The Jenny's revenge

By Simon Wilson

Forward

This book has been written because of my wife. She told me that I needed to better myself, so in my mid-thirties I took GCSE English. Whilst doing it I discovered that I really enjoyed the story writing element. So, after I passed the exam, I decided that I would take a story writing course and asked my English teacher if they were any good and he told me, if you want to write, just write. So I went off and did just that. Well sort of. I actually didn't write anything for ages until the story you see here which literally just popped into my head. Not sure where it came from, I'd probably just been watching a well-known film franchise about pirates or a certain T.V. series about the same thing. Whatever the case, in it popped and I just wrote it with no planning, just a general idea of where it was going and who was going to be in it. The research was really good fun and I learned a lot about pirates and their way of life. In fact, all of the pirates in this book are real! Each of them has a story of their own written in history. I may have moved them around in time a little bit here and there to suit my own purposes, but that's artistic license for you! I hope that you enjoy reading this book as much as I have enjoyed writing it, and with that, I present to you,

The Jenny's Revenge

Chapter one.

Jenny: A name or term used by pirates and sailors to describe a prostitute.

As Anne lay in the mud and filth behind the Cabin boy, one of Port Royal's smaller but still popular taverns come brothel, she wondered how it had all gone so terribly wrong. She had always considered herself to be a good judge of character, able to spot and steer clear from those of a mind to hurt her or not pay for services rendered. This latest Tom had been different. He looked well kept, almost clean and mostly sober with an innocent looking face that was baby like in its appearance. At the time Anne had considered that he looked quite naïve compared to most of the patronage that frequented the Cabin boy. She quickly checked her appearance ensuring that a suitable amount of her ample breasts were on show and her mousy brown hair tumbled down her front to frame them. Then she approached him, looking up at him with doe brown eys, saying all the usual words of a women in her line of work, and when he looked interested in taking things further, offered to take him upstairs to one of the rooms so that they could come to an accord over price and do business. It was at that point that the Tom had gotten panicked and said he needed air. As Anne watched him leave the tavern, she couldn't help but to feel a bit sorry for him, deciding that it must be his first time. That being said, she didn't want to lose his patronage so quickly followed him out into the night air. In another lifetime Anne rather fancied that she could have been an actress in one of those fancy stage shows. She and many of the other girls in her line of work often had to play a role in order to secure some coin. The sad truth was that it was often the best way to get through many of the vulgar things her clients wanted to do. It was a lot easier after all if you could say it was happening to somebody else instead of you. For this particular Tom she decided to use a motherly approach with lots of reassurance.

"What's the matter love?" she asked using the same tone of voice many mothers did when a child was crying.

"Don't be embarrassed. We all 'ad a first time. You come upstairs with me and I'll make it real special for you."

As she spoke Anne cozied up to the man, she was shorter than most and tiny compared to him. Trying to win him over by pressing her breasts against him and gazing wantonly up at him with her hazel eyes. As she did so she could feel a real tension in him, the muscles in his arms and back were taught as a Hawser line at high tide. Though his next words made her think she'd won him over she was soon to discover that she had made a terrible mistake.

"You sound just like my mother miss" he said taking Anne's arm in his hand.

"I hated my mother."

Anne looked up into the Tom's eyes. The smooth baby like features that had first drawn her attention were now gone replaced with rage and hatred.
"I HATED MY MOTHER!" he screamed in her face.
Anne started to struggle, she knew she was in serious trouble and needed to get away, but his grip was vice like from many years at sea and he easily overpowered her. Looking around he saw the back ally where the tavern threw all of its rubbish and emptied its chamber pots. With a wicked grin he dragged Anne into its darkness.
"Come on missy. I'm gonna show you just what I did to my mother", his voice a low growl in the gloom. The last thing Anne could clearly remember was the man laughing, high pitched and childlike before darkness swallowed her.

Thankfully for Anne the human mind has a built-in defense mechanism that automatically blocks out traumatic events but as she came to it was evident that disgusting and violent acts had been heaped upon her. There was not an inch of Anne's body that did not hurt, inside and out. The Tom's attack had been savage. She had been bitten in several places, her arms, her neck, her breasts, as if she had been attacked not by a man but by a wild animal. As if in sympathy for her plight the moon light that shone weakly into the ally now gave everything a soft edge, but Anne could still see that her clothing had been torn from her body. The light was also enough to show that the puddle she sat in came not from the contents of any chamber pot but instead flowed form between her legs, testament of the depravity of the man with a baby's face. She knew that she should be grateful that she had no recollection of the events that had befallen her, but she knew that his seemingly innocent features would haunt her for the rest of her days. Anne knew that she needed to move as sitting in the filth of the ally could, if it hadn't already, lead to infection. Her body though, would not obey her will so bad was the damaged bestowed upon it. She couldn't even muster the energy to weep or cry for help. Believing that all hope was lost and that she was to die lying in the mud and excrement of a whore house. A shadow fell upon her and through swollen eyes she could just make out several blurred outlines. Anne presumed that the Tom had returned, bringing a few of his ship mates to finish the job he had started but as she sank into merciful unconsciousness, she was pleasantly surprised to hear a soft voice telling her all would soon be right.

----------x----------

Chapter two.

Tom: A name given to the patronage by prostitutes.

As Anne slowly regained consciousness she became aware of two things. First and foremost was that she was alive and secondly, but just as importantly, that she was in a rather comfortable cot instead of the filthy ally. She tried to open her eyes but discovered that after the beating she had received that one was fully swollen shut and the other opened only far enough to give a blurred image of her surroundings. She then decided to attempt sit up and improve her limited view, but her efforts were rewarded with a massive wave of pain and nausea. It was at this point that Anne considered changing her first assessment about being alive. She settled for a look around from the vantage point she had, moving only as far as she could with her head without passing out. Anne didn't know much about the inner workings of a ship or the outer when she thought about it, having only ever seen them in the harbor and then only at a distance. That being said, she could tell that she was aboard one now. When in harbour, a ship would constantly move with the tide causing its timbers to creak. Even on the calmest of days the wind could be heard whistling through the rigging and the sea would lap at the ships side. Fear gripped at Anne's heart, fear that the baby-faced Tom had somehow dragged her back to his ship to be used by the rest of his crew. If that was the case, she reasoned with herself, why was she lying in a cot instead of strewn on the floor and why had, as far as she could feel, all her injuries been treated and dressed. A shadow appeared over her and the combination of the low light of the ship's interior mixed with her facial injuries rendered the person casting the shadow into little more than a distorted blur.

"This is it," Anne thought, "this is where the pain and abuse starts."

She started to sob, squeezed her eye shut and although she fought against it, having just rationalized there was no need for it, terror once again clawed at her. Terror of the unknown mixing with her memories of the ally.

"No need for that love".

At the sound of the voice Anne's sobbing stopped almost immediately. She recognized the voice as having been the one that had come from the alley behind the Cabin boy, but instead of a harsh male voice edged with violent intent, it was soft and feminine, filled with concern.

Anne forced her eye to open as far as it could and although blurry through her tears and the swelling, could just make out the shape of the person who owned the voice. She was surprised to find that despite the attire and the various weapons that jutted out from numerous places about it, the figure was curved instead of square and like the voice most definitely belonged to a woman.

Anne blinked the tears from her eyes and when her vision cleared as much as it was going to, could just about make out the woman's face in the light from the lamp she carried. It had at one time been very beautiful she could see, but it was now disfigured by scars and the nose was misaligned from multiple breaks that had never been set. Her skin was a milky white and still held onto some of the glow of youth and of someone who took care of themselves.
"Here." the woman said offering Anne a bowl of what looked like watery soup.
" It's not much, but it will help you get your strength back".
She inspected Anne's face and winced with sympathy.
"Once the swellings gone down, we'll get you something a bit more substantial".
Anne sipped gingerly from the bowl, gripping it in both hands so not to spill its contents. She discovered that the soup held a meaty flavor despite its thinness, and that her lips were a mess of splits. Each sip bought pain and delicious warmth in equal measure. After she had eaten as much of the soup as she could manage, she looked to her benefactor and with only slight trepidation asked a torrent of questions all at once.
"Pardon my rudeness miss and not meaning to be disrespectful or to sound ungrateful but who are you, where am I an' 'ow did I get 'ere?"
The woman sighed and looked at Anne, as if judging her measure, and with her hand-held palm out, clearly indicating she wished not to be interrupted gave her answer.
"Your questions and no doubt many more will be answered in the morning. For now, sleep and regain your strength".
With that, the woman rose from Anne's bedside and turned to leave. Not content with having been told to wait Anne blurted out a demand.
"At least let me know your name if nothing else!"
The woman stopped and without turning replied,
"Mary. My name is Mary, and I will answer your questions and tell you my story on the morrow."
With that she left.

----------x----------

Chapter three.

Pirate: a person who robs or commits illegal violence at sea or on the shores of the sea.

The morning light filtered through shuttered windows and along with the reduced swelling of her face confirmed that Anne was indeed onboard a ship. What surprised her was where aboard the ship she was. The room was sizable and opulent, that along with the cot she lay in told her that she was in the Captain's cabin.

"Good morning".

The sudden noise of the greeting startled Anne and she whipped her head up and around trying to find its source. The move caused her some nausea and more than a little pain, but Anne was relieved to discover that the only occupant in the room, other than herself, was Mary. She relaxed and then thought better of it, after all what did she really know about this woman. True she had thus far shown Anne only kindness and compassion, her wounds were treated and her belly filled, but trust in the woman would need to be gained before she let her defence's down even a little. The aches and pains in her body were testament to the last time she had blindly trusted someone.

Mary leaned against a table that stood dominant in the centre of the room. She wore simple clothes, breeches made from a hard-wearing material and a cotton shirt that offered plenty of movement. Anne realised that the woman was dressed for work and judging from the state of the woman's hands which were covered in dirt and cuts fresh with blood, she wasn't scared to get stuck into any task. Realising that she was staring Anne sat herself up and once she had gotten comfortable returned the others greeting.

"Good morning," she said. "I take it it's you I have to thank for my being able to see another sunrise?"

Mary came over from the table and sat in the simple wooden chair beside the cot. A fleeting smile passed over her lips which was supposed to be reassuring, but Anne realised that the expression was one that Mary wasn't used too. Clearing her throat before she spoke, Mary then looked Anne in the eye and in a slightly hoarse voice began to speak.

"I believe I promised you my tale."

She sighed deeply and Anne got the feeling that if Mary told her tale a hundred times it would be just as painful as the first.

"I was once like you, a pretty young thing who dreamed of being swept off her feet by a ship's Captain."

Anne wanted to object to the woman's assumption, but Mary held up her hand indicating that she needed Anne to keep quiet till her tale was complete.

"I too used to work in a tavern waiting tables. One night a new crew comes in and their Captain starts throwing his money about, boasting that they've just taken in a massive haul.

They sat at one of my tables, so I served them their drinks and the Captain tips me well. This goes on for the next two nights. The crew comes in, boasting and recruiting. The Captain, turns out his name was Ned Low, always tips me handsomely and I have to admit to having had my head turned. On the fourth night Ned comes over and tells me that they're setting sail on the morning tide. He says how he's always liked me and how he'd like to show me his ship and give me a night to remember."

Mary paused at that point, the painful memories of about to happen to her etched upon her once pretty face. She took a tankard from the bedside table that had been intended for Anne and drank deeply. The simple act was enough to settle her nerves and she continued with her tale.

"The Captain walked me down to the harbour and I can't help but remember that it was such a beautiful night. The stars were out in full, and the sea breeze was cool and refreshing. The ship when it came into view appeared huge to me with three masts, and my heart raced as we climbed the gang plank. I remember that all I could think at the time was if I played this right, I could be his girl. As soon as we were aboard and in the privacy of his cabin though, his whole demeanor changed. The gallant Captain had all been an act and once we were alone his true personality came out. He threw me to the floor and when I looked up into his face, confused at what had just happened, I met the real Ned Low. His features seemed to change before my eyes, growing darker and shadowed even though his cabin was well lit. He reached down and grabbed me by the hair and then dragged me to the middle of the room where a length of rope hung from one of beams. I cried out screaming for help and he laughed in my face, his breath suddenly fetid and hot where it had seemed sweet only moments before. "Scream all you like my dear", he taunted. "No one can hear you and even if they did, they wouldn't care". He bound my wrists together with the rope, before hauling me up so my feet barely touched the floor. His oily hands were then all over me like a writhing squid. I kicked at him but again he laughed and then slapped me so hard I nearly blacked out. Again he grabbed me by the hair, this time raising my face so that I was forced to see his. My chin grew wet with blood from where his blow had split my lips. Grinning at the sight he lent in and started to lick at the blood and then started to suck it from my lips like some kind of perverse kiss. For three days I hung from that beam while he did to me whatever deprived notion crossed his mind. On the fourth day I started to scream. I couldn't stop myself, I just kept screaming and screaming. I thought I was alone, Ned had left the cabin and thinking that it was to be my only chance to escape I pulled at my bonds. But they were expertly tied, and each tug only tightened them more, so I snapped and that's when the screaming started."

Mary looked on the verge of hysteria, panting and sweating as she spoke and had to take a moment to recompose herself and get her breathing back under control. Once she felt that she had calmed down she resumed her horrific tale.

“I don’t know how long I was like that, but I do know that I only stopped when the Captain burst into the room howling with laughter! “Scream! Scream all you like missy” he taunted. “It’s just you and me, no one to interrupt us”. Turns out the crew had all been dismissed on shore leave earlier that day so that Ned could have me all to himself. He took great pleasure, after cutting me down, in dragging me around the whole ship just to prove how alone we were. To prove he announced in the same way a civil man announces that he is going for a stroll that he was going to defile me on the upper deck. “It’ll be romantic!” he chuckled. He dragged me out into the cool night air I could see that we were anchored out in the harbour of a busy port although I hadn‘t realised we had even sailed. Hoping to draw the attention of somebody on the shore I started screaming again, but every time I did, so did he, before laughing hysterically. Lying on the deck I remember thinking that it was such clear night, nothing but stars, far too beautiful a setting for what was about to happen. When he started to open my legs I tried to fight him off, something I hadn’t been able to do before when I was roped up to the deck head. My resistance, small as it was, angered him. “What! Am I not good enough for you now?” he bellowed. “You think you’re too pretty for a humble pirate Captain?” and with that he punched me in the face, breaking my nose in the process. “There, problem solved!” he said. Then he dropped to his knees and returned to his previous intentions, but when he pulled down his breaches, the drinking he had been doing that day had had an effect on his manhood. “This is your fault,” he growled. “If you hadn’t forced me to make you so ugly, I’d be able to get it up!” As payment for my digression, he backhanded me, breaking my cheek. “Now look at you, your even uglier,” he said, sounding disgusted as he spoke. “Sorry” he continued “it’s no good, I think we’re gonna have to split up.” With that he stood and dragged me by the ankle towards the edge of the ship. My hands tore at the wood beneath me ripping finger nails out as I tried to stop what was obviously about to be me death. My prayers were answered when the Captain stopped dragging me and bent down to pick me up so he could throw me overboard. With my hands still bound I grabbed at anything I could and found what looked like a little club. As his head came in, I swung with all my strength and hit him square on the temple. He stood blinking hard with a look of complete confusion on his wretched face before pitching over the side. It was daylight by the time I had enough strength to pick myself up off the deck.

Taking in my surroundings I found that the ship was one of two in the harbour that morning. The ships boats were nowhere to be seen so were probably ashore with the crew. I knew that they would probably return at any moment, so the time was now to make my escape. I had no knowledge of sailing or how to operate a ship at the time but felt that if I cut the anchor line that I would drift with the morning tide. So that's what I did. I found an axe and although it took all I had, I managed to cut away the anchor and drift out to sea. That is how I came to be in possession of this fine ship."

At that Mary paused and spread her arms wide to indicate the ship that she was obviously very proud of.

"It took weeks before I finally ran aground. In that time I got my strength and health back, if not my good looks. The ship was well provisioned and so I wanted for nothing. So well provisioned in fact was the hold, with looted spices and silks, that when the people of the small Jamaican island I ran aground on came to investigate, I was able to pay them for repairs the ship needed, and for a crew to get me back to civilisation. I span them a yarn that I was the only survivor of a pirate raid to explain my predicament, and my face gave proof enough for that to be truth. When we set sail, it was into calm seas, and I was able to learn some basic seamanship on the way to Port Royal. When we docked with the other merchant ships, I bid my crew fair well and paid them a healthy sum for their help and silence. I had plans for this ship, plans I'd come up with during the voyage.

----------x----------