

*The*  
*Book*  
*of*  
*Bondmaids*



**Trude Perkins**

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## One

*Frydd first saw the mysterious dark-haired woman gliding along the castle courtyard, large book in hand, as she herself wrestled with the heavy bag that contained the entirety of her worldly possessions. Frydd was struck, because there was a sadness and beauty about the dark-haired woman not shared by the rest of the boisterous castle inhabitants. She felt like talking to her, but there was too much to do. A new job, a new start, and her new employer Madam Suspira was waiting for her...*

*Frydd saw the dark-haired woman again a couple of days later, after settling into her new home at the Castle. Frydd was looking down from one of the balconies down at the palace gardens, and saw the sad, beautiful woman sitting on a lonely bench feeding a small flock of birds from her hand as she sat, a great leather book on her lap.*

*Frydd made her way down, but by the time she got there she was gone, leaving nothing but a crowd of noisy songbirds picking at crumbs, who angrily dispersed as she approached.*

*A week later, when she saw her the third time, she resolved to find out who she was.*

*She followed the dark-haired woman through the labyrinthine corridors and staircases of the castle keep, and eventually up the stairs to the Great Tower. Her trail led to a small, simple room containing a king's ransom of treasures – gold, silver, art, and books, so many books! Dozens of them, piled on shelves, stacked on the floor.*

*As Frydd stood at the door, the dark-haired woman smiled.*

*"Hello?" Frydd said, awkwardly.*

*"Come in!" the woman replied, pouring wine from a crystal decanter into two fine crystal goblets.*

*"I didn't mean to bother you..." Frydd said, not entirely sure what she was doing there. The woman smiled.*

*"I'm Misallyna. You're new. I haven't met you."*

*Frydd let herself in and took the proffered wine glass. The wine was sharp and bitter.*

*"Madam Suspira gave me a job last week."*

*"Ah, yes. Suspira. The new favourite. Please! Sit down!"*

*"What is it you do here?" Frydd asked, sitting on the small, neat bed.*

*Misallyna sipped at her wine before picking up her large leather book and tenderly stroking its spine.*

*"I am the Mistress of the Bond, the Dark Maidservant, keeper of the Book of Bondmaids." she said, simply.*

*"Is that a... magical discipline?" Frydd asked.*

*"Yes, and no. The Book is an archive of sorts, and I am its Keeper. You, on the other hand, are a mercenary Sorceress from Alba, recently arrived by ship and employed to keep the Lich's peace."*

*"Your Book told you that?"*

*Misallyna shook her hair and laughed.*

*"No, the chambermaid did. She knows everything that goes on around here. If the Lich was clever, he'd dismiss his skinny new Witch and make her his spymaster instead."*

*"You don't like Suspira?"*

*"I don't know her. The Lich has had many servants over the years. They come then go again. They die in his service, or he tires of them and they die anyway."*

*"But not you?" Frydd asked.*

*"No. Not me. I'm afraid I've been at his side for a very long time. But it's nice to be in a castle again. I've been in the dark for so long that I had almost forgotten the sun. But you interest me. A lot of people might hesitate about taking employment with an Undead Lich. But not you?" Misallyna asked,*

*Frydd shrugged.*

*“Not really. At least he won’t be as handsy as the captain I just left. I didn’t know there had been a coup when I got here. I thought House Romanzak was still in charge?”*

*“Whether House Romanzak was ever in charge is an interesting question, but I don’t suppose it matters now. So, welcome to the Lich’s service, I suppose.”*

*“I’m still not really sure I know what you do here, though? What is the Book of Bondmaids?”*

*“I could tell you...” Misallyna said, with a sly grin.*

*She stroked the spine of the great Book on her lap and opened it. Frydd felt her head start to swim as she sank back onto the neatly made bed as the room melted around her, soft summer light filtering through proud, ancient oaks.*

*“...or I could show you!”*



# *The Goodwife's Tale*



Aneska couldn't decide whether or not to be annoyed at Pawel. The washing basket was heavy, and with her late pregnancy her centre of gravity had shifted, making her muscles strain in different ways as she carted the worn wicker basket down to the river. There would be much more washing once the baby comes, the village women kept reminding her. Her sister Anna said it wasn't nearly as bad as they were saying, but Anna was far away in the city now. Aneska missed her.

Aneska had every right to be annoyed at Pawel, because he was supposed to be helping her around the farm with things exactly like this. He had just turned eighteen and was in that awkward summer where his lessons in the church schoolhouse had finished, but he had not started his apprenticeship yet. The only chores he had was helping round the farm, and his father had specifically demanded that he help Aneska. The baby would be here in less than a month.

Pawel was twelve years old when Aneska married his father Daividh and moved to the farm. Aneska was worried that since Pawel was older, he would resent his new stepmother, or would see her as an outsider trying to replace his mother. Aneska was very grateful to find that was not the case. Pawel's mother had raised him well, and through her long illness, she had constantly told Pawel that his father would have to marry again, and that it was up to him to welcome and help

his new stepmother. Aneska had never met Pawel's mother, but often thought she would like to. She sounded like a remarkable woman.

No. Aneska couldn't decide whether to be annoyed or not, because even though the basket was heavy, it was so nice to have some time to herself like this. The farmhouse was quite the biggest house she had ever lived in, but it was a constant hive of activity. The tiny house she grew up in, as the youngest of seven children meant that she was used to being surrounded by people, but that also meant she valued solitude.

Pawel's father Daividh was a reasonably wealthy man and could afford to hire several farm workers, but he worked incredibly hard himself, often going out in the morning and not coming back until it grew dark, ravenously hungry and exhausted. Unfortunately, this strong work ethic had never really resonated with Pawel, who tended to shirk work whenever he could. Daividh was a strong, hearty man and at nearly forty was much older than her. At twenty-five, Aneska was closer to Pawel's age, despite being his stepmother. Pawel was different to his father in many ways. Daividh was strong and muscular, Pawel was slight and gangly. Daividh's hair was dark brown and receding slightly, Pawel's was ginger red, like his mother.



Aneska eventually decided that she was not annoyed with Pawel, but she should be.

When Aneska reached the riverbank, it was uncomfortably hot. The late summer rains had been threatening to break for some time, but were continuing to hold on, making the air swelteringly hot and humid. Aneska dropped the basket by the slow flowing water and sat down. Her back and hips were aching, and she lay back on the cool grass and stretched herself out.

Aneska loved this spot, because although it was not technically part of their farm, the only way to reach it was through their land, meaning no-one but the

family ever came here. The river was set into a large and heavy copse of trees surrounded by light forest, making it completely secluded. The river – although deep and wide at this point – was too narrow downstream to carry any river traffic. At some time in the past, one of Daividh's (presumably wealthier) ancestors had set finely cast-iron poles for a clothesline, and it was a point of family pride to keep these fine artefacts well maintained and free from rust. Rust was starting to creep around the ornamental vines – another job Pawel was yet to do.

The baby kicked hard, and Aneska smiled and felt a surge of love for the little person inside her. She knew the baby would be strong and healthy and handsome and clever and kind. She knew this because the witch Misallyna had promised. Her grandmother had once warned her about dealing with witches, but Aneska loved Daividh so much, and wanted to give him another child, a child of her own. The price was explained to her, and she decided whatever Hell awaited the Bondmaids in death, she could bear it, knowing her family was alive and safe and healthy.

It was so hot. Aneska sat up and crawled forward, putting her hand into the deliciously cool water. It would be amazing to have a dip and a swim in the cool water, she thought. She had swum in this part of the river before, but always at night when it was dark and no-one would be able to see her.

She took off her heavy boots and dipped her feet in the water, letting the blissful, wondrous coolness envelop her. She lifted her skirts up to her knees and waded out. The riverbed was smooth and sandy, the steady flow of the river having smoothed the sharp edges of the rocks centuries ago. The idea of stripping off and bathing grew even more tempting. She looked around to see if there was anyone watching, and that was when she saw the flash of ginger hair disappearing into the bushes.

She recognised Pawel's unruly ginger hair immediately and became irritated for several reasons. She had carried the heavy washing down on her own for no reason, the solitude she was looking forward to was now gone, and more importantly, she would not be able to bathe in the enticing cool water.

Aneska was always very respectful of Pawel's privacy, and very careful to respect boundaries. She was very careful never to undress in front of Pawel or do anything to embarrass him. Lately however, he caught him looking at her more hungrily – staring at her cleavage when she was leaning over, walking into the bedroom without knocking, little things. She had thought about sitting down with him and talking like her mother had done with her but had decided that this was Daividh's place, not hers, and so left it.



Pawel's upbringing was very different to hers. Aneska's family had all lived in one big room, all nine of them. There was no room for privacy there, and the family were very close. Her mother and sisters talked and laughed about sex the same way they talked and laughed about everything, but Pawel had never had that. He was too young when his mother was alive, and although Aneska loved Daividh dearly, she had to concede that he was not a particularly attentive father.



She supposed she would have to just do the washing, then. At least she wouldn't have to carry it back...

She waded a little more, waiting for Pawel to appear and make his excuses, but he didn't. She looked again – had he gone? No, she could still make out the shock of red hair. She was about to call out when she realised.

*He's not here to help me.*

*He's here to WATCH me!*

Her first thought was indignation, and she opened her mouth to scold him and demand he come out from the bushes, but immediately after that came her second thought, the thought that this would have to be far more sensitively handled than that.

Aneska had four brothers and three curious sisters and knew that boys were always playing with themselves. Was he looking for privacy too? Was that why he was hiding in the bushes?

Aneska's third thought was that she was glad she hadn't stripped off for a swim, but then, a fourth thought struck her. A curious thought, which made her heart strangely beat a little faster for a couple of seconds.

*If he wants to see, would it actually be so terrible if Pawel saw me with no clothes on?*

Aneska's whole family lived in that one big room, and there was little room for privacy. She had grown up seeing her parents and siblings naked all the time. They had gone swimming together, been in the communal sweat lodge together, walked around their little house naked, but Pawel had never had anything like that. He had his own room, with no-one to talk to, no close friends – certainly no girlfriends. Had he ever even seen a woman naked?

As the thought blossomed in her head, it turned into a plan to action.

*I want Pawel to see me.*

*I want Pawel to watch me.*

*I don't mind if Pawel wants to play with himself while he watches me.*

There was another thought, which on one level was just the logical conclusion to the train of thought, but at its core meant something wholly different.

*I WANT Pawel to play with himself while he watches me.*

Her heart started hammering at the thoughts she was now exploring. She walked back to the tree, unsure even now if she could go through with it.

Her hands were trembling, her mouth suddenly dry. She was doing nothing wrong, after all – she was just going for a dip on a hot day, it wasn't HER fault Pawel was spying on her. After all, she didn't even know he was there, did she?

She took off her apron, placing it under the tree. Her breathing quickened, and she felt Pawel's eyes burning into her as she unlaced her dress, and with trembling hands, took it off, laying it next to her apron.

She stood in her shift. She was naked underneath – Daividh wanted her to wear knickers like the upper classes, but she had never worn knickers before and it was far too hot for such a ridiculous garment on a day like this.

She positioned herself to give Pawel the best possible view and pulled the linen shift over her head, casting it aside. She planted her legs apart and interlocked her fingers, stretching her arms up high. She slowly turned around, letting Pawel see her buttocks too.

*'Here you are, Pawel' she thought. 'This is your stepmother, all of her. I'm naked. I took my clothes off for you. For you! This is what you wanted to see, isn't it?'*

Feeling free and liberated by removing the stuffy clothes, she waded out into the wonderful water, launching herself when it was deep enough, fully immersing herself. The shock of cold water was bracing but wonderful. She felt incredible, like some sort of water goddess as she allowed herself to float on her back, the gentle

flow of the deep river carrying her as she gently steered herself with her hands. She relaxed her bladder and pissed in the water, feeling the warm wetness of her urine gush between her legs, disappearing quickly in the cool, slowly flowing water

Aneska swam back to the riverbank, and waded out of the water, suddenly wishing she had a proper towel. She could use the dirty washing, she supposed, but it might be nicer to lie down and dry in the sun, she thought.

She lay herself down on the comfortable green grass and stretched.

She dared not look towards the bushes at Pawel, just in case she caught his eye, and realised she was putting on a show for him.

Aneska thought about Pawel. She found herself wondering what Pawel looked like naked. She wondered what his cock looked like, although she was initially ashamed of the thought. Was it big and hairy like his fathers?

Another thought hit her. She let it roll around her head, but she knew herself that her mind was made up.

*I really, really, REALLY want to touch myself.*

Touching herself wasn't something Aneska did often, because it was never the same after she left home.

When Aneska was old enough, her mother took her and her two bigger sisters out picking wild mushrooms, and all four of them talked about relationships, and sex, and men, and what was good and right and normal and what was not. Mother had said it was good to touch yourself, but not to do it in bed at home because her brothers were there. She told them not to be ashamed, because Mother and Father and all their brothers did it to themselves and enjoyed it, but not to let her brothers see her doing it, though, and not to watch her brothers when they were doing it to themselves either.

When Aneska admitted she didn't know what that was, her sisters took her to the ruined cottage out on the moor. Once here, they all lifted their skirts and, as her sisters showed her what to do, taught her how to masturbate. Her sisters made themselves cum and were very patient with her when Aneska could not seem to find her joy. They sat with her, making suggestions, making her laugh, and after some time, Aneska gave herself her first orgasm that day, holding her sister Annas hand as her sister Olga smiled and sang a lilting song, plaiting Aneska's hair.

From then on, masturbation for Aneska was never really a private thing, but an activity she shared with her sisters. They did it regularly, but not as often as Aneska liked. She sometimes played with herself in private, but it was never the same as being with her sisters, the closeness, the shared experience. Aneska liked it best after the girls had been swimming, and they all had their clothes off. When the

girls sneaked off to find a quiet, private spot she sometimes suggested taking their clothes off, and sometimes they did, but the other girls usually didn't want to. Aneska didn't care about her sisters being nude any other time but loved looking at them naked when they were playing with themselves. She loved looking at Annas large breasts and Annas long legs, loved hearing the kitten noises Olga made and the throaty grunts Anna made, she loved being so close with her sisters.

Aneska was incredibly wet between her legs now. She drew her knees up. Pawel would be directly in front of her. Slowly, she opened her legs.

*"This is how your father sees me"* Aneska thought. *"This is what your father sees when he puts his prick inside me..."*

The baby gave a massive kick, squirming in her belly and Aneska giggled.

Aneska wiggled herself into position, getting herself comfortable.

*"I know what you want to see me do, Pawel..."* she thought. *"I want to do it too..."*

She dropped her hand down round her belly, gently touching her wet lips. She circled her little rosebud, feeling the lightning currents of sensation pulse and swirl through her. She slipped her fingers into her wetness. It was her deepest, guiltiest secret, but Aneska loved the taste and smell of her own vaginal juices. It wasn't a particularly nice smell, or nice taste, but Aneska found it... comforting, perhaps? Showing Pawel this guiltiest of her pleasures might be a step too far, so she resisted the temptation to sniff and taste her fingers. No-one but her would ever know or realise, but pregnancy had changed the taste of her juices in a way that could not really be described. More... tangy?

As her fingers slipped inside, she was surprised at how wet she had become. She pulled the wetness up and swirled it around her clitoris, before gently rubbing it up and down, every now and again circling it. Before her pregnancy she liked playing with her breasts, but she found that recently her swollen breasts could become uncomfortable, lumpy, heavy. Her mother had told her not to expect milk until after the baby came, but she could almost feel it building up inside her. Her nipples were still sensitive, even more so, perhaps, so she lightly brushed them with her fingertips, sending goosebumps down her skin.

Her arousal was growing, and she began rubbing herself a bit harder, a bit faster. She imagined Daividh standing in front of her, stroking and pulling his cock. She imagined Pawel standing next to him. Daividh and Pawel, both stroking their cocks, looking at her...

There were things about sex that aroused Aneska, and things she found beautiful, but sometimes those things were not always present together. She grew

up listening to her parents making love, always at night, always in the dark, always under the covers.

Well, almost always...

On rare, special occasions, the blankets would fall away, and she would see them both naked, grunting and thrusting, moaning, bathed in the soft blue moonlight streaming through the small windows, their naked bodies entwined and coupled in pleasure of their lovemaking. To Aneska, this wasn't something sexually arousing, but something magical and sacred, an act of pure love and grace that had brought her and her brothers and sisters into the world. In those moments she remembered wondering, "*Am I watching them making me a new brother or sister?*"

Aneska and Daividh didn't make love as often as Mother and Father did, but she loved it. Daividh was older, but strong and still handsome, and she thought about him, lying on top of her, his big cock slipping in and out of her and she rubbed herself harder. His face started changing in her mind's eye, and suddenly it was Pawel thrusting in and out of her. Without thinking she brought her hand up to smell and taste herself, enjoying the curious smell and salty acidic tang of her vagina. She remembered that she wasn't going to do that in front of Pawel and realised that she was too aroused to care now. Is this what happened when Mother and Father's blankets fell away, too aroused to preserve their dignity?

She rubbed herself harder, faster. She realised she was moaning loudly, and clamped her mouth shut, putting her free hand over it. She then decided that she didn't care about that either.

She couldn't ever remember feeling this aroused before. She snaked her other hand down her back under her buttock to find her other puckered little hole. She wasn't going to let Pawel see her do this either, but she was way past that now. Her juices had been running from her vagina and down between her buttocks, and she smeared the wetness around her anus and started rubbing. She loved being touched on her hole, but didn't really enjoy being penetrated there, although Daividh seemed strangely obsessed with sticking his finger into her. She didn't mind. He liked it, and it didn't hurt. Something different was happening here, though, because she wanted Pawel to see. She slipped her finger into her anus, pushing high, right up to her knuckle, trying to angle herself so Pawel could see.

*Look at me, Pawel! This is what your father does to me, Pawel, this is what he likes. Do you like it too?*

She sneaked a look up at the bushes, wondering if she would see Pawel, but if he was still there, he was keeping himself hidden.

*Come out, Pawel, I want to watch you too. I want to see your cock...*

Her orgasm was growing, and she knew that when it came, it was going to be intense. She was grinding and thrusting her hips now, unable to keep herself quiet. If Pawel stepped out the bushes now she would let him ram his cock inside her, she knew.

*I want to fuck Daividh... I want to fuck Pawel... I want them both to fuck me at the same time... Father and son together... I want to fuck Pawel... I want to fuck Pawel... I want to fuck Pa...*

It was coming, it was coming, IT WAS COMING...!!

“UUUUUUUUUUHHHHHAAAHHHHHHH PAWEL!!!!”

Aneska screamed and convulsed with the intensity of her orgasm, wetness splashing her inner thighs. It wasn't until after the intenseness started to subside that she realised she had said Pawel's name out loud.

She was instantly mortified. Looking up she saw the red-haired boy running up the hill, holding his trousers up.

She put her burning face in her hands. Oh, God! Why did she say that?? Maybe he didn't hear her?

She walked over to the broad-leafed bush where he had been hiding, to try and get a better idea of what he could hear and see.

She peered through the bushes. Oh yes, he would have seen absolutely everything. He had been a lot closer than she had even thought. She looked down, and that's when she saw it, and immediately her arousal started peaking again.

Pawel had been playing with himself, she knew that for certain now. The broad leaves of the bush were splattered with semen.

She knelt down, and with a trembling hand, reached out and touched it. She rubbed the sticky, tacky fluid in her fingers, and on a whim, scooped some up, and put it in her mouth, tasting it. She tried to compare it to the taste of his father's seed, but Pawel's tasted cool and salty. His father's seed was always warm and greasy, but that was because he always spurted straight in her mouth.

*I know what you taste like, Pawel...* she thought.

A last, devilish thought came to her – not a desire, but more a compulsion.

She scooped up as much of his semen as she could, gathering it on the tips of her fingers, and squatting down, pushed it high into her vagina.

She stood up.

If Pawel had heard her say his name, she decided she didn't care. She would get dressed, finish the laundry, and at night she would cook dinner.

Pawel wouldn't know it as she served the soup and meat, but she would be remembering the taste of his semen.

She would make love to her husband tonight, and in the morning, she would serve breakfast to the two men, knowing that she carried the sperm of both men inside her, father and son.

She looked over at the washing. The baby squirmed and kicked, and Aneska smiled.

"I know, little one..." she said out loud, stroking her belly.

She picked up the washing basket and brought it over to the rivers edge. She thought about getting dressed, but it was still too hot.

Still nude, she began scrubbing at the linens as the little person inside kicked and squirmed. She smiled.

*Maybe I should write to Anna and Olga. Maybe invite them over. It's been a long time since we all had a swim...*





*Frydd shook her head, the return to Misallyna's room jolting and assaulting her senses. She was breathing heavily; her face was hot. She was lying back on the seat, her knees parted.*

*"Wow...!"*

*Misallyna sat back, a smug little grin on her face.*

*"It's intense, isn't it?" she said.*

*"I was there. I felt it!" Frydd said.*

*"The Book is ancient, there are hundreds of stories like that in it's pages. Thousands, likely, I have never counted them. Of all of them, I think I like Aneska's story the best."*

*Frydd stood up, and then sat down again quickly. She was squelching wet between her legs. She felt the seat underneath her. It was damp. She blushed deeply. Misallyna chuckled.*

*"You've got questions, everybody does. Most people don't want to ask them."*

*"What was that? How does it work? How long was I out for?" Frydd asked.*

*"...although apparently you do!"*

*"What happened?" Frydd asked.*

*"You experienced one of the memories of a young woman who lived 258 years ago in the Northeast Marches of Conussia. Like all the other Bondmaids, she agreed to write herself into the Book in exchange for a wish, in her case having a healthy, strong, beautiful, and intelligent child. Only a few moments have passed. What you experienced was a memory, although the orgasm you just had was real."*

*"I... wait, I had an orgasm? Here??" Frydd asked, blushing deep scarlet. She already knew she had, though, without looking to Misallyna for confirmation. She knew by the familiar way her genitals pulsed and tingled pleasantly, and by the dampness between her legs.*

*"Yes. It was her pleasure, but your body experienced it."*

*"And you knew that was going to happen?"*

*Misallyna gave a shy, faux-guilty smile.*

*"Are you cross with me?"*



*“Well, perhaps a little warning might have been nice!”*

*“I’m sorry. Maybe I should have told you what to expect. But I wasn’t making fun of you - you looked incredibly beautiful when you peaked in your pleasure, the women always do.”*

*“And what about the men?”*

*Misallyna perfect brow furrowed for the briefest moment, although she kept smiling.*

*“The men that the Lich surrounds himself with rarely want to hear the Bondmaids stories. Why would they, when they can summon the maids and abuse them?”*

*“You can summon the Bondmaids? Into this world? You mean you could summon Aneska and talk to her?”*

*“Yes, that is the real price the Bondmaids pay. The most precious thing in this book are the stories, but not what is valued, sadly. The Bondmaids are bound to the Book, and the Book to them.”*

*“And the wishes the Bondmaids make. Do they come true?”*

*“Oh yes! Aneska had a beautiful baby boy. He became everything Aneska asked for, and more. A polymath genius - strong, handsome, kind, and brave. As a soldier he was the youngest Field Marshall in Conussian history, as a scholar he wrote the most complete history of the Southern Steppe, and as a statesman he essentially wrote the entire modern Conussian constitution from scratch. It was Aneska’s baby boy that finally outlawed slavery in Conussia.”*

*“Wait! I know who that was! That was...”*

*“Archduke Daividh the Red, yes.”*

*“He was a nobleman, though!”*

*“Not by birth. He married into the Royal Family, and it’s no exaggeration to say that every head of state on the continent is descended from him.”*

*“Aneska must have been really proud!”*

*Misallyna’s smile faltered for a second, before returning, sadder.*

*“Aneska did not live to see it, I’m afraid. Neither did his father.”*

*“What happened?”*

*“These things happened so long ago. Time happened.”*

*“Wait – so how old are you, if you knew her 258 years ago?”*

*“Old. Older than I look, although I feel the weariness of every hour that passes”*

*“And what about you?”*

*“I am as much a slave to the Book as any of the Bondmaids are.”*

*“But you could take the Book away from here...?”*

*Misallyna shook her head sadly.*

*“It’s not as simple as that. But forgive me, I must rest now. Using the Book is exhausting, and I am so very, very tired these days. Come and visit me again, though. The Book has stories that need to be told...”*





## Two

*Frydd knocked on Misallyna's door. It was already open, and inside Misallyna was sketching something on paper. She smiled.*

*"You came back!" Misallyna said. "You want to know more about the Book, I suppose..."*

*"I want to know more about you. You said there were thousands of stories in the Book, but Aneska's story was the one you liked best. Why?"*

*Misallyna put down her drawing and poured two goblets of fine red wine.*

*"Because Aneska was loved, you felt it as I did. Her mother and father, her siblings, her husband – Aneska was a woman who was loved deeply and loved deeply in return. I had no concept of what love even was until I saw the world through Aneska's eyes."*

*"You've never been loved? I don't believe that."*

*"Oh, I've been prized, and valued, and admired, and esteemed. I've even been cherished, but only in the way a miser cherishes the jewel he keeps locked in a vault."*

*"That sounds like a sad story."*

*"It's a boring one. Love, on the other hand, makes for a wonderful story. Would you like to see...?"*

*Misallyna smirked, and after carefully selecting a page, opened the book. A salty wind seemed to spring up in the room, and Misallyna's sketch flew up in an unseen breeze before*

*coming to rest on the bed. Frydd felt the room melt away as she lay down, the last thing she saw before closing her eyes was the Misallhyna's sketch of a sailing ship with full rigging...*



# *The Captain's Tale*



Captain Gunilla Hamar felt every inch as weary as her ship as it finally limped into the deep harbour of the port of Dol Lan. Although mostly a trading vessel, the *Harridan* was licensed as a privateer, and the ship had been extensively damaged in the protracted battle with the Conussian merchant vessel *Queens Pride*, which, far from being the soft target Captain Hamar had been promised, turned out to be every bit as armed and dangerous as her own ship was.

It was a gamble on Captain Hamar's part, albeit a calculated one, because she knew the storm was coming. As it played out, the gamble paid off handsomely. The *Queens Pride* eventually struck her colours and surrendered, allowing the *Harridan* to crew her back to a small Lanian fishing village, where she was left. All she needed to do was report to the nearest Royal Lanian Navy office to claim her prize money.

She did have one advantage over the unfortunate captain of the *Queens Pride*, and that was the promise the witch Misallyna had made to her not three weeks earlier. A wish for a death, she had said. "Whose death?" Captain Hamar had demanded. Misallyna just laughed, flashed her pearly teeth and shook her dark hair. "Yours, silly!" she replied. "I want to make you immortal!". She knew that in

exchange for granting that wish, her story would be entered into her Book, and she would remain forever in those pages after she died. Gunilla Hamar was determined to make her story a good one, the story of the most brilliant and daring Privateer that ever sailed the ocean.

Hamar stood on the captain's deck, her assembled crew looking up, squinting in the morning sun.

"The ship is secured, Captain!" said Tippet, her First Mate. Loudly, so the whole crew could hear.

"Very good, Mr. Tippet. Are you happy with the ship?" she replied.

"I am, Captain."

Captain Hamar turned to Owe, the Bosun.

"Very good. Mr. Owe, are you happy with the crew?"

"Yes, Captain" said Mr. Owe.

"Very well. All ashore that's going ashore. Mr. Owe, the men are yours."

A cheer went up. The men had been six months at sea, and although they had made brief stops for provisioning, most of the men had never left the ship. The conversation was a little bit of theatre, a holdover from Hamar's navy days. A formality that showed respect to the ships officers, as well as to the men. There was no real reason to have it, but the Captain found comfort in it.



Tippet, her First Mate was the ships Master, in charge of the ship itself – its rigging, its provisions, the decks. No-one could go ashore until Mr. Tippet was happy that all the chores and tasks had been completed. Captain Hamar had known Mr. Tippet for years, ever since they served together in the Lanian navy. He was a barrel-chested man, balding and pock-marked, but with a sharp eye, particularly for rust and grime, which made him the perfect Ships Master. He was a

little cagey about his background, and carried a slight accent, but Hamar was certainly not one to pry her nose into other people's business.

Mr. Owe, the Bosun oversaw the crew, particularly where discipline was concerned. Mr. Owe was not the most obvious choice, being as he was, affable and easy going, but his personal charm made the crew actively want to work harder. He was a handsome man, a native of the proud desert nation of Sotor, far to the south.

As the men raucously got ready to disembark, Captain Hamar turned and spoke more privately to her two officers.

"So, are you really happy with the crew, Mr. Owe?"

"Mostly. I don't think we should take Froke back on. He's a terrible worker, and he obviously lied about being a cook when we took him on."

Captain Hamar nodded her head.

"Will you be able to find another cook in the next couple of weeks?"

"Possibly. But if you're happy, I'd like to take Jittle on as a cook. Then we just need to recruit another seaman."

"Can Jittle cook?"

"Better than Froke can, but that's a low bar. Besides, he can be trained on the job. He's already been helping Mr. Rizzo in the galley."

"And has Mr. Rizzo said he'll be happy with that?"

"Oh, yes!"

"What do you think, Mr. Tippet?"

"Jittle is a good seaman, but it's easier to find good seamen than good cooks. I'd be very happy with that."

"That's settled, then. Make the arrangements, Mr. Owe."

"Aye, captain!"

"During the battle I was impressed with the Port gunners, but the Starboard gunners seem to be a bit slower. Is there a reason for that?" Captain Hamar asked.

"It's not the gunners, it's young Mr. DeViean. He took Mr. Trewas' death hard, I'm not sure he's pushing the men as hard as he could." Mr. Owe replied.

Mr. Trewas was the Master Gunner, who had dropped dead from a stroke on deck a few weeks ago. He was a popular officer who had turned the Harridans catapult and ballista crews into a real fighting force and easily the equal of any Lanian Navy vessel. Mr. DeVean was an engineer to trade, and Mr. Trewas clearly had high hopes for him.

“We all feel the loss, Mr. Owe. Is Mr. DeVean ready to become the Master Gunner?”

“I’d say no, Captain. But we should take our time on choosing the next Master Gunner, and he’s doing a decent enough job at the minute. I say we hold off making the appointment. Maybe Mr. DeVean will rise to it.” Mr. Tippet replied.

Captain Hamar was under no obligation to seek approval from her officers but learned a long time ago that concessions like these meant the ship was much happier, and therefore, ran a lot smoother.

“That sounds like a good idea. Right, send Mr. Froke up, lay the gangplanks when you’re ready, Mr. Tippet.”

Mr. Tippet signalled to the waiting men, and they crew dutifully lined up. Once the planks were laid, the men made their way to shore, dispersing onto the quayside.

Mr. Owe brought Froke, who stood shiftily on the captains deck.

“Mr. Froke, we would like to thank you for your service, but let you know that your services are no longer required on the Harridan.” Captain Hamar said.

“Not required, captain? How so? You can’t run a ship without cooks!” Froke replied.

“You’re not a cook, though, that much is obvious. Your food is terrible, your hygiene appalling, and to be honest, I’m not sure why the entire crew hasn’t been poisoned.”

“There’s nothing wrong with my food!” Froke protested.

“SHOW RESPECT TO THE CAPTAIN!” Owe growled.

“You don’t decide that, Mr. Froke, I do.” Captain Hamar said, simply.

“But how am I supposed to get another ship here? Can’t you take me to Lania City at least? There’s no work here!”

“Can you pay for your passage?”



“A working passage!”

“Working doing what?”

“Well, you still need a cook!” Froke replied.

“Mr. Owe, do we have a position for a working passage?”

“We could find something for him to do, I suppose. Unpaid, and he’s not getting anywhere near the galley.” Owe said.

“So you’ll have me slave for nothing, or abandon me here?”

“Mr. Froke, you need to understand that this is all on you. You lied to us about being an experienced cook, and we have every right to refuse you any kind of passage. I think I’m being very reasonable. You can have until tomorrow morning to think about it. You can collect your pay you have earned so far, but it will be your last. Do you understand?”

Froke stood, fighting his temper and righteous indignation, trying to concoct a rebuttal. In the end, however, he merely shrugged churlishly.

“Yes, Captain.” He replied, and he stomped off to join the others.

“I’ll keep an eye on him, captain. If he steps out of line, we’ll just leave him here. Are you coming to the Topsy Lady tonight? We’re hiring the festhall, we’re taking the whole place over!”

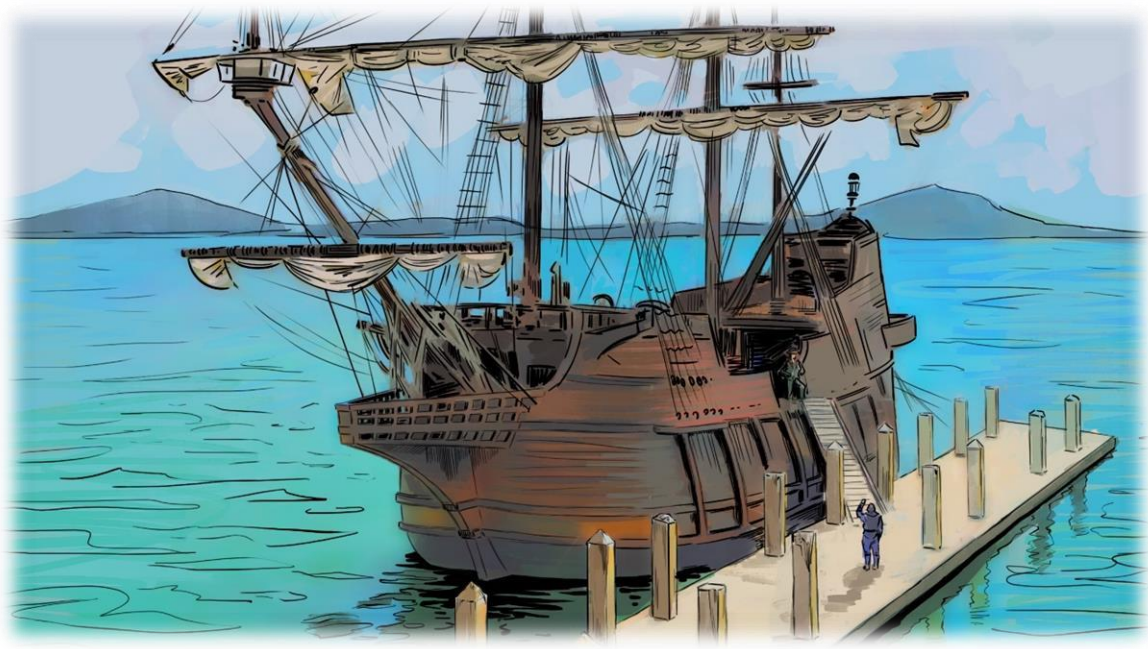
“No, thank you. Go, enjoy yourselves. The men should be able to relax without their captain watching them!” Hamar said.

The men all left the ship, and the harbour crews came on board. Mr. Tippet directed them, instructing them to make the repairs and replacements he could not whilst at sea. The ship needed a lot of repair after the sea battle, but Hamar wanted it done quickly, so she paid extra to bring as many craftsmen on board as possible.

The tax collectors came and went, inspecting the hold and the Harridans paperwork, and Hamar discussed and agreed a suitable docking fee, made cheaper by the discrete payments directly to the greedy men. This type of corruption was so widespread that it had become practically legal.

Finally, as expected, she saw a young officer of the Lanian navy standing ashore, throwing a crisp salute. He carried a basket and under his arm and a couple of heavy-looking ledgers.

“Captain Hamar of the *Harridan*, I am Ensign Tole Oakley of the Royal Lanian Navy. Permission to come aboard? I understand you’ve been busy!”



Hamar saluted back out of habit, although she was not obliged to. The young man was undoubtedly stationed here to liaise with the privateers like her that fought the unofficial cold war between Lania and Conussia. This kind of shore duty was a boring, thankless job that she'd also done herself as a junior officer, and she knew that like she had done, the dashing young man was only biding his time until a commission on a Ship of War came up.

"Indeed! Come aboard!" Hamar called.

Ensign Oakley boarded the ship with a cheery smile and handed her a basket of apples.

"For you, Captain. Welcome to the port of Dol Lan!"

Captain Hamar grinned.

"Mr. Oakley, I could kiss you! I haven't had fresh fruit in months!"

Ensign Oakley blushed slightly.

"Err... yes! Well, shall we...?"

Hamar took the officer to her quarters and sat behind her large desk. The capture of such a large vessel as the *Queens Pride* meant a sizable reward from the Lanian Crown. She had already prepared all the necessary paperwork.

"The *Queens Pride* out of Conussia City. Fifty-three tons of grain. Surrendered after minor damage. Quite the catch, Captain! The Crown will happily pay the standard 14,000 gold bounty upon taking possession of the ship" Ensign Oakley said.

“We were lucky, yes!” Hamar replied, modestly.

“Of course, you can take the cargo as per the agreement set out on the Letters of Marque, but I am authorised to offer to buy it at 60% of market value. The Royal Lanian Navy be very happy to take it off your hands, and then you won’t have to go to all the trouble of finding a buyer and...”

Captain Hamar laughed and poured two glasses of port.

“Look, we both know you’re authorised to buy it at 80% market value, I sat on that side of the desk doing exactly your job for long enough. So, I’ll tell you what – why don’t we just pretend that we spent an hour haggling, and settle for 75%? You’ve still saved the Lania purse, it’ll still look good on your report!”

The Ensign considered.

“65%.”

“70.”

“Done!”

Captain Hamar and the Ensign shook hands, and signed the respective missives.

“So, any plans in our little town?”

“Not really. The men do, they’re be drinking and whoring for the next few days.”

“Oh! No, they won’t!”

“I beg your pardon? I think you’ll find they will! As flattered as I am by your high opinion of my crew, I’m rather afraid that faith has been horribly misplaced...”

“Oh, no, no, Captain, that’s not what I meant! I meant whoring has been banned in Dol Lan, by decree of Baron Lan.”

“They banned whoring? In a seaport?” Hamar said, incredulously.

“Yes, I know. I don’t imagine this ban will last long. The decree is awaiting ratification by the Crown Prince, but no-one thinks it’s going to be upheld.”

“So how come you don’t have a riot every time a new ship comes into port, then?”

“Well, I say it’s banned, and it is, but you know people will always find a way. A couple of girls are still working by rather ingeniously sticking to the precise wording of the decree.”

“Go on...”

“Well, Captain, I’m hardly an expert and as a gentleman I wouldn’t presume to know the details...”

“Mr. Oakley, you’re not going to last five minutes on a Ship of War by being a blushing schoolgirl. Spit it out, man!”

“Very well. The decree very specifically states that it is illegal for a tavern to knowingly let a prostitute work within its walls, so, places like the Topsy Lady have opened a discrete entrance through the cellar. No-one sees a prostitute enter, no-one sees them leave. The law is not broken! It also states that anyone in the room where an act of paid sexual congress is taking place is breaking the law. So, some places have simply started making holes in the wall that the prostitutes stand behind. Rather ingenious, wouldn’t you say?!”

Captain Hamar banged the desk and laughed.

“Hah! Then let’s sack all the lawyers in Lania and replace them with whores, then, because they’re certainly smarter than the dusty old men I’ve got managing my affairs back home!”

“I daresay! Well, I mustn’t keep you. Oh, the Duke of Lees is having a function tomorrow night at the Baronial estate. It’s a formal affair, please say you’ll come! Accept an invitation as my guest!”

“I don’t know, I’ve always hated formal events...”

“Oh, me too! That’s why I’d love for you to come, I have no doubt that it’s going to be dreadful!”

“Well, you’re not really selling it, but since I don’t have other plans, I’ll provisionally accept. Unless something else comes up that needs my attention...”

“Thank you, Captain, thank you!”

The Ensign saluted again and left. Hamar started immediately plotting ways to get out of the invitation.

With the shore crews left on board performing their repairs and other tasks, Hamar wandered off the ship and into the town, although calling it a ‘town’ was a bit of a stretch. In reality, Dol Lan was just a couple of streets, little more than an

extended village with a harbour. There were lots of taverns and shops, but the shops were disappointing, all selling the same cheap but massively overpriced goods. Hamar wandered around the town, eventually settling on a waterfront bench. Along the pier a woman was crying.

She approached the crying girl.

“Are you alright, miss?” Hamar asked, offering her a handkerchief.

The girl looked up, and Hamar saw that she was pretty and young, probably only 15 or 16. She took the proffered handkerchief and blew her nose.

“I’m sorry ma’am, I was just going...”

She got up to leave.

“No, wait! I wasn’t chasing you away. What’s wrong?”

The girl sat back down, wiping her eyes.

“It’s... nothing, ma’am. I’m sorry!”

“What’s your name?”

“Jolle, ma’am.”

“Tell me why you’re crying.”

The girl teared up again.

“I... said I’d do something, but I can’t do it. But I can’t not do it either...!”

“Right...?”

“I... took money from some men. They want me to... they’re going to be in the tavern tonight. I’m to stand behind a wall and... and...!”

“Ahhh. Right. And you’ve never whored before?”

“I’m not a whore!” she said, suddenly defensive.

Jolle rang her apron in her hands, her head bowed.

“...except I suppose that’s what I am, now.” she said, miserably.

“Look, I don’t imagine it’s for everyone. Just tell them they’ll have to find someone else.” Hamar said.

“It’s not that simple. I’ve already given the money to the Bailiff. The Baron was foreclosing my parents farm...”

“Well, let’s see what we can sort out. How much money did they give you?”

“300 gold.” Jolle replied.

*300 gold! Hamar thought. Bloody hell, I must be paying my men far too much! Every man on the crew must have chipped in a whole weeks wages!*

“That’s... yes, that’s a lot of money.”

“So, I have to do it, I know, but I didn’t think it was going to be this hard!”

Hamar inwardly cursed herself for getting involved but laid her hand soothingly on the girls shoulder.

“And what exactly did they ask you to do?”

“I’ve to go to the cellar entrance behind the Topsy lady but wear a cloak and keep my face covered. I can’t let anyone see me or I might get arrested. It leads down into a cellar, and the men go down the tavern stairs on the other side and... and...”

“It’s alright, I know what they’ll do then.”

“They said I’d only have to use my mouth, but if I wanted to make more money on the night then some of the holes were bigger.”

“Look, don’t worry about it. You’re not going to be forced to do anything, although that is a lot of money. Leave it with me, I’ll see what I can do.”

“Like what...?”

“Like find someone else that can do it. Perhaps someone a little cheaper.”

“I don’t have any money left!” Jolle said.

“I’ll worry about that. Just go home. The farm’s safe and the ship will be gone in a couple of days anyway.”

“I... don’t know what to...”

“Just go. I’ll sort it out.” Hamar said, firmly.

The girl stood up and threw her arms around Hamar, who awkwardly returned the hug.

The girl ran off leaving Hamar with absolutely no idea what to do.



Hamar ran through the possibilities, none of which were appealing.

She could order the entire crew back to the ship, or demand the crew forfeit the money they spent on the naïve young girl, but the reputation and goodwill she had carefully nurtured would be destroyed. She could find another prostitute to take the girls place, but if 300 gold was the going rate, then she didn't have that money to hand. The Harridans coffers were empty, between paying the crew their back pay and ordering the essential repairs on the ship after the sea battle. She would be very rich in a few weeks, but by then the ship would be far away, and the whores of Dol Lan would be very aware of that - even if she COULD find someone to take the girls' place. She could speak to the Bailiff and Magistrate and... what? It was none of her business how the local government managed their tenant farmers. She could do it herself...

Ha ha!

Ha ha ha!

HA HA HA...!

Can you imagine...?

HA HA HA HA HAAAH...!!

Although even as she was dismissing the idea out of hand, a tiny little voice in the back of her mind wasn't laughing...



Hamar wandered around the shops thinking, contemplating. Every option she considered seemed less appealing than the last.

*You could do it.*

She instinctively knew that there was a brilliant answer, a perfect solution to be found, something that could save the girl, satisfy the Bailiffs and entertain her crew without destroying all her careful work, if she could only just figure it out...

*You could do it.*

She bought herself a tankard of ale and sat outside in the warm air, watching the afternoon sun lazily transition into early evening. If she could only just think! The answer was there, right there, so tantalisingly close. What was it?

*You could do it...*

She downed the last of her tankard and wandered back to her ship. The shore crew were busy working, they'd be working long into the night. She went on board and sat at her great desk. She took up her quill and a piece of parchment, intent on writing her options down so she could process them individually and judge their merits, just like they had taught her in the Lanian Naval Academy.

*You could do it...*

She dipped the quill in her ink and poised it at the top of the page and began writing in her flowing hand:

### OPTION ONE

*I could do it.*

She set the quill down and read it back to herself, laughing out loud.

*I couldn't, though. Be serious.*

*Why not?* she asked herself, inwardly.

*Because you're not a whore!* she replied to herself.

*It's not whoring, you're not getting paid.*

*It's the same thing, and you know it! This is your crew!*

*You're not whoring, you're saving a young girl. And it's not like you haven't sucked a cock before...*

*Shut up! That's not the same thing!*

*When was the last time you sucked a cock?*



*I'm not doing it!*

*You used to love sucking cock...*

*That's true, I did used to love sucking cock...*

*And no-one will know. No-one will ever find out...*

*I don't know... I'm not sure...*

*Maybe Mr. Owe will be there.*

*Yes! He might be!*

*I wonder how big his cock is?*

*I wonder what his cock tastes like...*

Hamar snatched up the parchment, crumpling it in her hand.

*WHAT THE HELL IS WRONG WITH ME?*

Hamar grabbed her heavy cowled cloak and walked out into the evening air.

She couldn't deny that something in her had changed after meeting the witch Misallyna, although she wasn't sure what. She had started having intense erotic dreams at night and found herself daydreaming about sex during the day. She had started masturbating again, something she had hadn't really done since she was in her teens. There was no shame in it, she knew, but there was no privacy on board a naval Ship of War, even for officers, so it stopped being an option a long time ago. Why was she suddenly playing with herself every night now? Was it something to do with the Witch, and that damned Book of hers?

She wandered Dol Lan without a specific destination in mind, but after walking for ten minutes, she was surprised to find that she had taken herself to the cellar door to the Topsy Lady tavern. She was also surprised to find that she had walked the whole way cowled in her long cloak, making sure that no-one could have recognised her, and taken a circuitous route that meant no-one would have seen her come directly from the ship.

Hamar was sure she hadn't done that deliberately, but here she was anyway.

*Well, it wouldn't hurt to have a look and see what this is all about,* she thought.

She opened the heavy storm cellar doors and walked down the narrow stairs. A small, dim lantern had been lit inside, which didn't give off much light. She closed the doors behind her, for no particular reason.

Directly ahead of her was a wooden wall, and a room that was surprisingly well provisioned. A bottle of wine and a goblet sat on a low table with a stool, a chamber pot sat in the corner, and there were two sets of black curtains set into the wall at around waist height. Letting her curiosity take hold, she opened each set of curtains in turn. They opened, as she expected, to a set of holes cut through the wall – one situated with a cushioned knee rest, and one larger one obviously designed to allow the prostitute to present her vagina and buttocks to the man on the other side. In the interests of investigation, she sat and positioned herself, letting her buttocks poke through the wall, finding it surprisingly comfortable. She realised that whoever designed this room was undoubtedly an experienced shipwright, the foot braces and handholds placed for maximum ergonomic comfort. Hamar made a mental note to try and find out who had designed this room, because she would love to have them work as an engineer on her ship.

One especially ingenious addition was a small window which she originally mistook for a mirror. She could tell by the distorted sheen that it was likely mirrored on the other side, and it allowed the person working on this side of the wall to see who was on the other side, but prevent them looking in.

*Well, I'm here...* Hamar thought to herself.

*Yes. The men will be here soon, some of them probably are already.*

*You're not really thinking of doing this...?*

*I didn't think so, but here I am, so I must be.*

*It's not too late to leave, you could go now...*

*Except...*

*I don't want to.*

And with that final admission to herself, Hamar's heart started hammering away. It felt something like the exhilaration before a sea battle, where the adrenaline had her hands shake and her perceptions narrow – except this was somehow even more nerve-wracking. She loved her crew, and they deserved to be rewarded. No-one would ever know that it was her...

The door opened, and she heard footsteps on the dusty stair. She looked through the clever two-way mirror and saw the man that was to be Jolle's first customer. She quickly doused the lantern, leaving her in darkness save that tiny sliver of light that came through the mirror-window.

She knew him, of course she did. His name was Leverlisk, one of the junior sailors that had only been with the crew for a year or so. A handsome, muscular man, a good worker, although Hamar had to admonish him for drunkenness whilst on shore leave a few months ago. She had threatened to leave him in his gaol cell if it ever happened again. He had solemnly sworn never to let his captain down again, and had apparently meant it, because he was now one of her best sailors.

“Hello?” he asked, not sure where to direct the question.

Hamar froze, not sure if she was supposed to answer.

*This is it. Am I really doing this?*

*Yes. I'm really doing this.*

Hamar put her shaking hand through the hole and beckoned with a finger.

Leverlisk walked over to the hole.

“So, err, I just...?”

Hamar almost giggled, but held her tongue, lest her recognised the sound of her laugh. She saw him unbutton his breeches and pulling out an impressively large cock, rapidly becoming fully erect. Under her captains' uniform Hamar felt her nipples stiffen into rock-hard nubs and her vagina gush with the juices of her arousal. She licked her lips, and opened her mouth, pressing it against the hole. *You're a good worker and a good man, she thought. I hope you enjoy this...*

“Nice!” Leverlisk said and slipped his cock into what he could not have realised was his Captain's mouth.

Hamar started gently sucking, bringing his cock through the wall to give her more agency. He tasted salty, but not unpleasant, and she could smell something orange-scented in his pubic hair. He had obviously had a bath, and probably a massage before coming to the festhall, something she was very grateful for. She moved her mouth up and down the shaft, holding a picture of Leverlisk in her mind's eye, remembering him working hard on the deck, remembering him politely saluting her as she walked past. He gasped, and Hamar slowed the rate of her ministrations.

Hamar's vagina was soaking wet and realised that she had been absentmindedly rubbing at her crotch through her breeches. Keeping Leverlisk's cock in her mouth, she unbuttoned her breeches and slipped her hand down, feeling her wetness and finding her clitoris. Her drawers were already soaking wet.

Since the tight breeches were too constricting, she pulled them down to her knees and parted her knees as much as she could.

She suddenly realised that this man – all the men – were probably going to cum in her mouth, and that she hadn't thought what to do with the semen. Men pay whores extra to swallow their semen, she knew.

*I like you, Leverlisk, but I'm not going to swallow...*

Leverlisk started thrusting and grunting, and suddenly, Hamar's mouth filled with his salty fluid. She kept sucking, letting it dribble out her mouth, before spitting the last of it on the floor.

"Uhh... thank you!" Leverlisk said, tucking his cock back in his trousers. "I'll send the next one in..."

Over the next couple of hours, Hamar serviced her crew almost non-stop, one after the other, spitting or swallowing based on her respect for each man individually.

She sucked Old Alburs, the oldest sailor on the Harridan, whose goutridden hands could barely hold a rope these days, but whose knowledge of sailing was encyclopaedic. His cock was tiny, poking out a great white nest of pubic hair, but she sucked gently and happily swallowed the cum that he dribbled in her mouth.

She sucked Cuus, the second Carpenter, who made her choke with the unexpected force of his ejaculation, she sucked Smorn the Cooper whose cum she swallowed, not because she really liked him, but because he was handsome. She even sucked her own cabin boy, a spotty 18-year-old named Alfer, deciding to swallow him at the last minute as thanks for all the time he had emptied her chamber pot. Men who had sailed with her for years, men who had just joined the crew – she took all of them in her mouth, letting all of them spurt their semen. One man she didn't even know, but thought she recognised. She sucked him anyway, and it was only when her mouth was full of his semen that she realised it was the barman, who had just popped down for a quick, cheeky treat.

On a whim, she had taken off all her clothes, although it was not needed as far as the task in hand was concerned. The double-danger of being discovered both whoring and being completely naked was an incredibly exhilarating thrill. She masturbated to orgasm several times, always while one of her crew had their penis in her mouth, but her arousal seemed to grow, not diminish, leaving her head reeling. Truly, she had never experienced anything like this in her life.

So far, none of her officers had visited, and she wasn't sure how she felt about that. She wondered if they considered themselves too cultured and educated

to get involved with this decidedly working-class form of entertainment, which ordinarily would have impressed her.

That all changed when she saw Mr. Owe come down the stairs.

Her heart started pounding as he walked down the cellar stairs with a swagger, smirking all the way.

*Oh, yes! Finally...!* Hamar thought.

“Good evening, madame. I hope my men have been treating you kindly? Oh, one knock for yes, two for no!” *What? Yes, yes! Never mind that...!*

Hamar knocked once.

“Good, good! I really just wanted to check if you were alright, check if you needed anything. Do you want anything?” *Yes! I want you to get it out, I want to see it!*

Hamar knocked twice.

“Alright, good. I’ll leave you to it, then...”

Hamar pounded on the wooden wall, in frustration and alarm as much as arousal.

“Uh... yes?” Owe asked.

Hamar put her hand through the hole and beckoned him with a finger.

“Oh! No, that’s not what I’m here for. Sorry, I don’t mean to be rude...”

*AAAAAARGH! COME BACK!* she thought, involuntarily whimpering in alarm.

Hamar shook her finger, then beckoned again slowly.

“No, you don’t have to, honestly. Your, uh, your mouth has been pretty busy tonight...”

*Wait, is he...?*

Hamar’s heart pounded at the thought that just flashed across her mind.  
*Please, please please...!*

She pointed to the left. Owe looked slightly confused.

“What, over here...?”

Hamar quickly stood up, throwing the curtain to the larger hole aside and pushed her buttocks through

“Oh!” Owe said.

Hamar tried to imagine what Owe would see from the other side as her buttocks and genitals appeared through the wall. The setup was surprisingly comfortable, although she was lucky that a lifetime of sword fighting and sea battles had left her supple and agile.

*Look at me! Look at my cunt and my arsehole, Owe! Please, please, please fuck me!!*

“Uh, you don’t have to do that, my colleagues just paid for you to use your mouth...”

Hamar wiggled her buttocks frantically, almost screaming in frustration.

“...but, well! You really are quite the picture!”

Hamar almost melted as she felt Owe’s rough hands gently stroke the soft, smooth skin of her buttocks, pushing his fingers between her legs, touching her vagina. She gasped as his fingers scraped the wet lips of her vagina, taking her wetness and spread it across her buttocks, teasingly working her wet juices on and around the puckered hole of her anus.

*Oh, god! I can’t stand it...!*

Hamar slipped her hand between her legs and started rubbing her clitoris. She gasped as something entered her deeply - Owe’s finger, she realised. He withdrew and slowly entered her again. Two fingers this time. He withdrew again.

There was a short pause, and then, something much larger, much longer, and much, much thicker very slowly slipped inside, entering her, stretching her vaginal walls tight. She clamped her hand over her mouth, wanting to scream in pleasure but terrified he would recognise her voice.

Owe was in no hurry, entering and withdrawing into her with the full length of his cock. Hamar’s legs trembled, she was hyperventilating with arousal. She felt a pressure at her anus, and with the next slow thrust of his cock, Owe pushed simultaneously pushed with his finger against her tight hole, double-penetrating her. Hamar gave a tiny squeak of pleasure, surrendering to the pleasure that every thrust brought.

This slow, deliberate fucking was exquisitely tortuous. If she could, she would have been wildly thrusting her wet buttocks up and down on his cock, but the arrangement with the wall meant that he had complete control of the pace. If it

was designed to drive her crazy, it was succeeding. Hamar had never, ever, ever been this aroused in her life. She felt she could orgasm at any moment, and it would be so intense that she might pass out...

The muffled music and raucous laughter that was coming from the festhall upstairs got louder and clearer for a few moments, and she heard the door close and boots on the stairs.

*What? No...! Don't! You'll make him stop!!*

"Owe, you Sotor bastard, I might have known I'd find you down here...!"

*Wait – is that... oh my god, is that Mr. Tippet?*

Owe didn't stop fucking, didn't change pace, just kept slowly thrusting in and out...

"What do you want? I'm busy!"

"It's your round you dumb fuck, you're not getting out of it again! I bought the last two!" Tippet said.

"I'll be up in a bit..."

"Seriously? You'll be down here all night at that rate! Do you always fuck so slowly?"

"Conussians know nothing about pleasing women. That's why Conussian women always have Sotor lovers!"

"She's just a whore, Owe. She wants paid, not the pleasure of your company. She wants you to hurry up, spurt in her cunt and get it over with so she can get back to her ten kids."

Owe continued his slow, intense thrusting.

"She's not 'just' a whore, she's not 'just' anything. She's an honest working woman, and we WILL respect her." Owe replied.

*My God, I'm getting fucked by my Bosun while my First Mate watches!!*

"Oh, spare me! Come on, budge up. Give me a turn. Let me show you how it's done..."

Owe withdrew.

*Wait, what's going...?*

Suddenly, with a rough, rapid thrust, she was penetrated again. In stark contrast to the slow, rhythmic ministrations of Owe, Tippet started roughly and forcefully thrusting his cock in and out of her. He slapped her ass hard. The sudden shift in pace made her toes curl – OH MY GOD, Mr. Tippet was going to make her cum... I'm going to cum... I'm going to cum... I'm going to...

“You northerners are barbarians. Let's see what she likes better. Move over...!”

Tippet pulled his cock out, and although Hamar almost screamed with frustration, it evaporated as she felt Owe's big cock sliding back into her, picking up its slow, languid pace again. Far from diminishing her rising orgasm, this pace change seemed to intensify it, especially in the knowledge that both of her officers were standing behind her with their stiff cocks out, taking turns to fuck her.

The men swapped again, and again, and again - bantering back and forth about who was the better lover, but Hamar couldn't even pay attention. Tippet would roughly fuck her to the very point of orgasm, and then Owe would take over and fuck her slowly, deeply, building the intensity up higher and higher and higher. Owe and Tippet were both fingering her arsehole too, she was never sure whose finger was inside her at any time.

This couldn't last, and every thrust from each of the men was edging her closer and closer to that point...

She felt the inexorable final waves rising not with Tippet's energetic thrusting, but with Owe's careful, deliberate actions. She was determined not to make any noise, but she knew that was going to happen.

The point of no return came as Owe's own arousal became apparent. He gripped her buttocks, thrusting more forcefully, grunting harder, and blessedly, blessedly picking up the pace, thrusting faster and faster and faster and FASTER AND FASTER AND FASTER...!!

When Hamar's orgasm finally hit, she didn't scream.

She couldn't scream.

She couldn't breathe.

Intense waves of pleasure spread from her loins outwards, like rays of divine sunlight radiating out, firing every nerve in her body.

She took a sharp, deep intake of breath...

“AaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA



AA!!!!”

Hamar screamed, at the top of her voice.

The waves of pleasure didn't stop, the orgasm didn't stop, time itself seemed to stop, pinning Owe and Hamar between the ticking hands of the clock, as Owe spurted and pumped his thick semen inside her, pulse by pulse.

Hamar had absolutely no idea how long this lasted. When she became aware of her surroundings again she realised that she had wet herself, squirting everywhere. She was trembling, every touch of her skin sending tingling pleasure through her body. She heard Owe panting hard behind the wall, still up to his balls inside her. She bathed in her post-orgasm glow, delighting in the fullness of having Owe's cock inside her, wishing she could stay like this forever...

“Alright, fine. I guess you might have a point, then...” she heard Tippet grudgingly admit. She heard Owe laugh, and he slowly, gently withdrew his cock. She could feel his sperm inside her, feel it swimming towards her womb, felt it dripping out, felt it slowly dribble down her...

“I hope that wasn't too onerous, madame, and I apologise. I know I took up a lot of your time...”

Hamar nodded her head, dumbly, even though Owe wouldn't be able to see. She couldn't speak if she'd wanted to.

“But you've completely filled her up with your seed, there's no way I'm sticking my cock back up there now! What am I supposed to do with this?” Tippet moaned.

“Either make an arrangement with our lady friend here, or rub it out with your hand, like you normally do. Hurry up, though. Our friend has had a busy night!”

“Oh, NOW we have to hurry up?? You're the one that was taking all night and... for fucks sake, are you not going to put your cock away? You've finished, right? How can it still be hard??”

“In a second, I'll have to wait for it going down. I can't help it if I'm uncommonly virile...”

Tippet gently tapped Hamar on the buttocks.

“Excuse me, miss? I'm sorry, but do you take it up the arse?”

Hamar nodded, although he couldn't see. He also couldn't see the stupid grin that had been etched onto her face.

“Oh! Err, one knock for yes and...”

KNOCK!

“Ah! Lovely...!”

Tippet wasted no time. Her anus was wet, but she hadn't been properly lubricated and realised this might be uncomfortable – especially since she was so incredibly hypersensitive in her arousal. She need not have worried, though, because she felt something cold and wet being applied to her buttocks from behind. She could smell it, although in her stupefied state, could not remember the name for butter. Where did the butter come from? Was it there all along?

From the feel of it, Tippet was pushing blobs of butter deep into her anus with his thumb, which sent strange thrills into her loins. How much was he going to need...?

She felt Tippet's hands on her buttocks, pulling her already-open cheeks as far apart as he could. She felt the tip of his cock pushing against her anus, and he gently leaned forward, penetrating her remarkably easily. Hamar felt an entirely different thrill in the strange stretching of her most private and intimate hole. She reached down and began masturbating, her fingers quickly becoming sticky with Owe's semen.

*Mr. Owe is watching me being buggered by my First Mate...*

Hamar was vaguely aware of the two men offhandedly chatting as Mr. Tippet sodomised her, but she was solely focused on the blissful fullness inside her and the tingling pain/pleasure of the stretching of her asshole – not as intense as the orgasm Mr. Owe's had given her, but smoothing, serene, like the pleasing warm rainfall that occasionally followed a storm. She masturbated to climax, and although the orgasm she achieved did not reach the dizzy heights of her previous one, it lasted for much, much longer. Mr. Tippet was taking his time with his cock in her asshole, and she was climaxing when Tippet finally started thrusting wildly and spurted his semen into her anus.

All three sailors paused. The men fixed their cocks back into their trousers, Hamar stood up, her muscles stiff and sore after the intense double-pounding she had received.

“Well, madame, we're going back upstairs, because as my thirsty friend has already reminded me, I think it's my round. Thank you, you have truly made this

port memorable! Your work is over for tonight, please take this extra..." Owe said, passing his hand through the hole and the curtain. He held five gold coins, a very generous tip, which Hamar took.

As her two officers left, Hamar was suddenly exhausted. She stretched herself off and lit the lamp. She was very sticky between her legs, as both Mr. Owe's and Mr. Tippet's semen was oozing out of her, and there was crusting all over her face and tits – unsurprising, as she had the semen of at least twenty men on or in her, and she was still trembling as she padded across the room on her bare feet to find her clothes.

There was a noise behind her, and the room was illuminated by bright moonlight. Someone had opened the cellar doors! Hamar's heart froze. No-one was supposed to come down here! NO-ONE WAS SUPPOSED TO COME DOWN HERE! OH MY GOD!!

Hamar had nowhere to go, so turned her back to the doors and pushed herself against the wooden wall, still naked.

"Heh, you've got a bare arse. A really nice bare arse..." a familiar voice slurred.

Shit.

Shit.

SHIT!

It was Froke.

There was a clatter on the stair, and a curse.

"Ow, fuck!" Froke said. "It's alright, I'm alright, I just slipped!"

Hamar's mind raced. Did he know who she was? Did he know what she'd done? WHAT IS HE DOING HERE?

"It's alright, I'm not going to hurt you. I'm on the Harridan crew, I just had a bit of a disagreement with the Bosun before I got to have my turn down here with you. Bastard threw me out!"

Hamar stood absolutely still, petrified with fear, too terrified to move. No, no, no! She was so close, she had nearly got away! No-one would have known, WHY WAS HE HERE?

"You've been paid, I know, but I'll give you a little extra..."

Hamar could tell by the slur in his voice and the reek of alcohol that Froke was completely drunk, but that didn't change anything.

Hamar wasn't afraid that Froke would hurt her – quite the opposite. She was afraid that she was going to have to kill him. The port authorities would then have to investigate, they would talk to Jolle and...

“I don't want you to get in trouble, I'm not one of the Barons men! I know you don't want to show your face, but it's not your face I want to see. Turn around for me, love...”

Hamar shook herself out of her paralysed fear and started thinking quickly, tactically, strategically. Like she would during a battle.

Froke didn't know who she was – he obviously thought she was some local whore who had been paid to service the crew. He was completely drunk, he might not remember anything in the morning, and might not trust what he did remember. There WAS a way out of this, but as much as it made her skin crawl, she was going to have to play for time and let Froke see her naked.

Hamar put her arms up to her face, completely obscuring her appearance behind her elbows, and slowly turned round. She could see through the tiny gap between her elbows that Froke had slipped and was lying on the stairs, propped up on his elbow, holding a bottle of spirits in his other hand.

“Oh, that's good, I love big tits! You should shave your cunt, though. I like shaved girls. I want to see you. Open your legs, love. Let me see your slit!”

Hamar cringed in disgust but realised something far more problematic – she had thrown her uniform off in an aroused frenzy, but her brocaded navy-blue frock coat would identify her just as surely as her face would. Froke had obviously not noticed, fixated as he was on Hamar's naked body. She needed him to keep his attention on her long enough for her to get him out of here...

Hamar turned her back to Froke again and grabbing her cloak, quickly throwing it over herself and pulling the hood down to hide her face.

With her face now properly hidden, she moved away from her frock coat and picked up the little stool, putting it at the bottom of the stairs. She opened her legs wide, exposing the wet pink lips between her legs. In an effort to keep his attention firmly focussed on her, Hamar spread her labia apart, cringing all the while.

“Now your other hole, love!”

*Oh, God, Really...??*

Choking back her disgust, Hamar stood up and turned around planting her feet apart, pushing the cloak aside and pulling the cheeks of her buttocks apart.

“Nice, but I can’t really see. Bend over!”

Hamar grit her teeth and bent forward so Froke could get a better, and probably perfect view of her asshole. This was beyond mortifying, because her anus was her most private part and the bit of her she was most shy about, despite the abuse it had gone through tonight. She could hear him fumbling behind her, but stayed still, ready to strike if he so much as touched her...

She realised very quickly what he was actually doing by the ‘fap fap fap’ noises behind her – he was masturbating whilst watching her. She stayed still, keeping her buttock cheeks pulled open. Maybe he would just spurt and leave...? She latched on to that thought, bend forward and moving her feet further apart, pulling her buttock cheeks even wider open for him...

“Oh, that’s lovely! Now, here - give my cock a suck.”

*Dammit. I suppose that would have been too much to hope for.*

As much as she would have loved to just knock him out and go, that would have just led him to Jolle’s door, and that wouldn’t do, not least of all because that would, in turn also lead to Hamar’s door.

No.

She resigned herself to the altogether far more distasteful solution to her problem.

She tried to rationalise it – after all, she didn’t even know how many cocks she’d sucked tonight, what was one more? She knew this was different, though.

*Please don’t tell me I have to let this pig cum in my mouth...*

Hamar kept the hood low, and knelt down on the steps, not daring to meet his eye. His cock was small and surrounded by greasy pubic hair. It was remarkable that he’d managed to even achieve erection with how drunk he obviously was, but his little veiny prick was nevertheless standing to attention for her.

She leaned in, trying her best to ignore the smell and took his cock into her mouth.

“Ohhh, yes, that’s it! You’re a good girl...!”

She moved her head up and down, keeping a hand clamped to the hood of her cloak lest he try to pull it back. He tasted horribly of piss and sweat, but she fought through it, bobbing her head up and down faster and faster, trying to make him spurt quickly.

The minutes ticked by, and ticked by, and ticked by. Five minutes, ten minutes – Hamar neck and jaw was getting really sore bobbing up and down when realised that she had seemed to have been sucking him for absolutely ages. No-one else had lasted this long. What...?

At that exact point, she heard a loud snore.

*Was he...?*

*Oh, you have GOT to be kidding me...!!*

*HOW LONG HAVE I BEEN SUCKING HIS COCK WHILE HE WAS ASLEEP???*

She chanced a quick look. Yes, he had passed out drunk. Without the continuing stimulation from her mouth and tongue, his erection quickly evaporated, his little cock flopping down into his thick grey pubic hair.

*You.*

*Son.*

*Of.*

*A.*

*BITCH!!!*

Despite her mortification and disgust and annoyance and shame and indignation and anger and disgust again, she quickly grabbed her clothes and tiptoed up the stairs and outside, still naked apart from her cloak. Once outside she quickly pulled her clothes back on.

Now dressed, she realised:

This was it.

She had done it.

No-one would ever know.

If anyone saw her now, she was just a ships captain having a midnight stroll. She briefly thought about going into the festhall of the Topsy Lady and joining her crew, but quickly dismissed the idea. She needed a bath. She needed a piss...

A loud snore from the cellar caught her attention, a devilish idea came to her.

She carefully walked back down the stairs and retrieved the chamber pot. Once outside, she pulled down her breeches and drawers and squatted over the pot, and although it was a while getting started due to the pounding and the orgasm she had just experienced, she emptied her bladder and filled the pot with a blissful gush of piss.

As a final act of revenge on the coarse, lazy drunk, she tipped the entire pot of her warm, steaming piss straight onto Froke's crotch.

Happy, satisfied and full of her crews cum, Hamar returned to the *Harridan*.



Three days later, the crew of the *Harridan* were making the final preparations for putting to sea as Captain Hamar, Mr. Tippet the First Mate and Mr. Owe the Bosun stood on the Captains deck.

"Are you happy with the men, Mr. Owe?" Captain Hamar asked.

"Aye, captain!" Owe replied.

*Good, because I'm very happy with the men, Mr. Owe,* she thought.

"Are you happy with the ship, Mr. Tippet?"

"Aye, captain!"

*I can still feel the burn in my asshole after you buggered me, Mr. Tippet. Both of you have your seed inside me...*

"And I take it Mr. Froke never showed up?"

"Sorry captain, I meant to say. The Harbour Guard told me that he'd been arrested by the Barons men after a morning raid on a tavern, they said he'd been drunk and, err... servicing sailors behind a wall or something. I don't know the

details. Apparently he was dead drunk and couldn't remember a thing" Mr Tippet said.

"Oh? What tavern? When was this?"

"We, err... don't know the specifics, captain. We decided not to tell the men, we just said he wasn't joining us. No-one liked him anyway...".

Hamar smiled and fiddled with her new gold necklace she'd had made in the port. A necklace made from five melted gold coins.

Captain Gunilla Hamar felt every bit as sharp and clean as her ship, as it sleekly glided out of the deep harbour of the port of Dol Lan. The mornings sun painted the calm seas gold and purple and crimson and deep, deep blue. The ship belonged to her, the men belonged to her, the ocean belonged to her.

A wish for a life, the Witch had said.

No-one could wish for a more perfect life.



*Misallyna closed the book.*

*"What happened to her?" Frydd asked.*

*"What do you mean? She died. You know she did. They all did."*

*"Yes, I know, that's not what I meant. What happened to her after she left Dol Lan? Did she get her wish?"*

*"Oh yes. Six weeks later Conussia and Lania were back at war. Captain Hamar and her ship were pressed into the Royal Lanian Navy. She single-handedly stopped an entire squadron of Conussian ships, they made her an Admiral. She led the fleet at The Battle of Udous. The flagship of the Lanian navy is always called the Queen of the Sea in her honour."*

*"The Queen of the Sea – you mean like the statue in the middle of the Queen's Plaza in the City of Lania...?"*

*"Yes. That statue is of Gunilla Hamar. It was erected in the square after she died."*

*"But it's nude! She's a war hero! They didn't do that to General Fawes or Lord Idole!"*



*“She commissioned the statue herself before she died. She posed for it.”*

*“I don’t understand.”*

*Misallyna drew her finger down the spine of her heavy book.*

*“I listen to the Bondmaids, I collate and catalogue their stories, and this tale is Gunilla Hamar’s story, not mine. I can’t tell you why she did all the things that she did. I will say that although Gunilla Hamar died two hundred years ago, all of Lania knows the Queen of the Sea. She lives in the heart of her people just as surely as she lives in the pages of this Book. That was her wish, and that was her legacy.”*

*“How did she die?”*

*“The official record states that she died on the burning deck of her ship, wrapped in the Lanian flag that she refused to strike due to the love of her nation and her King.”*

*“That’s obviously not what happened.”*

*“No, although elements of it are. It’s true that she died in battle, it’s true that she went down with her ship. It’s certainly true that she died for love...”*

*Misallyna took a sip of wine.*

*“The Conussian King had sentenced her to death and put a bounty of thirty thousand gold on her head, specifically FOR her head. She was finally cornered by four Conussian frigates, with no chance of escape. She had already ordered her crew to strike the colours, hoping to save them, but to a man they refused to let her hand herself over. When the Conussian flagship boarded the Harridan, her crew set it alight. She died fighting, with the men she loved fighting at her side.”*

*“Did any of them survive?”*

*“No.”*

*“How long did she live after writing her story in the Book?”*

*“That seems like a very pointed question, and that’s not really what you’re asking, is it?”*

*“How long do people live after they write themselves into the Book?”*

*Misallyna took another, deeper drink of wine.*

*“Gunilla Hamar died one year and one day after signing the Book.”*

*“And Aneska? The other Bondmaids?”*

*“Yes. They all died one year and one day after signing the Book. You’ve seen the Book. Did you not wonder why there are no old women in there?”*

*“Did they know that? Do you tell them?”*

*“Tell them what? That they’ll die one day?”*

*“You know what I mean!”*

*Misallyna set the Book aside.*

*“If I told you that you were going to die unhappy and unfulfilled in twenty, thirty, forty years time, would you thank me for it?”*

*“You’re changing the subject!”*

*“Not at all. I’m offering these women the chance to die happy. No king, no queen, no priest can offer anything more.”*

*Frydd opened her mouth to speak, but couldn’t think of anything to say.*

*She shook her head and left.*



These two chapters are teasers for **The Book of Bondmaids**, a collection of short stories based on the game **THE BOOK OF BONDMAIDS** by Kamti Games.

To find out more about Frydd, Misallyna and the mysterious origins of the Book, download and play **THE BOOK OF BONDMAIDS**, available on Steam and Itch.io



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