**The Display**

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"If you wish to claim the woman as your own, Lieutenant," the captain spoke casually as he took another bite of his dinner, "you know that you must make a display."

"And if YOU don't display her," Commander Blake piped up from across the table, "then I certainly will!"

Lieutenant James knew that he meant it.

Blake had had his eye on Mary from the day the ship had departed England for the New World. Of course, the commander's display would be a sham; he no more cared for Mary than he did for a dog. James truly loved her and wanted her for his own.

So it had come to this -- James trying to convince the captain during the officers' dinner that a time-honored tradition should be broken on his behalf.

"Sir," James addressed the captain carefully. "Must this custom endure? It's so vulgar, so ... primitive--"

"A primitive practice for primitive men," the captain agreed. "You know this crew is full of the low-minded. You must make a public display to stake your claim. It's the only thing these men understand."

"But, Sir," James persisted. "Couldn't I just announce to the crew that this particular woman is mine, that she is off limits to anyone else--"

"You know very well that your claim must be demonstrated," the captain's voice was firm. "The two of you must display your bond in no uncertain terms."

"But, Captain," James was insistent yet again. "Unlike most of the other women convicts on this ship, she's not a whore. She was arrested for petty theft. This public ... ritual will be an absolute nightmare for her."

"No matter. She's a convict -- beneath your class -- so she's available to anyone aboard this ship. Unless you make a display."

When James went to speak again, the captain held up a hand, effectively silencing him.

"If you want this woman to yourself, Lieutenant James, you must make the display on the morrow," the captain spoke in no uncertain terms. "I'm assuming that she has already been deflowered. If not, I suggest you do so tonight. Her display of pleasure must be convincing. Remember, Lieutenant, you are to assert dominance over her, and she is to demonstrate submission to you, in the form of her unquestionable pleasure. And the crew must witness it AND believe it."

James's face fell as he silently pondered what lay ahead of him and Mary.

Commander Blake grinned across the table at Lieutenant James, relishing the other man's anticipated humiliation as well as his knowledge that he had no choice in this matter. If James wanted Mary, he had to fuck her publicly. If not, Blake was going to do it, without question.

Promiscuity was rampant on the voyages that transported convicts to penal colonies. The hold was filled with women who had been arrested for prostitution, and every one of them was used every night -- most more than willingly -- by the officers and the crew.

Blake was notorious among the officers for going through what the hold had to offer, and he had been frustrated by the fact that James had immediately nabbed the prettiest of them all. And to add insult to injury, James had kept the beauty to himself, inside his cabin, and then had been ridiculous enough to fall in love with her.

That's when Blake brought the situation to the captain's attention, insisting that the ritual of the display be carried out if James was to keep Mary for his own. He knew James would be horrified by the revolting voyeurism, so he reveled in the lieutenant's frustration that he either submit to this excruciating custom or hand over his prize to the commander.

And Blake would have no qualms about giving it to Mary on deck, in full view of the crew. So James was going to be forced to do it instead.

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The next day, the crew was assembled on deck, gathered around a wooden platform at the base of the ship's main mast. It was just high enough so that everyone gathered round could get an unimpeded view of what was happening on the platform.

There was a sense of general merriment in the crowd that suddenly swelled as Lieutenant James emerged from his cabin. The coarse, uncouth crewmen grew more boisterous as the lieutenant, with his head held high, began to make his way through the crowd, leading a beautiful blonde woman by the wrist. When he reached the stairs to the platform, he pulled the shapely woman to him and lifted her at the waist, sweeping her off her feet and tossing her onto his shoulder.

The crowd shouted their approval of James's domineering treatment of the woman, who resisted the lieutenant all the way to the top of the stairs. She tugged at his grip around her waist, wriggling in his hold and clawing at the back of his uniform. He ignored her protests, frowning in concentration as he made their way up the stairs to the platform.

At the top of the platform, he roughly set her back on her feet. She instantly tried to pull away from him. He grabbed her by her waist and slammed her up against his front, immediately taking her into a forceful kiss. As she made feeble attempts to push him away, he grabbed her wrists and pinned them behind her, immobilizing her as he continued kissing her passionately. He fisted her hair and pulled her head back, effectively bending her body back as his mouth completely covered hers.

This went on for a few moments as the crowd whooped and cat called. When the kiss finally ended, the crew could see James murmur something in the woman's ear before he pulled away and released her to stand upright again.

When she stepped back from him, the lieutenant reached for the front of her dress and began roughly handling the lacing of her bodice. With several aggressive tugs and pulls, James unlaced it. Then with a jerk, he tore it open. With another swift motion, he ripped the dress off the woman's shoulders and down to her waist, effectively stripping her upper body.

In another quick motion he turned her to face away from him, forcing her arms behind her back. With her elbows pulled behind her, her back was arched and her breasts were thrust forward, as if they were an offering to the crew.

There were shouts of approval as the men on deck now got their first good look at the woman's fully exposed breasts.

They were simply the fullest set that the men had ever seen.

They all knew there wasn't a whore on the ship whose tits could even come close to competing with this gorgeous wench's.

And with the way she had been spun around to face the crowd, her breasts were in motion -- tantalizingly swaying back and forth across her chest.

Standing with her bare breasts in full view, the woman tightly closed her eyes in anguished shame as every man on deck stared at her ample, beautifully rounded, luscious tits. Her boobs were extremely large and heavy, but their exceptional firmness held them high and proud on her body.

Besides their impressive heft, their other most noticeable feature was their large nipples. Each breast curved forward to a prominent tip, each of which was fully covered by a very large, soft pink nipple.

"She's got cow tits!" one of the men shouted. "I want to milk her!"

There was a raucous round of laughter, and other men began to chime in.

"Suck those milk tits, Lieutenant!"

"Make your claim on those massive titties!"

In answer to their taunts, James, with one hand firmly holding the woman's wrists in place at the small of her back, reached his other hand around and took one of her naked breasts. The soft breast spilled over his fingers in its abundance.

James slowly began to feel her up, right there in front of everyone.

He fondled her breast delicately for a moment before he moved his hand to its beautifully curved base. With a quick upward movement, he began bouncing the breast in his hand. It bounced quite pleasantly before its motion slowed to a nice jiggle and then an easy sway. After a few bouncings and jigglings, James took the large breast in his grasp and shook it so that the nipple vigorously wobbled in all directions.

The crowd was going wild.

Then James slowed his hand and began sensually lifting the breast to knead and pull at it. He pulled at it in a stroking motion, running his fingers and hand back and forth underneath and along its length. He then focused his attention just on her nipple, pulling it between his fingers and thumb.

In response, both of her nipples visibly tightened and elongated. The men had never seen such thick, long nipples, and they renewed their shouting about their resemblance to cow udders.

As the lieutenant continued milking her, suddenly the woman laid her head back on his shoulder, her eyes closed and a faint moan escaping her partially opened lips.

She was finally relenting. Beginning to surrender to his control. And the crowd was loving it.

"She'll spend just from him milking her teat!" Somebody laughed loudly near the front of the crowd.

The lieutenant lowered his head down next to hers and murmured in her ear as he let go of her wrists and moved his other hand to her other breast.

Now he could give the crew a complete titty show.

She stood there, her arms still behind her arched back, her huge breasts thrust forward and her head thrown back onto his shoulder, as he reached from behind her and cupped both of her breasts. He lifted them and then began playing with them.

Now both of her humongous breasts were swaying and jiggling and swinging before the crowd. They wobbled and shook and bounced in his hands. They were both lifted and kneaded and pulled. They were both being milked.

And the crew couldn't get enough.

While they were at the height of their frenzy, the lieutenant, with one hand still squeezing a large breast, reached down and jerked the woman's dress off of her completely.

She was wearing no undergarments, so she now stood before the crew totally naked.

As the height of the crew's roar died back a bit, the lieutenant began to put the woman's naked body on complete display. He made a point of slowly rotating her around the platform so that every man in the crowd could get a really good look at her now fully exposed pussy. She had been shaved before the ritual, so her slit was bare and clearly visible to every man on deck.

The woman's previous haze of pleasure seemed to have now suddenly dissipated as she stood completely nude before this crowd of ruffians. Her face was flushed with her humiliation.

The lieutenant knew her distress wasn't going to lead to a successful display. He would have to act quickly.

James pulled her back against him so that her luscious ass pressed into his groin. Holding her in this position, he began murmuring in her ear and reached around to her front and gently stroked her naked breasts. After a few moments of fondling her large tits with his long, slender fingers and quietly talking in her ear, he slowly ran his right hand from her breast down the edge of her torso and across her thigh.

When his hand reached down between her legs, he grabbed her pussy in a tight grip. He cupped her pussy for a moment and then jerked her up a bit as he asserted his control.

She squirmed and whined a bit in protest -- much to the spectators' delight -- but her resistance soon stilled as he began carefully stroking her pussy with his hand.

Soon she was willingly spreading her legs to grant him better access.

He gently ran his fingers all over her pussy, slipping them inside her pink folds, as well as delicately pulling apart the folds to show these intimate areas to the crowd. The men pressed forward to see what the woman had to offer.

They were impressed by her large, full, bare pussy lips that softly hung down between her shapely upper thighs. They were titillated by glimpses of the bright pink inner areas beneath her ample folds.

Then, as the lieutenant's long, skilled fingers stroked the woman's clit, she closed her eyes and suddenly went weak at the knees.

The lieutenant tightly held her to him as he continued pleasuring her before the crowd.

"She's a common whore, she is!" someone shouted at her display of ecstasy.

"She's nothing but a pussy whore!"

"Maybe she's just putting it on!" someone else suggested.

At this comment, the lieutenant stepped back from the woman. He forcefully grabbed her by the hair and, pulling it forward, bent her over. Her luscious, round ass was now in the air, pointed directly at the crowd, and they loved it.

The lieutenant now reached behind her and gripped each of her creamy white ass cheeks. Then he slowly pulled them apart. Before, the crowd had only gotten a peek within the pink folds of her pussy; they hadn't gotten a good view of her actual fuck hole.

Now, the men in the crowd craned their necks to get a good look up the woman's pussy. And what they saw dispelled any suspicion that she wasn't aroused.

Her pussy was obviously filled with desire.

The lips were swollen and flushed a deep pink, in beautiful contrast to her white ass cheeks, and her pussy's interior glistened with overflowing arousal juice. Her fuck hole was definitely primed.

As the lieutenant held her in place, the woman's back arched so that her ass rose even higher in the air and her pussy spread apart even wider. Alternately, with her back arched and her face turned upward, her large dangling breasts were fully presented to the crowd. They were now accentuated by their very thick, elongated, obviously aroused nipples.

"Fuck her!" the chant had now been suggested, and the rest of the crew took it up with gusto.

"FUCK HER! FUCK HER! FUCK HER!"

It was now an unrelenting, pounding order, and the lieutenant finally unbuttoned his trousers.

The display ritual required him to remain clothed as a further show of his dominance over the completely naked, helpless woman, so he merely reached into his fly and pulled out his dick.

It literally bounded from his pants. The crowd's appreciation and respect for his very large and thick cock was made known by their louder and rowdier chanting. The lieutenant was the absolute perfection of manhood as he strode across the platform, his shaft prominently stabbing upward out of his pants.

He was truly at full mast.

Although it was obviously unnecessary, he stroked the taut flesh of his proud cock a few times before he positioned himself at the entrance to the woman's pussy.

Then, as the crowd's chanting became more intense, with one swift motion, the lieutenant mounted the woman.

There was no easing into it. There was no finesse. There was nothing restrained or delicate about it.

He mounted her by immediately plunging the full length of his immense cock deeply into her dripping wet fuck hole.

She responded with a full-throated wail, one that expressed both her desire for and her complete submission to his manhood. The crowd roared with laughter at this display of surrender.

To emphasize this surrender, the lieutenant firmly grasped the woman's arms in each of his hands, pulling back on them alongside her body for leverage. She was made to stand on the balls of her feet in order to raise her ass high to more easily accommodate his dick.

The crowd's laughter turned back to cheering as the lieutenant reared back and gave the woman another full thrust deep into her pussy.

It was obvious by her widened eyes and her desperate gasps that her pussy was being forced to take his very hard, long, thick dick. His cock was stretching her tight pussy, splitting it wide open. His massive shaft was filling her passage completely, and the woman could feel her pussy walls gripping and pulling with his thick cock as it drove deeply into and then out of her.

She couldn't help but cry out with each of his vigorous thrusts.

She also couldn't help her enormous hanging breasts from swinging in wide circles and then shaking and jiggling, according to the lieutenant's rhythmic thrusts. When her boobs weren't swinging in wide circles or bouncing up and down, they were swinging in opposite directions, every which way. The men positioned at that end of the show were completely mesmerized by the motions of her humongous dangling milk tits.

Each time the lieutenant rammed his hips into her ass and drove his dick deep into her, his hefty balls swung forward and slapped her pussy, stimulating her red, erect, slick clit. The rhythm the lieutenant established was steady and intense.

The woman was bent over, balanced on the balls of her feet, her arms pulled back at her sides, her back arched with her ass in the air, her face turned upwards, her massive breasts dangling with her nipples now at their longest.

From time to time, the woman would lower her ass, and the lieutenant would smartly spank one of her bare ass cheeks to command her back into position. Laughter rang out from the crowd as her shapely ass shook and reddened from each blow.

The crowd didn't think they could get more frenzied until she started pushing back to meet the lieutenant's thrusts. As she did, she raised herself up from the balls of her feet to her toes, and lifted her ass even higher into the air. She rocked back and forth in this manner to meet each of his thrusts.

At this point, she closed her eyes, and now with each of his forceful strokes into her pussy, she began to groan sensually.

"Uhhhnnnn!"

She arched her back even more so that he could fuck her pussy as deeply as possible. Each time his dick drew out of her, it pulled her clinging pussy lips with it, and the crowd could see her slick fluid coating the long, hard, thick shaft.

Then, with the lieutenant still gripping her wrists for leverage, the woman reached back and took either side of her pussy in her fingers. She pulled her pussy lips outward, further spreading open her swollen, bright pink pussy as an offering to the lieutenant's hard thrusting shaft. The crowd went wild with this display of complete submission, and with the more generous view of the interior of her pussy's pink folds.

The woman's intense arousal became even more obvious when she began to sensually rotate her hips, which moved her luscious ass in small circles. She also rousingly moved her shoulders so that she controlled the swinging of her huge dangling titties.

At the same time that she was moving her ass and boobs in this please-fuck-me manner, her mouth opened and then rounded as she loudly moaned "ooooooo" and "ooooohhh." Between the uncontrolled moans and whimpers of her wanton desire, she licked her lips and panted.

"A whore!" the men exclaimed.

"The whore loves it!"

"Breed that whore!"

Then the woman, between sensuous moans, began to call out:

"Fuck my pussy!"

"Please fill me with your seed!"

"I beg you to use my pussy hole!"

"I'm spread wide for it!"

It wasn't long before she was gasping so hard she could no longer speak. The lieutenant was pounding her ass furiously as her provocative gyrations renewed his efforts to plow his cock into her pussy.

The crowd could plainly see wet streams of pussy juice flowing down the woman's inner thighs. There was no question that although the lieutenant was using her roughly, was fucking her before a large and enthralled audience of rough men, the woman was fully and shamelessly aroused.

Suddenly the woman's body began to seize and arch, and she threw her head back in a helpless scream of overwhelming ecstasy. The men closest to the platform could see her swollen pussy lips helplessly convulsing with exquisite pleasure as the lieutenant drove relentlessly into her tightening hole.

Her orgasm was naked, in plain sight. Her most intimate pleasure was laid bare for all to see as her nipples tightened, her pussy pulsated, and she screamed and gasped in abandon.

"Listen to the whore spend!" the men exclaimed.

The woman screamed again as the lieutenant, in a sudden frenzy, tightly grasped the sides of her fleshy ass and bent over her in his own groaning shudder of intense ecstasy. With forceful, heaving thrusts, he shot load after load of his seed deep inside her pussy hole. The tight pussy gripped his pulsating cock, milking it completely dry.

The lieutenant finally ceased his vigorous thrusting and the woman then collapsed to the deck in spent exhaustion, bent double onto her knees. The lieutenant went down with her, still hunched over her back with his long, thick dick still lodged in her tight, throbbing pussy.

They remained in this position, their sweaty bodies heaving together in their desperate panting, for a good long while as the crew continued cheering uproariously.

It was the best display that anyone had ever seen.

They had never before seen such manly dominance force what ultimately became such willing female submission. They had never before seen a woman taken in such rapturous sexual abandon.

It finally took the captain mounting the stairs to the platform and issuing stern commands to disperse the crowd. But before he could drive them away from the platform, the captain had to agree to the crew's demands, lest there be a mutiny right then and there.

The crew insisted that a change be made to the time-honored tradition they had just witnessed. Once was simply not going to be enough.

They demanded that Lieutenant James put on a display with Mary every single day until the ship docked in the New World.