth was about to make her entrance for all the crew to see. That entrance never reached the deck as Brendan beheld Elizabeth's feminine beauty.

"My, but you are a most desirable woman, Elizabeth." Before she could answer, Brendan's hand had gone round her waist and was leading her in the direction of his cabin.

An hour or so later, Elizabeth Donnelly found she was alone in bed with a crumpled up sheet over her naked body. The virgin was no longer a virgin. He had been gentle with her for he knew she had a certain amount of fear of their sexual connection. Elizabeth appreciated his

concern for her and the blissful introduction to that act. She had not been forced and willingly accepted that act. Maybe she had always wanted to make love as a woman.

Elizabeth reflected on the events of her day. She hadn't been shirked or harangued as she had expected and prepared for. The captain had had a few choice words for the crew and told them in no uncertain term what would be their fate should any harm come to Elizabeth.

Elizabeth knew one day she would marry; of that there was no doubt in her mind. The right man would come in time. Till then she would take the opportunity to have affairs with her former mates. Elizabeth made herself available to those she liked for sexual purposes.

For three voyages with Captain Connelly, Elizabeth became the established ship's lady and was recognised as such. It was on her third trip that Elizabeth met John Bowring and was immediately attracted to him. Brendan Connelly and he worked well as a team; even though John had his captain's ticket, he learn much in seamanship from Brendan.

John Bowring knew a lot of these ship's ladies from past experience with them. However Elizabeth was different; the others were used for sexual functional needs. John found himself falling in love with her. Elizabeth came to the conclusion that John Bowring was the man for her. For two more trips they were together. Elizabeth had taken steps to have her body altered. Breast implants were already in place, hormones had been started, and a date set for the final operation.

It was on the final trip with the captain which would take them to the Far East that Elizabeth booked herself into a clinic for the operation. The happy day came and John was there at her bedside as the effects of the anaesthetic wore off. On returning to the ship, Elizabeth used

all her powers to persuade John to give up the sea, marry her, and live on shore. She succeeded only because of John Bowring's love for her. They married onboard ship, Captain Brendan Connelly performing the wedding ceremony as his office entitled him to do so at sea. The happy couple settled down and it was now five years since their last voyage.

All of these things flashed through Elizabeth Bowring's mind as she sipped her Bacardi and Coke and watched Brendan.

"John is up. I'll inform him you're here, Captain, then see about finishing the tea."

Brendan Connelly watched her trim figure exit the room. A voice interrupted his recollections

"Old times, Captain."

Turning around, he faced John Bowring. "Yes indeed, John. Wonderful memories, will they ever come back?"

"Elizabeth says you have come to see me, Captain?"

"That I have on a private matter but maybe this is not the right time before tea."

"Of course, Captain. Things always seem better when the belly is full," John joked.

"You're a good cook, Elizabeth," commented Brendan.

"Don't say that, Captain, you'll swell her head," laughed John Bowring.

"Now if you don't mind, Elizabeth, the captain and I will retire to the living room for I am sure he has plenty to discuss with me. I am confident you will find something to occupy your time."

“Yes John,” Elizabeth softly replied.

After his wife departed, John Bowring faced Brendan as they sat on easy chairs. “Well Captain, give it to me straight for you have not come here for a meal.”

“You assume correctly, John and I’ll not beat about the bush. I have been given the enviable task of finding the treasure of the legendary French pirate Jacque Le Blonde and I’m asking you to come on board as my First Mate. I would not ask anyone else for you have the knowledge to tackle this alongside me.”

John Bowring thought for a few seconds then replied, “Captain, there are many capable men out there who can fulfil all the work that a first mate job entails and better than me.”

“You think so, John? The job I have in mind is worthy of only you and your abilities. You haven’t heard the whole story. The ship that will be employed on this voyage isn’t any old ship. It will be at least two or three centuries old, no mechanical aid, all sail. Now do you see why I want you? It is a challenge to our seamanship, John.”

“Where is this ship, Captain?”

“That’s the problem. I have yet to see it.” Brendan Connelly saw some light at the end of the tunnel as John Bowring seemed to be taking an interest.

“How is that, Captain?”

“Centuries-old sailing ships don’t exactly grow on trees, John. What’s more, when it is found, I don’t expect it to be seaworthy. That is a problem that will be dealt with as it comes.”

Captain Brendan Connelly could see there was an itching, a stirring inside John to hit the sea again.

"You know, Captain, if I were to leave home for the sea, Elizabeth is not going to be happy about it all. I'm afraid I will have to persuade her to let me go."

"Do what you have to, John. I can understand her point of view. Let me know what decision you come to."

In bed that night John Bowring approached the delicate subject of the offer Captain Connelly had made to him about this forthcoming treasure hunt. Elizabeth listened, knowing she would be fighting a demanding mistress to keep her husband there beside her. Elizabeth would plead and cajole all to no avail for the lure of the sea was in John Bowring's blood. And so it was that Elizabeth reluctantly gave up the fight. The sea was too deeply ingrained in her husband's soul.

Captain Brendan Connelly had gained the prize he wanted. All was set for the expedition except for one vital thing: a ship.

THE BULWARK

It was one of Sir Edmund Cummings lackeys who came up with the answer to their problem of finding a suitable sailing ship. "There she is, sir, a beauty," the man excitedly exclaimed as they stood on a riverbank looking at a three-mast sailing ship.

"What is she called, Harry?"

"Bulwark, Sir, H.M.S. Bulwark, part of Nelson's fleet, said to have fought at Trafalgar alongside the great man himself, Sir," Harry said hoping to impress Sir Edmund.

"That may well be, Harry, but the final decision will be Captain Connelly's for he will be sailing it. I don't intend to buy this ship till I have his say so."

A crestfallen Harry looked at the ground.

Captain Connelly inspected the ship from bow to stern, top to bottom.

"What do you think, Captain?" enquired Sir Edmund.

"If you want the truth, she is a sturdy oak ship and should stand the rough sea we are likely to encounter on our voyage. But much work will need to be done before she is seaworthy. Much of the oak structure will have to be replaced. The openings where the cannons were situated will have to be filled in. otherwise they will ship in water, Sir."

"Well, you are the expert, Captain, but you do think she can be made seaworthy for the long journey ahead?"

"Certainly sir, but a fair amount of money will have to be spent."

"That I have never thought as a problem, Captain, for I shall put a small amount myself into the project. But most will come from commercial interests and on that front I intend to make a statement to the press and media about our proposed treasure hunt. For that, you will be at my side to answer any nautical questions that may arise."

"I see, sir. Where do you intend to have this conference?"

"Here on the deck of the 'Bulwark'. What better place for a story?"

When Sir Edmund told his wife, she snorted, "You've been watching too many 'Pirates of the Caribbean films'. Go on, do it, you never pay any attention to me anyway." Edmund tried to comfort Eustacia by saying there would be diamonds and pearls for her.

Now that Eustacia had grudgingly given her permission for the adventure, Edmund felt the better for it. It was now time to call that conference; the press and media were informed. The deck was suitably festooned with bunting, flags, pennants, and streamers in many colours, and all sorts of nautical accoutrements. The scene was now set for the invited press, television, and other media. Centre top deck was a table behind which two chairs sat in front of two rows of chairs. As each invited reporter came up the gangway, they were piped on in true sailor fashion as if an admiral was about to board the ship for inspection.

When all were seated, Sir Edmund Cummings and Captain Brendan Connelly made their appearance, then sat before their audience to complete attention.

The distinguished figure of Sir Edmund rose, then silently looked round the crowd. "Gentleman and Ladies of the press, I have called you here to announce my forthcoming voyage to seek the treasure of the legendary French pirate Jacques Le Blonde." Edmund stopped to let that fact sink in, then continued.

"My ancestor Jeremiah Cummings some three hundred years ago set sail to find this treasure but failed. That is something I don't intend to do. I have a letter written by Jeremiah which I will shortly show you, laying a challenge to his descendants to find this treasure. I have not only accepted this challenge but will sail in the same type

of ship that Jeremiah did. This is that ship, the 'Bulwark'. The treasure map, which you may photograph, is all we that Captain Connelly and I have to go on. Now if there are any questions you may wish to ask me or Captain Connelly, feel free."

A reporter shot a hand up immediately. Sir Edmund pointed to the man in the front row. "Yes, what is your question?"

"How do you know the map you found is authentic, sir?"

"Good question and quite rightly asked. The treasure map was found in my attic and had been there for hundreds of years. I took it to experts who decided it was genuine so I am given to believe them."

Then Sir Edmund pointed to another man in the same row. "Yes, you sir."

"Do you have the skill to sail a ship such as this, Sir Edmund?"

"That is a question better answered by Captain Connelly. I shall be on board as a passenger. Captain Connelly, it is over to you."

Captain Brendan Connelly rose, looked at the questioner, then answered. "Yes, I do think I and the crew which we will assemble will be more than capable of handling this ship, however special training will be required as it is not any just seaman who will be able to handle the ship. Now that the 'Bulwark' has a new life, the hard work begins to make her ship shape and seaworthy."

"Captain Connelly, how do you expect to find this treasure where others have failed?"

"I have plotted the course taken by Jeremiah Cummings' ship taken from the captain's log and will search the areas where his ship did not."

"Can we see these areas, Captain Connelly?"

"I'm afraid not. If we told you, I'm sure many others would be there before us. All I will say is that the Indian Ocean is vast and many islands are as yet unknown or uncharted. It is out to the unknown we shall go."

More questions followed. When it was all over, Sir Edmund congratulated Brendan.

"Well, I think that went over as we planned, Captain. Pirates' buried treasure should fire the imagination of the public. When this hits the television and papers tomorrow, I see no problem with finding sponsors."

ENTER JULIAN

Around this time, Dezarae, younger sister of Sir Edmund's wife Eustacia, came onto the scene with her only child, son Julian. Dezarae, a widow, doted on him; he could do nothing wrong in her eyes. Julian was at present at university. He was on sabbatical at home where Dezarae spoiled him rotten.

"Mommy," he said one evening while at tea.

"Yes precious?" answered his idolising mother.

"Mommy, did you see Uncle Edmond on the television talking about the treasure hunt he proposes to take?"

"Yes dear, very interesting, why?"

"Do you think you could sweet talk Uncle Edmund to take me with him, please Mommy?"

"I don't know about that darling. It will be very rough and tough. It's not for my little boy," Dezarae said, looking at the smooth, soft hands of her son, hands that had never done a hard day's work in his life.

"Please Mommy, I'm twenty-one and a man," pleaded Julian.

“Well, maybe Mommy will have a word with Aunty Eustacia but I can’t promise anything.”

“Oh mommy, I love you,” said Julian, giving his mother a kiss on the cheek, which he knew from past experience was always the way to get round his mother.

Dezarae was not really looking forward to meet her older sister Eustacia for she was a straight talker and called a spade a spade. However for her darling she would have to go through the ordeal. So there she sat on a wet afternoon, sipping tea and making pleasant conversation with her sister.

“Dezarae, we don’t see you here often. To what do we owe the pleasure of your company this time? The only times I see you are when you’re looking for something. Out with it,” said her stern-looking sister.

A hesitant Dezarae who answered; in the past she had suffered the full wrath of her sister.

“Eustacia dear, you know this treasure Edmund is about to try and find.”

Her sister interrupted just then. “Bloody fool of a man. Pirates and all that nonsense. He should have more intelligence than that, but carry on.”

“Could you see the way to persuade Edmund to take Julian on the voyage, please Eustacia?”

Eustacia’s eyes peered into her sister’s, then she exploded in a burst of fury. “Of all the damned cheek, Dezarae. First you ask him if he would pay for your son to go to university, which he did with a grudge. Now this. As for the lifestyle of Julian, Edmund highly disapproves and I have to agree with my husband there. Why can’t he

find a nice girlfriend? You can't do your own dirty work? Go and see Edmund yourself," Eustacia ended in disgust and anger as she looked at her sister.

Dezarae didn't fancy the prospect of pouring out all this pleading again before her brother-in-law. But to please her little boy, she would endure this torture.

While all this was going on, Captain Connelly paid a visit to an old shipmate, Chung Wong, a forty-year-old Chinaman who left his homeland as a boy. Brendan walked through the gaudy signed streets of the Chinatown area during the day. Traders plied their wares on the stalls that littered each side of the crowded street. There were expensive silks which weren't when you looked at the price tags. Just off the main street away from all the hustle and bustle was a small narrow side-street. Brendan stood in front of an unmarked door; he knew it was the one he wanted. He knocked and a man about some six feet tall answered. He smiled, flashing his pure white teeth at Brendan on seeing him.

"Ah Captain, how velly nice to see you. You are welcome in the house of your servant Chung Wong," at the same time giving a bow. As Connelly came in, a small woman was holding a baby in her arms while a girl of five was shyly hiding behind her mother's skirts. He was led into a living room where even more children were playing.

Chung Wong clapped his hands. All the children stopped their playing and looked up to their father.

"Children, this is the great Captain Connelly. I have told you many wonderful tales about when we were ship-

mates. Tonight he will be staying for tea and will recall these adventures, won't you, Captain?"

"Yes Chung, whatever you say. Anything to please you and your children. By the way, you seem to have increased your family, from the last time I saw you. How many now?" laughed the captain.

"Nine, Captain. Since we last met, two boys and a girl," Chung proudly said.

"Well, I see you've found something to occupy your time away from the sea," said Brendan with a belly laugh, looking at all the children surrounding Chung. "Can we discuss business, Chung."

"But of course, Captain, that's what you came here for. When do we sail?"

Captain Brendan Connelly roared with laughter. "You can read me like a book. Well, this is how it is." The captain proceeded to tell the story of the treasure hunt.

When he finished, Chung Wong added, "And you need a good cook, not only good but the best that ever sailed the sea."

"You got it in one, Chung. There is no better than yourself or I could have hired any cook and saved myself this journey."

"Ah, but you know my cooking is *good*. Where do I go to pick up this ship and will there be any lovely ladies on board?"

"You don't change, Chung. Haven't you enough with all your children and your beautiful wife? What will she say if she ever finds out about you and the lovely women?"

"Nothing. She know long time. I love her better after being with the man-woman and make better love."

"You're nothing but a loveable rascal, Chung."

"But you will be having ship lady on voyage, Captain? Voyage no good without ship lady."

"We'll see."

Captain Connelly was rather pleased with himself; the crew had been sorted out and he was on his way with a meeting with Sir Edmund to tell him so. The sooner the *Bulwark* was seaworthy, the better for his sea legs were getting itchy. He had made his appointment with Sir Edmund's secretary. That morning as he came into Sir Edmund's office, the secretary told him to take a seat; Sir Edmund was engaged with someone else. Dezaræ, his sister in law who at present was sitting in front of Edmund, was that someone else. She was crying and dabbing her eyes with her handkerchief from the tirade and verbal abuse she received from Edmund, this all being after she had pleaded her case for her son Julian to be part of the crew.

"Listen Dezaræ, these are REAL MEN on this ship and the likes of your poofster son Julian is not wanted on voyage. There are enough shirtlifters in this world without making any more."

What Sir Edmund Cummings said was true for Julian was indeed gay and lived in a flat with his partner Sandy. Both of them were studying at the university. When Julian asked his mother if Sandy could come and stay with them one Christmas, she had no objections. And when Julian asked his mother if she would put a bed for Sandy in his room, she did.

Dezarae left Edmund's office, tears streaming down her cheeks, and sat on a chair next to Brendan Connelly to recover and face the world once more.

Brendan, ever the gentleman, asked, "Why are you so distressed, dear lady?"

"Oh," she said, laid her face on Brendan's chest, and stared sobbing again. Brendan put an arm round her to comfort her. Dezarae poured out the whole story of her meeting with Edmund and the rude remarks Edmund said about her son. Brendan listened patiently, not saying a word.

When she finished pouring out her soul, he said, "Dear lady, maybe things will turn out better if you sleep on it." There, there," Brendan said as he patted her gently on the back.

Dezarae wiped her tear-stained cheeks and looked at Brendan. "You're a good man, sir, to let me burden you with my worries." Dezarae rose kissed Brendan on the cheek and left the office.

Sir Edmund's secretary answered a buzz on the intercom, then addressed Brendan. "Sir Edmund will see you now, Captain"

Brendan and Edmund exchanged pleasantries, then got down to business. Brendan explained that the crew was almost recruited and Edmund said the ship was coming along fine.

"Good Captain, it looks as if everything is coming in time and soon the ship will be signed over to you."

Brendan changed the conversation. "Tell me, Sir Edmund, who was that lady who came out of your office in tears?"

“That was my sister-in-law Dezarae. She wanted that poofter son of hers signed as a crew member. I told her where to get off.”

Brendan said nothing for a few seconds, mulling matters over in his mind. His authority as captain of the ship was being questioned, at least in his mind. He had to put his foot down now.

“Sir Edmund, if you don’t mind me saying so, I am the Captain of the ship. I don’t interfere in your business and you don’t meddle in mine. Is that understood?”

“Yes Captain, but come to the point,” said a puzzled Edmund.

“The point is I am the one that hires and fires members of the crew of this ship and you have no right to interfere with that process. If we have no understanding on that, then I am resigning as of now.”

It wasn’t often that Edmund Cummings was put in his place but he just had been.

“I am sorry if I have trampled on your toes. You have all say on whom you wish for your crew.”

“Then I shall shortly interview your nephew Julian!”

Captain Connelly had now moved into the ‘Bulwark’. By day his cabin acted as his office. It was there that Sir Edmund’s nephew Julian was taken to after dodging the many planks and other objects scattered on the decks by the workmen.

Julian now sat in a chair before Captain Connelly. “She’ll look lovely when she is finished, a beautiful old lady,” said Brendan Connelly referring to the ship. “Now

Julian, your mother says that you would like to sail with your uncle on this ship, is that right?"

"Yes sir, that is correct. Mommy says that you have that decision and not my uncle. Mommy was rather upset when she came back from visiting my uncle. She cheered up when that letter came the other week inviting me for this interview."

"Tell me Julian, why do you want to come to sea onboard the 'Bulwark'? Life on this ship will not be easy."

"I have a sense of adventure sir and a willingness to learn the art of seamanship if you will give me this chance."

"I understand that this is only a sabbatical you are on and you're not really planning on making a career of the sea. This is no pleasure trip; backbreaking work is all you will get on this voyage. Do you still want to come along?"

"I think the experience I gain on this voyage will stand me good in later life, sir."

"I'll think about it, Julian, and send you word on what I decide, okay?" The captain and Julian shook hands and parted.

Captain Brendan Connelly had studied Julian well during their interview. With his soft facial features, small body and small hands, his deportment appearance and effeminate behaviour indicated that Julian was not meant for the hard work of a sailor. But there was one job of which he would be the perfect candidate" "Ship's Lady".

Julian would be signed on as a crew member but before he knew it, he was going to be smothered in satins and lace. It looked like Chung was going to get his wish, along with many others of the crew. Julian may have received the gentle thrusting of his friend Sandy inside his anus but on this voyage his knowledge of the homosexual

act would expand as a horny mate held him tightly and rammed his stiff penis forcibly in his tight ass. In addition, he would be in a dress!

Among the crew members assembled was a Dr. Richard Pennington, an excellent medical man with one blemish on his record. He had been struck off the register for the misdemeanour of interfering with a woman patient. He had been with the captain in the past, acting as ship's doctor or medical advisor. Captain Connelly had primed him about Julian to whom he had sent a letter advising him that he had been hired but would need a medical check-up before any papers were signed.

Dr. Richard Pennington had been instructed by the captain that he wanted Julian put on hormones but Julian must not know it.

"So you are having a ship's lady again, Captain. Very interesting."

"You were never shy in using the services they offered in the past, were you, Richard?"

"No indeed. I took great pleasure in watching their bodies form their curvy shape and I derived much pleasure using those bodies for my own sexual purposes."

"Then you will take the greatest care with the emerging of Julian to womanhood."

"Of course, Captain."

Both men looked at each other, smiled and laughed, for they understood each other perfectly.

Dr. Pennington was at present examining the naked body of Julian. "Cough," he said, holding Julian's testicles. He went over to his desk and scribbled something in

the medical file he was keeping on Julian. "You may dress but leave your shirt off for now and I will discuss your medical condition."

Julian sat before Dr. Pennington, then the doctor spoke. "You're a fit man, Julian, however your body lacks certain vitamins. It's nothing serious and can be easily rectified. What I am going to do is give you a booster shot then some pills which I want you to take twice a day, first thing in the morning and last thing at night before you go to bed."

The doctor withdrew a syringe from his office drawer, went over to a medical cabinet, took a small bottle out and pushed the needle of the syringe through the hermetically sealed top. Withdrawing the plunger, he siphoned the clear liquid into the syringe.

"Open your, shirt, Julian for I will be injecting this syringe into your chest area." Dr. Pennington soaked a cotton wool pad in antiseptic and rubbed the area that he would be injecting with the syringe.

"There we are. Now here are the pills. Don't forget to take them."

As he left the medical room, Julian saw Dr. Pennington at his desk writing up the medical report on him. Dr. Richard Pennington sat there calculating how young Julian would progress as the hormones kicked in. They would call into Thailand and by that time Julian would be ready for the operation. He would get the lot: breast augmentation, gender reassignment, nose job, cheeks, and voice. The surgeons were damn good there. Even his own mother would not recognise him once all the work was completed. It looked to Dr. Pennington that on the outward journey he would be inside Julian's anus and on the return journey to England, he would be up her pussy!

THE LAUNCH OF THE BULWARK

Captain Connelly was pleased that it was now time to launch the old girl once again. The Bulwark now all spic and span, gleaming from bow to stern; she looked as good as she ever had. Of course Sir Edmund wanted all the pomp and circumstance and publicity he could arrange. He had already signed up a number of sponsors. The sails had the name of a well-known bank on them so it would be seen wherever the ship went.

Launching day came and once again the ship and shipyard were festooned with flags and bunting and many

VIP's were invited to the launching. Sir Edmund's wife Eustacia did the honours by launching the Bulwark with a bottle of champagne. The ship was then docked till the following day when trials would begin. The crew and VIP's, press and media retired to a special dinner held in honour of the launch. Speeches would mention all the sponsors and be reported in papers and television.

It was during this dinner that Captain Connelly got Dr, Pennington in a quiet corner and asked him, "Have you done all that I asked?"

"Yes I have, Brendan. Height, weight and shoe size of Julian have been taken so you have it all to fit her out as our ship's lady. I take it from our trials you will be looking for rough weather?"

"I want to see how the old lady handles and feels under my hands but why do you ask?"

"The hormones injected into Julian have side effects, one being nausea. That can easily be put down to sea sickness. It should only last for the time of the trial."

"Good thinking. I have set aside a cabin for our ship's lady. It is locked at present and I have the key here."

Brendan was showing Dr Richard a key on his chain of keys. "You must see the room. It is the last word in a lady's boudoir. I had it specially fitted out to my specifications. I'll show it to you tomorrow."

"I'll look forward to that pleasure and also to peruse the delightful ladies apparel that you will purchase for Julian."

"Julia please, Richard!"

"Ah, so she has been christened, has she, Captain? I look forward to holding her exquisite form in my arms."

"And I look forward to seeing it!" added Captain Connelly.

"What do you mean? We will be alone."

"Not when the cameras are on you and she!"

"You sly old sea dog! You mean to say you have her cabin all wired up for vision?"

"Straight to my bedside," Brendan Connelly jovially nodded in agreement.

"You're not only sly but horny as well," Dr Richard added.

The trials completed, the Bulwark tied up at the docks for a few days for minor repairs and adjustments till she set sail on her voyage to find the treasure of Jacque Le Blonde. The crew had been given leave for the three days till then. All that was left was a skeleton crew consisting of Captain Connelly, first mate John Bowring and Chung the cook who was to buy the food for the voyage. A large freezer was on board, a luxury the original sailors on the Bulwark never had.

Julian went home to Mother not in the best of health, having been as sick as a dog all during the trials.

“Oh, you poor thing,” said Dezarae his mother.

“Dr. Pennington says I’ll be all right on voyage, Mommy. Now that I’ve been sick I’ll find my sea legs.”

“Oh does he? Never mind, Sandy is here to cheer you up before you sail away. I thought I would surprise you and invite him.”

“Oh Mommy, where is he?” Just then Sandy walked into the living room. “This is a wonderful going-away present,” said a jubilant Julian.

It certainly was a jubilant Julian that night as his mother had once again made up a single bed for Sandy in Julian’s room. She always found that it had not been slept in the following morning. Funny that.

The big day had arrived and the dockside was crowded with people to see the Bulwark sail away. There were television cameras, reporters, photographers and members of the crew’s families.

Captain Brendan Connelly boomed “I’m afraid you all will have to leave as we set sail on our adventure.” Soon all were filing down the gangplank on to the quay. They waved as the sails billowed in the light wind and the Bulwark majestically glided away. Elizabeth dabbed her eyes with a hanky; even Eustacia was seen with a tear in her eye. Dezarae waved enthusiastically at her son as Sandy stood by her side with a contented look on his face. A young Chinese woman stood holding a baby in her arms, surrounded by several children. She looked a little

plumper since the last time Captain Connelly had been in Chung's house.

Turning to his cook said, the captain asked, "Again, Chung?"

"Yes Captain, number ten is on the way."

"And you are the one that's wants a ship's lady. I think we will have to tie a knot in your organ," joked Brendan.

That night the most important people on the ship assembled in the captain's cabin: first mate John Bowring, Dr. Pennington and others were in attendance. Everything seemed satisfactory. As all left to go to their various posts, Captain Connelly asked John Bowring and Dr. Pennington to stay behind.

"Sit down, gentlemen. As Richard knows, I intend to have a ship's lady on board soon." It was not much of a surprise to John Bowring as he had travelled with the captain before and he had met Elizabeth.

"That will be interesting, Captain but maybe I should have been informed. Who, may I ask, is this ship's lady?"

"That is why I asked you to stay behind. It is to be young Julian."

"Oh, does he know?"

"No and this is where you come in. I don't think Julian has ever done any hard work in his life. His mother mollycoddles him."

"Yes Brendan, from what I have seen of him you could very well be right," cut in the first mate.

"I want you to work his butt off and prepare for when I strike."

"And what exactly is your plan, Brendan?"

“Just this, you, the doctor and some other well-chosen mates complain that there is no female presence on this ship. Then you, John, start asking why there is no ship’s lady. Then I ask who has volunteered to fulfil that role for a cabin waits equipped with all the finery she may wish. Then you, John, step forward to suggest that the mates discuss this and vote on which one of you will take this honourable position. Whoever is voted for is honour bound to be the ship’s lady. To refuse the honour is to become a pariah among the crew and to be given the hardest jobs on the ship.”

“Sounds good, Captain. I think after a few days hard work, young Julian is going to welcome a peaceful bed on his own away from the cramped sleeping quarters of the crew.”

“Exactly. Julia may resist at first but then she will see how restful life is compared to her previous work on the ship. Her only duty as ship’s lady is to attend to the sexual needs of her once-fellow members of the crew. She will be highly respected, I will make sure of that. If I hear of any sort of disrespect to her, whoever is responsible will be severely dealt with.”

Julian’s, now Julia, fate was sealed as Captain Connelly led the devious trio to the cabin especially prepared for the ship’s lady.

“There she is, mates, all specially done up to receive our ship’s lady. It even has a toilet of her own with a shower and there aren’t many of them on the ship. See the double-size four-poster bed and the silk sheets thereon where she will entertain many of the crew. Look at the fitted wardrobe and teak carved dressing table and mirror. There are mirrors all over the place so she can see her beauty wherever she goes in the room. Makeup and plenty of it. Look at the array of wigs. She can be the dumb blond, the ravishing redhead, a desirable ra-

ven-headed beauty or whatever she fancies. Her pick of dresses is unending.”

The captain unlocked one of the wardrobes to reveal dresses and skirts from minis to evening dresses, sparkling and glittering with spangles alongside delicious ball gowns. “She is spoiled for choice. Now let us open a few of the drawers and see the frilly fancy underthings that will adorn her body.” So saying, the captain opened a drawer in the dressing table to reveal a collection of knickers of many colours, petticoats and camiknickers.

“Have a feel, Richard. I know you like to run your hands through them before turning your attention to the occupant in them.”

“Yes, I’m afraid it is a fetish of mine,” Richard responded, running his hands over a pair of black silk knickers edged in fine white Chantilly lace.

The drawer below the underwear drawer contained brassieres, corsets, garter belts, stockings, and tights. Also within there were three sets of breast forms in small, medium, and large.

Commented the captain, “She can be whatever she desires’ big breasted, petite, or just an average female.”

“To a certain extent, Captain, until the hormones kick in. Then God knows what size she will be,” said Dr. Pennington.

“Yes, you will keep an eye on that. Is there any means by which that can be regulated?”

“Difficult to answer but I will monitor it as much as I can. Did you have something in mind?”

“How does a 42 double D sound to you?”

“It certainly suits me if I get my hands on them but getting to that size is the problem. We shall see.”

PART 2 VOYAGE OF ADVENTURE

JULIAN BECOMES JULIA

Julian wished he could be sick like he was on the Bulwark trials. Then he had spent most of the time over the deck rails spewing his guts out and not in a fit state to do any work. Like Dr, Pennington said, he had found his sea legs only now it seems he was picked by the first mate for the hardest jobs around. It was work, work and more work. He looked at his once soft hands, now blistered and raw from the pulling up of the sails or the taking down of them. He hardly put his head on the pillow to sleep at the end of a hard day's work when it was time to get up.

Julian looked at his watch. Five o'clock on a cold damp morning. Off to the mess for breakfast; runny eggs, frazzled bacon, and tea that tasted like dishwater. After eating, he was given the job of swabbing the deck down. Following that, no doubt the first mate would have another equally disgusting job lined up for him. He was beginning to hate the sight of John Bowring.

The Bulwark was at sea a week when John Bowring reported one morning to Captain Connelly that now seemed the time to introduce young Julian into the ways of becoming a ship's lady.

"Very well, John, bring your men to me on deck when I am at the wheel and make your protests."

"Aye aye, Captain, it shall be done with pleasure."

At noon in full view of all the crew, the protests were made. Young Julian asked the man next to him what a ship's lady was.

"You shall soon see for when one is democratically elected as the choice of the crew it is an honour and that person will be revered by all on the ship."

"Oh," said Julian, not knowing it would be he that was to be her.

All were now assembled in the crews' mess. John Bowring stood up before them. "Have we any candidates for the ship's lady?"

"Aye John," said one who had been given the nod and told what to say.

"Speak up then, Bert."

"I think Julian would make a good ship's lady." A chorus of ayes went up from many men who had been told the what the plan was.

A lone voice said, "Billy Briggs would be a good pick." Everybody looked at the person concerned and he shut up.

"So that be, mates. Julian, it is you that has been honoured and now I shall take you to the captain."

A bewildered and confused Julian was led to the captain's cabin protesting his innocence. At what he knew not.

First mate John Bowring stood before Captain Brendan Connelly, holding Julian by the hand.

"Captain, it is my proud duty to introduce the person who was democratically voted to be the ship's lady."

"Julian, you must be proud of being selected. You are still a member of the crew but will be excused the duties you performed. You will still receive your weekly pay and entitlement of your share of any treasure found. It is possible if you attend to your required duties, some crew members will reward you handsomely.

“Now as the respected ship’s lady, it is only fair that you see the quarters deserved by one of your stature.”

Julian was led by Captain Connelly to the cabin/bou-
doir where she would reside during the voyage. The first
thing he saw was a big soft double bed. He wasn’t sure
just what the duties of a ship’s lady was but if it took him
away from all that back breaking and blistering work, he
was more than happy to comply. He was in for a life of
luxury, it seemed, compared to the sweat and stink
among a crowd of his mates.

“Your name will change for it will seem ridiculous
calling you Julian in your woman’s finery. From now on
you will be Julia, our ship’s lady. You will get used to it,”
said Captain Connelly.

“Tonight my sweet, you will make your first appear-
ance as Julia. Have you ever applied makeup before?”

“No, Captain,” said the now Julia although as a little
boy he had been in his mother’s room watching her put
her makeup on many times.

“You will have plenty of time to learn. I have placed
some books on makeup in the cabin study. I shall help
dress you and put makeup on. You’re a bright kid, you’ll
learn fast!”

Julia said nothing as she looked at the captain.

“I shall leave you for a few hours, you look tired. I’ll
come back around six, then we start to dress you. There is
a shower to freshen you up before we start.”

“Wonderful,” thought Julia, “a shower. Being a ship’s
lady can’t be all that bad.”

THE AMOROUS ADVENTURES OF JULIA, A SHIP'S LADY

Julia had just stepped out from the refreshing shower when a knock came on the door. "Yes, who is it?" she asked.

"Captain Connelly." came the reply.

"Just a minute till I make myself decent." Julia took a large white towel and wrapped it around her naked body. She opened the door to admit the captain.

"Just stay as you are and we shall begin to make up, then dress you. Sit in front of your dressing table."

Brendan Connelly took some moisturising cream and started to smooth it on her face. Brendan set to work on her with face powder, then shaped her eyebrows, tinted them, and put light blue eyeshadow on her eyelids. He went to work on Julia's eyelashes with the wand, sweeping them upwards as he applied the black mascara. He had already lined the inside of the eyelid with kohl; Julia was beginning to form the facial features he wished.

"Suck your cheeks in," ordered the captain. Julia instantly obeyed, her cheek bones became more prominent which made the task of putting blusher to them easier. A lip brush was applied to plum lipstick. The brush rubbed over the lipstick, then it was put on her lips which she had pursed as instructed by the captain.

"Now hold your fingers out, that's it," the captain said as he put red nail polish on her fingers and on toes.

"Wave the hands to let them dry. Good, that's it," said Brendan.

While Julia was busy waving her fingers in the air, the captain was taking a dress out of the wardrobe and withdrawing knickers, petticoat, a garter belt, a bra, and a pair

of honey-coloured stockings from the dressing table's drawers. "Right then. Stand up."

Julia did and found a nimble pair of fingers clipping a garter belt round her waist and a white brassiere on her chest. The captain then slipped a medium-sized pair of breast forms into the cups.

"Sit down," Julia was ordered. Once on her seat before the dressing table the honey stockings were pulled up her legs and attached to the hanging suspenders. "Nice," said Brendan as he ran a hand up each leg. A pair of black silk knickers trimmed in black lace—the ones Dr. Pennington had fondled lovingly—was slipped up her legs. "Stand up, Julia, till this fine petticoat ensnares your body." The white petticoat was placed over Julia's head and allowed to slither down her body.

"I think the black cocktail dress will go well for this evening's festivities. Step into it." The dress was held before Julia. She obediently stepped into it and quickly zipped up the back. Captain Connelly now took a blonde wig off its stand and fitted it onto Julia's head.

"Sit," demanded the captain. "This is your jewellery box. There are a number of rings, bangles, necklaces and earrings here. We don't want to overdo it so I will put a plain gold ring on your finger, followed by a silver necklace and matching earrings. By the way, you have an appointment with the doctor tomorrow to have your ears pierced."

Captain Brendan proceeded to fit the items of jewellery to Julia.

"We are all ready except for a pair of lady's shoes. Here we are," the captain said, picking up a pair of highly polished black shoes. They were fitted to Julia's dainty feet.

"Look at yourself in the mirror."

She did and saw a woman, a beautiful young woman.

"Give me your arm for you will need steadying till you get used to walking in heels." Captain Connelly admired his handy work as Julia placed an arm in his, a clutch bag under her other arm.

A reception had been laid on for the ship's new lady. Captain Connelly clapped his hands for silence.

"Shipmates, I have here on my arm the ship's lady. In the future she will be addressed as Julia and given the respect she deserves. Please introduce yourselves to her and make her acquaintance. I am sure she will appreciate that and remember those who are kind to her." A murmur of approval went round the mess.

"A drink to the good health of our new ship's lady, Julia," said the captain. Glasses were raised and drunk to Julia. She found herself surrounded by her former mates all buying her drinks of various kinds. She/he had never been so popular in her life. Julia was becoming a bit tipsy so the captain put his arms round her waist and led her out of the mess to her cabin/boudoir.

Julia found herself laid out flat on her bed. Brendan Connelly removed her clothes. She watched the captain remove his pants and slip naked into bed beside her.

Julia still had her bra, knickers, garter belt, and stockings on. She felt a hand caress her bottom through her silk knickers. She moaned with pleasure, saying not a word as she felt the hot breath of Brendan on her neck kissing her. Then an urgent hand was pushing her on to her stomach, then pulling her knickers down. A finger gently entered her anus and just as gently caressed it. This went on for some time, Julia letting it happen. These actions were exciting her.

The hand was removed and Julia felt a stiff object slowly enter between her buttocks and rest at her anus.

After a pause, the erect penis of Captain Brendan Connelly was inside Julia. Sandy been there many times before but the captain's technique was so much better than his.

It is fair to say Julia had never been fucked so well in her life before and it was a contented Julia who awoke late that morning to a knock on her boudoir/cabin door. The captain had left in the early hours of the morning.

"Yes?" Julia sleepily asked, yawning.

"It is Chung the cook with your breakfast."

"Open the door and come in."

With one hand. Chung opened the door. With the other he held a tray with Julia breakfast. He laid it over Julia as she lay in bed, a pillow propping up her head.

"That smells delicious, Chung."

"I made it myself for lovely lady. I bring this every morning to you. If there is anything you want, tell Chung and you get. I serve you every morning. Now pour you tea and watch you eat."

Julia tucked into the breakfast of ham, eggs, beans, toast, and marmalade. Every time her tea cup was empty, Chung was there filling it up.

She finished her breakfast and Chung quickly took the tray off the bed and laid it on a nearby table.

"Now Chung make love to you." Julia watched him loosen his trousers, raise the sheets on the bed and got in there beside her.

"I fuck you good. You like. You see."

Before Julia could do anything, Chung's hands were on her ass and his short but thick member was inside her ass. Chung's penis may have been short and thick but it filled Julia and it satisfied her. She found his strong arms

holding her tightly against his body and erect penis. His member thrust in and out of her for a long time. Julia thought she would pass out with ecstasy. She just closed her eyes and let it all happen. Chung came, filling her inwards with his love spunk till it overflowed and ran down her bottom. Chung withdrew his dripping penis. Then he kissed her on the mouth, exclaiming, "You very good ship lady to fuck. I like fuck you every morning." With that, he left the bed, pulled his trousers on, lifted the tray, and left the room.

Julia lay in bed and pulled the satin bed sheets round her contemplating all that had happened to her in the last 24 hours. Her rear end had been well and truly plugged twice by two different men and she liked it. She now understood her duties to the crew as a ship's lady. She was to keep them happy the only way she could. Julia looked at the bedside clock. Two o'clock. Had she slept that long? No one had come to waken her except Chung and that was a pleasure. She threw the cover off the bed; she was still in the bra, stockings, and garter belt that the captain dressed her in yesterday. The knickers had gone; she saw them lying on the floor. Her stockings had ladders on them and her makeup was smudged. Well, that was to be expected in all the sexual excitement of last night and this morning.

She had the luxury of a bathroom and shower which she would make full use of. Having had her shower and a large towel wrapped round her body, Julia now had the time to open drawers and explore what they contained. She had plenty of stockings so the ripped pair was disposed of in the trash can. The wardrobe contained all the dresses she could wish for. She looked for her male clothes and no trace of them could she find. No doubt they had been disposed of so like it or not, it was skirts and dresses from now on.

Julia wanted to let all on the ship see her once again. She had watched the captain apply her makeup and now would have to do it herself. It wouldn't be easy and a few mistakes would be made as she applied it to her face but she was sure the captain and crew would forgive her. She had to learn and would read the books the captain had placed in the cabin. She struggled with creams and lotions and eventually she got the hang of it. A light dress was picked and she was all ready to go on deck.

She found herself well received by the crew who addressed her as Julia or Miss Julia. There was a light breeze blowing which would from time to time sweep the dress round her legs. Sometimes a strong gust would blow her dress even higher, revealing the small pink panties she wore. Julia would hold her skirt down with both hands, but not before some keen eyed mate got his fill of the small pink panties.

The first mate John Bowring was at present at the wheel steering the ship above her on open deck. When Julia spotted him, she was about to keep out his way for the first mate was not exactly her favourite person.

On seeing her, he called, "Julia sweetheart. come up beside me." Julia knew she couldn't exactly walk away so, reluctantly, she made her way to him.

"My my you do look pretty," exclaimed John. "Come closer, don't be afraid. I won't bite you." She did and John placed an arm round her shoulder. "You must wear a coat on the deck. You could catch a chill and we don't want that."

Julia was a bit surprised at the first mate's concern for her health. Only the other day he had been shouting in her ear and waking her at some godforsaken hour in the morning to go to work.

"I would advise you to wear knee-length boots as they are better than the light shoes you are wearing now." A squeeze on her shoulder, then John spoke again. "You know, I must give you a visit some night and we could get to know each other better."

Julia faintly answered "yes." She could not believe she was saying these words. He was a married man, wasn't he, but then so was Chung and she let him have her body without a word of protest. If John Bowring wanted her body, would she let him have it? Why not, she thought, he was as strong as an ox. She melted into his arms. He, the man she hated, could take her now on this deck in front of all the crew for all she cared.

John interrupted her train of thought. "It's time for you to see the doctor, sweetheart, isn't it?"

Julia had completely forgotten about that. "Yes, I suppose it is. My boudoir door s open for you any time, John," were her parting words.

Julia knocked on the medical room door. "Come in," a voice boomed. As she entered, Dr. Pennington was attending to a man on a chair, fixing a sling on his arm. "That should do it, William. Please keep your eye open for the jib in the future. A few days off work and you should be all right."

"Okay, doctor," said the man as he left the medical centre.

Spotting Julia, the doctor bid her enter and take a seat. "Stupid man wasn't paying attention to the jib boom. Nasty thing can break an arm or leg. He was lucky to get off with just severe bruising on the arm," said Richard Pennington.

"Now then, Julia, it's ear piercing, isn't it? You'll look better with pierced ears and a better selection of earrings. I'll sterilise the needle and rub mentholated spirits on the

earlobes." This Dr, Pennington did and with the warm sterilised needle, he pierced each ear and keeper rings were placed in them. "I would turn the earrings around daily, Julia. Keeps the piercing nice and free. Now while you're here, we may as well defoliate your body. Strip down completely."

Dr. Richard Pennington had another reason for seeing Julia in the nude; he wanted to see if the hormones were having an effect on her. A naked Julia came from behind the screen for inspection of Richard. He was holding two tubes of the depilatory cream. "You don't seem to have much body hair. That is good. These two tubes should just about do it. I'll spread it all from top to toe. Leave it on for a few minutes, then use my shower and the hairs will fall off."

Julia felt the light fingers of Dr Pennington wander all over her body. Richard was enjoying the delightful task of spreading the cream, paying particular attention to Julia crotch area. "There we are. Now I will get the stethoscope and give you a health check again." Dr. Pennington was particularly euphoric about what was happening to Julia's breast area. It was only six weeks since her initial check up and small fleshy lumps were already appearing round the breast area.

"I think you need a booster shot for these vitamins. The first was not strong enough/. You are still taking the pills, Julia?"

"Yes, Doctor."

"Good. We may have to review that in the future. Go and take the shower."

Dr. Pennington prepared the syringe, filled it with the clear liquid, and waited for Julia to emerge from the shower.

"Ah, there you are. Come over here and get your shot." Withdrawing the syringe, Dr. Pennington told Julia she would have to conceal her male bits.

"And how will I do that, Doctor?"

"Watch and I will explain." Dr Pennington now held in his hand a long plastic object which looked like a condom but wasn't. He took Julia's testicles in one hand; the other stretched the condom thing over the head of Julia's penis, up the full length and over the testicles, gripping very tightly. It was so designed that if a person had a flaccid member, it would not fall off, the member being held tightly. At the opposite end from the testicles, a metal ring went through the device and the condom-like thing hung between Julia's legs.

Dr. Pennington took a leather belt, put it round Julia's waist and adjusted it for tightness. At the back of the belt hung a very small leather strap stitched to the back of the larger belt. The small strap was in a loop with an adjustable buckle. Dr. Pennington now took the device hanging between Julia's legs and pulled it between her legs. The metal ring was placed in the small leather strap and adjusted till Julia's penis was tightly held between her legs.

"There we are, my darling. How smooth you'll look with no bulges showing when you have a skirt on, more female."

"What if I want a pee?" asked a curious Julia.

"The device will hold a certain amount of urine with no problem for it is watertight. However, if you care to detach it from its confinement at the top by the metal ring, it is held in place by Velcro."

Dr. Richard Pennington had come closer to Julia for the desire for her body was stirring him. Julia felt Richard Pennington lift her and place her on his couch and begin kissing her. Julia was beginning to know the signs. She

was learning quick and liking being the object of desire of many men.

She was naked and the doctor's hand was soon caressing her derriere. "It's nice and smooth and round," he said. Julia put a hand behind her and felt his stiff erection. She didn't take it away; she rubbed it slowly and felt it grow.

"You know where that's going, don't you, little angel? You're beginning to like it, aren't you?"

Julia didn't answer but the doctor was one hundred percent right. When he entered her anus, she relaxed in his arms, enjoying the wonderful sensations deep inside her. This was all much better than she had ever experienced from Sandy. From now on, she wasn't going to play again with boys like Sandy. When the doctor came, she sighed and kissed her lover dreamily, whispering, "Put it in again, doctor."

Not one to disappoint a lady, Dr. Richard Pennington needed no second telling and duly accepted her request.

When he finished his second bout, he asked, "Have I satisfied you enough, sweet Julia?"

She reluctantly replied, "Yes I suppose for now but you will come to my boudoir soon. I'll expect you."

"But of course, dear lady, how could I keep away from your enticing charms?" How nice it was to be adored by the doctor and all on this ship.

As Julia replaced her clothes, Dr. Pennington said, "You must now go to see Chung in the galley for he wishes to talk with you."

"Oh," thought Julia, "he just fucked me this morning. Surely he doesn't want to fuck me again, randy old sod."

Chung Wong didn't want to fuck Julia, at least not now! "Ah, pretty lady, I wish to discuss what you want for dinner tonight. I prepare menu for you and Mr John."

This was a surprise for Julia; although she had said she would leave her door open for first mate John Bowring, she had not suspected it so soon. The meal was soon sorted out between her and Chung.

"Good, Miss Julia, I will cook meal and bring to your room with bottle of white wine from ship cellar in a bucket of ice. I prepare room, set table for candle-lit dinner with you and Mr John. Velly romantic. You like Mr. John, he fuck you nice, you see."

"Well," thought Julia, "he won't be the first on this ship." She liked him. Funny that after the way he treated her, but she was a he then.

"You're a loveable old rascal, aren't you, Chung?" He said not one word as she left the galley but gave her a playful slap on the butt to a giggle from Julia.

Julia rested on her bed thinking of events of the last twenty-four hours. She must look out her best dress to impress John. It would have to be revealing to show her assets to their best advantage. She wished those assets were real and not fake. "Maybe," she thought, "being a woman wouldn't be all that bad." A talk with Doctor Pennington would do no harm and possibly a lot of good but not now. She had to pretty herself up and make herself ready for whatever transpired tonight. And Julia ready for anything!

A WONDROUS NIGHT OF LOVE FOR THE SHIP'S LADY

It started with a knock on the door. "Yes, I'm coming," said Julia, slipping a housecoat over her bra and knickers. On opening the door, she was rather disappointed to see

Chung with various accoutrements in boxes under his arm and over his shoulder. She was hoping to meet John Bowring.

"I set up all for your night of romance with first mate," said Chung now setting to work in laying out the table. "You carry on making yourself pretty for John. Never mind me."

This Julia did sitting before the dressing table, once more having discarded the housecoat. She had been more than halfway through her preparation when Chung disturbed her. She had decided on the ruby red lipstick tonight. She got to work with it; when finished she got a tissue to blot her lips as she once saw her mother do.

Julia had really become excited about makeup; there was so much to learn and so many different things one could do with makeup. She had seen false eyelashes and press-on nails in a drawer somewhere. She must experiment with them sometime and those little stick-on beauty spots too. She had had her shower and pampered herself with talc all over her body. It smelled nice. Now she opened a drawer containing small bottles of perfume of many kinds; she was spoiled for choice and didn't know which to pick.

She picked one up called 'A Night in the Sultan's Harem' and dreamily wondered what it would be like being a concubine to a handsome man like John Bowring. Concubines wore thin see-through gauze harem pants of many colours, didn't they. What would it be like to be held in the strong arms of John as he slowly trolled his fingers inside the pants, lingering in a forest of curled hair that covered her sex? Julia sighed with emotion and excitement as she came in the contraption Dr. Pennington had fitted on her. Chung was too busy to see her flushed face. Julia by now had completed her makeup and it was time to dress.

Julia had laid out a right tight slinky outfit. It was low-cut revealing the top of her nipples, the dress all in jet black. Okay, she had false breasts but who would know? She had taken great care on the hip and bum padding and the nipped-in waist looked so realistic as did the prominent twin globes of her backside. Julia was right into it; she just loved being a woman and she was thinking that someday this could all be authentic. For now she would make as good a job with what she had, loving every minute.

She was struggling into the slinky dress when she felt a hand help her. It was Chung's of course. "There," he said as he zipped the back of it up but not before he had a good feel of her derriere.

"You're a naughty man, Chung."

"I know but lady love it."

Julia said nothing but he was right, well at least about her.

"Now I go to galley and see if food is ready. You tell Mr. John when you want served. I come with chilled white wine. Just ring," Chung said, pointing to the wall phone beside the double bed.

"I light candelabra, put out lights. More romantic. Put you both in the mood for love before I go." The five-branched candelabra with pink candles shone brightly in the room, the flames flickering and casting soft shadows over the room. Everything was ready for a romantic evening for two.

A knock came once more on the door. It was John Bowring with a bunch of red roses in his hand. "These are for a beautiful lady," he said, holding them out to Julia who looked up at the tall figure of John looming over her.

“Oh thank you, John. I shall ask Chung to bring a vase when he serves the meal.” Julia was feeling weak at the knees, overcome by the romantic gesture.

“You look so pretty tonight, Julia,” he said, looking at the flaming redhead.

“Oh do I, John? It is nice of you to say so.” Before she could go any further, he had swept her into his arms and was kissing her passionately. Julia did not resist and just as passionately returned the kiss.

“Oh John, I love you. Do you love me?” Julia said this, knowing he had a wife but she didn’t care. All she wanted was his love.

“Yes I do ever since I saw you with your arm in the Captain’s but I know you have a job to do in this ship and I respect you for that. But I confess I am a little jealous when I know you are entertaining another man in your line of duty.”

“It is but a duty, John, as the ship’s lady, don’t think bad of me please.”

“Kiss me again, my lover. Your kisses taste so sweet on my lips, I want you to never stop.”

By now the two lovers were sitting side-by-side on the settee, trading kiss for kiss.

“I think it is time we ate, sweet Julia, for one does not want to make love on an empty stomach. It is always better after a meal. I shall eat and kiss something sweeter,” concluded John. That was just what Julia wanted.

John rose, lifted the phone, then sat beside Julia once more with his arm round her shoulders and staring down the deep valley of her breasts as they rose and fell with her breathing. Then he asked her, “Would you do anything I asked of you, dear Julia?”

“Whatever you say, John. Please tell me for I am yours.”

“Then we shall see, for now I gaze on your beauty and the wondrous sight before my eyes,” said he, mesmerised by the rising and falling of her tits.

A knock on the door interrupted John’s concentration on Julia’s delightful mammaries. It was Chung wheeling in on a trolley the meal that he and Julia had discussed earlier that day. “Sit at table while I pour wine out.”

Chung placed an ice bucket with a bottle of white wine on the table along with two goblets and a vase in which the red roses were placed in. The cork in the wine bottle was extracted with a plop and two glasses were poured. “You like?” asked Chung. John and Julia nodded their heads. Chung now served up the chilled melon balls and silently hovered in the background till they were finished. Two plates of cream of mushroom soup followed; when a glass of wine was finished, Chung quickly refilled the glasses without Julia or John noticing, being too busy looking into each other’s eyes.

The main course followed; chicken a la Maryland, French fries, carrot, peas, and string beans. In the flickering candle light, the features of Julia were magnificent as her eyes sparkled and her prominent cheek bones were highlighted.

“You two lovebirds make comfortable on the settee. I serve coffee and after dinner mints, then I leave you,” said our jovial Chung.

John extended a hand to Julia and led her to the settee where they sat close to each other. Chung placed two cups of coffee and a small plate containing the mints on the low glass table in front of them. Silently, Chung left without being noticed, Julia and John being more interested in each other.

"I want to hold you near to me, Julia, and kiss every part of your body. Give me your small hand."

Julia extended the desired object which John lovingly took and kissed the back of. But he did not stop there; the kiss travelled up from the back of her hand up to the shoulder, onto her mouth and lingered there.

"Give me your mouth, quickly now."

Julia obeyed and found John's tongue forcing its way inside, swirling round inside, flicking on to her tongue. She responded to this game by reciprocating with her own tongue. French Kissing was adorable to Julia; it was something Sandy never did. Pity. Julia could feel that contraction between her legs containing her penis fill slightly with her secretions caused by their erotic kissing. His hands were running through her ravishing red hair. Julia was breathing heavier and in short breaths. John Bowring's hands were getting bolder as they slowly crept up her beige nylon stockinged leg to the desired object between them. Her penis would have stood stiffly out in front of her if it could free itself from its constrained confinement. As it was, there was no way it could do that, being tightly held between her legs!

"Dr. Pennington put that device there to restrain my penis, darling."

"Yes I know," he answered. John knew a lot about Julia from the doctor; that she was on hormones and progressing nicely. Dr. Pennington suggested he might like to feel Julia's boobs to see how they responded to his touch. He had her bra off and the prostheses out. Julia had put the medium-sized ones in tonight. John felt her imaginary pussy for a while as Julia began to get aroused. Now was the testing time for Julia as John ceased his fingering on the supposed pussy.

He stood up. "You said you would do anything I asked of you, Julia, did you not?"

"Yes dearest, just ask and I will obey. I am yours. What do you desire most?"

"This," said John, unzipping the fly in his trousers and exposing an erect penis. "You will kiss it and lick it and take it in your mouth and love it. I want you to love it dearly!"

Julia gulped for she had not expected this but she had sworn to do anything that John Bowring asked and could not let him down!

"Kneel" he demanded. She did, raising herself off the settee, lifting her dress above her stockinged knees and kneeling on the soft plush carpet. "Now pay homage to that you most desire inside your love channel."

Julia had never in her life performed the act she was now to perpetrate. It was true she desired that thick projection in an opening of her body but never in her life did she suspect it would be between her lips! With some trepidation she approached the sexual projectile. She would have to swallow her pride and no doubt some liquid as well! She hesitantly touch the hard object, withdrawing her hand instantly only to see the object spring to an upright position as if standing to attention to fulfil her commands. Getting bolder, her small hand was placed along the erect length of the exposed object. She felt it harden, grow thicker and longer, within the palm of the hand.

"Now sip the juices that have been stored just for you for this moment. Just for you, pretty Julia," said an amorous and ardent John Bowring.

She approached the desired object, bowed her head and placed a kiss on it, leaving a red ruby lipstick imprint on the tip of John's member. Her mouth had not yet opened to receive John's knob. But that was taken out of

her hands; John Bowring had put his hands behind her neck and was thrusting his rampant dick between her lips and shoving all seven inches of it down her throat. She choked and spluttered for an intake of breath.

“Suck it, darling Julia, suck my cock. My juices are for your taste only my dear.”

Julia could not reply at present for her mouth was getting filled with the creamy white liquid emitting from the fountainhead of his cock that was spurting jet after jet of it down her throat. Because of John copious ejaculation, she became a lover of that act and became known on the ship as a cocksucker of high esteem and was in great demand by many of the crew.

While all this had been going on. John had slowly lifted up the back of her slinky black dress to reveal her knickers of pure white which contrasted with the pink flesh beneath them. His hand was placed inside them, searching for the tight warm cleft of her bottom. Once found, a forefinger was rotated around the entrance of the puckered hole. Julia would have sighed if she could but her mouth and tongue were occupied at present. The finger gently rubbed the rim of the opening in her derriere to ecstasy from Julia. It didn't enter but John had her prepared for an assault upon the sacred spot between her rounded hemispheres. Just then John erupted in her mouth, almost gagging her. Julia spluttered as John's love seed overflowed her lips onto the carpet below her. If Julia thought that was the end of the night's proceedings she was mistaken.

Once John Bowring had recovered his strength energy and passion for Julia, her light body was easily lifted and placed on the double bed. A naked John Bowring lay beside her, ready for another bout of passion.

John could see the small mounds on her chest just as the doctor had said. He twigged them to a quick reaction from Julia as she put her arms round him and delivered a most sexy kiss. She was quivering. It encouraged him for further exploration as he lowered his tongue to the small protrusions on her chest. Just one suck on one of them had her squirming in euphoria and moaning words of endearment to John.

“Oh John, my dearest, dearest darling, don’t stop. I love you. Do it more. Oh please. AHH...HH.” John Bowring’s attention was shifting to the place he had always intended it to be. For a moment John Bowring stared at the spot he would first gently kiss, then enter with his throbbing erection. His lips descended to her buttocks and planted a kiss on each rounded orb.

She was beginning to become receptive for the next stage. Next, John stuck his tongue into her wrinkled anus, flicking it like a snake would with deft little flicks. This was making Julia delirious and she wriggled and squirmed to John’s ministrations.

John held Julia’s bottom tightly against him. She was now ready to receive his massive phallus as he pushed it gradually into the small perforation between her bottom cheeks. The pliable and moist perforation yielded to the welcome intruder. Julia could feel the penis rest there, its girth filling her aperture completely. She was filled with gladness and joy and it showed on her glowing face. John’s member extended itself further within her to whimpers of joyfulness and sobs of delight. She tightened her grip on the large invader with her muscles which gripped it and squeezed and milked it. Now it was John’s turn to explode in ecstasy for Julia had indeed milked him dry. The pearly white cream flowed out Julia’s anus over her bottom cheeks. Julia was now exhausted; she had

given her all to her lover this night. It was not long before Morpheus overtook her and she lay there motionless.

Julia awoke to a fumbling at her bottom hole. She giggled, "Didn't you get enough last night, John?" There was no answer. There was a pressing against her orifice and a short and thick penis was up and inside it.

"Chung!" she exclaimed. "You dirty man." Julia could now tell whose penis was in there without seeing a face. She was becoming an expert on the length, size, and girth of each member of the crew.

"Yes, it Chung's time again, sweet lady. Mr. John fuck you well last night, Miss Julia?"

"Yes, he did. Where he has gone?"

Chung responded, "He leave you at three this morning. It is his watch."

"What time is it, Chung" she asked as he drew out a dripping prick.

"After two in afternoon. As ship's lady you do your work well and deserve a lie in. The doctor wants see you as soon you have clothes on."

"Right, Chung, I'll shower, then pop down to the medical room."

"Yes you do but your breakfast is on the table. Must eat up, need strength for all the fucking you be having on this ship!"

Dr. Pennington did want to see Julia but not for the sex she thought he wanted. "Sit down, Julia, I have been thinking about the device I fitted on you yesterday. I suggest something a little more permanent."

“What would that be, Dr Pennington?”

“It is a small operation, not used all that much now-a-days. What I will do is push your penis into the cavity between your legs, then put stitches in to keep it concealed there.”

“How do I pee?”

“Less of problem than it was with the contraption. Go to the toilet, pull your knickers down, sit on the seat and just urinate like a woman would. Now isn’t that more feminine? Besides, your knickers will fit better and show no unsightly bulges. You’ll feel all the better for it.”

“Dr. Pennington, now that I am here, I wish to discuss my female role, not just on this ship but my future in that capacity.”

“What do you mean by your future?”

“I feel I am not cut out to be a man. Having seen something of a woman’s life, I would rather fulfil that role for the rest of my life.”

The confession rather caught out Richard Pennington. Nevertheless, it made his job all the easier.

“This is one big step you take, Julia. Have you thought out this well for once it is taken, there is no going back!”

“Yes, I have considered it. The die is cast.”

“Very well. I can only help you so far. What I can do is give you hormones. Then I think the best thing is to see if the captain will make a diversion to Thailand somewhere in our journey.”

“Why Thailand, Dr. Pennington?”

“There you can have gender reassignment under some of the best surgeons in the world.”

“Will I have breasts and a proper vagina between my legs?”

“Of course . Your vagina will have the feeling that it should when it is entered by the male member.”

It all sounded so good. “When can I start the hormones, doctor?”

“Very soon but first let’s take care of the small operation I mentioned. You will need to strip down and I’ll give you a local anaesthesia.”

Julia got her operation. She wasn’t sore and Dr, Pennington got his daily screw on the operation table. “Oh well,” thought Julia, “ that’s not much of a price to pay for what the doctor was going to do for her! She felt more womanly sitting down for a pee and much more of a female as her knickers fitted better.

One day after she had intercourse with a crew member, she looked out the porthole in her cabin/boudoir. The sea was calm as a millpond and she hadn’t felt any adverse movement on the ship for many a day. It was time, she thought, to put a summery outfit on, take a stroll on deck and see her John.

She was on deck in a light blue polka dot dress and all that she had on underneath were her bra and a skimpy pair of matching blue panties. No stockings were on her feet, she wore a pair of open-toe sandals that revealed her painted red toenails. A pair of dark sunglasses were over her eyes and she wore a raven-coloured wig. A real picture of beauty she was, all done for the benefit of her beloved John.

There above her stood John at the ship’s wheel, a fine figure of a man with his rugged masculine features.

"Ah Julia, vision of loveliness, come here so that I can study your voluptuous body that has inspired me to higher things." Julia flushed with embarrassment but was excited at such words from sweet-talking John. She was beside him in a trice. Immediately she found one hand round her waist while the other was on the wheel, steering the ship.

"John, the sea is so still. Where are we going? I have seen no land these past six weeks, darling."

"Julia for as we near the equator, the ship has hit the doldrums, my love."

"Is this serious, John?"

"It could be if no wind gets up soon. Look at the mizzenmasts. I have the lightest of sails there yet they billow not. We are behind time and it looks like we may not reach Pago Pago on time."

"I have never heard of this Pago Pago and why do we go there?"

"One reason is to take on food and water; the second is government business. Pago Pago is ruled by a dictator with a fist of iron who keeps the people in slavery."

"Who is this despot, John?"

"A man by the name of Generalissimo Juan Fernandez. You see, the Pago Pago islands were once a colony of Britain which we took from the Spanish some two hundred years ago. Over twenty-five years ago, they gained independence and set up a democratic government until the self-styled Generalissimo Fernandez had a military coup d'etat, overthrew the government and assumed power."

"I see but why would the government be interested in these godforsaken islands?"

“Because there are powers hostile to Britain and the U. S. A. who are plying Generalissimo Fernandez with guns and ammunition and, more important to him, money. They want to build rocket bases and point their missiles towards our countries.”

“I thought the Cold War was over.”

“It is but our adversaries then are not the same as they are now. We are on a sort of diplomatic mission to see if we can persuade Generalissimo Fernandez to cease trading with these powers. We should be received in a spirit of friendship for the sailing ship has made headlines all over the world and so has our quest so I see no problem.”

“What is this man like, John?”

“I have never seen him. I only saw a photo of him taken some 15 years ago. He looked like a striking man then but his lifestyle may have made him old and decrepit by now.”

“Why?”

“He’s a playboy spending the money he earns off other peoples backs on wine, women, and song. Wine is the main export of the islands; they’re full of grape vines. And the Generalissimo is the main shareholder of the wine company.”

“Is he married?” queried Julia.

“I don’t know but he is always surrounded by woman; black, white, yellow, whatever, dripping with jewellery for he pays well for their services.”

“Doesn’t surprise me that he has women around him then. good pay day for them.”

Just then Captain Brendan Connelly appeared on deck. “How are things going, John?”

“Not so good, Captain. We are getting nowhere fast and falling behind time.”

“I was afraid of that and I’ve given some thought to it. I will pick eight of the strongest members of the crew. We will put them in the long boat, row to the bow, throw a stout rope, attach it to the longboat and the bow, then row. The ship will move somewhat till the wind gets up again.”

“Good idea, Captain, I’ll round up the men. I know they will put their backs into it.”

“Yes, you do that, John. I want you there in that longboat in charge of operations. I’ll take charge of the wheel.”

During this conversation, Julia was ignored but she would have her part to play as we will see.

John Bowring assembled eight strong and sturdy men bulging with muscles. Rope ladders were thrown over the side of the ship’s longboat, then lowered and the men climbed down to the longboat. All eight were now in the boat, plus John Bowring, who sat at the rear. The layout of the boat was such that four men were on each side of the boat with John at the rear shouting out instructions. Oars in their hands, they rowed about 25 yards, then stopped. Captain Connelly ordered that a thick hawser be thrown. The men in the longboat caught and attached it to the rear end of the boat, while the other end was fixed to the ship’s bow.

Everything ready, John Bowring barked out orders. “Ready, men? Put your backs into it. One and a two.

“That’s it, lads, the old girl is moving.” shouted Captain Connelly.

Julia now got into the act. “Brave boys, you shall all share me this night in my boudoir for you deserve your rewards,” shouted she.

All eight of the strong men looked up at Julia and the Bulwark seemed to move faster.

THE AMOUROUS GANG BANG

Julia wanted the party to start with a bang. So with help of Chung, she organised cocktail sausages on little sticks, canapés, gherkins, onions, pickles, plates loaded with sandwiches of tomatoes, cheese, and mayonnaise. There was booze, plenty of it; whiskey, rum, vodka, wine of all types, and beer.

Before the festivities began, Julia had a shower; afterwards, drying herself, she looked at Dr. Pennington's work between her legs. It was the first time she had paid close attention to it since he had stitched it up to conceal her penis. While it was not a pussy, it look very realistic; if she combed the pubic hair around it nicely and fanned it out, that spot could be made very realistic. This she did with one of her combs; the springy curls fanned out nicely over the spot.

Julia was pleased and proceeded to the rest of her makeup before her dressing table mirror. She had decided there was no point in wearing knickers tonight for it would be an endless cycle of taking them down to entertain the boys. They deserved to have unhindered access to her vital parts, didn't they?

Julia wore a blue dress deeply cut in the front revealing her tits. She wore no bra as she had discovered stick-on boobs among the various items the captain had put in her dressing table drawers. She had no slip on either but wore black nylon hold-up stockings with lacy tops. They gripped tightly at the top of her leg but had a nice sexy feel when she ran her hand over them. She put on a pair of four-inch black high-heeled shoes having by now learned to walk properly in them. She was all ready

for the reception of her eight mates in that longboat; her John would not be there as he was on watch.

When all were congregated, Julia clapped her tiny hands together. "Gentlemen, I shall mingle amongst you to get to know you better. There is food and drink; all is free including little me."

Those there needed no second invitation to help themselves. Julia found herself in great demand. "Julia sweetheart, park yourself over here," said someone sitting on a settee with his trousers down, sporting a stiff standing member.

Julia who had drunk as much as her mates, looked at his member. "Well, that is a nice one, Jed and you've got it all ready for me. It's only right it gets its reward!" Julia raised her dress, spread her legs and, with her back to this Jed, sank down on his erection. The hard pego went right up her bottom hole to a sigh of ecstasy from our heroine. Jed's hands now encircled her waist tightly. Another man by the name of Jumbo because of his massive size and strength stood in front of her, trousers unzipped. A John Thomas that would choke a horse came quickly out and standing to attention.

"There's some candy for you to suck darling, it's nice." Before she could say a word, the rubicund was inside her mouth. Her two openings were now well and truly bunged up. And what was this small man who had crawled between Jumbo's legs and planted a kiss on that spot betwixt her legs doing? He feverishly licked the concealed head of her penis. This drove Julia insane, causing her to close her legs and clamping the poor man's head there so he could do nothing else but continue his ministrations.

The riotous and unruly party carried on to the wee small hours of the morning. Julia was very democratic;

she made sure everyone got their fair share of her. No one could say she was selfish.

It was two days later that she came round and her head cleared up. That was one hell of a party and her ass still felt sore. Her eyes were beginning to focus on who was sprawled out on the settee. She got up and shook the man. "Eh what?" he drowsily said.

"You've been here since the party buddy?"

"What party was that, eh?" said he.

"The one I threw for rowing the ship with all your mates."

"That was an age ago, wasn't it?"

"Two days past. You look awful. Use my shower and freshen yourself up."

"That was some party now that you have refreshed my memory. There was some dame with a big bum that everybody was feeling and bouncing off. I tell you it was delicious. Wonder whatever happened to her?"

"That was me, you idiot."

"Sorry, ma'am," he said as he walked away to have his shower

After a few days, the Bulwark came out of the doldrums and sailed smoothly on. Before reaching the islands of Pago Pago, two things were about to happen to Julia.

First, two crew members who had not been invited to the celebration party took the huff. Why you could not determine for Julia's body was available to anyone, no one was barred. Perhaps it was jealousy that other crew

members had shared her. Anyway, they hatched a plan to rape her. One of them, a violent thug at the best of times, was the ring leader; the other just followed him. It was a simple plan. It had to be for they were simple men with simple minds. Brute force and ignorance was all they had.



It was a bright sunny afternoon as Julia in light summery clothes took her daily stroll on deck with a parasol on her shoulder. She heard a low voice almost in a whisper call her name. "Oh, Miss Julia," it seemed to hiss. "Come here, I think there is something here that you'll like."

Julia looked but could see no one. The voice seemed to be coming from a dark passageway to the store rooms of the ship. "Who is it?" she enquired.

"Come down and you will see. There will be a pleasant surprise for you."

Curiosity got the better of Julia so in her dainty, elegant red shoes she descended the steps into the gloom. As her small feet left the last step, a sudden scuffle took place and a blanket was thrown over her. She was in complete darkness and motionless as strong hands held her tightly. There was a feeling of being lifted on to someone's shoulders. No sounds were heard for the perpetrators of this vile crime were using hand signals to each other. A door in the passageway opened and Julia was bundled into a room that contained sacks full of grain. Those responsible for this dirty deed about to be enacted had placed a number of sacks in the middle of the floor, one on top of the other to a height of approximately two feet.

Julia was unceremoniously dumped on top of it. It knocked the breath out of poor Julia, but even before she could draw her exhaled air in again someone had kicked her legs wide apart; she felt her skirts being raised and her drawers coming off. She was now in a raised position, her buttocks prominently exposed.

A vicious and violent attack on her rear end now took place. The muffled pleas of Julia beneath the blanket placed over her were of no avail for her assailant's member relentlessly drove on and on. There came a time when

it could go on no further and he exploded in a river of pearly-coloured liquid.

“My turn,” said the squeaky voice of his companion in crime.

The brawny muscular simpleton withdrew his now limp member with a plop, laughed, looked at his mate’s prick and said, “I don’t think that’s big enough to satisfy her. I expect I’ll have to finish the job after.”

That did not deter the man with the squeaky voice from having his wicked way with Julia. By this time Julia was a useless hulk of meat, unconscious to all that was going on around her. She had passed out by the time these miscreants finished with her and left.

Julia lay there motionless for a long time in the darkness till eventually she came round. Her body ached; she had bruising on her bottom where some brute of a man had kicked her. She summoned all her strength and crawled into the passageway “Help, help,” her failing voice croaked. Lucky for her some sailor heard her voice, went to investigate, and saw the slumped body of Julia lying there. She was heavy to lift but he did manage to drag her to the steps. His voice rose, “Someone give us a hand!” Another crew member was at hand; he came and gave a hand. “To the doctor,” said the Good Samaritan. Soon Julia was on Dr. Pennington’s couch.

Captain Connelly was summoned. “Is she all right, Richard?” asked the captain.

“As well as can be expected. The bruising round her bottom should heal up. I’ll put some nice soothing cream there. She has had some internal bleeding from forced entry. I’ll treat that. It’s not the external damage that worries me, it’s the internal, Captain.”

“What do you mean?”

“Her brain. This has been a very traumatic experience for Julia. One can’t predict how it will affect her. She may be suicidal. I think it best she be left here overnight. I will stay here with her during that time.”

“Yes, Richard. These hooligans must be found. A ship’s lady has to be protected. She has a job to do and her work must not be impeded in any way for it is valuable to all.”

“What do you intend to do when these louts are found?”

“I don’t know yet but the punishment must be severe as a lesson to all the crew that this must never happen again. I will decide when they are caught.”

Julia felt very sore. She had been invaded viciously but the ointment Dr. Pennington had applied did help some. It was more noticeable that she now cowered whenever there was a male present. Richard Pennington said, “It’s all right, Julia dear, no one here will hurt you.” She didn’t answer. “Did you hear what I said, Julia?” This time she nodded her head.

“Can you throw any light on who did this awful deed?”

She spoke for the first time since that terrible attack on her body. “I never saw their faces but their gruff voices I’ll never forget. They will remain with me for the rest of my life.”

“Well, that’s a start. I will inform the captain. You just rest for now.”

Captain Brendan Connelly was indeed informed and pondered how to start the investigations. Meantime, the doctor thought she was much better and put back into her own cabin/boudoir to surroundings where she was more

comfortable. Her duties as the ship's lady ceased for the present.

One night she received an unexpected and surprise visit from her uncle Edmund. "What brings you here, uncle? I haven't seen you since we left England."

"I know, niece, it was maybe remiss of me. As you probably realise by now, your Aunty Eustacia and I didn't approve of your lifestyle and I wanted to bar you from this ship. However that is all water under the bridge as they say and I see that you are doing a worthwhile job here. The harmony amongst the crew is great because of your presence. Maybe this is what you are cut out to be, Julia. I have accepted what you are and will never again call you by your male name."

"Can I let you in on a secret, Uncle Edmond?"

"Yes, by all means do, Julia," said her uncle.

"I intend to change my sex. It has been arranged by Dr. Pennington that the ship will have a diversion to Thailand. Then I will have the operation to change sex."

"Maybe that is what you really should be in life for to be honest, you were not much use as a male. I will support you if that is your wish. Even as you are now, you present a fine figure of a woman."

"Thank you, uncle, for these kind words of encouragement. I shall never forget them. They have spurred me to continue in my quest for a female body."

"Now Julia dear, the doctor tells me you are depressed because of the vile attack on your body by those brutes. They will be found never fear; the best way for you to forget is to indulge in your good work as a ship's lady. Smile, dearest Julia, think of the happiness and joy you bring to the sailors."

"You have lightened my darkness, dear uncle, and given me strength to carry on the job I must do with enthusiasm again."

"I am glad I have cheered you, up sweet Julia. Now I must leave you."

Julia put her arms around her uncle and placed a platonic kiss on his cheek. It made Julia feel good that things had been patched up between her and her Uncle Edmund. Life could resume where it left off before the vile attack.

Captain Brendan Connelly hadn't much to go on to find the ruffians who had raped the ship's lady. He told Julia to come to his cabin to discuss the matter.

"It was done in whispers, Captain, but I would know their voices again. I'll never forget them for the rest of my life."

"Good, what I shall do is line everyone up and make them whisper to you. By process of elimination, we will find the culprits. This ordeal will not distress you, will it, Julia? I will be at your side. Remember, every man on this ship wants to see them put down."

"No, I will not be distressed if you and John Bowring are by my side."

The following day the crew was lined up. Julia sat in a booth so that she was hidden from view. She could not see who each man was, only hear his voice. Each man was given a number which they had to whisper and a card was handed to them with the words Julia had heard printed on it.

Julia picked out two voices. The captain noted them but to make sure, the test was given again in a different order and different numbers from the first time. The same two men were again picked.

“Right. John, throw these men in the brig till I decide what to do with them.” John Bowring assisted by a number of the crew handcuffed and shackled the two miscreants and locked them in the ship’s brig.

FLOGGED WITH THE CAT O’ NINE TAILS

The following day at noon, the captain ordered all hands on deck. He stood before them all, high up at the ship’s wheel. He nodded and two stout and sturdy sailors departed only to appear a few minutes later on either side of Julia who had her arm in her Uncle Edmund’s. She was led by her uncle to a well-upholstered chair placed on top deck. The captain stepped forward and placed a kiss on her cheek, followed by John Bowring who also kissed her on the cheek. Julia noticed he held a whip with nine leather thongs. Captain Brendan Connelly now put a serious tone in his voice as he turned and addressed the ship’s crew.

“Men, I have summoned you all here to see the punishment that will be dealt out to those who abuse the ship’s lady. As you all know, the Ship Captain’s word is law on the high sea. I have decided that these villains be flogged and the First Mate will administer it.”

Addressing the two stout and sturdy sailors that had accompanied Julia, he said, “Bring the villains from the brig and tie them to the mast to receive their punishment.”

They were brought, one at a time, struggling, to the deck. They were then bound to two different masts, facing the mast, their backs towards the person who would administer the punishment, John Bowring.

“Mr Bowring, thirty lashes of the cat to each. I shall count them. Take your timing from me,” said Captain Connelly in a voice of authority.

John Bowring went over to the first man, seized his shirt by the neck, and ripped it off his body, exposing the rippling muscles on the man’s back.

“Are you ready, Mr Bowring?” bellowed Captain Connelly.

“Aye aye, Captain.”

“Then let the punishment begin.”

John Bowring raised the cat and with a swift movement of his arm, the vicious whip splayed itself all over the man’s back. Again the leather thongs did their best to inflict agonising pain. As the count went, massive red welts appeared on the man’s back. By the sixth stroke, Julia had her head in her hands covering her eyes, not wishing to see any more. Her uncle whispered in her ear, “Do not have any pity for these men for if it hadn’t been you, some other poor woman would have been defiled.”

The count went on and now the man’s back was starting to bleed. Then he slumped, unconscious.

“Doctor,” said the captain.

Dr. Richard Pennington who was standing nearby with a medical kit stepped forward with his stethoscope. He put it on the man’s heart and gave a quick check-up. Looked at the captain, he said, “Carry on. He will survive and be given all he needs after the flogging. Take him to the medical room then.”

“Very well, Doctor. Mr. Bowring, carry on.”

John Bowring again raised the furious weapon of assault and brought it down on the slumped back of the man. Punishment complete, the unconscious body was untied and the two sailors who had brought him on deck

were ordered by the captain to put him in a cell in the brig.

The flogging of the second man now took place and after his chastisement, he was also put in a cell. Addressing the assembled crew again, Captain Brendan Connelly spoke.

“These men will be put on bread and water till we reach the islands of Pago Pago. When we leave the islands on our way to find the treasure, these vile creatures will be cast on one of the deserted isles and left there. Should they somehow find their way back to civilisation, all well and good; they will have served their punishment. Any share they may have had of the treasure will be shared amongst ourselves.” Then looking at Julia, Captain Connelly said, “I hope this ordeal has not distressed you too much, my dear, but perpetrators like these vicious men must be severely dealt with and punished.”

“I understand, Captain and the encouraging words that my dear uncle spoke to me the other night have given me new hope in my job here. From the warm reception you and all the men have given me, I know what my job is and tonight my boudoir door is open to all once more.”

A hearty and resounding cheer went up which must have been heard several miles away.

JULIA'S AMOROUS ADVENTURE WITH THE GENERALISSIMO

The Bulwark was now in sight of the main island of Pago Pago and the capital town and seaport also called Pago Pago. Captain Brendan Connelly had all the crew lined up on deck in orderly fashion, including Julia. As the ship sailed into the harbour, a twenty-one gun salute was fired from the fortress above. The cannons firing this salute were over two hundred years old. Generalissimo

Juan Fernandez watched the activities on deck through a telescope.

The Bulwark anchored in the harbour and all on deck were dismissed to their various duties. A conference was held in the captain's cabin with senior members of the crew.

"We have all been invited tonight to the presidential palace for a reception so everyone put their best suits on and be on your best behaviour. We will depart on the longboats for the reception at seven-thirty. That is all. John, stay behind. There is a matter I wish to discuss with you."

When all had left, the captain turned to John Bowring. "There is something worrying me, John."

"Yes Captain, what would that be?"

"Julia. I am not sure how this Generalissimo Fernandez is going to take her being a man. The laws in some of these countries are not exactly favourable to men dressed in women's clothes."

"I see, Captain but Julia passes well as a woman. Besides, he will not know that she is not what she seems to be."

"I don't know John, but my mind is not in favour of taking her with us tonight. I'll talk to her and explain the situation."

"Well, you know what is best, Captain," said John Bowring.

The Generalissimo was there to welcome the party from the Bulwark and had laid on a most sumptuous six course meal. The Generalissimo was a fat man in military

uniform, the chest of which had row upon row of medals. When he breathed, it was with a wheeze due to his over-indulging himself with too much rich food and wine, not to mention his licentious and immoral lifestyle. He had visited all the fleshpots of the world you can name and many you can't! The money he extracted from the poor people of Pago Pago was squandered on himself. He was a hated man but had surrounded himself with henchmen who would not hesitate to cut throats and thieves who were heavily paid and heavily armed to do his bidding.

He sat at the head of the long table which was filled with dignitaries. Captain Brendan Connelly was placed next to him. There was polite conversation and banter between them for the Generalissimo could speak perfect English, attended Sandhurst Military Academy. He said, "Tell me, Captain Connelly, who is the beautiful lady I saw on your ship?"

"You must be mistaken, Generalissimo, for there is no lady onboard my ship," said the captain.

"Yes, maybe not officially, I have checked the list of your crew as sent to me before you arrived here but my eyes did not deceive me as I looked through the telescope."

"Oh," said the captain at a loss as to what to say.

It was John Bowring who came to the rescue; he had decided that come what may, he would tell the truth.

"You are quite right, Generalissimo, the Bulwark sailed with a crew of men. However one was elected to be the ship's lady. I will explain what that means to you."

The Generalissimo broke out in laughter. "You British, how eccentric you are! As you may know, I trained at your military academy. While there, I was taken to a pantomime which I was told I must see. There I saw a woman dressed in men's clothes I was told was the principal boy.

Then there was a man dressed in woman's clothes hey called the dame. She kept falling about, exposing her drawers to all. Then I trained with a highland regiment and they all wore kilts. The lady I saw on your ship looked very pretty. You must bring her here in the morning for I wish to see her."

Captain Connelly glanced at first mate John Bowring. It looked like Julia was about to meet the Generalissimo.

Captain Connelly invited the Generalissimo the following morning to inspect the Bulwark where he would give him a conducted tour of the ship. He had had a talk with Julia that she was to be presented to the Generalissimo and that she should wear her prettiest dresses and pay special attention to her makeup. Julia showered, powdered, and perfumed; she had never looked so beautiful. In a blonde wig, she looked every inch the dumb blonde.

The Generalissimo was waiting at the harbour side when the longboat came to pick him up. First Mate John Bowring there to assist the obese Generalissimo into the longboat. As Generalissimo Fernandez stepped out the longboat to ascend the ladder to the deck of the Bulwark, he was piped on to be welcomed by Captain Connelly. Standing at his side was Julia decked out in a beautiful long summer frock of many colours.

"This is Julia, the lady you saw, Generalissimo," said the captain.

Julia gave a deep curtsy to the Generalissimo and as she rose, the Generalissimo took the back of her hand and kissed it. "Enchanting, Mademoiselle," said the Generalissimo, putting his hand round Julia's waist. Julia was rather taking by the way he had with ladies although she

considered him overweight. The captain started his tour of the ship. Julia was the constant companion of Generalissimo Fernandez who kept giving little squeezers to her waist.

When all was finished, a four-course meal had been laid on. Chung had cooked it and helped serve it. The ever-alert Chung whispered in Julia's ear, "The Generalissimo going to fuck you. Chung knows." Before Julia could reply, the cook was gone. Julia considered Chung's words. Nothing would surprise her but he looked so obese, could he get it up for her?

Julia had been placed next to the Generalissimo at the top table. Suddenly she felt a hand under the tablecloth creep under her dress and climb up her leg. It could only be the Generalissimo's. He had a big broad smile on his face. He was not saying a word, staring at her admiringly.

Then he laughed, "You come alone to visit me at the presidential place tonight. In the morning we will tour the main island of Pago Pago. You will be my guest at my country retreat for a few days."

As he was talking, his hand had sought out her knickers and what they concealed. At first the Generalissimo thought everyone was telling him lies for he felt what he thought were curly hairs surrounding her pussy. On inserting a finger, he found it was stopped from going any further than half an inch. This was caused by the head of Julia's penis.

"So it is true. She is really a male but how beautiful she looks," thought Generalissimo Fernandez. "Such lovely creatures as she are made for a special kind of fucking." He had to have her whether it was a he or a she he was observing. He had visited many fleshpots in this world and seen some sights but this was one delight he

had not as yet experienced. It looked as if that would soon be rectified.

Meanwhile Julia was getting excited by Juan's fingerings. Could she control her emotions? There was no need to worry for the Generalissimo removed his hand from within her knickers. There was plenty of time for that at his leisure and he would savour each moment of desire.

"That was a splendid meal, Captain Connelly, and an excellent tour of your ship. I shall send a car to the harbour tonight to pick up Miss Julia to take her to the Palace. Until then, sweet lady." The Generalissimo was escorted to the deck to be taken by longboat back to the harbour. Before leaving, the captain nodded to Julia who knew what she was to do.

She flung her arms around the Generalissimo and gave him a kiss on the cheek. "I cannot wait till tonight to see this wonderful island of yours, Juan."

Once all had departed, Captain Connelly and Julia went to his cabin. "I think that went well, Julia. The Generalissimo has taken to you. You know what you have to do?"

"Yes, get him in a mood so he will be receptive to our government and persuade him to remove the missiles that are starting to be assembled in Pago Pago."

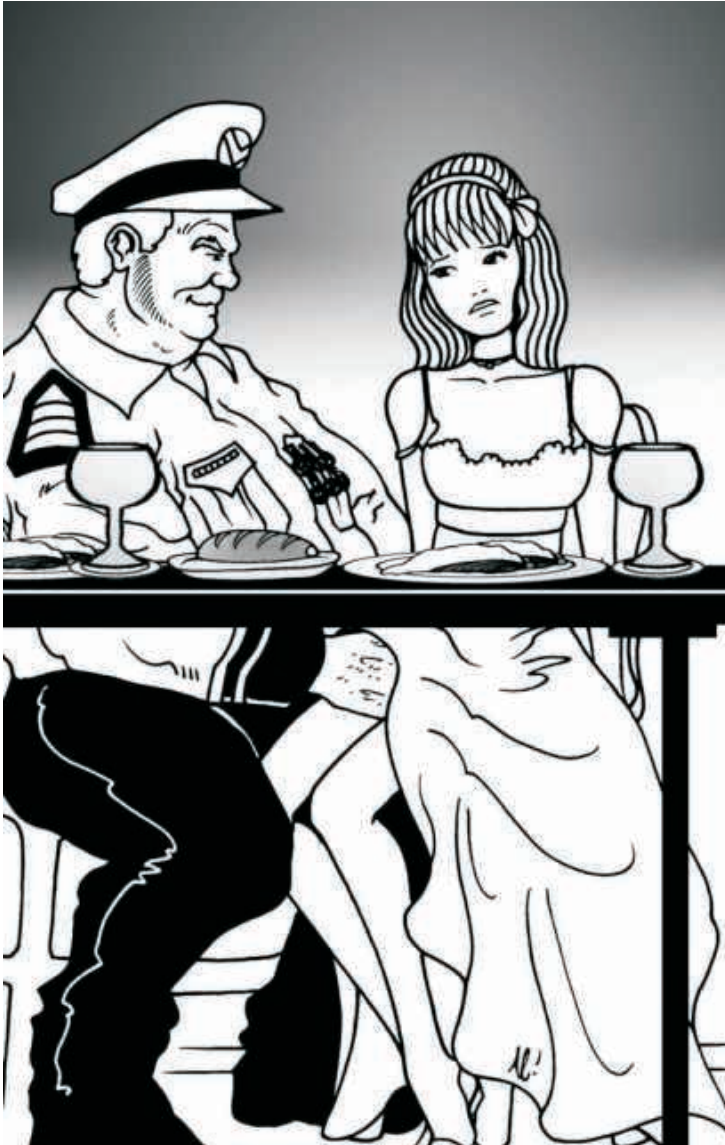
"Good girl, a hard job I know but I know you will do your best."

"He can fuck the ass off of me if it helps. It will all be in a good cause if we succeed. What I'm worried about, though, is that he looks so fat. Can he get it up me and if he goes, how long will it last?"

"Don't worry about that. I have it from reliable sources he can stick it up you all night and never wilt."

"I've never had anyone do that to me before. It sounds interesting and exciting. I do believe I have dampened my kickers thinking about it."

"Don't do that, Julia, save yourself for the coming days," joked Captain Connelly.



The longboat was moored at the harbour, First Mate John Bowring having escorted Julia to a waiting car. He kissed her on the cheek, then a military figure of a man smartly came from the driver's seat, held open the back door, and Julia climbed in. She had expected the Generalissimo himself to be there but wasn't. To her surprise, a woman in her forties was there.

"Come in, my dear. I have been waiting to see you. Juan was right, you do look beautiful and will make an excellent sexual companion for him during your sojourn."

Julia looked at the dark-skinned woman who looked beautiful as she flashed her white teeth. She stretched a hand over to Julia who noticed it had numerous bangles on it that made a jangling sound.

"My name is Kami. I am known as the Mistress of Mistresses. I shall be with you all the time you are in Pago Pago."

Julia took the proffered hand, somewhat afraid of this woman who oozed power from her shapely body.

"Do not be afraid of me, sweet Julia. We will get along fine as long as you do as I say without question."

Julia was beginning to think that maybe things were not going to be as planned. She wasn't at all sure about this Kami, pretty though she was.

"Ah, here we are, just in time for the ceremony," said Kami.

"Ceremony?" said a confused Julia.

"Yes of course. You are about to become a Heroine of the Ladies of Pago Pago. The Generalissimo usually presents the medallions after the event. Funny you should get

yours now." Kami was taking Julia by the hand into a small room in the presidential palace. Everything seemed to be happening so quickly.

Once in the small room, Kami ordered Julia to strip naked. "Why?" asked Julia.

"Just do as I tell you," said Kami who was divesting her own clothes. There stood Julia naked as the day she was born with Kami in the same state. Kami now went over to a cupboard and withdrew two robes; one white, the other black, both made of pure silk.

"Put this on, Julia," said Kami, handing the white lose fitting robe to her. The black robe she slipped over her own naked body. "We are now ready for the ceremony to begin. Give me your hand."

Kami, holding Julia's hand, exited the small changing room into a corridor floored in marble tiles of alternating black and white squares. They walked down the long corridor till a large oak door loomed ahead, guarded by two soldiers armed with machine guns. Kami went up to one, "You can inform the Generalissimo that the ceremony may begin."

The soldier replied, "Yes Kami, Mistress of Mistresses." The soldier open a small panel in the oak door and to another soldier on the other side he relayed the message Kami had instructed.

"Stand erect, Julia, proudly thrust your chest forward for you are about to be initiated into the Heroines Of The Ladies Of Pago Pago."

A slow beat of drums now started which could be heard outside the large oak door. A voice exploded from behind the oak door. "Let my Mistress of Mistresses enter." It was Generalissimo Fernandez dressed like the self-styled King he was in robes of ermine, sitting on a

throne with beautiful ladies seated on either side of him in silk robes of blue, red, and pink.

Kami entered alone, prostrated herself before the Generalissimo, and kissed his naked feet for he wore no shoes.

“Rise Kami, my Mistress of Mistresses. What news do you bring to me, your master?”

“I come with one who seeks to be initiated as a Heroine Of The Ladies Of Pago Pago.”

“Does she indeed? What be the name of the one who seeks this honour?”

“Julia, Generalissimo.”

“And you can vouch for this Julia, my Mistress of Mistresses?”

“I can indeed, Generalissimo.”

“Then bring this Julia before me and the other Heroines Of The Ladies Of Pago Pago,” Generalissimo Juan Fernandez said, pointing to the group of woman seated near him.

Kami rose from her position and made to the door which was slammed shut after her. After a few minutes, a knock came and the guard inside proclaimed that the Mistress of Mistresses wished entry with one who wished to be a Heroine Of The Ladies Of Pago Pago. The door opened and Kami entered with Julia on her arm.

“Call the roll,” demanded Kami. A woman in a blue robe with a sort of ledger book in her hand rose, opened it and proceeded to call female names to which the other woman replied if they were present. When finished, the woman faced Kami. “That is the roll call, Kami, my Mistress of Mistresses.”

“Thank you, Belinda, please take your place and record all that happens this day.”

Kami, gave a signal, and the drums started again. The Generalissimo dismissed the inner guards.

“Heroines, you know your duties so take your places for the initiation” commanded Kami. Four sturdy women now rose and came to where Kami stood before the throne with her hand in Julia’s. Two on either side of Julia lifted her high above their heads and turned around so that their backs faced the Generalissimo on the throne as did Julia’s. To the slow beat of the drums, they now walked backwards pacing their steps; they had rehearsed this ceremony many times.

Kami who had let go of Julia hand was now standing by the Generalissimo’s side. The entourage was slowly ascending the steps towards the throne backwards.

“Stop!” demanded the sharp voice of Kami. This the four ladies did abruptly, not wishing to risk the wrath of Kami upon them. Kami quickly lifted Julia’s white robe, revealing her naked buttocks. “Does my master approve of the one who seeks to become a Heroine Of The Ladies Of Pago Pago?”

“Lower her for my inspection,” said the Generalissimo.

“Lower the initiate, Heroine’s” ordered Kami.

The four sturdy Heroine’s did just that until Julia buttocks were at Juan Fernandez’ face level. Her robe was still being held up high by Kami.

“Taste her delights, my Master. Are they not succulent?”

Generalissimo Juan Fernandez lent forward and planted a kiss on each buttock of Julia. She could not see what was happening with her back to Juan.

Generalissimo was now practising one of his favourite delights: licking the ass of his favourite woman. His interest transferred to Julia's stitched up penis, driving Julia wild as his tongue flicked over the head of the member. As she wriggled about, the sturdy women held her firm.

"Are you satisfied, my Master? Will she do?" asked Kami.

"Yes indeed. Heroines, greet your new member."

"Heroines, now is your time to pay homage to our new sister."

"Yes, Mistress of Mistresses," all replied.

Julia was taken down the steps, still facing backwards, to floor level. An orderly queue of her new sisters formed behind her derriere. As each came to it, a kiss was placed on each rounded globe. "Have you recorded all, Belinda?" asked Kami.

"Yes, Mistress of Mistresses."

"Plant your kiss, then take my place so that I can give my own tribute to Sister Julia."

Julia was well gone with sexual excitement but even so there seemed something different about Kami's kisses. The initiation over, Julia was taken back to the small changing room and her own clothes were put back on. She and Kami, now fully dressed, were ready for the reception party given in honour of a new Heroine Of The Ladies Of Pago Pago. The banquet hall was all laid out for the reception but before that, Julia was to be presented with her medal as a Heroine.

Generalissimo Juan Fernandez stood at the head of the top table "Sister Julia, step forward to receive your medal as a Heroine." This Julia did and a medal was pinned on her dress at breast height. Julia noticed that all the women

were proudly wearing medals the same as hers on their chests.

During the meal and afterwards Julia asked some of them what they had done to receive the medals.



Nearly all replied, "Bravery beyond the call of duty."

"Oh," asked Julia naively, "and what battles were those?"

"Battles between the bed sheets with the Generalissimo," giggled someone.

"But who cares?" said another. "That medal he has pinned on you is made of pure gold and is worth a fortune."

"For that, I would open my legs for him any time," said a black woman.

"And you did, dear, many times," came another catty remark.

Julia looked round the crowded banquet hall. Just how many women had this Generalissimo taken to bed?

Early next morning there was a knock on her bedroom door. On opening it, Julia found Kami standing there.

"Aren't you dressed yet? There is much to do this bright morning."

"What time is it, Kami?"

"Five o'clock, Julia sweetheart."

"What!" Not since John Bowring gave her a hard time when she was Julian had she rose at that godforsaken hour.

"Come on, I'll help you dress. I've arranged your outfits for today. I know just how Juan wants you dressed." Kami lifted the bedside phone. "Chandelle, bring the dresses and skirts we picked out to Julia's room, please."

Now Julia, get that nightdress off, take a shower, and powder yourself."

By the time Julia finished and came out the bathroom, Kami and another black girl were arranging various dresses out on Julia's bed.

"Ah, there you are, Julia. Come over here. Chandelle, you said you didn't believe that she was a he. Now is your chance to find out," said Kami.

The black girl giggled. "Really, Mistress of Mistresses?"

"Of course. Remember, she is one of us now."

The black girl was around twenty, smartly dressed in a black pencil skirt, cream blouse, beige stockings, and black high-heeled shoes. Chandelle came towards the naked Julia and giggled again. "No, I can't."

"Go on," goaded Kami, "you may never get another chance."

"If you say so, my Mistress of Mistresses." Chandelle tentatively put a finger on Julia's fake pussy and quickly pulled back. "It's funny, Mistress."

"Go on, it won't bite you," Kami goaded her again.

She touched the head of the penis again; it was stirring Julia so much that she put her arms round Chandelle.

"She likes that, Mistress. I think I'm having fun too."

"Good, that's how Heroines should enjoy each other's company. Julia is a most unusual Heroine. Make the most of this opportunity for you may never meet such a Heroine again."

Chandelle was now making the most of her opportunity and Julia loved it. Kami watched, enjoying the erotic scene being played out before her eyes.

It finished with Julia releasing a flood of her own creamy juice onto Chandelle's fingers.

"See, she cums, my Mistress."

"That doesn't surprise me. But let us not dally, there is work to do." So saying, Kami and Chandelle set to work making up Julia's face, then dressing her.

Breakfast now over, it was time for a tour of the main island of Pago Pago. Generalissimo Juan Fernandez was in the courtyard, standing at the yellow Rolls-Royce and holding the back door open. The Rolls Royce was armour-plated with bullet-proof glass windows; three attempts had been made on the life of the Generalissimo. All had failed although two of his guards had been killed in roadside skirmishes. One of his mistresses had attempted to assassinate him in bed one night while he was sleeping. Lucky for him, he woke up just in time and managed to divert the dagger aimed at his heart. She was shot by the firing squad next day after it was found that she was a spy.

Having been placed in the back seat by Juan, Julia found Kami there as well. Once all were seated, the Generalissimo gave the signal for the car to move. As the presidential car drove through the front palace gate, two outriders dressed in military police uniforms on Harley Davidson motor bikes came to the front and another two followed behind the car.

Julia could hear the occasional boo and "Down with the Generalissimo" from peasants as the presidential car passed through the city of Pago Pago. Generalissimo Juan Fernandez showed no emotion.

Soon the car had left the city far behind and was now in open country. The roads were rough but in the well-sprung Rolls, nothing was felt.

The Generalissimo had his arm round Kami waist and was putting a hand up Kami's skirt.

"You can stop that right now, Juan. Didn't you have enough of Chandelle last night?" asked a stern Kami.

Juan meekly obeyed; Kami seemed to have some hold over him. Kami carried on speaking, "Besides, you have poor Julia here and you haven't touched her yet."

Kami opened the cocktail cabinet fitted in the Rolls and poured out a white wine for Julia, a gin and tonic for herself, and a drink from a bottle with no label for Juan. Kami spoke, "Chandelle will be in your bed again tonight, Juan. Such a subtle pussy she has, a young and exciting one, don't you think?"

"Yes, it's something like your own, Kami. You have trained her well. She is waiting at the summer retreat then?"

"I sent her there this morning after breakfast. You made me Mistress of Mistresses to plan for your sexual appetite and peccadilloes."

The Rolls came to a stop at a vineyard and the driver opened the car door and stood to attention as the passengers exited. A man of about fifty was waiting for the party; when he saw the Generalissimo, he came over to him.

"Ricardo, there you are. This is the pretty Julia I told you about today, I want you to conduct a tour of my vineyard and all the processes that the grape goes through to become a bottle of wine."

"I will do that, Generalissimo, for such a pretty lady." Ricardo was the manager of the vineyard. Julia was to see

everything in the vineyard from the picking of bunches of grapes to them being crushed in the vast buckets by the local girls. Julia was enjoying herself and was well-liked by the girls who worked there, most of them around the same age as herself. In the bottling hall she was presented with two cases of special wine; one white, the other red that would be put onboard the Bulwark.

The party then took a tour of the local countryside. Amidst breathtaking scenery, Julia was recorded by Kami with her video cam. Finally the party arrived at the Generalissimo's country retreat, a magnificent mansion, It was a legacy from colonial times; this was the Governor General's residence when the islands of Pago Pago were a British colony.

A party of servants in green livery were there to attend to the luggage of the Generalissimo and his guests. Kami took Julia by the hand and led her to the magnificent boudoir that had been assigned to her.

"Rest, Julia dear, you will need all your strength for the night activities."

"What activities?" asked Julia but Kami was gone.

After Julia had taken her shower before dinner, she looked at her naked body in the large cheval glass mirror conveniently placed near the fitted wardrobes. She was pleased with how her breasts were developing; there was now a fullness to their shape. She touched the nipple of one; it responded by hardening and reddening and it felt very sensitive. Her waist was shaping nicely and her bottom was getting bigger. Dr. Pennington had done a good job but the real benefit would be when she finally got the operation and that protrusion that once was a prick was

removed. She thought how nice it would be the first time John Bowring got his member up her. She dreamed of that. For now she would have to do with getting fucked up her ass. It was better than nothing but at the present she didn't think her ass would be getting fucked tonight. It was Chandelle's but where was she? No sign of her since she arrived at the mansion.

A knock at the door interrupted Julia's erotic dreams. It was Kami, there to look out what Julia's would wear tonight. Kami quickly sorted the dress that Julia would wear that night; an all black glittering evening dress underneath black nylon hold-up stockings with black lacy tops. The small black bra with matching black satin knickers was nice. Kami looked at the knickers and knew before the night was out they would be off. Kami had a nice little surprise lined up for the Generalissimo tonight. The black dress fitted tightly to Julia and made the best of her breasts, small as they may be for now.

At dinner, Julia was placed next to Juan Fernandez who took great delight looking down the valley between her breasts. After the meal, Kami took Julia by the hand.

"Where are we going, Kami?" asked Julia.

"Don't question me, Julia, just do as I tell you and we'll get along fine."

Julia said no more and followed the black woman upstairs, along a corridor, and into a dark well fitted-out small room. Kami switched the light on, illuminating a small padded stool about stomach-height in the centre of the room.

"Lie on it!" ordered Kami.

"Why?" asked Julia.

For the first Julia saw a flash of anger on Kami's face, then she felt two stinging blows from the back of Kami's

hand on her cheeks. Julia burst into tears; they rolled down her cheeks, then the strong hands of Kami threw her on top of the stool.

“Lie there and don’t move or I’ll get a stick and beat you. Maybe that’s what you need, my lady, a good thrashing. You’ve been asking for it all day but I’ve no time now.”

Julia laid there, not moving a muscle. She was afraid of this woman. Kami was now taking her hands and strapping them to the side of the stool which was fixed to the floor and couldn’t move. Then she found her legs and feet secured to the floor; maybe she was going to get a beating after all. Then Kami put a strap round her neck. This strap was attached to the stool; her head protruded past the end of the stool. Julia found she could not move her head, or anything else for that matter. She could not see anything around her, not even Kami. It was only when Kami came to the front of the stool and in her vision which was straight ahead she saw her.

Kami had something in her hand, a spray of some sorts. “Open your mouth!” demanded Kami.

Julia opened her mouth to say something. Kami pressed the spray and a fine jet of cool liquid sprayed inside Julia’s mouth and on her lips. For a few seconds nothing happened, then Julia found she could not close her mouth and numbness descended within it. Kami placed a finger inside her mouth, ran it round, then withdrew it and said, “Good”.

Kami disappeared from sight. The next thing Julia felt was the back of her dress being lifted, then pinned to itself dress at shoulder level. Kami looked down on the trussed up figure of Julia, dress up exposing her black high heeled shoes, black stockings and black satin knickers. A pair of scissors was now lifted by Kami. Kami knew Julia could

not see what was taking place so she snipped the scissors above Julia head which Julia could only hear but not see.

“Be afraid, be very afraid, Julia. What do you think I’m going to do?”

Julia couldn’t utter a word in reply. The scissors were lowered to Julia’s knickers and Kami cut them off.”

Kami lifted a jar of pink cream, dipped a finger in, smiled to herself, then entered the finger into Julia’s puckered anus. She took her time caressing the insides of that small cavity. Julia could not even moan her pleasure. Kami was preparing Julia for her master, the Generalissimo. The preparation finished, Kami now had a large suppository in her hand; this she inserted into Julia’s rectum. It slid in easily because of the fingering Kami had done to the anus with the pink cream and lodged itself deep inside Julia’s anus. A perverse smile spread across Kami’s face. Her job done, she gave a playful slap on Julia’s buttocks, switched the light out, and left the room.

Julia, now in darkness, wondered what was to happen now. That thing that Kami entered in her nether regions felt cold and seemed to be dissolving within her, releasing something, but what? How long she remained in darkness she knew not. It was actually just over an hour and the suppository was relaxing and widening the inside of her anus.

Then, suddenly, the door opened and light filled the room. Julia’s eyes had not yet adjusted to the brightness that dazzled her. She could hear footsteps around her and whoever it was seemed to giving her body a thorough inspection. Someone was standing in front of her, a naked a man with the biggest erection Julia had ever seen right there in front of her face. His face she could not see for her neck was strapped down. He stepped forward closer to Julia and she found his erection was inside her mouth. If

it hadn't been for that spray Kami squirted in her mouth, the man's member would have choked her. Her mouth was stuck wide open and there was nothing she could do as he thrust his prick in and out her opening. The thrusting seemed to go on and on forever. Then a fountain of white rain sprayed down her throat. Julia thought his dick would go limp now and slide out of her mouth. Not so, the stiff member remained and the man resumed pumping her mouth which Julia could not shut. She felt her hair being ruffled by the man's hand. No words were spoken by the man and she could not utter a word. For a second time, a rush of pearly liquid flooded down her throat. This time the man quickly withdrew his penis. Julia but she could not see that he still had an erection for he had swiftly moved out of range of her eyes.

All was silent then Julia felt a stiff object entering her bottom hole; not forcefully, it just slid in. The girth of the penis was wider than anything Julia had ever taken in her rectum before. Julia assumed it was the Generalissimo but no one was making a sound so she could be wrong.

Julia was getting pumped again by this man she could not see. It seemed to go on and on forever. Then there was a massive explosion inside her anus. That had to be the end of it all but only a few seconds passed till the stiff member continued to pound on and on.

How long the sexual assault on her anus went on, Julia did not know. Finally the man pulled out his prick and she was no longer impaled. Then the light went out and she was in darkness once more. Kami was informed that the sexual attack had ceased but she was in no mood to release Julia at that moment; she could wait till the morning. Kami was too busy organising other sexual delights for the Generalissimo; Chandelle was naked, waiting in Juan's bed.

Morning came at last to that mansion of depravity. Julia was still strapped down on the stool and in total darkness. She had fallen fast asleep after her ordeal of the previous night. A click at the door and two figures entered the room; one male, the other female. The female walked over to the sleeping Julia and with the back of her hand slapped her on the face. "Get awake, bitch." It was Kami, of course, who proudly stood in front of Julia with a little whippy cane in her hand.

"I said yesterday I had no time to administer a thrashing to you but now that the sexual activities of the night are over, I can spare some time to attend to that matter." Kami turned to her male partner. "That will please you, Juan, for you like perverse sexual things, don't you? As your Mistress of Mistresses, it is my duty to keep the others of your mistresses in line."

Generalissimo Juan Fernandez bellowed with mirth. "You are in charge, Kami, you have never failed to titillate me yet."

"Before that, Juan, you are going to fuck me here."

"Where is that, Kami?"

"Right here," said she, lifting her skirts to reveal she wore no knickers. Then she sat down on top of Julia shoulders, her back to Julia's feet. Julia was now fully awake with all the commotion going around her and aware of Kami presence as her smooth black bottom cheeks rubbed against Julia's skin.

"You've never had me on top of another woman like this, Juan. Get on with it and show that I am the superior woman, on top of her." In Kami's perverse mind she was

the top woman and the sexual act about to be performed would be proof of that.

Kami unzipped the Generalissimo fly and a stiff cock sprang to attention, ready for action. It was eased into Kami's eagerly waiting orifice. All this was happening above Julia's head; she could hear the slurp-slurping of Kami's cunt and could feel the constant rubbing of Kami's black bottom cheeks against her shoulders. Julia's back was playing host to the sexual action above her and like the previous night, it seemed to go on and on.

Kami wriggled in pure ecstasy, perverse woman that she was. Juan Fernandez was making the most of sucking Kami's generous black breasts and the large nipples on them. Julia could only wonder what the depraved pair was up to on her back.

Then came a moan from Kami. "I'm going to cum!" but no such exclamation came from Juan; he thrust onwards. Juan withdrew his penis, letting goblets of pearly white secretions fall on Julia's back and shoulders; his penis was still erect. Kami was pleased with her work but she wasn't finished with Julia.

Kami got off Julia's back and shoulders, lifted the little springy cane from where she had left it and smartly hissed it through the air. It sent shivers through Julia.

"Juan," ordered Kami, "you may as well put that erection of yours in her mouth and enjoy yourself while I give her the beating she deserves."

Julia found the penis of Juan once more in her mouth and again could say nothing. Kami was at her bottom, waving the whippy cane above Julia's buttocks, about to begin caning her. The first stinging blow jolted Julia but she could say nothing. On it went as Kami beat a red pattern, turning to a purple hue, on Julia's bottom cheeks.

"This will teach the bitch," thought Kami, "I'll have her jump at my commands without question.

"Listen, Miss Julia, from now on, whenever I am near, you will prostrate yourself before me and kiss the hem of my skirt. I am the Mistress of Mistresses and you will address me as such. Understand, bitch?" said Kami.

"Haven't you cum yet, Juan? Get a move on, we haven't got all day," said his mistress. Eventually he pulled his penis out from Julia's mouth but it was still erect.

"Come on, give me a hand" said Kami as she started to undo the restraining straps holding Julia down. Eventually all were loosened and with a hand under Julia's shoulders, she was eased on to her feet. But with the ordeal she had suffered, she collapsed to the floor. Kami lifted the wall phone. "Send some servants to the blue room and take Julia to her room."

Kami and the Generalissimo left the room, switched the light out, and an unconscious Julia was left in darkness once more.

A gentle shaking of her shoulders awakened Julia. She saw a black woman standing above her. She was afraid, flinched, and pulled the satin sheets of the bed she now found herself on round her.

"I'll do whatever you say, Kami, please, please don't beat me again."

The black woman lowered her head and gave Julia a kiss on the cheek. "So she caned you, the cow? She is a sadist and I'll bet the Generalissimo got a thrill watching her." Julia's eyes focused to see it was Chandelle.

"How long have I been here, Chandelle?"

“Since they brought you back from the blue room two days ago. I’ve watched over you. Tell me what happened, sweetheart.”

Julia related all to Chandelle, including about the man who seemed to have an erection forever.

“It was the Generalissimo but shower and clean up, I’ll show you something that could interest you, darling.”

Showered and dressed, Julia felt better. Chandelle took her hand and led her to a magnificent master bedroom where the Generalissimo slept with Kami. Chandelle had the key to open the door. “Will Kami and the Generalissimo not come and catch us, Chandelle?” asked Julia.

“No, they have gone for the day and won’t be back till tonight so we are safe. While you were left alone after Kami and the Generalissimo had their thrills I was being fucked by the Generalissimo. That slut Kami not only watched but filmed it all on her camcorder.”

Julia was beginning to think that this mansion was a right little house of depravity.

“Come here,” said Chandelle, beckoning with a finger as she stood at the adjoining bathroom door. Julia saw a magnificent marble-tiled bathroom with a sunken bath with gold taps, a shower, and bidet.

“He and she live in the lap of luxury; all this is off the backs of the poor workers of the land. But that was not what I wanted to show you.” Chandelle walked over to a small wall cabinet and opened it. It contained many small bottles of pills in different colours.

Withdrawing a bottle of blue pills, Chandelle asked, “Do you know what these are, Julia?”

“No, I haven’t the faintest idea.”

“Viagra and these are other drugs that enhance the sexual appetite of the degenerate Generalissimo.” Chandelle was holding up several boxes of pills. “He has a permanent erection and Kami makes it her business to see it remains so. She carries a bottle of liquid around with her which he drinks several times a day.” Julia remembered when she was in the Rolls that Kami poured out a drink from an unlabelled bottle. Suddenly the relentless fucking in her mouth and pumping of her arse all made sense. But why was Chandelle telling her all this?

“Can I trust you, Julia?”

“Trust me for what Chandelle?”

Chandelle hitched her skirt up to reveal a knife in its sheaf strapped to her shapely right leg.

“See this? It will be plunged into the heart of the Generalissimo this night and the revolution will start.”

“How do you know all this, Chandelle?”

“I just do. That is all you need to know. Raul and his freedom fighters and concealed near here even as we speak. Take this and use it if you have to for I want you in this bedroom tonight with me.” Chandelle was handing another dagger to Julia.

“Use this on Kami. I’m sure you hunger for revenge on her for the beating she gave you. Getting both of us in the same bed is no problem; seeing the two of us make love will appeal to the degenerate Generalissimo but we won’t get that far if all goes to plan. While I plunge my knife into the Generalissimo. you attack Kami. I know you can do it. Kami will not be expecting it and if you act submissive to her, till then she will suspect nothing.”

“Why are you doing all this, Chandelle?”

“For many reasons. How old do you think I am, Julia?”

"Somewhere about my own age."

"And that is?" questioned Chandelle.

"Twenty-one," answered Julia.

"I carry my age well if I say so myself. I am 39 years old. One of the reasons I hate the Generalissimo is that he killed my girlfriend, put her before the firing squad. I shall succeed where she failed; we worked for the same spy network. But that is not the only reason I have sympathy for the poor people of Pago Pago."

Julia knew she must assist Chandelle in her plans to assassinate the Generalissimo and act the submissive female to Kami. That wouldn't be hard for she was genuinely afraid of the woman.

Kami and the Generalissimo had arrived back from their outing around 5 p.m. and entered the mansion. At the first opportunity Julia had, she prostrated herself before Kami. Taking the hem of Kami's skirt and kissing it, she said, "Kami, my Mistress of Mistresses, I, your humble servant, am at your command. What you would wish of me?"

Kami looked down on Julia and the inferior position she had taken. She would use this for her own ends and put on a little display of her superiority for the Generalissimo's benefit.

Kami placed one of her feet, encased in a shining black leather ankle boot with six-inch spike heels, forward. "Kiss your Mistress' boots NOW!"

Julia extended her lipstick-covered lips to the uppermost part of the boot and left a red imprint on the shiny surface. Not satisfied with this humiliation of Julia,

Kami's other boot was put before Julia. This time she was told to lick it. Kami was not yet finished with Julia. She turned her back and hitched her skirts, up exposing the rounded hemispheres of her white satin knicker-covered backside.

"Kiss my ass!"

Julia had to obey; any resistance now could reveal the plans set down by Chandelle. Julia pressed her lips on the outside of the white satin knickers, one orb at a time. She did it slowly for she was sure Kami was deriving a sexual thrill out of this. Julia's calculation turned out to be right for the gusset of Kami's knickers was dampening as wetness extended along that spot. This was all happening at the foot of the staircase in sight of some servants who happened to be passing nearby. But then that was nothing new for they had seen some very bizarre things in this mansion of depravity before.

Chandelle watched all this from the floor above. Chandelle came down and greeted Kami with a kiss on the cheek. "Mistress of Mistresses, I have something to discuss with you that I think will be to your liking."

Linking her arms in Kami's, she led her up the stairs, leaving Julia prone at the foot of the stairs. The party disappeared to the master bedroom. Julia rose and made to her own room for there was nothing she could do for now.

The first thing Kami did on entering the master bedroom she shared with the Generalissimo was to go to the bathroom and extract a number of pills from the cabinet. Coming back in to the bedroom with a glass of water in her hand, she addressed Juan Fernandez. "Take these and

rest while I listen to what Chandelle has to say. You know that young girl we picked today is coming here and you like virgins, Juan." Juan Fernandez was soon fast asleep.

"Come to my room, Chandelle." Kami had a room connected with the master bedroom that she used as a sort of office for planning sexual excursions and activities.

Once in the room, Chandelle proceeded to tell Kami of the twosome she would have with Julia. "I know the Generalissimo has seen twosomes between women before, even threesomes but this will be his first between a woman and a shemale."

Kami was turning the matter over in her mind. "An excellent idea! It will be an appetiser to titillate the imagination of the Generalissimo. You have done well Chandelle and will be rewarded." Kami opened her jewel box and withdrew a diamond necklace which Chandelle reckoned was worth, not thousands of dollars, but hundreds of thousands.

"Come here," said Kami and she clipped the wonderful sparkling necklace round Chandelle's neck. "You know you were meant for higher things. As of now you are my second in command. Untold riches lie ahead if you play your cards right."

"What do you mean, my Mistress of Mistresses?"

"See these?" said Kami, opening her jewel box once again. "These are but a drop in the ocean. I have millions upon millions of dollars in banks all over the world."

Chandelle gazed in wonder on the diamonds, rubies, and pearls, rings, bangles, and earrings crammed in the jewel box. They were worth a few millions.

"And if you think that is a lot of money, he is worth billions," Kami said, pointing next door where the Gener-

alissimo was sleeping. "Why do you think I plan these sexual extravaganzas? He pays well for his sexual thrills."

"Is all his fortune kept here in Pago Pago, Mistress Kami?" asked Chandelle.

"Don't be so stupid, Chandelle. It's kept in Swiss banks as is most of mine."

No more was said and they parted with Kami giving a kiss to the other woman. this time on the lips.

Chandelle went straight to Julia's room and discussed plans for the coming activities. "By the way, that was some act you put on for Kami, Julia."

"That was no act. I am afraid of her. God knows how I will act tonight. Give me strength, please."

"If you go submissive like you did, I'm sure we will catch Kami off guard along with the Generalissimo. Now let me strap this dagger on to you." Chandelle raised Julia's skirts and strapped the weapon to her thigh.

"Don't be afraid to use it for they are a ruthless pair and in like circumstances, they would not hesitate to use it on you."

Chandelle and Julia wore very revealing dresses, Chandelle having picked them for distracting the attention of Kami and the Generalissimo. Dinner over, all retired to the master bedroom for sexual activities.

On entering, Chandelle pulled up two Queen Anne chairs near the four-poster bed Kami and the Generalissimo slept in. "Kami, my Mistress of Mistresses, I want you and the Generalissimo to have a ringside seat to see the contortions and convulsions I shall put Julia through in our sexual groping."

A wide grin came across Kami's face, then she saw Chandelle hiding something behind her back.

"What have you there, Chandelle darling?" she enquired.

"You shall see. It's a surprise."

Kami said nothing. Julia was grovelling at her feet, kissing her skirt, and saying, "Mistress of Mistresses, I am your humble servant at your command."

Julia, from her position on the carpeted floor, was looking right up Kami's skirt; she wore no knickers so that the Generalissimo could have a feel at her luscious pussy while watching the activities of Julia and Chandelle. While Kami was occupied thinking about her domination of Julia, Chandelle was talking with the Generalissimo and showing him what she concealed behind her back: a strap-on dildo. She whispered just what she was going to do with it to loud guffaws from him.

The licentious pair were completely distracted, Now was the time to strike. Kami's head was turned towards the Generalissimo, listening to all Chandelle was saying. Julia saw this; her hand went to her thigh under her dress to where the concealed dagger was strapped. She withdrew it, jumped up, and was holding the dagger at Kami throat. While all this was going on, Chandelle had her own dagger at the Generalissimo's stomach.

When Chandelle said Raul and his freedom fighters were near she wasn't wrong; they had insinuated themselves among the servants in the mansion some time ago and were just outside the bedroom door. Hearing the commotion within, they rushed in. Soon the Generalissimo and Kami were surrounded by the rebels. The Generalissimo's guards had already deserted; some were men planted by Raul and were loyal to him. Word had quickly got to the city of Pago Pago. The streets were filled with

people screaming for the blood of the Generalissimo and his Mistress and burning effigies of them.

Julia wanted revenge on Kami for the beating she had administered to her. Julia couldn't tell where she got the courage from but her dagger would have slit Kami's throat if Chandelle hadn't stopped her. Chandelle wanted the information about the Generalissimo's and Kami's bank accounts. If they were killed now, all would be lost.

By this time, Raul had arrived on the scene and he put an arm round Chandelle. "You have done well, brave woman. Are you all right?"

"Yes but Julia here must take some of the credit. You can say she lit the flame of the revolution."

Julia received a hug and kiss on the cheek from the strong and rugged Raul. Chandelle now whispered something in Raul's ear. He turned to Generalissimo Juan Fernandez and Kami. "If you give us the pass numbers of your accounts and the banks they are in right now, you will be handed over to the International Court of Justice at The Hague. Otherwise you will be shot right here. I am not in a mood to listen to your pleading. Take the offer or leave it."

Raul stood in his combat uniform, holding a stun gun in his hands. The obese Juan Fernandez could see this man meant business and in a matter of minutes, his life could be over. There was nothing for it but to open his safe and give the information Raul required. A large obscene painting hung on the wall; he pushed it aside to reveal a safe behind it. It swung open; inside were numerous documents. Gesturing with his hands, Fernandez said, "There is all you need. All I ask is your protection till I am delivered to the International Court of Justice." The Generalissimo knew the crowds would be baying for his blood. Already, just in the short time since

Raul had arrived, crowds had assembled and chants were heard.

Raul gathered the documents. "These will be kept and sorted out by our elected parliament in time. Industries will be set up, people employed and there will be no more poor."

Julia was intent on revenge. Chandelle had gotten what she wanted. Now nothing was going to stop Julia. "Come on," she said to the inflamed crowd now gathering in the master bedroom. "Let's hang this deprived pair. They have lived off your backs long enough. There are plenty of trees about that are high enough. Well, what are you waiting for? Get them."

Chandelle hadn't wanted this neither had Raul but there was nothing they could do; Julia was stirring everyone up around her. The mobs were now dragging the Generalissimo and Kami out of the room and down the stairway to outside where torches lit the night. The crowds had swelled considerably as word spread quickly through the countryside. Clothes were being ripped off the pair and now both were naked. Ropes had been found and placed round the necks of the pair. Kami was pleading to Julia for her life which was falling on deaf ears.

Julia was the ringleader; the rest were following her like sheep. Soon one would see the naked bodies of Generalissimo Juan Fernandez and his mistress Kami hanging naked from the branches of a stout oak tree. So ended the evil regime. The despot overthrown, peace came to Pago Pago.

It was now time for the Bulwark to depart. Chandelle and Raul were at the harbour to see Julia on her way. There were kisses between Julia and the black girl and also with Julia and Raul before the longboat left and rowed back to the ship.

To be continued