



*Reluctant Press presents:*

# The Tee Gee Girls



**Monica James**

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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 staterooms. 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 companion-way.

“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.

