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The Auction

By

Satyr
(address withheld)

The buyer is followed on his mission to acquire goods for his principal (MF, mF, bd)

[The author acknowledges the inspiration provided for this story by *Desert Captive* by Elliot Tokson (London: Magnum, (1980)].

As dictated by the island's size, it was a small air terminal: little more than a hut with a desk for the bored customs officer and equally bored policeman, who inspected passports. Once past those two guardians of society, the traveller was out into the bustle outside. But today, there was no bustle. In fact, virtually nothing stirred in the heat of the noon-day sun. That was one of the benefits of travelling using the corporate jet – one avoided the crush.

As I adjusted my sunglasses, I saw the driver of the only car in the taxi rank step from his vehicle. But this was no taxi, it was a large and, for the island, a very incongruous large black Mercedes. At my approach, he flipped the boot lid up. I'm sure he recognised me from my last visit but I produced my invitation anyway – a small, expensively printed piece of white pasteboard. It wasn't a very informative invitation, it bore just tomorrow's date below a representation of two crossed scimitars, blade uppermost, with a stylised palm tree above, the whole edged and printed in gold.

The driver nodded and I dropped my overnight bag into the boot. He slammed the lid and stepped past me to open the door, ushering me into the air-conditioned cool of the vehicle.

In silence, we drove from the airport and along the coast road towards the old town. But before reaching it, we turned off onto an old, but still maintained, road which wound up into the hills above the town. As we crested the hill, I looked down into the port. For such a small place, which usually serviced only the local dhow traffic, it was unusually busy with yachts today. There were three of the bigger 'rich men's playthings' that I could see. Gratifyingly, the *Calypso*, my employer's yacht, was one of them.

She was a big yacht, just over 150 feet, and built of steel to an older design. She looked sturdy and, I'm told, handled well. She was certainly luxuriously appointed and had a fantastic

communications suite. Her only drawback was the crew – a cast of cutthroats who, in previous times, would have been at home on a pirate ship. The captain, a villainous Greek called Spiros was no better. He, like the rest of his crew, had a thin veneer of civilisation (along – in his case - with a British Master Mariner’s certificate) but, in the waters in which they were sailing now and the duties on which they were engaged, they didn’t need scruples and they needed to be tough. They certainly were that, on a previous voyage, a crew of pirates in semi-rigid inflatables tried to board us. Those that weren’t killed in the attempt were deposited back into the sea and were left to swim home – a mere 20 miles of open sea – after Spiros had sunk their boats.

Tomorrow afternoon, we would start for home with a swift run across the Indian Ocean then around the Cape, heading for the Atlantic. I put the thoughts of the *Calypso* out of my mind, and concentrated on the passing scenery. As we moved uphill and away from the coast, any sign of cultivation had faded away and now all that passed by the windows was sun baked earth, with occasional thin, gnarled, trees. Soon, the road became rougher and the driver slowed, eventually turning off the metalled surface onto little more than a rutted track. The car bounced and swayed on its springs as we slowly approached a large walled compound.

As we approached the arched gateway, the judas swung open and a man in full Arab dress approached. He wore dark shades under his headdress and, over his shoulder, he carried an AK47. As he approached the passenger side of the car, the driver powered my window down. Like my driver before him, I’m sure that the guard recognised me but, to play the game, I produced my invitation and murmured my employer’s name. The sentry nodded and, at his gesture, the big arched double doors swung slowly open and my car drove slowly in to the courtyard.

As we passed the archway, I found us in a large open area, with a fountain playing quietly in the centre. Along each side was an open colonnade and, facing us, a blank wall with a long, low, platform running along it from the right hand colonnade. At the end of the platform was a stout post, about five feet high, and completely unadorned.

My car stopped at the left colonnade and, almost before we stopped, a houseboy was at the boot to carry my bag. An older man in an older, Turkish style of dress waited to greet me. He bowed deeply.

‘*Salaam aleekum*’ he intoned, ‘Welcome, *effendi*. I am to look after you during your stay. Please step this way’. With that, and without seeming to hear my equally traditional reply to the greeting, he turned and led me into the coolness of the building, the houseboy following close behind. At the end of the short passageway, we climbed a flight of steps and, a short way along a further corridor, my guide threw open the door to a large room.

Despite the apparent age and remoteness of the building, it was sumptuously furnished in a mix of Arabic and western style. To my left was a large bed and, to the right, a large desk with reading lamp and modern looking computer. A small but functional western-style bathroom opened off the room. My guide stood in silence while the houseboy deposited my bag on a stand by the door, and opened the shutters on the tall, arched windows, that looked out over the wall to the surrounding countryside. As soon as the houseboy left, my guide spoke again.

‘Effendi, you have been here before I know, and are aware of the traditions of the place. For your privacy, and that of your fellow guests, please keep to your rooms until you are escorted to the viewing, and then to the auction. You may use the telephone or the internet to communicate with your principal, if you so wish. Please use the telephone to call for *anything*,’ he emphasised the word, ‘that you desire.’ I knew exactly what he meant, of course. Our host kept a small stable of women for the use of his guests and, if your tastes ran in that direction, some boys also. He paused for a moment as if collecting his thoughts. ‘The viewing for tomorrow’s auction will be after *ad-Asr*, the afternoon prayer, and will last until *al-Maghrib*, the sunset prayer. There are ten lots for you to consider. I am sure you will find something to your principal’s tastes. I will come for you at 6pm.’ He bowed deeply and glided swiftly through the door.

Without a glance at the telephone and computer, I opened my bag and pulled out my own laptop computer and satellite telephone. Despite the Arab rules of hospitality, I wasn't about to trust them not to monitor my communications. There were two messages waiting for me on my e-mail, both cryptic. The first from Spiros confirming his arrival and that a car would call for me at the compound by midday the next day. The second was from my employer, referred to by everyone as the Principal, confirming his instructions for the auction. Now all I needed to do was pass the hours between now and 6pm. I lay on the bed and composed myself for sleep.

The old-Turk was as good as his word and, at a few minutes before six, he tapped at my door. Quickly and in silence, he led me back to the courtyard where, in the hours since my arrival, an awning had been stretched between the colonnades, carpets spread on the dusty earth, and divans set out, all facing the low platform. Between the divans stood tables with a selection of sweet meats, and behind stood smartly liveried houseboys with trays of coffee.

Most of the other buyers were there already. I wasn't surprised at the faces I saw: Jaipal Singh, his blindingly white turban contrasting with his deep black Nehru jacket, sat on the nearest divan, while on the adjacent two divans were two Arabs I'd seen at auctions in the area before. Sid Evans, a chirpy cockney dressed in a Prince of Wales check sat on the next divan. At the sight of me, he brightened. 'Wotcher cock!' he called, somewhat to the discomfort of the elderly Turk due to the breach of protocol. I inclined my head in acknowledgement and Sid lapsed happy and smiling back onto the divan.

The next divan was empty – mine, obviously – but the final divan had its surprise. An elegant woman sat upon it. She was blonde and, in a concession to the religious sensibilities of her hosts, she'd pulled a light scarf over her hair. She wore a plain white blouse and black slacks over high heels. Large dark glasses covered her eyes and – to the discomfort of her hosts – she smoked. From the smell of the tobacco, I guessed Russian cigarettes. Behind her stood a young man and a woman. This was almost unheard of at auctions where bidders attended unsupported. This woman must have some pull! The supporters both wore plain grey tailored suits, the woman's with a severely cut skirt. The male was tall, slim, and blonde. The woman was of medium height, slender and wore her short mousey blonde hair in a ponytail. They stood silently, as impassive and erect as guardsmen, behind their mistress.

I'd heard of her, of course. Most of us in the business had. She was Viktorya Eltsina. Nobody knew for sure where she'd come from or how, but it was said that she'd been trained as a Swallow by the KGB just before the fall of the Soviet regime. The story went on to say that the KGB had discovered that a Border Guard General, General Fedorov, had been making contact with the west. They had arranged for Viktorya to meet him with a view to seducing him and obtaining the evidence they needed for an arrest, show trial, and execution. It had backfired. The meeting had worked and nature took its course. The difficulty was, the morning after, the General's dacha maid had found him dead in bed, apparently of a heart attack. The KGB were disappointed on the one hand that they'd lost their quarry, but at least, the girl hadn't been seen so the trail didn't lead back to them. When Viktorya didn't report back, and when the General's safe at the dacha was opened, the KGB were less pleased. The gems, share certificates and over a million US dollars that the General was known to have kept in his safe as 'insurance' wasn't there. Nor, when the KGB started to examine the General's overseas bank accounts, was there anything left in them. It had all been transferred by someone, with the General's passwords, passbooks or authorities, just before questions were asked. Every time, the transaction was done by a young, blonde, female. It was said that Viktorya remained on a hitlist, despite the KGB having allegedly changed its ways as well as its name but, with the amount of money she now had, and the circles she moved in, that didn't seem to bother her.

As I settled onto my divan, an elderly man in full Arab robes mounted the stage. He walked slowly to the end and spoke, firstly in Arabic, then Turkish, then French. He surveyed his audience to ensure that each understood at least one of the languages. What none of my companions knew was that, in addition to French, I also understood Arabic and a little Turkish. Languages are a useful skill to have sometimes!

‘I am the Sheik Fouad,’ he said, ‘and I welcome you to my home. This is the viewing for tomorrows auction which is to start after the morning prayer. There are ten lots for you to view and consider. In accordance with the traditions and practices of our trade, you may examine them as you will.’ With that, he turned towards the colonnade. A woman in full purdah moved onto the stage escorted by a tall cadaverous man in traditional Turkish dress. This is a trade in which a lot of Turks, Arabs and Levantines are involved still. The woman stopped just short of the sheik and, at a word from him, extended her wrist from her robe. A bracelet around her wrist had a metal tag attached, and the sheik read what was written upon it. He gave the girl’s name first, then other information of greater interest. ‘Sixteen,’ he announced, ‘Brazilian. Not a virgin, but otherwise perfect.’ At that, the Turk stepped forwards and eased the enveloping robe from the girl. Below it, she was naked. She was magnificent, about five feet five inches tall, with a lithe body. Near perfect breasts sat high on her ribs, the brown nipples hardening before us. Her long black hair tumbled loose to her shoulders and her large brown eyes peeped demurely from behind the curtain of hair. The Turk took her wrist and turned her to face us so that we could admire her fully. He held her still a moment, then turned her slowly about to display her buttocks and back. She faced front again, her hands loose by her sides. She was shaved below, and her cunt gash stood out. The sheik stepped forwards ‘My friends, you may examine.’

We mounted the low platform via wooden steps that had been positioned at its front. The examination was an important part of the sale ritual, and no part of the girl was off-limits to us. That way, we had nobody to blame but ourselves if we spent our principal’s money on unsound goods. We clustered around her, touching her titties, flanks, and ass. One of the Arabs greased a finger and examined her ass for ... well, tightness and piles. From his reaction, an anal virgin I guessed, and no piles. Another man greased a finger and tested her front cleft for tightness. Under the colonnade, I could see a number of other women, all in full purdah and all escorted by Arabs or Turks, watching and waiting their turn on the stage. I stroked her titties: They were firm with no sign of sagging – unsurprising in a sixteen-year-old. Nor was there any indication of any enhancement to her bust. I raised her arms and examined the underarm area for scarring – none, likewise under her tits. Excellent, sixteen and all natural. I cleaned my hands on a hot towel offered by a houseboy before writing notes in a little notebook I had for the purpose.

As the men and Viktorya stepped back and returned to their divans, the sheik spoke quietly to the girl who gathered her robe and walked, still magnificently naked, back to the colonnade where she sat, crossed-legged and naked, on her robe.

The second woman stepped forward onto the podium. I could see that she was taller than the first. Again, the sheik read the girl’s details. Australian, eighteen-years-of-age. Not a virgin. I heard Sid guffaw and grinned in sympathy. As if an eighteen-year-old Australian girl would be! The robe fell away and her veil dropped. The girl was truly magnificent. About five feet seven inches in height, she was a natural redhead. I’d noticed it before, of course, that at these proceedings, the redheads and the real blondes were left unshaven; the rest were shaved as bare as a baby. She was fleshier than the Brazilian, with broader hips. She stood with her legs crossed before her, hiding her pussy but not the top of her luxuriant red bush. Unlike the girl before her, the Australian folded her arms about her ample breasts. The Turk stepped close, scowling, and the girl dropped her arms to her sides with obvious reluctance. At the Turks’ bidding, she stepped forward, away from her discarded robe and pirouetted slowly. Her skin was as pale as alabaster and she was deliciously heavy in the breast. ‘You may examine,’ said the sheik in Arabic, Turkish and French. We clustered around to begin the ritual of examination again.

The Australian girl was plainly unhappy at her predicament and tensed several times as she was handled. I didn't see what happened – I'd just checked her breasts (large and deliciously firm, with no sign of enhancement) and was writing in my notebook. Suddenly, the Australian swore. The sudden movement and thwack of a hand on flesh made me look up in time to see Viktorya reeling sideways. This was always a risk at these examinations, especially with the more spirited western women, and Australians are amongst the worst for it. Two Turks sprang forward, pinioning the woman and began to drag her towards the colonnade.

‘Стой!’ The word rang out sharply. There was something in the tone which made everyone freeze – even if they didn't understand the word. Viktorya rose slowly, her hand to her face where the reddening imprint of a palm stood out against her pale skin. ‘Stop,’ she repeated, this time in English. The Russian woman turned to the sheik, who had begun to move to assist his fallen guest, but had then frozen with the rest of us, rooted to the spot by the venom in her voice.

We all knew what was to happen now, of course. The girl would be taken and, in front of all of the other women, savagely beaten ‘*pour décourager les autres.*’ The beating wouldn't kill her but it would render her unsaleable, at least, to any of the sheik's usual clientèle, which would be much the same thing. The sheik would let her go to some local brothel where, being a westerner and a red-head, she could expect much custom over a short period of time, and would welcome an early death. Viktorya stepped close to the sheik. She spoke in French. ‘*Monsieur*, we both know the usual practice, but I ask you to permit me, as the insulted party, to deal with this girl.’

The sheik thought for a few moments. He was insulted by the Australian girl's action against his guest; he was insulted by Viktorya's request, and the blunt way it was put. But on the other hand, the Russian had a reputation for spending much and often. Above all, the sheik was a businessman. To keep her sweet ... He thought for a moment before signifying his assent with a bow. Viktorya turned to the Turks ‘Tie her to the post,’ she commanded, gesturing to the end of the podium.

With skill born of long practice, the two Turks dragged the struggling Australian to the post, and tied her hands behind it. A rope passed about her waist and cinched tight pulled her against it, her ample breasts squeezing against it. The usual practice was for the man wielding the cane to hold a copy of the Koran below his cane arm, to signify that he did Allah's work. It also made the caning lighter than it would otherwise be. Freed from the requirement to carry the holy book of Islam, Viktorya's first stroke was a heavy one; whistling through the air without warning and ending in a sharp crack against the girl's pale ass. Immediately, a thin red weal sprang up as the girl howled, her head thrown back, hair tumbling loose in a cascade down her back. Viktorya set to with a will, the cane whistling repeatedly as the girl writhed and howled beneath it, her ripe titties swaying and bouncing with each stroke.

Viktorya stopped as suddenly as she had started and turned to the sheik. Something in the way she looked kept the old man at bay. ‘We both know,’ she said, ‘that she is now nearly worthless to you.’ The sheik glanced at the girl's ruined ass and inclined his head in acknowledgement. ‘However, I will make an offer for her unless, of course, anyone else wishes to bid?’ Her gaze raked us, challenging us almost. Nobody moved. Apart from the sobbing of the girl, the courtyard was silent. Viktorya leant forward and spoke *sotto voce* to the sheik, who nodded. The Russian stepped back. ‘So,’ she said, ‘we are agreed.’ With that, she aimed another swipe at the girl, who howled anew. ‘I am going to make you suffer, bitch,’ snarled the Russian. ‘Humiliate me will you?’ She gestured angrily to her male consort, who leapt onto the stage. Viktorya grasped the girl by the hair and pulled her round so that she could see into the frightened girl's eyes. ‘You've sucked cock before, yes?’ she laughed suddenly. ‘Yes,’ she continued, ‘I see it from your eyes. You service my man with your mouth – now!’ With that, she gestured to her man, who smartly dropped his trousers. His cock was already erect, pressing almost back to his belly. It was then that I realised, this chap wasn't a man, but a youth – a well built and muscled youth it must be said – in his middle teens. Viktorya pushed the girl's mouth towards the youth's cock and aimed another cut at her reddened ass. The girl howled then, realising that her only hope of avoiding further damage was to do as she

was bidden; lowered her mouth the youth's dick, sucking him in deeply. Viktorya watched for a moment then glanced at her girl companion and jerked her head commandingly towards the guest quarters. The girl left swiftly, returning a few minutes later with a large, expensive, handbag. At her approach, Viktorya – without a hint of shame – stepped out of her trousers, standing just in her blouse and high-cut black panties.

Taking the bag from the girl, Viktorya produced a large black strap-on. Adjusting the harness about her waist swiftly, she idly rubbed the massive head over the Australian girl's pussy. If the girl was aware of what was happening behind her, she showed no signs, so intent on sucking the boy's cock was she. Suddenly, Viktorya thrust the dildo into the girl's cunt with such force that the redhead's knees almost buckled. The Russian woman began to pump her hips back and forth, reaching under the Australian's chest to grasp her swinging titties, squeezing them in time with her thrusts.

It was an obscene tableau, the young man, his trousers about his ankles, having his cock sucked. The young Australian woman performing fellatio while being fucked from behind with a huge strap-on. At the initial entry, the Australian beauty had looked behind to see what was happening. Her reward had been a hefty blow to the cheek from the youth and a particularly painful squeeze from Viktorya. Thereafter, she simply sucked cock and tried to keep her balance as her new owner pounded at her pussy.

I glanced idly to my right. Viktorya's girl stood quietly behind her mistress's divan, hands at her sides, watching the tableau. She showed no emotion. I noticed how well her jacket fitted, and how her bust rose and fell smoothly in time with her breathing.

The stage show ended as swiftly as it had started. Suddenly, the boy tensed. He grasped the Australian by the hair and pulled her mouth down further onto his cock. His buttocks clenched suddenly and he thrust his hips forward. The girl gagged, a splatter of creamy white cum forcing itself from the sides of her mouth. She choked again, this time, cum dripping from her nose. The boy shuffled back, his cock shrinking as his mistress gave a final hard thrust into the girl, before withdrawing slowly: the strap-on making an obscene slurping followed by a plop as if pulled from the girl's now distended cunthole. I glanced again at Viktorya's girl. Still no sign of emotion. As I looked back at the stage, I caught sight of Viktorya's secret smile as she saw where I was looking.

The tall Russian spoke quietly to her youth, who freed the Australian girl. She led off back towards the guest quarters, still part dressed and with the dildo swinging from her loins, the youth part dragging, part supporting the dazed but now docile girl behind her. I glanced around and it was only then that I realised that only the Sikh and the westerners remained, all others had left quietly. Thinking back, I had heard the Arabs and the women leave just as Viktorya had summoned her youth on stage.

I rose and followed the others back into the building. As I reached my landing, the old Turk appeared from behind a wall hanging. 'Effendi,' he said, 'my master bids me say that the viewing will resume after the evening prayer. I will come for you then. It will mean, most regrettably, a torchlight viewing. In the meantime, a meal will be served to you.' He bowed again, and withdrew behind the curtain. I realised suddenly that this afternoon's events had so upset the usual routine that the usual escorting arrangements had now failed.

I had just emerged from the shower when I heard the tap upon my door. It was the gentlest of taps, so faint and discreet that it would be easy to miss. 'Come,' I called, and was surprised to see Viktorya's girl appear around the door.

She had changed since I'd last seen her. Gone was the severe grey suit, now she wore a simple yellow silk wrap-around dress and high heels. Her hair was loose, falling to just above her shoulders and softly framing her face. It was plain that she wore nothing below the dress. My cock

twitched immediately to semi-hardness, starting to tent the towel I wore about my waist. She stopped before me, her eyes on my face and never once straying below.

'My mistress sent me,' she said. 'She desires you to make what use you will of me. She saw your desire for me and, as she has no use for me at present,' she paused for the briefest of moments, 'she has other things to entertain her – presents me to you.' With that, she tugged the bow of her belt and slipped out of the dress, casting it carelessly onto a nearby chair.

I almost whistled in appreciation. She was magnificent. Small, high set, coral tipped titties, a slender waist which broadened to generous hips. She had a deeply clefted navel and, unsurprisingly, her pussy was shaved, revealing a generous cunt gash. She stood proudly, displaying herself, before turning slowly and touching her toes, displaying her heart-shaped ass. She held the pose for a few moments, allowing me to see the pink of her pussy and the dark ring of her anus, before straightening and turning back to me. She stood quietly, arms relaxed at her side, waiting my command.

I crooked my finger. The naked girl stepped towards me, and knelt as I dropped the towel. Gently, she stroked my balls and the length of my shaft before opening her mouth and, her eyes locked on mine, sucked the head of my cock into her mouth. I felt her hands slide up the back of my thighs and cup my buttocks as she drew me in. She paused for a moment, her red lips forming an enlarged 'O' about the base of my tool, then slowly slowly she began to draw her head backwards. I could feel her wet tongue tracing an exquisite arabesque along my underside.

I could feel myself tensing. She was a good cocksucker. All of the girls who appeared on the slave-blocks were skilled in sexual arts: they were all taught by the older women of the harem while they were being prepared for their destiny. Most were very skilled cocksuckers – it was the one thing that they could be taught and practice that would not affect their later sale value. The girl sensed my tenseness and slid her hand around to the base of my shaft, squeezing it hard and pressing down gently upon it as she withdrew her mouth. My cock was massively engorged: the head a deep purple and glistening obscenely with her saliva. Gracefully, she stood; still grasping my cock. She paused for a moment before relinquishing her hold and stepping gracefully over to the bed and reclining upon it, her thighs widespread. She opened her outer lips with her fingers and I could see her cunt glistening.

I fell on her, dragging her arms above her head and pinning them to the cushion. My cockhead rubbed against her slimy wet gash as I desperately sought entry. Then I was in, my glans slipping into her wetness. I hilted with one great heave, forcing a gasp from the girl. With that, I began to fuck her: drawing back until my knob almost withdrew before pushing back hard until my balls slapped at her raised ass. I began to pump vigorously, drawing a gasp from the girl at each thrust. I could feel her drawing her knees back and apart to give me better access to her.

I pulled back and dropped my hands to her magnificent, firm titties, squeezing the flesh until her now thickened nipples stood out, before dropping my mouth to the teat and sucking it – and a generous amount of firm titflesh - into my mouth. I sucked hard, feeling the nipple harden further, revelling in the cool smoothness of her flesh.

The girl began to moan deep in her throat, before folding her long, shapely, legs over my back, pinning me in place in the saddle of her thighs. I could feel my desperation mounting – the events of the day: the handling of the two women, the thrashing of the Australian and the aftermath - contributing their part to my urgent need for sexual release. I could feel her wet cunt gripping my shaft. Suddenly, I was there at the point of no return. I felt the first hot flood of spunk spurt from my knob. I rammed back into her hard and spurted and spurted and spurted again, before collapsing heavily on top of her, panting.

We lay together for a while afterwards. I'd never got used to the apparent convention amongst those lucky enough to use some of these magnificent women of simply sending them on their way once coitus was over. As the sweat dried on our bodies, she told me that her name was Petra – she didn't say if that was her real name or the one given to her by her mistress. She was 22 and a New

Zealander by birth. I whistled quietly to myself. She must have been hard to train – like Australians, New Zealand women are tough and a law unto themselves. She broached her greatest fear too, that Viktorya – having acquired another antipodean girl, and one with her spirit unbroken – would tire of her and abandon her to the sheik for resale, or consignment to the local brothel. With Viktorya's reputation, I could well believe she'd do it too. At that point, I caught sight of the clock and, with an oath, swung my legs off the bed. Evening prayer should be finishing now, and the elderly Turk would be back soon to escort me to the continuation of the viewing.

As I dressed, the girl stood quietly, still naked, her arms at her sides, in the corner of the room; awaiting permission to dress. This was the usual practice, and I kept her standing to demonstrate who was in charge. As I knotted my tie, I nodded to her and gestured to her fallen dress. Gracefully, Petra stepped over to it and slipped it on. She was stood silently in the corner, clothed again, when the gentle tap came upon the door. Without further word, or acknowledgement, I left the room and followed the Turk.

The courtyard was now lit by flaming torches which threw a flickering yellow light over the platform. As I reached my divan, the last of the buyers to do so, the sheik stepped forward. I ignored Victorya's knowing look from my right, and concentrated on the shrouded figure who now joined the sheik.

The ritual we had followed earlier continued, with each girl disrobing before us, and being examined. They were all magnificent specimens, but the sheik kept the best to last. The tenth lot consisted of two shrouded figures. 'My friends,' intoned the sheik, 'Lot ten. Twin sisters. Swedish, aged fifteen. Both virgins.' Their veils dropped, as did some jaws. Both girls were breathtaking. They were blondes, and identical. Neither seemed bothered by their nudity before so many strangers, but smiled happily and pirouetted of their own accord to show themselves off. At the sheik's invitation, we clustered around them, squeezing, pinching and stroking. The girls seemed completely unperturbed by the proceedings, and raised their arms and spread their legs to assist our examination. As the last of us withdrew to write in our notebooks, the girls - with some reluctance - resumed their robes and retired under the supervision of one of the Turks.

'My friends,' said the sheik. 'That completes the viewing. The auction will commence tomorrow morning, after the morning prayer. May Allah be with you.' He bowed and swept from the stage, as our escorts led us away to our rooms.

The old-Turk left me at the door, bowing deeply. '*Effendi*,' he said, 'I will call upon you after the morning prayer. *Salaam aleekum*.'

I stepped into my room and turned on the light; then stopped suddenly. Viktorya's girl – Petra – knelt in the middle of the room. She was absolutely naked, and she knelt with her forehead pressed to the floor and arms outstretched – the position of a supplicant.

I closed the door, and stepped to the centre of the room. It was sleep I needed now, not more sex: no matter how good Petra was. My shoes scraped on the tiled floor, but the prostrate girl didn't move. She'd been well trained, it seemed.

'Well?' I asked quietly.

'My mistress has no further use for me. I am yours, if you want me.' Her voice tailed off.

I thought for a few moments. Why not? I had the boat – getting her away from here wasn't a problem ... I heard my voice saying, 'I accept.' I paused for a few moments as the girl rose gracefully to her feet and prepared to receive her first instructions from her new master. 'I won't be requiring your services tonight.'

The girl stood silently in the corner as I prepared for bed and, as I clicked the light off, I felt the bottom of the bed dip as she draped herself over the foot, the traditional sleeping place of these girls.

As the final cries of the muezzin faded away, and the chatter of the dispersing faithful rose in the early morning air, the old-Turk tapped on my door to lead me to the auction.

I had woken early and, having showered, had dressed ready for the day ahead. With no other clothing to wear, Petra had donned her severe grey suit again and had listened to my instructions carefully, nodding her understanding. Her face was totally impassive.

The Turk had walked swiftly and in silence. The courtyard was much as it had been the previous afternoon, save that the divans had been replaced by high-backed, leather wing chairs. Each had a side-table bearing a glass and a carafe of water, and a pile of large, rectangular, white cards and a pen. The end of the low platform was changed also – a lectern now stood there under a canopy. Behind it was a ruddy-faced man in a light grey suit. I recognized him, of course. I'm sure we all did. He was the usual auctioneer who we saw at these events. It was said that when he wasn't overseas auctioning women, he made a good living at county shows and cattle markets as an auctioneer.

As I settled into my place, the sheik swept onto the platform. 'My friends, we are ready,' he said. 'This part – as usual – will take place in English. The bidding currency will be the Euro. You may settle your account in cash, or by credit transfer. Successful bidders will be supplied with the necessary details at hammer-fall. I wish you every success.' As he swept from the platform, the bluff Yorkshire auctioneer stepped up to the microphone.

'Aye, ladies and gentlemen,' he said, 'the auction will run in the usual way. On the cards before you, please write your opening bid for any lot you wish to purchase. Your card will then be collected, and the high bid announced. You may then bid again; again in writing. I must ask for complete silence during this process. Once the second card has been collected, the high bid will be announced, and the high bidder and second highest will be asked to continue bidding verbally until one of the parties is unable or unwilling to continue. Shall we commence with lot one?'

It was a rhetoric question and immediately, the sixteen-year-old Brazilian appeared on stage. Her purdah dropped and she pirouetted, gloriously naked, before us.

'I shall start her at ...' he paused, 'shall we say €50,000?'

It was usual for everyone to bid in the first round. For those really interested, it would be a serious bid, but for everyone else ... The girl didn't really suit the Principal's tastes, so my bid was for the starting €50,000. I dropped my card onto the brass tray offered by the liveried houseboy. Quickly, the auctioneer inspected the cards. '€75,000,' he announced. 'The second round of bidding, please.'

This time I held off. The auctioneer had four cards to examine, before announcing Sid and one of the Arabs as the continuing bidders, with the verbal bidding opening at €102,000. Sid and the Arab set to with a will, and soon the bid passed €210,000 before flagging. Finally, the hammer fell at €235,000, and the girl was hustled into her robe. Now that she was owned, she was to be seen only by her new owner, and those who he chose to share her with.

The auctioneer cleared his throat. 'Lot two has been withdrawn,' he announced, 'as a result of a private sale. Lot three then.'

The auction continued. I got myself into a short, sharp, bidding war against the other Arab for a fourteen-year-old French girl, but pulled out once the bidding hit €350,000. Then into another battle against Jaipal Singh for a fifteen-year-old blonde American, with near perfect teeth and nicely rounded titties and ass. As the attendants hustled her into her robe, I basked in the glow of a job well done. The Principal would be pleased with her.

Finally, lot ten arrived, and the two Swedish girls pirouetted naked before us. This was going to be a battle royal! The auctioneer opened the bidding at €150,000. 'A perfectly matched pair,' he explained, 'and so deserving of a premium ...'

After two rounds, and with the high bid at €1,120,000 for the pair, only Viktorya and I were left.

'I am bid €1.2million for these two fine specimens. Do I hear €1.3million?'

'*Da!*' from my right.

'€1.3million then, the bid is with the lady. €1.4million, sir?'

I nodded decisively. '€1.4million,' I called.

The bid crept up swiftly. Finally: €2million.

'€2million,' called the auctioneer. 'The bid is against you madam. €2.1million, madam?'

Viktorya shook her head.

'At €2million then, the bid is with you sir: €2million going once, going twice ...' he paused. Sold then at €2million.' He nodded towards me and brought the gavel down. 'That then concludes the proceedings. It remains only for me, on behalf of the sheik, to wish you well on your journey home'. He nodded his farewell and left quickly.

The conventions of the place frowned upon socialising with the other buyers, so I nodded my farewells to Sid, to the Sikh, and to Viktorya, before returning swiftly to my quarters and waited. A note lay upon the desktop. It bore one word: 'Midday', and a long string of digits. I looked at the girl.

'The Turk brought it about ten minutes ago,' she offered quietly.

Swiftly, I logged-in to my secure email and sent a brief message to the *Calypso*. An equally terse acknowledgement pinged into my inbox a few moments later. Spiros, (or his radio officer), was on the ball. A second message went to the Principal's PA which was equally tersely acknowledged. I settled down to wait.

At 11:55, the elderly-Turk tapped on my door. He was accompanied by the houseboy, who made a beeline for my bag. If the presence of the girl came as a surprise to the Turk, he didn't let it show; and he conducted us quickly down to the courtyard.

The *Calypso's* minibus with blacked-out windows stood in the centre, facing the closed double-gates. Four of the *Calypso's* ratings stood by the van. They were all young men and dressed alike in khaki shirts and trousers. The other points of commonality were dark glasses; very short, cropped, hair, and an unloaded folding-butt Heckler & Koch MP5 sub-machine gun slung carelessly across the shoulder. These four, and two others, were notionally ratings on the *Calypso's* complement, but I'd noticed that they didn't stand watches or behave as the other ratings did. They kept themselves much to themselves, engaging in target practice or physical fitness while the yacht was underway. In harbour, they patrolled the upper decks and, when on missions such as this, provided the close escort for consignments *en route* back to the *Calypso*. I'd caught a couple of them without shirts on one day. As they'd hurriedly adjusted their dress, I'd espied a globe and anchor tattoo on one man's arm; and the Latin motto *Per Mare, Per Terram* on another. Clearly ex-Marines then, both Royal and US.

Standing quietly next to the close-protection team was a slightly build, elderly Chinese woman, clad in a traditional suit of cotton pajamas, and thin soled shoes. It was whispered that Madam Lee's father had been a policeman in the pre-war Shanghai Municipal Police, the same force that Fairbairn and Sykes, the two officers who developed the eponymous commando knife and innovative close quarters fighting techniques also served. His daughter joined the police in Hong Kong and, in the anti-corruption purge of the mid-1970s, she (unlike one expatriate chief superintendent) managed not only to escape the colony, but to keep her ill-gotten gains too. Now, this tough little lady acted as guardian and tutor to the new arrivals.

The houseboy was already placing my bag in the bus and I gestured to Petra to join it and nodded to the petty officer (NCO really, I suppose), in charge of the party.

He stiffened slightly, 'All OK,' he offered.

I nodded in reply and headed directly for the tent that had been erected by the gateway, Madame Lee and two of the ratings following me.

The tent was cool inside, and carefully furnished with rich silk hangings and cushions. At the rear of the tent, next to the wall, was a computer terminal with a young Arab in western dress seated behind it. By the door was a curtained area forming a private alcove. Moments after I entered, the tent flap raised again, and three shrouded figures were escorted into the alcove. There, shielded

from the view of the other men in the tent, each girl raised her veil to allow me to verify their identity. The Swedish twins, and the American girl. I nodded in satisfaction, and my two ratings moved to be able to see the shrouded figures and ensure that no substitutions took place.

I'd already emailed the Principal's PA with details of the amount which needed to be remitted to the numbered bank account in Lichtenstein which was identified only by the long string of digits which had appeared on the card in my room.

From an inside pocket, I produced my satellite telephone and accessed the text message facility. Moments later, a preprepared text was on its way, telling the Principal's PA to make the transfer.

One of the great advantages of having money, and Swiss and other such nations bank accounts, is that unlike the internet banking offered to the likes of you and me, the service offered to people such as the sheik and my principal was so much more reliable and swift. Principal's PA must have been sat with her finger hovering over the send button, for her texted reply came commendably quickly. I glanced at the Arab at the computer terminal, who refreshed his screen. His body language said all.

'Too soon?' I offered with a smile.

We waited quietly. The inside of the tent was deliciously cool, for the sheik had supplied a portable air-conditioning unit, which rumbled happily beside us. The Arab refreshed his screen again.

'Yes,' he said, signifying the funds transfer was complete.

The elderly-Turk bowed deeply and courteously as I ushered the black-shrouded girls into the bus.

'May *Allah* go with you, and may your principal enjoy your purchases. *Salaam aleekum.*'

With that, I made the traditional reply and boarded the bus. The petty officer gunned the engine and we drove through the now open gate. Almost before the rear of the bus was out of the courtyard, the petty officer barked 'Load,' and I heard the metallic scrape of magazines being fitted to the MP5s and the clicking of the weapon's bolts as the escort readied their weapons.

The petty officer drove fast, and well. As we approached the metalled road, one of the escort spoke into a hand-held radio. We joined a small stripped-down SUV with a two-man crew and a huge roll-bar. An extra metal bar ran from the front cattle-bars over the vehicle to the roll-bar. I knew what it was there for, of course. It was to prevent anyone disabling the crew of the escort vehicle by using a wire across the road. The extra metal bar would either sever the wire, or lead it up and over the vehicle. The bonnet of the vehicle sported a large, belt fed, machine gun, which the gunner swung gently left and right of the vehicle as it sped along. While on the premises, the Arab rules of hospitality were enforced. Once off the premises, anything could happen, and sometimes did.

As we reached the edge of the built-up area, the petty officer spoke.

'Sir, this will be a pontoon boarding from the beach. The captain couldn't get *Calypso* alongside. Please prepare to disembark as soon as we stop.'

'Very well. Petra, you will accompany me.'

Suddenly, we were at the beach. The petty officer brought the bus to a shuddering halt as the SUV moved on ahead. Petra and I tumbled from the bus and it accelerated away. Drawn up on the beach beside us, manned by two ratings, was *Calypso's* speedboat. We walked slowly towards it as I watched the bus drive straight onto a low, flat, lighter, which had been pre-positioned on the beach. The SUV sat menacingly beside it, covering our withdrawal. I heard a small winch motor start up, and the lighter was pulled off the beach by its kedge anchor. As soon as the anchor came in, the lighter began to motor swiftly towards the *Calypso*. I could see the yacht's crane already traversed to receive the bus, long webbing straps dangling.

By the time the speedboat deposited us on *Calypso's* boarding ladder, the minibus and its cargo had already been swung inboard and deposited in the hold. The three women would be extracted

from it there. Already, the lighter was on its way back to shore to collect the SUV, and the speedboat was hooking onto its davits.

'Very slick, captain,' I said at Spiros' approach. 'Please have a steward conduct this lady to the women's quarters and get underway as soon as possible.'

Spiros nodded curtly and turned away to issue instructions.

I wandered aft to watch the final preparations for sea. In the hold, a metal frame on which the SUV would be secured had been swung into place over the minibus. The lighter was already back alongside and soon both the SUV and it had been secured on board.

As soon as the chief officer, a swarthy and taciturn Maltese called Xavier reported ready for sea, Spiros took the *Calypso* out. He handled the big yacht with skill and panache, tearing out to sea like a destroyer. It was said that he'd previously been an officer in the Greek Navy until he was cashiered following a little indiscretion involving not only the admiral's wife, but his sixteen-year-old daughter too..

As we cleared the harbour mouth and set course to the south-west, I strode towards my stateroom. On missions such as this, and with no other guests on board, the Principal allowed me the use of the number two stateroom, a large and well appointed suite adjacent to his. The other perk he allowed on buying missions was waiting subserviently for me. I was allowed a choice from the Principal's stable of women. Not, admittedly, the newest acquisitions, but ones that had lost their lustre for him.

Despite having a free choice, I usually selected the same one each time. She was a lithe Frenchwoman in her late-thirties. Brunette with quite large titties for her still slender frame. She was one of the first women I'd bought for the Principal, and I remember the day well.

I'd found out from Johnnie Chan how he'd come by her. One of his men had seen her – aged sixteen – in a Paris nightclub. She'd slipped out of her parent's apartment for a night out with her boyfriend, but had had a row with him. As she'd stormed out of the club, two of Chan's talent scouts had bounced her and, with a quick prick of a needle, she was out of it.

They'd hustled her into a van and quickly away to a lock-up near Le Bourget, the smaller of Paris's airports, where they'd stripped her and strapped her to a stretcher complete with heavy bandages and a drip. Then, when all was ready, a quick trip to the airport in a fake ambulance and a rendezvous with a chartered ambulance aircraft.

The papers were all in order. An English girl, explained the attendant to the duty Gendarme, a road accident victim who the family wanted to be treated at home ...

The aircraft landed at a small English airport, and another private ambulance met it. Eventually, the still drugged girl was carried on board Chan's yacht, together with several other captives, for an ocean voyage. She, and the other girls who'd been trained in time, appeared at Chan's Gulf Coast Auction that year. It was held in a grand old mansion which fronted onto one of the Louisiana bayou's, where airboats stood ready to ferry away buyers and their purchases. She'd stood naked and shivering on the auction block while the buyers shouted and haggled around her. Bidding hadn't been particularly fierce for her – she was a gawky, skinny little thing, yet to fill out properly and shivering badly - and the hammer had fallen at 15,000 Deutsch Marks. I'd taken a chance on her though, and she'd developed wonderfully. That, and a little tutoring from Madam Lee, and the Principal had not been unhappy with my choice.

Now, when I was to go on a mission for the Principal, and I was offered my choice of his 'reserve stock,' it was Natalie that I selected each time.

She stood barefoot in the centre of the stateroom, waiting for me. She wore the Arabian Nights costume of gauzy, flowing, pantaloons, with a tightly fitted jacket over, which strained to contain her titties. Her long brunette hair was pulled back into a ponytail which flowed in a long, dark stream down her back.

Usually, after a buying trip, I needed sex badly by the time I got back on board with my purchases. This time though, after shooting my load into Petra's cunt the previous afternoon, my

need wasn't so urgent. It would be a shame to miss the opportunity, though. Natalie had become very enthusiastic about sex, as well as very skilled.

I dropped my jacket onto a nearby chair and, loosening my tie, gestured her closer. She knelt on the carpet at my feet and eased my zipper down, freeing my already tumescent cock. She blew along the length of my cock, which reared upwards almost against my belly. Without touching me at all, she opened her mouth wide and took my entire glans into her mouth. Her eyes fixed on mine, and her cheeks began to hollow as he applied gentle suction. I looked to my side at the full-length mirror which adorned the bulkhead, and saw the whole obscene tableau. The kneeling girl and my wet, glistening, cock vanishing into her mouth ...

She began to suck me in. I could feel the wetness along the length of my shaft, her tongue flicking the underside, her fingers gently toying with my hanging bollocks. Her mouth was clamped around the base of my cock now and as I looked down at her, our eyes met. I was rampant already, my *glans* a deep, wet, purple colour. As she released me, my knob bounced gently in the cool air of the cabin and I could see a droplet of pre-cum oozing from the slit.

I reached down, but Natalie was too quick. She'd been hoisted painfully to her feet by the ponytail too many times. She leapt to her feet and pirouetted just out of reach, her hands busy at the front fastening of her bodice. Suddenly, her titties sprang free: big, brown, soft orbs, capped by swollen dark brown nipples, each set on its own aureole. With a grunt I leapt towards her. She fled squealing towards the divan. By the time I got to her, she'd dropped the flimsy pantaloons to her knees, and lay knees splayed – her cunt showing a pink gash below her trimmed bush. I fell on her, hoisting her hips onto my knees, feeling her hand caressing my cock and presenting it to her wet gash.

I penetrated her almost to the hilt at the first thrust, forcing her back and down into the cushions. I pulled her hips back towards me, pulling her further onto my knob. I heard the pantaloons begin to tear as I pushed her legs further apart. Fully hilted now, I paused a moment, revelling in the tightness of her cunt. Her titties still wobbled deliciously and I began to fuck her, making her ample titties bounce. She cupped them in her hands, teasing the nipples until they stood out like thumbs. I began to pound hard at her wet cunt.

'*Viens m'enculer,*' she hissed, 'fuck me ... fuck my *con* ... ' Despite over twenty years in the Principal's collection, she hadn't lost her French accent, nor had quite got used to speaking English while fucking.

I could feel the tension rising in my bollocks, and gripped her shoulders to thrust deeper into her. The girl was panting now, and I could feel her trying to pull her legs back and wider for me, but the now torn pantaloons obstructed her. I thrust again and again, going deeper at each stroke.

'I'm going to shoot my load right up your cunt,' I ground out.

The girl bucked her hips in reply. '*Oui,*' she hissed. 'Fuck me, fuck me with your big cock ... oooooohhh ... aaaaaargh ... *oui, oui* ...'

Suddenly, I was there. I could hold my load no longer and shot jet after jet of hot sperm into her grasping, wet, cunt. I collapsed on top of her, chest heaving, my cock softening slowly before slipping out with a wet 'plop'.

I rested on top of her for a few moments, getting my breath back, then rose to my feet. 'That was good,' I offered. 'Go get cleaned up, then return here at ... ' I glanced at the clock, '7.30. You'll eat with me, and I may wish to fuck you again. I inclined my head towards the door in a gesture of dismissal.

Without a word, Natalie gathered the remnants of her pantaloons and, her bodice still open and tits wobbling free, shimmied towards the door and out of sight.

The strident buzz of the cabin intercom dragged me from sleep. I glanced at the bedside clock – 3am.

The evening meal – seven hours ago now – had been good, and Natalie had been good company now. She'd arrived in an elegant black dress which must have cost the Principal's clothing budget a pretty piece. Over dinner – goujons of sole and saddle of lamb - I'd told her of the auction and the fate of the Australian girl, as well as describing in graphic detail what I wanted to do with her after the meal. Afterwards, as I reclined in an easy chair on the after deck, smoking a Cuban cigar and drinking a single malt; Natalie, clad now only in her knickers, stockings and heels, had expertly sucked my cock. She had used every trick she knew to prolong the event, but eventually I'd shot my load into her mouth with an inarticulate cry. She'd opened wide then, showing me the creamy spunk in her mouth. Then she swallowed, taking a large sip of whisky as a chaser. We'd chatted for a while longer before I'd sent her off to her bed. And now this disturbance.

'Sir?' It was Spiros's voice. 'We've had a Flash precedence message from head office for you. It's for your eyes only.'

This must be serious. Head office only sent Flash messages to me in the cases of direst emergency. 'OK,' I replied, 'I'll deal with it immediately.'

'Sir ...' there was something in the captain's tone of voice that halted me. 'The radio officer has been monitoring Sky News sir. There's been an item about the Principal – he's not well ...' The captain's voice trailed off.

I broke the connection and moved swiftly to the computer terminal. The first message in my email account was, indeed, Flash and marked 'For Your Eyes Only.' I opened it:

Precedence: FLASH
From: CHIEF OF STAFF
To: BUYER

Subject: FOR YOUR EYES ONLY

Deeply regret to advise that PRINCIPAL collapsed this afternoon following special meeting. Despite best efforts of paramedics and first aid personnel, he was dead on arrival at hospital. Sealed instructions from PRINCIPAL have resulted in a lock-down of all special premises and personnel. However, express instructions are that no, repeat no, cull is to take place until further instructions. ADVOCATE will email further shortly.

CHIEF OF STAFF

This was indeed serious. A 'special meeting' meant that the Principal had been with one or more of the girls, while special premises was the harem, where the girls lived. The reference to 'cull' made my blood run cold though. Most of the girls who formed part of the Principal's collection had been taken at an early age, and their later conditioning meant that they couldn't really be freed. If there was no son, or the son wasn't interested in having a harem ... The usual practice was then, that when an owner died, the girls would die with him – a cull. It was quickly and ruthlessly carried out. The harem would be locked-down, the food drugged, then the sleeping girls would be killed by a single shot each. My email client pinged. I opened then ext message:

Precedence: FLASH
From: ADVOCATE
To: BUYER

Subject: FOR YOUR EYES ONLY

You will have heard of Principal's untimely death from the chief of staff. I extend my condolences. Principal left a will, which he executed only last week. You may know that he regularly updated his testamentary dispositions. In his will, he makes a number of bequests to those staff who have served him well. Chief of staff, Personal Assistant, Madame Lee, and I are all recipients of his generosity. Those bequests amount to about a quarter of his estimated estate.

You will know that Principal was unmarried and had no children. You may not know that he has, for some time, named you as his heir in his will. That remains the case with his most recent will, and this is the will that I will seek to have admitted to probate as soon as practical.

I am taking steps to inform chief of staff and other interested parties of your inheritance. Two pressing issues arise, firstly, your directions with regard to the special personnel, and secondly, your inheritance will not be universally accepted. I must advise that you return to head office by the swiftest possible means.

Advocate.

I rolled back in my chair in shock. I'd known that Principal hadn't any children, but that he'd named me as his heir ... The email pinged again.

Precedence: FLASH
From: PERSONNEL ASSISTANT
To: BUYER

Subject: FOR YOUR EYES ONLY

I'm so sorry about Principal. It was so sudden. He'd just met with Jasmine and Vicky and was about to go to a full board meeting when he collapsed. The first aiders were there quickly, and the paramedic only a few moments behind them. While we were waiting for the ambulance, he was trying to speak. The paramedic was trying to keep him quiet, but he insisted. He said to tell you that he thinks you'll do well. He went quiet after that, and I'm told he didn't speak again.

He made a small video a few weeks ago, and asked me to ensure that you got it in the event of his death. It's attached.

PA

With heavy heart, I clicked on the video file. It started with an out-of-focus shot of the carpet, before the camera swooped in a wild parabola up and across Principal's office and steadied on the ceiling. Then the camera panned slowly down, revealing the Principal, in his shirtsleeves, seated on a heavy dining chair. He was flanked by PA and Advocate, who sat – clearly unhappy at being on camera – easing his shirt collar. He was a tubby little man, balding with round glasses, who was noted for his poor taste in ties and his shirt collar always being a size too big. PA, on the other hand, looked like somebody's favourite granny. Calm and collected in a neat floral print dress, her grey hair pinned up in a tight bun. The autofocus whirred, and the scene settled into sharp focus. Principal laughed. 'Camera's aren't your strong point, are they?'

Chief of staff's reply came, I assume, from behind the camera. So, I thought, he kept this tight.

Principal cleared his throat and looked at the camera. 'My boy,' he started, 'by the time you view this, I shall be dead and, I assume, that either Advocate or Chief of Staff will have made my

testamentary dispositions clear to you. I never married, so I have nobody to leave all this to.' He gestured to his surroundings. 'Ever since you first came to my company all those years ago, as a management trainee, I've watched your progress – and have been impressed by it. You're smart, and loyal, and you've shown impeccable judgement in everything you've done. I can't think of anyone better to leave it all to. I'd like you to do a couple of things though. But first, as I assume that if you see this, you'll be on a trip for me, and I suspect will be on the *Calypso*. So I want you to go and fill a tumbler with a single-malt. Go on, go now. I'll give you a few moments.'

I stepped over to the side-board, and poured myself a generous measure of scotch. The Principal had judged it well, for as I settled back into my chair he continued.

'Firstly, no mourning. I'm absolutely adamant about that, no mourning. I've had a good run, and the doctor's warned me some time ago that my heart wasn't what it once was. So I've got no complaints, and I'd prefer you to consolidate your position without any ... distractions. Secondly, once you've dealt with the immediate issues, I'd like you to go below and – assuming you're on the way back with a decent cargo of goodies, then I'd like you to go and screw one – or more - on my behalf. Now, I'd like to drink two toasts.' He rose, and PA and the lawyer following suit. He raised his glass. 'To absent friends.' We drank. The spirit stung my throat. 'Secondly,' he continued, 'The Principal is dead, long live The Principal.' He raised his glass to the camera and drank. As he brought the glass down, the clip ended and the screen went black.

I sat for a few moments, collecting my racing thoughts. Then I pulled a chart towards me – on *Calypso* the senior passenger was always presented with a copy of the chart showing the yacht's current position at 7pm every evening. A few moments work on the internet suggested a plan.

When I arrived on the bridge, Spiros was unusually obsequious. Clearly, word was out. 'Captain,' I said, without preamble, 'How quickly can you get me to Mombasa?'

He must have expected the question, for his answer was swift. 'The after deck is large enough to take a light-helicopter,' he replied. 'We can be in position to RV with one at first light and it can fly you ashore. You should be in Mombasa for 7am.'

'Arrange it please, captain. I have a seat booked on the Paris flight leaving at 8. I need to get back to head office as quickly as I can. I'll get a connecting flight from Paris.'

Spiros nodded and picked up a telephone. It didn't ring for long, and he quickly broke into a torrent of Greek. He hung up.

'My brother-in-law is our agent in Mombasa,' he offered. 'He'll arrange the helicopter. I'll get *Calypso* to the rendezvous. You'll make the flight.'

I left the bridge, all arrangements made and wandered aft. I looked at my watch, 3.45am. Plenty of time. I entered the companionway, and made my way slowly down towards the women's quarters. Madame Lee met me at the entrance and bowed deeply, a signal flimsy crumpled in her fist. She looked as if she was about to speak but I shook my head. I stopped outside one of the cabin doors: which was it to be? Natalie? Petra? The little fifteen-year-old American, or one (or both) of the Swedes?

I pushed the door open, and stepped in to take my prize.

THE END

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The author does not condone child abuse or underage sex. This story is meant as an erotic fantasy not real life. Anyone acting out such scenarios in reality can look forward to many unproductive years getting it up the ass by a fellow convict in their local prison.

It's okay to READ stories about unprotected sex with others outside a monogamous relationship. But it isn't okay to HAVE unprotected sex with people other than a trusted partner. There are a number of very unpleasant diseases, some incurable, some fatal, some both incurable and fatal, which can be contracted that way. Genital herpes is still a fact of life! HIV/AIDS is still a real threat.

You only have one body per lifetime, so take good care of it!

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