

Return to the Gallery

(By: Ken Martin)

The deep water dock was alive with action, as Maria and Tonya were led back up the gangplank. They had just been released into the eager arms of the dock workers, after having hung from the ship's prow during its approach to the island. Their arms hurt, and they shivered from the cold. Even though the water was relatively warm, the wind caused by the speed of the yacht, had given them both a chill.

Tonya wished that she could talk with her friend for just a moment, there were so many questions she wanted to ask her. Was Maria here like she was, a bought slave, or was there another reason for her being here. Tonya felt she needed to know what Maria's motives were. She needed to know, but they were both still gagged, and had no opportunity to talk. At the top of the gangplank, Mako waited for Maria. He took her arm and led her inside. Tonya was diverted by another crewman, and led below. Just as suddenly as she had appeared, Maria disappeared from Tonya's view.

Down below, Tonya was led back to the galley, where she was greeted by the cook and put back to work as if nothing had happened. The other slave girls looked at her curiously, but didn't approach her to ask where she had been. They had no idea that they were now alongside an island.

Tonya tried to sort out her thoughts while she got back into the swing of things, she was very confused by Maria being there. Maria was also confused, but not as much as Tonya. Her worry over what had happened to Joseph Booth, was all consuming, and getting worse. Misa knew what was worrying her new friend, and tried to cover for her when her concentration slipped. But she knew that it would only be a matter of time before their Master noticed and took matters into his own hands. Misa helped the shivering girl get cleaned up and ready for Atamo's return.

Tonya was wondering if they were going to get to go ashore at all. It was now late at night, and the fat man had come to put them to bed. He picked out three girls who left the bunk room with smiles and then began running the long chain through each bunk, locking the remaining girls in place. By now they all knew what had happened, Tonya had told them where she had been and all the girls were excited at the prospect of getting off the ship for a little while.

Their chance came the next morning. When the fat man woke them up the next morning, Atamo himself accompanied him. The girls all assumed a kneeling position on the floor as soon as they were free from their beds, Tonya included. Atamo waited until they were all ready before speaking. Although he spoke in Japanese, Tonya got a translation from one of the girls later.

"Greetings my pretty ones. You have all done very well this trip. I am pleased with you all and have a gift I wish to bestow on you. We have arrived at Masako Island, which I know some of you have been to before. The sun is warm, the sand is soft and beautiful. My gift to you is a full day of pleasure, the freedom to enjoy the sand and the sea and take time off from your work schedule to play. I'm sure that

we humble men can fend for ourselves for one day." He laughed and most of the women laughed with him.

"You will soon be escorted to the portion of the island I have set aside for you, where you will remain until tonight, when you will be brought back here to sleep. Go with my blessings upon you."

Atamo smiled a big smile and bowed, before leaving the girls alone with the fat man. As soon as Atamo was gone, the girls started talking about their good fortune, while Tonya got the story from the girl next to her. Tonya wasn't sure she believed it, until they were ordered out of the bunk room and up on deck. All the women blinked in the sun as the long chain was reattached to their manacles, and soon the entire line of nude women was being led down the gangplank and along the dock to the beach, accompanied by the appreciative calls of the male crew. The dock itself stuck out from the beach, quite a ways in order to find water deep enough for Atamo's yacht. Moored on the other side of the dock were three smaller cabin cruisers, one with a radar mast, and the flying boat.

Tonya looked around as she walked, hoping to see Maria, but there was no sign of her. She wondered if Maria would also be brought out to the beach.

The group was marched halfway around the island, stopping at a low concrete structure built right on the edge of the beach. To Tonya's surprise, not only were they released from the chain, but also from the manacles on their hands and feet and the chastity belts. At least everyone but Tonya. Her chastity belt was kept on, and Tonya knew why. It was because she had yet to be fixed.

The fat man, who had walked them down there, began to shout instructions. Again Tonya couldn't understand a word, but what he said must have been good, for the girls cheered and smiled and began heading for the building. So Tonya followed. Inside, on tables, were snacks and beverages, which some of the women eagerly began to consume. This was all stuff that had been denied them aboard the 'Leta', and they attacked them with relish. Beyond the tables was something Tonya wanted even more, a hot shower. A large community shower was in place with shelves and benches placed close by, where towels and soap lay waiting for them. The water in the shower was already running and the happy chatter of washing women was loud. Tonya grabbed a bar of safeguard soap and joined them, enjoying the luxury of a proper soapy wash.

Many of the women were washing each other and Tonya didn't object when someone started doing her back, she decided to return the favor by washing the body of the girl in front of her. Soon many soapy hands were fondling and caressing other people's soapy body parts and much laughter could be heard. With a disappointed sigh, Tonya finally left the shower. Frustrated by her chastity belt, she had been unable to fully enjoy herself in there, as the others had done. She grabbed a towel and dried herself off, before carrying it outside with her. Some women had gone out before her and were lying on their towels on the sand.

One girl had a big bottle of sun lotion and was moving from girl to girl, giving each a good coating. As Tonya settled on her towel to catch some rays in the warm sun and pleasant company, it was almost easy to forget why she was there.

But, Maria couldn't forget why she was there. Dressed in a bright red silk kimono she knelt at Atamo's feet while he sat at his desk, his penis in her mouth, caressing the end with her tongue. Her hands were bound behind her with a silk cord. Atamo sat back and enjoyed the motion of the American's tongue, while he looked through more papers from his lawyers in Japan. Maria couldn't stand it anymore. She had to know what had happened to her former owner. She pulled back from Atamo and looked up into his face. "Master?" she said softly, afraid of talking to him, yet afraid of not knowing the truth. "Did I tell you to stop, Yoshi?" Atamo asked, his attention still more or less on his paperwork.

"Master. I beg your answer to my question." Maria said a little louder. "You beg nothing, Yoshi. Now back to work." "Where is Joseph Booth, Master. What happened to him?" Atamo pulled his chair back, fully revealing the kneeling girl, helpless before him. "I hear you mention his name one more time, Yoshi, and I will have you whipped!" Maria didn't care, she was sick with worry. "Please, Master!"

The bright red silk that Maria wore, did nothing to protect her skin from the bullwhip that Mako used. It shredded under the onslaught and by the time he was finished, lay in rags under the bleeding girl. She was left there to suffer for a few hours, before being taken below to the bunk room, which Tonya had vacated earlier in the day, her fine gold chastity belt now exchanged for a rougher steel one. The silken bonds exchanged for heavy metal manacles. As the men left her, she cried herself to sleep.

After an hour alone on the beach, the men began to arrive. Relived of their duties now that the 'Leta' was docked, Atamo had given most of his sailors the day off as well. Of course this meant that they were free to join the women on the beach, what man wouldn't enjoy a day in a beautiful setting, surrounded by naked women.

Tonya was disgusted with whoever allowed her to fall into such a condition. She took Rhianna's hand in one of her own. "Come." Unresisting, the still manacled FBI agent was led toward the concrete shelter. Some of the other girls that had chosen to just lie in the sun for a while, watched as Tonya walked the beaten girl through them, and a couple of them got up to follow. Inside, Tonya led Rhianna directly into the shower, and turned on the water. She was about to get some soap, when one of the girls who had followed them came in with a newly unwrapped bar of Camay. The second girl joined them, and together they washed Rhianna down and cleaned her cuts. Despite their gentleness, it was obvious that they hit some tender spots, but the agent remained silent until they finished, when she spoke for the first time. "Thank you."

Everyone smiled and Rhianna was dried off and led toward the food and drink. She took small bites of what was offered and drank little, but soon Rhianna began to relax and a little life was brought back to her eyes. All through this, Tonya kept up a steady soothing tone, much as she did when she tended to Liz Morning, oh so long ago. When she was ready, Tonya asked the others to leave, she needed to talk to Rhianna alone. "How do you know my name?" Rhianna asked, once she and Tonya were alone. Tonya told her who she was and about the discovery of Liz Morning. When she mentioned Stabler's name, Rhianna spat on the floor. "That bastard was the one who sent me here too." Rhianna said softly, her anger giving her more strength. Tonya continued her story, explaining what she had found out and how she wound up here. For a moment Rhianna said nothing.

"So, you haven't seen Cory?" she asked, wondering about her partner. "No, sorry." Tonya replied reluctantly. Rhianna took a long sip of water then spoke again. "We were separated as soon as we were caught," she began, and proceeded to tell Tonya about how she had been stripped and kept in a dark room onboard the 'Leta' for a long time, only taken out once, put to sleep, to wake up back in the hole. She gestured to her stomach and Tonya saw that hidden among the bruises and cuts, were the unmistakable signs of surgery. She had been operated on, and Tonya felt she knew what for. So did Rhianna.

She told Tonya that soon after coming back to the dark room, she was moved into the crew quarters and raped repeatedly by the crew during her nights. During the day she was taken to the galley where Tonya saw her, and made to work. She was kept tired, and underfed, and soon she just didn't have the strength to fight them anymore.

This continued day after day until today, when Atamo told her that she would be joining the rest of his slaves and that if she behaved she would soon come to know the pleasures of serving him. Tonya was appalled, and speechless. She sat and held the chained hand of the agent for a long time, neither of them saying a word.

Eventually the room began to fill with men and women, tired and hungry after running around on the beach. Tonya watched as the naked women and the somewhat clothed men, dove into the food and devoured what was left. She didn't notice that Rhianna too watched the men, her interest sharpened by one in particular.

"Tonya?" Rhianna said. "Yes?" "By the water bottles, the man in the blue trousers and white shirt." Tonya looked over and picked out the guy, who stood stalking with a couple of his crew mates. As far as she could see there was nothing about him that was really very different from any of the other men. "I see him." she said. "His sunglasses." Rhianna said. Tonya looked again. His shirt had a front pocket, and a pair of sunglasses was poking out of them. "Before he goes outside again. You have to get me those glasses." Rhianna gripped Tonya's hand as she said this and Tonya saw that she was very serious.

"All right, I'll try." Tonya thought quickly. She figured that theft might be punished pretty harshly considering the system in place here. She needed to figure out a way to get them without being found out. Then she hit upon an idea. Tonya walked over to a group of women standing in one corner and asked them to help her out with a favor. She didn't tell them everything, just enough to get them to do what she wanted.

The girls agreed, and a moment later the group went over to the man, surrounded him, and began to tickle him. His friends backed away, enjoying the man's obvious embarrassment at being the target of so many beautiful women, laughing as they did so. The man backed up too, trying to fend away the many hands that poked and caressed him all over, laughing even more in forced glee. The entire group went out the door and onto the sand where they collapsed in a big heap, arms and legs everywhere. No one noticed when one

hand plucked a pair of sunglasses from a pocket.

Tonya hid the glasses the only way she could, by stuffing them down the front of the ill-fitting chastity belt, and then worked her way out of the pile and toward the building again. Rhianna had come to the door and watched the action nervously, but when Tonya smiled, Rhianna knew she had succeeded and smiled too. Her first since Tonya had known her. The two of them retreated back into the building and hid in the shower area, out of sight of everyone.

"I saw this in a movie once," Rhianna said as Tonya handed the sunglasses over to her. "I tried it myself to see if it would really work, and it did, but it took a little practice and you have to have the right kind of frames." Rhianna snapped one of the ear stems off the glasses, and inserted the broken end into the lock of her manacles. She closed her eyes and began to bend and twist the narrow strip of metal in the lock. "It only works on big locks too," she said, popping the lock a moment later. Tonya was amazed. Rhianna looked Tonya square in the eye. "Now, to escape!"

TO BE CONTINUED