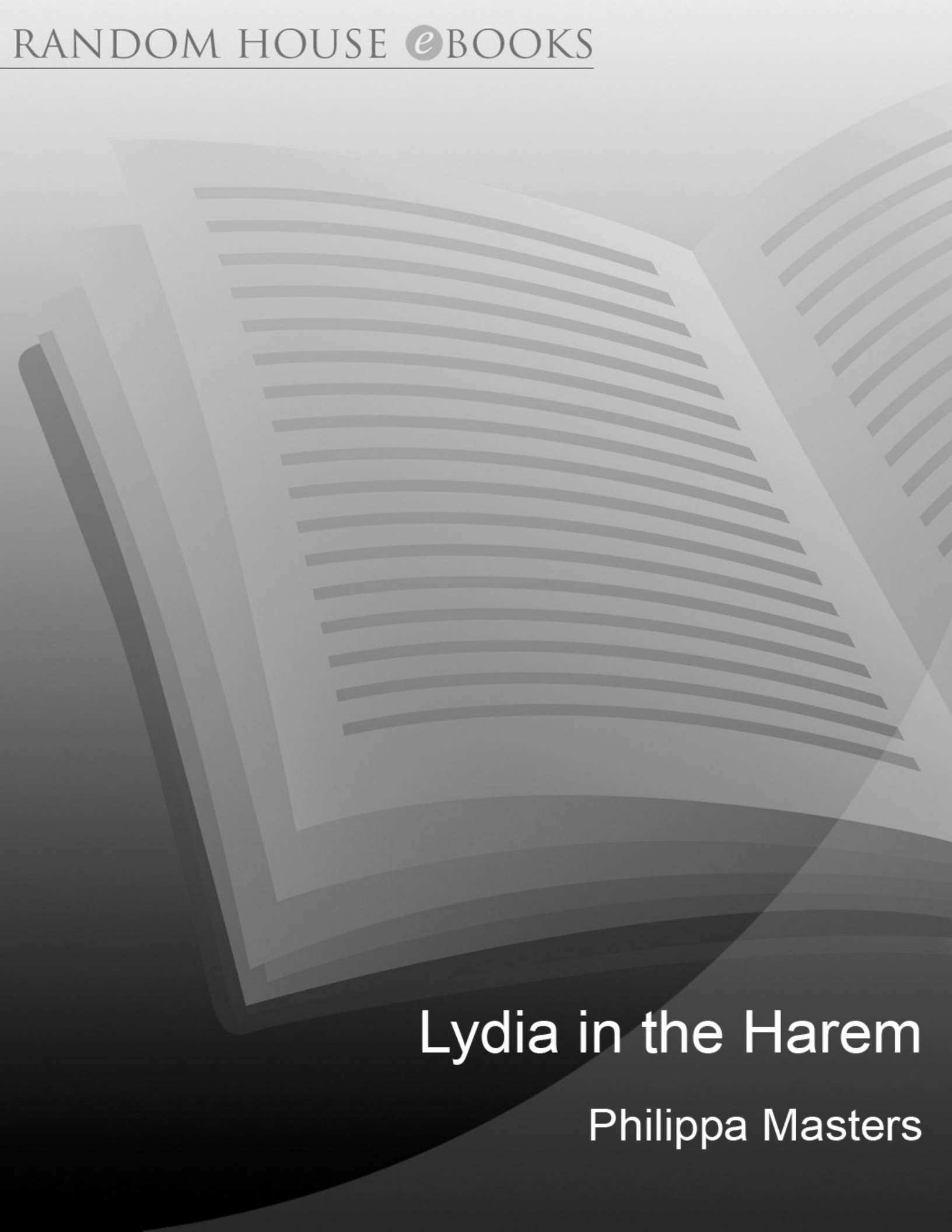


RANDOM HOUSE  BOOKS



Lydia in the Harem

Philippa Masters

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About the Book

What a glorious prospect lay before me: a pretty, vigorous and well-endowed young man, totally unversed in the ways of loss making, ready to conform to any every whim Heaven!

The Boer War has erupted in Africa and Lydia must sail for England. With a full complement of lusty mariners on board, the young seductress and her all-female entourage have a luxuriously decadent voyage to look forward to.

They have had time for only a few indecent adventures, however, when engine failure forces the ship to dock. The local Arabian Bey is quick to offer the stranded passengers temporary accommodation in his palace. There is but one small problem: the only place equipped to look after the women is the prince's harem.

All the same, the charismatic Bey proves to be the perfect host. And Lydia, Tiliu, Felicity and Alice are determined to be the perfect guests...

This is the sequel to *The Awakening of Lydia*.

Also by Philippa Masters

THE AWAKENING OF LYDIA

LYDIA IN THE HAREM

Philippa Masters



This book is a work of fiction.
In real life, make sure you practise safe sex.

Foreword

In the first volume of my great aunt Lydia's memoirs, which I have called *The Awakening of Lydia*, we followed the astonishing events which occurred during her time in southern Africa. For an English girl of only sixteen, brought up in that Victorian social environment in which girls were required to be innocent (though ignorant would be a more realistic term) to find herself on that savage continent in the late eighteen-nineties, would have been of itself an adventure. To find yourself the subject of strange advances by officers of the local garrison, to be kidnapped and carried off by natives, would have shattered the personality of any ordinary girl. Yet Lydia not only survived her many months as the plaything of the tribe's earthy desires, but through her innocent common sense learned to accept the physical delights they brought with them – even earning the titles (much sought after by the women of the tribe) of *mantolla* and *bassawiti*, which signified that she was an enthusiastic and eager partner in sex and was wonderfully skilful with her mouth. When she returned to 'civilised society' her astonishing experiences had turned her into a shrewd, resourceful (and very naughty!) young woman whose powers of observation and sense of humour are sources of inspiration.

This, the second extract from her reminiscences, tells of her sea journey away from Africa, leaving because of the impending war between the British and the Boers, and the adventures that befell her. Though perhaps 'befell' is not

the right term, for, as you will see, Lydia herself instigated many of them!

When I first read these pages, sitting in her own armchair, in her own cottage, some time after her funeral, I was both spellbound and staggered. How could these events be part of the life of the sweet, distant, very proper lady I had known and been just a little afraid of since childhood? The thought of my great aunt Lydia, straight-backed and correct, hat square on her grey bun of hair, marching along the lane to church on Sunday mornings, being the same person who, as the voluntary concubine of a Turkish Bey, floating veiled and bejewelled to his bed chamber and dancing at the Prince's banquet, would have been unbelievable except for a few items of objective evidence which confirm at least some peripheral details.

The town of M, for example, where Lydia learned the ways of the seraglio, actually exists in southern Arabia, and was part of the Turkish Empire at the time. Great aunt Lydia's address book, which I have by me as I write, has the names Alice Prendergast of Portsmouth, Tiliu Sharpe of Southampton, Felicity Nasser of Cairo, and Farah Suleiman of M, among dozens and scores of others – inevitably, in view of the woman revealed by this story, nearly all male!

Naturally, after all this time, these ladies have passed away, so I was unable to contact them to seek direct confirmation of my aunt's astonishing tale. Not that such confirmation is really needed, for the personality which shines from these pages, with its honesty, sharpness and sense of humour is evidence enough, at least for me.

I commend to you Lydia, great aunt and one time concubine!

Philippa Masters

One

As I sat down in my little cabin before changing for dinner, I felt a little sadness to be sailing away from my lovely Jonathan. That hurried, loving shag up against those crates on the dockside, from which I was still moist, would surely be our last; for I was off to England, and he was to remain to do his duty if the threatened war with the Boers actually broke out.

So much had happened since I arrived in this savage and beautiful country less than two years ago. So many experiences and revelations. So many delights. How could I leave it behind without pangs of longing and regret? I was not yet eighteen years of age, but I had already seen and experienced what few girls have ever been privileged to know.

I slipped into a reverie. In my mind I was with Jonathan that sweltering day beneath the tree by the stream, when he had kissed me for the first time, and touched my breasts, and I had been too young and naïve to understand the strange sensations he aroused in me. I drifted into the memory of Talesi, my escort and guide after my kidnap, tense with nerves as he smoothed that protecting unguent over my naked body, and then; in a flash, I saw myself kneeling before him – was it really only a few days later? – and taking his beautiful cock into my mouth, greedily sucking what had so recently terrified me. I was with Jonathan, in the stable on my first ‘riding lesson’; with Captain Mackay, Felicity’s father, on the knoll, when I’d ‘got heat stroke’ and he’d had to undo my clothes; with my

wonderful Motallo, being licked and nuzzled to desperation – all these and more. Even the ridiculous Dr Williams, our prurient vicar, drifted through my mind as the ship sailed away.

Would I ever know such joys again? Why ever not? True, I was leaving the friends and lovers I had known in Africa, but would I not be aboard this ship, with its complement of officers and crew, for several weeks? There would surely be plenty of opportunities for frolics. I got up from my seat and began to change my frock.

Mr Sharpe, the ship's purser, had expressed surprise when I insisted that Tiliu have a cabin next to mine, for she was ostensibly my maidservant, and an African to boot. Had he only known the adventures we had shared, he would not have wondered. Felicity Mackay and our chaperone, Alice Barnet, who were also returning to England because of the threat of war between the British and the Boers, each had a cabin nearby to mine and (happily, as it transpired) quite close to those of the ship's officers.

In the bustle of boarding and sailing out of the harbour, there had been little time to get to know the ship's officers, nor to learn what other passengers were on board with us. Now, having changed for our first shipboard dinner, I looked forward eagerly to making their acquaintances.

The ship's master, Captain Prendergast, a large, sober-looking man, naturally took the head of the table. Mrs Barnet, who had told me to call her Alice since she was now my companion rather than just my dressmaker, was looking very cheerful and, I noticed, was paying the Captain shrewd attention, sat on his right. I was seated close to the head of the long table, opposite Felicity, with Mr Sharpe on my right, and a silent, eastern looking gentleman dressed in civilian clothes on my left.

The officer on Felicity's left was very attentive to her, as well he might be, for she looked as ravishingly lovely as

ever; while the one to her right (a very young-looking person) never looked up from his plate. As usual, though, she was behaving in that slightly superior manner she always adopted with male company (except Jonathan's of course), and which I found so annoyingly hypocritical. I wondered how long it would be before she came to confide in me that some officer or other had become 'carried away' and she'd 'had to let him'. She always expressed it thus, for in her rather slow mind she had convinced herself that she was a 'good girl', afflicted with a beauty that made men lose control. In reality, of course, she was just as eager for the delights of shagging as I was, but would never dream of admitting it.

Conversation around the table, apart from the gentleman to my left, was lively, and light-hearted. Mr Sharpe told me about some of the places we would call at, and offered to take me on a tour of the ship on the morrow. I glanced into his eyes as I accepted the offer, but could detect no motives there other than dutiful sociability. Ah, well, the voyage would provide plenty of time for exploring that sort of thing! The purser was quite a handsome man, in his late twenties I would surmise, with short, fair hair and blue eyes. That he had chosen to sit next to me, and had invited me to tour the vessel, might just be social duty rather than a sign that he found me interesting, but time would tell. Besides, the last week or so of goodbyes to my gentlemen friends had been so active that I was not actually 'in need' yet.

However active Tiliu's last few days had been I know not, but that she had wasted no time at all on the ship I discovered when I returned to my cabin after dinner. She was not there nor in her own cabin, and only returned, looking dishevelled and somewhat distracted, an hour or more later, when I had already donned my nightgown and climbed into my bunk. Being a 'servant', she had dined with

members of the crew. She soon composed herself enough to tell me all that had transpired.

The mess, as the place the ship's crew took their meals was called, was cramped and crowded, and Tiliu's entry had caused not a little tension. Any wholly masculine company will inevitably react to the sudden presence of a young female, and all the more so when that female has a slender, high-bosomed figure, eyes like an antelope and a heart-shaped face the features of which can go from kittenish mischief to demure innocence in the bat of an eyelid.

Just such a figure is my lovely Tiliu, and a silence had fallen over the dozen or so seamen as she entered the crowded room. The men had glanced at each other, and looked Tiliu over surreptitiously as she helped herself to food from the tureens on a counter. At first she had found it rather disquieting to be the object of such tension and so many stares, but soon she had begun to find it amusing.

I well knew, not only from my time with her among her tribe the Tukanna, but from seeing her with Jonathan and several other gentlemen in P, that Tiliu can be a cunning flirt when the mood is upon her. I could easily imagine her pretending nervousness, fluttering and simpering, looking about her wide eyed, while all the while sizing up which of the assembled men were likely playmates.

At last, it was Tiliu who broke the silence, remarking in a little-girl voice upon how very hot it was, and plucking at her bodice as though the material were sticking to her bosom. At once there had been a babble as the men rushed to engage her attention, agreeing with her, telling her it would get hotter around the equator, offering to take away her emptied plate, get her a drink, anything they could think of to catch her attention.

One of the company, a dark-eyed, broad-shouldered man sitting on one side, remained aloof, watching carefully,

seeming withdrawn from the other men. He looked, when Tiliu caught his eye, as though he was as amused as she by the fuss, and was in fact entirely aware of her little manipulations. More than that, though, there was a stillness, a self-assurance about him, and a depth in his black eyes, she said, that caused her skin to prickle, and made her feel that he could actually see into her mind. That he smiled quietly when he looked into her eyes only confirmed her instant superstitions that, in her words, he 'had juju'.

She was not aware that he had left the room, only that, when she managed to disengage herself, he was waiting outside. She almost bumped into him as she turned a corner of the narrow passageway on her way back to our cabins. There was little preamble. As she started with surprise at encountering him, he took her arms as if to steady her. He did not straight away release her, instead held her and looked deep into her eyes. Nothing was said. It was as if, simply by the power of his gaze, he had taken control of her will.

When he turned and walked along the passageway, Tiliu found herself following. He led her round corners, down ladder-like steps, along passages, and she followed as though drawn on a leash. At last, he pushed open a metal door, and stepped aside, still saying nothing. Tiliu knew that if she entered the spartan cabin, she would be surrendering herself, would be giving up any chance of control over what happened to her. Even so, she could not help but step across the threshold.

The man closed the door and leant against it, a cool smile playing over his lips. His eyes moved over Tiliu in frank appraisal, and she felt entirely incapable of movement. He reached forward and began to unbutton her frock. Tiliu stood like a statue, staring at the man's calm face as he untied her sash, eased the material from her shoulders, and let the frock fall to the floor about her ankles. Since living

with me, Tiliu had become accustomed to wearing European dress, and now stood as if hypnotised as the man loosened her first petticoat, then her second, and let them fall to join her frock in the puddle about her feet. Next came her chemise, which the man managed to pull over her head without at any time touching her quaking skin with his fingertips. In untying the waist of her drawers he pulled Tiliu a little towards him, and she almost tripped on the huddle of clothing around her ankles, which her drawers now joined.

As Tiliu stood there, naked save for shoes and stockings, the man looked her over slowly and dispassionately. He did not touch her for what seemed an eternity, and it was as though his glance itself was teasing her skin, setting off pins and needles in her breasts and loins. Tiliu knew that he would do with her whatsoever he wished. He reached forward and with a single fingertip, traced the curve of her neck and shoulder. His hand smoothed down to cup and lift her breast. In the silence, Tiliu could hear her own heart thudding.

The man stepped close, and his warm, slightly spicy aroma filled Tiliu's breath. His hands moved over her skin, each touch sending shivers of tense anticipation through her, setting her breasts tingling, and starting a warmth in her loins.

The cabin was tiny. There was no bed and Tiliu found herself wondering how the man would position her for what she knew he would inevitably soon be doing. The man at once solved the puzzle.

Still without a word, he indicated two metal brackets close to the ceiling. Like an automaton, Tiliu found herself moving to stand with her back to the cold metal of the wall, and reaching up to grasp the brackets. She could hardly get to them. The man grasped her about the waist, his hands almost entirely encircling her, and lifted her as though she were a feather. Gripping the brackets, Tiliu

hung there, her toes barely reaching the floor, as the man continued to look her over. At last, not undressing, but simply unbuttoning his canvas trousers, he moved towards her.

The sight of the member he revealed sent a chill through Tiliu, for it was as rampant as any she had ever known. He reached down and slid his hands between and beneath her knees, lifting and spreading her so that she was held splayed on the crooks of his elbows. As if guided by some magical force, his cock at once found Tiliu's trembling cunny. Then he was in her with a single thrust that made the helpless girl cry out with shock and awe. Never had she been so stretched, never filled so deeply, never so powerfully penetrated that her very womb seemed choked!

He took a long time, thrusting slowly, overwhelmingly at her, the canvas of his trousers scratching her splayed thighs, the metal of the wall grinding against her spine. As though the very discomfort of her precarious position were reinforcing the sensations of the shaft moving within her writhing quim, Tiliu swirled towards a come which built and built, and had her sobbing with wild churnings, long before her mysterious ravisher quickened towards his own climax. When at last he did begin his come, pumping furiously at her helplessly jerking body, she lost her grip on the brackets and fell against him, grabbing for his shoulders, her breasts crushed against his rough tunic, her entire weight bearing down on the cock throbbing inside her. The last thing she knew, as she lapsed into a faint, was his grunt of triumph, and his hotness flooding her depths.

When she came to herself, Tiliu was alone, slumped naked on the floor, her discarded garments spread about her. She struggled into her clothes, feeling stiff and sore, her skin still tingling from her overwhelming comes. As she wandered through the vessel trying to find her way back to our cabin, all that was in her mind was that the mysterious

stranger had not spoken a word to her, yet had seemed to see inside her head, and that she would surely encounter him again.

You may be sure that my emotions were not unmixed as my dear Tiliu related her tale to me while I bathed the grazes on her spine, and eased the swollen folds of her sated cunny with tepid water. Tiliu had enjoyed many men, of all shapes and sizes, and if this stranger had so overwhelmed her, he must be fearsome. I tried to imagine a man so impressive that he could scare even a lascivious minx like my Tiliu, and make her faint with the power of his comes. I could not. I tried to visualise the kind of man who could dominate such an experienced and strong-minded girl as she was by the force of his personality alone. He must indeed be a hypnotic man!

My interest in this strange man multiplied the next day, for Tiliu was actually nervous of going to eat with the crew in case he was there again. To think of Tiliu, ever eager, ever alert for any juicy encounter, as being reluctant for a shag was very strange.

My tour of the ship with Mr Sharpe, accompanied by Tiliu and Alice Barnet, but not Felicity, who for some reason remained in her cabin, was fascinating, not least because the purser turned out to be quite charming. It also provided me with the opportunity to meet some of the other officers, and to see, though not encounter, the silent man who had sat next to me at dinner last night. It excited my curiosity to see that he was accompanied by a slight, heavily veiled figure, obviously female, for he had been alone at dinner last night, and nobody had mentioned the existence of a companion. Over the following days my curiosity grew deeper, for whoever the female was, she never appeared for meals, and I only saw her fleetingly, in the company of her silent escort, and only from a distance.

These two were the only other passengers, so the other people we saw on our tour of the maze-like innards of the

ship were members of its complement. There were only five British officers: Captain Prendergast; Mr Sharpe the purser; the mate, or first officer, a charming, dark-haired man, in his middle thirties I guessed, called Donaldson; a very taciturn chief engineer called Grimes and the lad who had sat silent beside Felicity at dinner, a very shy young midshipman called William Forbes. This young man, hardly more than a boy really, for he was only a year or so older than myself, blushed and stammered when any of us addressed him, and clearly found female company acutely uncomfortable.

We saw several groups of seamen working at various tasks, and I watched Tiliu carefully in case one of them happened to be the mysterious stranger who had so thoroughly fucked her last night. Whenever we heard or saw such a group, Tiliu would stiffen and her eyes would dart about nervously. That he was not among the group would be signalled by an audible sigh (of relief I wondered?) and a relaxing of her tense shoulders.

The seamen we did see were a varied lot, mostly Laskars, but with one or two Africans, and some who were clearly Oriental. One group, painting parts of the superstructure in the bright sunshine, were stripped to their waists, and it was pleasant indeed to watch their gleaming bodies as they worked. The way they, in their turn, glanced at we females, and especially at Tiliu, betokened that their thoughts were not entirely on the job in hand.

Tiliu's nervousness when we toured the ship, the reactions to her of the seamen we encountered, and most of all the fact that she had not gone to the mess for either breakfast or luncheon, nagged at me, and I decided to talk with her that afternoon in our cabin. Since she had first elected herself my 'apprentice', as it were, while I was serving the menfolk of her tribe, I knew Tiliu to be irrepressible and enthusiastic with regard to men and all and any licentious activities. To see her thus discomposed

at having been shagged by the enigmatic stranger was a surprise to me, for I knew she had accepted and relished all shapes and sizes of men, and more than one at a time. To see her actually reluctant to encounter him again worried me. That she lapsed out of the excellent English she had learned over the last year or so when I tackled her was further evidence of her state.

‘No ridja! No, missy!’ she blurted when I put the question to her. ‘It not the cock I scared of. It pain me, but it all right. It his eyes frighten me. He have powerful juju.’

I remonstrated with her, tried to comfort her, to reassure her, but she was convinced that he was a powerful juju-man. Just as we had convinced Benjamin, our house-servant back at father’s station, that I was a powerful witch, so Tiliu was convinced that this man was a powerful witch doctor. There was no way around it. Tiliu was afraid and would not go back to the crew’s mess where she had first encountered him. Unless I did something, the silly girl would starve herself to death!

I spoke with Mr Sharpe. He agreed that it was entirely sensible that my ‘maidservant’ should assist the steward in the officers’ mess and, like him, eat in what seemed to be called the ‘galley’ – the kitchen by any sensible name. What was more intriguing was that when I described the man concerned (though not, of course, telling him the true reason for my enquiry) Sharpe could not place him at all, which seemed odd to me, for the whole ship’s company could not have numbered as many as fifty men, and surely a responsible officer should know them all. I soon put the puzzle aside, though, for there were other games afoot.

With Felicity keeping to her cabin, Alice Barnet spending a great deal of time in the whereabouts of Captain Prendergast and Tiliu assisting the officers’ steward, I found myself thrown much on my own company. In my wanderings about the vessel, I frequently encountered the

midshipman, William. He had been told by the captain to look after the passengers' welfare, a duty he seemed to find excruciatingly difficult, for he blushed and stammered if I so much as glanced at him. He was a pretty lad, and well built, and it became a pleasant game for me to find ways of gently teasing him.

I would oblige him to engage in conversation. I got him to show me various parts of the ship, and explain the functions of the complicated derricks and davits and capstans and such. I found all these things genuinely interesting, but what was much more enjoyable was poor William's constant embarrassment, especially when we were in a place that obliged close proximity, or a roll of the ship allowed me to 'accidentally' lean against him. And the cause of his embarrassment was frequently evident, for the white ducks he wore by way of uniform were quite tight and entirely incapable of hiding signs of excitement in the trouser area.

I took to teasing and flirting quite outrageously. When occasion demanded that we mount the half-ladder, half-stair arrangements they called 'companion ways', I would arrange to climb up first, ensuring that he would have the greatest difficulty in avoiding a glimpse or two of my ankles. In walking about, I would take his arm 'to steady myself against the movement of the ship, and make sure that I clung tightly to him, pressing my breast against his upper arm. I praised his knowledge of matters nautical, fluttered my eyelashes at him and played all the little tricks of flirtation I had learned over the past year or so to tease a man. That I had my effect was very obvious, and not just from his blushes, but he continued to act more as if terrified than enticed. I decided that he must be entirely inexperienced in negotiations between the sexes, a notion which intrigued and excited me. How could I set about introducing him to such delights?

Naturally, I elicited the help of my Tiliu. Together, we managed to jam the little tap used to draw water to the wash basin in my cabin. Tiliu told William of our difficulty. I concealed myself behind the curtains of my little bunk. Sure enough, there soon came a slight tapping on the door. I ignored it. It was repeated. A pause. The door opened and William walked towards the offending tap. I emerged from behind my curtains, as though just aroused from sleep.

William jumped as though stung, and span around. His eyes boggled, and he backed against the washstand. If he had been flustered by my company on deck or in the officers' mess, when I was fully dressed, now he looked like to die, for we were in my little sleeping cabin, and I wore only a nightgown. (It never did occur to him that it was odd for me to be sleeping in mid-afternoon, but then, circumstances were not such as to allow him coherent thought!)

'Ah, William,' I said, moving towards him with a smile of welcome, ignoring his shocked expression and the way he stared at my nightgown, which was of a heavy organza I had carefully chosen for the fact that it not only clung where it touched, but also had a slight translucence that suggested to the eye the shape within. I bustled close to him. 'I'm so glad you are here! I seem to have broken the tap, and cannot finish my ablutions! Do please come to my rescue!'

I had placed my hand upon his arm, and was gazing at him beseechingly. He choked and stammered, and almost fell over the washstand in his anxiety to keep away from me. I stepped back. His starting eyes were running over me rapidly.

'Why, William, what on earth is the matter?' I cried. I feigned surprise, then confusion. 'Oh, William! How awful of me. I did not realise.' I clutched my hands to my bosom, 'accidentally' pressing the thin material to me and outlining my breasts even more clearly. I fluttered and smiled shyly,

and moved to place a hand upon his arm. 'But it is all right. We are friends, and you are too much of a gentleman to take advantage of a girl all undressed and alone.'

That he would decidedly have taken advantage had he known how to manage it was amply demonstrated by the perspiration which had broken out upon his forehead, as well as by the distortion at the front of his trousers. William stood frozen, his face as red as the sunset, trembling in every part.

'We *are* friends, aren't we, dear William?' I said, moving close again, and gazing up at him with all the wide-eyed innocence I could muster. 'You will not take advantage of me, will you, even though ...' I slipped my hand onto his exciting bulge. 'Oh, you poor man! You must be in agony. I am so sorry.'

The duck of his uniform was not thick. The impressive cock I was squeezing with my fingers jerked and throbbed. Suddenly, poor William stiffened and gasped and pulsed. Oh, no! He was having a come. There, under my hand, he jerked and shuddered, and a warm, damp stain spread over the rough material. We were both flustered, he with embarrassment, I with amazed disappointment that he had come so quickly.

'Oh, you poor boy,' I murmured. 'What have I done? Such a mess – you cannot go about like that!' I became businesslike. 'We must wash those. Take off your trousers, William. I will rinse them. You cannot be seen thus.'

William looked as horrified as he was embarrassed. He shook his head, his mouth working like a beached fish, though no words came out.

'Come along now,' I said, sternly, reaching for his belt-buckle. 'We must remedy this unfortunate accident. Be sensible!'

Looking as if he had been scolded by some strict nanny, William stared at me. I unbuttoned him, and pulled at his

trousers. At once he struggled quite wildly, and for a moment I was nonplussed.

‘Now don’t be silly,’ I scolded, as he tried to push my hands away. But as I managed to tug the canvas-like material down over his hips, in the process revealing as pretty a cock as you could wish for, he became suddenly passive. He stood perfectly still as I tugged his trousers down to his ankles, and lifted his feet one at a time so I could pull the material over his footwear. He looked, actually, a little ridiculous in his socks and boots, trying, and failing, to conceal himself behind the tails of his shirt. But what he was trying to hide, despite his painful embarrassment and its softened state, was nicely impressive. I persisted in my nanny-like manner.

Dropping the trousers onto the floor, to be rinsed later, I took up one of my handkerchiefs and began to mop at the stickiness about his thigh. He gave a sort of stifled yelp, and I am sure would have backed away actually through the washstand had that been possible. I mopped him very thoroughly, and lo and behold, his cock began to rear again. I looked up at him mock sternly, and grasped his swelling shaft in my hand.

‘What! So soon!’ I scolded. ‘Why, what a very excitable boy you are, to be sure. We must do something about this.’

His eyes were on stalks as I stood and gave his now quite handsome cock a couple of rubs. He was trembling, and I thought I detected a tear welling in his eye. I became solicitous.

‘Oh, William, do not be afraid. It could happen to anybody. Come, let me help you.’

I stood close to him, smiling up into his erudescient face as I gently rubbed his deliciously thickening member. He gasped, made as if to say something, gasped again and screwed his eyes tight shut, the throbbing in my hand telling me he was about to have another come. And come he did, all over the front of my nightgown. To have two

comes in such a short space of time promised well for future pleasures.

‘Oh dear me!’ I cried, leaping back. ‘Now you’ve got me all damp, too.’

At once, before William could even begin to recover himself, I pulled the nightgown over my head and dropped it, to join his trousers on the deck. He stared at me, mouth agape with shock, unable to tear his eyes away from my nakedness. I stepped close, obliging him to look into my eyes, and incidentally teasing my excited nipples against his tunic. I squeezed his cock again, and was delighted to feel it twitch in my hand.

‘Don’t be afraid, William. I won’t tell anyone.’

I smiled up at him, and rubbed gently. The delicious boy was already stiffening. Leading him by his splendid cock, I backed towards my bunk. He had no choice but to follow, still trembling and wide eyed.

‘Come, William, I won’t hurt you. Have you not been with a girl before? Have you never ...?’ I sat on my bunk, giving his cock another little squeeze. He shook his head so briefly, so nervously, it was more like a tremor than a controlled gesture.

Oh, glory! A delicious boy, with a splendid and already swelling prick, who had never experienced the delights of shagging. I unbuttoned his tunic and pushed it from his shoulders. I slid my hands up his body, lifting his undershirt. His tummy was pale, flat and firm; his chest hairless. His cock stood like a baton straining for the ceiling. I lay back, and pulled him towards me.

He was clumsy and over-eager, even hurt me a little in his excitement, so that I had to coax him and coach him. But oh, what a sweet shag he was! That he had come twice in only a few minutes helped to prolong matters now, and he fucked me as though his very life depended upon it, wild and unskilled, but so deliciously excited. His third come,

deep inside me, wracked him so violently I thought he would crush me through the bed, and he bucked and gasped as though in agony. It was wonderful.

Afterwards, while he lay recovering on the bunk, I dressed and got him to tell me where his cabin was so that I could go there to rinse out his trousers and get him some dry ones. Luckily, I encountered nobody in my quest for his replacement clothing, for how on earth would I have explained? Even as William stood to pull up the clean trousers, his cock began to stir again. He looked at me, half-shy, half-eager. I gave his pretty red plum a playful tap with my finger.

‘Now, now, William,’ I scolded. ‘You must not be too hard on a poor girl. Besides, we must save something for later.’

Looking as though he had been given the greatest present in the world – which I suppose he had – William tidied himself and sneaked out of the cabin, looking back at me just once, with eyes that betokened great keenness to see me again soon.

At dinner that evening it was rather difficult to feign unconcern, for William, despite his obvious efforts at control, was like a coiled spring of eagerness and barely concealed excitement. That and the fact that whenever I caught Tiliu’s glance as she served the various dishes her eyes held that impish gleam I knew so well, made it hard for me not to grin with pleasure at my delightful coup of the afternoon, and the knowledge that it would take a body of armed troops to prevent William from coming to my cabin later. I would, though, need to work hard to cool his excitement in the company of others, for the last thing in the mind of a healthy and inexperienced lad with the prospect of plentiful shagging suddenly before him was the need to be discreet.