**Adventures of a Part Time Sugar Baby**

by BareLin

**ADVENTURES OF A PART TIME SUGAR BABY PART ONE**

**The Job Interview by: CHESSMAN**

I answered the advertisement with a bit of hesitation in my mind. After all a Village Voice personals ad that reads: “Adventurous female redheads wanted for a six month employment contract. Applicants must be natural redheads and willing to prove that status at the time of their interview. Sugar babies welcome” Is a vague ad in the extreme, who knows what the author sought and what the heck is a sugar baby? The post office box to send resume and head shot was included in the ad and as I had not found work in my field since graduating my very expensive college, I responded.

Two days later an envelope came to my post box. It looked like the type of invitation a couple sends to invite you to a wedding or to some fancy party. “Mark J. Chessman cordially invites you to audition for employment at 0900 hrs 23 January. Waldorf Tower Suites number 1423. Lateness will disqualify the applicant immediately.”

A ninety-minute bus and subway ride brought me to the door of the suite at 0858. I knocked, admitted by a doorkeeper well trained in the arts of houseman/butler, who said,

“Mark is finishing his prior interview, miss, please have a seat. You will be called in a few moments.” The middle-aged man with military bearing left to attend to other business in the suite of rooms. I stood, bewildered, and waited as instructed.

The man who appeared was stunning to look at with gray hair the color of a thundercloud a double-breasted navy blue blazer gray slacks and black loafers. The off white Irish fisherman sweater under the jacket suited him far better than a collared shirt and necktie. His smile was brilliant. His blue eyes offset with the type of crow’s feet seen on people who stare into the sun for long years. He gestured to the next room and I led the way with him following and closing the door behind us.

“Tell me, miss, why is it you wish to work for me and why is it I should hire you?” The man asked.

“Sir, I graduated university in May. I have not found work of any type in my field or even sufficient to pay my bills. My roommates resorted to working at Club Zanzibar. I tried waitress there for a week, but the pinching and groping was more than I could take and I left. There are some things that are not worth the money no matter how well the job pays.” I told him.

“What did you wear when you worked at Club Zanzibar?” The man asked.

“The uniform was semi-sheer baby doll pajamas in wild animal patterns.” I replied.

His look suggested he wished more detail, “If a customer paid for a dance set, you went up on a small stage with a stripper pole and took off your top during the first song. Your panties came off during the second song and you danced the third song naked.”

“Being naked bothered you?” He asked with a tone I could not interpret.

“No, Sir. Only the groping and touching of the men trying to stuff dollar bills and fives and tens where money does not naturally belong bothered me.” I replied firmly.

“So, when I tell you to strip naked right here and right now, what will you do?” His smile was a tossup between cruel and amused.

“I will assume that this is part of the 'and be able to prove it' that was in the ad, Sir. Do you wish me naked now?” I replied.

“Yes, and then we shall discuss the actual employment opportunity,” he replied.

I removed my short winter jacket and placed it on a leather loveseat. My strawberry blond hair in the short pageboy cut looked natural enough, but I knew the man wanted proof that the carpet and drapes matched. I pulled off my cardigan. My freckled B cup breasts were bare beneath it, and unzipped the below the knee skirt letting it fall to the floor. Save for the calf high boots I wore I was now naked. My pubic hair is sparse enough I never bother to shave or shape it. It is also a lighter shade of red than my head of hair but it is natural.

“How tall are you?” The man asked. He then asked my weight and clothing sizes. I told him five feet nine inches, one hundred thirty-five pounds and a size ten depending on manufacturer and time of month. I tend to bloat a bit near my period.

“Do you tan or burn when in the sun?” I answered that with lightly tan but I need an SPF 45 or I'll blister.

“Put this on,” he demanded and handed me a small plastic bag. A great many strings and three green triangle patches proved a thong style swimsuit. When I had it on, he smiled and told me to turn in a circle. His smile grew larger. He told me to retie the bottom over my hipbones and tighten it so that the triangle formed a camel toe. The light material, a silk I thought, wedged into my lips and began to rub erotically in my clitoris every time I moved or posed for him.

“The Chief and I are leaving to winter on Gull Cay, a small island I own in the American Virgin Islands. We require a staff of six to maintain the house, prepare meals and act as crew aboard the sailboat we shall use to get to the island.

“One of the points on your resume was your sailing skills. It is not often that a university grants a partial athletic scholarship for nine meter sailing.

“The other thing that impressed the Chief and me was your degree is in culinary arts and resort management. In this economy, it must be difficult to find work in the hospitality field. I can understand your not being in a five star kitchen or on the front end at a resort hotel. Many women resort to exotic entertainment when they find the bills overdue; I do not hold that against you. Their loss is my gain, should you accept my employment offer.

“Your employment will begin the first of February. If you decide to accept, your pay begins today. While in my employ, the MOST you shall ever wear is what you are wearing now.

“I see the look on your face. Yes, that means when you leave you will wear the bikini. The clothing you wore here UPS will deliver to your apartment in a day or two. The Chief will drive you home; I would not make you freeze on a subway and a bus to get back home.

“Should you accept employment you must understand that your pay is at the end of your employment contract? Once you accept employment, you will not be fired. You must complete the employment period to be paid. Should you choose to terminate employment before the end of the contract you will receive nothing. You will pay your own way home from Gull Cay or whatever point geographically you chose to leave.

“For the six month period beginning February 1st and ending July 31st you shall receive two hundred fifty thousand dollars.” He finished talking and my head was awash with so many thoughts. He needed a woman who can sail, cook gourmet meals and look good doing it. I can sail, cook and he must think I look good. A quarter million dollars for six months in a bikini or less and doing what I loved to do anyway. This girl saw a no brainier looking straight at her. “I'd like the job, sir, if you are offering it to me.”

I signed a contract and we shook hands. I left the suite by a different entry. The man referred to as Chief escorted me to a Bentley, sat me in the rear seat and drove out of the garage.

“Mark Chessman is not an easy man for whom to work, miss, I was stationed with him in the Navy for five years. You are the fifteenth woman to interview. You are only the second the Mark has hired. He probably told you his policy that you would not be fired. He did not tell you that you are subject to discipline. His toleration for first time mistakes is low. Repeat an error and his frustration level borders on wrath.

“The six women who make this trip will find something to occupy their time twenty-four hours a day for six straight months. Every penny promised you, you shall earn and every bit of you will be useful at one time or another.

“One last thing, miss, for the duration of your employment you shall be referred to as TWO. If the reference is to your work HELM or CHEF might replace TWO. Your name and those of the other women hired are not important to the Mark.”

With that the Chief pulled the car to the curb in front of my apartment building. My purse, boots key fob and tiny bikini exited the car and headed to the lobby of my building. The thin covering over my breasts did little to nothing to hide my very erect nipples. Unsure if excitement, cold or fear had popped them out me brazened my way past the doorman and to the elevator. Only then did I feel the dampness between my legs. The small patch of fabric covering my mons was completely soaked through, touching myself to feel the dampness I orgasmic, with a visible shudder, while leaning against the car wall in the elevator. I came twice before I reached my floor.

I must have passed out upon the sofa and slept the rest of the day away dreaming of sails filled with warm tropical breezes and the clear blue of the island waters. When I woke my roommates were home, their reaction to my outfit and the stain on the bottom was direct and suggestive.

“Who was he?” Mary asked. “Does he have a brother?”

Sue wanted to know, “What the hell happened to your clothes, girlfriend? How did you go from fully dressed to a job interview in the city nearly naked to Teaneck, New Jersey, without being molested by every pervert on the D train or in the Port Authority bus station? Better yet, how come the cops didn't arrest you for wearing that outfit in public?”

“Okay, I got the job. It lasts six months. It starts when I signed my contract, but I don't actually go to work until February 1st. One of the work conditions is that this is all I wear, well this or nothing, between now and July 31. I need both of you to help me keep to the dress code, no matter what. This guy seems like the type who will make sure I follow all of his rules.” I gave as the encapsulated overview.

“”So, stand up and turn around,” Sue told me. I did and Mary whistled like a dockworker. Sue said, “You look tasty in that, girlfriend, I'd eat you like a gourmet cupcake as in don't wrap it up I'll eat it right here right now.”

“Well, I for one don't like the idea of our roommate walking around in soiled garments. I think she needs to take that off and wash it, right now,” Mary suggested, gesturing with her fingers.

I hated to agree with her. I had to though as my crotch was actually glued to the fabric of my bottom with the sticky secretions I emitted when I orgasmic. I began to walk to my room but was stopped by, “Where are you going? If your new boss told you it was the bikini or nothing, that means your robe, a towel wrap or any other covering is a no-no. So just peel that off and hand-wash it. When it dries we may let you put it back on.” Sue ordered.

Here began the tests. My roommates began playing with dominant roles while knowing that my new job depended upon my submitting to a dominant boss. Little did I realize how the testing they put me through over the next week would prepare me for the first part of my journey into my new life.

The remainder of the day I was nude. Mary and Sue went into my bedroom and cleared my closet and dresser, locking my clothes into suitcases. They called down to the front desk to have a houseman come to put some things into the basement storage locker. “Get the door,” Sue yelled to me, “After all it is your stuff that is going into storage.”

I opened the door and it was Frank, the middle-aged handyman superintendent for the building. “Oh, sorry, miss, I'll come back later,” he said in a flustered voice. He actually blush a deep red.

“No, that's okay Frank,” I said nervously, “I had to pack all my clothes for storage I've taken a new job out of state and my wardrobe was totally wrong for it and my travel outfit is wet, I just washed it, so just come in and take those suitcases to the basement please.”

Frank never let his eyes leave my body the entire time he was in the apartment. At the longest, it was three minutes, but it seemed like hours. I think he memorized the placement of every freckle on my body and knew how far my erect nipples stuck out from my breasts by the time he lugged the last bag into the corridor and placed it on the hand trolley.

I was exhausted and excited when he left. Mary began to applaud and Sue wolf whistled as they came from their rooms. “Great start, girlfriend. Damn you look horny as hell. Why don't you take care of that, or you'll mess up your one set of clothes again.” Sue demanded. Mary placed a large towel on one of the kitchen chairs and added, “Go to it we want to see you come and come hard.”

For the second time today, all it took was a few flicks of my index finger on my clitoris and I was spamming in orgasm. This time I had an audience. Sue knelt in front of me and began to lap up my juices. I offered no objection; though I did not consider myself bi or lesbian, I enjoyed the attention enough to have a second orgasm right on her tongue.

“Damn, girl, you are a tasty one,” Sue grinned. “Mary, next time you need to take a taste of that girl honey.”

We ordered Chinese for dinner. The girl who delivered our order was eighteen, a high school senior, and for some reason had piercings in her lip, tongue, and eyebrows, as well as from earlobe to top of both ears. Her shaggy pageboy haircut and ripped denim jacket and mini skirt completed the punk grunge image she tried to project. Of course, the girls had me answer the door still nude.

“Hi, Kim, come on in while I get you the money from my purse,” Mary called from the kitchen. The girl entered our flat and her eyes were glued to me even tighter than Frank's were earlier.

Sue giggled, “See anything you like, Kim?” Kim smiled and nodded, not leaving her eyes off me. I was getting wet from the looks she gave me and from thinking of what the girls had planned.

“She is yours if you want her, Kim. She loves to be eaten and if you need relief I'm sure she will repay the favor.” Sue had just pimp me out to an eighteen year old. I was embarrassed, I was excited and I was aroused.

The little Asian licked her lips and unbuttoned her denim jacket. A red bra was all she wore beneath it. The zipper of her short denim skirt was down and the skirt at her ankles seconds later. She stood in bra and matching red thong.

Unhooking her bra revealed pierced nipples. She stepped out of her thong and approached me wearing only her low cut Converse sneakers. Whether she shaved bare or had no pubic hair, her piercings in her labia and clitoris were obvious. My second encounter with a woman ended in a sixty-nine. Her tongue stud rubbed my nipples first and then as it dragged on my clitoris sent shivers through my body as I mimicked her actions on her body. Kim liked her piercings pulled. After several minutes working on her breasts, she yelped for me to move to her cunt and pull the rings hard with my teeth. When I did, she sprayed my face with her juices.

When we both recovered, she cooed in my ear, “Since I am all over you, your dinner is on me.” She then thanked Sue and Mary for the very special treat and dressed quickly. Mary insisted on paying her. She grinned and thanked Mary while refusing a tip. Licking her lips, she told me, “Any time baby doll, and any time, just calls me.”

Eating moo goo gai pan with the subtle taste of girl come in my mouth was a new experience. After we cleared up, I went to bed. I was exhausted. Little did I know what the girls had planned for the next week?

The call came in the afternoon of January 31 that I my picked up by the Chief was at a specific time the next morning. In a way, this was a relief, in the week leading up to my leaving them Mary and Sue had me run to the lobby nude for the mail and package delivery and up and down to the laundry room dressed the same way.

Mrs. Willkie the seventy-something who lived alone on the fourth floor, met me on the elevator on the morning of the 25th. She asked, “Young woman, do you realize you are nude?” She smiled when she said it and winked conspiratorially. She then said, “When I was in college in the 60s we streaked all the time around campus and town. Keep it up, dear, you bring back nice memories.” Whoa, the thought of my grandmother running around naked suddenly planted itself in my brain. Mrs. Willkie and she were of a similar age group. Yipes, they were young and foolish once. Was I foolish to do this? Was the money worth it?

That afternoon the package from the Mark arrived. My clothes worn to the interview were in it, as were fifteen more of the silken green bikini sets. The Mark had a note inside, “My sources tell me you are following our dress code. You may wish to go to O'Malley's in Hackensack and buy three pair of Sperry Topsiders and two pair of canvas deck shoes. Pack everything but what you wear to the airport in the flight bag in this package and be ready for the Chief when he picks you up.” Sure, enough, beneath my clothes was a soft leather flight bag with the number '2' embossed in the leather.

We three roommates went shoe shopping the next day, I was allowed to wear one of the bikini sets and we went at a time when kids were in school to avoid angry moms calling the cops. Though it was off-season, O'Malley had the Topsiders and deck shoes in stock. We were in and out of the store in less than twenty minutes. Jock O'Malley made me walks up and down the store in each pair of shoes, 'to assure they fit correctly'. I knew he just wanted to see my ass wiggle past him as many times as he could. I imagined Gwen O'Malley, his wife of thirty years, getting the benefit of the monster erection visible in his trousers, when he closed the shop for lunch.

The morning of January 31 dawned, or pre-dawned and I said good-bye to my roommates and waited for the Chief. He right on time; the next phase of my life had begun.

**ADVENTURES OF A PART TIME SUGAR BABY PART 2**

**THE BLACK SHAMROCK by: CHESSMAN**

The 1st of February started without the sun. A gray overcast day promising rain. The day found me in hanger 27 of the Teterboro airport. The Chief arrived at the door of my apartment in Teaneck at, as he called it ‘zero dark thirty’. It was a short drive to the airport where I waited, shivering in my green thong and boat shoes.

“TWO, so good of you to be prompt and properly attired,” The Commander said from the hatch behind the cockpit of the Gulfstream. “It seems some of the others forgot the terms of employment began upon signing their contracts.

“Did you get the packages?” He asked.

“Yes, Sir, thank you. I was concerned that having only this one suit, it would wear out before the end of my contract.” I replied.

He laughed, as the folding stairs to the aircraft came down, “TWO, if I desire you naked for six months I merely have to tell you to strip. Now, welcome aboard and find a seat in the cabin. We have a two hour flight to Port Canaveral to meet the boat.”

I was the last girl to arrive. My guess was I lived the closest to the airfield and those that lived a distance were picked up before me. The Chief smiled and placed a velvet choker around my neck. A silver numeral ‘2’ dangled from the green velvet. The Chief gestured to the large leather club seats; the eight of them arranged four to a side with what looked like a boardroom table between them, and told me to take an empty one and belt in for lift off.

Four nude girls with various shades of red hair sat in the seats on the far side of the table. A large pile of cast off clothing and shoes bore evidence of their error in judgment. One girl was wearing a yellow bikini the same style as mine. She wore the number ‘4’ on her yellow choker and sat in the chair closest to the tail of the aircraft. I took the second chair in leaving the first seat for the Chief and one seat between Four and me.

No conversation and little eye contact came from the opposite side of the airplane. In my mind the nude women had instructions not to speak, possibly part of the ‘you will not be fired, but you will be disciplined’ clause. I looked to ‘4’ and opened my mouth to speak. She quickly drew the fingers of her right hand across her throat and shook her head. I took the hint and remained silent.

The aircraft taxied to the runway and we became airborne moments later. When we reached cruising altitude the intercom came on, “TWO and FOUR please come up to the cockpit”

We two unbuckled our belts and knocked on the cockpit door. The Chief opened it from the inside and admitted us. He exited to the main cabin. The Commander flipped a switch reset a dial and took his hand off the yolk of the steering wheel. “We are on autopilot for the next hour and fifteen minutes. I wanted to speak to you both in private.

“As you both saw, our happy crew did not all step off on the correct foot. TWO, you were not here for the initial discipline. I regret that. Yet you were on time and in proper uniform. I have no complaint regarding you. FOUR, you were the third to arrive. Two women were already stripped. You were in your bikini and heels. While I agree the Nine West spikes make your legs look great, they are not the shoe of choice for a sailboat. For the footwear failure, you were silenced. You watched as the next two women arrived. One came in a three-piece business suit and the other in wool slacks and a parka. You saw each one stripped, silenced and awaiting punishment.

“Early failures will carry lesser penalties. As we get to know each other and work together, the punishments for gross errors will increase. Today, the Chief is informing you four compatriots their punishment is humiliation. You two and the Chief are to watch as the four others masturbate themselves to orgasm. The Chief will check each to assure none fakes the climax. You are to paddle the last woman to come with a ping-pong paddle. Each of you has twenty swats. If her ass is not bright red when you finish, the Chief has orders to redden yours. That is all girls; you have your orders, go carry them out.” He dismissed us, and then added, “Would one of you bring me a cup of coffee, I take it black no sugar, please?”

I brought the Commander the lidded mug I found in the galley of the aircraft. It bore the silver oak leaf of a USN naval commander. He smiled when he saw the mug, said, “Good Girl “2”, and waived me away.

I returned to my seat. The Chief flipped a switch and the table disappeared into the floor. The four other women were now totally exposed to us three witnesses. “You may begin now,” the Chief instructed.

I have my own technique I use to pleasure myself. Sometimes I am so excited, like the day I interviewed for this job, that a flick or two on my clitoris brings me off to mind shattering conclusion. My normal is a hot bubble bath and my cordless toothbrush. A low setting on my nipples, using the bristles, until they cannot take further stimulation and then the back, not the bristles, on the high setting directly on my nub. I am usually so weak I have difficulty drying off and making it to my bedroom.

The four women across from me were way out of their private pleasure zone. All were desperately using techniques from pinching their nipples to using fingers in the vagina trying for a quick but real come. Oddly, the more frantic they became, the wetter I became. I needed to bring myself off but I knew if I did, the Commander had not given me permission. I read enough master/slave dominant/submissive stories on the internet to realize the type of employment relationship of which I was now a part. The preparation of the previous week with my roommates around the apartment building had also helped my adjustment.

The girl on the far right of me, a slightly plump and shorter version of the red headed league, seemed to be making the most progress toward climax. Her right hand busily fingered her clit and her left pumped fingers in and out of her vagina. She rolled her eyes back and let out with a screeching noise from her mouth followed by loud farts from both her sex and her butt.

The Chief checked her by inserting a finger in her vagina and confirmed the contest had a winner. The remaining three redoubled their efforts to finish themselves. The medium red C cup tall and skinny as a fashion model and the thirty-something housewife Mrs. Average appeared neck and neck to reach their climax. The last girl, no more than nineteen and a small A cup athletic type actually looked bewildered, as if playing with herself was not part of her experience in life. Perhaps it was not, but I pegged her for the one FOUR and I would be paddling in a few minutes.

The Hausdorff took the silver medal. She came with both a gasp and a squirt of fluid from her vagina that left no doubt of the legitimacy of her orgasm. That left the model and the athlete hoping for the bronze. The younger girl savagely pinched her nipples and the sweat on her body glowed in the filtered light of the airplane cabin. Continuing to pinch her left nipple, the athletic teen used her right thumb and forefinger to twist her distended clit. Pain was her trigger and when she pulled on the hood of her clitoris, she came savagely.

No matter the model finished seconds later, the fact was she had lost. She was placed bent over the back of her chair, her face down toward the seat. She had tears in her eyes before FOUR and I began. Each of us had a paddle. We worked it out, me speaking Four nodding, she was still silenced, that my first ten strokes would be on the model’s right butt cheek and FOUR would paddle the left. We would switch sides at stroke eleven.

The Chief told the model she was now allowed to speak, but only to count the strokes of her discipline and thank FOUR and I for our efforts.

Being right handed and taking the right side to start I chose to use a backhand swing. A screech and “One, thank you Miss” followed my WHAP. To the model’s credit, she did not lose count in the first twenty strokes. FOUR and I changed sides giving the hot red butt of our target a few moments to cool down. I began again on the left cheek using my forehand. The model sobbed out the last ten stroke counts and wet herself on number thirty-eight. Her pee running down the inside of her legs completed her humiliation.

“Discipline is complete. Silence is lifted. No names you shall all use your numbers, The Chief shall see you collared and dressed. We shall be landing in fifteen minutes. Be prepared to deplane when the aircraft stops at its hangar.” The Commander called in over the intercom.

The short plump redhead who came first was “3” her bikini was blue as was her velvet choker. The Hausdorff was “1” her suit and collar were white; the model was “5” and was dressed in orange that almost matched her hair. The athlete who came in pain was “6” and wore black.

As the plane circled for landing, we all briefed our group as to the talent or talents that brought us together. “1” told the group she was a certified meteorologist and a former navigator in the USAF. I explained my sailing and culinary background. “3” related she earned a maritime engines mechanic rating and would take over the sailboat’s auxiliary engines and generators. “4” held a merchant marine ticket as a deckhand. In past summers, she had worked on charter sailboats. “5” with the bruised and battered ass and the look of a fashion model was an accountant hired to handle the finances of the expedition. “6” smiled and told us, “I am Chief’s daughter. He told me this summer was my entrance to adulthood. I screwed up in high school and did not get into college. It was this or I had to enlist in the Navy. Now I wish I had taken the other option.” I shuddered. It was bad enough to perform for perfect strangers. She had to masturbate herself to orgasm in front of her father. She was the crews’ backup. By the end of the six months, she was to be a competent sailor and able to make her way on any charter boat in the Caribbean.

We landed and a Town and Country van met us at the hangar. The driver saluted the Commander informally and when a Chevy Aveo pulled up, hopped into it and left. The Town and Country sat eight and with only flight bags in the rear area was plenty large enough for us. We seated by our numbers “5” and “6” sat in the rear seat and “3” and “4” sat in the front facing middle. “1” and I found ourselves seated in the rear facing captain’s chairs across from “4” and “3”. The Chief drove and the Commander sat in the front passenger seat. The airport was a thirty-minute drive from the marina in Port Canaveral where our sailboat docked.

She is magnificent. Twenty-seven meters from bowsprit to stern rail nine meters wide at the deck sloop rigged with at least a thirty-meter mast. The Bermuda rigging looked like it was supporting an old-fashioned radio transmission tower. Guy lines trailed down to cleats at the bow ans stern as well as port and starboard. The spaced winching boxes for raising and lowering sail without climbing the rigging. Her bright work shined in the daylight. Her hull is painted Navy regulation haze gray and carved into her stern board is her name BLACK SHAMROCK.

We unloaded the van and waited for either the Commander or Chief to lead us aboard the boat. The Aveo pulled up and the driver who left it at the airport got our saluted the Commander again and he grinned and tossed her the van keys. We trooped up the gangplank then down a ship’s ladder two decks and the Chief showed us our quarters. Three cabins with bunk beds a writing desk and a monitor. Each cabin was en suite with a head. It held a toilet a sink, a shower, and a long list of rules concerning fresh water, gray water and black water.

Once I was settled, and how long can it take to dump bikinis into a drawer and shut it, the Chief showed me the port side galley. I asked about storage for food as what I saw did not seem ample. On the lowest deck below fore of the engine room, was a food locker with a chest freezer and large refrigerator, the Chief told me. The galley and dining area were on the main deck. The small fridge in the galley held enough for the next meal or party. A wine chiller stood beside the fridge. A microwave oven, a convection oven and a four-burner stove with a double oven run on propane were my main appliances. Copper pots and pans hung from hooks attached to a lazy Susan type wheel in the overhead. A double sink with the same list of rules concerning fresh, gray and black water finished my kitchen area. The galley gleamed of stainless steel. The main cabin is richly appointed in cherry wood. All seating surfaces are leather or its imitation, Naugahyde, giving the main cabin the look of a very exclusive club.

I glanced over to “1” who with the Commander was reviewing the navigation and communications gear on the starboard side of the main cabin. “3” was already in the lower deck engine room running tests on the bilge pumps, and flushing the twin diesel Cummins engines. When we cast lines we would be under power until the boat cleared the harbor and breakwater. About a mile out to sea, we would set sail and take the boat off power. An auxiliary engine would charge the back up batteries and keep power to the electronics while under sail.

“4” was on deck checking the winch boxes and canvas and lines making ready to hoist sail. “6” followed her, learning the drill for raising sail. The only girl not seen was “5” util she climbed the ladder from the cabin deck and poked her head up saying, “Commander, the uplink to the satellite dish is ready when you need to look at Hong Kong and Tokyo, Sir.”

Her schedule would be openings and closings of markets around the world and day trading for the Commander until Black Shamrock berthed on Gull Cay. “We leave with the rising tide, “5”, you will handle Hong Kong for the next two hours. HELM and I will be topside at the wheel if you need me.”

“Yes, Sir, I’ll take care of your list and thank you for the cushion, sir.” “5” disappeared down the hatch to her quarters.

“HELM, is the stock of deli meat and salads in the galley fridge?” The Commander wanted me to double check.

“Yes, Sir,” I replied.

“Good, you will be needed above along with DECKS and the SWAB; we will eat sandwiches and salads later. Perhaps tomorrow you will prepare that rack of ribs for midday meal.” I made a note of the rib order and then asked, “Dry rub or Carolina BBQ style, Commander?”

He laughed. “I prefer dry mustard, sea salt and onion. If you can add a dip of Carolina BBQ sauce and not smother the meat in it, wonderful.”

“No problem, Sir, four hours in a slow oven should do the trick. Would you like a fresh salad on the side, for completion?” I asked.

“Sounds fine, and biscuits, I am very fond of biscuits.” He added.

We went up the ladder to the cockpit and the Commander slipped the loop of rope off the main wheel. He rocked it back and forth lightly to test the rudder. Then he let me do the same. The play seemed perfect. He yelled, “DECKS cast off,” and watched as “6” raced dockside and unhitched the lines from each cleat while “4” hauled the lines in and French coiled them on deck. “6” almost missed the rail as she hopped from the dock slip onto the bow. I said nothing, the kid had mixed up the weigh order and started from the stern instead of the bow, and “4” said nothing as well. The Commander frowned.

I fought the wheel for a moment until the engine caught and the propeller gave purchase to the rudder. After that, steering the big boat out of the harbor was a matter of watching for smaller craft in the channel.

The sails went up flawlessly and the main caught the breeze immediately. As we skipped along the Commander called “6” to his side, and asked her, “Young lady why did you undo the lines in the order you did when you cast off?”

“Sir, “4” told me to start at one end and release the lines in order. I was two cleats along before she could tell me I started on the wrong end. I got my bow and stern mixed up, Sir.” The girl replied.

“Tend your lines and sheets,” he ordered her. He called down to the Chief and they talked for a few minutes their voices lost to the wind and the sounds of the rigging.

Chief relieved me at the wheel two hours later. I went below to pee. I also wanted to grab a quick bite to eat and found all the girls, but “6” at the table. The commander told me to sit.

“I want to tell you that we had a slight mishap as we cast off earlier. The line sequence was incorrect and young “6” almost went over the side. “6” is in training. She knows little to nothing about sailing a boat this size or any other important life skill. “6” will be punished for the mistakes she makes. YES. Her handler, the girl she assigned to her at the time she makes a mistake, will also be punished. I spoke with Chief earlier. “6” might have lost her life or have been seriously injured. “4” expect punishment this evening. Everyone please now return back to their duties.” He rose and we were dismissed.

I did hit the head before going topside and I grabbed a cold bottle of water from the wine chest. I saw “6” stripped and tied spread eagle to the guy lines on the starboard side facing out to sea. Only one man aboard could do that we all were below deck. Chief shot me a look that said, “Not a word.”

Four hours nude in the tropical sun will leave a girl dehydrated, sunburned and aching from being tied by her wrists and ankles to the lines. “6” came off her punishment and went below.

“4” was lashed to the boom hanging on tip toe, nude, a length of line wetted in sea water was used by Chief and the Commander to flog her naked body. Twenty hard lashes with the response, “one, thank you Sir, I will better instruct those assigned to me.”

Both “4” and “6” were denied clothing for the next day. Both slathered themselves in aloe and sun -screen. Midday we entered a squall line, dropped sail, and started the engines. This good timing by Mother Nature allowed the pair to heal their skin over the next thirty-six hours.

“1” and the Chief and I took turns above at the wheel in the rain. The seas were running high and it was difficult to prevent drift and stay on course. The Commander took the final weather watch before we broke out of the squall. Black Shamrock was three degrees east south east off course. I believe he knew we could not hold course and took the final watch for that reason. He simply told all of us, “My watch, my bad, HELM will get us back on course. Get the sails raised and NAV I need a fuel burn and time delay report from you forthwith.”

I then thought of the ribs I promised the Commander, “Sir, shall I stay above or prepare the food?”

“Food can wait to another meal, HELM, you are primary driver of this boat. Make sure we get where we are going, thank you.” He told me. Four minutes later “6” was at my side with a ham and cheese sandwich and a covered mug of fresh coffee.

“One of the things I can do right is making a pot of coffee,” the girl said. The sandwich, also well made, with just enough mayo and mustard on the rye bread and lettuce and tomato was delicious.

“We are down thirty gallons of fuel and we have lost an hour and a half travel time,” The Commander reported when he came up through the cockpit hatch.

“I vectored the course correction and the winds are about twenty knots, Sir, we should make that time up and be back on course by sunset,” I reported. “Sir, if you don’t mind me saying,” I paused and not getting a negative then continued, “SWAB is very good in the kitchen for light meals. If she cleans as well as she makes coffee and sandwiches, perhaps she could handle lunches at sea while I tend the wheel.”

He smiled. “The challenge will be the cleaning and if she can master what waste water drains where. I agree her sandwiches today were very good. She also made an avocado and peach salad with a vinaigrette that was restaurant quality. Why Chief insisted she go to a school with ROTC instead of Cornell where she wanted to go I can’t fathom. She isn’t a sailor, yet, I think Chief hopes this summer will change her. I do not see her as officer material for the Navy but Chief does. I would not have eagled her and my vote for discipline was five lashes. I don’t know what he hopes to accomplish except to break her will. Her mother and twin brother died in an accident while Chief was at sea when she was twelve. They both changed after that.”

He went back below when “5” called she had information about Munich and the European futures market. I began to think “6” may be suffering at the hands of her father if he felt the wrong twin survived. The role he wanted for the son imposed on the daughter.

“6” and I developed a system for on board waste. Recycle gathered and crushed into plastic trash bags to go ashore got stored in the rear of the walk in refrigerator. Edible garbage went into five-gallon plastic tubs. “6” hauled those to the stern rail and dumped them each evening. Six days out to sea was a lovely day and we put the swim platform down so all of us could take turns in the water. The commander agreed to leave the platform down for evening swimming. “6” as was our routine dumped a load over the side and two yellow fin tuna looking for an easy meal leapt onto the platform. Chief and the Commander quickly dispatched the tuna using gaffing poles. I was charged with cleaning and butchering the two huge fish. The offal filled one of our garbage buckets. The Chief wanted that the heads and the tails reserved for chumming bait. Cleaned, wrapped and in the freezer the steaks and filets from the fish could provide the eight of us with meals for a week.

Lines cast off the stern in the chum field provided us with two sea bass and fifteen blue fish the next day. We sailed into the harbor at Gull Cay three days later with bonito and skipjack added to our take. We stopped fishing when the sharks began to hover about the boat expecting easy lunch.

“3” was left to oversee the pump out and engine maintenance and the rest of us went to the great house on Gull Cay. It was mid February and we would be here until mid July.

**ADVENTURES OF A PART TIME SUGAR BABY PART 3**

**GULL CAY THE ISLAND AND ESTATE**

Reviewing the main cast:

The Commander- retired US Navy officer, wealthy owner of the yacht and island

The Chief- The Commander’s assistant

The Red Heads:

#1-[white] former USAF navigator and meteorologist

#2-[green] champion sailboat racer, trained chef and story narrator

#3-[blue] maritime engine mechanic

#4- [yellow] able-bodied seaman/deckhand

#5- [orange] accountant/stock broker

#6-[black] teen-age screw up trainee

I eased the sailing yacht into the dock with the tide running with me toward the shore. I reminded “4” and “6”, mostly for the benefit of the latter, that the tide was rising and the lines would need sufficient spring line and slack to allow for that. “6” leapt over the side as we reached the end of the pier and walked the stern line toward the cleat nearest the shore.

After a short conversation with the Commander, I had agreed with him that backing the yacht to the dock would be preferable to sailing bow in. Even in a sheltered docking facility, facing bow to open water is better.

“4” and “6” had rehearsed the securing of lines several times to prevent the discipline that resulted from the casting off in Florida. Once we had the boat secured and both Chief and the Commander had checked and rechecked the hatches and the lines, we made our way up to the estate.

A winding path switching back and forth several times and about three hundred meters long led to the estate. If the path went straight up the hill to the big house, it would be a third of the distance. Due to rocky outcrops and the natural terrain, the path designer incorporated the island features rather than clear cutting trees and bulldozing landscape to achieve straight lines.

Our group of eight reached the door and the greeting by the house staff was a delight. Three very dark skinned women, two in their twenties one in her forties, stood in the open doorway wearing sarong skirts tied at their hips and nothing else. They are all gorgeous. The eldest is fuller figured in the hip and her breasts sag appropriate to her age but is comely and desirable. The two younger girls, her daughters, are slender and full breasted much as was “5”. Each in turn, youngest to oldest, untied the knot at her hip. When the cloth wrap fell leaving the woman nude, each knelt and offered a salutation, “Welcome, Master, my life and my body are here at your command.”

“Is all prepared?” The Commander asked the trio.

“Yes, Master,” came the reply in unison.

“Then, you are free to go and I shall see you in one week,” the Commander dismissed them.

Each picked up her sarong but none put the garment on as they departed the estate house for one of the outbuildings. I would learn, later, that the woman, Karalla, came to the island as a young girl with her mother to keep the house for the Commander’s parents.

Karalla came of age and married a fisherman. Soon after, she became pregnant with twins and he was lost at sea when a supertanker ran down his boat in a fog bank. The larger ship running blind on radar, had not noticed the fishing boat as it crushed the wood hulled craft beneath its keel.

Karalla gave birth to the girls and from the minute they were potty trained the girls ceased wearing clothing. Karalla also spent life nude. The Commander’s parents viewed nudity as a sign of fealty. He maintained this tradition when he inherited the estate and his parent’s fortune. The sarong ceremony was a sign of loyalty to the Commander. Each woman had a contract with him, it stated a home for life and a stipend in return for what caretaking labor was needed for the grounds and the buildings. Any of the three presenting herself clothed and stating “I take my life and body as my own,” terminated her employment and was free to leave. Neither mother nor daughters had made that choice in the two decades it had been in existence. The Commander placed sums of money in accounts for the women against the day when he, heirless, would no longer have the capacity to care for them.

The six women in my group entered the large house and went on tour of the place led by the Chief. The house is built into the side of the hill. The first of the floors, a basement that was above ground in the front of the house but burrowed into the hill completely in the rear had three bedroom suites and storage rooms. The bedrooms built into the wall in front and have two windows each looking out at lawn level. A workout room and bathroom/shower facility is on the left wall. A lounge with a large screen TV and computers with entertainment units occupied the same dimensions along the right wall. We six would sleep and take our quiet time in these quarters. We asked the Chief if our quarters were assigned, or if we might, choose our roommate. He smiled and told us a tee shirt dress matching our collar and bikini was in each armoire. The question then was settled for us.

The utilities and storage are along the back wall. The generator and pump room clearly belonged to “3” as her primary responsibility. Cold storage for fresh foods and dry storage for other foodstuffs and the wine cellar were under my domain. My guess was we would bunk together. I was wrong. In one armoire a green dress hung from a single hangar and matching strappy sandals were on the floor of the unit. The unit next to mine held a black dress and sandals. “6” is my roomie for the next five months.

The other match-ups were “3” with “4” and “1” with “5”. When the Commander gathered us for a meeting after we settled in, the reasons for the pairings became clear. “As you saw on your tour of the house, this level, the public level, holds the dining room, kitchen drawing room, sitting room and library. When I entertain, as I often do during the season, my guests shall be here and any attention required of and for them will occur on this level or out upon the grounds. The level above houses my offices and private quarters. “1” and “5” are the only two of you granted access to that level for daily business. Occasionally business associates might come for a consultation. Should I require meals served or beverages for business meetings, “2” or “6” are to bring the requested items on the silver trays found in the pantry. “3” and “4” will keep the mechanical, electrical and plumbing of the house, estate, grounds running. We have wind, solar and generator power. Try to run the complex as ‘green’ as possible. We have problems with gasoline and diesel fuels supplied to the island and I prefer to hold the generators in reserve for storms.

“Safety clothing for those assigned duties requiring it is available in the work area. Unless serving a formal event, or under punishment, the thong of your bikini is the only uniform of the day allowed in the main house. Formal dining in will have all of you in your dress and sandal outfit. Again, any woman under discipline shall be nude. On the grounds during the day, I prefer nudity. At the pool and spa, nudity is mandatory. Karalla and her girls tend the gardens, due the laundry and clean my quarters. The six of you will assist in the cleaning of the public floor and will be responsible for your quarters below.

“One last thing, towels are provided, fresh daily, solely for naked women to sit on the furniture. None of you are to sit anywhere without one between you and the surface you sit upon.

The following week, no discipline and the island running smoothly, the Commander held a staff meeting. “We are expecting some changes in the weather. When that happens, our dock becomes a safe haven for various yachters sailing the islands. You should expect to see to large motor yachts in our waters soon. BEI is a ninety-foot trawler. CHANG HAO is a sister to BLACK SHAMROCK. When the people come ashore, I expect you to obey their commands as you would my own. Are there any questions from anyone? No, then good, all of you except “2” please return to your duties.” The Commander motioned to me to wait until the others were gone.

“I need you to put a party together for six guests’ tomorrow evening. The Chief and I will make eight in total. The tuna filet will make an excellent fish course. Compliment that with a light soup, fresh salad, and I believe there are game hens in the meat locker downstairs.

“You and “6” assisted by Karalla and her girls will serve. This is a nude event. Not as a punishment, the clients who are coming are old friends of my parents and expect the help to be naked on the estate.” He finished.

There it was, I was help. I knew I was an employee. I signed a contract to that effect. Help, just sounded so “Upstairs Downstairs” I took my leave and found “6” in the kitchen.

Five star hotels wished they had this kitchen. Two eight-burner double oven Viking stoves in black iron stood with three Electrolux twenty cubic feet refrigerators of stainless steel. Vegetables were stored in one fridge. Another had a bottom freezer and double doors containing meats and meat products. The final fridge held dairy. A matching Electrolux freezer dry pantries and huge butcher-block prep tables finished what was a working kitchen. Every pot known to a professional chef hung shiny bright from overhead hooks. Knife blocks held every blade needed for prep and cooking. A double sink and massive dishwasher/sanitizer unit completed what was my domain. I was in love. Then I was in panic. I kitchen this size needs a sous chef, prep men and a saucier. How were “6” and I to pull this off alone?

My senses elevated to the prospect of the Commander being disappointed with the meal and his guests not pleased with their host. This would mean “6” and I would pay dearly for the failure. “If we wish to keep the hide on our backsides, youngster, we had best begin working on this meal today.”

“6” looked at me and asked, “Don’t we have two meals today to prepare and serve? How can we prepare for tomorrow as well?”

“Easily, as the Commander has told us his proposed menu but save for the game hen and tuna has left the rest up to me, and to you of course. So, the veggies and herbs we use today, we toss into the stock pot and simmer overnight for our soup base. Run down to the sailboat. In the freezer below deck, Chief had the head and tail of the skipjack we caught on the cruise here. We add those to the veggies and herbs and we have a fish stock for seafood chowder, tomorrow you will need to have Karalla show you where to buy or get a Caribbean lobster, shrimp and mussels. Those we add to the stock at the last minute with a hint of garlic and fresh oregano.” The girl was smart, she jotted notes as I spoke, and then asked,” If we start the fish stock now, can we add the veggies and herbs later? Or do you wish the veggies to cook down to a pulpy mass before we strain the stock for the soup?”

“We need to clarify twice. First, to rid the seeds and stringy skins of the veggies and second to assure no small fish bones stay behind from the skipjack. The mussels shrimp and lobster are added last after we boil shell and devein them. That stock will be strained and added to the soup pot. Now, the yellowfin, I think pan seared and on the bed of shredded salad greens as a single offering.

“Lemon sorbet, served between the fish and fowl to cleanse the pallet, then the game hens roasted, with a dressing and long grain rice mixed with carrots and peas. Key lime tarts for dessert and we are done.” I concluded.

Tomatoes, curly leaf lettuce and cucumber grew abundantly on the two-acre plot of garden Karalla and her daughters kept. The flock of chickens they kept provided all the natural fertilizer needed in the volcanic soil of the island. Occasionally a dead fish or kelp cast up on the tide was added to the compost heap, but the veggies grew with the right sunlight, temperature and rainfall. The girls, Tama and Tara never left the island. Educated by shortwave radio and later by computer, both were well read and able to hold conversations on many topics.

One topic was sex. Each was the other’s only lover. While their mother occasionally spent the night in the great house neither girl had been invited. “6” knew the girls when all were younger and her mother and brother visited and stayed on the island while the Commander and the Chief were away on sea duty. The girls had advance warning not to mention the name “6” used in her other life. They asked her about her experience with men off the island and “6” told her story.

“I was fifteen. Mom and my brother were dead sixteen or seventeen months and my aunt was at work. I had to stay with her while the Chief was at sea, again, but mostly I was alone. She worked shift work and the house was empty. I hated the school I went to, it geared to the average kid. If you were too bright or too slow to catch on the teachers did not care. So many of us were bored and found ways to ditch and places to hang out. My cousin Elsa was as bored as I.When my aunt was working her place became the rally point for about six of us. There were four guys, my cousin Elsa and me.

“We started out just playing computer games or watching TV. That got old quick, so one of the guys said we should play cards. My aunt had cards and chips and we played poker for a few days for chips. Then we switched to playing for money.

“Elsa and I were allowance kids. Ten bucks a week pocket money. The guys mowed lawns and shoveled snow and stuff and made a lot more money than we did. The guys came up with the ‘solution’ if we girls had a run of bad luck we could ‘buy’ chips from the house with an article of clothing. Shoes, shirts, jeans all had chip value. Once we bought the chips we could not reclaim the clothing until we finished playing. The guys could do the same, but they almost never did.

“We had never gone further than our bras and panties, the guys used the con that they saw the same if we were in our bikinis and dumb us bought it, until one afternoon I had a hand that would win me the ‘all in’ pot and nothing to wager. The guys told me if I stripped my raise and call would be covered. So I unhooked my bra, pulled down my panties and as the hand played out my aunt walked in early from work. There was Elsa in her bra and panties, me totally naked and four guys with shit eating grins on their faces. My aunt chased the guys out, cornered Elsa and told her to strip and once Elsa was naked she strapped us both.

“Weirdest thing happened though, the harder she beat me the hornier I got. Elsa told me later she was aroused watching me trying to hide my orgasms from my aunt as the strap kept belting my back til red turned black and blue. Elsa and I went sixty-nine on each other that night. Every time we caressed each others bruised backside one of us would come and come hard.

“I learned two lessons from that. First lesson is pain is my sex trigger. Second lesson is I like sex with girls as much as with boys.” “6” finished speaking and Tama and Tara must be sitting in a draft as both sets of perky nipples are hard as rocks on the twins’ firm breasts.

The twins are only a year or so younger than I. They looked at me and without asking I knew it was my turn. “My parents are extremely liberal. From the youngest age I can remember both of them were nude in the house and in our well fences in yard. My sister, brother and I went to school and came home knowing that in the mudroom of the house, between the garage and the family room, we could strip off our school clothes and spend our free time nude. That lasted until middle school and puberty.

“Middle school began organized sports and I loved to swim. On vacation and in our pool in our yard we never used swimsuits, even these thong suits would leave tan lines and my parents believed children needed total exposure for maximum vitamin D from sunlight. Our swim team in middle school had both boys and girls. I exited the locker room with a towel slung across my shoulder and nothing else the first day of practice.

“Our couch, a female physical education teacher, and her assistant our male English teacher both gasped. The boys all wearing brief style Speedos and already excited seeing the girls in their tight one piece suits went wide eyed and most of them popped erections they could not hide as they extended above the waist band of the swim brief.

“Wow, she doesn’t even have tan lines,” one of them blurted out in his not quite changed voice; followed by, What the hell do you think you are doing, young lady, where is your swimsuit,” from the angry voice of the male couch.

“I wasn’t embarrassed, after all swimming nude in mixed company is my life style, I replied, “trying out for the swim team couch, and I never wear a swimsuit.” Parental conferences, counseling, Family Services supervision and all manner of lifestyle changes at home followed. From free-spirited our home became oppressively puritanical by rule of law.

“My freedom was restored in college, when I roomed with my sailing teammates. Nudity was once again casual and accepted and sex happened every and any where in the house we shared. My mother had a version of sex education for my sister and me; it was “Sex with men is for having babies. Sex with women is for having fun.” She did not believe in birth control and our family was the size it was only due to a medical condition preventing her from pregnancy following the birth of my brother, the youngest of us. She and my dad were bunnies and never stopped doing what they were just because the three of us happened by.

“So my college lovers were all girls and Mary and Sue, my after college roommates and former teammates, continue to be my sex and life couches and partners. They were very happy to spend a week “training’ me for this job.” I finished and giggled.

Tama said, “We too take our pleasure with each other. It is that way as Commander never brings men our age to the island to work or live. Those who visit sometimes use our mother, but as yet, no man has known us sexually.” Here sister added, “We wish to mate and have children. Mother says life without a man is hollow but life without children is empty. We also feel that way. We may seek release from our contract, soon, to go into the world to find mates.”

Early the next morning, mainsail torn and a scrape from amidships to stern cleat on her port side, CHANG HAO limped into our lagoon and anchored just off of our dock. “Our company is here,” “1” and “5” announced as they grabbed a quick cup of coffee before the business meetings of the day began. “1” told us that tropical storm Harvey was just below hurricane strength and all small craft were ordered to safe harbor until the storm passed by.

“6” and I remained in the kitchen as Karalla and the girls served the courses of the dinner that evening. Whispering to us that we were best off in the kitchen, Tama added, “Your four companions are going through the paces out there between courses, I believe Tara and I will have to join in soon.”

When the girls did not return following the desert service, I guessed they were correct. “6” and I left the kitchen with coffee to find the other girls bent at the waist, hands on the dining room table, being taken by a man in his early sixties, three others in their thirties and two boys in their late teens.

The Commander called me to his side and instructed I put the coffee pot down and bend over the table. Rough and with no foreplay I felt an erection penetrate my sex. The rapid thrusting told me for whom the pleasure was in this act. I tightened my vaginal muscles and met him thrust for thrust until I felt his warm load of ejaculate fill me. “6” was cleaning up after each male withdrew from his partner. On her knees “6” went from man to man polishing the now limp manhood of each clean with her lips and tongue. I was happy to notice the Chief was nowhere to be seen. I found out later he had Karalla quite busy elsewhere.

“2” Mr. Lee and his sons would like you to accompany me to the CHANG HAO tomorrow evening for dinner. The wish to thank you for the splendid meal you prepared and served this evening.” The Commander told me. I graciously thanked the man for the honor.

“As my guest please dress for dinner and expect to be waited upon.” Mr. Lee replied.

**ADVENTURES OF A PART TIME SUGAR BABY PART 4 By Chessman**

**My Dinner Afloat**

The main cast:

The Commander- retired US Navy officer, wealthy owner of the yacht and island

The Chief- The Commander’s assistant

The Red Heads:

#1-[white] former USAF navigator and meteorologist

#2-[green] champion sailboat racer, trained chef and story narrator

#3-[blue] maritime engine mechanic

#4- [yellow] able-bodied seaman/deckhand

#5- [orange] accountant/stock broker

#6-[black] teen-age screw up trainee

Karalla- resident house/groundskeeper

Tama and Tara- Karalla’s nineteen-year-old daughters

I found dinner aboard the CHANG HAO actually postponed for three evenings. The Commander and “5” left the island by helicopter early the morning following his dinner party. When he returned, two days later, “5” was not with him.

The only newspaper that came into the estate was in the Commander’s luggage. The front page of that paper showing a photo of “5” surrounded by US federal agents and a headline “Material Witness in Wall Street Stock Fraud Located.” The Commander explained “5” [Melinda Costello] took his job offer in lieu of federal witness protection. The trial, not scheduled for a court date when she left, moved up the calendar so that a federal prosecutor wishing to run for office would have a major case win this year.

It made me wonder about the other girls, if they might also be keeping secrets from the group. Knowing “6” was a child of one of the principle players in this game and now this. But, next evening I wore my heels and emerald green dress to the dinner party aboard ‘Chang Hao’ where the Commander and I wined and dined the evening away.

In the Chinese tradition of family name first, Mr. Lee was Lee Fei. Fei chang hao in Chinese means very good. The yacht was so named when Mr. Lee first saw it and uttered the phrase in his native tongue.

Tongues and palates soon became involved in the sampling of wines and the tasting of several Pacific Rim delicacies prepared by the skilled hands of Lee Qua Nah, Lee Fei’s wife and the mother of the young men now seated around the table and formerly our guests several evenings before. The wine or the food may have caused me to drowse prior to the dessert course. All I can remember is slowly regaining wakefulness and hearing voices spoken in different language than my ear was used to hearing. Also, I felt lips and fingers putting pressure on my ankles, knees elbows and wrists. I was spread eagle on a deck lounger, my delights sampled by the host, hostess and Lee offspring.

Funny I should mention native tongues, as at the moment I regain my senses I realize that I am stark naked once again and strapped to a very odd reclining chair with Mr. Lee and his sons all using their native tongues on my body causing sweet very sweet orgasmic delight to pulse through me over and over again. Dinner had been grand. I was dessert. Six oriental gentlemen took turns penetrating me anal and vaginal several times each. I was screaming my pleasure loudly. No one could hear me as my face straddled by Mrs. Lee, with her sex covering my mouth, was quite muffled. Her juices drenched my face as she orgasmed at least once for each time I climaxed.The men played with my body for several hours bringing me to orgasm several times more before I passed out once again.

Just as dawn broke, the Commander took his leave and me with it. My dress and shoes had disappeared. That did not matter, I bent over the gunwale of the lighter carrying us back to the island with the Commander taking his pleasure of me for the first and only time of the night. My grasp of my reality was that the Commander found his stimulation and sexual excitement in seeing me and the other girls used by others for their pleasure. Only then did he take his comfort and release with a woman. Twice that woman has been me.

Sore and achy from over use, I gave ‘6” instructions for the meal menus for the day and retired to our room.

At four in the afternoon, I woke showered and went to the kitchen, not bothering with so much as the thong bottom. My swollen vulva was too sensitive for even the slightest amount of clothing. My clitoris was still engorged and as large as the first joint of my thumb. My rear hole was so sore I feared having to move my bowels and my jaw ached from pleasuring my hostess all evening.

I looked for “6” in the kitchen and found neither her nor any food being prepared for the evening meal. Fearing we both faced punishment for this lapse, I went in search of my apprentice.

On the grounds between the great house and the smaller dwelling used by Karalla and the girls, a pit dug recently had coals glowing in it. Above, turning on a spit worked by Tama and Tara was a slowly roasting goat. Charred cocoanut leaves around the pit suggested vegetables roasting inside. “6” was not in sight.

When I asked, the twins directed me to go to the lagoon and I would find “6” there. I arrived in time to see the sails unfurl on CHANG HAO as she sailed out of the lagoon. My four remaining companions were all there. The second yacht, BEI arrived while I was asleep. The guests aboard gifted with garlands of native flowers from the island and kisses from the four redheads were ushered ashore by the Commander. The group passed by, taking the path up the hill leading not to the house but to the site of the goat roast.

The Commander paused by me long enough to say, “Stay in the house and prepare a dessert to be served after the outdoor meal. Perhaps a rum trifle would be nice served in the parfait glasses in the dining room breakfront. I’ll send “6” along when appropriate. Thank you again for last night. The Lee family left very content and ready to do business,” he took my wrist, kissed it, and left with the others. I almost came, that was how sensuous the kiss felt.

Before going back to the kitchen, I walked the pier to gaze on BEI. One hundred fifteen feet long, modeled after a Coast Guard cutter in hull design and sleek in her gull white paint job she is everything a sea going motor yacht should be and more. The name means ‘North’ in Chinese but the owners looked European. I said as much to a crewmember, a Nordic looking blond clad in a bikini top and short shorts in a khaki that almost matched her tan skin. My bare body must still look a sight with bite marks bruising breasts stomach and vulva. I am certain similar marks cover my shoulders back and ass but I have not seen those. Her eyes scanned me up and down and then she answered my question. “Beckman Enterprises International, lover, the Beckman family holding company. BEI is just the first letters of the company. Everyone thinks it is Chinese though and the family does nothing to correct those that do. Hey, are you being punished? You look a right mess of black and blue and purple.”

“Nope, I just come off of a long night with a group of very active horny gentlemen and one voracious female sexy senior citizen.” I replied as I turned to go back up the hill, then I added, “Mostly pleasure, very little pain.” The last acknowledging the bruising was from hickies and sucking not from a caning.

“Wow, lover, I wish for one night like that on this cruise. The Beckman group brought two female crew as a show of non-gender bias; however, I can walk around all day dressed as you are and attract not one bit of male attention. They all play for the other team. Miranda and I haven’t been laid since we sailed from Liverpool.” She sounded as if she was genuinely upset with the way events had played out in her employment contract.

The two women, Miranda and Karen, accepted my offer of coffee and a late lunch and waked up the hill to the house with me. On the way, we exchanged information as to our employers and employment. The pair told me that their jobs were as housekeeping staff for the staterooms and public areas of the large yacht. The yacht carried a crew of fifteen. They were the only two females. Nine Beckman family and executives were guests and the crew, excluding the six crew bridge and engineering, staff were gay. The captain or one of the two helmsmen/navigators was on the bridge round the clock. An engineer was similarly on duty constantly while at sea. Those not sleeping were on call to assist in an emergency. So the straight men were occupied with work or too tired to care that two nubile nearly naked women strutted among them. “We tried helping each other out, lover, but we really are not into that,” Karen told me. Miranda added, “There is only so much fun one can get from a battery operated toy, as well.”

I laughed and told them I could have used their help last night. I think I saw envy on both of their faces. “6” showed up in the kitchen just as I served the two new friends cold roast beef sandwiches and Jamaican coffee. I prepared a parfait of key lime pie filling, ladyfingers and a spiced rum sauce. “6” carefully spooned the dessert into the glasses and set them into the refrigerator to set and chill. The four girls in the kitchen then set about licking the bowl and spoons giggling like grade school kids while we did.

It would be the last time we laughed for several weeks.

**ADVENTURES OF A PART TIME SUGAR BABY PART 5**

**THE SEIGE**

We four, in the kitchen of the great house, heard the explosions or rather felt them seconds after the yachts blew up in the harbor. The house shook crockery fell from kitchen shelves and Miranda slipped off the kitchen stool she was on and fell to the floor.

The men and women in the yard for the goat roast came rushing into the house and the Chief punched a hidden button in the pantry wall. The wall rolled smoothly back on itself and revealed an armory of shoulder weapons, plus handguns and three grenade launchers.

The Commander, seeing me still nude, tossed me a surplus army shirt and a pistol belt, “Climb into these and grab a sidearm and rifle, Karalla will lead you to the caves.” The Chief similarly outfitted “6”, Karen, and Miranda. “6” racked the slide on a military semi-automatic pistol, dropped the magazine and seeing it was full pushed it back into the weapon.

“You know how to use one of these things?” She asked the three of us as we geared up quickly. My Dad was in law enforcement for years and had me shooting his weapons by the age of eight. I grabbed a nine-millimeter and six spare magazines and spotted a Remington 870 shotgun with a sling. I claimed it and a fifty round box of shells. I dumped the shells and pistol magazines into a small backpack. As I was leaving out the back door, I saw the sheathed bayonet. I tucked that into my belt and was off with the rest of the women following. The rough cloth of the battle dress shirt rubbed my tender nipples and ass with irritation I had not sensed in the years following my giving up flannel nightgowns as winter sleepwear. The bellows pockets packed with energy bars and water bottles mad it welcome; their weight caused the shirt to chafe even more.

Karen and Miranda were not as familiar with firearms. Each was carrying a side arm, for last-ditch personal defense, and a pack of ammunition for those of us shooters.

Karalla led us along a path that had many outcroppings of rock or vegetation to hide our route from prying eyes. Now I realized why the paths from the docks wound about as they did. Karalla told us that a drug cartel from Central America had tried to buy the island from the Commander in the last year. He had refused their demands to allow a base of operations to distribute their product be established on the island. Now they have come to take that which they could not buy.

Karalla carried a radio and it crackled with the voice of the Chief, “It looks like two assault teams of twelve men each. They took out the yachts, probably with C-4 or some other plastique explosive. One team is coming up from the pier toward the main house. The other is circling around the side between your party and the house. If you can lay fire down on that group we can catch them between us.”

Karalla radioed back “Oscar Mike,” indicating the plan was in motion. We looked down on the house from out point of elevation behind the rocky outcrop and could see the raiding party fanning out toward the house with rifles raised. Our pistols and shotgun were not in range; Tara and Tama each carried an Israeli Galil rifle and Karalla pulled a shoulder held rocket grenade launcher from a hidey-hole in the rocks.

The first grenade went off to the left of the raiding party and three men went down wounded. Half of the party pivoted toward the new threat and Tara and Tama made short work of three more as Karalla reloaded and aimed for the remaining six. Only two went down but steady automatic machine gun fire from the house took the remaining four and left them writhing on the open ground.

“Too easy,” Tama told her mother, “These must be their scouts. The main invasion is on the windward side where we are vulnerable and undefended. So it must be,” she waved to her sister and the two black goddesses were climbing toward the summit before we could pick up and follow them.

“Hide and hope for mercy, or come and fight, the choice is yours to make,” Karalla told “6” and the other two girls and me. “6” and I left no doubt we would fight. Karen and Miranda were undecided. “Look, if they catch you, they will rape you until you wish you were dead and then take their time killing you by slow torture. You come with us and fight and maybe we win, but death by a bullet in combat is better to me than the other option.” “6” acting like a soldier’s daughter made up the minds of the other two.

“We will go and do what we can, lovers don’t want to die either way; but damned sure don’t want to die by being raped to death.” Karen spoke for both girls.

The Commander must have anticipated this fight was coming. As I crested the hill, I saw the brush and trees were gone one hundred meters down the slope and several firing positions previously dug into the rocks facing down the extinct volcanic cone toward the rocky windward side beaches. I also saw what must be two hundred mercenary types gathering on the beach from small boats and what appeared to be a naval ship standing off in deeper water.

“Commander, they come in force from the wind side of the island. We got five fighters and two maybes against two hundred, maybe two fifty and they come on a big navy boat,” Karalla radioed to the main house.

“Feel free to let loose the wrath of the gods and then fall back to the tunnels in the volcano, Karalla,” was the Commander’s crackled reply.

“Aye, sir, it be done when the time for doing is here.” She replied cryptically.

Tama came over to me and poured water from a canteen into the volcanic dust. She took this in her hands and smeared it through my hair and on my face. “Bit too obvious a target that flaming head of yours,: she told me. “6” was getting similar treatment from Tara. “Blondie you best muck up that head also, if you don’t want it slick with your brains,” Tama yelled in the direction of Karen and Miranda. Both took the hint and dirtied themselves up.

“Where are “1” and “3”, I asked to no one in particular. My answer came over the radio, “Commander, I have a six man team coming at the power farm.” The voice of “1” told our boss.

“Can you hold and get the SOS out?” The Commander asked.

“Sir, “3” and “4” are in position. If they go down I know what to do here,” came the reply from “1”.

“1” crackled back on the air a few minutes later, “Commander, USCG REPORTS A HELO EQUIPED CUTTER IS ON THE WAY. They have a drug interdiction squad aboard the helo. ETO is two-five minutes I say again twenty-five minutes from now. The bad guys have reinforcements, we need to bug out of here and head for the rocks.”

“6” laughed a funny laugh, “When death is seconds away, help is only minutes away.”

“At least now we know how long we have to hold out until some help arrives,” Karen muttered.

“Á squad is no more than fifteen men and women. The helicopter carrying them is not a gunship with rockets and machine guns; it is a ‘slick’ an unarmed personnel carrier. These drug gangsters are military equipped and I would expect that they have anti-aircraft capability. I’m afraid those people are on a suicide mission,” “6” responded.

“Agreed,” I replied. “The cutter is hours away at best speed. If they lose the helicopter, they will be ordered to stand off and await reinforcements. Hours could become days and we have finite resources here. If they lay siege to us rather than staging a full on attack all they need to do is wait until thirst hunger or lack of ammunition force us to surrender,” I added with all sincerity.

Karalla smiled, “Food and water we have plenty. If we be smarter than they are we can outlast them. If they are all that are coming we may survive victorious.” Karalla noted, and then she said, “We shall not fight here. Here men shall die as we disappear to the tunnels.”

The men climbing up the hill were not expecting resistance. We watched them casually walk with their weapons slung on shoulders or in holsters and stop for water and a breather when the slope steepened just beneath our position.

Karalla waited, patiently, holding a deck of cards sized plastic box with a series of colored push buttons. She gave orders for the four of us armed with long barreled weapons not to fire until she did her work.

The first of the men passed into the clear area above the tree line. They slowed, looking at the ground closely. Deciding what was there was only the normal rocky debris of a volcanic cone, they waved the others forward and continued on themselves. This was what Karalla awaited. The last stragglers entered her kill zone as she pressed the first buttons. Claymore mines sent marble sized balls of hardened steel and needle like shrapnel into the left and right flanks of the approaching men. As expected, the survivors froze in place and dropped for cover. Karalla flicked two more buttons and the ground disappeared with explosion and fire. Tama whispered in my ear, “Plastic explosive wired to fifty-five gallon drums of gasoline and fertilizer. Now we fire at the survivors.”

Three rifles and two shotguns opened fire as men rose to either scramble up the hillside toward us or run back down again out of the kill zone. Karalla touched two more buttons and claymores wired to the trees exploded there rain of death on the retreating men. As we moved toward the tunnels Karalla hit one final button, the wall of rock behind which we had fought, shook and began to slide down the hill on the last men advancing toward us.

The tunnel mouth was designed with great care. When the last of us, Karalla, entered she pulled a lever and a tumble of rock completely blocked off the entry. Untrained eyes would see another rockslide caused by the explosives below. In case the enemy became curious enough to dig, a block of explosive with a trip wire sat immediately behind the slide. That would bring more of the rock from the tunnel down on the visitors.

We continued through the tunnel to the lee side of the volcanic cone. Our second team of women, “1”, “3” and “4” climbing a path winding through rock outcrops providing them cover climbed to meet us. “1” would tell us later that the six-man squad was an advance party for twenty more enemy fighters. The girls set the charges in the wind farm and communications shack, much as Karalla used on the windward side. The delayed fuses on the charges blew as the girls began their climb distracting their pursuers long enough for the three women to make it to cover.

A field three hundred meters of open ground long separated the estate house and out buildings from the start of the volcanic slope. A running gunfight among dots that were men shooting and dying happened in our eyesight. We in the tunnel mouth could not tell which ones were our men and which were theirs.

“ETA of that helicopter is now seven minutes out,” “1” gulped air and looked at her watch as she crested the lip of the cave mouth marking this end of the tunnel through the volcano. Two bodies went down in the party trying for the rocks below us. I counted eleven in that group, now only nine continued the run.

“4” put eyes on the group with high power binoculars, the only pair our group possessed. “They look like the guys off of your yacht. I recognize your skipper and one of his engineers from the goat roast,” she called over to Miranda. Miranda picked up the glasses and confirmed the nine men approaching were either crew from BEI or passengers from the yacht. We prepared to provide covering fire for them, as the hostiles bullets began to ping off the rocks below us.

The assault team chasing the men failed to check the bodies as they rushed passed. Squad automatic weapons fired at the enemy backs when they were twenty meters closer to the rocks. The pair continued firing as they rushed toward us and once past the bodies of the enemy began the climb to join us. The Commander and the Chief had pulled off an old combat trick that still worked.

The estate house blew up in a ball of flames smoke and debris less than a minute after the two naval retirees reached our level on the rocks. “Damn, Commander, guess we’ll never get to taste the dessert you had me throw together,” I said flatly. He turned and smiled, “Humor in these situations is always welcomed “2”. As is the sight of all of you safe and present here.”

The USCG helicopter made a circling pass over the island, at an altitude that denied the men on the ground a target with their weapons. The radio message that our situation was noted and passed on to district command headquarters and seventeen small dots appeared overhead moments later as the helicopter zoomed toward the horizon. Precision jumpers waited until the last second to open their canopies and become targets for the men below. All landed in the rocks near our position and fought their way to us. The Commander, and a Lieutenant Perry shook hands and slapped shoulders as we all retreated into the cave mouth.

The arrival of the DEA Coast Guard ICE joint strike team seemed the turning point in the attack. The men still on the island from the invading force began to retreat to the shoreline and their small boats. Lt. Perry smiled, “We have a small surprise for that rogue naval vessel. We are letting it go. There is a Los Angeles class US Navy submarine stalking it and we hope to follow it back to its main base from here. If we can do that, we can clean up a huge extortion, human trafficking and drug cartel. You folks were just the bait we needed to spring this trap. Sorry about the boats and estate, Commander, you know your uncle will be happy to rebuild the place for you.”

“My uncle has very deep pockets. All we will require from you is transport as ours lies on my harbor floor just now.” The Commander replied.

By the dawn of the next morning, the cutter arrived and our group of refuges was aboard. I soon found myself clad in an enlisted female coastguard petty officer’s spare uniform. It had been months since I wore underwear, pants socks and boots. I was not sure if I enjoyed the feel of clothing on my body at all. I remarked as much to the Commander who smiled a knowing smile.

“1” and “3” and “4” were taken aside by the Commander. With the estate and yacht destroyed, their roles in the six-month contract were at an end. They received full pay plus a fifteen percent hazard pay bonus, a travel wardrobe and fare home. The girls departed with the crew and passengers from BEI when the cutter that ‘rescued’ us docked in St. Thomas.

Only “6” and I were left of the original group. I already knew the name of the commander. The Chief, I learned in conversation between the men and the coast guard crew was Edwin McGuire. His teen-age daughter, “6” is Agnes Mary McGuire. The Commander also released her from her contract. He arranged a scholarship for her at the Maritime Academy of Sciences and Technologies, where she will attend beginning mid-August. Until then she and her father are reconciling as a family.

As for me, the Commander has a new adventure for his “2”. He has arranged for me to finish my work on my Masters degree in English Literature at the prestigious Philadelphia Fashion Institute of Technology also known as P-FIT. Oh, yes and there is one other thing.

“Gwen, I know that you are submissive by nature. You know that I am both dominant and manipulative of you in situations of public nudity and sexual activity. I am seeking a life partner to control and care for completely. Your contract would be for life and require several changes to your body and your circle of friends. If you agree and accept this token,” he held a silver circle that looked like a necklace with a small medallion dangling from it, “Then read the inscription and remove your clothing. Then kneel in front of me in position.”

The medallion read, ”Property of Mark Chessman,” Only dressed in a knee length skirt and a blouse, selected for ease of getting through airline security. I looked around the first class seating on the airplane and slipped out of both. I knelt at the feet of my new husband/master and he collared me with my first collar. I stayed at his feet until the flight attendant insisted I sit in a seat and strap in for landing.

Maybe next time I’ll tell you how embarrassed and excited I was going through customs and the international arrivals section of the airport collared and nude. One last thing, did I mention that P-FIT is a clothing optional university?