

# **The Oarlock Tier**

**S. Ireland**

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*This is adult material with sexual content, violence, fantasy, and is not presented as historically accurate to any culture on any planet in reality.*

She never knew whether she displeased her master, or whether he tired of her, or just wanted to experiment — or perhaps, desired to be rid of her, but did not wish to waste the money to have a mere pleasure slave executed. Whatever the reason, the chief eunuch ordered her to accompany the guards, who conducted her, collared, lightly chained, but otherwise naked, to the Wharf. They then threw her down the hatch of one of the master's warships, to the oarlock tier, for the enjoyment and use of the galley slaves.

These hopeless men used her harshly, passing her, screaming and bleeding, from one man to another. Fucking her mercilessly, covering her with sperm, dragging her through the filth of that living hell. She did not expect to live long, when she had any consciousness to spare to consider her miserable chances. There were 40 oars to a side, each with a gigantic slave chained to it. Convicts, ruined slaves, monstrosities unfit even for service in the mines, these were the lowest of the low, living in their own dung, less than draft animals. And, she was their plaything.

Even as she suffered, she noticed that those who seemed to be living better, not thriving, but clearly, likely to survive more than a few weeks in this hole, were barbarians like herself. Some were the ebony

skinned ones from the ultimate south, while others were like her, fair of skin, and light of hair. But, the men of imperial origin in this place looked on the verge of death, and most just passed her on, unable to use a girl to gain pleasure anymore. Living dead, she realized.

She was saved by a complete accident. The squadron was called to quarters, and the slaves bent to the oars, moving in time to the beat of a wooden mallet upon a drum. No one had time for her, and she lay, forgotten, between the benches. She felt the ship move, and felt it roll as it headed out beyond the breakwater.

At cruise, the oars were shipped, for a time, and still she was ignored. Apparently, the entire crew, even miserable oar slaves, were on alert, an enemy was near. And, so, she lived.

When battle was joined, she had recovered somewhat, and fetched water for the men. She helped dole out their disgusting gruel, and she accepted, with gratitude, the drops and drips that fell her way.

By this time, her lovely skin was as filthy as theirs, but miraculously, her long golden blonde hair was still recognizable as hair, and still retained its color. The slaves accepted her as a helper, more than tolerating any human contact in this awful place. If she was to be raped to death, it would be later. For the moment, she was an odd part of that desperate, chained crew.

Battle joined. She saw the drivers, cruelly whipping the straining slaves to greater effort as the drumbeat kept up an inhuman quickstep. It amazed her that men could row that fast, and even more that they could keep it up for so long! She had forgotten, until now, that in battle, men often struggled as hard for as long. But, she saw, these straining slaves were, for the most part, barbarian warriors, fallen to this low estate. She had been in battle, when she had been free, when

she had been a shield maiden, and her body well remembered the burning lungs, the screaming muscles ...

The great galley rammed something, and the sound of splintering beams and the screams of men came loudly over the water. The drum beat differently, and the slaves backed oars, accompanied by more groaning and screeching of bronze ram and timbers, and, she realized, the inhuman screams of men. As she rushed back and forth, fetching water to drink and to douse over the heads of the sweating slaves, she glanced out through an oarlock port — straight into a vision of hell.

She saw another ship, on whose side she did not know, afire, and the straining forms of screaming men running, jumping, and writhing in the flames. Being at the water level, she saw the doomed chained slaves, screaming as the flames, and then the water, took them to Valhalla. She hoped it was enemy, for the sight made the blood sing again in her ears, the lust and life to roar through her.

Then, arrows flew in through the opposite side, and rowers screamed and groaned as their bodies sprouted shafts. Fortunately, the blast only lasted a few minutes, before distance or angle made further slaughtering flights of such deadly archery impossible from the opposing ship.

She scuttled to aid the wounded men, staunching blood, using all of the woundcraft she had learned, long ago, in battle as a warrior's aid in the frozen North. She did not realize it, but she was probably the most skilled surgeon aboard, with true combat experience, and she saved more than one life. She also comforted more than one dying man, a naked, soft, feminine presence in his final extremity.

The drivers shipped or cut the oar of any dead or wounded slave, and slightly crippled, the ship swung again, this time with full tailwind, and attacked again.

This time, the ship had time to attain full, slave-groaning speed for only a few heartbeats before, again, the shriek of timbers parting before a bronze ram reached her ears, and the ship shuddered, stem to stern, under the mighty impact. Perhaps the tail wind, perhaps the fear of more arrows in the rowers, perhaps the skill of the helmsman, slicing into and through the stern of the enemy, turned it this time. But, there was no “backoars” order this time, the ship sliced clean through its foe, and horrified, she saw the cross-section of the enemy vessel, astonished, doomed slaves looking straight into her eyes, as they shot past. She had no doubt a ship cut in two would not linger long on the surface, and that Poseidon would take many sacrifices from that crew!

She realized that her ship was like a lance, probing and thrusting out the life of enemies, and her heart again sang with battle lust. Clearly, the other Northerners, slaves like her, felt the same, for she saw the wonderful madness in their eyes, heard their great breaths.

As quickly as that, the battle was over. Smaller craft moved in, to pick up survivors, take plunder, take galley slaves from enemy survivors. Her ship, once clear of the wreck, easily rode off, the slaves now resting, oars shipped, and the screams of the frantic, drowning enemy crew fading into the distance. They returned leisurely to port. The master expected, once the damage was repaired, the dead slaves replaced, the rape to begin again.

But, the galley slaves would not now rape their angel. Of course, being a barbarian girl, they happily fucked her, often. She slept on the benches, entwined with her lovers.

The master took note, and also took note of the improved behavior of the slaves on that ship of his, among the many of his squadron. He was a calculating, intelligent man, a good captain, a leader, a warrior of great and deserved repute.

When battle signaled again, she prepared to carry water, to nurse the wounded, and to comfort the dying again. And, in the first, light engagement, she did just that, although as they pushed through a decoy screening squadron of light galleys, there were no wounded or dying.

The decoy squadron, however, masked a much larger fleet, and soon, her ship was locked in a desperate battle, her squadron seriously outnumbered. Her ship was the only heavy craft left to the master undamaged, and he had a momentary possibility, to clip the tails of two of the pirate heavy craft, if only he could persuade enough speed out of his slaves ...

He gave the orders. She was lashed, upside down, in place of the drum, in sight of the rowers, her naked belly, breasts, and face presented to them. And, the timing strokes were with a whip, not a mallet, on her flesh.

She found she was shrieking the beat order out with the beater, as he struck her, as the oars pulled the water, as the ship sped on, at a speed only dreamed of before.

She was being cruelly beaten, sexually beaten, naked, suspended, chained, in time with the strokes of 80 men at the oars.

And, she screamed each time the whip hit her. The beater screamed "stroke!" with each blow, but as he skillfully took her to a sexual frenzy with his whip, nearer and nearer to her cunt with each stroke, she cried "Harder!"

The rending crash of the ram into not one, but two sterns, in rapid succession, mixed, in her reality, with the blows directly on her weeping sex, with her orgasm.

Victory at sea!

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Explanatory note about the story title:

In the 18th and 19th centuries, on British warships, the decks below the main deck, completely enclosed, were called tiers. So, for instance, a frigate had a gun tier (gun deck) and below that, the cable tier, above the hold. Consequently, this ancient warship has a completely-covered tier for the rowers, most likely below an open deck for war engines, archers, and marines in boarding or defense parties. Well, you never see above the oarlock tier, so to some degree, who cares? All the good stuff happens there. :)

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