



Reluctant Press presents:

The Tee Gee Girls



Monica James

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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The Tee Gee Girls

By Monica James

Cory Foote came in with two bundles of groceries and set them on the kitchen table. Merry quickly came to help sort and store.

“He was there again today,” Cory said in a stage whisper as if some unseen audience was with them. “He kept watching every step I took.”

“It has been almost a week now. It’s a wonder he doesn’t just knock on the door and ask for our passports.

“Maybe he will or, shall we ask him about his curiosity? If he was enlisting girls for the local brothel, we would know it by now.”

Cory sat at the kitchen table. "How is the money holding out? Do we have enough to make a run for it?"

Merry was thoughtful. "About a week ago, maybe ten days, our cash reserve looked rather slim. At the Muslim Market I used Evie's debit card for a purchase and asked for some cash back. No problem; the toothless hag that could double for the 'Wicked Witch of the North' was very friendly."

Cory sighed. "That's it, then. That leaves enough time for 'Daddy' to get the news that someone used his daughter's debit card. The curiosity seeker might be a private eye. By watching, he'll probably report back that neither of us match the description though there are obvious similarities."

"Just remember the news article. Jacob Sluyh is the only one left of the old coterie. How can we be sure they are all gone, no threat?"

Cory was pensive. "I think, as long as Jacob Sluyh is alive, there is a threat. We need to stay alert."

"Agreed! Anything suspicious points to the need to get out while we have a cash reserve, albeit small, to last us."

"Travel agency?"

"Yes; Tenerife?"

"Cross-dress?"

"Yes, I'll go hippie this time."

"My guy-garb will get us through."

#

At the international airport in Tenerife, both girls processed customs with no difficulty. The customs officer stamped their passports and waved them through but obviously could not resist a sideways glance at the two attractive girls in such bizarre apparel. The girls were amused knowing cross-dressers rarely trick an experienced eye.

They checked into the hotel the travel agency had arranged and put their room charges on the stolen debit card.

After changing into street clothes, they appeared like two college girls on a holiday.

At a quaint bistro overlooking the harbor, they settled with some strong black coffee and a platter of scones.

“Now what?” Merry asked as if she was thinking of something else.

“I’m considering the facts—a sum total of the risk. If we book travel on the debit card we leave what they call a ‘paper trail’. What is the probability, taking the piracy massacre into account, that we are being sought? It seems likely the extreme is the case, which means the books are closed on Colin Foote and Merle Clark.”

Merry frowned. “Suppose Evie’s daddy is searching for us if for no other reason than to find out what happened to his daughter? As long as we use the debit card in Evie Ames’s name, it gives father-dear some hope.”

“All he has really been told is that Evie and Loyce might have been abducted to parts unknown. There is more to this than we can guess. Since we have the option, we need apply to get our old passports duplicated by claiming they were lost. What do you think?”

Merry relaxed and sipped the coffee. “We need to disappear; no more Loyce and Evie; they are sex-chat-tel now living in a different world.”

Cory shrugged. “I shudder at the thought. We came too close to that evil event. Even so, I like to remember Loyce’s nice body. She was more than willing but time ran out.”

Merry grinned. “You are an inveterate romantic; good times are ahead with that attitude.”

“Do you often remember what we were like as boys? Not much different in lifestyle now. We still chase girls.”

“Speak for yourself. There is a subtle connection for me. If I see a ‘hot’ young boy, I get a special interest message in my libido.”

Cory sighed. “Must life be so complicated?”

“Yes, if we are to survive.” Merry picked up a newspaper and began to turn the pages with indifference. That was when she saw the ‘help wanted’ ad. “Hey, Cory; look at this. Possible job for us.”

“Stateroom steward and wait staff openings needed for 68’ sailing schooner now completely renovated. Apply...”

Cory read it carefully and was more interested in what it did not say than the entire advertisement. “I think it is an opportunity. It isn’t likely we will need special papers and with such a small boat. The big cruise liners would be a different story. This small lux-

ury schooner would be more lax in reporting passengers and all."

"O.K.," Merry said. "We can carry the Loyce and Evie passports; just not use the debit card."

#

Cory and Merry sat on a wooden bench in a small shed attached to the wharf. Several sailors milled around nervously.

Finally, the captain arrived. He was dressed in a freshly starched uniform and polished boots. He was tall with a dark complexion and bushy eyebrows flecked with gray that matched his sideburns.

"I am Captain Levinson," he boomed out. The room was suddenly silent. He handed a clip board to the closest applicant. "Please, everybody, fill in your name and what position interests you.

The room was so stuffy that the two girls went out onto the small dock extension for some air. One of the sailors brought the clip board out for them to sign up. That was when they learned about the mysterious schooner.

"Uh-oh!" Merry said with a gasp. "Look at the name of the boat. We better get out of here but quick."

It was the *Shanghai Joe* which they had seen a year earlier from their view point on the island of Martinique. It brought back stark memories of the days endured at the Middlesex Clinic when they were transgendered from gay, carefree college students to cultured and gracious young ladies.

“Yes, I remember. Two young girls we admired were graduates at the clinic and going on board for a relaxation cruise. DeDe Devine warned us against booking passage on it.”

As they stood to go, Captain Levinson came out to collect the clipboard. “Two very fine young ladies,” he began with a smile. “What you don’t know about caring for our passengers in the dining salon we can show you.” His wide grin flashed a gold inlay. “Please, get on the transfer bus. All the personnel we need are set to go which includes you two.”

Cory spoke up. “Captain; thank you but we’ve decided to look elsewhere for work.”

He frowned. “Which only means you are both in a desperate situation. You will not be investigated or reported on the *Shanghai Joe*. Just do as you’re told and we will get on fine.” He brought the bulk of his strong body against them. As he herded them off the wharf, they saw the bus waiting for them.

Merry was ready to bolt and run. Cory stopped her with a firm grasp on her arm. “Don’t, Merry. He has the names! Understand?”

Merry’s chin quivered as she tried to control a sob. She nodded.

They were joined by four sailors on the bus. They all looked like they were nursing hangovers.

The girls sat in the double seat behind the driver.

The small bus hurried along a country road until they once again saw the ocean waves and the broad blue expanse out to the horizon. Cory and Merry both gasped as the boat came into view.



The schooner was anchored in a small inlet behind a barrier island. The sails were secured to the mast. The white bow nodded in the shallow waves.

Merry leaned against Cory to whisper, "We've been shanghaied on the *Shanghai Joe*."

"Settle down; don't panic," Cory said firmly. "As long as he has our identification, we are stuck and the crafty captain knows it."

They went on board and were assigned to state-room eight which was far aft next to the engine room vents. A faint odor of diesel fumes pervaded the room so they left the door and portholes open.

"Looks like we were expected," Merry said pointing to the uniforms which lay neatly on the bunks.

They felt the boat shake as the engines coughed and started. Mooring lines were let go and the *Shanghai Joe* swung smartly out into the current. "Get dressed," Cory said. "If we are getting under way, our services will be needed in the dining salon."

Merry agreed as she called on some extra strength to face the situation without panic. 'Maybe,' she thought idly, 'I'm growing up. So much has happened I'm wondering what is next.' She checked her makeup in the small mirror and tugged at the short skirt hugging her thighs.

"You look great," Cory said admiring her friend. "You will make those sailors happy when they see your legs."

"Just hush up; you're not so bad yourself even if you do have small boobs."

They both laughed and went forward to prepare a meal for the crew.

The *Shanghai Joe* anchored in the bay and some last minute activity made the boat neat and ready for passengers.

Cory and Merry welcomed passengers, mostly tourists, at the onramp and showed them to their state-rooms. A small yacht was in service to bring supplies and passengers out to the anchorage but the busy marina was easily seen from that distance.

“Look, Merry,” Cory said pointing to the marina area. “Looks like a VIP headed our way.” They watched as a black sedan drove onto the wharf free access area and stopped. Two tall, burly men hustled a young boy from the car to the yacht. “Yep, VIP.”

When the boy was delivered to the *Shanghai Joe*, the captain came out and signed a release. At the same time he accepted an envelope which both girls immediately assumed was payment for passage. As soon as the water taxi left, the captain signaled the girls.

“This is Darryl. He goes in stateroom two next to the wheelhouse ladder. Please make sure he is comfortable.”

They walked with the boy toward his quarters. “Did you see them?” Merry asked. “Those guys came out of the Algiers Casbah. Not likely I’d forget them.”

“I saw you go into panic mode so looked to see the reason. The only saving is that we are girls they do not recognize. Too close for comfort and revealing as well that the same sex bondage operation is yet a reality. Ouch!”

A gaggle of tourists had invaded the dining salon looking for drinks to celebrate their departure. Merry glanced at Cory and indicated with her hand she would take care of the formalities.

Cory held Darryl’s duffle bag like it had dead weight. They then went into the stateroom which featured a liquor cabinet next to the porthole. Once inside,

Cory closed the door and secured it with the bolt. She immediately saw Darryl fall to his knees and begin to sob.

“Hey, what’s this?”

He looked up at Cory but made no effort to clear the flow of tears coursing down his cheeks.

Cory watched him carefully. ‘At first I thought he was a young boy but I see he is just diminutive,’ she thought. The lad had a splash of freckles on his face, dark brown eyes and a chock of hair that constantly covered one eye. His skin was alabaster white as if he had been away from the sun for a very long time. The boy shook his head in despair.

“I apologize if I gave you a fright,” he said after a long pause. He blinked and wiped away some tears.

“Don’t worry,” she answered and took his hand to help him upright. “Did those two jocks give you a bad time?”

“How did you know about that? I can see you are an innocent, naïve girl. You don’t know anything about what is going on in this evil world.”

Cory smiled and sat down next to him on the sofa. She took his hand. “I won’t debate you on that. The way you were treated made us think you are very important indeed.”

He blinked away remaining tears. Cory could see he was deeply troubled. “I am not important; but you may consider me something of a fugitive though I’ve done nothing wrong.”

“Look, I’m just one of the hired help here. But, if you want to talk to someone, whatever has so upset

you, ask for me. I'm Cory and I'm not a fugitive either." She was pleased to see him smile.

"I'm to be the cabin boy for the captain. There are some things I will have to learn."

Cory registered that in stone: "Tell me about it," she thought. She kept a firm hold on Darryl's hand. "Are you to be the cabin boy because you are gay?"

"That's only part of it. I was caught up in a sting in Coventry. Most of those hauled off to the lockup were released the next morning. I was kept but I didn't find out why for several days. Oh, I don't know why I'm telling you all this."

Cory held the lad's hand. "I understand more than you know," she said softly. "I want to be your friend. It appears you need one."

"I'm bought and sold like a slab of meat. Our destination on this elegant tub is the West Indies. I am to be re-sold there for some further escapades I do not fully understand."

Cory stood up. "If I can help or if you just want someone to talk with, I'm available. If you don't mind, I will inform the captain that we are friends."

Darryl forced a smile. "I don't know why you are so nice to me."

"Call it empathy," Cory said and quietly closed the door behind her.

"How is the kid?" Merry asked as Cory came in and helped clear some tables ready for the dishwashing chore.

"Not a kid; just looks like it. You are not going to believe this; I hardly dare to even think it. First, our young passenger is probably about twenty or so. He is

to be the captain's plaything for this voyage across the middle passage. Next, unless I missed the messages, he is to be a 'New Era Girl'."

Merry's mouth opened to register her shock. "You pulled all that out in such a short time? Putting together the pieces, I believe this schooner is headed for Fort de France, Martinique. 'Out of the frying pan' as the saying goes."

"Well, don't overlook the obvious. If the captain spends his play time with the youngster, we are safe from his eyes molesting us."

Merry grinned. "More than his eyes."

"You already know what I'm thinking; you usually do," Cory began. "I think we should jump-ship at the first opportunity."

"Look at the chart, love. Levinson will probably have to put in at Barbados for supplies, passengers departing, like that. I heard some discussion along those lines. You say I know what you are thinking and, right off, I'm opposed."

"Opposed? And here I am innocent. Opposed to what?"

"Rescuing young Darryl to save him from the same fate that awaited us. I don't think we should do it. For one thing, it is entirely likely he may be in favor of the new life or perhaps hasn't thought it out yet."

Cory put a stack of clean plates on the shelf. "There was a time when both of us would have welcomed a rescuer."

"Debate all you like; I'm opposed. It's not like an abortion, you know."

“You just said we don’t have the right. All to the good, then. I agree. Yet, we can be on the alert since our own skins might be at risk.”

“We were only partly informed,” Merry responded.
“

The captain came in which silenced their conversation. “I can see you two have done this kind of work before; I’m pleased,” he said stiffly. “Which of you managed to calm down young Darryl?”

Saying nothing, Cory raised her hand. She wanted to say something neutral but only squeaked.

Merry backed away from the captain by leaning against the kitchen bulkhead. “Cory is good at helping stray cats and little boys.”

He smiled. “I want to tell you in confidence that the youngster is my cabin boy so I expect you to provide him with whatever he needs. He will be acting on my orders.”

Cory almost made a wise crack about not carrying a supply of condoms but bit her lip to keep the relationship on a civil basis.

“When will we be arriving in Barbados?” Merry asked.

The captain looked like he had been slapped in the face. “Whatever made you think we are going there?”

“I overheard it mentioned by one of the tourists. Is anything wrong?”

He was tense. “If you want to know something; ask me. Don’t bother the passengers.”

“When will we be arriving in Barbados?” she repeated.

He scanned both of them with a severe stare, turned and left the salon in a display of anger. They could hear his shoes clomping in rapid steps on the companionway.

“What do you think?” Merry asked.

“I think he is dangerous when riled. Did you see the way he stared at us? Those two laser-eyes could bore holes in us.”

The following morning, both girls turned out early to watch the sunrise. Huge Atlantic Ocean swells topped with white caps define deep valleys of water smashing against the hull.

“Have you seen Darryl?”

“No, he has been kept in the captain’s quarters. Something is amiss or the captain would not get so angry over our simple questions.”

“I hope Darryl is O.K.,” Merry said and sighed. “Well, here comes my card game. They stick together but one of them missed the connection so I’ve been enlisted as a fourth for bridge. Hope they aren’t too rough on me.”

Cory grinned. “You be the fourth, I’ll get a fifth.”

“Take the fifth, you mean.”

#

Cory was just out of the shower when she heard a gentle rapping on the door. Curious, she looked out the porthole. She could see part of Darryl’s slim body standing there. She quickly opened the door.

"Come in, young man," she said and closed the door behind him.

Darryl looked like he was on the verge of tears. "The captain is in a really foul mood. When he raised his fist to hit me, I ran. I couldn't think of anywhere to hide so I came here."

"You did the right thing. Now, settle down. We don't need any histrionics. What did you do, or not do, to make our captain so upset?"

Darryl sat heavily on the sofa. "I'm not sure. Having sex with that large tool is keeping me busy. He seems insatiable. He couldn't get enough of me last night and when I all but passed out he shook me so violently my dentures might have rattled."

Cory laughed. "Except you don't have dentures."

"You don't understand what it is like to be nearly choked to death and have a sore tail in the bargain."

Cory folded her arms. "Tell me about it. Would you like something to drink? I have some cold beer."

"That sounds great. I did mention to Captain Levinson that he should be nicer to me because he is supposed to deliver me to Martinique. That might have set him off. I know he has been paid to take me to a clinic there."

Cory poured some beer and sat next to him. "You can't hide in here forever; he'll come looking for you."

"I know; I expect it. I want to tell you about my destiny. It has become such a burden I can't come to grips with it."

Cory sipped her beer. "Please do; anything you tell me will be kept in strict confidence, I promise."

He seemed dejected before beginning. "Apparently I was not the only one caught up in the operation at the singles club. I overheard some officials telling about a payoff. They were making plans to hit another club on the other side of town. It's like guys like me are being harvested."

"Darryl; please calm down. Have you been interested in learning how girls live? Ah, like, how girls dress, dance, talk, walk, all of that; are you really just one of the girls even though you have the wrong genital equipment?"

"I've thought about that. I've been lectured that there is nothing wrong with me; it is the attitude. I'm a girl locked in a guy's body. If it is to be my lot in life to change that, well, I'd like to know more about it."

Cory took his hand. "Can we be candid with each other? I know something about what you can expect in your immediate future. It is a large risk for me because there are people at work on my life as well. If they catch me, my lifestyle will change as well."

"But you are a beautiful girl. I would be very pleased to come back to earth looking as comely as you are."

"My appearance is not exactly an accident of birth such as you claim. Without going into much detail, I've studied the transsexual surgical procedures. Is it the surgery that bothers you so much?"

He put one hand on Cory's naked thigh. "That is really more than I dared hope."

She looked down at his hand absently fondling her leg. "Do you like doing that?" she asked. "When you are a girl, there will be many people, gals as well as

guys that will seek you out for service not unlike our rapacious captain."

"I'm not sure what you mean," he said softly, his voice tinged with lust. "I've never been with a girl."

"And I would not know what to do with the captain in the way that you have done. I admire you for that." She released the top button of her camisole. She knew he could see the outline of her breasts. "You have an interesting mouth," she whispered and leaned closer to him. "Would you like to explore my female body? From what you've said, you will have one like mine before long."

He backed off. "I'm afraid. No, I can't do that to you. You are a nice girl."

She laughed and went to the small cooler for another beer. "Then let me tell you what I know about transgender procedures." With that she went into detail on the drugs, the training, the surgery itself and the life after that. "Does the captain enjoy you in other ways?"

"Like what other ways?"

"Does he go down on you? Put your cock in his mouth and make you come?"

"Wow; you are not as innocent as I thought. He never has done that and, frankly, I've wanted him to do it. I can't tell him that, can I?"

"Probably not. Since you think I'm so 'straight' and innocent, are you not curious as to how I have so much knowledge?"

"I'm waiting for you to tell me."

She turned over all the issues in her head. 'What can be gained by confessing my origin and how it hap-

pened? Suppose he starts running off at the mouth to DeDe Devine and puts us back on the 'most wanted' list? If any guy in this world is more ready to be a Tee Gee girl, I can't imagine it. If he can keep the captain from killing him in an angry spree of some kind, he will survive.' She drank from the glass of beer.

"You can see by your eyes and what you are feeling that I'm all-girl. Several years ago I had a boyfriend. We were in love but having sex was somewhat awkward for the reason you pointed out; I'm a nice girl. As time went by he told me what you told me. He wanted to be a girl. Not having much in the way of sex was just a sham. We both went into great detail about what was involved. One day he disappeared. I never saw him again."

He managed an awkward grin. "Are you and that other pretty girl lovers?"

"Her name is Merry. I love her but like a sister or good friend. Maybe some day it will happen but who can predict? You can't; neither can I."

He finished the glass of beer and nodded when Cory took the glass from him. "Are you sorry you didn't get the chance to give your boyfriend satisfaction? You are so lovely, I cannot imagine anybody, guy or gal, not wanting you."

"That amounts to flattery, young Darryl. I believe you mean it." She moved one hand onto his crotch and explored long enough to realize he was aroused. "Will you do something for me in return for some oral sex?"

He nearly jumped up. "Of course; yes, anything."

She laughed and slipped into pensive mode. 'Well, as Colin Foote you did have your share of escapades. No sense telling this lad about all that.' She continued

rubbing and Darryl shifted his hips to give her more room.

"We will be in Barbados in a few days. Merry and I want to get off this schooner and into an aircraft headed somewhere more interesting. Will you help us?" She unhooked his belt buckle.

"What am I to do?"

Cory worked the zipper on his slacks. "The captain has the passports of all people on board. Find out where he has them and get ours for us. It is likely several people will want to go ashore to get on tourist buses. There should be an opportunity."

"Why not just ask the captain for permission to get off?"

"I thought of that. If he agrees, all is O.K. If not, he will be immediately suspicious of our motives. It could get sticky and this might be our only chance to escape."

He slid down on the cushion. "Yes, of course I will help you. Maybe some day I can say I helped you become lovers. The captain will probably have all the passports out so it is a small risk. I hate to think of what he will do if he discovers I've betrayed his trust in me."

Cory's voice went up a decibel. "You call that trust? Get serious!" She opened his fly and soon had his throbbing cock in her hand, kneading and fondling to excite the lad. His breathing became short gasps as he watched in pure fascination while Cory leaned over and next slid down onto the deck on her knees. She opened her negligee top so he could slide his engorged tool between her breasts.

"Yes, take me," he called out. "Gosh, you are beautiful."

In a motion as even as a reflex, Cory slid his hard cock into her mouth, sucked and began a tantalizing erotic blowjob. He exploded almost immediately and she lapped and swallowed.

"Maybe you were ready for that," she said softly, an amusing lilt in her voice. "I swallowed it all."

He tugged at his trousers and swiftly secured it. "Take me with you?" he asked. "Where are you going to go? What do you have planned? I can be your friend, can't I?"

"You are a sweet guy; you taste good as well. But, don't get off the track. Going with us will not get you what you want. One day you will thank me for our little time together here."

"That's the truth," he said thoughtfully. "I better get back to see if the captain is in better spirits. You have been wonderful and I promise to do as you wish."

She watched him go and smiled at her impudence. 'That was fun,' she thought. 'Nothing like a little 'BJ' to calm the nervous natives.' Merry came in a little later and she told her that Darryl had promised to get their passports so they could get off at Barbados. She was pleased.

"Where shall we go?" Merry asked.

"Does it matter? Now that we are experienced dining room staff we are in demand."

They both laughed.

#

Darryl was nowhere to be seen the next day but that, Cory considered, was not unusual. The destina-

tion ETA was on the dining salon bulletin board and there was an excited buzz among the passengers.

After the supper service, Cory and Merry headed for their stateroom. They knew they were due to berth in Barbados approximately noon the next day.

“Just a moment, Cory,” the captain said as they passed the lifeboat secured outside their stateroom. “A word, please.”

Merry stopped to listen. Cory was quick, as usual. “Well, Captain; if it is something right, I’ll take credit. If not, I plead innocence.”

“You are clever. Come with me; we need to have a little chat.”

She looked at Merry, shrugged her shoulders and followed the captain as they stepped gingerly forward and up the ladder.

He threw the door open wide and indicated he wanted her to enter.

She immediately scanned the room looking for Darryl. Finally, she saw him sitting on the floor in one corner. He said nothing but the distress on his face told her something was awry.

“Sit down, Cory; we have some things to discuss.”

“If you could tell me sir; maybe I can help.” She tugged at the hem of her short skirt but to no avail. His eyes locked on her trim figure.

She saw immediately that those eyes reflected an innate lust, and an insanity bordering on violence. It was a physical demeanor she had seen only a few times before.

“Darryl came in after your brief, ah, meeting. His noisy step awakened me and I could tell by the way he looked that something had transpired. It didn’t take long for me to convince him to tell me. That’s why you are here.”

Not willing to fall into such a trap, Cory used her best wan smile. “Darryl and I are friends. We had a brief conversation. Why did that upset you, Captain?” The invective of authority did not escape her. The excited whine of his voice hinted at the edge of abuse, barely controlled.

“Do not take me for a fool. When I learned your passports were of such high value, I wondered why. You and I both know passports can be replaced. I asked myself why you were being so secretive. I checked some sources back East and found some interesting gaps in your story. I won’t go into detail; you already know what it is all about.”

Cory frowned; her stomach turned nervous flops. “What is it you want of me, sir?”

“First of all, you can plan to spend the night here with us. Darryl has told me you are very talented. If you please me, you shall have your passports and I can say ‘good riddance’.” He turned to Darryl. “Dear boy, your manners are showing. Pour this pretty girl a Courvoisier.”

Darryl scurried across the room to the liquor cabinet. He stopped and turned to face the furious man that had so frightened him. “Please, sir; do not harm my friend.”

Captain Levinson ignored Darryl’s appeal. He stood quietly behind the chair Cory was occupying. He ran both hands through her hair, felt the smooth neck

and shoulders with a gentle touch. Releasing the bra clasp was next.

“Have a drink; join the party,” the captain said as Darryl handed her a snifter of the aromatic brandy. “I’ve been curious about these since you first came to apply for the wait staff job in that horrid shack on Tenerife.” He ran his hand inside her uniform blouse and cupped her breast. “Darryl, come help me undress this tender morsel.”

“Sir, please show some consideration. I don’t know what you learned by your investigation but there is no reason for you to insult me.”

He chuckled and touched her lips with one finger. “Exploit is more like it. If I get all this fancy footwork, you are not only a desirable sex object but, when I turn you over to the authorities I can hope to get a handsome reward. After all, it takes some extra income from time-to-time to operate this boat I call home.”

Cory’s heart sank. “What must I do?” His guttural laugh was shattering her nerves.

“Just cooperate for now. We have all night. Darryl, come here, boy. Get on your knees between her legs.”

Darryl pushed the skirt until it was wrapped around her waist. “Lift up,” he whispered. When she did, he slipped off her panties.

“She was good enough to satisfy you; now it is your task to return the favor. Start licking while I watch her get into it.” He pulled up a stool and settled next to her to watch. Darryl was vigorously lapping and pressing his tongue against her vagina.

“Wait! What’s this?” The captain shouted. “Darryl, bring me that light, hold it close.” The scar from her TG

surgery was all but gone except for the thin white line along her abdomen disappearing into her pubic bush.

“Now I see what all the mystery is about. I’m willing to bet our beautiful Merry has a similar scar. You are the missing ‘New Era Girls’. Well, I’ll be damned. How in the world did you manage all this? We know about the pirates, the missing girls from the ‘Tempest’ and the murder. I tip my hat to you and your girlfriend. Darryl, my boy. Are you getting this? These pretty girls were once virile guys but fell beneath the surgeon’s knife at the Middlesex Clinic at Fort de France, Martinique.”

Darryl’s face blanched. He nodded dumbly. “Shall I continue?” he asked.

The captain stood up and kicked Darryl so hard he could hear the ribs crack. The lad screamed in pain. “Get down there and stay there. I’m going to bring Mistress Merry to the party.” He rubbed his hands with glee. “This is money in the bank; big money!”

Cory absently caressed the side of Darryl’s head as the unfortunate cabin boy began a sensitive, tender cunnilingus with no thought of ever stopping. “Yes, Darryl,” she called to him, her voice laced with lust. “Eat me.” She knew the thrill of what the boy was doing would calm her fears.

The door opened and Captain Levinson shoved Merry into the room. She squealed and fell to the floor. She looked around frantic to take in what was happening. “Cory, explain, please,” she said. The same panic Merry turned on at a moment’s notice was evident.

The captain threw the bolt lock on the door and strode meaningfully to the electronics shed that housed all his communication equipment.

Cory, Merry and Darryl heard the captain excitedly leaving a voice message. A final glimmer of hope was that it might be someone connected to the authorities rather than the clinic enforcers. The three realized it was their combined destiny to be in the neurotic captain's hand.

Captain Levinson lifted Merry off her feet and dumped her like a sack of flour on the bunk. "On your hands and knees," he demanded.

Cory was immediately on alert. She pushed Darryl away. "Please, little love, I have to help my friend. See that look on her face? She is one tenth of a degree away from total panic."

She hurried to the bunk and wrapped her arms around the hapless girl. The captain had ripped off her panties and shoved until the brief skirt was wrapped around Merry's neck. "Cory, what? Oh! Is he going to... argh, I can't handle this."

"Calm down; don't panic now," Cory entreated. "We both knew this was going to happen sooner or later. I'll stay with you." She glared deadly daggers at the gleeful captain who stood next to the bed taking off his trousers.

"I can't stand this," Merry said. "Tell him to stop."

"Listen, darling. You have to understand the seriousness of this. I'm not certain what the captain learned but he has said enough to alert me. Do you remember the two names missing from the TG list? I do: they are Gravat and Curse. They were caught after attempting to escape. As they no longer were of value in the brothel, they were murdered. This is no random scenario; we are in big trouble if we can't convince this sexual psychopath to protect us in some way."

Merry sobered briefly. "But the news account said they were all gone."

"Yes, I remember it every day, it seems. Do we risk our lives on a newsman's flimsy fantasy? Also, what has transpired in the recent past of which we have no knowledge? The risk is too high to contemplate."

Merry completely lost control. "Oh, Cory! After all we've been through, we are going to die." She started to scream, her body wracked and shuddered, and she straightened her legs in abject defiance. Then she fell back, partly comatose.

Darryl ran into the bath and returned with some petroleum jelly. Cory thanked him with a nod and applied a generous dollop to Merry's tiny star-shaped anus. Being the 'bottom' victim, Merry was hysterical in a fight or flight response. Weaving in and out of consciousness, she pleaded with Cory and Darryl for help. "Don't let him; you know I have a low tolerance to pain." Saliva ran from her lips and Cory wiped her mouth with a cloth.

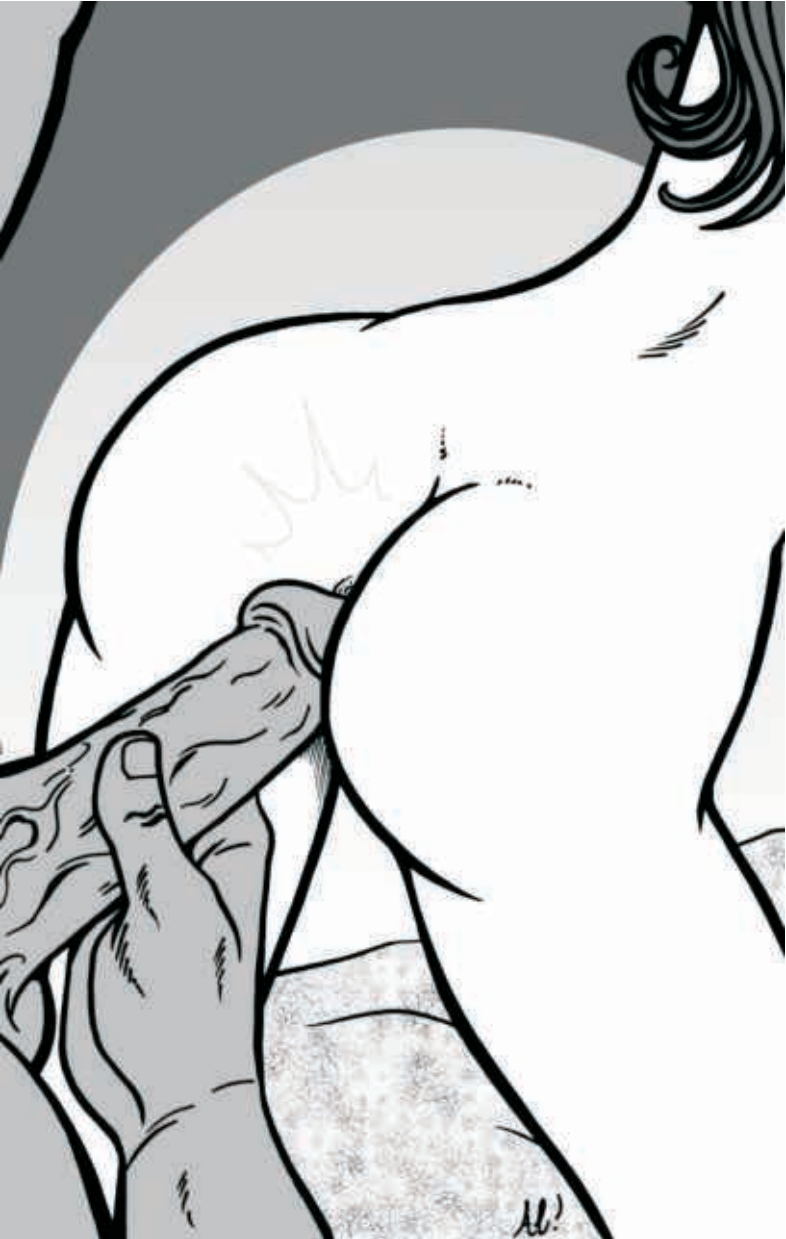
"Darling," Cory soothed. "Don't fight it; tightening up will only make it worse."

Darryl began to sob. His body was in shock as he witnessed Merry's distress.

"Up on your knees," the captain ordered. "Lovely buns." He positioned his firm cock at the tight entrance to Merry's rectum. Next he shoved. Merry screamed and fell nearly unconscious with her head against the mattress. Her mouth was slightly open, her tongue lazy on her lips.

Cory deftly began stroking the captain's penis when he withdrew to ready for another thrust. The captain's motion caused Merry to swing in and out of awareness.

She shoved her derriere higher in an instinctive effort to escape the savage ravishing of her body.



When it was finally over the captain nodded to Darryl. He waited until his distraught cabin boy returned with a warm cloth to cleanse the captain's flaccid cock. Next Darryl touched Merry's lower cleavage with gentle dabs.

The four of them disentangled themselves. The captain had a look on his face that could only mean he was on a cloud of joy. Merry groaned and even with the realization that the anal assault was not as bad as expected, she accepted Cory's arms for support as she limped from the bed. Darryl ran for cold drinks.

The captain leaned into Cory and ran one hand inside her panties to fondle her pubis. "Virgin?" he asked.

Cory shook her head 'no' and wondered at her impulsive response. Certainly, she knew well, there had been no deep insertion. She went on the defensive. "Captain; what do you care? You just had my girlfriend."

He leaned and whispered in her ear. "I didn't cum in her. I almost did a couple times but I kept thinking about you. Would you like the same treatment?"

"No, sir; I would not. Did you think you could abuse us all night? You know we will resist at some point. There is just so much humiliation the human body can stand."

He chuckled. "In all my years on this schooner, I've never had such a tantalizing threesome at my beck and call. Frankly, I like it. However, I still want to collect the reward. When I find out how much it is, I will decide."

“It would be easy for you to say we escaped or it was mistaken identity; whatever.” Cory was firm. “How much is enough, Captain?”

He smiled again showing the glint of his gold inlay. “When I learn the amount, I will know how much is enough. In the meantime; you are my guests.”

Darryl interrupted. “Then allow us to comfort this poor girl in her pain. You probably tore something loose but she has stopped bleeding.”

“I’m burdened with a good Samaritan,” he said glancing at the cabin boy. He motioned to Darryl to come closer. “Do you know what a ‘clam bake’ is?” He smiled when Darryl shook his head ‘no’. We will put Merry on her back with one knee raised. Cory will be on top, upright, sliding down until their cute pussies mash one another. Now, get it set up.”

Darryl looked doubtful but proceeded to straighten the bed sheets.

Cory watched Darryl carrying out orders. She noted his slumped shoulders which meant failure or surrender of some kind. “What’s this?” she asked staring at the captain.

Merry moaned briefly and shifted her hips onto the bed. “Some of that fancy brandy might help my comfort level,” she said sarcastically.

The captain was concerned with Cory at that instant. “Stretch your pretty girlfriend out on her back. I’ll position her body by raising one leg. You slide down the leg until your vaginas mesh. It’s a form of tribadism; trib for short. You have to take particular aim. Then, once engaged, you roll and hump to increase the erotic moment. There is more but that will get you started.”

Cory's look was raw malevolence. "You are insane. Does your lust know no end?"

The captain guffawed. "It remains for a girl like you to find that secret extreme. Now, get undressed and straddle Merry so you can slide down her upraised leg. That's it. Go for it!"

Cory angled her torso and slid down, decisively guiding her descent with her hands for support. When she settled her full weight on Merry's naked flesh she winced at Merry's response which was half joyful thrill and half pain. She gently rocked while Merry rolled her hips to increase the contact.

That was when Cory learned what the captain had in mind. As she humped gently to the rhythm on Merry's body, the captain moved next to her and supported her with one arm across her shoulders. He was tall enough that when he turned Cory's head to face him, the erect cock was against her lips.

"Captain, no! Haven't you had enough?"

"I told you earlier but you've no imagination for these things. Nothing more needs to be said. Take it in your mouth and keep busy sucking and licking while you hear the cries of joy from your lover below you. Darryl; help out, please."

Darryl stepped forward and held Cory's head in place so the rigid cock could slide between the delicate lips. Next, he began working the sides with gentle thrusts of his fingers, jacking back and forth as the captain enjoyed the erotic action at play in front of him.

Merry's viewpoint was unique. Just as Cory's lithe body settled to cover the 'V' between her legs, her eyes flew open. Cory's beautiful face was angled and con-

torted in concentration as she brought her weight to bear.

That was when she watched in detached fascination the antics of the captain that had so recently invaded her rectum. Darryl had washed and made his genitals ready. He approached while Cory was just beginning to see Merry's response to the erotic motion. Next, Merry watched the captain, aided by Darryl, capture Cory's mouth with his stiff cock.

Cory did not break the rhythm but also had to concentrate on the captain's attack by slamming against the delicate lips. In an orgy of grunts and mutual screams, the captain ejaculated multiple streams into Cory's mouth. Cory shook her head to get free while she next attended to Merry's shattering orgasm.

All four of them lay in a clump of satisfied flesh on the bed. Only Darryl seemed distressed at being left out. The captain saw this and whispered in Darryl's ear. "Talk with your hand; your brain doesn't understand."

After most of an hour the captain responded to a call in his electronics shack.

When he returned he watched as Cory and Merry returned from the bathroom. They dressed without speaking or even acknowledging the captain's presence.

The captain sat on the double wide sofa. The smug look on his face couldn't be ignored.

"All right, Captain," Cory said. "Was that important news?"

"We have been invited to a meeting with DeDe Devine. I believe you know her; a charming young

lady." He immediately went to the wheel house to give instructions to the sailor on the helm.

The girls were dressed in their salon uniforms when he returned. "Bridgetown, Barbados, has a well equipped harbor. I thought we might put in there but our meeting is further south closer to the river inlet. It is a quaint fishing harbor."

"Is this clandestine location out of the mainstream? Maybe it is to avoid the authorities," Merry said.

He took a deep breath and sagged for a moment. "When I told your Miss Devine that I expected a reward for delivering you two, she did not answer me. She only wanted to set up the meeting. I find that somewhat disturbing. Also, her tone of voice was not the pleasant one I've come to expect."

"Did she ask our identities?" Cory posed the question as if thinking of something else. "Runaway Tee Gee Girls are a problem to them. The New Era Girls marketing program needs constant support."

"Don't be coy with me. I'm fully aware of what awaits you when I turn you over to them. It's all over the sex trafficking network. Unstable Tee Gee girls don't last long. You have both made some important decisions along the way that may well have dismal results."

Merry blinked back some tears. She was in mild shock at the development. "Will you give us a chance to 'cut-and-run' when we get ashore?"

"And miss collecting a tidy sum? No way, young lady. I believe they want your bodies and are willing to pay."

“And Darryl? What’s to become of him?” Cory asked. She glanced to see Darryl sulking while sitting on the floor, his back to the bulkhead.

“Delivery as planned. Miss Devine did not mention him though she should have been apprised of his arrival with the passage paid and all.” He put his hands on both knees and leaned forward. “I give you a choice. You can enjoy your last time on board, work the salon as usual and come with me to the interview without difficulty. Otherwise; it will be shackles. You will not like that.”

Merry glanced at Cory. Cory nodded assent. “I see no hope for us; the shackles can wait for your next victims,” Merry said trying to hide the lump in her throat that she feared would make her voice whine.

Later, Cory and Merry dressed for the boat ride to the fishing harbor.

“Don’t we get a last supper or something?” Cory asked. “Where are those hunky pirates when we need ‘em?”

“Well, I’m set,” Merry announced and straightened her belt. “How do I look? Ready for the firing squad?”

Cory was thoughtful. “I am having a difficult time believing DeDe Devine will order our demise. I keep remembering how close, sexually and otherwise, we were before she shipped us out. This has to play out in a way that is satisfactory. After all, we are two good-looking chicks. There has to be some value to them.”

“Maybe she is going to offer us a job at the clinic,” Merry said half amused. “Not!”

Two husky sailors wearing side arms were waiting at the rail. Both girls noticed they did not look happy.

Finally, the captain came from his quarters dressed in a starched white uniform with ink-black piping and the Greek sailor's cap with a weathered badge.

The launch came alongside and threw a line. They all clambered on board. The armed escort was last and went immediately through the boat to check for weapons. Satisfied, they sat opposite each other in the open cockpit.

The launch headed for the Constitution River just south of the small harbor. They tied up at a dockside restaurant alongside a mix of other boats.

Sailors on the launch guided them to a small attached building resembling a ship's bridge and quarters. One sailor led the way, another took up the rear. It was evident to Cory and Merry that, though the air was tense, the effort to appear nonchalant was working.

Inside, DeDe Devine stood up to welcome them.

"Captain, welcome; pleasure to see you again. Your armed escort can wait outside unless you insist otherwise."

The captain nodded to his two sailors. They left the room.

Cory immediately scanned the layout and décor for any hope of escape. When DeDe asked them to be seated, they all sat opposite her on one side of a large meeting table."

DeDe Devine was in control, beginning to end. "I came here to transport Darryl with me back to Martinique. We have a private plane. Is that a problem? I believe all fees have been paid."

“No problem,” the captain answered. He shifted uneasily in his chair.

“It was a marvelous gesture today when you brought these two beautiful girls for our meeting. I have some surprising developments. First off, Captain Levinson, I understand from your ship-to-shore message that you expect payment for this.”

His eyes lighted. “Yes; I found out through some confidential sources that these two are the missing ‘New Era Girls’. I know of your interest in their future.”

“Your diplomacy is impressive. The clinic will gladly pay you for their passage here. That is certainly your due. Your reputation, however, always precedes you, Captain. I would be willing to bet there have been some sexual antics to your liking. We don’t pay for that.”

Everyone smiled and relaxed.

“We are both pleased to see you again, DeDe,” Cory said softly and stared directly into DeDe’s eyes. “Why is it important enough for you to go to all this for us?” She waved her hand, index finger extended, to indicate the posh décor.

DeDe smiled again. She pulled out two clip boards from her executive case. “Please read the papers carefully. It is a legally binding contract. If you are satisfied with the arrangement, sign at the bottom. The captain will witness.”

The captain looked like he was going to jump across the table. “Hey; wait a minute. Are you going to pay me a reward for these two or not?”

DeDe smiled and in her sweetest voice, said, “Not. We will pay for any legitimate expenses you incurred.”

She brought out more papers, checked them and handed them to him. "Read these. Since you will be asked to witness for their signatures, if any, you should know what it is all about. Just courtesy, Captain Levinson." Her voice sent a chill through all of them.

The captain glanced at the contracts. In brief, he could readily see there was an appeal of no-liability shared by the clinic and the two Tee Gees.

"Oh, No!" he howled. "You can't upset the entire network with camelcrap like this. There will be hell to pay."

His scream brought four armed men in from outside. The sailors had drawn their pistols but were holding them, muzzle down, against one leg. They warily watched the other two, the ones from the clinic.

DeDe jumped up. "Don't!" she shrieked. "Put away your weapons. The captain is in no danger. We only wanted a show of force to convince the girls. Nothing can be gained by starting a war."

The captain held his head, sobbing. Finally, he looked up and waved his two sailors out of the room. "This is not the end," he said with a surly twist as he made an effort to control himself. "I am fully aware, as are Cory and Merry as well as you, DeDe, what happened to the two girls that tried to escape. The names are Gravat and Cursey. Now try to tell me that murder is all in the cards. Nonsense; it's a new week. You and Bren at the clinic are at risk if you try any more funny stuff."

DeDe tapped her foot angrily. "All you have done, Captain, in front of these people, is to implicate yourself much deeper in the sex traffic organization than you would have us believe. Calm down. You better

take your lumps like a man instead of sniveling around. Just be content I don't charge you for the sexual favors these girls endured." She laughed lightly.

Shaking with anger and resentment, the captain stood up. He turned to speak to the two girls as they remained frozen, holding hands in mortal fear. "What say you two about this? It may be you will be more involved than you can handle."

Cory frowned. "You are asking us to sign an agreement that we engaged in the surgical procedures willingly and with sober forethought. As I see it, we have to be lenient just like a baby being circumcised. How will this agreement protect us from the likes of Captain Levinson? Are we to run helter-skelter, pillar to post, because an eon ago some lecherous man in authority betrayed us?"

DeDe Devine smiled and fingered her pencil-and-pen case. "Well said, darling. I never doubted your intellect. You might answer the questions without me but, apparently, you missed it. If you refuse to sign these papers, your life will indeed take a nasty turn. After all, we only ask that you sign to protect the clinic from legal entanglements."

"And if we do sign, what then?"

"You are free to go. I believe you have shown enough personal integrity to make your point. Either way I cannot guarantee safety at the hands of this good captain's cohorts. They are an evil bunch, like a coterie of warlocks. It is for this precise reason we have abandoned the 'New Era Girls' concept. We don't need this kind of trouble."

Merry's face twisted in panic. "They are going to kill us just like we thought. Is there no escape?"

DeDe picked up the phone and ordered tropical drinks and the hors d'oeuvres tray. "Just be calm," she said in an even tone. "You can think this over, discuss it and let me help if I can. We can predict that at some point in the future, some action might be taken against us. It could be just a simple class suit but if we can show by your signature on these papers that you are only out to make a 'fast buck', well, what more can I say?"

When the waitress came in with the food order, DeDe signed the bar ticket. "We need a notary," she said to the young girl. "Is there one in your resort office?"

The girl nodded 'yes'. She hesitated as if to speak, thought better of it and turned to leave.

"Good; we'll call later when we've concluded our business here."

Cory and Merry were in an intimate huddle discussing what affect the legal agreement would have on them. They decided they had a bargaining chip so proceeded.

"In return for our signature, we want our passports returned to us. Also, we have very little money with which to travel. As for the captain, if you want a complete description of his libido-driven antics on board the *Shanghai Joe*, we can provide that though I'm uncertain what value it might have."

DeDe laughed. "Sign the papers. We'll have it notarized and the matter is closed." She spoke to the captain. "Do you have the passports with you?"

He grumbled. "Yes; it's routine to carry such identification when going ashore around the world." He took both passports out of his shirt pocket and laid them flat

on the table in front of him. "I would like some money, as well, to cover my expenses with these two fanatics."

DeDe guffawed. "If truth be known, I would think you owe them money."

Merry straightened her shoulders and stared at the two of them. "You just said something about truth. We worked our way across the Atlantic Ocean by hustling food and drinks for the passengers. Also, we kept the dining salon clean and neat. That should pay for our passage. Don't let this mobster con you out of something he doesn't deserve."

The captain's ruddy complexion turned a deeper red as the anger overtook his judgment. "I have some more truth to add to your list. I sincerely hope I never see these Tee-Gee girls ever again. Besides all the trouble they've caused they are both a lousy lay." Standing up he tipped his chair over backwards. "No more for you," he said to all of them.

"Don't do me any favors," DeDe answered. "Just get out! Please send Darryl back here in the launch. Captain, you will never know if these girls signed for their freedom or not." She watched him go out and winced when he slammed the door so hard she feared for the hinges. "Cory; Merry. Here are your passports and I have several thousand dollars in cash I had planned to use to bribe your captain. His temper, like most men, cost him dearly."

Cory went to the window and watched as the captain and his two sailors left the small dock to return to the schooner. "Good riddance," she said. "Merry; I'm in favor of signing the agreement even though it is not true. I can see our future going down the drain if we do not. Also, unless I'm wrong, the Middlesex Clinic will be a refuge for us if we ever need it."

Merry slid forward in the chair. "All right; I agree."

DeDe called for the notary and they indulged their appetite with the food and drinks. "Tell me," she asked. "Are you both completely healed? Is there anything that you cannot do?"

Cory laughed. "Like get pregnant? No! Last night we had a really heavy sex session involving a clam bake, uh, trib. What about Darryl?"

"We are waiting now for him. Personally, I'm pleased you both saw reason in protecting the clinic from legal action in the future. We couldn't ask you for permission earlier, well, before the surgical procedure, because you would have objected. Other TG candidates usually sign gladly."

Within the hour, Darryl came in accompanied by one of the sailors off the launch. DeDe tipped the sailor and welcomed Darryl.

The papers absolving the clinic of any wrongdoing were signed and notarized.

"It's a new week," DeDe said. "You have a room here at this resort already paid for. Here are the key cards. Enjoy yourselves but watch this girl; she drinks."

They all laughed.

The New Era Girls: Tee Gee Girls

ONE

Cory and Merry checked into the resort hotel and, with some of the money DeDe had given them, purchased what they needed in the lobby concessions.

Cory threw her body backward onto the king-size bed. "This is elegant!" she exclaimed. She watched Merry sorting the toilet articles. "Merry, you haven't said two words about our good fortune in getting out of there alive. Are you worried about something? We have passports and money."

Merry sat on the side of the bed, crossed her legs, and lightly fingered Cory's naked thigh. "Something isn't right," she said with conviction. "I've gone over all the details in my head and it nags me."

Cory put her hands behind her head and smiled. "Too easy? I thought of that as well. But, is that legal

mumbo-jumbo some sort of guarantee of safety? I think not but there is no guard at the hotel lobby."

"All right," Merry answered. "My bad; you're right, we're lucky to be alive and with some cash but, you know me, what is in the future?"

Cory rolled off the bed. "Let's dress and treat ourselves to dinner. Also, remember the warning."

Merry stood with hands on hips. "What warning?"

"About you. I can quote it like it was moments ago. Beware; she drinks."

"Oh, you're awful."

#

The inter-island shuttle plane angled down wind, turned and made the descent.

"Nassau, Bahamas," the stewardess said laconically as she strode down the narrow aisle. She glanced from side to side to be certain seat belts were in place.

The gaggle of tourists on a joyful holiday deplaned and headed for the baggage claim. Cory and Merry waited patiently. As the reception area cleared, they went directly to the customs line and feigned boredom while the uniformed agent thumbed routinely through the documents.

With a sigh of relief, they caught the first available hotel transfer bus to the downtown area.

"There it is," Cory said pointing. The employment office known as the Labor-Agency was on the corner a few blocks from the hotel complex.

They entered, filled out the forms and paid the fee. A handsome woman with a severely fastened hair bun motioned them into the interview cubicle.

After the routine questions, the counselor arranged three interviews for them in restaurants and hotels on the islands. She gave them the ferry schedules, requirements and directions.

"That was easy," Cory said as they headed for the wharf area.

"Too easy; it seems our life style is taking a turn but I'm still nervous about it."

"What better place to hide than, uh, what is it? Oh, yes, Andros Island."

With the tourist season just getting started in full swing, they were accepted at the Lucayan Resort. It was upscale, nestled in tropical gardens overlooking Pompey Bay beach.

The concierge met them at the entrance and escorted them to a small office behind the registration desk.

"Welcome, my name is Kate Creed. My friend at the agency said you were suitable in looks and experience but she is given to understatement."

The girls sat gingerly in front of the small desk. "Thank you," Cory mumbled. "I can't believe our good fortune. It is beautiful here."

Kate frowned, then brightened. "We have an opening in the restaurant and one in the housekeeping. Do either of you have a preference?"

Cory glanced at Merry. Merry was so nervous she squeaked, "Housekeeping? Make beds, like that? I can do that."

Kate stood up. "It's settled then. Please take a moment to review our rules, pay rates, benefits and see if there are any questions." She handed each of them a printed sheet with the resort logo on it. "While you do that, I'll ask our manager to meet you." She hurried across the lobby to the management offices.

"What do you think?" Cory asked.

Merry grinned. "It's kinky but I was thinking of Darryl. He made such an impression on me. Well, why not? He's gay. Anyhow; if we can stay here, get accepted, all like that, maybe we can get him to live here. I remember how confused we were at that point in our lives."

Cory was pensive. "Sounds good but I rather think DeDe Devine might have other ideas. Well, it's a long time yet."

Kate returned. "Our manager wants to meet you. Frankly, when I told him how attractive you both are, he is now doubtful. If you want these positions, you have to convince him you want a full time, long term situation. Even then, he may be hesitant. I'll let him explain."

"My name is Rob Roy," the man said. He was tall, athletic trim and quick, intelligent eyes. "I see what Miss Creed means; you are both stunning."

They sat primly when he motioned them to sit down. Kate Creed remained near the doorway.

Cory made a quick decision; it was a long shot. "Is your name really Rob Roy? May I say we've been thrown out of better bars than this?"

He looked startled for a moment then burst out laughing. "Who is interviewing whom?" he asked dwelling on the little used 'whom'. "Joseph Conrad

caught the romance in what we are doing here. All kinds of people with a questionable history come together for lessons in survival. The book I have in mind is titled 'Outcast of the Islands'. Perhaps you are familiar with it?"

Merry moved like a seasoned sprinter. "We are students on a lark," she said carefully choosing her words. "When and if we ever do get back to London, we have but a year to complete our certificates. It might not be unusual if two girls misjudged their resources and ended up broke on Andros Island at the mercy of a fellow miscreant. *N'est pas?*"

He laughed again. Earlier tension in the room disappeared. "No further questions. The reason I am opposed to hiring you two is a matter of insurance. Kate has impressed on me the need to fill these two positions so I have to make a decision."

"Insurance is for protection against loss," Cory said quickly. "Perhaps you will explain."

He sighed. "Then I shall; it may not be news. First off, I use the name Rob Roy because I'm Scottish descent. I could hardly use Walter Scott. I do not desire any publicity that might turn up in the wrong places. I have not murdered anyone, nothing like that, but I arrived here with substantial cash to purchase an interest in this resort. All is well here on that score."

"We were discussing insurance," Merry interjected.

"These islands are teeming with slick operatives bent on making a fast buck. We have no monopoly on that. The reality is that certain pretty girls, guys as well, don't remain here very long. When someone leaves, it is not difficult to just say 'they moved on'. What actually happens is wholesale abductions. Qualified, ah,

candidates are sold into slavery. It's known in some cultures as 'white slavery'. Here it is sex trafficking."

Cory was on the edge of her chair. "And if someone is abducted and found unsatisfactory; what then?"

"It's the decision of the Jefe, the chief. Nobody reads those obits."

"We were discussing insurance," Merry repeated.

Rob Roy's face fell to deadly serious. "With you two here, the resort has to pay the Jefe to leave you alone. As well, on receiving payment, he will protect us from loss. Do I make myself clear?"

Cory nudged Merry's shoulder. "On the strand it is known as the protection racket," she said, eyes wide with wonder. "It appears all is not well in paradise."

Rob Roy continued, "We have alternatives, of course. The local gendarmes have sometimes been cooperative. The market these thugs command is not confined to pretty faces like yours. There is a trend presently to abduct handsome young boys, make them into girls and sell them on the slave market as au pairs or whatever is in demand. You will be surprised to know there are hundreds, maybe more such traffic in flesh each day. Some are very high quality, well trained, transgendered known as the 'New Era Girls'. You can see why we hesitate to hire you while at the same time are required to maintain our quality standards." He looked dejected. Next he stared at each girl with a wan smile.

"Thanks, I think," Cory said slowly. Her head was reeling with the sudden input of information that would have an effect on their survival. Finally, she spoke up. "Sir, since you are considering the long term

needs, can we stay long enough to earn our way back home? We promise to do what needs to be done.”

He motioned for Kate Creed to come forward. “Kate, these girls have it all; looks, poise, education, work experience. Without insurance I wouldn’t give them a week at best. Tell me again why you want to hire two liabilities when your friend at the agency can send you some lesser mortals.”

“May I be candid?” she asked glancing at the two girls.

He waved his hand. “Please, we are discussing the welfare of all in this room, for certain.”

Kate cleared her throat. Still, there was a nervous twitch of some neck muscles. “Looking beyond what work needs to be done, we fell prey to some severe comments the last time the management team came here. According to them, we need to upgrade our staff’s appearance. They feel we are losing business to other venues.”

“Nonsense,” he retorted. “This is not a brothel. Don’t tell me the joke about the 90-year old whore in the union shop kept busy because she has seniority. I agree with your answer up to a point. ‘Eye Candy’ so involved with these two is very expensive.” He looked at the floor and up to the three women. “I’m afraid my answer is ‘no’.”

Cory jumped up. “Wait a minute. Can I speak?”

Everyone was startled and looked at Cory. “Of course, dear; what is on your mind?”

“You said these girls are hustled and taken away. Where are they now? The population of these islands, noted in the number of girls or guys you described, is probably limited. What girls are disappearing?”

Kate frowned. "She's correct, of course. Some of the native girls are indeed beautiful but don't have the other credentials like these two. The mix of Creole, Spanish, Anglo-Saxon, Deutsche, all produce eye-catching looks. In a short time, these gals soon resemble their parents who indulge in a fatty diet."

"That makes sense. The flesh-merchant entrepreneurs probably grab any chick they want and, seeing the object of their desire is not salable, do away with her or him," Cory said thoughtfully.

"You said there was an active traffic ring filling the demand. It is a mystery," Merry commented.

"I know where there is a nearly unlimited supply. If possible I would like to talk to the Jefe. I can get your insurance paid without investing a cent."

Kate was shocked. She swiftly sat in one of the upholstered captains chairs. "His name is 'Riker'," she said as if out of breath.

Rob Roy jumped away from the desk as if shot. He quickly came to the fore and faced Cory. "Of course I know what you are driving at, young lady, but how you might turn it all to our advantage explains the mystery Merry mentioned."

Cory was in rapid mode. "I can screen any of the hundreds of young girls that come to these islands. They are on holiday, or school break, or whatever. They are here in the shops, on the wharf, riding the sailing rigs, all of it. If 'Riker' approached any of them, there would be a mass exodus. He has to know that."

Rob Roy folded his arms in front of him. He frowned. "What do we have to lose? If this charming girl is willing, maybe 'Riker' will agree to her terms. In fact, it is easy to understand the guy is probably feeling

handicapped. Sell him on an improvement and he'll buy it."

Kate looked completely nonplussed. "Well, I'll be damned. I think you might have something."

TWO

Early one evening, Kate came for Cory as she was finishing setups in the dining room. She hurried the girl outside and into a golf cart.

"All set? The big man awaits you. He is imposing in appearance but totally sold on his own importance like Narcissus. You have to look past the bravado to understand. I've only met him on a few remote occasions long past but I get to bring you this evening because he knows me."

Cory decided to leave Merry in their cottage so she could concentrate on meeting the infamous Jefe, Riker. She learned from Rob Roy, early on, that 'Riker' was his real name but was not certain if it was first or last. In her confusion, it really made little difference.

Cory frowned. "I would have appreciated a notice so I could dress for the occasion. Oh well, another Tony spelled backwards."

Kate swung the cart onto a side path toward the Pompey Bay beach. "What in the world are you thinking? Tony spelled backwards, oh, I get it: 'Why Not?' I think you are a mite nervous, is that true?"

"I'm not as worldly wise as you are, Kate," Cory answered. She glanced at the slightly older woman. Her frilly lace blouse, open at the neck, flickered in the breeze as she kept the cart moving quickly along the path. Several times she touched the brake pedal and

gave Cory a generous look at the shapely legs Kate usually kept covered with her uniform slacks.

“I fully expect Riker to show up one of these days with replica characters of Jean Lafitte and Dominic Yu. He is, after all, nothing more than a displaced pirate making an enormous sum of money every year. I wonder if the IRS knows about this.” She chuckled to herself.

As they sped along the beach access road, Cory saw a cabin cruiser in the shallows almost hidden by the tree line shadows. Arriving closer, Kate stopped at a narrow creek. Two muscular men appeared and, when they saw Kate, launched a medium size Zodiac. All four climbed in and they sped to the launch and the adventure that waited.

The Zodiac bumped into the platform used for arrivals. Cory was surprised to see an immaculately dressed servant. He wore a white vest, black bow tie, tails and polished shoes. He whispered to Kate.

Kate turned around and motioned ‘goodbye’ to Cory. She was promptly returned to the beach.

“I am known as ‘Riker’ but don’t be formal. Welcome aboard.” Kate nodded and followed him along the portside and through an open door.

Riker was, as Kate had alerted her, a dynamo of a man that could compete for Mister America. From Cory’s view the man probably bench pressed two hundred pounds to warm up for breakfast. “Nice to know you,” she squeaked and made an heroic effort to calm her jitters.

They sat in a comfortable lounge to chat, nibble on snacks and drink an exquisite vintage Merlot. The man previously described as an animal with pants was cul-

tured, handsome and very gracious. The only part that fit what she expected, Cory observed, were his eyes: deep steel gray and piercing. She automatically tugged at her hemline.

“Let’s get to business,” he said finally without taking his eyes off his attractive guest. “Rob Roy, the Scotsman, tells me you asked for this meeting and that you have a proposal he thinks may interest me. I do not share his judgment but he was remiss in description: You are gorgeous.”

Cory sipped the wine by deftly caressing the stem and bowl of elegant crystal. “Sir, I did not come here to argue but to offer my services.” She watched him warily as he raised one eyebrow in question and then relaxed. When he did not respond, she continued, “By chance I’m somewhat familiar with your requirements for a candidate to move along the inroads of a new life. All we need to do now is establish our connection so I know what you need, when, and how many.”

“And you expect to be paid for being our talented intermediary?” he asked.

“That’s as you wish. It is somewhat personal and I do not wish to bore you, sir. If, by providing you with a service you can use profitably, I need your assurance the many employees at the Lucayan Resort will be able to live without fear of abduction. Rumors are not always viable, as you know and anyone informed of your operation in these islands immediately assumes they are at risk.”

His laughter was so deep and robust she thought he had rocked his boat. “Marvelous!” he boomed. “It only remains for you to show me you do understand our needs. When do you want to start?”

“Do we have an agreement, sir? Describe to me what to look for and I’ll join your unholy treasure hunt.”

The butler whom she had not noticed, came in and promptly moved forward to refresh their wine glasses. She looked up at him and smiled as if to thank him. He only grunted but then very quietly.

“Yes, we are a team and I hope a happy one. Recently I made contact with a going organization that operates a clinic on the French island of Martinique. They offer services in obesity, addiction, all kinds of ills but their specialty is transgender surgery. Perhaps you know this last item is hugely profitable. Their bottle neck is that they need more candidates to keep the flow of money into the till. I want a young boy with these specifications.” He handed Cory a single sheet with a description of the boy who is to become a girl. “After you provide me with this youngster, we will talk business. I know from several sources somewhat of your background but we can leave the details until you produce the service you came here to offer.”

Cory read the specs carefully. She quickly pictured Darryl in her mind and the degree to which Darryl had sunken into the pits of despair. She looked up to see Riker studying her. “Sir,” she asked speaking slowly, “Suppose I supply everything this list calls for and the young boy does not wish to change genders?”

He gulped the rest of the wine in his glass. “That’s his problem; it’s up to you to keep him calm, informed and available. In talking to different clients you will undoubtedly come across some who are not happy with their present station in life; whatever. I leave the decision up to you and, darling girl, you better be right. We’ve no wish to have the Immigration authority

climbing aboard this vessel. If you need some assistance from me, contact Rob Roy." He moved to leave but stopped. "One thing more; do not take Kate Creed into your confidence. I don't trust her; too many unanswered questions."

Cory stood up. "Yes, sir," she said meekly. "You will learn that I know how to take orders."

They walked out onto the deck. He put one arm around her waist and fondled lower to the curve of her tight buns. "My dear; I hope you are aware that failure on your part will result in a new life for you in some brothel somewhere across the ocean. For me, since you came here to argue your case, you've given me a win-win situation."

"Thank you, sir," she said trying to get away from him. "You have been very hospitable. I hope my side of the win-win will please us both."

He leaned aside and motioned to the sailors to launch the Zodiac to return her to the main island. Still holding her firm he turned her to face him. He moved both hands onto her breasts and toyed with her lips with one finger. "We shall meet again," he said and went back into his comfortable lounge.

#

"So he touched you a few times," Merry said. "What did you expect? Are we in business or not?"

Cory stretched out on the wide bed. "He had no idea this job is so important to us. If it works out, we can probably live in comfort here, have some random sex and save some 'mad money'."

Merry read the printed specs and finally snapped the page with her fingers. She handed it back. "There has to be a Darryl for us out there someplace. Where do we start?"

"At the airport baggage claim exit; where else?"

Early the next morning they headed for the airport in the six passenger golf cart. They dressed in their new uniforms with the title Lucayan Resort emblazoned across the back. The red and black vest contrasted with the brushed cotton white slacks. The decorative coat-of-arms was on the lapel.

"Hi," Merry said to a couple guys emerging from the terminal. "We have some space if you want a free trip to the island. Otherwise, the taxi stand is over there." She pointed at the lineup.

With the full transfer cart, they headed back toward the part of the island that boasted hotels, a main street and shops.

Cory spoke up. "What are you guys doing? Playing tourist, I suppose."

"My name is Grit, a corruption of my last name, Grittari. Very Italian if you noticed."

"I noticed. You have prepaid reservations somewhere?"

"No; we came here looking for work. We both have been busy bussing tables, washing dishes, like that; general kitchen, dining room stuff."

Cory grinned. "This might be your lucky day. If you like I can introduce you to the right people. We at the Lucayan live really well; it's secure and safe there."

Grit raised his thumb to his companion. "This is Trey; I think he was third but it didn't matter, they didn't want him anyway."

Merry was all ears. "Whoa! What's that all about? Are you two running away from home? How did you get here—rob a bank?"

Grit smiled. "No, we saved up; had it all planned. We just want to get jobs so we can live independently. We are both sick of being told what to do, what to think, where to go, all of it, all the time."

"Makes sense to me," Cory added.

The two youngsters brightened and couldn't wait to unload all their personal history. They met in grade school, became fast friends, both had broken hearts from some bitchy classmates in high school. They selected a college together and the same major so they could be together.

"The sex is good, too?" Merry asked.

Both Grit and Trey looked away to hide a shy blush. "Uh, we like girls; don't misunderstand," Trey said. "It's just that we don't get along well. That doesn't include you two; you've been great."

At the resort turnabout, the passengers collected their belongings and lugged them into the lobby. The two boys remained on the sidewalk approach until the patrons entered. They seemed nervous but said nothing.

"Which one do you want?" Cory said softly in Merry's ear.

"I love Italians; smooth, greasy, musical and emotional."

“Then you get Grit; I get Trey. Would that we could catch two keepers on the first fishing venture.”

Later, after getting the boys checked into their dormitory cubicles, they lounged on the veranda overlooking Pompey Bay.

They sipped beer and relaxed.

“Honestly,” Merry said to Grit, “We thought you were both drunk when you arrived on the flight this morning.”

Grit smiled. “We had a few drinks; the stewardesses liked us, said we were cute.”

“Well, you are,” Cory added. She stood up and stretched with her hands high above her head. She couldn’t miss the quick turn of the boys heads with her breast line so erotically displayed.

Walking back to the dorm, Merry took Grit’s hand. “We are so glad you were able to get work here. I think we will be good friends.” She squeezed his hand. “Tell me; since you both claim to like girls, which of you is the girl when you have sex?”

Grit gasped. “Merry! I don’t think I heard you right. It’s true we haven’t been successful with girls and have to satisfy each other but, really, you are sure curious.”

Merry held his hand tight. “This is amazing. We all have the same story. Cory and I have had some bad experience with boys so we swap off. One time Cory is the girl; next time, my turn.”

Grit stuttered he was so excited. “I like thinking of myself as a girl to satisfy my man,” he said. “We need to talk about this; I don’t want to give you girls the wrong idea.”

"We are very open in our sexuality. It appears you and Trey are the same. This may very well work out. Have you gone down on a girl? Do you want to do it?"

Grit pushed away. "I have to talk this over with Trey," he said quickly and dashed into the dorm lobby.

Merry shook her head and next nodded; 'yes' and 'no'. 'It appears we have a winner,' she thought.

Cory raided the personnel files and it took a couple days to check backgrounds and verify their bizarre stories. As more time went by they took the opportunity to question the personality factors Riker said was needed.

Merry decided to make the first move. She met Grit after work as he was washing up. She held her hands over her eyes in a juvenile trick and said, "Guess who."

Grit laughed and faced her. "Are you lost? I can show you the way out."

"We need to talk," she said and tugged him into the boiler room. They sat hunched against the white-washed wall. "Do I owe you an apology for being so forward the other night? I'm sorry if I upset you but please understand I like you. I want to know more about what turns you on."

"No girl has ever liked me," he said morosely. "I told Trey what you said but he didn't seem to care one way or the other."

"Do you think Trey wants to have sex with Cory?"

"Neither of us are ready for this, for true. What are you driving at?"

Merry rested her hand on Grit's leg and pressed with her fingers. "What will Trey say if you tell him I like you?"==8iv w33s

“Uh-oh; what do you want?”

“Do you get hard when Trey sucks you? Would you like Trey to be the girl while he takes you with such a sensual mouth?”

She moved her hand higher and stroked his crotch.



"Trey always wants to be the girl in love with my body," Grit managed to mumble. He shifted his hips when Merry pulled his zipper down. "Are you going to do it?"

"Do you want me to?" Merry asked and began stroking his rigid cock through the fabric of his briefs. "Do you like my lips?"

"Omigod, Merry; this is too much," he exclaimed and raised his hips so Merry had his cock in hand. He quickly moved on her and they kissed.

"Oh, Grit; how nice. Hold the kiss right there while I do you."

They lip-locked, breathing through noses and Grit began to moan as Merry expertly brought the hapless lad close to orgasm. Then she stopped. "What? Merry; don't do that to me."

"Does Trey do that to make you cum lots?"

"It works for both of us. Please don't tell anyone about this."

"I had in mind telling Kate Creed; she would like to give you a hand job."

"Oh, you wouldn't!" He was aghast and relaxed back while she lightly fingered his sensitive cock.

"What can I say?"

"Give me your hand, darling guy," Merry said. She guided his hand beneath her skirt and onto her pussy.

"Want to try it?"

He seemed dizzy at first, near to passing out. As she pushed his shoulders down, he began fondling her breasts and her thighs.

“Yes; I want to do it to you. You are beautiful.” He began kissing and licking with his tongue and took his cue when she raised her hips to let him remove her panties.

“Go, pretty boy; eat me. Confess you would rather be a girl so you could suck off both boys and girls that want you as much as I want you now.”

“Yes; you’re right but I don’t want to break up with Trey even as much as I admire you.”

“Maybe you don’t have to do that. You might want us both. What are you going to tell Trey? Would he like to be a girl for you?”

“We’ve talked about it but, of course, it’s an impossible dream. Shall I do it now?”

“Yes, darling; start licking and don’t stop until I push you away.”

“Yes; I want to do it.”

#

Cory looked up when Merry came into the room. “How did it go with Senor Grittari?” she asked in a teasing voice.

“He is good to go. He went down on me and when that was finished, I gave him a blow job to remember. I damn near drowned.”

Cory laughed. “Well, come here to mama; are you upset?”

“No; my erstwhile guy is in love with his boyfriend companion. He admitted albeit in the throes of passion

that he wants to be a girl. I really think we have a winner."

"Riker will decide. I'll talk to Trey tomorrow and arrange a boat trip. That should be fun."

"Hasn't Trey shown any interest in you? Do you think he will make an attractive girl?"

Cory sighed. "I think Trey is closer to his friend than he knows. When it becomes a matter of honor and trust, it's getting serious."

The next day was the boy's day off having worked six days in a row. They piled into the golf cart and headed for the beach. Cory had wine and sandwiches. Merry brought the towels and beach umbrella.

The active day with conversation, water sports and badminton created a comfortable camaraderie for the foursome.

Merry brought up the topic. While Trey and Grit were listening, she told Cory about her sensual episode with Grit. She said it in such a conversational way that Trey did not catch it early on.

"Hey," Trey said finally. He looked at Grit, astonished. "You let her do that?"

"It just happened. She talked me into going down on her. It was the least she could do, under the circumstances, to give me some relief. We had been drinking but not very much."

Trey pounded the palm of his hand with his fist. "And you told about our little game, I suppose?"

Cory feigned innocence. "What game is that? Are we missing out?"

“Being just two guys, they take turns role playing. One time Trey is

the girl; next time, Grit. All I did was voice my observation; they would prefer being girls but know not what can be done about that.”

“There are some arrangements in this world best left alone. Check that out with Mother Nature,” Cory said as he gazed out over the sparkling water to watch some water ski antics.

As the sun crept low in the tropical sky, they packed up their supplies and headed back to the golf cart. Merry and Grit broke away and walked through the lush gardens by the swimming pool.

“What do you think of all this?” Cory asked Trey.

“I sort of lost my temper; my apologies. You probably have guessed by now. We are newly out of the closet. Being gay in a near-Victorian culture has few advantages for guys like us.”

Cory spoke with restrained tone of voice. “Look, Trey. You’re a good guy and I can easily see your situation. I have someone I want you to meet. Perhaps he can counsel you.”

“You think I need help...is that it?”

“Is that so wrong? Many people go through life with as burden they don’t understand. Other burdens like family, disfigured birth bodies, sexual alternatives and inherent brain strains add a stretch to the imagination.” She delayed as if in thought. “I’m not sure about this but I can make some inquiries if you wish.”

“No harm in talking; you are a neat friend, Miss Cory.”

“Friends make good lovers, Trey,” she said absently. “Have you never been with a woman? Do you want to know how it feels?”

Trey was nervous. “I’ve thought about it. Sometimes peer pressure is so heavy, any alternative would suffice. Even Tchaikovsky married to satisfy what someone else wanted of him. That must have been a disaster.”

Cory grinned. “Take piano lessons and open up a whore house; that might work.”

He laughed. “You are awful but you have a clever way of playing on innuendo. Maybe you’re right; I should open my romantic horizons in order to better understand my options.”

“Very perceptive; I’ll see what I can do.”

#

The next evening, Cory and Trey rode the Zodiac out to Riker’s cruiser. Trey was excited to be doing something different and learning in the process. Cory encouraged him.

Riker was effusive. He welcomed the couple into his lounge, ordered snacks and poured a tart wine. He served tinkling glassware with a flourish.

Trey was overwhelmed. He had never been on such an elegant craft in his life and directed his questions to Riker about the business that allowed him to live in such opulence.

Riker was diplomatic. As the night shadows crept across the dark water, Riker ordered more food and an-

other bottle of wine. Trey was enjoying himself immensely.

That was when Riker motioned Cory to leave saying Trey would stay with him for awhile.

Cory nodded and went after to find a deck chair. She could only surmise what might be happening. After an hour or more she heard a commotion and went back to the lounge to see if it was time for Trey to go back ashore.

She overheard the exchange, often heatedly demanding. She stepped inside. "Uh, Riker, is it time for Trey and I to go back to the hotel?" One look told her the answer. Riker was stripped to the waist showing off a rippling torso and firm flat abs. Trey appeared nearly unconscious with too much to drink.

"You want to watch the show?" Riker said with a laugh. "Our young man has some misdirected sense of loyalty to his partner. My guess is that he won't be able to resist once I get him ready."

Cory promptly remembered the confession learned at the beach the earlier day. "He is being coy, Riker," she said. "His partner has already admitted to an affair with Merry."

"Ah, I thought as much," he said staring at the lithe body struggling for consciousness. "The room might be spinning for him right now but will soon stop with a burst of adrenalin. Sex is the great healer."

"Want me to help?" Cory asked.

"Yes, darling. Let's get him prepared."

She frowned and moved forward. "You sound like a surgeon," she quipped. "Prepared, indeed."

With very little difficulty, Cory and Riker stripped the youngster and the escapade took on new meaning. Cory's capable fingers soon brought up a firm erection. Trey sank to his knees at Riker's insistence and Cory shoved his face against Riker's body. "You don't get a velvet pillow or silver service," Cory whispered in Trey's ear. "Give the man a blow job; he's waiting for you to prove yourself."

Trey looked up at Riker standing grandly above him. He worked his cock for a few moments and smiled in pleasure when Cory forced Trey's lips. The huge cock slid effortlessly into Trey's mouth. The lad moaned and began an animated sucking and licking to satisfy the insistent man.

Riker observed and smiled. "Get him onto the bunk," he said to Cory. "I can't miss such an opportunity."

With Trey on all fours, Riker slapped his naked buns to keep him alert. "This is what you've wanted for so long," Riker said and explored between the firm derriere to fondle the pink sphincter with one finger. Trey moaned anew when Riker's finger slid part way in. Cory applied some lotion and Riker positioned his cock. "Ready, boy?" he asked.

"Go ahead, I want you to do it."

"Oh, Trey, you're going to make a beautiful girl," Cory exclaimed.

Riker could no longer contain his lust. Trey cooed in pleasure when he felt the hot rush inside his rectum. The experiment was over.

#

“Rob Roy wants to see you,” Kate said when Cory came out of the breakfast room. Cory went dutifully to the management office.

“Riker is delighted with your service and has given me his assurance that nobody will bother any of our Lucayan Resort employees. This is good news; we have the agency sending us some better qualified applicants.”

Cory sat easily on the posh armchair in front of Rob Roy’s desk. “That is heartening news, sir. Was that why you called me in?”

“Only partly. I’m informed our man Riker has some competition in the trafficking business. How important this is remains to be seen. Tell me, have you ever seen or heard of a sailing schooner named the *Shanghai Joe*?”

“Just in a conversation some place; nothing of note. Is it important?”

Rob Roy sighed and carefully laid his pencil down on the desk top. “If there is to be another faction competing with Riker, it could mean war.”

Cory was interested. “You mean like when the Mafia tried to take over more territory, like that?”

“Precisely. This kind of revolution in our islands is really bad for the tourist business. One shot and we can expect our reservation desk to dry up.”

“Is there anything I can do?” Cory asked.

“Yes; I’ve tried to contact Riker but he doesn’t return my calls. He needs to be informed about this as soon as possible. He is well supplied with the neces-

sary arms if it ever comes to that. We hope not, of course."

"Sure; I'll go straight away. You say the boat is new to these waters and is a sailing schooner? What else do we need to pass on to our favorite criminal on the high seas?"

Rob Roy shook his head. "My info comes from a source way south of here, a clinic on Martinique. It seems they have given one Captain Levinson *carte blanche* to recruit some likely candidates for their sex mill. The schooner, according to my records, is a handsome staysail rig, sixty feet or so and probably will be effective in inducing young boys and girls to take a free ride. That sort of thing."

Cory stood up to go. "By the way, young Grittari is frantic now that his lover has disappeared. Merry is with him now and, it seems to me, he will make a tee-gee candidate as well as Trey. If Merry can persuade him, we may have another win-win situation as Riker likes to say it."

"When you see Riker, tell him what Merry is working on; should be good for business."

"Not if a schooner larger than Riker's cruiser comes bearing down on us with guns blazing. Where should the refugees and displaced persons go?"

Rob Roy was shaking his head as Cory left.

THREE

That evening Cory sat on the front seat of the Zodiac as the sailor skillfully skimmed across the waters of Pompey Bay. She was thoughtful and nervous about

the meeting. News of the *Shanghai Joe* plus Riker's strange behavior bothered her.

The butler, dressed to the 'nines' as usual, met her at the landing.

"He is here?" she asked.

"Yes, he wouldn't have allowed the Zodiac trip to fetch you unless he wanted to see you."

Cory took a step toward the lounge. "That's the most I've heard you say in all the times we've seen each other. I wasn't sure you could speak at all."

Without waiting for an answer she spun on her heel and found her way along the companionway.

"Come in, darling," Riker boomed.

She was met by a smiling Jefe shoving a drink into her hand. "You didn't reply to any messages," she said with uncertain voice. "I wanted to be sure all was well on this crazy cruiser."

Riker sat down next to her. "I've just returned from Nassau. Haven't seen messages yet. It was at the invitation of our syndicate bigwigs. As usual, they pressed me for more bodies for their amusement and profit."

"Then you know about the *Shanghai Joe*?"

He took a generous swallow of whisky. "I know 'of it but your comment intrigues me."

Rob Roy called me in today to tell me you are about to have some competition in your tight little circle of islands. Maybe those syndicate bigwigs are getting greedy."

Riker sat back and exhaled a deep breath. "Oh? Maybe just politics; but, maybe not. What else did Rob Roy tell you?"

“That’s about all except he is very concerned that adverse publicity may cut our steady flow of cash customers.”

“Which means he places value on this news, however sketchy.” He hesitated and finally stood up. “Make yourself at home, pretty one that you are. I better check on my contacts to see if I can get a better handle on all this.” He went to a small room forward of the lounge that housed his electronic equipment.

“Certainly, sir; I’ll be right here if you want to discuss it with me.”

She stretched out sideways on the sofa and thumbed through some books that were discarded there.

Riker’s voice went up a decibel. “Ah-ha! Here we have it. Come here; look at this.”

Cory stood next to him at the computer console. “More news?” she asked softly.

“Have you known, heard of or met one Captain Levinson?”

“No but you apparently have.”

“He is the skipper of the *Shanghai Joe*. He has asked for a meeting to divide up the harvest here. Nonsense, of course but he at least is willing to discuss terms. It is not yet clear if he thinks he has the upper hand but, with a little inference to interpret a few offhand comments recently with the big bucks guys, Levinson is walking on a cloud.”

Cory leaned closer. She did not flinch when he sat back, put one arm around her and pulled her close. “Get him a parachute,” she said trying for some levity. “You were here first with the most. Does the good cap-

tain think you are going to simply hand over your contacts and sources without payment? Presumptuous, I would think."

Riker was pensive. "I'm not ready to meet with this guy because I'm not confident. I am going to offer him Trey for an exorbitant price and let you make the delivery. Are you willing? You will be well paid." Not waiting for her answer, he rapidly punched out a message to the electronic address. "I've told him I have an excellent client and asked what he will offer. I might include we need the money here to buy some ammunition should he give us any trouble but negotiations are too early for that." Satisfied, he moved away from the computer.

Cory was thoughtful; "What do we do now?"

Riker smiled, an event rarely seen, and pulled her down next to him on the wide sofa. "We wait," he said with emphasis. He let one hand drop onto her knee. His other arm was across her back. "How do you feel about being our emissary to the *Shanghai Joe*?"

"A few questions, if I may. How confident are you that Captain Levinson will honor the visit and not run off with the booty which would include me?"

"One way to find out," he answered. "Now, cute girl, refill my whisky glass, please. I've wanted an opportunity to be more intimate with you."

Cory went promptly to the small bar and counted three gurgles from the Scotch whisky jug. She sprinkled some crushed ice crystals in it and returned to whatever destiny fate had decreed. 'This guy can't be very horny in view of the number of attractive people he connects with. It will be interesting to find out.' She sat next to him and looked him squarely in the eyes.

The gray glint of steel stared back. "You play a risky game, Riker," she said finally. "I could easily betray your trust in me. That would be to deliver Trey, get the money and run. My job with you and with Kate Creed at the resort is not all that attractive as a livelihood."

He pulled her close and nudged her while kissing the smooth flesh of her neck and shoulders. "You are correct; I have always played a risky game. Like any gamble, it is best to weigh the odds and move when lady luck is in my favor. Right now I'm amazed to find you close to me. Yet, you seem distant. You do know what most men, women as well, find in your appearance most desirable?"

She nuzzled her nose into the crook of his neck. "Such attraction may well vary in the beholder. Tell me, generous employer, what is it you want?"

He touched her hair and ran strands through his fingers. Next, he drew a line along her jaw to her lips and pressed. "Did you go down on young Trey?"

"Yes; it was part of the need to qualify him."

"He liked it, I assume."

"He exploded if that's what you mean."

"You swallow?"

"Until completely dry and spent," she answered in a neutral voice.

"You sometimes seem experienced in your body language; other times, not so. Have you ever had a man force his cock into your mouth?"

"No, sir. I'll have you know you are correct in your assumption. I am not very experienced in the variety you've had each day. I am dedicated to the idea that

sex between two people has to be consensual as well as needy. That's not complicated."

"Have you had sex with a girl?"

"Merry; yes, she is beautiful."

"Um, Rob Roy will probably have her mouth as well. Or, at least that's what he tells me."

She smiled. "And what else does he tell you?"

Trying to put his thoughts into words, Riker hesitated. "He says he occasionally gets the message that you are masculine. Well, more guy than gal. Other times, of course, your fine body belies such a conclusion."

"What you see is what you get, to quote an old truism. If you need a more complex liaison, be my guest." She did not turn away when he cupped her chin and gently kissed her on the lips. "Are you hiding from someone, pretty Cory?" he asked. "Running away; maybe from your self? Looking for a haven—safety, security and creature comforts? Do you think money will provide for you? I thought that once; money, I mean. Now it seems the more I have, the more I need. Not the outlook in economics class, is it?"

She moved her torso forward when he touched her breasts. It was a gesture of acceptance. "I didn't know your mind was cluttered up with so much concern," she said finally. "Do you need me?"

"Yes, of course I need you but somehow deep in my being I feel you are merely tolerating me. Is it really Merry you want?" He finished unbuttoning her blouse and pulled the fabric apart. "Lovely," he gasped with her tiny bra allowing a display of her cleavage. "Let me." He fumbled with the bra clasp on her back and

gently tugged the strings down each arm until the bra fell aside. He caught both mounds with his hands.

"Merry and I go back a long way. We've endured the best and the worst life has to offer. I'm told by Kate and Rob Roy that we need your protection if we are to remain safe at Lucayan Resort."

"That is our agreement as it now stands," he said absently as if thinking of something completely different. "One look at you makes dollar signs in the eyes of any sex trafficker. You are perfect for the most nominal value. Could you really handle that?"

"Handle what? Sex slave? Degenerates pawing me, licking me, all the rest? We should remain in the domain of preferences, *n'est pas?*"

He kissed her again and was pleased when she yielded by parting her lips. His mouth tasted like whisky so she sipped from his glass when she had a chance to break away. "Give me your hand, darling," he said and placed her fingers around the firm cock straining his trousers. He pulled her hand up and down. "How nice you are," he said and kissed her again. She dropped what she was doing to stimulate him and put her palms against his shoulders.

"Will you be gentle with me?" she whispered.

"Yes, depend on me, trust that I want to be with you. Are you a virgin? Is that why you are so reticent?"

She looked shyly at the plush carpet and wiggled her toes. "Yes, I'm not certain what to expect. There have been changes made. I hope to be able to satisfy you."

He kissed her lips, cheek and neck. "What changes? You've had surgery?"

“Correct; a major adjustment actually.”

“Did you have to endure a speculum?”

She smiled. “You seem well informed in such matters. Would you be disappointed by only experiencing what I can do for you with my mouth?”

“I don’t know; like any other man that looks at you, I want it all.”

“At any price?”

“You’re talking in riddles. I can keep a confidence if there is an issue I should know.”

Cory shook with dread but the obvious path seemed the best. “Sir, from time to time, in this life, we meet people who are not what we think they are or who try to deceive us. I am one of those people. Merry and I were gay boys in London enrolled in the Rogue Academy. We misbehaved and were sold to sex traffickers, transported to the Middlesex Clinic and endured the transgender surgical procedure. Merry says she has been successful in vaginal intercourse; I have not tried it as yet. That is precisely why I asked you to be gentle with me.”

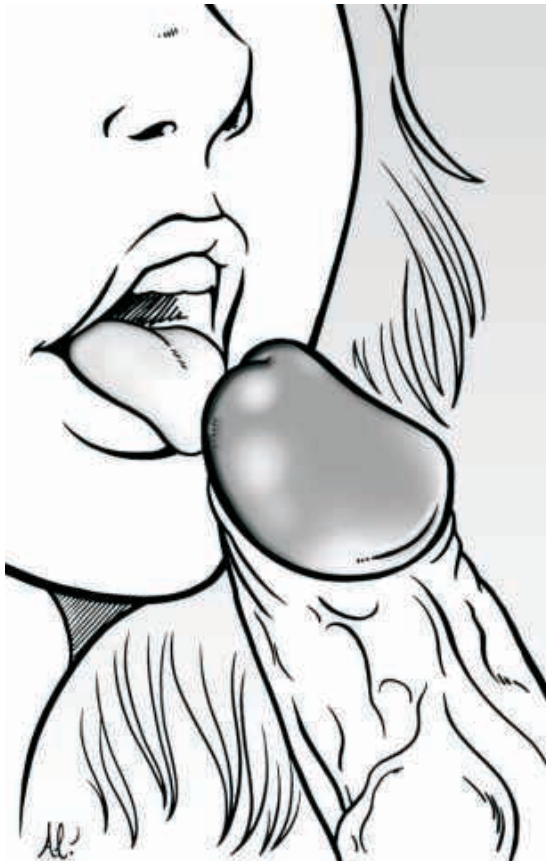
Riker let out a long breath and sank back against the king size pillows. “Well, I’ll be damned. All right! I can only imagine what you two have been through to stay alive this long.”

“Pirates attacked our luxury cruiser while we were in port. They murdered our skipper and ran off with the boat and the passengers, an elite group from a Parisian finishing school. We are alive today because we traded our passports with two of the girls that slightly resembled us while they were passed out drunk. As for the pirates, their appearance, gruff manner, abusive handling and quickness on the trigger all reminded me

of you. The difference is, as I've learned, you are educated in the ways of the world where violence is the last resort. I respect that."

"Wait! No more! Enough! Your secret is safe with me. Rob Roy would lose his dentures to hear your story." He laughed. "Rob Roy doesn't have dentures, I don't think."

Cory closed her eyes fully aware that any next breath might be her last. To avert the threat, she reached for his straining cock and began fondling it. When he shrugged off his trousers, his full genital equipment awaited her touch.



“Don’t be frightened, little Cory. I’ve heard that any TG girls or guys that try to escape are quietly done away with. There might even be a reward, uh, the dead-or-alive kind like old westerns.”

Cory began a firm up-and-down motion with the tingling cock locked in her grasp. “I will take Trey to the *Shanghai Joe*, as you wish. Captain Levinson tried to sell us back to the clinic when he discovered who we were. The clinic has shifted their business away from their tee-gee marketing approach which probably explains why Levinson is here on your doorstep trying for a quick kill, so to speak. The clinic paid the passage from North Africa but no reward, not a dime or, as we often say, not a brass farthing.”

Riker moaned when Cory’s skillful touch aroused him. He pulled her closer and angled her body for position. “Go down now, Cory,” he panted. “I won’t violate you if you give me all the head I want.”

She looked at the purple head of his cock as it approached her mouth. She brought her tongue out, made a sensuous lick of her lips to further excite him and kissed the knob with the wet tongue. Next she angled it by adjusting her grasp, moved lower and gently slid it into her mouth.

#

Arriving back at the resort, Cory went into the Chickharmie

lounge in search of Merry.

As expected, Merry was at her favorite perch at the end of the bar engaged in conversation with the wait-

ress. The waitress discreetly ran away when she saw Cory approach.

"Hi, where is Senor Grittari?" she asked. "He didn't escape, I hope."

Merry sipped from a tropical drink in a tall, frosted glass. "He is still distraught over the missing boyfriend. Did you find Trey?"

"Yes; he is happy and has consented to the trip to the Middlesex Clinic. Riker is making arrangements. But, there is news."

Merry was pensive. "If Trey has made that decision, I guess we may use that to persuade Grit. Is there more news?"

"Rob Roy told me the *Shanghai Joe* is in these islands trying to cash in on Riker's operation. I learned Riker has a message from Levinson. After some thought Riker decided to send me with Trey to talk to our capricious captain."

"Uh-oh; if you do, it will be a double. Levinson will sell you both. Did you try to get out of it?"

"Yes; not sure I was successful but Riker was so insistent, I had to explain the risk."

Merry raised both eyebrows, incredulous. "What did you tell him?"

Cory scowled. "Enough to make him understand the danger if he sends us to the firing squad at dawn. He doesn't play footsie with the big boys so he agreed, I think."

Merry sighed. "Whenever anyone gets the upper hand at control, we end on the bottom. I don't like it. He may send you with Trey believing you will convince Levinson to back off. That's far out!"

Cory blinked. "Tell me again about having vaginal intercourse. Riker wants to test my privates and I told him why I am so sensitive."

"This is getting worse by the minute. Just what was his reaction and, omigod, what did you do?"

"An uneasy truce; postponement if you will. Answer the question."

"Don't worry about pain, like that. It may take us both some more experiences to be effective with insertion. Time will tell. DeDe Devine says she enjoys a big cock occasionally, remember?"

"Yes; Riker agreed as long as I give him head when he needs it. The guy is intelligent; he guessed right away that I wanted sex with you rather than him or any man. That didn't slow him down."

Merry's chin wrinkled with the onrush of grief. "Shall we pack?"

"I thought of that. I think we can maneuver out of this but it won't be easy. If you want to split, these islands won't miss us. I know I can depend on your usual negative reasoning," Cory said with a note of sarcasm.

"You are going from bad to worse. Come on, let's go check on Grit. Maybe we can dangle the carrot."

"Yes, if we can get the ass to move."

"You are awful."

#

When paged, both girls stood in front of Rob Roy's desk.

Rob Roy studied them as if speculating. "I just had a long chat with Riker. First question: "I know about Trey but how is Grit coming along?"

Merry cleared her throat. "He is trying to decide. We both talked to him."

"I see; well, Cory, Riker wants to see you right away which might mean he has contact of some kind. Politically, he is on the spot. Levinson is pressing him; his usual contacts might threaten to abandon. Tough for him, worse for us. We need to keep that reservation desk busy." He tried a smile but ended up pushing away from the desk. He approached the girls as they stood to go. "Merry; you stay a moment, please. There are some other matters."

Cory pressed Merry's hand and left to get her golf cart off the battery charger.

"Close the door, Merry," Rob Roy said. "Riker told me the whole story. I know who you are and that includes the reason you are hiding out on this remote island. Riker thinks there is a high probability you and Cory will try to run again. He knows he has to be successful with Levinson if he is to keep his business intact. Further, he believes Cory can hammer out an agreement with the captain. He considers the risk less than the threat."

"I understand, sir," Merry said, doubtful of the reason for Rob Roy's confidence in her. She started to leave.

"Not quite yet, dear girl," he said and pressed the signal button on his desk. Two uniformed security men came in and gently took Merry into custody. "My apologies," he added. "These men have been asked to keep you available so Riker can coerce Cory into accepting

her mission. I'll be in to chat with you later." He nodded and watched them leave. Merry's shoulders were hunched in depression.

Instead of the usual village lockup, Merry was safely secured in a comfortable room though the door and windows were keeping her in. She found some food in the small kitchenette and, gratefully, a supply of beer and wine.

She had to think over what she knew. 'This all happened so fast,' she thought carefully. 'Rob Roy has never hidden his interest in us but he often hesitated to take the initiative.' She shook her head and sighed. 'We have gone blithely along thinking all was well and the entire time there has been an active undercurrent designed to exploit us. Ouch!'

The familiar noise of keys in the lock caught her attention. She waited.

Kate Creed came in, smiled and relocked the door. Next, she threw the bolt in place. Merry was wary. Kate had taken off her usual resort uniform jacket and wore the crisp, flowery dress which Merry considered formal for the austere woman. Spike heels were similarly out of place but she noted Kate handled her bearing expertly.

Merry nodded in recognition; she said nothing.

Kate climbed up on the barstool in the kitchenette. "Just a cold beer," she said with disdain. "Even though you didn't offer."

Merry hurriedly set out a tall glass. She opened two. "Sorry; this is all a surprise to me. Did I miss an issue along the way?"

Kate bit her lip and ran her tongue along the edge of the glass before sipping the cold brew. "More than

one but we understand. Don't despair, there are factors in daily living here that even I don't understand." She stopped abruptly, surveyed Merry's comely face, the bountiful head of hair and the tight fit of the resort cardigan that emphasized her breasts. "Mister Rob Roy will be in presently. We need to talk; you will be informed of what to expect as this threat to our existence here develops."

"Thanks; I'm very curious as you know. You are holding me to force Cory to cooperate with Riker's defense. It seems a simple sacrifice along with Trey and Grit will suffice. But then, I'm only guessing." She raised the bottle of beer and drank with newfound thirst. When Kate reached over and ran her fingers lightly along Merry's naked arm, an indelible message passed between them.

"I've waited a long time for my share of the spoils. You are 'hot'."

"I shouldn't be surprised, Kate but you are hitting on me." She watched the slightly older woman. "I have to compliment you, Kate. I never had a clue. Do you include Cory in your schemes? We are lovers, you know."

"Yes, I surmised as much at first glance. It only told me you can be persuaded to give me what I need. It's not complicated."

Merry's eyes sparkled in amusement. "I am at your service."

Kate swiftly moved off the stool and put both arms around Merry as she stood behind the nervous girl. She ran her hands through Merry's hair, along the sides of her face and pressed each breast with a sigh of longing.

"When I was a young girl, like fifteen, I dreamed of having a neat body like yours." She moved her hands along Merry's hips and thighs to grasp the thin hemline and pull the mini-skirt up. "Lovely," she whispered giving away the depths of her lust.

"You are taking what you want," Merry said softly. "Are you satisfied just feeling me all over?"

Kate grinned displaying a hint of embarrassment. "We are going to be here awhile," she said. She touched Merry's lips with her fingers. "After Rob Roy visits, we can sleep together. I have a special need to feel your beauty in passionate action." With that, she spun Merry around and came down on her mouth with a lusty kiss. Merry was so astonished she gasped and with parted lips fielded Kate's tongue.

"Well, Miss Creed," Merry said breaking away. "You are certainly impetuous. How well are you acquainted with us? This may surprise you."

Before Merry had a chance to explain, Rob Roy rapped on the door for entry. After Kate slid open the bolt, the man entered in long, confident strides. "Ah, Miss Creed," he said formally. "May I introduce Miss Merry Clark, formerly Merle Clark of the Rogue Academy, London? She has come to regal us with the thrill of adventure."

"You mistakenly read my passport. Names can be confusing."

Rob Roy was delighted. "I suspected early on you two were not who you said you were. It took some digging which included archives at the Middlesex Clinic to piece the story together."

Merry was defensive. "All this is irrelevant to our situation here," she said as if accusing the man of some criminal intent.

"Hardly; I'm in contact with a refined gentleman in London. When I used his daughter's name, Evie Ames, he was ready to come here and get you, take you home. Of course, you can see a problem developing."

Merry gulped. "Let me talk to Mister Ames before he makes mince meat of the lot of you. I have reason to believe his daughter is still alive and perhaps I can help in her rescue. But, not if you persist in this ridiculous charade."

Rob Roy almost jumped on Merry in a rush of excitement. "I knew it! Mister Big Bucks is rolling in pound notes. You are bluffing to make us believe you have a bargaining chip. I'll handle this," he said with confidence.

Kate shared the excitement of the moment. "Finally, after all this time we can come into some real money without syndicate interruption."

Merry was petulant. "This is all tentative; I want to talk it over with my partner before taking any action. She is able to handle such ideas."

Rob Roy sat down on the other side of Merry which put her in the middle. "We wouldn't have taken this small event on our own without some support. Colin Foote, now known as Cory, is on a mission for Riker."

"Nonsense," Merry spit out. "She would not undertake anything like that without talking it over with me. We have an agreement."

Rob Roy rubbed his hands together as if over a campfire. "I love this," he said gleefully. He handed

Merry the cell phone. "Call her; she will answer when she sees it's my number."

Cory answered with a hesitant "hello". There was a pause.

"This is Merry; I'm on Rob Roy's phone. He and Kate have me prisoner in the back utility room and won't let me out. Rob Roy has been in touch with Evie Ames' dad. At first I thought they were playing games; now I'm not so sure."

Cory was brief. "No games; you are a hostage. I refused to go along with Riker because of my fear of discovery on the Shanghai Joe. To persuade me, you are now a hostage. Merry; we somehow are allied with a den of thieves. Ulp!" The connection went dead.

Rob Roy took the phone back and punched Riker's number. There was a heated discussion so one-sided Merry was unable to learn much.

Close the phone, Rob Roy looked at Kate and nodded 'yes'.

Kate sighed happily. She moved one hand onto Merry's thigh and pressed with her fingers. "We have to trust to luck on this one," she said finally. She pulled Merry's skirt aside to bare more of the shapely figure. "Win or lose, I want this one."

Merry closed her eyes, stoic, allowing the two employers free access to her ready body.

Rob Roy glanced at his phone LDS. "Um, I have to return this call from London," he said importantly. "Mister Ames has given me an appointment time." He looked longingly at Merry, then next to Kate. "You hold her; I'll take her first. After me, you cum first," he chuckled.

“Shall I bind her wrists?” Kate asked.

Rob Roy stood up. “Not unless necessary. She is probably smart enough to use her hands. Just keep her from moving her head away.”

Merry kept her eyes tightly closed. She didn’t wince when she felt Kate strip off her uniform jacket, blouse and bra. “Be gentle,” she said trying to be firm. “I’m not as experienced as you two think.”

“She is only a refurbished gay boy. She has probably sucked a lot of cocks; one more won’t add much trauma,” Rob Roy said.

She heard his zipper. Kate tucked her skirt into her belt. Next, Kate knelt on the wide sofa, pulled Merry upright and held her head in place. Merry felt Rob Roy’s hands on her breasts. His thumbs toyed with her nipples.

“Ready, Merry?” Kate asked.

Merry remained silent with her jaw fixed in stubbornly, obstinate.

“You pleaded for us to be gentle; it may help your brief escapade here to be a bit more cooperative,” Rob Roy said

Responding to the logic, Merry opened her eyes. Rob Roy had one hand on her chin. Kate was guiding the dark and dangerous cock toward her mouth. She pursed her lips.

“Show us your tongue,” Kate said in a lusty whisper.

Slowly, Merry’s lips parted and she rapidly swiped her tongue along her upper and lower lips. The purple bulb of Roy Roy’s cock pressured her mouth; she

opened and let him slide it in until she clamped down with her tongue and lips.

The angle was wrong and she knew she was in immediate danger of grazing his flesh with her teeth. Responding, she hurried to grasp the thick shaft and was in control. She was rewarded with Rob Roy's moan of pleasure and Kate's self-conscious giggle.

For what seemed to Merry an eon of passion, Rob Roy grunted and began ejaculating on her tongue. Merry tried to turn her head aside but Kate had a firm hold.

Rob Roy stepped back and closed his trousers. Saying nothing, he left the room. Kate slid the bolt in place.

"Tired?" Kate asked.

Merry wouldn't give the slightly older lady the satisfaction. She shook her head 'no'. "You could tell me what we now know about what is going on with Riker's marines and Levinson's boat."

"We will no doubt get the full story later. It is easy to surmise, isn't it? Riker has sent Cory into harm's way to save his own skin. If you are concerned, it is with good reason."

"May I get dressed now?" Merry asked quietly. "I'm beginning to get some understanding of your tight unholy membership. I should have known that gain by betrayal is a tried and true tactic."

Kate continued to fondle and caress Merry's comely body. "Have you ever wondered at the unusual name of the lounge?"

Merry blinked at the change in attitude. "Chickcharnie? Yes, it must mean something."

Kate kissed her on the cheek and ran one hand through her hair. The Chickcharnie is a legendary monster. It probably equates to the boogie man used to scare children who misbehave. Myth has it that the chickcharnie is a peaceful spirit unless riled up. Then, it becomes vindictive, violent. If you come close to one in the jungle, say nothing and you will be blessed with good luck and fortune. Rob Roy and I have been kissed by the Chickcharnie today; look at you, a bundle of charm. We are fortunate, indeed."

"Thanks for the fickle fable, I think. It seems to me the monster is riding on Riker's back these days. He is a malevolent man."

Kate caught the remains of Merry's panties and parted them for a view of Merry's dark triangle of sex. "Lovely," she whispered. "Does it surprise you that I've often admired your legs? It's true; early on from your first day here. The thought of your lover with her arms wrapped around your hips and her tongue making wet pathways on your puffy mons, whew!, what a fantasy."

"Is that where you are taking me? Do you want me for cunnilingus?"

"Aha! Right again but both ways."

"Uh, I'm not clear on that. Oh, yes; well, that. Who goes first?"

Kate grinned happily. She spritely stepped out of her panties and hiked up her skirt. "You do, darling. I want to watch your busy tongue. Have you ever thought of looking down to see my head between your pretty legs?"

"I'm learning, Kate. Get on with it."

FOUR

Cory and Trey were on the departure landing as Riker walked up. Cory saw immediately that Riker was expecting trouble. He had double pistol holsters and ammo belts strung across his torso. Glancing around, a large Zodiac with armed men riding on either side tended to balance the craft.

“Ready for Trafalgar, Riker?” Cory asked. “I was kidding when I suggested you send for the marines. You have your own navy it appears.”

He acted like her words were a rebuff. “Just a simple show of force for everyone’s protection.”

Settled in the already loaded craft, they were soon zipping across the placid water toward whatever destiny each of them might imagine.

Cory pulled the slicker collar tighter.

Riker sat next to her and kept sweeping the horizon with his binoculars.

“Where are we headed, Riker? Does Levinson know we are onto him?”

Riker frowned and set the glasses down. “Who can say? The perfect anchorage for him is in the island chain between Andros Town and Congo Town. He is sure to locate where he can maneuver that big boat.”

Cory glanced at Trey. He was bravely keeping his posture into the wind. She gave him a ‘thumbs up’ and was pleased to see him smile.

Approaching the first of the ‘out islands’, Cory spotted what she fully expected—a flotilla of heavily armed boats, all sizes, flying Riker’s flag.

“There’s the navy, Riker,” she said pointing.

He just grunted. "No sign of the Shanghai Joe; hope I can guess as well as the captain can that thing. Oh, look; I see the top of the masts. Right there, on the right." He deftly grabbed his talkie to announce his arrival.

"This is exciting," Cory said as she realized the imminent danger in dealing with the brute of the breakers.

Riker waved a message to his boats spread out like the feathers of a fan with his boat leading the center, forward. Finally, the force split and hugged two nearby islands. Riker stood in a posture Cory thought was impudence as the Zodiac bumped the landing platform.

For the first time in all those months, she saw Levinson standing confidently at the top of the portable stairs. Her heart dropped and she went over in her mind, again and again, the purpose of their mission. 'For one item,' she told herself in a quiet moment while Riker and Trey climbed aboard, 'we have backup; never had that before.'

That was when she saw the dining salon she so fondly remembered. The difference was that it was a floating fortress with bullet proof metal for windows, a firing gap in the center. She counted four large ones and a small one. It seemed on first assessment, Riker's small boat would be at the risk of the larger caliber weapons trained on them.

In the captain's cabin, Riker introduced Trey before they all sat comfortably sipping from Levinson's Purple Sack Canadian Rye Whisky.

"May I apologize for my comments at our last meeting, Miss Foote?" The captain was apparently sincere. He smiled ruefully. "And it isn't just because you

brought the navy with you though that is very impressive.”

Cory slid forward in her chair. “We can peacefully, Captain,” she said. The armed camp is to emphasize our mutual regard. We want to work together to everyone’s benefit?”

Riker spoke up. “Well said, Cory,” he said quickly interrupting. “For an offering we brought Trey with us thinking he would be helpful in getting you back in the good graces of the Middlesex Clinic, if that is possible.”

“The administrator there has assured me they will do business on a single, unit only, basis. They will not let a contract until enough time has elapsed to demonstrate our intent, uh, peacefully. Apparently, the rancor we have endured in the past has clouded our present relations. This young man looks like he will swing the deal for us.”

Riker crossed his legs and drank a generous swallow from his glass. “Unless you are opposed, sir, Cory here will be our ‘front man’ – oh, make that front woman – for negotiations. We rely on you to share the proceeds of any ‘product’ we provide. Naturally, you can expect the same of us.”

Levinson squinted at Cory. “Where is Merry Clark?”

“Hostage,” Cory answered quickly.

“I see; please give her my regards when you next see her.”

Cory tried some levity. “Captain! You are the very one that told DeDe Devine that we were a bad lay.”

A few chuckles all around. “You mistake my intent, dear,” the captain answered. He stood up. “Well, lot

me see what you have brought me, if I may." He held Trey firmly beneath one armpit and pulled him into the adjoining room.

Visions of the sexual demise of Darryl ran through her memory. She turned to speak to Riker. "Our good captain has a penchant for young boys and men. We brought him one excellent 'specimen' a few months back. He tried to sell us to the Middlesex Clinic as well. When that didn't work he became very angry and stomped off. He gave up his opportunity to sell us to an eastern brothel. Beware his short fuse; it triggers a walking bomb."

"So noted," Riker said and looked furtively at the closed door. There was no sound. "But, from what I've heard, you are wrong about his preferences. In addition to young boys, he is equally enamored of anyone that trips his fancy as long as they have two firm buns shielding a rosy star sphincter."

"I'll not debate the point," she said absently and looked out the window as the wind caught the flying jib and snapped it as if playfully. The sleek schooner strained against the moorings.

Finally, the two returned. Captain Levinson had a satisfied smile which Cory remembered all too well. Trey looked stressed as if from anxiety but said nothing.

"Your young man is excellent for our purposes. He is worth far more than your effort as a peace offering. I've obtained his signature to allow me to negotiate for him at Fort de France when we get there. Accordingly, from what he tells me, you have his close friend in your pocket. Is he a hostage as well? Trey didn't seem to think there was any problem of that kind."

Cory fielded the thought like an experienced diplomat. "The young gent is undecided but we think he will want to join with Trey; perhaps next trip."

Riker stood up. "Then we are finished here. To complete our bond, we will await what value our young man has. We will expect some payment for our expenses."

Levinson moved swiftly forward and embraced Cory. "I'm impressed, as always, with your clear head for action. Would you like a tour of the *Shanghai Joe*? There have been some changes. So many greedy pirates are roaming these islands. We've lost a substantial tourist following. I can show you what we have so you will have an idea of what we will need in the future of our agreement."

Riker smiled. "Please, dear girl; take your time. We can wait. If there is any interest our good partner is hiding, you can tell us about it."

Cory shrugged her shoulders. "Sure, captain. Don't forget, I know my way around." She smiled and followed him out.

Once down the ladder and on the companionway, Captain Levinson tapped on the first doorway. It opened slowly. The stateroom was dark because of blackout type curtains on the porthole. The captain shoved her into the room. "Take your time; you gave me Trey as a toy. I offer you whatever attention you wish from either or both of these beauties." He closed the door and the lock clicked.

Cory waited a moment for her eyes to adjust to the shadows. Finally, the voice of a young girl. "Welcome; we were told you might stop off for a visit. Can I ask you a question?"

Cory was taken aback. "Well, yes; of course."

"Do you still have my passport?"

The silence was oppressive. Cory peered at the beautiful face. "Omigod!" she screamed and jumped at the same time. "Evie Ames!"

The moment was like frozen delicate crystal. One rush of air would come crashing down on both of them. Evie stepped forward and with a cry of delight the two girls embraced.

"She is here, you know," Evie said half sobbing.

"Where, uh, who?"

"Loyce; I was finally able to get her to cooperate but, as you can see, it was too late."

"Cooperate? She wanted you but was too frightened."

"I have the entire story now. It was through your kindness that we have been able to survive this unholy scow. It is a floating brothel."

Cory struggled for self control. "That's what the captain meant when he said he had to change due to a loss of tourist business."

"Do you want to see Loyce? Be prepared for a shock."

"There is nothing you can do or say that will top the shock you just gave me."

Evie stepped forward and tore the black curtains off the port hole. Cory was still holding onto Evie as if in fear she would disappear. She held her breath. Loyce approached. She had been standing in the corner, totally hidden by the darkness.

“Hello, Cory,” Loyce said. “I’ve never forgotten you.” At first her shoulders trembled; next she collapsed in Cory’s arms sobbing and wailing.

“Omigod!” Cory said. “Let me look at the pair of you.” She stood at arms length.

Evie wore a designer shift, half red panel, half yellow, with a low cut ‘V’ at the throat hinting at her cleavage. The small white bow below her breasts was snug empire style to clearly define the shape of her breasts. The hemline was cut short enough to display her shapely thighs.

Loyce wore a blue and gray cheerleader’s uniform; silk white panties and open midriff. There was no blouse, only a halter.

“We have been told to give you whatever sex pleasures you,” Evie said evenly. “We heard Tori Jax paid a heavy price for involving us in that fiasco. Look at what we’ve been forced to do. When we are at sea it means the captain has contacts in some destination that will mean more nefarious business.”

“Do you want me to get a message to your dad?” Cory asked.

“Definitely not!” Was her firm answer. “If he has given me up for dead, it is better. This life is one he won’t abide.”

Cory turned to Loyce. “I remember how scared you were but still in love with Evie. I’ve often thought of what happened and hoped it worked for you two.”

“Evie had some hard lessons along the way as you can well imagine. I remained supportive. To answer your question; yes, she finally went down on me. It was we needed to heal. We didn’t know that until you

opened the door to opportunity for us. Since then, well, you can see what we've been doing."

They remained in the middle of the room, arms around each other's shoulders, kissing and crying. It was later that they felt the schooner's engines start and the sleek craft lurched away from its moorings.

"Hey! Cory called out. "What's going on?" She raced to the door and found it firm. Peering out the port hole she saw the green of the islands disappearing.

Evie and Loyce stood together. There was nothing to say. Betrayal, they had often said, was part and parcel of the game.

Finally, Captain Levinson came to the door and unlocked it. "Are you gals all OK in there?"

Cory was furious. "I can't believe Riker would do this to me," she said screaming at him. "How did this get into the plan?"

Levinson laughed. "He did not have such a plan. We walked to the debarkation ladder to wait for you. When you did not come out immediately, he became nervous. He asked if I was doing a double cross."

"He didn't have to ask, did he?"

"No; when he started to freak, I shoved him down the ladder. He lost his balance and out of the water gasping for breath. By the time his navy lads had him in their dry boat, we were hoisting the sails."

"Were you under the delusion you could get away with this? Didn't you see the arsenal he brought with him?"

"Precisely why I took pains to show him our armaments. By engaging in combat he would be certain to lose."

Cory stomped her foot in anger. "Are you telling me the truth? I don't trust you. Did you plan all along to enlist me in your gang of whores?"

"There are issues best ignored. We will be on the open ocean before long and a full roster of horny workers on the oil rigs await us. You are just what our business needs. A return trip by satisfied customers. Oh, they pay well. Thinking of running off? I don't think so as long as Merry Clark is in custody."

"You bastard! Pardon my unladylike turn of the phrase. If you did betray Riker, you can expect big trouble. You have taken his peace offering, Trey, and his partner, me. He isn't the kind of man to be treated with conniving abuse."

Levinson frowned and then smiled. "Thanks for the warning. Do you want your old room back? I have it all ready for you. Be comfortable." He sauntered down the companionway with an easy gait.

Cory went back in the room with Evie and Loyce. "You are not safe here," Loyce said touching Cory's arm. "He will need sexual service before the schooner sets full sail. We know."

"Thanks, I think. We need to make plans for the upcoming fight. What does Levinson mean when he says he has more weapons? He just told me Riker would not fight. Impossible! Riker loves combat."

#

One thing Riker had that Captain Levinson did not was speed. When he called together his lieutenants, he had already made up his mind on a strategy. To get Trey and Cory back, he would sink or disable the

Shanghai Joe and scoop up the survivors out of the drink.

Depending on the element of surprise, Riker sped ahead of the obvious course Levinson was on. His mind was turning flip-flops. 'If Levinson had a prosperous sex trafficking ring, by defeating him in battle, I could double or perhaps even triple my business by taking over Levinson's contacts.' He was pensive.

Familiarity the water was helpful. There were some shallows that he knew Levinson would have to avoid. Since most of his boats could handle skimming at high speed, he planned to get in quickly and damage the hull, escape and await the result.

As Riker set up his ambush on the shallow water, the *Shanghai Joe* sailed blithely on totally unaware of the intensity of Riker's vindictive nature. He had planned for this eventuality, Cory knew, and it might get chaotic.

Meanwhile, as the ship's company enjoyed a festive meal and complimentary drinks, Cory worked the galley with practiced efficiency.

"Are you O.K.?" Evie asked. She stood in the doorway. "That was a great meal. Everyone is happy to have you here."

Cory frowned. "Except the good captain, of course. He knows I'll poison him if I get half a chance."

Evie laughed. "Dangerous waters, I say."

"Is Loyce all right?"

"Oh, yes; she went with one of the muscle men for a bit of relaxation."

Cory was keeping a watchful eye out of the doorway, an expansive view of the choppy waters. There

was no sign of Riker. The boat tilted with the wind and the rushing water along the freeboard was comforting. Turning to Evie, she asked, "Is that captain's dinghy still under the fantail overhang? We may need it if the going gets rough."

Evie leaned against one of the tables. "Need it for what? This boat has a steel hull. Even if we do go aground, we will stay afloat. The captain told me that."

Cory was thoughtful. "Riker probably knows that; how could he miss it? He will know how to stop us."

Evie smiled. "Really, Cory; I expected the captain to come get you before this. You are extremely attractive."

"Maybe he isn't interested because he has had me already. He may like fresh meat."

"That's not our experience. It's obvious you know this boat from being on it before. I think you could go through that galley menu with one eye closed."

Cory laughed. "Perhaps but, seriously, I'm very concerned about my girlfriend, Merry."

"I remember her. She is so pretty."

"Right on! It wasn't all that long ago that the captain positioned us for a clam bake, uh, trib. When I had settled down to an easy rhythm, the captain decided to take my mouth for his amusement. He sure is big."

Evie sighed. "Yes; I often think how nice it would be to never see him again."

"Well, if Riker gets hold of him, you will get your wish."

"What about the dinghy?"

"Let's go for a walk; check it out."

They had to duck through the crew's quarters to find the open bulkhead forward of the dinghy. It was secured with chains and a snap fitting. They loosened the chains to be certain launching it would be possible. Next, they stashed some personal flotation gear and other supplies should the need arise.

They leaned on the safety rail and watched as the sun began the descent which in the tropics was usually very swift. Evie shivered from a slight evening chill and moved against Cory. "Sorry; it's a big chilly this close to the water."

"Are you still in love with Loyce? I can understand; she is stunning."

"I know you made love to her on that cabin cruiser so long ago. I'm not jealous and, yes, I still love her. This is not an easy life for two young girls to be lovers but we keep our events separate."

"I've thought of her. She nearly exploded with lust. Marvelous."

Evie looked forward as the *Shanghai Joe* veered away from an island in their path. "Shallow water, I think," she said absently. "Wait! A boat is coming out to meet us? Must be nervous natives."

Cory spun around and saw Riker's fastest and best armed Zodiac streaming toward them. The lookout raised the alarm but before any of the weaponry could be activated, Riker's boat came close and fired three rockets. Two of them hit a few feet below where Cory and Evie were standing. The third tore into a wooden lifeboat and started a fire amidships.

"Quick!" Cory said. "Go get Loyce and bring her here. I'll get our escape boat ready."

Evie tore through the crew's quarters and began pounding on the stateroom door where she knew Loyce was entertaining. The fire was getting all the crew's attention. The captain was screaming and pointing at the heavily armed flotilla just out of range of his guns.

Evie grabbed Loyce's arm and pulled her to the fantail. When the two girls arrived, Cory was ready to shove the dinghy into the water.

Cory's confidence in Riker's nature was rewarded. While the crew was busy with containing the fire, the boat began a circling pattern indicating that the rockets had damaged the steering. Finally, the helmsman stopped forward motion and the boat settled, dead the water.

The attack continued but from the other side. The major effort was from the other side unseen. *Shanghai Joe* sailors with weapons were concentrating on Riker's array of boats beyond their range of fire. It was too late.

Riker's men swarmed on board en masse. A few sailors fired in self defense but were soon taken out by Riker's mercenaries. Riker had a pistol in each hand and rushed forward to find Levinson. He came up behind the captain as the hapless man was trying to launch a lifeboat. The steel barrel on Riker's pistol came down hard on Levinson's skull and he crumpled to the deck.

Riker hauled him to the edge and tossed the limp body overboard into the murky water. Next he fired an orange flare indicating the battle was over. The boat belonged to Riker.

With the blaze out, Riker's sailors went to work on the damaged steering while the mercenaries lined up

all the weapons men and the girls to be sure there was no threat. That was when he missed Cory Foote.

"I'll be damned," he said slapping the back of his neck in exasperation. "She slipped out on us. Not to worry; she'll be back. Merry being detained was a strong decisive factor."

#

With a lot of water between them and the disabled *Shanghai Joe* schooner, the three girls felt safer.

Loyce sat quietly sobbing. She did not have time to dress so sat forlornly in her half slip which she hiked up to cover her breasts from the elements.

Evie's posture was erect as she watched the horizon for any signs of a haven. "Well," she said, "looks like we are all in the same boat."

Cory steered at an angle to the wind hoping they would come across an island. "Just by chance, I knew about this dinghy. This isn't the first time I ran from impending disaster." She chuckled and leaned into the wind.

The first island appeared deserted so they circled around it to find a sheltered cove to put in for the night. That was when they heard motor noises behind them.

Cory spun around wishing she had had foresight enough to bring any of the weapons in abundance on the boat. It was one of Riker's Zodiacs, the one with the green stripes indicating it was used in the final boarding. In the failing light she could make out a loan sailor bearing down on them.

Evie stretched to see. Loyce remained still. "Omigod!" Evie blurted out. "I think it is Trey."

As Trey came alongside, Cory indicated the inlet which was their destination. On shore, Trey was anxious to tell them about his adventure.

"I was in the luxury cabin behind the wheelhouse when the ruckus started. The captain was confused at first and finally decided to dress and investigate. That was his undoing. Had he been on the alert he would have seen the threat though he was confident he could defend his boat."

They unloaded their supplies and secured the boats for the night.

"That doesn't explain how you escaped," Evie said. "If you are not a horse thief, maybe a boat thief. Anyhow, we are happy you weren't killed."

"When the captain raced to get his weaponry in action, I went in the other direction. Pardon my French but when I saw a ton of hunk meat climbing on board, I said, 'Oh! Shit!' and hid in the alcove or whatever you call it. There was some shooting and I jumped down into this Zodiac to get away. One of Riker's sailors saw me and was on the rail but fell into the water. The gunfire left enough lead in him; he sank quickly. It was easy after that."

Cory was laughing at the way Trey told the story. "Evie made the pun earlier that we are all in the same boat. However, with you here we have a bargaining point. Evie and Loyce want to get their lives back. I want to go get Merry Clark from the resort on Andros Island."

"How does that make a bargaining point?" Trey asked. Still in his tee-shirt, he cleared a spot to sit

against a tree. He giggled: "This is kind of awkward with a bare bottom." He glanced at Loyce. "Seems I am fashionably attired."

They all laughed.

Cory spoke up. "I have a plan. Let's do this. In the morning we can go to ? Town and get in touch with Riker. If he will agree to let us go which includes Merry, we will let him talk to Trey." She stared intently at Trey and raised her eyebrow in question.

Trey shifted uncomfortably. "All right, yes. I want to go to the clinic as planned. But, since we are negotiating, I'd like to speak to Grit. I hope you understand."

Evie sighed and touched Trey's arm. "This shouldn't alter the plan at all. Riker will see dollar signs either way. Delivering you to Middlesex Clinic will net him a fee. If Grit goes along, an additional fee. What do you think?"

Cory pulled the plastic life raft out of the dinghy. She spread it on the ground. After a quick meal of survival rations, they all stretched out on the plastic and were soon asleep.

Birds flicking about the trees woke Cory the next morning. She saw immediately that Trey was combining the gasoline in the dinghy outboard to the Zodiac. To keep from spilling it, he had fashioned a funnel out of a wide palm leaf.

"Good morning; you've been busy."

Trey smiled. "There are four of us. The Zodiac will be less crowded and is faster. We might keep in mind that Riker might send someone searching for us."

After a breakfast of survival rations, the foursome set out to find civilization. By late afternoon they came

around the large island to a small settlement called Mars Bay.

The small marina had easy access. Cory glanced around. "From the boats and the nets drying, I think the fishermen are out on the water. We have no money, few supplies and no passports. We 'wing-it'."

Cory and Loyce went in the general store hoping to make a phone call. Some tourists arrived with a lorry loaded with gear. Cory learned they were expecting a sailboat charter. One of the sailors had a cell phone and Cory was able to get through to the Lucayan Resort.

"Riker has been here looking for you," Rob Roy shouted into the phone. "Merry has been crying for days thinking you deserted her. We heard about the *Shanghai Joe*. No sign of Captain Levinson yet."

"We are at Mars Bay. We can probably hitch a ride to the resort. We have no money and no passports so you might get a call from the authorities if we are picked up."

Rob Roy consulted a map of the island. "Relax; we can send a car for you. Just the two of you, right?"

"Two fugitives from the *Shanghai Joe* makes four. We are all O.K., no bullet holes or whatever. We stole one of Riker's assault boats which he may want returned."

Rob Roy sounded relieved. "Fine! I'll tell him you are en route."

"He isn't concerned about any of us except Trey. Do you still have Grit and Merry locked up?"

"It's why you called, correct?"

"When can we expect you?" Cory asked.

“Looks like about an hour’s ride depending on the roads and the traffic. Don’t panic.”

Cory quickly turned to the others. “Help is on the way unless Rob Roy changes his mind. Um, he’s probably talking to Riker right now.”

Cory thanked the sailor for the use of his phone. “Did you kids have anything to eat?” he asked. “You look like you survived a shipwreck or something.”

Loyce giggled. “It was a wreck all right. You’ll probably read it in the Island Gazette one of these days. All kinds of excitement.”

The sailor motioned to his party that he was taking them to the local eatery for coffee and a bite to eat. After paying for everything, he went back to his small crew. “I have a daughter about your age,” he said as he left.

“Don’t introduce her to the pirates,” Evie said laughing.

Cory kept looking at the lorry which was finally unloaded and parked on the side shoulder a few yards from the marina wharf. She strolled over to take a closer look and saw the Lucayan Resort logo on the doors.

“Listen,” she said to Loyce. “We can take that truck back to the resort with us. The keys are in the ignition.”

Evie instantly understood. “It will be dark by the time we get back if we take the truck. We can get some money and hide out in town.”

“And we can make the contact with Riker,” Cory said. “Smart girl!”

“Well, it’s better to do that than live in constant fear of a face-to-face with Riker. I won’t tell Loyce you said I’m smart. Do you have the ‘hots’ for me?”

“Do I look like Tori Jax? She is the one that tamed you.”

Evie laughed remembering the aggressive Tori Jax who had to punch her around to get her to come to earth.

They waved at the departing sailboat. They were all smiles and called out in good natured farewells. No sooner had the sailboat hoisted sails and was speeding to the cluster of islands, than the girls were in the Lucayan Resort lorry enjoying the tropical breeze.

“We’ll take a room at one of those sleazy motels near the terminal. With so many people coming and going, nobody will notice,” Cory said.

They found a vacancy with two double-sized beds and settled in. Cory promised she would bring the credit card to the desk. She hurried to the resort and surprised Kate Creed when she tapped on the office door to demand money and her credit card which was in the file. “Merry is here,” Kate said. “She will be happy to learn that you are all right. We were notified you were missing after the fire and gunfight on the *Shanghai Joe*.”

Cory hesitated. “Please tell her I did not abandon her. I’ll be back to get her and Master Grittari after I talk to Riker.”

“He isn’t hard to find; he’s been haunting this place, especially the Chickcharnie Bar, looking for you and young Trey.”

“Later,” Cory said waving as she went out the side door to the parking lot.

“Kate says Riker has been to the resort trying to locate us,” Cory said to the others. “That means he did an accounting and when the dinghy and one of his Zodiacs was missing, he realized we were beyond his grasp.”

“What now?” Loyce asked.

“Oh, right; you’re hungry and thirsty. I understand. The front desk has my card number and I told them we would probably order some deliveries. I am going to arrange a meeting with Riker. Um, Loyce, can you leave Evie long enough to go with me?”

Evie sprang out of her chair. “Hey; are you running off with my girlfriend? I know your wary ways, you know.”

Cory was pensive. “All right; I don’t know why you should trust me with a pretty girl. Relax, I’m kidding. How about it, Trey? Do you want to come along? It might mean a meeting with Riker which will be one step closer to the Middlesex Clinic. Also; maybe Grit has had a chance to think it over and will join you. Your call.”

Trey headed for the bathroom to freshen up. “I’m with you,” he said with a note of finality.

“Good, these lovers need to get to bed. Best not to disturb them.”

At the resort, Trey and Cory located the room holding Grit and Merry Clark. There was a tearful reunion.

Cory picked up the house phone. The desk clerk reported Riker had just entered the Chickcharnie Bar so Cory and Merry went there promptly. There was no sign of either Kate Creed or Rob Roy which disturbed Cory but she had her mission in mind.

"I hesitate to ask," Cory began looking at Merry. "Hostages on the pirates bounding main have a certain allure if I get the story straight. What happened?"

"Your story is correct. We were sex toys for awhile. Part of the intense interest was Grit's willingness to go to the clinic with Trey. They knew, of course, that he would go, willing or not. There were preferences, however."

"And you? Rob Roy has a roving eye."

"Well, to make a long story short, he has a hard cock and Kate has a busy tongue. No complaint but the two of them together didn't add up to one kiss from you."

Cory looked around the bar. "Your flattery hits home because it tells me what you want. I'm here to deliver," she said. "Oh, there's Riker at the end of the bar putting the make on that barmaid."

The barmaid flashed a warm smile and set fresh cocktails on the dainty bar napkins.

"We need to talk," Cory said to Riker with an air of authority.

Riker frowned. "Don't get uppity with me, sweet puss of mine," he said showing a hint of anger in his voice. "Trey and Mister Grittari are stashed awaiting their destiny."

"That's what we wanted to discuss," Merry said showing unusual impudence.

"I've reasoned how you two vagabonds escaped while I was busy playing Napoleon with my Grand Armeé. I don't know if Levinson survived or not. There has been no report as yet. The *Shanghai Joe* is still afloat. The steering is being replaced so it will be a few days.

Anyhow, I own it now because Levinson's stupidity caused him to lose the fight."

"That might be open for debate in high circles," Cory said.

"Meaning what?" Riker asked sarcastically.

"The full story isn't in yet but, if I get all this correctly, Levinson ran short of cash and secured a loan from a financial syndicate. He put up the schooner as collateral. Sooner or later, someone is going to be nosing around looking for their boat payment. It's the real world, Riker. Give those guys a bad time and you will be knocking on the door to Davy Jones' Locker."

"You scare me," he said with disdain.

Merry grinned and reached for her drink on the bar. "It seems a good bet you will find Levinson thick with thieves in Hermes' domain."

"Cute," Riker said and looked away.

"How much will you give us for Trey and Grit? We can arrange it."

Riker's face changed to a shade of purple. He put his glass down on the bar so hard it smashed. "Not a brass farthing, you English sluts."

Cory turned to Merry and said in a stage whisper, "It appears Mister Riker is not interested in doing business. I guess we better tell the syndicate guys what has happened. It might give us an edge to inform them before the local gazette brings out an exploitation."

Riker accepted a fresh drink from the bar. "You're bluffing!"

"Don't you wish," Cory said with derision. "At the academy in the middle of the night, you'll often find a

hot poker game in progress. Not strip poker, either." She turned to speak to the barmaid who was listening to the sharp exchanges.

"It is more complicated than a poker game," the barmaid said. "There was a big discussion here before Mister Riker arrived. Kate and Rob Roy have gone to the airport to meet DeDe Devine. How about that?"

"Omigod!" Cory exclaimed. "Right! This is getting complicated."

Merry squirmed. "State your case, Cory. If you don't; there won't be one."

Cory brightened. She patted Merry's thigh. "My partner is right," she said with a severe stare at Riker.

Riker tapped his empty glass. "Double Scotch, up," he said. "I can handle my own affairs," he stated with narcissistic importance.

Cory inhaled a deep breath. "Listen up, then," she said. "We are proposing a team detailed to provide youngsters like Trey and Grit to the Clinic. It has to be all peaceful, no violence. When people start dying in a hail of machine gun fire is when the authorities get really nervous." She wavered to collect her thoughts. "Will you be operating from the *Shanghai Joe*? Is it to be a brothel but just 'under new management'? How are you going to handle Levinson's loan payments? If you tell the syndicate you will be responsible for old debts, they will get really nervous. You don't carry Levinson's credential with you. Your reputation is as a ruthless pirate, not a head warlock running a haunted brothel."

Riker was trembling as the salient factors surrounded him. "If I provide the *Shanghai Joe* to you for transport, charter or whatever, will you allow my traf-

ficking to continue without interruption? Think carefully before you answer.”

At that juncture there was a commotion in the lobby as DeDe Devine, Kate Creed and Rob Roy arrived in the airport shuttle bus. In addition, three thugs dressed in black quickly took tactical positions around the lobby. The desk clerk blanched when she saw the bulges in their jackets. It was an invasion.

In an effort to maintain order, Rob Roy gathered all the principals around him. Cory grasped Merry’s arm and pulled her back. She had seen the ‘enforcers’ and recognized them from long experience. “Stay out of the line of fire,” she said. They both sank down with their backs resting against the wall.

Next, Kate Creed entered with Trey and Grit. The three of them stood awkwardly by the side of the registration desk. The two boys were terrified when they saw the ensemble and realized they were the barter of some impending sale.

DeDe Devine was dressed in a sharp business suit caught tight across her breasts and hips. She carried a brief case which Cory and Merry recognized from their previous meeting in Barbados.

“Is the conference room open?” Rob Roy said with a booming voice.

Kate Creed nodded ‘yes’ and pointed to the open double doors. DeDe signaled her three heavies. They promptly went into the conference room to check it out. They then took up positions, one at the entrance. Finally, the doors were closed and DeDe Devine spoke up.

“These three gentlemen accompanying me are not in my employ; they are here to protect the interest of the owners of the *Shanghai Joe*.”

“Just a minute, young lady,” Riker broke in to the surprise of all assembled. “That schooner is mine. My team fought for it and won. If you think I am going to give it up without a fight, you have another think coming.”

Cory’s stomach turned flip-flops. She recalled the captain of their cabin cruiser docked in North Africa. He cooperated with the pirates that had Loyce and Evie on board until the pirate jefe announced his intention to take over the craft. The bewildered captain stepped forward to state his case. In a nanosecond there was a neat bullet hole in his forehead. They had left him slumped on the dock. The same scenario was unfolded in front of her eyes but with Riker instead of that deceased captain so long ago.

She took a step forward and raised one hand as if to speak. The gesture would restore calm, she hoped but the blue pistol barrels glinting in the dim light convinced her to step back. She nodded and said evenly, “Mister Riker does not understand his position here. Someone explain—uh, Rob Roy?”

Rob Roy pointed at Riker. “Shut up or you’re dead. You own nothing. We are here to hammer out an agreement. If you want to keep your business, cooperate. You only get one warning.”

Riker lunged at Rob Roy and there was a sharp crack in the room. The whiff of cordite had a new reality. Riker was dead.”

Cory screamed and rushed to kneel next to the crumpled body. “You might have just killed the goose

and sits on the golden eggs. A disagreement or misunderstanding does not justify a homicide." She started to wail, her body shook with sobs.

"Oh, shit!" DeDe said with emphasis. "Cool it, Cory. They are just flexing their muscles. Riker is on his personal road to destiny as intended."

"Who else, then?" she railed at DeDe. "This is no way to organize a team and you know it."

There was a slight rumble of conversation among the horrified members who, in a flash of insight, realized their lives were in danger.

Finally, Rob Roy stood to speak. He looked at DeDe before beginning. "Please correct me if necessary," he said with a slight tremor in his voice. He glanced aside to see the three ruffians standing at the ready only awaiting a signal from DeDe. DeDe raised her arm and they relaxed.

"Go ahead; we need an open discussion," DeDe said.

"Our intent here is to hammer out some agreement regarding rules of conduct to perpetuate our operations toward a profit for all concerned. It would be best, if we are all in agreement, to just let the syndicate 'foreclose' on the loan outstanding on the schooner. Levinson and Riker were playing a dangerous game. They both lost; both were gangsters impressed with their own domain. History is full of the likes of them."

DeDe spoke up. "Hear, hear. Continue Rob Roy. With so much gunfire, dare I use the phrase 'skeleton crew' but it appears appropriate."

Cory retched and tried to maintain her reflexes. 'This is no time to lose it, Cory,' she remonstrated quietly.

“All right,” Rob Roy said with an air of importance. The resort: Kate Creed, general manager.” He chuckled before saying, “The fleet; Riker’s boat and the *Shanghai Joe* all operations go through my group. On board representatives, Cory on the schooner, Merry on the ‘Good Ship Riker’ he said with an amused lilt in his tone. Final decision on acceptance of clients for the Middlesex Clinic: DeDe Devine or assigns. Final decision on bodies for the traffic: to be named by the syndicate. Any discussion?”

A silence descended on them as if awaiting a distant messenger’s gong to disperse. Nobody moved. Riker’s limp body remained a constant reminder to anyone who might risk crossing the lines of authority.

Cory regained some composure. “How are the profits to be divided?”

Rob Roy laughed. “I was coming to that. After all expenses, money will be portioned. Since my team will be accountable, anyone here represented has the right to review the books. Any more questions?”

Merry found her voice. “How do we apply for time off, dismissal, vacations, whatever?”

Rob Roy gave her a paternal look. “Once we are satisfied every issue and event will run properly, time will be given.”

During all the proceedings, Trey and Grit were planted next to the exit, holding hands and trying to keep calm. Both boys were familiar with the workings of violent men having been part of the sweep from the Coventry Club in England.

Kate Creed was first to leave the room. She returned promptly with room assignments for everyone. She announced the new name for her part of the opera-

tion: "Lucayan Dot Com." There was a buzz of whispering and they filed out singly trying not to look anyone else in the eye. The three brutes attended to the body by hauling Riker out the side door.

Rob Roy caught up to Cory and Merry as they went across the lobby to the Chickcharnie Bar. "Come see me if you have any questions," he said. "It will take me a few days to get it functioning." He dropped his hand onto Cory's trim derriere. "We need to help each other to keep it going."

Cory took a quick look around the lobby. She felt embarrassed at Rob Roy's blatant fingering of her firm buns. Nobody seemed to notice. "Wait," she said to Rob Roy, "I see DeDe and the boys leaving. I want to say goodbye." She raced out the entrance just as they were getting into a taxi.

"Keep in touch," DeDe said. "I think it will work out in all our favors. If it doesn't, remember you always have a place at the clinic." She giggled. "You give good head for a guy/girl."

They all embraced and Cory stood on the curb waving until they were out of sight.

In the bar there was a black bow of ribbon stapled to the barstool that was Riker's favorite watering place. "How gross," Merry said.

"Look at it as the price of survival. One interesting question comes to mind. What will happen when, and if, captain Levinson rises from the depths to reclaim his rightful place at the helm? Tough, aye?" Cory said with a wink.

"Like everything else, we'll deal with that when the time comes."

The barmaid set the drinks for them. She took an intercom message and came back to chat. "You two girls are survivors, no question about it. I guess congratulations are in order. Cory; that was Kate Creed, our new leader-in-chief. She is in her suite waiting for you."

Cory stepped down off the barstool. "Guess I go butter up our leader," she said.

"Any last wishes before the firing squad?" Merry said in a dismal tone she tried to hide.

"I'll let you know."

She rapped gently on the door to Kate's suite. "Door is open," Kate called.

Kate was dressed in a full length red on black Japanese kimono. It was tucked firmly at the waist and fashioned to emphasize her breast line. She wore velvet 'flats' that matched a wide ribbon that held her hair back away from her face.

"Yes, ma'am," Cory said entering. "That is a stunning outfit. Such a change from our beloved desk clerk." She tried for a friendly tone but felt it did not come out right.

"Darling; this is to be the first of many of executive chats to come. Tonight, in addition to getting to know you better, I want your opinions on some issues."

Cory sat down and crossed her legs. She did not miss the admiring glance as Kate stared at the shapely thighs. "I am at your service," Cory said with a smile. "Is that what I'm supposed to say?"

Kate chuckled. "Honesty is the word of the day to stay alive around here. First, Loyce and Evie. Are they qualified to each serve as dining room attendants on both boats?"

Cory sighed. "In my opinion, they will do fine. Somebody will have to go over the details with them but the work is not complicated. It is a big change from their prior employ on the *Shanghai Joe*. They were, uh, concubines might be descriptive. We have been through some adventures together. Evie, the cute one is not only spoiled, she was tamed from a rodeo style bucking bronco by none other than Tori Jax."

Kate smiled. "I've heard the name. Does Evie want to return home?"

"She says not but would you allow it?"

"No, she remains here at least for what time it takes for us to get operational. Does she like girls?"

"She is in love with Loyce; it's been a battle for a century or longer," Cory answered conversationally. "Why, do you want her to get under that elegant robe with her tongue?"

Kate chuckled. "You are awful. No, I'm reserving that escapade for you. DeDe Devine gave me a verbal dossier on you; quite impressive."

"DeDe exaggerates, it's prejudicial."

Turning serious, Kate stared at Cory before going to the wet bar for drinks. "I know you can train either girl in the niceties of the dining salon. What about Merry? She is delightful, of course but we need an effective hand on board."

"Merry told me you demonstrated your busy tongue. She also felt exploited by Rob Roy's hard cock. As for the instruction, she is a very intelligent girl. We've worked the jobs so we know what is involved."

Kate sat next to Cory on the sofa. "Rob Roy likes pretty girls to give him head. As far as I know he hasn't moved beyond that with anyone around here."

"If you can't call it a perversion, call it a fetish. He hasn't approached me except for a friendly pat on my behind. He seems to be in complete control of our combined destiny here. That in itself is enough to turn me on. I get aroused when around authority."

Kate slid one hand onto Cory's thigh. "I think you said that to encourage me. I've admired you from early on. Oh, it isn't just your neo-girlish body; you have an ability to think and act with decision. Impressive. Drink up; I have lots more if you get thirsty."

Cory set the tall drink glass down on the side table and slid forward on the cushion. She rested her head on the curve of the sofa back. As she moved her hips to the edge, her skirt was pulled up until the black triangle winked in the somber light. "I'm glad you like me," she said finally.

"And I'm glad you are willing to take orders from me. As you now know, I am at the direction of Rob Roy which, in the chain of command, includes you. Do you have a comment on that?"

"No; I'm not the first girl to flatter the boss with my mouth. It is very likely I will not be the last. Rob Roy has several times indicated his interest in me."

"Which brings me to the next topic. You and the other three girls are all so lovely, enduring beauty it seems, we must be on guard to be certain our duties are properly attended."

Cory impulsively flicked the top button of her Lucayan Resort uniform blouse. The soft cleavage was

revealed. She almost laughed out loud when Kate's eyes fastened on the delicate breast line.

The first kiss of many to come enveloped them both.

The end