

A Better Rat Trap

by

Vixyy Fox

“MASK SHIP! ... ALL HANDS STAND TO! ... MASK SHIP!”

“I hate when they do this,” complained Rachael as she hurried to her station. “What are we supposed to be this time... some bloody East Indiaman or something?”

“Spice ship,” replied Marcher, struggling in to the large hoop skirt which was part of his disguise. “I hate wearing this contraption. I have no idea how you females manage such things on a regular basis.”

“I’ve never seriously worn one of them in my life,” Rachael told him flatly. “Any man wants me he’s going to want the real me and not some frilled up figment of his imagination. The only reason I wear it now is because of what you can hide under it. We get an armed boarding action and that’s going to count for a lot.”

She grabbed the bottle of perfume and splashed some on herself and then on Marcher.

“Five Midget Pigmy Monkeys armed to the teeth,” he told her grinning; “I like to think that it multiplies my effectiveness twenty fold just from the shock of surprise.”

“Fine for you,” she sniggered, “You have a cock. Midget Pigmy Monkey fighters don’t like cock. It’s against their religion. Do you know how hard it is to keep a straight face while you’re being fingered by the little bastards?”

“Capt’n said he would cut their bloody paws off if they did that again. As I recall, those under your command all got five strokes of the cane when you complained.”

“They enjoyed it; the bloody little perverts.” She snarled these words while helping him strap into his bra. Each of the bra’s cups held a grenade. His post was next to the larboard running lantern, so should he need he could light the fuses by knocking out one of the glass lenses.

Rachael adjusted her bushy Fox tail under the hoops and then let the fabric fall. Around her waist, and also under the hoops, were buckled two pistols and a boarding axe. The head of the axe hung between her legs and only the leather sheath on its iron head kept her ankles from being cut.

Marcher, wearing the same disguise, had stopped to look in the mirror, hastily pushing a blond wig over his pointy Wolf ears.

“I swear,” he told her, “Every time we have to mask ship, I hear the sniggers behind my back for at least a week. They all want me.” He adjusted the bangs of the wig so they hung sexily over one eye. “Between you and me; if this world were different I might even let them try. Help me with my makeup would you?”

Rachael hurriedly applied both their paints, and then smacked her lips in the mirror after doing her lipstick. She then instructed Marcher to do the same.

“WHERE THE HELL ARE THE GILRS?!” the Boatswain mate yelled down the companionway. “Yur five fingering fighters are awaiting their wondrous hiding place Rachael!”

There was a chorus of laughter from behind the huge Ox... all of which was comprised of higher than usual voices.

“Rumor is,” Marcher told her softly, “The Pigmies held a lottery to see which of them got the Fox and which got the cock. Their words... not mine.”

“So I was warned,” she whispered back, “And I’ve fixed a bit of a surprise for them.”

She quickly brushed the hair of her brother’s cheeks back and upward creating a sexy line.

“What’s it to be?” he whispered back, winking at himself in the mirror. It was not that much of a secret that he rather liked dressing up as a female.

“I fixed a Rat trap up under my tail,” she told him softly. “First of the little bastards that becomes too bold might just lose a finger.”

“CAP’N WANTS HIS DAUGHTERS... NOW!” yelled the Bosun loudly. “BOARDING LAUNCH IS A CUM’N!”

Before Marcher could even question the wisdom of the Rat trap, they were squeezing their hoops together and hurrying up the companionway to the quarterdeck.

A short time later, as the young Lieutenant from His Royal Majesty’s Man of War ‘Fortitude’ walked with the Captain on the poop, the smell of perfume came to him on the wind. Turning, he regarded the two females the old Fox had claimed to be his daughters. Of different wives was only too obvious.

As the Lieutenant gazed upon Rachael specifically, there came to his ears a loud metallic snap. When the handsome young Fox raised an eyebrow, Rachael fluttered her fan, and smiled sweetly, informing him in a blushing manner that her corset had just suffered a stinging mishap.

“Sounded a bit like a Rat trap to me miss,” he said, and then laughed at his own joke.

It was all the vixen could do not to yelp as an injured Monkey finger was none too gently shoved into a pace of warmth and comfort.

“I believe the King once said,” continued the Lieutenant, “‘Half my kingdom for a better Rat trap,’ eh? The Kingdom was plague ridden with Rats at that time, don’t you see. Would have been a perfectly worthy reward I suppose. As for me, I would a better trap for catching damnable smugglers.”

Rachael’s heart almost stopped beating as the young officer reached into his uniform jacket. Pulling out a paper, he handed it to her father. “Your paper of transit, sir, and when you get to port I would suggest you allow your daughter some time in the dress shops. The snap I heard was metal on metal... I am sure that manner of corset does not comfort her body as one made of good whale bone would.” He turned and winked at Rachael. “If she were my wife,” he said almost wistfully, “I would truly treat her well.”

When the Man of War was well and away, a collective sigh of relief was breathed by the entire crew. Rachael, for good effect, waved a kerchief at the young officer watching her from the other ship’s quarterdeck. She let it fly with the wind as the Lieutenant doffed his hat to her.

When the other ship’s sails were on the horizon, all hands were called by the Captain to witness punishment.

Rachael, for having endangered the ship, had her paws tied to the main mast and she was forced to wear her hoop skirt, complete with the Midget Pigmy Monkey fighters for an extra ten minutes. Even though her paws were bound, with all of her jumping about and kicking, she managed to well injure three of the five Monkeys, and none of them remained under her skirts. If the words she had shouted during these ten minutes were weapons of war, the ship would have been destroyed ten times over.

After this, each of the Monkeys was administered ten strokes of the cane and threatened with castration should they ever again put their fingers where they were not welcome.

The Captain then had the Bosun nail Rachael’s Rat trap to the very same mast.

“For want of a better Rat trap,” the old Fox told his crew sternly, “The ship was almost lost this day.”

He waited until he was certain they were all fully aware of how close they’d come to the King’s gallows, and what simple silliness had caused it. He then continued, looking directly at his son and daughter.

“I hope to never see that happen again.”

Turning, he walked to the poop and watched the ship’s wake for a very long time.