

The Pirate Mistress

Nadia
Saran



Copyright © 2020 Nadezhda Sarankhova

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the publisher, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical reviews and certain other noncommercial uses permitted by copyright law. For permission requests, write to the publisher, addressed “Attention: Permissions Coordinator,” at the address below.

ISBN: 978-0-000000-0 (Paperback)

ISBN: 978-0-000000-0 (Hardcover)

Library of Congress Control Number: 00000000000

Any references to historical events, real people, or real places are used fictitiously. Names, characters, and places are products of the author’s imagination.

Front cover image by: Stock Image.

Book design by: Me.

Printed in the United States of America.

First printing edition 2020.

<https://mistressnadezhda.wixsite.com/website>

MistressNadia@Yandex.ru

Author's Note:

Mistress Pepper and Sophie are “anonymized” versions of me and my slave-girl. The real me. All of my stories are (or should I say will be) my memories of a session with a sub. Thus, they are true stories. Only in this version details have been changed to protect the sub. I do live in Mobile about 10 months of the year (the remaining two I spend in Nizhny Novgorod, Russia, where my father is from and lives), and almost all of my subs live in Mobile or a bordering county. I'm originally from Baldwin County, next door to Mobile. I moved across the bay to attend USA. As is/did Mistress Pepper. But I'm not a blond. And you'll most definitely have to guess at my bra size! If you got this story on my web site, the picture on the cover isn't really the sub. It's just a picture that looks close to it that I found online thanks to Yandex.

The latest four stories are always available, with no questions asked and for free, on my website, including stories that aren't published anywhere else.

The complete archives of all my public-version stories are available in the member's pages of my website. Just sign up, it's easy and free. So are the stories. I promise to never spam anyone.

If you want to be notified of new stories, just subscribe to my mailing list and you'll get a link whenever a new story is posted, whether it's published on another site or not.

And remember, the names and such have been changed in this version to protect the slutty. Only Princess Lilly appears as herself. But she truly has no concept of shame. Check out my blog, also on the member's pages of my website, if you want. Her picture is there. Isn't she so cute!

Session Date:

05 June, 2020

This Story Released:

05 January, 2021 (MistressNadezhda.com)

The Pirate Mistress

The Pirate Mistress

Prologue:

In case this is the first of my stories you've read, there are a few things I've skipped over in this story since there are several other stories I've written about this same sub. I tend to write a story after almost all of my sessions with my toys. But I publish very few of them online. All of them are available free on my web site to my friends. Many more are available in a "public version" (in which the names and identifying details have been changed to protect the shame of my sub), also for free, to "members" of my web site (free to join, and so NO spam!). And the latest four stories are always available to anyone, free, to the world, no questions asked, no membership required.

My name is Pepper Rodgers. I'm a 19-year-old Domme, living downtown Mobile, Alabama. I have a decently well-stocked playroom in the second bedroom of my fourth-floor apartment (most of my neighbors are corporate types who aren't always around, giving me a lot of privacy, even in the halls and elevators). I also have a decently stocked toybox. I prefer my toys to be older than I am, around 30-42 years old. I prefer men for myself, however not for my toybox. When it comes to toys, I find women and couples to be far more amusing. Single men tend to be needier, and often too clingy. But that doesn't mean I don't have a few of them in my toybox. I do. They just don't have the same chances of getting there as couples and single women do.

I'm petite. Actually more "tiny" than petite. I'm 5' 1.75" and 91 pounds. I'm not bony, though, I've curvy, like a small-sized woman. I have blond hair down to my shoulders and blue eyes. Oh, and my chest is the only place I'm not small. I'm a 32-D, and I'm very pert. Which makes me popular with the boys.

I'm also slightly bisexual. I'm attracted to men, not women. I would never choose a female partner for even a date, let alone for sex. But I'm not opposed to masturbating with a female toy. Sophie happens to be my favorite sex toy to pleasure myself with. Her tongue has two big advantages over my vibrator: one, it's very delicate and tender. Two, no matter how much I use it, its batteries never die at the worst possible

The Pirate Mistress

moment! It's better than fresh bunny batteries, it just keeps going until I want it to stop. And I don't even have to hold it in place!

When I want sex I never use one of my toys. I never allow a toy touch, or even see, all of me. And I never bring a toy to my bedroom. Nor do I chose a woman. I pick a man, usually one I find in a club or cafe, or wherever. I flirt, dance dirty a little and if he meets my standards, I ask if he's interested in a one-time-only, no-names-exchanged, hook-up. I've never been turned down.

I have a few standards for my hook-ups. I never pick a guy I know or even just see around. And I insist on a cock between 7 and 9" long and 1.5" across, plus or minus a small bit. I won't touch a guy who isn't circumcised, either. I hate the way the foreskin feels inside me. I want to feel that fat head. The dirty dancing gives me plenty of time to tease a guy hard and feel for myself what he's got. It's the only way not to be disappointed. Guys always lie about their equipment!

Sophie is my 19-year-old live-in slave-girl. She's slightly petite at 5'4" and 119 pounds. She's pretty, too, with long honey-blond hair, green eyes, and a 34-B chest. Sophie is extremely devoted to me. So devoted, and so happy as my slave, that despite not being attracted to women, she's a virgin with men. She serves and pleasures only me, and those I give her to. And while I use her, even with my male toys, I won't allow any man to touch her pussy or penetrate her bottom. Those are mine. Only mine. I've owned her since she graduated high school, but I've known her longer. Since about two months after her 18th birthday, which was also about two months before she finished high school.

I have three BFFs, (Isabelle, Reagan, and Ellie) none of whom are into my little games. But all of whom occasionally creep into my stories. After all, they are my BFFs so they tend to be around. Luckily they're not offended by anything they happen to see. They're just not eager for me to put on a show on their account.

I also have a circle of five other women friends, all of whom are Dommies as well. Andrea (26), Janelle (35), Colette (39), Diane (43), and Olive (44). we usually get together every couple of weeks for coffee and

The Pirate Mistress

a little chat about who's doing what to whom lately. We sometimes share, or loan, our toys to each other, but not that often. Sometimes we do a favor for each other, such as providing something different for a toy. Mostly we do what girls do: we gossip.

I get all of my toys through networking. It's almost always either one of the women in our circle who has a toy she doesn't want and offers to point it at another who is interested. Or sometimes one of my toys tells someone, who tells someone, and so on until someone asks my toy to introduce someone to me. Rarely it's someone I don't play with, but who knows what I'm into, who asks me to meet someone. I get plenty of emails inquiring about meeting me, and while I will email and maybe chat with a sub online, I haven't yet met any. I won't rule it out, but meeting online is risky enough that someone would have to convince me before I'd think about it. A girl's gotta be careful!

Part I: Capture

Part I: Capture

It's a lovely Friday afternoon, sunny and clear, and being the peak of summer, it's about 90 degrees here in Mobile, Alabama. Maybe 95. My toy for today is going to be Ciara. She's 41 years old, and as Irish as Irish gets. As in she was born and raised in Belfast, North Ireland. And she remains a citizen of the UK, not the US. She has only a limited residency visa that allows her to work out of the US.

That's because of her job. She's the captain of a 90-foot sailboat. The boat belongs to a British company that operates a bunch of charter boats around the world. According to Ciara, they have two on the gulf coast: hers and a second one that operates mostly out of Tampa and the Florida Keys. Hers is named the "Gaelic Goddess." It claims London as its homeport, although I doubt it's actually docked there in a long time.

In addition to Ciara, there's a crew of three: a "purser," which translates to cook/maid/gopher, and two "able seamen," a title defined by the Coast Guard that means "common sailor," anyone who works on a boat. The charter company has one cute selling point. Its boats feature all-female crews. Obviously, that tends to appeal to a certain market segment more than others. Apparently, a rather large segment, since their rates are slightly above the going rate for charters.

I've had a few sessions with Ciara before. Like most of my toys, she came to me through word-of-mouth. A friend of my Dom-friend Nikolai, a Russian businessman visiting Nikolai in Pensacola, sailed with her. He took his slave along, keeping the woman leashed for the cruise. The boat's crew, long since accustomed to the odd, pretended not to notice. Except for Ciara, who eventually asked him if he knew anyone in the area. He gave her name to Nikolai, who wasn't interested in a toy with little availability. With my permission, Nikolai gave her my name. I don't mind her limited availability. I have a decent-enough stocked toy box that I won't miss her when she's wherever. Plus the one thing I like more than anything else is variety. To me, Ciara is like a bonus toy, when she's available, I might use it. That's what she adds to my toybox. She's not one of the usual toys I play with.

What Ciara craves is surprise and forced obedience. She doesn't want to know when her sessions are coming. And when they do come, she doesn't want to know what's going to happen to her. She doesn't

The Pirate Mistress

want her questions answered.

Nor does she want to be asked anything. She wants to be told what she's going to do. Nothing more. No reasons given. Just what to do, specifically and with instructions that are detailed enough that there won't be relevant questions. Then she wants to be made to do it. Sometimes she resists, which makes me discipline her and make her obey. She wants that.

Light pain is nothing to her. It doesn't bother her, but it doesn't do much to excite her. The same can be said about humiliation. What does arouse her, quickly and fully, is being made to willingly accept either. Showing a naked picture of her to her best friend would do nothing for her. But forcing Ciara to show the picture to the same friend herself would have her hand slipping into her panties.

I wouldn't be surprised if Ciara has a fantasy about being kidnapped by pirates and turned into their playtoy. Sadly, there are plenty of places left in this world where that fantasy might come true. But not here in the safe waters of the gulf and the Caribbean. We have a Coast Guard that takes a very dim view of such things. The same can't be said for a few other parts of the world. But those are waters Ciara almost never sails in. Her employer's insurer generally forbids their boats from going there. Plus, they're not exactly "top 10" vacation destinations, and these are definitely leisure boats.

I guess this weekend is going to be my version of that fantasy. A version that the Coast Guard won't be kicking my door in for. But I'm certain that my version will drive Ciara sweetly insane. Best of all, for Ciara, she doesn't have a clue that she'll be seeing me this weekend. She never does. I usually just call her and summon her to my apartment immediately.

Because of her job, and her desire for surprise, I have Ciara keep her schedule on an app. It tells me when and where she's planning to dock. When her boat will be occupied and when it won't be. To date, I've worked in a session for her about every four months, which has suited her fine.

Part I: Capture

It's been just under a month since I last saw her. I doubt she's really expecting to hear from me so soon. Until now, I've just skipped the layovers that came too soon, picking one about four months after her session instead. But she's just had three long charters, all 10-14 days each, back to back, with mere hours between trips. Ciara hates the longer charters. And she hates the fast turn arounds. From what I can see, she has a 17-day charter coming next, then three shorter ones. It should have her feeling slightly bummed out.

We've agreed that I may pop up and surprise her at any time, anywhere. But even with that knowledge, I'm sure Ciara doesn't expect to see me too far from home. Maybe from about New Orleans over to Panama City. Either would be a couple of hours away from my house by car. Unfortunately for Ciara, most of her boardings occur somewhere in that area, leaving most of the times that she's without passengers and thus available for me, in that area. Otherwise, she might be able to predict when I'd pop up by when she was docked close enough to me. Or else I'd have to take a trip to surprise her far from my home. Which is a possibility, but one I'm saving for another surprise down the road.

According to her schedule, she's due to finish her current cruise at 3:00 this afternoon, which is about an hour. Then she gets a couple of days off. The boat is idle until 11:00 Monday. But that means Ciara will be expected back by 7:00 so they can begin loading provisions, fuel, and everything else before the well-paying passengers arrive. From what I know, it won't take Ciara long to have the boat tied down. And as soon as the passengers set foot on dry land, she and her crew will head off to a hotel and their days off. The cleaning and whatnot can wait for Monday.

Ciara has a cabin aboard the boat. It's more her home than the room she keeps at her parent's home in Belfast. But it's tiny, little more than a bed and a bathroom smaller than my closet. Her crew of three shares another cabin with bunk beds in it. When they have the chance, all of them prefer to get a little space. Or at least to get a bathroom they don't have to share. I suspect the boat will be empty all weekend. I know its captain won't be aboard.

The Pirate Mistress

Her schedule also tells me what marina she's planning to dock at. That changes often. According to Ciara, sometimes it's to accommodate passenger wishes, and sometimes to accommodate slip availability. Since the boat doesn't call any of the local ports home, and sails out of numerous nearby cities, the company doesn't keep a regular slip for it anywhere. They feel it's cheaper this way. And it lets the boat sail from wherever its passengers du jour wish.

Today it's the Dockside Marina here in Mobile. It's one of the smaller marinas, by which I mean it doesn't take cruise ships or freighters. It takes pleasure boats, few of which are close to the size of Ciara's. It offers a more tropical aura complete with a beach and some leisure activities. But it does have enough dock to accommodate Ciara's boat. And it's one of the closer marinas to downtown. And it's an easy shot straight up a main road to one of our bigger airports. It's not as convenient as the Port of Mobile right in downtown, but the kind of people who pay ten grand a day to charter a sailing yacht don't want to be docked next to a rusty tramp steamer from Honduras rushing to unload a boat-load of bananas. Or whatever else they may be delivering that's not on the manifest.

By 2:30 I'm parked at the marina with my new, spare car. It's a Chrysler Pacifica hybrid minivan that I got at a Marshal's auction for a really unbelievable price. I bought it because the Mazda Miata I dote on only has two seats, and lately, I've been needing more. But I only drive this one when I have to. Unlike my Miata, it's not pastel green. It's a so-boring silver. But I did have the windows tinted to the limit on it. That I didn't bother to do on the Miata. What good are tinted windows on a convertible? It's in perfect shape and considering where I bought it, I'd bet the previous owner was less than willing to part with it... as in the Marshal didn't give him much of a say in it. Too bad for him.

I've already checked with the dockmaster. He so happily told me that the Gaelic Goddess was expected at 3:00, and had reported in a couple of hours ago that it was on schedule. It would be docking in slip 14, the slip at the end of the dock (which runs parallel to the beach with shorter docks standing off of it). It's the only slip that isn't a U-shape.

Part I: Capture

This slip is just a long stretch of dock parallel to the beach. It's where they put the biggest of the boats that come in, the ones that would long comical tied up to the 15-foot-long piers the others get. And they don't mind at all if go out and greet the boat. Aren't they so hospitable?

I wait in the car, with the air conditioning on high. It's only a few minutes before I see the huge form of the boat sailing into the inlet. Most of the boats around here are motorboats. Most are no more than half the length of Ciara's. It's hard to miss the boat's 100+ foot tall masts, even without the sails raised. She slowly makes her way towards the pier by the motor. I just watch.

It takes her a few minutes to slowly sail up alongside the pier. Then two of her crew quickly jump over to the pier and tie the boat down. It's not but a minute or two later that those same two crewwomen are unloading baggage. The passengers come off, and the crew carries their bags to their car and loads them. Full service.

Ciara's crew has seen me before. I'm pretty sure they have guessed who, and what, I am. It's not that they've seen anything, not yet, but Ciara doesn't make a secret of her desires. Nor does she advertise them. I'm sure, with all the time she's spent with these three ladies at sea, there's been more than one gab-fest. I might only know of one Dom who sailed with them, but I have no doubt there have been others. And just as little doubt that they weren't shy about letting things show. On a boat like this, discretion is expected with the price. Even though company rules forbid the crew from any kind of a personal relationship, even just a hook-up, with a passenger or while passengers are aboard, it doesn't mean they can't enjoy a show that's flaunted before their eyes. That's how Ciara came to Nikolai's friend's attention – she seemed to be enjoying what he was flaunting too much.

The crews know that whenever they see me, Ciara will disappear soon after. And that she will be out of touch for some time, reappearing before she's due back at the boat, but unheard from until she reappears. As I'm getting out of the car, my live-in slave-girl and handmaiden Sophie following along behind me, I see one of the crew girls wink at me and

The Pirate Mistress

grin. Yup, they know.

I follow them down the dock. Not closely. I get to the boat about a minute or so after they do. It's enough time for them to have shouted a warning to Ciara, but the smirks on their faces as I creep aboard tell me that they didn't. Maybe she's told them not to. I doubt it, but it could be.

I know where Ciara will be. She'll be on her bridge, which isn't much of one. It's more just a set of controls near the engine at the aft end of the boat. Down below. I watched her dock the boat from a second set of controls topside, but almost as soon as it was tied down she slipped below.

The bridge here isn't much bigger than the smallest of broom closets. Just big enough for a chair, a couple of monitors, and a control stick. I'm right, Ciara is sitting there. She's just finished shutting down the engines and as I catch sight of her, the generators. I think that's the last thing she needs to do before abandoning ship for the weekend. I could see the cables already draped over the side connecting the boat to shore power and water.

"Oh, lookie, slave!" I giggle excitedly, "doesn't this worthless bimbo look so cute in her sailor girl outfit?"

Sophie giggles loudly. "Yes, Mistress, she looks adorable!"

Ciara's head snaps to the side. She recognizes my voice. I'm sure she knows what it means that I've popped up. I've surprised her at a marina before. But this is the first time I've snuck aboard her boat and surprised her at the controls. I see a tinge of panic on her face. I'll bet she's wondering if her passengers are still aboard. That would not be good. And that's why I watched them get in their car before I boarded.

I don't give Ciara any time to think or do anything. There's no reason to. I reach out in a fast motion and grab hold of Ciara's short, red hair. I get a good grip on the soft, fine strands. And I hang onto it. I give a gentle tug on her hair, just hard enough to move her head slightly. "Come along, bimbo." I sweetly tell her in a firm voice.

Part I: Capture

I walk slightly slowly. And I keep hold of her hair. It leaves Ciara no choice but to follow me. "Miss-" Ciara starts to say something. Her voice is slightly girly. Her Irish accent is about as heavy as it gets, even in Ireland. It's so sexy. As I pull her hair, she's rising to her feet.

I reach across with my other hand and slap Ciara's face. It's not a hard slap, just enough of one to sear a faint pink handprint onto her nicely bronzed, and freckled, cheek. It does the job. Ciara shuts her mouth mid-sentence. The slap reminds her of my rule. Speak only when she's spoken to. Whatever her objection was going to be, I don't want to hear it.

Ciara stumbles once as my pace brings her to her feet a little fast for her. Then she gets her feet under her and scrambles along after me. Ciara's a fairly tall woman. 5'9". And I'm definitely petite, at just under 5'2". I'm holding her hair in my hand at a height that's easy for me. And that forces Ciara to lean over as she scurries behind me. It keeps her slightly off-balance, and more than slightly uneasy.

It's not far to the main lounge of the boat. It's more like a decent-sized living room with sofas, tables, a wet bar, a big TV, and such. It's the place where the passengers just hang out and relax. It's also the biggest room on the boat. Unfortunately for Ciara, it's also the one with a set of steps that lead topside. The steps closest to the gangway ashore.

When I pull Ciara into the ornate room, one of the crew girls I'd seen earlier is there. I've met her once. I've long since forgotten even her name. But, luckily for me, she's still in her uniform, too. And it has a name tag to remind me that her name is Maggie and that she's from Ashland, Ohio. On this Irish boat, Ciara is the only Irishwoman. Apparently only the captain has to be from wherever the boat is registered, at least in the OK. I think I remember her saying that the other ladies are American as well. Then again, they do sail almost exclusively from America.

Maggie watches with a wide smirk on her face as I half-drag Ciara into the room. I doubt it's the first time she's seen someone dragged into this very room by her hair. But I'll bet it's the first time she's seen

The Pirate Mistress

her captain dragged anywhere. At sea, Ciara is a rather professional and confident captain. She can bark orders with the best of them. This is a different side of her. One I doubt they've ever seen. I know the one time I surprised her in a pub ashore, there Ciara was just as firm and confident.

I pull Ciara to the center of the room. It's a place that more open than most. I give her a little thrust by her hair as I release it, pushing her to straighten up. She does that quickly. As she's straightening, I simply snap my fingers and hold my hand out. Sophie reaches into the bag she's carrying for me and pulls out my crop. It's my favorite crop. It's made of a soft leather dyed pastel green and fringed with frilly, delicate, white lace. It's super girly. Sophie puts the handle of the crop in my waiting hand. By the time Ciara is standing up, I'm holding the crop in front of me.

Ciara's hands fidget almost wildly as they fall to her sides. I don't give her a chance. I don't even wait for her hands to get to her hips. A tiny flick of my wrist snaps the tip of the crop against the back of one of Ciara's moving hands. It lands with a sharp, but not a loud, splitting crack.

"YEOW!" Ciara squeals, her hand flying fast from the crop.

A second flick of my wrist taps her cheek with the crop, just atop her jaw. It's light enough not to leave any more of a pink spot than my hand did on her other cheek. "Shut up, bimbo." I snap sternly, my voice cold and hard, but not raised. "I'm Captain Rodgers, and I'm commandeering this boat and its former captain!"

Ciara's eyes lock on me rather anxiously. I wonder if she noticed Maggie off to the side or if Ciara was too busy stumbling in surprise as I dragged her into the room to pay much attention. The way I have Ciara standing now, Maggie is behind her. And so far, Maggie hasn't said anything.

I see Maggie, grinning from ear to ear, slip very quickly into a passageway. I guess she's slipping off to allow Ciara some privacy.

Part I: Capture

"Your skanky butt belongs to me now, ex-captain bimbo... and I think I'll get a mighty fine price when I sell you off!" I announce in a voice that's as taunting as it is firm. "Redheads always fetch the best prices on my auction block!"

I'm not raising my voice, but it's loud enough especially in this boat. It must carry. I see Maggie peeking her head back into the room. And this time the other two crewwomen are peeking in as well. I guess she wasn't slipping off. She was making sure her friends didn't miss the show.

I had planned to just "abduct" Ciara from her boat, and later return her to the boat, keeping her as my "prisoner" every fraction of a second that she's on dry land. But now that see the crew peeking in, and clearly more amused than offended, I change my plan. If the ladies would like a show, I see no reason not to give them one. The only one it might humiliate is Ciara, and that's kind of the whole point of this scene.

"Ah!" I blurt out with some excitement in my voice, "There's the crew of my new boat!" I see a couple of eyes get slightly wide and a pair of cheeks blushing faintly as if their owner feels like she's been caught spying. "Don't be shy, girls, come in. You can see for yourselves what happens to bimbo captains that dare to sail Captain Rodgers' waters without offering proper tribute." I crook a finger towards the ladies, beckoning them to enter.

Ciara blushes. It's a pink blush, which looks a little darker on her bronze-tanned skin. And she shows the first signs of uneasiness.

The ladies tentatively step out of the passage and into the room. The purser is the oldest of the three, I'd guess around 30 or 32. the other two are younger, maybe in their mid-20s. All three of them are lean with strong, athletic, and curvy-feminine builds. Not like weightlifters, but like women who spend a fair amount of time working out at the gym. Or women who actually work for a living. Maybe by carrying luggage around?

Once the trio sees the slight grin on my face and sees that I'm serious in my offer to allow them to watch, they step a little surer as

The Pirate Mistress

they come fully into the lounge. And all three of them gawk at Ciara from the rear.

Ciara (it's pronounced "Key-are-ah") is wearing her captain's uniform. It's all-white. She has on a snug, but not too snug, fitting skirt that starts just above her knees. Above that is a white silk blouse. Over the blouse is a white blazer adorned with four gold stripes on her shoulders and cuffs. She has a gold name tag on her blazer too. She has "nude" stockings on above white, slip-on, low-heeled shoes. All that's missing is the cutesy hat, and I'd bet they give her one of those, too. I can see a light gray leather belt on her skirt, a silver watch with a large face on her left wrist, a gold bracelet on her right, and a pair of large, gold hoop earrings.

I order Ciara to turn around. She obeys, but less than eagerly. As she turns, I see the hesitation as she realizes that I haven't been playing with her. Her crew is in the room, and shyly gawking at her. As if they're watching a show they know they shouldn't be, but can't take their eyes off of.

Ciara is a thin woman. I happen to know she weighs only 139 pounds, which isn't much for a woman that's 5'9" tall. She has light red hair that's straight with only the gentles of a wave to it. Her hair hangs down to brush the tops of her shoulders. It frames a fairly oval face dotted with freckles that are faint against her medium-bronzed tanned skin. She has matching eyebrows that are thin above a pair of deep green eyes. She has a slightly smallish nose that's also slightly wide and has softly rounded lines to it. Then she has a wide mouth framed by a pair of moderately plush deep-pink lips. And she has a jawline with soft features. I can see only a few wrinkle lines at the corners of her mouth and eyes. They're gentle and faint as she stands, but wrinkle up a little more noticeably as she smiles.

"Get that blazer off, bimbo. That's for the captain, not some galley slave!" I snap in a voice that's as firm as it is mocking her.

Ciara slips her blazer off. I glare at her, a hard firmness in my eyes. I cross my arms over my chest, the crop still in my hand. I even tap my

Part I: Capture

foot. It takes Ciara about a second to realize what's expected of her. The very same thing that's expected of her in my apartment. So far that's the only other place I've had her take anything off. She folds the blazer very neatly. Ciara holds her hands out in front of her, her palms upturned and side-by-side. She has them six inches out, directly in front of her nipples. The blazer sits atop her hands. "Here is my blazer, Ma'am." Ciara offers it to me in a voice that's muted a few decibels and laced with a hint of shame.

I take the blazer from her hands. I pull it on. It doesn't exactly go with my outfit. I'm wearing faded designer jeans with a stretchy undershirt that has spaghetti straps for my shoulders, and a loose-fitting cotton blouse over it that I've buttoned up just enough to hide my ample breasts. But it does announce that I'm the new captain of this boat. I can see that the ladies watching smirk slightly at the addition to my outfit.

"Shall we see the new slave I've captured, slave?" I sweetly ask Sophie with a hint of a giggle in my voice.

Sophie can guess what answer I expect. "Yes, Mistress!" She blurts excited, her voice eager and laced with a heavy Southern accent. "A Captain should definitely inspect the goods She captures, Mistress!"

"Then we shall see the bimbo slave we've captured." I turn my attention back to Ciara and in my cold, harsh voice command "Undress, bimbo. Let's see just how much you'll bring when I sell you."

Ciara blushes, and now it's a deep blush. I see a slight quiver creep into her hands, too. And the tiniest of nervous fidget to the rest of her body. Her voice mutes another few decibels. "Yes, Ma'am."

I tap her cheek with the crop, very lightly again. I'm only trying to get her attention. "Yes, Captain." I snap.

"Yes, Captain, I'm sorry, Captain." Ciara quickly blurts out. It gets a light giggle from my audience.

Ciara takes her earrings off. As she should. I told her to undress. That's a specific command that I've taught her. It means for her to start

The Pirate Mistress

undressing at the top of her head, taking off the highest item she comes to, and working her way straight down her body without regard for her modesty. Or the order she'd prefer to expose her body in. Top down. No exceptions. And those earrings are the highest thing on her body.

Ciara holds her earrings out atop her upturned palms and offers them to me. "Here are my earrings, Captain."

I pause for a second, leaving them atop Ciara's hands. I lean my head forward and glance at them as they rest on her hands. "They're fake gold!" I balk. "I can't sell fake gold! What do I want such garbage?"

I turn to the audience, a grin blossoming on my face as I do. "Does one of you want this garbage..." I nod slightly, hoping they see it and interpret it as what it is, a cue for someone to accept Ciara's things. "Or shall I just have my slave toss it overboard with the rest of the trash?" I wonder if they believe me. They should, I actually would have Sophie toss it right over the side with everyone watching. They really are fake gold, and thus very inexpensive.

One of the crew girls, her name tag says Ashley, says she'll take them. I wave her to come up. It's only about five steps from where she is to where Ciara's feet are planted. I let her get about four of them. "Offer them to her, bimbo." I snap.

"Here are my earrings, Miss Willis. Would you please accept them as a gift, Ma'am?" Ciara obediently offers them to Ashley. Politely. I'm fairly sure she's watching her manners now, not wanting to be whipped in front of her crew. But her voice betrays the shame she's feeling.

"Uh, sure... bimbo." Ashley giggles. She just couldn't resist the chance to call her captain "bimbo." She reaches out and takes them off Ciara's hands.

Ciara doesn't hesitate. That, she knows, will only make me use the crop to hurry her along. Her hands quickly go to the next highest thing on her body, her blouse. She starts unbuttoning it, Ashley still standing a scant couple of feet from her.

Ashley looks surprised and slightly embarrassed for Ciara. She

Part I: Capture

quickly takes a few steps back as Ciara starts baring more of her chest.

It slowly bares a rather simple bra. It's a very light shade of blue, with a faint lavender tinge to it. It has narrow straps of what looks like a ribbon over her shoulders. It has a narrow band around her back as well. It has full cups of solid fabric over a thin layer of foam that fully cover her mounds, but little more. They have a narrow strip of fabric joining them. And it has a visible wire under the cups. It doesn't have any adornment to it. Not even a hint of lace.

Ciara folds her blouse and holds it out atop her hands. She offers it to me, and I tell her that I don't want it either. I suggest that she offers it to the crew of her former boat. Maybe one of them could use a new used blouse. "Here is my blouse. Will one of you kind ladies please accept my blouse as a gift?"

Ashley uses her foot to lightly kick Maggie in the back of her calf, Maggie stumbles half of a step forward. Realizing it, she hesitantly walks up and takes the blouse from Ciara's hands. Then she quickly hurries back, casting an evil glare at the smirking Ashley.

As soon as the blouse is off Ciara's hands, her hands are moving up behind her back. I'm very particular with my slaves about how they do things. I teach them the way I prefer to watch them doing it, and after that, I punish those who deviate the slightest. Bras come off one way, no matter how a sub usually does it. The clasp is undone, the strap is allowed to fall free to her sides. Hands go up to the shoulders and pull the straps off her shoulders, letting them fall down her arms. She's to hang onto only one strap to keep the bra from falling. She's also to keep her arms from covering her chest at any time. That would just get my crop on her chest to remind her that she no longer is allowed that modesty.

That's how Ciara does it. She takes care not to let her arms block the sight of the full cups as she slips the straps off her shoulders. Her breasts are modest. By the time the straps are halfway down her arms, the cups have slipped off her mounds and bared them.

Ciara's breasts are a 34-B. They're also moderately soft. Soft

The Pirate Mistress

enough to lie back against her chest with a decent crease at their underside. But not so soft that they look flabby. They're nicely rounded with a very defined curviness, almost the same shape as the bra's underwire, to their bottoms. They're mostly milky white, unlike the rest of her medium-bronze skin. But they're still dotted with light freckles that are slightly more visible against the pale flesh. They're topped with a pair of wide, light-to-medium pink rings. Centered in each ring is a wide, and rather long, nipple with a color that's about as deep, but with a slight reddishness to it. Now, as she exposes her breasts to her crew, certainly for the first time, those nipples are standing up rock hard. They're shaped like little dowels, fully rounded but with sides that rise straight off her mounds. Sides that are almost half of an inch long. Then there's only the gentlest of rounding to the very tips, leaving a slight rim as the sides turn to the tips.

Ciara holds her bra out to me. I decline it, calling it plain and ugly. I comment that It would never fit my ample boobs, even if it wasn't so cheap. She offers it to her crew. Ashley is the one to come and get it. And this time, as she steps up, Ashley takes great pains to keep her eyes on the bra and not look at Ciara's naked breasts.

Now it's Ciara's belt that comes off. This time, by whatever silent arrangement the ladies have, it's the third woman, Carole, who comes forward and gets it from Ciara. As she returns, Ciara is already taking her skirt off. But I notice that all of Ciara's clothes are ending up in a single pile. I thought they might. I'm sure the girls are planning to give them back to Ciara whenever she returns to the boat.

Skirts have a way that they're to come off as well. Then button and/or zipper is to be undone. The waistband is to be pushed down over the hips, as far as it can be with the sub standing straight. Then the sub is to keep her legs straight as she leans forward, pushing the waistband down her legs as she bends until the skirt drops to her ankles. Then she's to step out of it. Only then may she squat, and only long enough to get it in her hands.

Ciara takes her snug-fitting skirt off the proper way. I know she

Part I: Capture

hates it, too. At least when she realizes what it does. It has her bending forward with her arms at her sides. Then brings her chest down. Letting her breasts dangle freely and keeping those arms from hiding their looseness. They quickly shift forward, their undersides lifting up flat and almost taut. It gives her mounds a slightly more pronounced line at the top, almost like a bend, as they rise off her chest. They stay fully rounded, except for lengthwise. That direction they take on a decently pointy look that's aggravated by her long nipples. But they still don't look flabby. They just hang free, pointing down.

Removing her skirt bares a pair of matching panties. But unlike the plain bra, these are rather cute and sexy. But modestly so. They're cut low on her hips, but they also have wide sides around her hips. They're the same color and satiny fabric, but the panties are adorned with little butterflies embroidered on them. And they have a moderately wide band of lace trimming both the waistline and the legs. And they have a delicate ribbon tied into a bow at the center of the waistline. They're slightly snug on her body, too. And that emphasizes the puffiness of the mound swelling down between her lean thighs.

Her legs are lean as well. Lean enough that I can make out the faintest lines of her calf muscles. There isn't a wrinkle of line on her thighs. Just smooth flesh. But she has fairly flat knees, covered with enough flesh that I can barely make out the bones. It doesn't look fat or flabby, just flat. But I do see a faint line at the top of each knee, along the top of her kneecap.

It lets the crew see that Ciara isn't wearing pantyhose. She's wearing stockings that come halfway up her thighs. And a garter belt to hold them up that matches her panties. I forbid pantyhose, 24/7, on my subs. Getting caught with a pair, much less wearing them, would guarantee Ciara a swift punishment. I guess she's not taking that chance. Smart sub.

As Ciara stands there, blushing a little deeper now, she still has her watch, bracelet, garter, panties, stockings, and shoes on. She glances down to check the height of each, knowing that I've already

The Pirate Mistress

checked it myself, and I demand she undresses in proper order. The waistband of the garter is the highest thing on her body. The jewelry on her wrists is below her hips with her standing. So she unhooks her stockings from the garter and slips the garter down over the stockings. She has to bend forward and slip that off as she did the skirt.

Ciara offers the garter to me, which I decline, and then to her crew.

I'm sure the ladies expect Ciara to save those panties for last. But Ciara can't. Their waistband is the next highest thing on her body. It has slipping them down her hips and legs with her stockings still on. I see the surprise on the ladies' faces as if they're wondering if Ciara just can't wait to expose the most intimate parts of her body.

It bares a bikini-shaped swath of pale whiteness. And it bares her slightly puffy pubes, along with the wisp of a bush she has. It's little more than a small patch of dense red hairs at the top of her slit, not much bigger than a silver dollar. It's just enough to prove that she's a natural redhead.

It lets us all see her flat, firmly toned stomach. The gentle curve of her waist with its soft, flowing lines. The equally gentle curve of her hips, soft and just full enough to hide her hip bones.

And it lets us see the prominent puffy mound of her pussy as it swells down between her lean thighs. From the front, it's only partly visible, but enough so that I can see the line of her slit, a fine line of light-to-medium pinkness about the shade of the rings around her nipples, as it seems to rise up her front into her pubes. It doesn't, but her mound stands down over an inch, giving her slit plenty of room to curve upward as it flows over her pussy. It lets me see the tops of her long, wide, and rather plump lips. Lips that are silky smooth and milky white.

Ciara offers out her panties. Fresh off her butt. This time, there's a few second's hesitation among the ladies, and several glances exchanged as they silently argue over which of them will get the panties. It ends with the other two glaring firmly at Carole. Carole accepts that

Part I: Capture

the vote is now two-to-one. As in two for Carole, and Carole voting for anyone but Carole. She comes forward quickly, almost snatching the panties off Ciara's hands by a tiny pinch of the waistband. Then, as she returns to the audience, she casually flicks the panties at Ashley, the one who has been making the pile. The panties ruffle in the air and fall against Ashley, making her scramble to catch them. She casts the evillest glare at the smirking Carole. Isn't revenge so satisfying?

Now, with her pubes on full display and prohibited from covering them, Ciara gets to take the jewelry off. One piece at a time, and offering each to me, and then to her crew. None of it is really expensive. I'd bet the polished steel watch is the most expensive, at it could be bought at Wal-Mart for about \$50. Just enough that it looks good and not cheap or fake, but that's all. Then again, most women I know have a nice, but modest, one they wear for work.

It leaves Ciara her stockings and shoes. The shoes have to come off first, and they're allowed to. She couldn't get the stockings off with them on.

"Captain, this bimbo is now completely naked for you, Captain," Ciara announces in a rather muted voice. She stands, facing me and thus her audience, with her hands at the small of her back. And she holds her head up as I insist she does. She has her feet only about two inches apart. It's enough for balance, enough to show the mound of her pussy.

The ladies look a little less at ease now. I can't blame them. Their captain, the woman they trust with their lives, is now standing humiliated and naked, shamelessly humbling herself before a woman half her age. And clearly accepting it.

"This bimbo looks to be a sneaky little skank," I announce in my teasingly sweet voice. "I'd better check to make sure it's not hiding a hacksaw or something!" I add with a little giggle in my voice. I hold my hand out towards Sophie. "gloves, slave, lest I foul my hands with this bimbo's filth."

Sophie very quickly pulls out a pair of my pastel green latex gloves. It's as if she expected me to order them next. I'm sure she did.

The Pirate Mistress

She knows me too well by now. She hurries to pull the gloves onto my hands, snapping them loudly even though Ciara is watching.

I start at the very top of Ciara's head by running my fingers through the soft locks of her hair, letting its tresses flow between my fingers as the tips of my fingers stroke over her scalp. I run a finger down behind her ears, softly tracing a line there. I glance, just barely, into her ears.

Now I order Ciara to open her mouth. Before I ask for it, Sophie has a penlight in her hand ready for me. I shine it into Ciara's mouth. Then I use a finger to push her cheeks away from her gums, peeking in the newly opened gap. I lift her tongue to see under that as well. I even go so far as to pull her lips away from her teeth and look there.

I move down to Ciara's arms. Those are slender and lean. As I lift her left arm I can feel the tone of the muscles underneath. Those are firm and hard. Her skin might have lost some of its elasticity, giving it a slightly loose feel despite its appearance of having most of its tautness, but her muscles are still youthful. I run a finger along her underarm, feeling that it's smoothly shaven. Then I spread her fingers out and check the spaces between them. I give the other arm the same treatment. As soon as I release each arm, Ciara obediently has it back behind her.

I work down Ciara's body, coming to her breasts next. I simply use my fingers to gently, but firmly, pinch one of her long nipples. Holding onto it, I use the nipple to lift her soft mound up and pull the crease underneath out. That way I can see every bit of its underside, too. I check both breasts the same way.

I come to the small, deep funnel of her navel next. I just quickly shine the light in there and check that she's not hiding anything, like a navel piercing. When I say naked, I mean for my subs to get naked. As in as naked as the day before they were born.

Now I get to Ciara's pubes. She might have a very small bush, one that will be gone soon since it's not up to my standards, but I am not going to skip it. I run my fingers through her dense, curly hairs, the tips of

Part I: Capture

my fingers stroking her pubes.

I move behind Ciara. Her hair isn't long enough to be covering any of her back. If it was, I'd move it, but it's not. It barely brushes atop her bare shoulders. I just glance at her flat back. And that brings me down to her bottom. It's a well rounded and full bottom, but one that's not overly pronounced. Not a "bubble butt." Her cheeks look slightly soft, but I can tell the muscles underneath are firm and toned. Her cheeks hold their rounded shape too well. And they're equally well rounded in both directions. They even have a defined round arc at the bottoms of them, as they swell out, defining the line between bottom and thigh. Her cheeks fully meet, forming a deep crack between them where the flesh lightly lies against the opposite globe. It's a fairly long crack, more owing to the rounding curve of her globes. And at the top, with her standing, there's the tiniest of dimples.

I put my hands to her naked cheeks. It lets me feel the thin layer of spongy softness covering the toned muscle. I give those globes a gentle squish with my fingers, getting a good feel of them, and then quickly push her cheeks apart. I push them wide, fully stretching her crack to its full openness, and that fully displays the ring of her asshole.

I move down, having Ciara lift one foot up behind her by bending her knee fully. I glance at the bottom of her foot, then I spread her toes and check between them. I trade her feet, leaving her one to stand on. When I release the second foot, I tell Ciara to stand with her feet apart now. She does. And I'm sure she's dreading what she knows I'm going to do to her next.

But my audience is less sure. I can see the uneasy, questioning look on their faces as if they're guessing and wondering if I'd really put Ciara through that. Especially publicly.

I tell Ciara to bend over and rest her hands on her knees. Her crew looks a bit uneasier. I watch as the puffy mound of Ciara's pussy pokes out at me, now shamelessly displayed for my eyes. Now I can see that her mound is so puffy and plush that it swells and stands out beyond the backs of her thighs. Her lips are perfectly smooth, without

The Pirate Mistress

even a hint of stubble to be found. But their skin is covered with the slightest of wrinkles. It's as if they've shriveled up in response to coldness. Just a faint looseness that leaves the finest wrinkling to them. And I can see her slit. At the top, the part that's visible from the front, it's just a fine pink line. But as her slit flows down her mound, it opens a bit wider. Just enough to allow a thin ridgeline of the edge of a pink inner fold to peek up into space. It rises just a hair above the edges of her soft lips. Then, towards the back of her slit, the ridge vanishes back into her mound and her lips again meet into a fine pink slit. But the sweetest thing is the way her lips look almost curved from their plumpness. Long lips. Wide lips. And lips that are so soft.

I use my fingers to pull those lips fully apart, stretching them wide open to bare every bit of her inner pinkness. Her lips are full and big. But her inner folds are just the opposite. They're fairly short and barely rise off her pinkness. They're thin as well. But they do stand up almost straight, despite their looseness. Those folds seem to suddenly rise from the pinkness at the sides of her pussy, about halfway up the height of her tunnel. At first, they give her pussy a wide berth, but almost immediately begin flowing towards each other. As soft and loose as they are, they bump against each other about halfway between her pussy and the point where they meld together into a single ridge. It's a short ridge, neither running far nor rising high, but it's also a fairly firm knot as they join. A second loose fold rises atop the knot, flowing down for a short bit, before parting as it quickly fades into her pinkness. From the nest of folds, I can see Ciara's rock-hard clit pushing the top fold back as it pokes its pea-sized head up above its nest and the knot.

And now I can see the entrance of her tunnel. Ciara has a fairly narrow pussy that I'm sure would be tight for a man. I use the tips of my fingers to spread her inner folds wide. They stretch easily. And now those loose inner folds pull taut, forming a pink funnel towards her pussy. At the base of that funnel, I can see the very plush and plump walls of her pussy lying gently against each other. And I can see a thick coat of oily honey, with a faint white tinge and slightly sweet light muskiness, that coats everything.

Part I: Capture

The ladies are watching closely now, as enthralled as they are repulsed by the immodest display. I grin. Then I casually press a finger straight into Ciara's pussy. I don't try to make it rough for her, but I'm not trying to be easy either. It's more all-business, as if I don't care, one way or the other, how it feels for Ciara.

Ciara can't stop herself from purring a soft, and needy, "MM!" as my gloved finger slides into her pussy.

I never suspected Ciara would be hiding anything inside her pussy. It's not the time of the month for her to have a tampon in here, and that would be the only thing. Unless I'd put something in here, that is. But I know submitting to a public cavity search is nicely humiliating for her. Besides, it gives me a chance to feel the walls of her pussy. Those are spongy and soft, but with some firmness to them. They're fiery hot now, too. And they twitch slightly as my finger strokes along them. I slip my finger back out and release the lips of her pussy.

I hear one of the audience gasp out, mostly in surprise, but also in horror, as I use one hand to push Ciara's cheeks apart again. Fully apart, displaying every bit of the valley of her crack to my eyes. It looks almost as if her slit runs all the way up to her asshole. It doesn't, but the ends of her lips flow together, and, at the same point, a noticeable ridgeline of a wrinkle forms. It's by far the most prominent of the countless lines of wrinkles that all flow towards the ring of her asshole. This one is more of a ridgeline than a gentle fold, which the rest of them are. Her asshole is moderately funnel-shaped, curving to flow inward at the center of a swath of flesh that begins as a light pink and grows deeper, taking on a slight purple-brownness as it reaches her ring. The ring where all of those wrinkle lines flow in, turning with increasing sharpness, into a deep, dark, little point, like the point of a pencil.

I don't bother with any lubricant. My finger picked up a heavy layer of honey from her pussy, and Ciara's honey is as slick as any oil. I just put the tip of my finger to the opening of that shallow funnel, feeling the single line of that prominent wrinkle against the pad of my finger. I can feel the hardness of her tensed muscle, too.

The Pirate Mistress

I do this the same way. Neither caring if it's gentle or rough for Ciara, simply pushing my finger efficiently into her unwelcomingly tight asshole. As I press, I feel the flesh of that funnel surround my finger and the firmness of her muscle at the center of the funnel blocking my way. But it only takes a fraction of a second for my finger to overpower her muscle. Then I feel it soften slightly and begin stretching around my finger as my fingertip slips into the tightness. Her asshole squeezes snugly against my finger as my finger slides further into her depths.

Ciara feels it. She grunts a deep, and tense, "UGH!" and scrunches her face up slightly as my finger first stretches her resisting muscle. Then, as I'm slipping deeper, it's more of a purred, "UM!"

The audience, especially Ashley, looks absolutely horrified. There's no mistaking what Ciara is standing there demurely for. The looks on their faces tell me none of them can believe their eyes.

I slip every bit of my small and slender finger into Ciara's bottom, stopping only when the web of my finger is flush against the outside of her still-tensed ring. I give the tip of my finger a little wiggle deep inside her bottom. That gets another light, tensed, grunt from Ciara.

I use the pad of my finger to feel around everywhere that I can reach. I even curl my finger up inside her so that I can feel the inside of the thick ring of her asshole. Then I quickly pull my finger out, getting another grunt from Ciara.

As my finger slips from Ciara's bottom, Ciara breathes out a deep sigh of relief. I hold my hands out and allow Sophie the honor of taking the dirty gloves off my hands. She just idly tosses them over her shoulder, leaving them to land on the floor. I suspect the ladies will leave those for Ciara to pick up.

I have Ciara stand up. She quickly has her hands behind her back again. I delay for several seconds, seeing Ciara getting tenser as she stands nude, doing nothing but displaying her body to her crew. I stand at Ciara's side, facing the audience.

"I suppose you all, being sailors, knows what happens to bimbos

Part I: Capture

who are captured by pirates. Locked up, chained, held prisoner in tiny cages. Mistreated. Whored out. Sold off as slaves." I freeze mid-sentence. "That's what I've forgotten, slave!" I add excitedly, "I need the irons for my prisoner!"

I turn back to Ciara. Already Sophie is pulling the heavy irons out of the bag. And I've brought my old-fashioned irons for her. The ones that look like they're from the middle ages. I just watch as Sophie chains up the prisoner.

Sophie kneels beside Ciara. She starts with the leg irons. These are two inches wide, made of a dark steel. Not mere cuffs, like handcuffs, would be, but honest shackles. Sophie fastens one cuff around Ciara's leg, just above the bone of her ankle, slipping the shackle of a padlock through the eyelet to hold it in place. Then she puts the matching cuff on Ciara's other leg and locks it as well. It leaves the padlocks dangling down over the bones of her ankles at the outsides. There are eighteen inches of a heavy log chain joining the two cuffs together. A chain with links that are at least ¼" thick. Chains that have the end of the final links welded to each cuff.

The handcuffs are matching. They're just as wide and thick, only close a little more around her narrower arms. But they don't have a chain connecting them together. Sophie fastens one cuff around each of Ciara's arms, securing the cuffs with padlocks. Then she brings Ciara's arms around to her front and locks the cuffs together with a third padlock.

And there's a matching collar. It too is made of heavy iron. But it's only about an inch high. Sophie closes it around Ciara's slender neck, securing it with a single, heavy padlock that hangs down at the front of her chest.

And then Sophie takes a heavy log chain, matching and just as stout as the one on the leg irons, and hooks that to the lock on Ciara's collar. Sophie leaves the chain hanging down, dangling between Ciara's soft breasts and along her pussy pubes, all the way to the floor. Sophie lifts Ciara's hands to the level of her navel and then locks them to the

The Pirate Mistress

chain. It will hold Ciara's hands up, keeping her pussy just beyond her reach. And making her hands virtually useless. Sophie winds a single loop of the heavy chain around Ciara's waist, just above her hips, pulling the loop snug around Ciara and using a lock to secure it. Then she kneels down again and uses another lock to connect the free end of the chain to the center of the chain of those leg irons. Not only will it severely limit Ciara's movement, but it also looks it. She looks like she's chained up as a pirate would have bound Her prisoner 500 years ago. And I know Ciara has got to be feeling the weight of those heavy irons. They've got to weigh at least 20 pounds.

"Oh, that's so much better!" I giggle.

I turn back to my audience. "I suggest you ladies find another boat and captain. Now that I've captured this bimbo, I'm going to sell my prisoner off. Since there's no gold aboard, I might as well salvage what I can from my prize!"

"slave, find me some rags or something for the prisoner to wear as I march her off to my dungeon to await the sale," I say to Sophie.

Sophie reaches into the bag and pulls out the dress I brought for Ciara. It's made from a burlap sack with a hole cut in it for her head. The sack itself is stained and looks filthy. It even has a few rips and tears in it. A few of which come close to showing some boob, but don't quite do it. It's not very long either, covering her bottom but only about an inch more. It leaves almost all of her legs exposed. And it leaves her feet bare. I even put a few drops of doe scent on it to give it a reeking aroma just for the added realism. Ciara's wrinkling nose tells me how much she appreciates it.

Sophie hands me the last thing in the bag. A length of rough hemp rope that's about an inch thick. It has a noose tied in one end and about four feet of rope beyond the noose. I open the noose and drop it over Ciara's head. Then I tighten it down around her neck, leaving it slightly loose. I hang onto the free end.

"Ladies, would you care for a picture to remember your former captain by?" I offer the audience.

Part I: Capture

It's an offer the mischievous Ashley can't resist. She takes her phone out and aims the camera at Ciara. Ciara tries to hang her head and I quickly snap for her to pick her head up. I remind her that as a captured sailor she's now my property, and I wish to display her. She lifts her head and Ashley snaps the picture. The others don't, but I'm confident that Ashley's picture will be on their phones in two minutes. Just as I'm sure that Ciara will be seeing it, likely in some teasing way.

I use the rope as a leash and start walking Ciara off the boat. Just like she is, wearing nothing but a filthy, torn, and reeking burlap sack. At first, no one notices. But no sooner are we off the gangway and onto the dock than a couple of fishermen notice. Their taunting catcalls announce the show to everyone. By the time I get Ciara down the dock and to my car, there are about eight guys gawking at her. And applauding between demeaning, suggestive catcalls. Sailors! They're worse than men!



Part II: Serving Wench Or Whore?

The Pirate Mistress

Ciara gets her next surprise the second the door of my apartment opens. A loud cheer of "ARR!" rings out. Inside my apartment, there's a small party underway. "Did ye pirate Captain Rodgers capture anything valuable?" My BFF #1, Izzy, loudly asks me.

The party consists of Izzy and her getting-kind-of-serious boyfriend, Adam. My BFF#3, Ellie, is here as well, and she's brought a slightly scruffy-looking guy that I don't know. Then there's Emma, a girl I know from my nursing classes at USA, who brought a guy I don't know, but him I've seen around campus. I think he's studying to be some kind of therapist or something. Whatever it is, it has him taking classes in the health sciences building. He's not quite my type, so... And there's a girl named Summer that I know from campus as well, and the guy she's brought. I don't know him well, but I've talked to him a few times. They're both in a chemistry class I'm taking. I didn't think they were seeing each other, and judging by their body language now, I still don't think they're together. She's the type who would be hanging all over him if they were.

Plus there's Paige, my 19-year-old "kennel-in" house-slave and whore. I never allow Paige to wear any clothes inside the apartment. Never, ever. Today isn't any different. She's wearing nothing but a pink leather collar locked around her neck and a set of leg irons. She always wears the irons, just to remind her of her place in this world. But hers are standard police-grade legs irons, with ankle cuffs that are just like handcuffs, only slightly larger.

Both Izzy and Ellie have keys to my apartment. I'm sure, if either had an apartment, I'd have a key to theirs as well. But both are still living in the dorms, saying it's cheaper. It is. But I wouldn't be surprised if next semester Izzy is sharing an apartment with Adam. I trust both with my place. I don't know which of them let Paige out of her kennel, but I knew one of them would. Neither would mind. Both appreciate Paige's service as a waitress.

That's what Paige is doing now. When I step in, leading Ciara in by the rope leash, Paige is nude, on her knees, and serving one of the boys

Part II: Serving Wench Or Whore?

another drink. The boy, it seems, is far more interested in Paige's perky breasts than the drink. Then again, I'm not serving alcohol. Just coffee, juice, and a variety of teas. The glass is garnished with a little pirate flag atop a toothpick. As are all of the glasses.

Someone, my money would be on Izzy, has also brought back pirate hats for the party. All of the guests are wearing them. It's a surprise for me that makes me laugh. The hats are just so Disney! My fault. I know how much Izzy loves little parties, and I told her about Ciara. Not much, just that she was a boat captain and I planned to tease her by "capturing" her. It seems Izzy has added a few little touches of her own to the party.

"No," I giggle. "We captured a boat, but there was no gold aboard! I had to settle for taking its captain as my prisoner."

Now that the door is shut, I nod to Sophie. Sophie grabs the bottom of the sack that's serving as Ciara's dress and lifts it up, over her head, down the rope leash, and off. That nicely bares the full extent of the heavy irons on Ciara. And it just as fully bares every bit of Ciara's naked body.

Ciara blushes faintly. Her eyes dart around the room, taking in all of the eyes now checking out her naked body. She blushes a little brighter. I hear the chains rattle quietly, too. With them on, there's no way she can cover anything. All she can do is stand there and be flaunted.

"A redhead," Ellie's friend remarks with a touch of wantonness in his voice. I know Ellie isn't dating him, but that's all I know. Judging from his looks, I'd bet he's one of her hippie friends. Since Ellie is about half a hippie herself, she has more than a few hippie friends. His eyes are mostly on the wisp of Ciara's bush as if he's confirming that she's a natural redhead.

"Aye," I giggle, "this slave will fetch a good price on my auction block." I've kind of harped on the theme of selling Ciara. By now, I'm sure Ciara is wondering just what I mean by selling her. If I'm serious, too. I'm sure she's envisioning herself being sold and handed over to

The Pirate Mistress

some random guy. And wondering what that's going to be like. I do plan to sell her. Later. But Ciara isn't going to know that until it happens. Until then, she's going to be wondering if I'm really going to do that to her.

I reach out and cup my hand under one of Ciara's soft mounds, lightly hefting the breast. As it lifts, it takes on the moderate pointiness I'd see with it dangling from her chest. I don't have to do anything to stiffen her nipples up. Those are still as hard as ever. And still sticking out so prominently from the tips of her mounds. I give her breast a little squish, again feeling it's spongy softness. It's almost like a water balloon, only somewhat firmer, as I knead the mound.

It has the desired effect. All of the guys lock their eyes on Ciara's breasts, watching me squish one so openly. And Ciara notices that. She blushes a slight shade pinker. "Look at those huge nipples," I announce in the voice of a buyer appraising Her new purchase. As if I'm stating a fact that affects its value, boasting about my newfound toy. "Those should add a few pieces of sliver to this whore's value."

That gets smiles from the guys, all of whom I suspect are imagining those nipples in their mouths about now. Men are so predictable. But it also gets Adam a little warning nudge from Izzy. He tries to wipe the grin from his face. He doesn't do too well, but well enough for Izzy. According to her, they have an agreement about my little parties. They come together. He can look. He can touch, as long as he doesn't touch too much. But he can't do anything with the toy. I assume that applies only to the toys I'm flaunting, and probably Paige. Not the other guests. At least not unless they flaunt themselves first. I think it's a necessary accommodation to their relationship. Izzy enjoys coming to these little shows too much. She never participates, just watches, but she loves watching. She's rather playful.

Ellie, on the other hand, seems to enjoy bringing a different guy every time. I think she likes to tease the guys with the show. She never brings one she's currently dating, so the guys with her are always free to partake of the toy, as far as I allow it. I think she just enjoys watching the

Part II: Serving Wench Or Whore?

guys, seeing how they handle something so far out from what they've known.

The other two girls are girls who have been after me to invite them to one of my shows. If I wanted to, I'd have a waiting list for invitations. I don't keep one. When I need bodies for an audience, I just pick a couple that have been eager to see a show. When the show calls for some participation, I always make sure the girls know what they're getting into. What they'll be expected to do, and not do. Sometimes, like now, I allow them to bring a friend. But they're responsible for ensuring that their friend follows the rules of the show. Since Ciara doesn't have much connection to Mobile, and thus no reason to hide her submissive side here, the rules are rather lax today. I don't have to worry about my guests telling the world about this show. They're welcome to. If that was a concern I'd have far more careful who I invited. And they wouldn't be bringing guests of their own.

But what can they say? I won't be using Ciara's name. They don't have any clue who she is, other than that she's the captain of some boat. It could be a 12-foot canoe that she's the captain of. They don't know where she's from, although her accent will give them a good idea that she's Irish. They're welcome to talk about the middle-aged redheaded boat captain.

For privacy, my privacy, I do have a rule about pictures. I only allow them with my permission, and I get copies of them. Any picture that shows me, Sophie, or Paige must be deleted. And any picture that shows too much of the toy, as in enough that she could be identified, gets deleted as well. The only exception is for Ellie and Izzy. I trust both of them completely, so they can take whatever pictures they want. But they can only share those that the others could have taken.

I slip the noose over Ciara's head and off. Then I put my hand to her shoulder and roughly shove her down. At the same time, I tap the back of her knee with my foot, buckling her knees. It sends Ciara dropping hard down to her knees and gasping in the surprise of it as she does.

The Pirate Mistress

I don't even allow Ciara the fraction of a second to catch her balance. I just flick my wrist, sending the soft leather tip of my crop snapping lightly, but firmly, against her stomach. The lower part of her stomach, between her hands and her pubes. It lands with a decent cracking and sears a light pink crop print onto her bronzed flesh.

Ciara yelps a loud "YEOW!" Her stomach reflexively pulls back from the crop, bring her bottom over her heels. It gives my guests the first hint of her thick accent.

Another flick of my wrist send the crop snapping another crop print onto one of Ciara's knees, at the top and mostly on the inside. As much on the inside as is accessible with her knees almost closed. Ciara yelps again. But it gets those knees flying apart, rattling the heavy chain as they stretch it taut.

A yank of Ciara's hair gets her to straighten her back up. "You'll mind your manners like a proper slave, bimbo." I scold Ciara firmly, finally telling her why she was swatted with the crop. Hopefully, it's also setting the tone for the evening. I plan to treat Ciara harshly and be rough with her. Not hurt her, though. Just rough enough to constantly remind her that she's nothing but another slave here. And a slave that has little, if any, value here.

"Yes, Captain Rodgers..." Ciara answers.

I unlock Ciara's hands from the chain running the length of her body, but I leave the cuffs locked together. I yank Ciara's bound hands up, pulling them high above her head and stretching her arms. It allows for a much better view of her breasts, pulling her arms away from their sides. It also pulls the skin of her chest tighter, and that slightly lifts her mounds and pulls them somewhat taut. They hold their roundness, leaving only the very tips of them, right at her long nipples, looking pointy.

I hold Ciara's hands high for several seconds, allowing everyone a good look at her nipples. Then I throw them down toward her lap with a hard shove. Her hands fall. I put my foot on her hands, pinning them all the way down against her pubes. Then I grab her hair again and give

Part II: Serving Wench Or Whore?

that a hard yank, snapping her head back so that her eyes are looking up at me. As tall as she is, I'm sure looking up at another woman is not something she's accustomed to.

I stare down into her eyes. "Unless you're anxious to get on the rack and learn some manner the hard way, bimbo, I'd suggest you be a slave bitch. Now get out there and make yourself useful. We can always use another serving wench." I laugh.

And I don't give Ciara even a second to get moving. I have my crop. I flick it, this time putting some power into it, and send it snapping another crop print onto one of Ciara's bare cheeks as it hangs in the space between her heels.

Ciara squeals a pained, and loud, cry. Then she starts shuffling along on her knees trying to move away from the crop. She scurries a few feet like that, then quickly gets up to her feet.

I snap the crop again, this time searing a matching light red crop print onto her other cheek. Now that she's on her feet, I can see her body stiffen hard as the stroke lands, her hips thrusting forward to pull her bottom away as she cries out.

"What are you waiting for, bimbo? Go on, fetch your new owner a nice glass of black cherry tea. Hurry, bimbo." I wave the crop as a threat of another swat if she doesn't move fast enough.

"Yes, Captain!" Ciara blurts out. She shuffles her feet, the chains rattling loudly as they limit her steps to short ones. The short steps slow her down considerably. Ciara keeps her feet shuffling as fast as the chains allow. She heads for the kitchen.

Ciara has had a few sessions here, so by now, she knows where my kitchen is. She's served me and Sophie before, too. I always have my toys serve. Humbly. It's such a necessary, and subservient, skill for them to learn.

I help myself to a seat on my sofa. Someone, probably Ellie, has but some YouTube music videos playing on my TV. I'm fairly sure it's one of Ellie's playlists. It's definitely not mine. But the music is decent

The Pirate Mistress

enough for this little get together. Sophie comes with me and kneels at my side. It's her usual place.

Ciara is back fairly quickly with my tea. As I've trained her to do, she comes over and drops to her knees in front of me. This time I don't have to swat her with the crop for her to get into a proper pose. She spreads her knees and feet until the chain at her ankles is pulled taut. She sits back, her bottom in the space between her heels. And she sits up with her back straight. She faces forward, her head angled just slightly to keep her eyes fully downcast. She holds her hands flat with their palms up, turning them into a little tray that's six inches out in front of her nipples. My tea rests atop her palms. "Here is your tea, my Captain." Ciara politely offers, her voice soft and sweet.

I've noticed that Ellie's friend has shifted his attention to Summer, leaving her friend kind of awkwardly alone for a moment. Maybe the guy finally figured out that he doesn't have a chance with Ellie and moved on. I don't really care. But Summer's friend is left just sitting there. He decides to take advantage of it. He asks if he could get another cup of tea as well.

I casually slap Ciara across her face. "What are you waiting for, bitch? Serve, wench!" I slap her face again, this time her other cheek. It leaves them equally pink with my little handprints.

Ciara squeals a slightly pleading "Yes, my Captain!" And awkwardly stumbles up to her feet, moving as fast as she can. The chain limits how much she can move her feet, making it difficult for her to get up quickly. And the chain rattles enough for us all to hear it. Once on her feet, Ciara scurries off to the kitchen.

I turn to the guy. "I'm Pepper..."

"Yeah, I know. I remember you from organic chem," he says. "I'm Tate, Summer's lab partner."

Yup, now I remember that. Or rather remember seeing them working together. Summer is a fairly pretty and friendly girl. Plus she knows how to be fun. I'd guess she's about 5'4" and maybe 125, 130,

Part II: Serving Wench Or Whore?

pounds with brown hair and eyes. I'm sure she dates. So I wonder why she brought her lab partner to the party. At least I do now that Summer's starting to flirt with the guy Ellie brought. Obviously, she's not dating this guy, or there's be some harsh words being exchanged by now.

Her friend is kind of cute, too. I wouldn't exactly call him a linebacker, or a hunk of beef, but he's cute enough. He's about 6-foot tall, which is slightly tall even for a guy. I'd guess just under 200 pounds, but those are pounds of muscle, not fat. It gives him a decently athletic look, just not like a weightlifter. More like a guy who takes care of himself. He has short, well-trimmed, dark brown hair, and eyes. I can't help but think he'd be a cute partner for Ciara. Both are tall and athletic looking. Of course, he's only about 20 years old, not 40+ as Ciara is.

"Since this is your first time at one of my parties, did Summer tell you the rules? It's pretty simple. You can do anything you want to my slaves, the naked ones. This slave," I point to Sophie, "is my handmaiden. It's off-limits. Just don't penetrate them without my permission, and don't injure them. No marks that will last more than a day or so. And I check all pictures taken. You're free to take pictures of bimbo, as long as they don't show too much of her face. No pictures of skanky," I point to Paige, "that show any of her face. And none that show me or my handmaiden. Otherwise, feel free to make good use of that worthless bimbo I captured today."

I smirk. I saw his eyes feasting on Ciara's breasts. I'd bet he's never seen nipples as long as hers. Ciara's are fairly long by any standards. I'd guess about double the average length of a woman's nipples. Enough so as to be an "oddity," something unique about her body. Some little thing about it that both sets it out from the pack and will be the thing everyone remembers about it.

"Bimbo's breasts are fairly soft and squishy, with silky smooth skin on them. You might like them. Go ahead and help yourself to them if you want..." I smirk even wider and add "unless Summer will castrate you for it. I do have a pair of pruning shears in the dungeon, and I

The Pirate Mistress

wouldn't want Summer to bring them out for you."

That gets me a good laugh from the girls. And it gets Emma's date a good long evil stare from her. Emma has been to two of my shows before. I know her well enough. She doesn't mind helping out or playing a role, as long as her clothes get to stay on. I know she's dating someone, and that they've been together for at least the semester, probably longer. I'm just assuming that the slightly short, definitely stout, Latin-looking guy with her is the guy she's been dating.

He's not quite my type. But he's definitely worth a look. He might be short, maybe only an inch or so taller than Emma, but he has the defined muscles of a weightlifter showing on his arms below his sleeves. He has short, well-trimmed, jet-black hair and brown eyes. And a nice smile. I'm guessing that glare from Emma was her warning to him not to have too much fun with Ciara or Paige, lest she borrows the pruning shears. And Emma knows where the playroom is. He catches it. Smart guy. He puts his arm a little snuggler around Emma's shoulder. Emma grins.

Ciara returns with Tate's tea. She kneels before him and serves him as well. Tate says nothing. Not dismissed, Ciara stays put where she's at. Tate takes a sip of tea. He sets his cup on a table beside him.

He moves slightly cautiously as he puts his hand to Ciara's breast. He gives it a couple of gentle squishes. It doesn't take him but a couple of seconds before the caution is gone. As soon as he sees that Ciara won't balk at being felt up. His hand quickly makes its way down to Ciara's nipple. He strokes his finger along its entire length. Then he gives it a couple of light pinches, one at its tip and one at the base of it. He keeps the nipple between his fingers. "Dang, that thing is as hard as a rock all the way to its top!" He has a bit of surprise in his voice.

Summer glances over to him and smirks. Silently she mouths "you so owe me." It tells me that she brought him as a favor to him, one she intends to collect on in spades. I knew she was a smart girl. She quickly slips her phone out of her pocket and snaps a picture that can't possibly show much more than Ciara's breast. Mostly it's going to show Ciara's

Part II: Serving Wench Or Whore?

long nipple pinched between his fingers. Fingers that aren't as wide as the nipple is long, leaving the tip of it standing out past his fingers. She winks.

I see a few questioning glances exchanged between Emma and her guy. Ellie must see it as well. Ellie is anything but shy. She reaches right over Ciara and down to Ciara's other breast. She pinches the sides of Ciara's mound in her hand. "Oh, they are really soft, not firm." she holds onto the mound, slightly angling it to point Ciara's nipple at Emma's guy, and wiggles the mound to wave the nipple at him in the invitation.

I see Emma nod faintly. Her guy reaches out and pinches the offered nipple. Ellie releases the mound and steps away. Ellie turns to me and flashes a smile. Emma's guy, I still haven't caught his name, hangs onto Ciara's nipple. In about half of a minute, the two guys are sharing Ciara, each enthusiastically fondling one of her breasts. Ciara obediently kneels still and allow them to play with her breasts.

Five minutes later, Tate has Ciara turned over his knees, something he asked me if he could do. It has her bottom pulled nicely taut. He's busy caressing those firm globes and their silky skin as Ciara lies over his legs.

"What a skank." I hear Emma's comment. She points quickly and generally in the direction of Ciara's pussy.

Tate takes his finger and runs the tip of it over the pussy mound of Ciara's pussy. This time I get only a glance from him to "ask" if this is fine with me. I don't say anything. He strokes her pussy with his finger. Then he announces, "She's right, this bimbo's pussy is dripping wet!" And that draws the attention of the other guys, even though Izzy's boyfriend tries to hide it. The guy Ellie brought actually gets up and looks. "Wow, like sloppy." He adds.

I invite him to get a better look. He glances at Tate. Tate nods. The guy puts his fingers to Ciara's lips. "Like, so wow!" He blurts out with some excitement in his voice, "This bimbo has like the plumpest lips ever!" then he pulls those lips apart, baring Ciara's pussy to his eyes.

The Pirate Mistress

And to Tate's eyes. Tate is looking down just as eagerly.

"Damn!" Tate comments, "her pussy looks awfully tight for such a bimbo!" The other guy agrees loudly that it does. Emma's guy peeks too, but wisely he decides not to comment on it. Then he peeks again after casting a wary eye towards Emma.

After another minute or so, Tate gives Ciara a couple of light spanks on her bottom. Ciara flinches lightly from them but otherwise lies still for it. She doesn't even cry out, just grunts muted breaths from each. Tate sends her on her way. Immediately someone else grabs her and sends her to fetch something.

Ten minutes after that, Tate has gotten the bright idea to compare naked girls. He has Ciara and Paige standing side by side while he uses one hand to fondle one of Ciara's breasts, and the other hand to fondle one of Paige's. He pronounces Paige's youthful breasts the winner, declaring them far firmer and perkier, with nipples that are shorter, but just as stiff.

He puts his mouth to Ciara's breast, his lips flush against her mound and the length of her nipples in his mouth. He sucks it, slowly letting the stiffness slip from his mouth. He "tests" Paige's breast the same way. He returns to Ciara's breasts, getting another lick and suck of her long nipple. Then he invites the rest of the audience to compare "skanky's perky hard tits with Ciara's floppy ones."

And then, it's on to comparing their bottoms. Paige is the winner again, but not by as much of a margin. Ciara's bottom is still firm and well rounded. As is Paige's. Paige's is slightly firmer, and it's all muscle without the fine layer of squishy softness that Ciara's has. But Paige is a very lean, almost stickish, girl, and that leaves her with an equally slim bottom that's a little smaller than Ciara's.

"Why don't you guys just skip to the chase and size their pussies up?" Izzy asks with a slight giggle, and exasperation, in her voice.

The guys take that as a suggestion. I see them glance at each other and nod. "skanky, show them your pussy." I command. I'd tell

Part II: Serving Wench Or Whore?

Ciara to as well, but with her hands chained in front, she can't follow that command.

Paige doesn't show the slightest hesitation. She quickly spreads her feet wide and leans over to get her back flat with the floor. She reaches around her hips, and takes hold of the edges of the long, narrow lips of her pussy, and pulls them wide apart. It bares every speck of her pinkness, her inner folds, her pussy, and her clit, fully. She stands like that, displaying the most intimate part of herself to these guys.

I snap an order for Ciara to spread her feet as far the chain will allow and bend over. Ciara moves slightly hesitantly as she leans. I'm too far away to swat her with my crop or I would just to get her moving as shamelessly as Paige.

Once Ciara is bending over fully, the guys have their eyes on the puffy mound of her big pussy. Mostly at the thick lips swelling atop her mound. A mound that stands out well behind the tops of her thighs.

"Sorry, guys, bimbo's hands are still chained up. You just can't trust a captured slave to behave! You'll have to pull those fat lips apart yourselves." I sweetly tell them.

Then, as an afterthought, I add "oh, and will one of swat its bottom nice and hard? That bimbo was dragging its feet to bend over, and I just hate it when a bimbo wastes my time! Just give her a couple as hard as you can with your hand."

Tate shrugs his shoulders. He raises his hand up and slaps it down on her left cheek. It lands with a decent crack and leaves a nice pink handprint of her milky globe. And it gets a deep, grunted, "UGH!" from Ciara. By some unspoken arrangement, Ellie's guy swats Ciara's other cheek, giving her a spank that's just about as hard.

Then it's Tate how pulls Ciara's lips wide apart to display her pinkness.

I'm surprised none of the boys gets a slap from his girl. Only Izzy's boyfriend hangs back, peeking but not really commenting. Then other guys all have comments to make. Some get rather crass as they compare

The Pirate Mistress

the two pussies on display.

They comment on how Ciara's "soft, fat lips, and huge mound" would feel around their cocks. They comment on how both of the girls have narrow tunnels that look like they'd nicely snuggle a cock. Their cock specifically. They comment on how both of them are rather wet with honey, and how Ciara's honey is slightly muskier in its aroma than Paige's. And they comment on how both have hard clits. Paige's clit being slightly wider and stand up a little further. But after touching both, they agree that both clits are equally hard and "ready for a man." In the end, the vote Paige's pussy the "hotter fuck." It is a cute pussy, with a puffy mound. A fairly puffy mound. But not one nearly as plump and puffy as Ciara's.

The party goes on for about two hours, quickly turning into a big gabfest as we gossip about classmates most of us know. Or at least know of.

Now that the guys are confident that I don't care about it, they don't pass up a chance to fondle both of the slaves. Well, two of them don't. Izzy's boyfriend shows enough restraint to keep Izzy happy, and Emma's guy comes close, getting only rare hard glares from her.

I don't pass up a chance to torment Ciara. I am never gentle with her. Nor does she get close to me without getting shoved, her hair pulled, slapped, spanked, or cropped at least once. I can always invent an excuse, some minuscule thing she hasn't gotten perfect.

It's really my reason for the party. I want to remind Ciara of the overly humble and proper manners I expect of my slaves. It's a skill that she doesn't use between sessions. Then she's Captain Ciara, slightly bitchy mistress of her boat, a commander with a firm and decisive grip on her boat and crew. Not "bimbo," a worthless slut and peasant bitch.

But with what I have planned, I want Ciara to have perfect manners. To be fully, immodestly humbly, and shameless. So I planned a little reminder. I figure the room full of strangers, all of whom are offered to use her body as they please, something Ciara wasn't consulted about, will be a nice reminder. My stern discipline will be a

Part II: Serving Wench Or Whore?

good reminder as well. Perfection is needed.

It didn't take me long to figure the guys out. Izzy and Emma brought the guys they're seeing, guys who were eager to get to see a show, but also guys who have to mind themselves here, lest they be single again tomorrow. Ellie brought one of her hippie friends, a guy who's always into playing around and rather open sexually. As in free love, open. I know she brought him because he's a friend to her, wanted to come, and would add some fun to the show. He'll gladly do whatever with Ciara, at least as long as Ciara isn't objecting. And Summer brought her lab partner, no doubt because of some arrangement those two made. It's clear she has no claim on him, that they're just casual friends. I'm betting he's much better in chemistry than she is, and after tonight, her grades will be going up at his expense.

It tells me that Tate is going to be up for whatever. As will "hugs," the nickname Ellie's friend goes by. But the other two won't be up for much more than looking and fondling. And if they are, their girls will put a stop to it. Or at least make a scene about it. Or in Izzy's case, make a show of it as she gets the pruning shears out.

I whisper instructions to Sophie. So far, Sophie has very quietly, and subserviently, stayed right at my side. It's where a handmaiden belongs. She's moved only to fetch something for me. And she's been the most soft-spoken and humblest of the three slaves.

Sophie gets up and goes right over to Tate. She wraps her arms around his shoulders tenderly, hugging him snug as she leans over to whisper in his ear.

I watch. After a couple of seconds, I see the surprise on Tate's face. Then he turns to me and nods. I nod back. Sophie whispers the last instruction to him, then hurries back to me. She kneels at my side again.

Two minutes later, I hear Tate order Ciara to fetch him a drink. She hurries, shuffling her feet along as fast the chains will allow, to get it. She returns, drops to her knees, and serves it to him. After one sip, Tate puts the drink on the table beside him.

The Pirate Mistress

He looks down at Ciara. She stays on her knees, keeping her eyes fully downcast. It hides her eyes from Tate's. "Lazy bimbo," Tate comments in a scornful voice. It's fake scorn, but I doubt Ciara notices it. And this entire scene is really for Ciara. Tate just recites the lines Sophie fed him. "Since you're such a worthless serving wench, let's see if you can make it as whore."

Tate firmly, but not too hard, slaps Ciara's face. "What are you waiting for, whore? Suck my dick, bitch." He slaps the other cheek, making sure he has Ciara's attention.

I see a faint tremble sweep over Ciara's kneeling form as she hears the command to suck him. She hesitates for a fraction of a second. I'd bet she's wondering if I'll allow him to make that much use of her body, or not. As if I might spare her from it.

Tate, following the instructions Sophie relayed, slaps her face again, a little harder this time. It's the second swat to this cheek, and it leaves her cheek decently pink. It leaves her cheek stinging her a firm reminder, too. "Suck it, whore." Tate snaps again.

Ciara gets over her hesitation. Her firmly bound hands rise quickly and go to the waist of Tate's jeans. She quickly unbuttons them and unzips them. It shows off a sliver of the whiteness of his briefs. Those she quickly pulls firmly down, enough to bare all of his cock and balls.

As she's freeing his cock, her lips are already stretching wide open and lowering towards his crotch.

Tate gawks, looking down to watch the lithe, older, redheaded woman as she obediently goes for his cock. Something in his eyes tells me that he's wondering if Ciara, a woman around twice his age, is going to be better than the young girls he's been with so far. If the added experience he presumes she has will give her a greater skill. I'll bet he's wondering if redheads are as wild as legend has them, too.

His cock stands up, mostly stiff, from the thick dense mat of black curls on his pubes. Ciara plants a soft kiss with fine lips on the tip of it. It instantly springs to full hardness. It's not the biggest cock, maybe not

Part II: Serving Wench Or Whore?

even the biggest in the room. But it's decent enough for Ciara to practice on. I'd guess it's six inches long, maybe a hair more, but slightly on the thick side. Maybe 1 ¼" across, maybe a tiny fraction fatter. And it has a nice, medium purple spongy head that's swollen up fully atop the hard shaft. It has some rather dark, deep, and thick veins noticeably lining the white shaft, too.

Ciara begins lowering her head slowly, allowing her lips to stay flush against the head of his cock as they inch their way down its length. As she goes, her jaw opens wider, stretching wide enough to keep her teeth off his cock while keeping her lips sweetly against him. No sooner does Ciara have the head of his cock inside her mouth than Tate is purring softly and sweetly.

Tate is sitting next to Summer on the sofa. Emma's guy, Carlos, sits beside Summer with Emma on his lap, Emma's arm around his shoulder. Now everyone is gawking at Ciara, on her knees, her hands bound and down at her knees, as she steadily inches Tate's cock into her mouth. Summer, close beside Tate, first couldn't resist the chance to peek at Tate's manhood; her eyes tell me that she sized it up about like I do, better than average but not one for the record books. But now that Ciara is so shamelessly performing, she scoots away from the live sex act. And that inches her closer to Carlos.

Carlos tries hard to look like he's not paying too much attention as he shifts his eyes to watch. The others just watch from where they are. With the exception of Izzy and me, the conversation comes to a grinding halt as they focus on the show.

Ciara keeps her lips moving smoothly as they make their way down his shaft. I'm watching nonchalantly, my interest only in making sure that Ciara is performing the way I taught her to. Her lips never hesitate as more and more of the thick cock vanishes between them.

At first, Tate looks moderately interested in watching her, as if it's more of a curiosity to him. But once Ciara has about half of his length in her mouth, I see his eyes slowly start to widen. I'm guessing that half of it is about all that his other partners have gotten into their mouths.

The Pirate Mistress

Ciara keeps going, her fine deep pink lips slipping along his hard shaft without any hesitation. I see her shoulders rise slightly, craning her neck to straighten up the angle of the bend where her mouth ends and curves down towards her throat. Tate must feel it, I see his eyes go fully wide as he gawks at Ciara.

Ciara's hair may be short, but it's plenty long enough to hang down freely now, draping over her face and around his cock to hide it from view. Now I have to guess how much cock Ciara has in her mouth.

I'd guess it's at about four and a half inches that I see Tate's jaw drop. I'd bet that's the point where he feels the soft head of his cock pushing firmly against the seemingly solid, rubbery wall that's her throat. Or maybe it's the point, a second later, when he feels his cock pop forward a hair, that rubberiness now suddenly squeezing snugly around the sides of his shaft as it starts slipping into the tight tube of her throat.

Ciara goes all the way down until she's taken every bit of his cock into her throat, and her lips are flush against his pubes and balls. Only then does she reverse her stroke, releasing the cock from her mouth with the same leisurely, steady, rhythm. She rises until only the fat head of his cock remains in her mouth, swirls her tongue once around the sponginess of it, caressing its most sensitive part with the softness of her tongue, and then reverses her stroke again. Going all the way back down.

It's the technique I've taught her. Full strokes, taking all of the cock into her every time. Smooth strokes without even an instant's hesitation. Not even at the point where his cock pushes into the narrow tube of her throat, stretching it, choking her, and cutting off her air. She's to keep going smoothly, her only concern properly servicing the cock. It doesn't matter how uncomfortable it is for her. How much her reflexes try to choke her. She's to ignore herself and focus on the cock.

She manages about three strokes like that before Tate blurts out, "I don't believe it! This whore is swallowing every bit of it!" Tate uses one of his hands to lift Ciara's fine red hair up, showing off the last inch

Part II: Serving Wench Or Whore?

of his cock as it slips out of sight between Ciara's lips. It lets the others see her lips land flush against his pubes, pushing his dense curls out their way. The guys watch with lustful eyes. Summer and Emma watch with more of a curiosity in their eyes, as if not quite believe what Tate just announced. I guess neither of them can do it.

Ciara obediently minds her place. She ignores everyone. She ignores the stares. She ignores the comments about how slutty her blow job. She ignores everything. She keeps her mouth moving leisurely, stroking up and down his cock. Strokes that take about two seconds up and two more down. Ones that give him plenty of time to fully feel the sensation of his cock slipping through her hot, wet mouth and then into the cuddle tightness of her throat. Not strokes that are trying to hurry him along to the finish line. Strokes that are trying to pleasure his cock and leave it to feel the pleasure it's getting.

Tate sits there, steadily reclining against the back of the sofa. He purrs soft groans that steadily grow more urgent with every stroke. IN a minute or so he's squirming in his seat. And that has his hips sometimes bumping Summer beside him. Summer pushes a little snuggler against Carlos, giving Tate a hair more room as his hands grip the cushion he's sitting on.

Tate's purring fairly loud, and deep, "AH!s" as Ciara sucks his cock. It goes on for several minutes, Ciara's rhythm never breaking. Nor does Tate's squirming and purring. I'm not timing it. In fact, I'm pretending that I'm not paying any attention at all. I'd guess it's about six or seven minutes.

Tate suddenly grunts out a very satisfied, and tense, "UHM!" His hips snap, thrusting forward an inch or so as if trying to drive his cock further into Ciara's throat. It can't, but it is a reflex. Her lips happen to be flush against his pubes at that moment. But I see the light tremor that hits him and I know Ciara is feeling the snapping twitches as his cock spurts the first of his cum. Cum that erupts from the tip that's already fully inside the tube of her throat. It lets his first spurt bypass her mouth entirely, instead sending it straight for her stomach.

The Pirate Mistress

Just because he's cumming isn't a reason for Ciara to break her rhythm. She keeps going as if nothing were happening. And that seems to drive Tate insane for a moment. His hips wiggle, snapping tiny thrusts. He cries out deep groans of "UH!... Yeah..." Enough of those moans that they have his jaw hanging wide open.

I'd guess it's the third spurt of cum that comes with just the head of his cock in her mouth. That's the point where her mouth is filled the least with his cock, leaving the most room for his cum to flow around the head and coat the inside of her mouth. The point where her swirling tongue will get a good taste of it.

Ciara doesn't react visibly to that, either. She just keeps going, letting the cock squirt into her mouth, tasting him as she reverses her stroke. She goes on for another three-quarters of a minute or so until he's done cumming and she can feel that his cock is now still in her throat again. Then she takes all of it into her mouth. Ciara presses her tongue snug against the underside of his cock, sucking decently hard on him, as she slowly draws her lips along its length, releasing his cock. And sucking his cum off of it as she does.

As soon as the cock slips the last little bit from her mouth, the first time it's been out of her mouth since she began, Ciara takes her tongue and licks the tip of it. Now there isn't a drop of his cum left on him. Just a fine layer of her saliva. She lifts her head. Then her hands come up and tenderly tuck his softening cock back into his jeans for him. She fastens his jeans.

Ciara lifts her head fully, returning her back to rigid uprightness. She licks her lips seductively. Then she swallows. "Thank you, kind Sir, for allowing this whore to suck your huge cock, Sir," Ciara says in a very sweet voice. Then she lowers her eyes again and waits for instructions.

"Don't be so lazy, you stupid skanky whore!" I snap loudly in a harsh voice. I quickly lean forward stretching out so that I can snap my crop against Ciara's bottom. This swat I land a touch harder, leaving a slightly deep pink crop print on her globe. "There are three more cocks in this room, maybe some of those would like to be sucked. Go earn me

Part II: Serving Wench Or Whore?

some gold, whore, before I toss you in the dungeon to suffer for your laziness." I snap the crop against her other cheek, getting a pained yelp from her.

Ciara doesn't even bother to get up to her feet. She walks the two steps over to Carols on her knees. "Sir, would mind if this skanky worthless whore sucked your cock, Sir?" She offers in a honeyed voice.

Before Carols can answer, Emma does for him. She reaches out and slaps Ciara's face. "Go away, whore, he's doesn't need that from *you*." She scolds Ciara with a good deal of scorn in her voice. And she's not faking it. Nor, apparently, is she giving Carlos a chance to decide if he wants to try her skilled, slutty blow job. I see a touch of disappointment on his face, but mostly amusement at the way Emma sent her away.

"Yes, Ma'am," Ciara answers just as sweetly.

She crawls over to the next guy in line, Izzy's boyfriend. He laughs as he tells her "Sorry, but your mouth isn't worth her cutting my dick off for." Ciara accepts that and moves over to the last guy, "Hugs."

Hugs accepts. Ciara doesn't hesitate. She frees a cock that's already standing up about seven inches and a good inch and a half wide. About the width of the dildo that I used to train her, and thus the fattest shaft she's ever had to put into her throat before. "Let's see if you can swallow a monster, whore." He says with a smirk. The look on Summer's face says she agrees it's a monster. I don't. I've seen nine inches, and two inches thick. That's a monster, by any standard.

It doesn't faze Ciara. She swallows it just as leisurely and efficiently as she swallowed Tate's. But Hugs cums in about half the time Tate took.

Once she's done, Ciara waits on her knees for further instructions. I snap the crop against her thigh – it's all of her body I can reach without getting up from my seat beside Izzy. I keep snapping it, searing pink crop prints along her tanned thigh. It keeps Ciara yelping very pained and decently loud "OW!s" that start to grow whiny and squealy.

The Pirate Mistress

"Didn't I warn you about being a lazy whore, bimbo?" I scold her in a very hard voice. "I said make me some money, whore. There are pussies here that haven't been eaten. Maybe one of these ladies would like to cum all over your ugly face, bitch. Go offer yourself up like the cheap whore you are!" I snap the crop against her thigh the entire time I'm scolding her.

As soon as I stop whipping her thigh, Ciara turns back to Ellie, the closest girl to her. "Miss, would please allow this skanky whore to eat your pussy, Ma'am? Please, Ma'am, my new Captain will punish me harshly if I don't make Her enough money, Ma'am!" Ciara offers herself in an almost begging, and very urgent but overly sweet voice.

Ellie declines, saying she "doesn't swing that way." It a truth I know to be mostly true. I know Ellie has tried it, but I also know that she's not into girls. And definitely not into being a show for others. She wouldn't have accepted even if she were the horniest lesbian. Likewise, Izzy declines politely, saying that she's "reserved for someone else." I guess that means her boyfriend.

Ciara gets to me and offers herself to me as well. She skips the part of her plea about needing to earn money for her Captain but adds a part about wishing to prove her value as whore to me so that I might decide she's valuable enough to keep instead of selling off like an unwanted sweater.

I laugh. "No skanky whore is touching my pussy, bitch!" Then I decide to do something I don't do often. "You want to show me what a completely trashy whore you can be, bimbo? You may pleasure my slave-girl." Then I turn to Sophie. "You've behaved yourself, slave, have a little reward."

"Oh, YES!" Sophie blurts out very eagerly. "Thank you so much, Mistress, Thank you!" Sophie isn't into women. But she does enjoy being given an orgasm by someone else instead of the usual release I allow her of supervised masturbation. I don't often allow her one. I save it for a treat.

Nor is Sophie shy. At least not when it comes to me. She's far too

Part II: Serving Wench Or Whore?

eager to please me. She's perfectly willing to whatever she thinks will make me happy with her. Whatever that might be. It's her only thought. On her own, she'd never be with a woman, nor would she be a show. But now, knowing that it will please me to see it, I know that she wants nothing more than to do it.

Sophie is wearing the "slave dress" that I usually give her to wear. I have several of them for her. This one is in baby blue. It's an all-lace dress. It's stretchy, snugly hugging her body from her breasts down to about an inch below the bottom curve of her behind. And leaving her lean legs bare down to the matching lace-sided boots that rise to her knees. With a close glare, you can see through the lace. And I never give Sophie underwear, no panties nor a bra to wear under it.

Sophie quickly shifts from her knees to lie on her back. She bends her knees, bringing them up to the floor as she lies back. And she spreads her legs. As they part, her legs push the dress up that last inch and bare the mound of her pussy.

Sophie has a prominent pussy mound as well, one that's slightly puffier than Paige's. But not as huge and puffy as Ciara's. Sophie's pussy has long and narrow lips that are plump and full. They have a slight rounding to them, making it look as if each lip swells up a hair. But Sophie's lips don't come close to meeting. They're too narrow. They leave a decently wide gash between them. And a good bit of the edges of her inner folds poke up from her slit, rising well above the top of her mound. Those loose folds almost fully close into a long ridgeline, but they still part slight, more wrinkling away from each other, just over her pussy. Now, as Sophie eagerly lies back, her mound stands out, the soft folds of her pinkness jutting out as if eager for the attention. Pinkness that's nicely wet with Sophie's honey.

Ciara's cheeks flush to a slight paleness as if she's not interested in a woman and wishing she wasn't about to service one with her mouth. She scoots around to kneel before Sophie's feet. Then she slowly leans forward, bringing her bound hands to brace herself. She goes all the way down until she's on her elbows.

The Pirate Mistress

It leaves her hands free to very tenderly ease Sophie's plump lips apart. And with them, the long inner folds. She doesn't have much of a choice about it. Sophie's lips are minimalist. Just pushing them brings her folds along with them. But Ciara doesn't really have to do that much. So much of her folds rise up into the gash between her lips, that the knot where those folds flow into one is sticking out just a hair at the top. As her fingers ease Sophie's lips apart, the slight motion, gently opening her folds, is enough for Sophie's rock hard, wide, clit to pop up eagerly.

Ciara puts her lips to Sophie's pinkness, tenderly surrounding her clit and the knot that nestles it. Ciara sucks lightly, drawing the steely-hard nub into her mouth, then very softly closes her teeth around the very base enough just enough to steady it and hold down the soft folds surrounding it. Her lips follow, snuggling around the eager nub.

Ciara lies the softness of her tongue lightly against the hungry nub. She starts moving her tongue slowly, tracing a gentle line around the sides of Sophie's clit. She'll keep her tongue soft caressing its way around the nub, never breaking contact, but also never pressing against it. Just lightly lying against it.

Sophie reacts instantly to Ciara's soft touch. She stiffens up, her muscles tensing to steel in a fraction of a second. She cries out a very loud and throaty-deep "OOH!" drawing it out for as long as her lungs have air. She sucks in a fast breath, her body suddenly trembling hard as she does. Then her body still again as she cries out another, slightly needier, "OOH!"

By now all four of the guys are shamelessly gawking at the girl-on-girl display. Clearly, none expected it. Nor can any resist it.

Sophie trembles hard again, sucking in another deep breath of air. This time she quickly pulls her hands up, putting them behind her head where she won't be tempted to use them. Then she cries out a loud, more urgent "MM-OOH!" By the time she's finished that moan, her body is quivering slightly even as she moans out. She sucks in another breath, her body almost bouncing around the floor as she does. Then mostly

Part II: Serving Wench Or Whore?

still as she cries out again.

Now Sophie's legs seem to vibrate hard as her knees want to slam shut, clamping Ciara's head in place, and she resists them. She knows that I would be disappointed if she allowed them to close. Clearly, I just told her to make a display of herself, and her pussy, so that's what she's going to do. Resisting only gets her crying out with more hunger in her voice.

It takes about a minute. By then Sophie is panting hard, fast, deep breaths. It sounds like screeched, throaty "AH!s" as she exhales at full speed. Then it's a suck, raspy, "UH!" as she gulps air back into her lungs. No part of her body qualifies as still now. She quivers, more trembles, hard. Her bottom squirms the most eagerly with snapping, powerful thrusts as if trying to grind her pussy against Ciara's face.

I ignore Sophie's pleading moans. As does Izzy. leaving us to chat for a couple of minutes. The guys look on with unbridled lust as if it's just the hottest thing they've ever imagined. Emma and Summer watch as well. They keep trying to avert their eyes as if they don't want to see it. But their eyes keep going back as if they're unwilling to miss it. I'm sure that's just curiosity on their parts. I doubt ever has been with a woman, but I don't know, so it's possible. But the looks on their faces tell me they haven't. I figure they're curious about it, as most girls are. Maybe they've thought about trying it. Most of us have. But I doubt they're in the percentage who actually will try it, at least not unless it's part of a threesome with some guy they're into. I'm sure neither finds Sophie's pussy attractive. But they do seem to be interested in how much pleasure she seems to be getting from Ciara's tongue. I'll bet they're thinking Sophie is a lesbian. The opposite is true, she's only attracted to guys. And to the loving, but unyielding firmness of strong, full-time domination.

Sophie knows my rules. I've told her to offer her pussy up for Ciara to eat, so that's what she did. I haven't told Sophie to cum, so she fights with all her inner strength to holds her climax back. She's only allowed to cum with my permission, and whatever hideous punishment

The Pirate Mistress

she'd get for cumming would pale in her eyes compared to disappointing me. She's squirming almost wildly now, more screaming out her screeches, as she tries to hold back. Another of my little rules is that I never allow a sub to cum before it has endured a minimum of five full minutes of arousal first. I figure since I was kind enough to allow Sophie the treat of having Ciara's soft tongue tenderly lick her pussy, the least Sophie can do is take her time and fully enjoy her treat. Sophie doesn't even try to watch a clock. She knows five minutes is a minimum. There's no telling when I'll decide she's had enough.

I let it go on for about seven minutes, what I judge to be about the same length of time Tate lasted under Ciara's mouth. Then I casually turn to Sophie. I do something I almost never do. I raise my voice. If I don't, I doubt Sophie would be able to hear me over the intense cries she's making. In my firmest voice, I teasingly tell Sophie "Don't you think you've been greedy enough, slave? Stop drawing it out and cum."

Sophie stutters badly as she moans out a deep, fast, "Yes, Mistress." Then Sophie screams at the top of her lungs "UM...AHHH!" Her body snaps into warp speed, thrashing around as wildly as if she were lying on burning coals. Her legs slam shut in a fraction of a second, clamping Ciara's head to her pussy as tight as any vise could. As Sophie's hips snap hard with her thrashes, they take Ciara's head along with them. It has Ciara, or at least her shoulders and elbows, sliding over the floor.

And it has the audience gawking openly. The guys more lewdly, enjoying the obvious display. Summer and Emma gawk more enviously. As if wondering if Sophie always cums so graphically, or if Ciara was able to push her to this obviously so-intense orgasm. An orgasm that's more powerful than I suspect either girl has personally experienced. What is clear is that Sophie isn't faking.

When Sophie finishes cumming, and that takes a couple of intense minutes, her legs release Ciara's head. That's Ciara's cue to rise up to her knees. When she does, she does so to a round of applause that gets her blushing. And she shows off the thick glaze of Sophie's glistening, clingy

Part II: Serving Wench Or Whore?

honey that covers her chin, her mouth, and the tip of her nose.

Sophie moves rather slowly, her limbs so obviously rubber and uncooperative. She rises first to her bottom, then to her knees. She pulls the hem of her dress back down. She looks up to me with her face fully sated and her eyes glassy. "Thank you too much, Mistress, for giving me such a sweet treat, Mistress." She thanks me in a voice that's breathy and honeyed.

Ciara hurries over to Emma, the next girl in line, and begs to eat her pussy. Emma declines, saying she's not going to be a "carnival sideshow." I see a trace of disappointment on Carlos' face at that. I guess he would have been happy to allow Emma that treat, as long as he got to watch. I wouldn't have expected Emma to accept. She's very slightly on the thick side, and self-conscious about her appearance. She'd never undress in public.

Ciara moves along to Summer and offers herself. Before Summer can answer, I encourage her to "try it," suggesting that she might enjoy a good orgasm. She blushes, telling me she's thinking the same thing, but still declines Ciara's tongue. But something on her face tells me she's thinking about trying it with a girl, wondering if any girl would be able to do it that well. Nope. It's a skill, like anything else.

"Oh, boys..." I announce sweetly, in a slightly mischievous tone, "would one of you be willing to help me with a little contest? I need to borrow one of those delicious cocks for a few minutes."

The guys all glance at each other, silently arguing about which of them is going to volunteer. I see Emma glaring hard at Carlos, warning him he's not going to be it. Izzy's boyfriend already knows he'd better not. After a split second, Tate says he could "go again." I assume that means he doesn't have a girlfriend, and thus it's been a minute since he's gotten to cum. A second round, now about forty minutes after his first, is welcome.

I ask him to stand up in the center of the room. Then I snap an order for Ciara to go kneel at his right foot. I wait until she's in place. Then I snap an order for Paige to go kneel at his left foot. I softly tell

The Pirate Mistress

Sophie to go "get the cock ready."

Sophie obediently goes over to Tate, her legs still moving slowly and wobbly. She undoes his pants and quickly brings out his moderately soft cock. She lightly wraps her hand around the shaft and strokes it. Her grip is so light that his cock slips through her fingers, its loose skin not dragging at all.

Tate shivers. Hard enough for everyone to see it. "Dang," he offers by way of explanation, "her skin is the softest I've ever felt!" She does have very delicate and feminine skin. I love its touch massaging my sore muscles. His cock seems to like her touch as well. In a mere two strokes, it's back to its full hardness. As if hadn't just cum. Sophie slips her hand off the tip of his cock.

Sophie returns to me and kneels. She grins wide to let me know that she really enjoyed my giving her a chance to play with a real cock. She loves that. And she lets that show.

"Hey, whores," I snap firmly. "two whore blow job. Don't be the loser." I tell them. Both know what I mean by the loser. Whenever I make a contest of this, the winner is the one who gets the prize. The cum. And I like to make this a contest. It encourages the girls to put their full effort into winning. And this contest is generally won by being the sluttiest at it. Ciara doesn't stand a chance.

Paige so politely allows Ciara to go first. Ciara puts her lips to the tip of Tate's stiff cock. Paige immediately puts her lips to the side of Tate's cock head, the corner of her lips flush against the corner of Ciara's lips. Paige opens her mouth enough to take about half of it into her mouth, from the side.

Ciara starts swallowing the cock. As Ciara's lips inch down to take more and more of the cock into her mouth, Paige's lips slide along its length, staying flush against Ciara's. As Paige's mouth moves along, she uses the rounded tip of her delicate tongue to flick quickly over the half of the shaft's width that's trapped between her plush lips.

Ciara keeps going, again swallowing every inch of his length. As

Part II: Serving Wench Or Whore?

Ciara's lips near the very root of his cock, Paige's lips flow down to his balls, her mouth stretching open wide to engulf his entire sack as his balls dangle freely inside Paige's mouth, she uses her tongue to very softly caress the hairy sack. Then, As Ciara's lips begin their way back up his cock, Paige releases his balls, her lips flowing back up still flush against Ciara's.

"Oh, man!" Tate purrs out so sweetly with his balls in Paige's mouth and his cock down Ciara's throat. "OH!" It gets a few giggles. And some envious looks from the other guys. I'll bet he thinks that all of this contest.

As Ciara's lips reach the head of his cock, they do something they didn't do last time. They keep going, letting the head of his cock slip through her silky lips. She goes all the way up until she's back where she started, planting a tender kiss on the very tip of his cock. The girls move as one, their motion unbroken and smooth. Ciara's lips circle off to the side. Paige's lips stay flush with Ciara's, bringing them around so that now it's Paige planting that soft kiss on the tip of his cock.

Tate stares down, as curious as he is hopeful. And he gets his wish. Paige starts swallowing his cock. And Paige has no intention of disappointing me and losing this contest. She puts every bit of her sluttiness into it from the first moment. And Paige has far more experience than Ciara. I've taught Paige a few more tricks than I've taught Ciara, too.

As soon as the very tip of his cock is inside Paige's silky lips, her tongue is deftly swirling around the sensitive soft flesh. She keeps her tongue swirling around the head until the entire head is in her mouth, filling her mouth enough that the tip of it is too far back for her to be able to swirl any longer. She keeps going down, her tongue now lying gently along the underside of his shaft, and caressing it with tiny back and forth motions as the hardness slides along it.

Paige goes all the way down, taking his cock as smoothly as it could ever be. She shows nothing at all as his thickness forces its way into the tightness of her throat. Then, as she nears the root of his shaft,

The Pirate Mistress

she slips the tip of her tongue past her teeth and lips, sticking it out as far as she can. She flicks it quickly back and forth, and an instant later not only is its top flicking along the underside of his cock, but the very tip of it is darting through the dense curls and flicking along the top of his sack.

"OH, fuck me!" Tate cries out in a deep and guttural voice, "this whore is swallowing my cock *and* licking my balls!" A hard shudder sweeps over him as his balls disappear into Ciara's mouth.

Paige doesn't let that discourage her sluttiness. She keeps her tongue flicking as she takes the last tiny bit of cock and reverses her stroke. It has her tongue flicking along over Ciara's lip. But also still teasing the very top of his sack at the very point Ciara's lips cradle it. Paige keeps that tongue out until her reversing stroke pulls its tip from his sack.

She goes all the way back up, her tongue again swirling around the head of his cock as she releases that from her lips. And then, just as smoothly, Paige yields the cock to Ciara, allowing her to take her turn swallowing it.

The whores keep the rhythm up, switching roles every stroke, allowing Tate a single stroke in Ciara's mouth, followed by a single stroke of Paige's mouth. All while the other whore sucks and licks the cock from the side just ahead of the lips that are swallowing it. They won't stop until there's a winner.

On his feet this time, we can all see how energetically Tate squirms. His hips can't stay close to still for the whores. I'll bet he never envisioned two girls so willingly sharing his cock. Or how sweet it can be, every stroke different, just slightly, from the one before or after, owing to the differences between the mouths giving those strokes.

I know this is going to be a story he's going to be telling to every guy he knows. It's just too good of a story not to blab. I quietly ask Summer for her phone. She gives it to me with a smirk on her face that tells me she can guess what I'm doing. I stand behind the kneeling girls and lean way over, almost to the floor. I frame a shot from about the

Part II: Serving Wench Or Whore?

level of their bottoms, showing the naked backs of the girls. It clearly shows them on their knees in front of him. And it shows his face, proving who the guy is. But it only shows the backs of the girls. And Ciara's short light red hair. Paige's longer, honey-brown curly hair, too. But it's enough to show that both are thin girls.

I frame a second picture. This one shows Paige's lips flush against his pubes, her long deep-honey curls hiding most of her face except for her lips, the tip of her nose, and a slice of cheek. It also shows Ciara's lips at the top of his sack, his balls invisible inside her gaping mouth. And it shows the tip of Paige's tongue teasing the top of his sack along the line of Ciara's lips. But it doesn't show much of Ciara either. Paige's curls hang down onto her face, covering the sides of it. And from the nose back, Tate's thigh and bottom are blocking the sightline.

I frame one more picture. This one showing Ciara's mouth with about half of his cock into it. Her light red hair flows down, but not enough to block her face. So I shift my aim a little, taking the picture from slightly behind her the line of her head. It lets only the side of Ciara's cheek, her lips, chin, and the tip of her nose show. I take it from the opposite side, across from Paige. That way Paige's lips wrapped around his cock from the side can be clearly seen. So can her nose. But her curly long hair covers her eyes and forehead.

I return the camera to Summer. She smirks as wide as ever when she sees the pictures she has. Somehow I suspect they'll come at a steep price for Tate. She'll get something from him for forwarding them to him. And he'll get irrefutable proof of just what a skilled and overly slutty treat he got. Enough evidence to show that the whores giving it are slender and cute, but not enough to identify either of them.

Despite this being his second time, Tate doesn't last as long. Usually, guys go longer their second time. But Tate barely makes the five-minute mark. And when he cums, his grunt is so loud that it's almost a scream. Paige wins. But to me that was foregone. I knew she would put all of her skill into it, and she has more skill than Ciara. When it comes to cocks, slutty always seems to prevail.

The Pirate Mistress

As soon as Tate cries out and his hips start thrusting as he cums, Paige stops her stroke. But only to reverse it and very quickly take all of his cock back into her throat. With his cock snuggled tightly in her throat, Paige starts strokes that are as fast as she can make them. Strokes that are short, no more than an inch long, that keep the head of his cock inside the tightness of her throat. She holds it there, unable to breathe, as she works the cock with those strokes.

And those strokes get Tate squealing very loud grunts and thrusting hard. They also get him to cum rather fully. When he's done, Paige releases his cock, sucking all of his cum off of it. She licks her lips and thanks him for "treating this skanky whore to the most delicious cum." She even bats her eyes at him as she says it.

I stand up as I lean forward. As Paige is fixing Tate's pants for him, tucking his cock back in, I grab hold of Ciara's hair. I yank it as hard as I can, roughly spinning Ciara around. Then another hard, yank drags Ciara back on her knees. I drop back into my seat, keeping hold of Ciara's hair. I jerk on the hair, using it to throw her body across my knees.

I hold my hand out, and Sophie puts the ends of a doubled-over wide leather belt in it. Then I snap the belt, putting almost all of my power into it. It cracks like lightning as it lands across the center of both of her taut, rounded globes. It sears a bright red stripe across those cheeks.

Ciara screams a loud "OW!" and clenches her teeth hard. Her body tenses up instantly, making it jump slightly over my legs. Her hips snap against my thigh, reflexes trying to move her bottom away from the painful stroke and my thigh giving her butt nowhere to go. Her feet, which were lying on the floor, squirm and kick energetically, rattling their chain loudly.

After a long moment, Ciara calms slightly, the tenseness flowing from her body slowly. She pants a few squealing "Oh, OW!s" as her bottom wiggles a few more times.

"I warned you not to lose, bimbo! Five strokes of this belt ought to remind you that captured slaves need to be the sluttiest of whores!

Part II: Serving Wench Or Whore?

How else are you going to earn your new owner some money? You weren't slutty enough!" I scornfully sentence her, telling her the price of losing.

The stroke was hard. It was a painful punishment, not a little playful swat. And Ciara is showing the pain of it. It has the others, especially those who haven't seen one of my shows before, looking on very uncertainly. As if thinking that I've gone too far.

"One stroke, my Captain," Ciara counts off the stroke, "I'm sorry for being such a worthless trollop, my Captain. May I please have another stroke even hard, Ma'am? Please, my Captain, I need to learn to behave and be a good whore for you. Please give me a much harder stroke this time, Ma'am." Her voice is soft and shamed, but also with a touch of sweetness in it.

Ciara's plea for another stroke does it for the others. It convinces them that she's not objecting to this, despite it obviously hurting her.

I give her another stroke, turning the power up just enough for Ciara to feel the difference. The second one brings tears to her eyes.

Five strokes leave her bottom glowing a deep red, but just short of being bruised. The redness will fade, maybe by morning, definitely before tomorrow night. They also leave Ciara sobbing hard, tears running down her cheeks as I throw her off my lap and she thanks me for "teaching her a good lesson and not allowing her to get away with trying to act like a lady instead of filthy whore." The hard whipping, she assures me, reminded her that she no longer a lady, a captain. That now she's just a prisoner captured by me and made into a disgusting whore.

I lightly slap her on the side of her soft breast. "Then what are you waiting for, whore, fetch your owner a cup of amaretto coffee."

Ciara, now told that she's to stay on her knees unless told to get up, scurries off on her knees to the kitchen.



Part III: Sold!

The Pirate Mistress

Ciara's night consists of six hours crammed into one of my kennels. It's built for a larger dog, but with Ciara's height, it has her snugly stuffed into it, limiting her movement just as effectively as the chains I leave on her do. And I mean exactly six hours. I time it to the minute. She doesn't get any supper. Nor does she get a shower to wash herself after being used as a whore for the evening. I don't even allow her to brush her teeth. She shouldn't mind the taste of cum in her mouth. I've heard whores love that taste.

In the morning she doesn't get any "privileges" either. She gets exactly two minutes to use the toilet, under close supervision, and then I have Sophie to put her to work. I watch her while Sophie and Paige use the shower. And Paige gets her usual five minutes to masturbate with supervision.

But I don't want Ciara to starve. She gets what pirates traditionally gave their captive slaves to eat. A nice big bowl of steaming hot gruel. I couldn't find a traditional recipe, apparently, pirates weren't good about publishing recipe books. So I improvised one. Oatmeal base with the leftover table scraps from supper shredded and mixed in. It looked disgusting. And I didn't unchain her hands to allow her to eat it. I just stood over her snapping for her to hurry up and eat her breakfast. Judging by her wrinkled nose and slightly green pallor, it tasted as good as it looked. Perfect. I also made her eat on the floor, not at the table.

After breakfast, I had Sophie "work the slave." And Sophie excelled at it. She stood over Ciara constantly, not even allowing her to pause long enough to wipe the sweat from her brow. She used a crop to push her to work faster and harder. I got all kinds of extra chores done around the house. It's been weeks since I got the drain of my dishwasher scrubbed out with a toothbrush. And it needed it, gunk tends to accumulate there!

By three o'clock, Ciara is looking like a complete mess. She's hot and sweaty, and rather tired, from being worked hard all day. But I wanted to remind her that she was a captured sailor, now relegated to the role of a slave. And slaves, back then, worked long and hard. It's

Part III: Sold

what her fate would have been five hundred years ago was she taken by a real pirate. It's what her fate is now.

The sale is tonight. I am actually going to "sell" Ciara off. I know that putting her up on the auction block will arouse her more than it humiliates her, and that's saying something. It's only the second time I've held an auction. I don't usually give others control of my slaves. But I know Ciara will love it. The uncertainty of being used, of being at the mercy, of an absolute stranger with no known safety net. Not even me around to ensure she's not abused.

I've summoned two more toys for the auction. It wouldn't be much of an auction with only one piece of merchandise for sale. I haven't told the others anything, not the slightest hint of what's in store for them. Only to be here. But I know my toys. And the two I've summoned are two who get very aroused by being "whored." They'll love this, too.

It gives Ciara a few, too-short minutes of rest as the other two arrive. One at three and the second at ten past.

The first to arrive is Nicole. She's a 38-year-old woman who has been my toys for about a year now, maybe a little longer. Sophie greets her at the door while I stand in the playroom, keeping watch over Ciara. It only takes a couple of minutes for Sophie to get Nicole stripped to full nakedness. Sophie then takes Nicole by the hand, leading her back to me in the playroom. She brings Nicole's things in her other hand, putting them in one of the drawers of a file cabinet and then locking the drawer. Only I have the key to open that drawer, so Nicole won't be getting any clothes until I deign to return hers.

I have Ciara standing up properly. Straight, her shackled feet close together and her hands in front of her stomach. They can't go behind her, not with heavy cuffs still on her arms. But it does force her to hold her hands up, supporting the weight of the irons as well. Her tired arms.

I have Nicole stand close beside Ciara. Unbound, Nicole can stand with her hands behind her. And she does. I have her stand with her

The Pirate Mistress

shoulder and a good part of her upper arms flush against Ciara's. It leaves only about an inch or two between their hips and legs.

The next one to arrive is Penelope, a young girl who will turn 19 next month. It doesn't take Sophie long to her stripped either. When Sophie brings her back and locks her things away in the next drawer of the file cabinet, I have Penny stand just as close at Ciara's other side. It gives me a tight, snug line of three subs.

None of them are especially comfortable being so snug against another naked woman, especially one she's never seen before. Not even the very reluctant and very fully, bisexual Nicole. None of these three have ever been together before. Sometimes I play with more than one toy at once, but not that often. All of them know that I have other toys. Nicole has yet to meet any of them, though. And Penny's only seen two of them. And that counts her mom, which is how I found Penny. A punishment for Penny interrupting a session with her mom did so much for Penny that I owned her after that. It cost Penny the boy she was dating, but who cares? I certainly don't. And Penny hasn't complained! Then again, when I've seen Penny, she's been too busy screeching through orgasms, crying through her punishments, and more often, all of the above, to whine about a boy.

The three have bodies with a similar shape. But that's about where the similarities end. It's by design. I wanted three lots on the auction block that weren't too similar. And each of these three brings a different appearance to the block.

Nicole looks close to her age. Maybe as if she's in her mid-30s. She stands 5'7" tall and weighs a fairly lean 138 pounds. She has short, straight jet black hair that hangs down to the bottom of her jawline. But it's hair that has a decent amount of body to it. She has brown eyes on an oval face. A face that slightly strong lines to it. She has a slightly long nose, also with slightly sharp lines to it. And she has a wide mouth that's framed with fairly plump lips that are a very light shade of pink.

Nicole has a flat stomach and chest. A chest from which a pair of fairly ample 34-C cup breasts swell. Her mounds are fully rounded,

Part III: Sold

without the pointy look of Ciara's. They have a decent firmness to them, but they're soft enough to lie back against her chest with a full crease at their underside. And they're topped a pair of wide, but short, fully rounded nipples that are as light of a shade as her lips. Nipples that are surrounded by equally light, and moderately wide, rings of light pinkness.

Nicole has a slender figure with a full girly curve at her waist. And she has a pronounced curve to her hips. She has lean, but not muscular or strong, legs. And she fully shaven her pubes which allows me to see the modestly puffy mound of her pussy with its long and wide lips. The tip of her fine slit, too.

Penelope, standing just as close on Ciara's other side looks as youthful as she is. In fact, she could pass for a year or three younger than she is. She has that high school cheerleader look to her, although she is 18. If she wasn't, she wouldn't get the time of day from me. Nicole is as "dark" as Ciara is "red." both have bronzed skin, Ciara's darker than Nicole's. But Nicole has dark hair. And Ciara has red hair and faint freckles. Penelope is just as "light." She has skin that's a light white. And she has a light, honey-colored hair.

Penelope's honey hair is long and straight, flowing down her back to the bottoms of her shoulder blades. It frames a face that's only slightly oval and with fairly soft and gently rounded features. She has green eyes to go with it. And matching honey-blond eyebrows. She has a slightly small nose with soft lines. And a wide mouth framed with a pair of fairly deep pink lips. Plush, soft, and slightly plump lips to frame that wide smile of hers.

Penelope has a rather lean body that only adds to the girliness of her figure. She has only the gentlest of a feminine curve to her waist and hips. It gives her sides that are between girly and straight. But it's a lean straightness. She stands 5'4", making her the shortest of the three, and weighs only 119 pounds. It gives her a flat stomach and chest.

A flat and lean chest from which a full pair of 34-C breasts rise. Breasts that are still youthfully pert and firm. Breasts that are fully

The Pirate Mistress

rounded and don't lie back against her chest at all, leaving every bit of their underside visible. Her mounds are well-rounded, curving down very slightly along their undersides, then fully over the front before flowing back to her chest. And her breasts are topped with a pair of rather wide rings that are a deep pink with a faint purple tinge to them. From those rings rise a pair of nipples that are just as wide and dark, but very fully rounded. And short. Rising off her mounds more like half marbles.

She has shaven pubes as well, and lean legs that leave her mound visible with her feet opened for me. Her mound has only a slight puffiness to it, but fairly long and wide lips.

I've heard that in sales, presentation is everything. The better the merchandise looks, the better price it'll fetch. Thus, it's time to get these toys cleaned up before the toy auction. Time to get them looking their best. Nicole and Penny look decently clean already. But Ciara doesn't. She still has the smudged remnants of yesterday's makeup on. It gives her the look of a well-used street whore after a hard night.

And if I'm going to clean these subs up, I'm going to clean them very thoroughly. Inside and out. So that when they hit the auction block, they'll be spotless. Unable to leave any kind of a mess. Clean enough to eat off of, should someone chose to. Or clean enough to eat, which is far more likely of a fate for them.

And now, just before I get started, Sophie brings in the last toy I've summoned. She's one of the newer toys in my toybox. I've owned her for around six months now, but in that time she's only had about four sessions. She's also the only toy that's married, which is a good part of the reason I'm not selling her. She'd enjoy it, although it would cause some issues with her husband. I think it's better to ensure he stays happy as well. He's new to sharing her at all, even to allowing her to be flaunted. And that's what she's going to be tonight. Flaunted. Since her husband does seriously enjoy watching her degraded, I've invited him to the evening's entertainment.

Sabrina, whom Sophie brings in nude, quickly hesitates for an

Part III: Sold

instant when she sees the line of nude women. That's new for her. So far, while her sessions haven't always been in complete privacy, she's been the only toy involved. Now it's obvious she's just one of four. I have her line up next to Penelope, standing just as primly and just as close as the others. Flush against Penny's side.

Sabrina stands 5'6". she weighs only 127 pounds, giving her body a lean and lithe look. Plus her body is fairly toned, not quite athletically, but definitely well cared for and shapely. She has a fairly pronounced oval shape to her face. And she has some strong lines to her face, especially at her jawline where they're soft, but moderately angular lines. She has long, jet black hair that hangs straight, flowing down the center of her back past her shoulder blades. She has brown eyes over a longish, slightly narrow, nose with strong lines. And she has a mouth that's only moderately wide but framed by a pair of the plumpest, softest lips I've ever seen. Lips that are almost dark pink with a slight reddishness to them.

She has a flat chest and a hard, flat stomach. There's a decent, but modest, feminine curve to her waist. She has full hips with a softly rounded curve to them, but her hips are lean. So lean that they leave the outline of the tops of her hipbones just barely able to be made out. Her legs are long, and they look even long owing to their slenderness.

A pair of smallish, 34-A breasts rise off her chest. Breasts that are almost hard they're so pert and firm. Breasts that have a flowing curve to their underside, and no crease at all. Breasts that are almost fully rounded as the swell off her chest, taking only a very slight pointiness to their tips. Breasts that are topped with a pair of light rings the size of silver dollars. Rings that have a dark hue to them, almost brownish, despite the lightness of their contrast against Sabrina's olive-tinged skin. A pair of moderately wide, and noticeable darker, nipples of the same color rise from the tips of her mounds, like half marbles only not quite so wide, with fully rounded tips.

And below, on her narrow flat pubes, Sabrina is the only toy with a bush. She sports a very neatly trimmed triangle with crisp lines of short

The Pirate Mistress

black hairs. Hairs that have been trimmed to about an inch in length, their shortness keeping them from tangling too much and giving her bush a slightly sparse look. It's a fur that flows down and covers the flat mound of her pussy. That's a concession I've allowed to her husband, who strongly prefers her pussy to be furry.

I chose Sabrina for several reasons, not the least of which is her breasts. They're small. But they're very pert. Even as she lies flat on her back, her breasts will stay in place instead of their weight pulling them off to the sides as would happen with less-firm mounds. Hers won't shift at all. The only change will be a slight extra rounding to the tops of those mounds. That will matter for what I'm going to use her for.

My toys watch in growing horror as I have Sophie setting up for their cleansing. Although they haven't been told anything, just to stand and stay. They don't even know it's a cleansing that's in store for them next. But I'm sure they recognize some of the stuff Sophie is setting out in four neat groups on the top of the massage table.

Each little group of supplies consists of a catheter along with a small syringe full of saline that I need to inflate the tip of it, a packet of lubricating gel, and an empty bag, like an IV bag, with a length of pencil-thin cord. Then there's a second bag, this one filled with a full liter of yellow-tinged enema fluid. It has about six feet of clear tubing attached to it, and a lubricated finger-thick nozzle attached to its other end. A nozzle that's about 8" long. And there is a pair of fresh latex gloves at each as well. That should clean those bottoms out rather fully.

Finally, Sophie sets a small, short stool on the floor beside the table. I stand beside the table, all of the women starting at it, and me, with a fully horrified look on their faces. A couple of them, notably Ciara and Sabrina, have yet to experience all of these "toys." But both know well what they are, and what they'll do to them. And know just as well that it will be unpleasant.

I point to Sabrina. "Come here, pussy diddler, you're first on my menu," I say it teasingly sweet and even more firmly. I've decided to start at her end of the line. That will give Ciara a few extra minutes to

Part III: Sold

dwell upon what's in store for her now. And to watch it twice before she gets to experience it. Sabrina is rather shy and modest. But more so, she's whiny. She'll exaggerate the unpleasantness of everything, leaving Ciara's mind to conjure up worse ideas.

Sabrina groans silently. Her face scrunches up hard. She starts coming forward with hesitant baby steps. Steps that announce how reluctant she is to submit to this.

I tap my foot impatiently, urging Sabrina to pick up her pace. She gets there only slightly quicker. I have her face the stool and bend over, using the stool to put her hands on and brace herself. She does, spreading her legs slightly as I tell her to. She needs to part them. Otherwise, they'll hide the flat mound of her pussy. And if she wasn't ordered to open them, she'd have them squished tightly together right now. Both to modestly hide her pussy, and to block it.

But I have her open her legs about 18", which is the same distance Ciara will be able to open her legs with the irons on her ankles. It's plenty. Sabrina's lean legs fully bare the flat and furry mound of her pussy, in the gentle valley between the creases of her thighs.

I pull the gloves on my hands, snapping each one as I do. The snaps of the latex are enough to get a hard flinch from Sabrina. Then I put my fingers to the wide, fur-lined lips of Sabrina's pussy. Her lips might not be puffy and thick, but they're soft and plush in my fingers. Her lips meet fully, making a fine line of a slit as they do.

It's a slit that looks dark as if her inner folds will be a dark, deep purple as if she were African. She's not, she's first-generation, American-born Greek. As I push her long lips aside, it bares her inner folds. Folds that are fairly short, especially against her long lips. Folds that have a deep, but light, color, almost like a brownness, to their edges. But that quickly fades into a light, bright pinkness long before those short lips reach the rest of her pinkness. I spread her folds as well, letting me see the hard knot where those folds flow into one. And the second fold, this one of olive-toned flesh, that flows over and almost fully covers that knot. But I can see her pea-sized clit peeking the tip of its head out from

The Pirate Mistress

under that fold, already eager for some attention.

I suspect Sabrina is going to hate this. Just as Ciara will. The two have a lot in common. Both are best aroused by the feeling of being possessed and used by another. And I know Sabrina is so modest that it's difficult for her to show anyone any of her intimate body. This should give her the feeling of being owned. And the feeling of my knowing a part of her body that even she doesn't. Her pussy will love it.

I put my fingers to her pinkness, just around the top of her tunnel, and use them to smooth out the flesh until I have a clear view of the tiny hole that's the opening of her urethra. I let my fingers slip over to that, and pull the pink, and wet, flesh around it taut. That stretches her hole taut as well, not stretching it out, but fully revealing the opening. I leave my fingers there, holding it.

I get the catheter. It's a latex tube with a stiffness to the first couple of inches after it's rounded, and narrow, tip. Then, about an inch after that tip, there's a narrow band of latex that will inflate like a balloon inside her bladder and hold the tube from slipping out of her. Even if she wants it to. At the other end of the catheter, there's a Y with two ports. A wide port that's open to the main channel. And there's a much narrower port that connects to a thin tube running through the wider one. That narrow tube is the one that inflates the balloon band. And that port has a valve on it which allows the fluid to flow only when something is connected to it. The other port doesn't. But there is a plastic clamp across the line, which Sophie put on it for me, that will keep anything from flowing through that channel.

I put the rounded point of the tip against the small hole. The catheter is a #24-French, which is far from the thinnest, and least uncomfortable, of them. But it's not the thickest either. Not even the thickest in my collection. Its tip, covered with the lubricant gel, slip a tiny fraction of an inch into Sabrina's opening. Not enough for her to feel it yet. Then, the curve of the tip grows wider than her relaxed opening is. But her tube is rubbery and will stretch to accommodate the wider tube. That, she'll feel. I give the catheter a good, firm, but not too

Part III: Sold

fast shove.

Sabrina shrieks out a pained yelp. A loud cry of "EE-OW!" Her entire body tenses hard as well. It's far more of a whine than called for. And it gets a hard flinch from the other women waiting for their turn up here.

It only takes about a second for the catheter to slide all the way until I feel the resistance of its tip pressing against the muscles at the base of her bladder. I push a little harder, Sabrina yelps again, and it slips right in. I let it slide a bit until I know the balloon is all the way into her. Then I hold it still, taking my fingers from her pinkness to connect the small syringe to the small port. A quick press of the plunger and the balloon inflates. I release the catheter, pulling my fingers away from Sabrina's pussy, and letting her furry lips close around the tube. I twist the syringe off. And I leave it like that for a moment.

I grab the enema nozzle in my left hand and quickly pop the hard plastic cap off of it. That bares the white, fairly stiff, tube of the nozzle with its film of slick gel on it. It too has a rounded tip, this one wider, almost like a half marble.

I use my right hand to push Sabrina's taut, hard, well-rounded cheeks wide, fully spreading the deep crack of her bottom. It bares the small ring of her asshole to my eyes. Her ring is tight and tensed. It begins with a quarter-sized swath of light brown, irregularly shaped, that fades into a deep pink color as the lines of gentle little wrinkles flow into her ring. Hers has a very slight funneling to it.

I put the tip of the nozzle to the pinkness of her ring. It's about as wide as a finger. And that's enough to eclipse the tight ring of muscle by a little bit. I press, casually, as if I'm not the least bit concerned whether it's comfortable for Sabrina or not. As if I'm only interested in efficiently putting this tube into her bottom. It very quickly, and rather easily, stretches her asshole enough to start slipping into it.

Sabrina squeals out another loud, "EE-OW!" as it pushes into her. She groans a more muted, but equally whiny, series of "OH!s" as she feels the stiffness slipping deeper and deeper into her bowels. It's the

The Pirate Mistress

reason I chose a fairly wide and rigid nozzle. I want them to feel the nozzle as it lies in their bottoms. I slip almost all of the nozzle's length into Sabrina, leaving about an inch and a half of it sticking out from the tight pink ring of her asshole that's clenched snugly around it. I don't have to hold this one in place. Sabrina's tensed asshole will do a fine job of that. It's just enough tube this side of her asshole, that as I release her cheeks and allow her crack to close, that the base of the nozzle stands up just beyond the top of her crack. Poking out.

"Stand up, pussy diddler." I snap.

Sabrina stands up. She starts moving quickly, very glad that I'm done poking her very private places. Then she feels the stiffness of the nozzle when her flexing stomach shifts the geometry of her bowel around the unshifting tube. She groans a squeal, "UH!" as she feels that. She slows down considerably, too. She straightens up the rest of the way rather slowly.

I take the cord. It has a little loop tied in one end already for me. I loop the cord around Sabrina's waist, threading the free end through that small loop, and pull it snug around her body just above her hips. I pick up the drain bag and tie the free end of the cord to it. Then I connect the bag to the wide channel of the catheter. I leave the bag hanging from the cord, its light weight keeping the cord taut around her waist, her hips keeping it from slipping down. The bag dangles freely between Sabrina's lower thighs and the tops of her knees.

Now I pick up the enema bag and hand that to Sabrina. I tell her to hold it.

With both tubes clamped off, nothing flows either way. Not into her bottom, nor out of her bladder. Sabrina holds the enema bag low, in front of her pubes. I send her back to the line like that. She walks slowly, the empty drain bag bouncing against her legs, and the stiff nozzle pushing against the inside of her shifting bowels. She returns to her place, and I quickly scold her to be standing just as she was, her shoulder against Penny's.

I pull my gloves off, letting the women stand for a moment. Then

Part III: Sold

I call "fuck toy," Penny's pet name, to come up and take her place bending over. She's no happier about it. But she squeals a little less than Sabrina did, despite being much younger.

And then it's Ciara's turn to come up and get her holes poked full. She comes very reluctantly and nervously, and I see a faint quiver running through her body as she bends over me. She screeches even louder than Sabrina did as I insert the catheter. As she's crying out like the world is ending, I also see a tiny droplet of her honey drip from her tunnel. But Ciara only grunts hard as I push the nozzle into her bottom. Then again, she's been poked there by me enough before. And recently. Nicole is the last one to come up, and she whines the least about it. But she's had both done to her a few times before by me.

It leaves me with a snug line of four women. All stand with bags of yellow-tinted enema fluid in their hands, all holding the bags roughly in front of their pubes. And all have empty drain bags dangling between the legs somewhere near the bottoms of their thighs. And still, nothing flows through either tube. But all of them now fidget uncomfortably. It's not a physical discomfort. They'll barely even feel either tube now. But this is definitely not something they'd want anyone to know about, much less see.

I stand in front of the line, facing the women. "Now let's see who knows how to go pee and keep her bladder from getting too full, and who needs some potty training!" I tauntingly tell them. I start with Nicole, only because she's the one I'm standing closest to. I reach down and flip the plastic clamp off her catheter. Immediately a bright, light, golden pee begins flowing through the tube. A half-second later that golden pee is filling the drain bag. The added weight of it simply pulls the cord a bit harder, snugging it around her waist and making it even harder for the cord to slip down off her hips.

I don't wait for Nicole's pee to stop flowing. I don't even wait at all. As soon as Nicole's pee is flowing, I step down and flip the clamp off Ciara's catheter. And just as quickly I step down to Penny, then to Sabrina. I have all four clamps off before Nicole's bag is finished filling.

The Pirate Mistress

So I stand there, watching the uncomfortable wrinkling of their faces that tells me they can feel the warmth that's filling the bags that are hanging against their bare legs.

All know what's happening. They're peeing. And they have absolutely no control over it. They can't stop if they want to. But if I want them to, I can make them. I'll just clamp the line, and they'll stop. I know these women are thinking about that. About how I've taken control of this intimate, and very private, act. How I'm making them do it so immodestly.

I watch my toys, making sure they know I'm watching them. That I'm supervising the peeing that I'm in total control of. That I have a good view of this embarrassing display. I wait until all four catheters are empty, all of their pee now drained into the bags hanging between their lower thighs.

I'm sure they expect me to clamp the lines off now that they're done. Or, better yet, to remove the catheters. They should that won't be happening. If it was I would have waited to put the enema nozzle into them. But that doesn't stop them from hoping. I don't even clamp the lines. This way, as they stand here, as a few drops of pee finds its way from her kidneys to her bladder, it will dribble right through and into the bag. Their bladder will stay completely empty.

"Ah, "I announce in a mocking, scornful voice, I see bimbo wins the award for the fullest bladder. I guess I've fed my utterly useless whore far too much today!" She's had one bowl of wet gruel with a glass of water. But she didn't get a potty break. I had Sophie keep her working, ignoring the idea that Ciara might need to potty. Or might need anything at all. Beside her, Penny has the next fullest bag. That's not a surprise, Penny seems to always be sipping a diet soda.

"You worthless bitches are going to stand there. You will stay very still. I do not want to hear any whines from you. I know your bottoms will be uncomfortable. Guess what, bitches? *I don't care!* Behave. You do not want to disappoint me." I tell them all firmly.

I wave Sophie to come over and join me. I'm going to need four

Part III: Sold

hands. "Now you bitches hold those enema bags high. Stretch those arms up. The higher you get them the better." I teasingly tell them. I watch as the four reluctant women raise their bags hesitantly. All four stretch their arms up over their heads. Even Ciara with her wrists firmly bound manages to lift her bag. "Now keep those bags high!" I say enthusiastically.

None of the women look even the least bit thrilled as I lead Sophie around behind them. I admit the sight arouses me. Four nice bottoms, all fairly taut and rounded. All standing up. All with the finger-wide end of the enema nozzle jutting out from between their closed cheeks, sticking out just enough for me to see the whiteness of the stiff nozzle before it joins the thinner, clear tubing connected to the bag. And all four of those bottoms so close together, the women standing snugly, intimately, beside and touching each other.

I pick the first two, Nicole's firm bottom, and Ciara's. I put my hands to the clamps on their tubing that are pinching off the enema lines about six inches behind the tips of their globes. With a nod from me, Sophie puts her hands on the other two clamps. She watches my hands. At the same time I flip the clamps off my two, she flips the clamps off the other two. It starts all four enemas flowing at the exact same time. Or at least within a second of each other.

I pace, circling around the women and watching as the fluid slowly flows into their bottoms and fills their rectums. With it flowing slowly, at first I just see goosebumps erupt on their cheeks as the 70-degree water chills their 100-degree insides.

But it doesn't take long for them to start feeling the fullness in their bottoms. At first, all four show the light strain at about the same time. I can see it on their faces. The light clenching of teeth. The tightening of the tendons in their necks. The tensing of their toes as they starting curling, pressing against the floor instead. And all four seem to feel it at about the same time.

Nicole is by the far the most experienced at getting an enema. She's had a few of them. Enough that it's familiar to her. But she's also

The Pirate Mistress

been my toy longer than the others. She handles the increasing pressure in her bottom the best. I can see her tensing hard from it. And I can hear the measured rate of her breathing as she fights to control herself rather than whine, squirm and displease me.

Standing next to Nicole, this is Ciara's first playful enema. I know that because I'm her first Domme, and this is the first one I've given her. She too quickly tenses up, her muscles turning rock hard as she stands there in her irons. She doesn't have any tricks yet to control herself. She trembles hard as the pressure inside her builds. And her breaths take on a slightly squeaky whininess. But I can't fault a woman for her breathing. I watch as the quivering trembles that rack her body start growing stronger. And then I notice the goosebumps. They don't stay on her globes. Instead, they flow around, over her puffy pussy mound, and up onto her pubes. I hear a little more of the raspiness creeping into her breaths.

Beside Ciara, this is also Penny's first enema. But the 18-year-old girl has had an advantage that none of the others have had. Her mother, Melanie, has been a toy of mind for a while now. She was one of my first, a gift from my mom, a fellow Domme who taught me a lot once I was 18! And once I begged her to! She gifted me two toys, Melanie and Teresa. A couple of our other Domme friends sent me some fresh toys around the same time, starting my toy box off nicely. And then came Sophie. I'm sure, once Melanie was confident that Penny had given herself to me, and would be staying in my toy box, Melanie schooled her daughter on the "dangers" of belonging to me. Specifically that I demand my toys be clean and properly groomed, and if I find them "filthy" they can expect a very thorough and equally uncomfortable cleaning. Including an enema. And that I hate being lied to. When I catch a sub "full of it," lying to me, I tend to "clean it out of them" with a very uncomfortable punishment enema. Both being experiences Penny would be smart to strive to avoid. And I'm just as sure that the idea of an enema frightened Penny. The idea of allowing her bottom to be filled up to its limit with something. But now, she neither earned her enema nor had any chance to avoid it.

Part III: Sold

As she stands there, I can see how uncomfortable, and nervous, she's getting. She too is tensed up hard, and it has her trembling fairly noticeably. She pants hard, deep breaths that are growing throaty. But I can also see her nipples stiffening up even hard than usual, pulling the dark rings around them so taut that they wrinkle up.

At the end of the line, this is Sabrina's second enema. Her first was a slightly gentler one, which I gave her as she lay on her side in her bed. And allowed her husband to watch her get. She's just as stiff as the others. But she also has her eyes squished shut. I scold her that she should know better, and she opens them. Then I see little tears roll down her cheeks. She trembles the hardest of all, almost shuddering.

By now all of them are fidgeting slightly as they stand. The pressure in their bottoms growing too strong for them to stand still. I step in front of Ciara and lean over slightly. It lets me see that the mound of her pussy is glistening. Somehow, her honey has flowed nicely, seeping out her slit and finding it's way up to cover every last bit of her jutting mound. She wasn't like that when I started the flow.

I put my hand lightly atop Ciara's pubes. I can feel a very light, but crisp, twitching behind her pubes, as tremors flow through her body. "Ooh..." I coo softly, "Is that bottom of yours feeling the fullness yet, bimbo?"

"Yes, my Captain..." Ciara answers me. Her voice has a breathy raspiness to it. And I see Penny's ears perk up as she hears the thick Irish brogue of Ciara's voice. So far, it's the first any of the three have heard of Ciara's soft, girly voice. "Oh, yes! My behind is feeling so full it's going to bust like a dam any second, Ma'am!"

I giggle. "And just how does that slutty pussy of yours feel about it, my new whore?"

Ciara lets out a single sob and blushes as red as a beet. "My pussy is twitching rather hard now, My Captain, and burning me like fire."

"Good bimbo!" I teasingly tell her, "then we'll just let your filthy bottom finish filling all the way until the enema has your rectum

The Pirate Mistress

stretched out to its very fullest!" I say it with a lot of enthusiasm in my voice as if that's a treat. It gets a good shuddering cringe from Ciara. Mission accomplished.

I move over to Penny and look the young woman in her nervously darting eyes. "And how about you, fuck toy, can you feel that enema filling your bottom up so fully?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Penny blurts out. Her voice is an odd mix of near panic with a deep sultriness. The sultriness is usually a sign that Penny is very close to orgasm. I see that her nipples are still straining to get even stiffer, too.

"Behave your stupid little naughty bottom this time, and I think I'll summon you very soon. Then I'll have more time to give you a slow enema that will fill your bottom even fuller. An enema you'll have plenty of time to hold in, keeping your bottom so full, while you earn your relief from it. I think I'll even invite a few of my friends over to see it. Your pussy would love that."

"Yes---" Penny eagerly blurts out. She suddenly loses her words, crying out a very needy and sultry, "UMM!" She shudders hard. Then she finishes her sentence, "Ma'am, my bottom is yours to do with as you wish, my Queen." Her voice fades to a pure sultriness laced only with the urgency of the building pressure. I'll bet about now Penny has decided that enemas aren't both as miserable as her mother said, and equally as arousing for her. Just as I'll bet Melanie left out the arousing part. Despite Melanie knowing that while enemas bring tears to her eyes, they also bring her fingers to her pussy if I don't stop them.

I move along to the utterly miserable looking Sabrina. Her first enema succeeded in making her cry as well. It also succeeded in flooding her pussy with honey. And setting the nerves of her pussy on fire. I'm confident this one is doing an even better job of that. The idea of being not allowed to move for it will up her excitement.

I return to Ciara. Now she's squirming hard. And the goosebumps have erupted over the entirety of her breasts as well. I'd bet every nerve in her pussy is tingling with hot sparks by now, too. Just as I'd bet Ciara

Part III: Sold

knows it. And will never admit it.

I take my crop and swat her bottom with it, just hard enough to sear a faint pink print onto her globe. That has an effect on her. For a fraction of an instant, she tenses hard and flinches from the strike. Then she shudders hard and breathes out a very urgently needy “UH!” that she tries to hide as a breath, not a moan. She has her cheeks clenching snugly together around the hard tube, and that only makes her cheeks firmer for my swat.

I scold her very harshly for misbehaving and squirming around while she got her enema. I remind her that she was told to stand still for it. That since I captured her, I own her. A slave like her should obey her Captain and be thankful she didn't end up walking the plank. She should so happily thank me for being so kind as to wash the filth out of her dirty bottom. It's far more than an incompetent, useless slave wench like her deserves.

I firmly tell her that I don't care how badly her bottom cries for relief. I told her to behave. IF she has any sense at all she'll behave before I make her. Then I give her other cheek a much firmer swat.

The other subs flinch with the crack of each swat. Now they also realize what awaits them if they're not still while their bottoms fill up. It gets all of them, especially Sabrina, rather nervous. I'd bet Penny is getting very nervous, too. I'll bet she's wondering not only if she can somehow manage to stay still, but also if she can somehow find the self-control to keep her hands off her pussy.

I watch Ciara the closest. And constantly. This is really her scene. The others are just here to fill out the sales catalog. But that doesn't mean they won't like it just as much. It doesn't take me long to catch Ciara again. This time it's her heels rising off the floor as her toes curl up hard. That earns her another, and slightly harder, stroke of the crop on her bottom. Another scolding. A second swat to raise a matching pink splotch on her other cheek.

And then it's Ciara's tired arms starting to lower the bag. That gets her a decently hard stroke on her arms, one on each upper arm, as I

The Pirate Mistress

scold her to keep her bag held up high so the fluid will fill her bottom that much more.

But then it's little Penny. I've called her that when she was out of earshot, referring both to her youth and petite size. She's about three inches shorter than Nicole, and a full five, almost six, inches shorter than Ciara. Penny lets her chest shudder hard, and that gets her ample, pert, breasts wiggling around. As they're wiggling from side to side, her nipples at their hardest yet, and her dark rings wrinkled up like a washboard, penny blurts out a very desperately pleading "MY BOOBS! OH, FUCK! MY BOOBS ARE ON FIRE! AHH!" she screams.

I step over to her and slap her face. She looks at me, her eyes burning with unbridled fear. She sobs lightly, nervously. "Please, my Queen! My boobs are burning me like they're on fire! I'm scared, Ma'am! Please, Ma'am!"

I reach my hand out and softly cup on her firm, perky mounds in my hand, cradling it from the underside. I give her mound a very gentle little squeeze. Penny screams, and it's a loud scream as if she were on fire. A tormented scream. I hold the light squeeze on her breast. She eventually runs out of air in her lungs.

"Stop it, fuck toy!" I snap firmly. "Your boobs are fine. It's not my fault that you are such a gutter slut that you're getting all hot. You're not here to get hot. Just to get cleaned out. Now behave your naughty bottom, and stand there for your enema like a big slut. Is that clear, fuck toy?"

"Yes, my Queen," Penny answers her voice telling me that she doesn't know how she'll manage to bear this.

"Good, not I have to punish you for that outburst. That's two strokes, just like everyone else." I step back. A gentle flick of my wrist sends the tip of my crop swinging upward, landing its leather tip against the very tender underside of Penny's breast.

It takes Penny by shock. She grits her teeth hard, screaming through them, as the light blow lands. As the second swat lands, just as

Part III: Sold

lightly, on the underside of her other mound, Penny starts shivering hard. A bright pink flush instantly floods her light skin, and a thin film of sweat suddenly covers her. I've seen her flush pink like that once before. I had Paige teasing her pussy with a feather, holding her on the very cusp of an orgasm. And that's the only time I've seen her flush like this. I guess this is really doing the trick for her little pussy.

And then my attention is back on the already misbehaving Ciara. Her hips are far from still. Which earns her a couple of swats on her bottom and yet another harsh scolding. A very harsh scolding. And I tell her that I don't care how strained her bottom is, if she doesn't start behaving her useless butt, I will make her enema even larger. I firmly, and scornfully remind her that I've seized her, and now her body is going to do whatever I want it to, and I will make it behave. I give her a couple of extra strokes of the crop just to ensure that she gets the point.

Ciara's feet curl, bringing their arches up off the floor. I quickly swat the tops of her feet with my crop, bringing her feet back flat on the floor as I scold her "see, bimbo, I can *make* you behave!"

I catch sight of a nice-sized drop of Ciara's honey falling from her mound and raining down on to my floor. I'd bet that's a combination of factors. The enema being the smaller of the two. More of a means than the end. The end being how firmly I am forcing her to behave as I want her to for the very unpleasant enema. The feeling of being controlled always seems to do more for her.

And then I notice that enema bags are down to half full. It means all of these women now have sixteen ounces of fluid swelling their rectums to the very fullest of their limits. And that's all the enema they were ever going to get. I walk behind them, squeezing the clamps back onto the hoses a few inches from their bottoms. But with their bottoms straining so full, they don't notice that. It happens behind them. They won't even notice that they've stopped filling.

I make them all stand there and stand still for five more minutes. None know that they're not filling further. I don't even ease up on the discipline that keeps the women standing up straight. I just tick off the

The Pirate Mistress

minutes, letting the enema work its magic.

I deem Nicole the best behaved of the four. I tell Nicole to go to the door and start a line. Sabrina, the one I decide was the next best behaved, gets second place in line. Then Penny. Ciara gets fourth place in the line. As they line up, the now-heavy bags of pee dangling between their thighs bounce off their legs. And the nozzles still poke out from between four sets of now very tightly squished-together cheeks. It gives Ciara a good view of Penny's gently rounded hard bottom, as she stands just behind Penny in the line. And the bright white tube sticking out of Penny's cheeks. That should give Ciara a nice visual as she imagines an identical tube jutting out from her own crack.

Now that they're lined up, I turn to Nicole. I tell her that since she was the best behaved of the worthless bitches, she wins the prize. The women will be getting to use the toilet in the order they're lined up in, best-to-worst behaved. The others will just have to patiently wait their turn. Their straining bowels can remind them that behavior is important.

I march all four of the women across the hall to the bathroom. This is the smaller of the two bathrooms in the apartment. It's just a generic, standard bathroom that could be in any apartment anywhere. There's a tub/shower combination along the far wall, then a toilet, and then, beside the door, a sink. It's the bathroom I allow my slaves to use. And guests. The larger, roomier, and more ornate one off the master bedroom is reserved for me and my BFFs. Not even Sophie gets to use it.

I have Sabrina, Penelope, and Ciara line up along the wall and stand with their sides touching each other. In the small room, that has them facing the toilet and only a few feet from it. Sabrina, next in line to use it, has the best view. She standing right across from it.

I tell Nicole to stand facing the toilet with the tips of her toes against the edge of the toilet's base and her feet together. And I make her keep holding her bag high above her head, even though it doesn't matter. The tube is clamped, so she could put the bag on the floor and nothing would flow either way.

Part III: Sold

Nicole has a pair of fully rounded, and rather firm, cheeks. Cheeks that are now squishing together as she clenches her bottom tightly against the pressure straining to burst out of her. Clenching those cheeks only tightens them up, making them harder and defining their roundness even more. Her globes have a decent little arc curving along their bottoms. And they have a slightly long crack between them, where her cheeks meet fully, but only enough for their inside edges to lie softly against each other.

And now, there's about ½" of the paper-white stiff tube of the nozzle jutting out from between those globes, even has her firm cheeks squeeze snugly around it. Atop that nozzle, there's a tiny little connector where the narrower clear tubing attaches. The clear tubing is still filled with the faintly-yellow-tinged fluid.

The yellow is just food coloring to remind me what's in the bag. The yellow denotes mineral oil. It's one of the less comfortable enemas. The oil will flood her rectum and fill her completely, just as anything else would. But her rectum won't absorb any of, as it would do with anything water-based. Nor will soften any of the waste inside her. All it will do is stretch her rectum, every drop of it making her urge that much more urgent.

I order Nicole to stand still. Then I pull on a pair of gloves. I put my hand to the base of the nozzle. The end of it poking out is short enough that it has my hands brushing over her tensed cheeks. I start pulling, slowly. It pulls the stiff tube through her tightly cinched crack, it's slickened sides sliding along the insides edges of her globes. And it pulls the tube just as slowly through the far tighter cinched ring of Nicole's asshole. Nicole has no choice but to keep her asshole squeezed tightly to hold in the torrent. It has the tube dragging against her tensed muscle, pulling on the skin over her ring as it slips through. It doesn't hurt, but Nicole definitely feels the tube pulling firmly through her resisting ring.

The nozzle pops as it finally slips from her asshole, and a second later the tip of it slides out from between her cheeks. I just drop the

The Pirate Mistress

nozzle, letting it hang down from the tubing. Then I have Nicole turn around and face me. Finally, I tell her to toss the bag in the trashcan beside the toilet and to make sure the tubing and nozzle go there as well. Nicole does it, and I see some relief in her eyes as she finally gets to lower her arms. They go obediently behind her back.

I have her sit on the toilet, spreading her knees and feet wide. It has the pee bag resting on the front of the seat, the cord and catheter still connecting that to her body. Maybe Nicole thinks I'll take that out now, too. Not yet. I have Nicole look forward, and that her eyes staring almost straight at Sabrina's dark bush. A bush that's no more than three feet from her face. And now, with Sabrina's feet opened gently, it gives Nicole a good view of the off-white latex tube of the catheter vanishing into Sabrina's lightly-furred lips.

With Nicole sitting on the toilet, her legs splayed wide and her asshole straining harder than ever to hold out for a few more seconds, I have Nicole very politely ask permission to relieve her bowels. Then I leave her to wait a few more seconds for my answer. Finally, I give her five minutes, or until I see any part of her body moving, to use the toilet. Instantly a powerful torrent gushes from her bottom. And it keeps spewing. It takes Nicole every bit of those five minutes to empty herself out.

I have Nicole rise to her feet, leaving her feet where they are, which has her legs spread. Then I have her close her feet. To her horror, instead of offering her tissue to clean herself with, I tell her to trade places with Sabrina. Nicole cringes hard at the thought of standing here with her bottom dirty but says nothing. She just demurely takes the place Sabrina is vacating eagerly.

Penny, having waited even longer with her bottom full, gives her place to Sabrina just as eager. As does Ciara when finally it's her turn to use the toilet. Her last place earned her an extra fifteen minutes of waiting, her bottom tormenting her every second of those minutes.

Now that the four of them have emptied their bottoms, it's time to continue with their cleanings. I turn this over to Sophie, letting her do

Part III: Sold

the hard work as I just watch.

To leave them standing there with messy bottoms a little longer, Sophie begins with their mouths. I'm sure that standing there, and being seen by others, with those dirty bottom is a rather humiliating experience for these women. And that's my goal, to always find a few new degradations for them to enjoy. Sophie calls them over to the sink in the same order, Nicole to Ciara.

She has them stand with their side to the sink, and with the exception of the still-bound Ciara, with their hands at their backs as they stretch their mouths wide open. And then stand there, doing nothing at all, as Sophie flosses their teeth, then thoroughly brushes them. They're not even allowed to rinse on their own. Instead, they get to lean over the sink, face down, as Sophie rinses their mouths with a spray of water. And then it's a little sprayer with mouthwash that's also allowed to run freely out instead of being spit out normally.

All four of them are told to stand in the shower. Together. The standard bathtub it has them in was definitely not built for four. Two can comfortably shower in it. Three is snugly intimate. But four is tight.

They won't be allowed to bathe themselves either. Instead, I have a special shower for them. I have a fitting that connects a regular garden hose to the sink's faucet (it's supposedly for filling a waterbed), and at the end of that 10-foot hose, I have a regular garden sprayer. Sophie turns on the water. The cold water only. Just like they'd get if the hose was hooked up outside for a real hose-down.

I leave Sophie to it now. She has plenty of work ahead of her. She's to hose down the four women as one. That I stay to see. It's rather amusing. As soon as the icy water starts spraying over them, raining hard on all four, all four of them shriek and squeal. Then they start cringing back from the spray. Finally, goosebumps cover everything and they start shivering. She gives them half of a minute, taking no care to avoid spraying even their faces, and then has them turn around for another half-minute of spray. Finally, she squirts a quick, but strong, jet of water against their cracks, spraying off the last of their mess.

The Pirate Mistress

Next Sophie will properly shave all four of them women. Sabrina will be allowed to keep her bush, Sophie only making sure that it's trimmed perfectly and there isn't a hint of stubble beyond its lines. The other three will be shaven smooth. It leaves only Ciara to lose the wisp of a bush. Penny and Nicole are already shaven. But I know Sophie will be thorough. There won't be a single hair of stubble left on any of them.

Their hair will be shampooed and conditioned, using products that I ordered just for the auction. They should leave a moderate lavender scent in their hair. For Sabrina, that includes her bush. I don't mean just their hair on their heads. I mean every hair left on their bodies, even their eyebrows will get the full treatment.

Once that's done, the women will all have to stand still, intertwining their legs to spread them and offer Sophie full access to their pussies. Sophie will douche out each of those pussies. While the women stand there, the used vinegar-water solution flowing from their pussies and running over the feet of the other girls.

Finally, they'll all be scrubbed down by Sophie using a very strong soap. And then rinsed off. Next, they'll be just as fully scrubbed again, this time Lysol to fully disinfect their skin. And Sophie is very thorough. She'll spread their cheeks without a bit of concern for their modesty, and wash their assholes. She'll open the lips of their pussies and wash everything there as well. She'll even wash the soles of their feet. Finally, they get another rinse.

She'll bring them out of the shower one at a time and dry them off. Finally, Sophie will brush their hair out, blow dry it, and do their nails. All of them will have their finger and toenails painted a pastel green. It's my favorite color. What else would I accent my naked slaves with?

By the time Sophie is done, it's almost 6:00. The guests, and the bidders, for the auction should arrive between 7:00 and 7:30. It leaves me plenty of time. I start with Nicole. As she comes out of her cleaning, with her pee bag still hanging between her legs, and now slightly fuller than before, I have her come to me.

Part III: Sold

I start by tying a thick black blindfold around her eyes. It's enough that she won't get a ray of light or see anything. Just blackness should she open her eyes. Her hands are already behind her back. I cross her wrists there, turning her hands so that the backs of them are towards her body and her palms out. Then I use a short length of hemp rope, this one about ½" thick, to bind them. I bind her wrists snugly, wrapping two loops around her left wrist just below the point where her right lies atop it. Then I wrap two loops over her right wrist. Pulling the rope to keep it snug, I wrap two more loops around her left arm just above her right wrist. Then I wrap two final loops of the rope around her right arm just above her left wrist and tie the rope off with a good knot. It will not only bind her wrists snugly in place, but the angle her arms are held at will limit the motion of her arms as well.

Now I get a heavy iron chain out of the cabinet. It's a fairly short length, about six feet long. And I'll bet it weighs 15 or 20 pounds. Its links are almost ½" thick. On one end, it has an iron ankle shackle. I lock the shackle around Nicole's ankle with a combination lock. Unlike most of my locks, this is just a cheapie I bought online. It's just like the ones we had on our high school lockers. The other end of the chain is connected to a heavy, dark ball. It must weigh 20 pounds as well. It's a shackle that looks almost like the chains prisoners wore 200 years ago. It's as close as I could Goggle up. And it's close enough that I can't tell the difference. The ball is held to the chain with another lock, this one calling for a real key. I add a pink dog collar around Nicole's neck.

Now that Nicole is shackled up like a prisoner, I have her stand against the wall and just wait. Ciara is the second one sent to me. Penny is the third. Both end up chained just as Nicole is, which gets me to take all of the chains off Ciara. I leave only her iron collar on her neck instead of replacing it with one of the dig collars. But I do replace its lock with another combination one.

I told Sophie to send me Sabrina last. Because Sabrina isn't going to be sold. I have something else for her. I've had a special board made just for her. Now I have that board standing atop a pair of wooden sawhorses.

The Pirate Mistress

The board is a mere 14" wide, which has it just a fraction of an inch narrower than Sabrina's shoulders and hips. It's just a straight board. But it's been nicely stained to a dark tone and then sealed with something that not only makes it water-proof but also gives it a sparkly shine. And it has some small holes drilled in it.

I tell Sabrina to lie on the board, centering herself on it. I tell her to keep her hands flush at her sides and her feet together. The board is also 5'7" long, the exact same length as Sabrina's prone body. She squirms into place on it, the bottom end even with the soles of her feet and the tip of her head even with the other end.

I start at Sabrina's shoulders, slipping rather narrow 1/8" thick cords over her shoulders and lacing them through some of the holes in the board. The holes which aren't but a hair bigger than the cords I'm threading through them. I pull the single loop of the cord snug, pulling Sabrina's shoulder gently down against the board, and knot its ends together underneath the board. I already know that I'm going to be cutting these cords to free Sabrina. Eventually. For now, I make sure the cords are snug to hold her, but also slack enough not to cut into her. That's a concern with such thin cords.

More cords go around the tops of her thighs. One in the crease of each thigh. They won't keep her from squirming, but they will ensure that she stays lying on this board. I start by putting both loops of cord over Sabrina's left leg and tying them off. I use slightly longer strips of cord for her right leg, leaving those untied for a moment.

Now I get a small tube of surgical adhesive. It's just sterile super glue. I put a short line of the glue along the inside of Sabrina's left thigh, just above her knee, and a second line that runs almost the full length of the inside edge of her left foot. I push her legs together firmly, holding them in place for a full minute until the glue has a good grip. It will keep those legs firmly together. Then I tie the cords around her right leg off.

I use a couple of more lines of the superglue, a short line along the bottom of her upper arm, just above her elbow, and a second one along the side of her hand and pinkie finger. Holding her hand straight,

Part III: Sold

palm up, I squeeze her arm flush against her side and push her hand to the side of her hip with her arm stretched along her side. After the glue takes hold, I do the same with Sabrina's other arm. This glue will ensure her arms stay where I've put them.

As I wanted, Sabrina's lithe body lies flat on the board. And her firm, but small, breasts rise up, very fully rounded, from her chest. Her dark, wide nipples swell up to poke their rounded tips straight up from those taut mounds. Her moderately sparse bush stands out atop her pubes. Otherwise, it's her lightly-olive-toned flesh, unbroken with even a tan line, on display.

I have two more things to do. First I put a pair of earbuds into her ears, threading their fine wires over the tops of her ears and mixing them with her dark hair as the wires loop under the board to an old phone that will serve as a music player. The second thing is some heavy putty, almost like silly putty, that I use to cover her closed eyes. It's gooey enough to stick and strong enough to keep her eyelids from opening. But it's easier to get off than super glue would be. Or tape. I turn the music on for Sabrina. It's a slightly loud mix of her preferred dance music. And fed to her ears through the noise-canceling earbuds, it will keep Sabrina from hearing anything just as effectively as the putty will keep her from seeing anything.

Sabrina still has the catheter inserted. I leave it for now. She'll probably thank me for that later, it's not she can get up for a potty break. It's not like she can get up, period. I just have the tube draped over the top of her thigh and hanging beside the board.

I haven't told Sabrina a thing. She has no idea what I'm going to use her for. I'm sure she's really wondering, too. Bound as she is, there's little chance of anything getting near her pussy or bottom. Only her breasts are accessible. But those are nicely displayed.

I summon Paige from the kitchen. While Sophie deloused and deskanked the merchandise for tonight, Paige has been in the kitchen preparing the snack buffet. Paige hurries in the instant I beckon her. I point to Sabrina as she lies atop the board. "The buffet platter is ready.

The Pirate Mistress

Set it up for my guests, skanky."

Paige glances at Sabrina. She giggles. "Yes, my Queen, as you wish, Ma'am." She smiles an evil smirk. She didn't know what I planned for her to use for a serving platter, and I've never had her set one up like this before.

Paige hurries off to the kitchen and fetches the first of the items. She carries them all in, each item on a separate plate, which is how she had them in the kitchen. She takes a minute to arrange the plates, then rearranges them, atop Sabrina as she plans out how to arrange the courses on the platter.

I've invited ten "bidders" for tonight. None are toys, mine or anyone else's. But all of them are either people I know well or people whom my Dom/me friends know very well. Well enough to put their name on the line vouching for them. I've also invited my Dom/me friends, my BFFs, and Sabrina's husband. But I know several of them won't be coming. It is a Saturday night and I know both Izzy and Ellie have dates. Andrea, one of my Domme friends, is a flight attendant and she's out of town. Colette, another of my Domme friends, has a school play she's expected at – one of her kids has some little part in the play. And Olive, another of my Domme friends, is on vacation. It's kind of a good thing. My apartment isn't *that* big. But I'd never fail to warmly invite all of them.

Of my bidders, two are married couples. One of those is a neighbor of Sophie's parents, a couple I've met a few times and I know are hungrily looking for ways to spice up their sex life. They've been married a long time. When I told them about the auction, they both eagerly jumped at the chance. The other couple is friends of my Dom friend Nikolai. He's assured me that they've borrowed his slaves before and always behaved themselves.

The other eight are all single men. I'm sure some, or most, of them, are dating someone. But they're not married. Four I know. Two are friends of a toy, someone I've met several times, someone who has been around while a toy enjoyed it's session, maybe participated, and has been after me to allow them to join a session with another toy. Two

Part III: Sold

I know from campus. Guys who have been begging me to allow them to play, and whom I know well enough to trust them to follow the rules. The other four are friends of Dom/me friends with strong references.

Before I thought about actually inviting them to bid, all of them had to agree to the simple rules I've set. And just so they don't forget those rules, I have a printed copy they're going to get at the door.

My rules are fairly simple. The first is that the sub may not be injured. Nothing that leaves any kind of a mark that will be even faintly visible 24 hours later. Nothing that requires medical attention, even minimal care. And nothing that will interfere with the sub returning to its daily life afterward. The second is that my toys are sold to their buyers, and their buyers only. My toys are not to be shared with others. The only exception to that is for the couples, but they're also buying as a couple. Third, since they will own their slave, they must take care of it while they do. Everything it needs is to be provided, including three nutritious meals per day. While they are free to flaunt their property, care must be taken not to flaunt it any way that might injure its daily life. Be careful that whoever sees your slave, will keep the secret of it. It's not a serious concern with these slaves and these bidders. They don't travel in the same circles. Finally, they may not have their slave commit a crime.

But otherwise, they're free to use their slave as a slave. However they wish. Wild, endless, kinky sex is fine. Oral, vanilla, anal, or however else they wish. Housework is fine. Naked scrubbing of floors with a toothbrush is fine. Dancing naked in front of their poker buddies, as long as the buddies keep their mouths shut, is fine. Changing their infant's diapers is fine. So is mowing their lawn, even naked if they have a privacy fence. So is toting their wife's purchases through the mall. Walking their dog. Pretty much anything.

They're also responsible for "keeping" the slave they buy. All of them are to be returned to a designated spot somewhere in Mobile County at 7:00 am Monday morning. Until then, they are to keep their slave chained up, as a slave should be, and locked up to ensure that it

The Pirate Mistress

doesn't run away. For some reason, in the old days, slaves had a habit of running off. They will all be texted the combinations to the locks on the slave's ankle chains at 6:30 Monday morning. That way, they can remove the chains and drop them by here at their convenience. If by some chance, they are displeased and wish to exile the slave earlier, they are to call me and return it here for proper punishment.

The first two who arrive are the two guys I know from campus. I asked them to be here a few minutes before 7:00 because I have a use for them. One is a slight party animal and member of my pet fraternity, the frat who made the board for me. He definitely likes to have fun. And I'm fairly confident that he's bidding with more than just his money. I'd bet the guys in the frat took up a collection, and if they win one of these girls, the poor girl is going to be paraded naked through their frat house while serving and waiting on the guys. The other is a "brat," as I call him. His parents have some money, enough that he doesn't need to work, but not so much that he can afford a Ferrari. He's also rather unlucky with the ladies. More so because he doesn't have the social skills to find a girl who shares his tastes. A girl who will let him "rule the roost." He tends to get dates only with women who have their own ideas about their life. But he's a nice guy, and I'm sure he won't mistreat a slave. But she's going to be worn out when she gets back.

I take them to the playroom. I point to Sabrina and ask them if they'll help me by carefully moving the buffet platter to the dining table. It doesn't take them any time to figure out that Sabrina is the buffet platter.

Sabrina lies still on board. With her eyes covered and her ears plugged, she can't see or hear anything. She doesn't even know anyone is in the room with her.

Paige has set the buffet up nicely. She's used wide carrot slices to cover the putty over Sabrina's eyes, drawing eyes atop the slices with cake icing gel. They're even brown eyes! She's opened Sabrina's mouth wide and put a plastic cup into it, the cup holding a bunch of plastic forks. And effectively gagging Sabrina. She's laid out the vegetable

Part III: Sold

choices, slices of everything from apples to zucchini, directly on Sabrina's freshly disinfected skin along her shoulders, all the way down to Sabrina's gently rising breasts. Then there are cheese selections, little cubes set out and grouped by the kind of cheese. Those are from Sabrina's breasts to her waistline. From her waistline to her knees Paige has set out the meat courses, a selection of Sushi. She arranged the choices, all set atop bare skin, neatly around the only obstacle: Sabrina's bush. And she's used all of the space right up to the neat lines of Sabrina's fur. The last of her legs are where she's set out the organic chips, with a boat of dip resting in the grove between Sabrina's calves, a serving ladle in the dip. Small, clear plastic plates rest atop Sabrina's hands.

While they wait and gawk, I quickly remove the catheter from Sabrina's pussy. I do it as gently as I can, keeping Sabrina from squirming hard enough that she disturbs the arrangement on her body. I just toss it in the trash. Then I have the guys carefully lift the board, taking Sabrina with it, and carry her to the dining table. I already have a thick rubber mat laid out on the table to protect it, and they set Sabrina's board on top of the mat.

The drinks are set up beside Sabrina. And just beside Sabrina, Sophie sets a little sign that reads "My name is 'Pussy Diddler.' Please eat from me. Or eat off of me. Just don't eat me without Mistress's permission!"

Maybe soon Sabrina will figure out what I've done with her. I know she can feel the chilled selection on her bare skin. I'm not so sure if she can guess what they are. It's not like she can ask. Not with her mouth now being the fork dispenser!

Already these two guys are eyeing the red pepper slices. I'd bet it's not because they're especially fond of sweet red bell peppers. Those are the lucky sticks. The sticks that are arranged on Sabrina's breasts closest to her nipples. Men!

As the guests help themselves to the buffet, a naked Paige will continually restock it. That's her job for the night. "Buffet Bitch," I've

The Pirate Mistress

named it. I even made Paige a stick-on name tag, for those who don't know her. It proclaims her "'Skanky,' slave-whore and buffet bitch." She's wearing it proudly stuck to her bare skin just above her perky, pointy, breast. Like always, Paige will be wearing her pink collar and her leg irons tonight. And nothing else, leaving her body fully displayed to all as she does her duty.

By 7:30, when the last of the guest arrive, I'd bet the buffet platter has been restocked at least twice. Almost fully restocked. The red pepper sticks are a rather popular selection. As I suspect, they serve as a flimsy excuse to get a good feel of Sabrina's firm mounds while picking them. The sushi is almost as popular. The sushi that's arranged around Sabrina's bush.

Everyone has commented on my buffet. All of the men have eagerly helped themselves to it. The three ladies here did as well, but all three couldn't help blushing and giggling slightly as they did. Erik, Sabrina's husband, has even eaten from the buffet and I've taken a picture of him making his selections. It can be a souvenir for them. I'm sure he'll have fun teasing Sabrina over it. I'm sure Sabrina will enjoy seeing how she looked as well. And imagining how fully that prissy, and strong, modesty of hers was discarded. The display she is now is far from modest. Or prim. More wanton. And it will definitely be fodder for frat house lore tomorrow. And I suspect repeated at the next frat house party, only with some unlucky sorority pledge taking Sabrina's place and not nearly as well behaved.

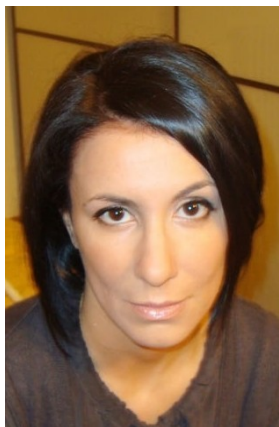
As each of the guests arrives, they're given a "sale catalog" that Sophie made up. It's only two pages long. The first page shows the three lots that are going to be offered for sale tonight. It has a small picture of the woman's face, like a driver's license picture only a cute one. It also gives her "name," the pet name I've made up for the toy, not her real name. It gives her age, her height and weight, her hair and eye color, and her measurements. In other words, all of the important features that should be listed on the box of any product for sale!

The second page has a similar section for Sabrina. Then, beneath

Part III: Sold!

that, is the reminder of the rules of the sale. It's their reminder of what's allowed and what's not. I'm sure all of the bidders and guests will keep their little copy of the brochure as a souvenir. I've already heard the frat boys talking about framing theirs to display it. That way, no one will doubt that such an auction actually took place, or that they were invited to bid on the merchandise. Nor can they argue that merchandise was second rate. There are no fat, old, or ugly women in the group. All of them are pretty. They're even varied. There's a blond, a brunette, and a redhead. They range in age from 18-41.

The third lady to come was a bit of a surprise for me, but the guy she came with handled it well. He introduced her as his girlfriend of five years and politely asked if she could stay or not. I quickly checked her references with Nikolai, who knows them and agreed.



LOT #1

CUM DUMPSTER

Age: 38

Height: 5'7"

Weight: 138

Hair: Black

Eyes: Brown

Bust: 34-C

Waist: 28

Hips: 36



LOT #2

BIMBO

Age: 41

Height: 5'9"

Weight: 139

Hair: Red

Eyes: Green

Bust: 34-B

Waist: 30

Hips: 35



LOT #3

FUCK TOY

Age: 18

Height: 5'4"

Weight: 119

Hair: Blond

Eyes: Green

Bust: 34-C

Waist: 30

Hips: 35



THE BUFFET PLATTER

PUSSY DIDDLER		
Age: 34		
Height: 5'6"	Weight: 127	
Hair: Black	Eyes: Brown	
Bust: 34-A	Waist: 28	Hips: 34

- Slaves may not be injured. "Injury" means any mark with is visible after 24 hours, anything requiring even minimal medical treatment, or anything impeded the normal activities of a slave's daily life.
- Slaves may not be used to provide sexual intercourse, oral sex, or anal sex, to anyone not invited as a bidder. Other personal services such as massages and "hand jobs" are allowed.
- Slaves may not be displayed undressed to anyone who does not agree to "keep the secret."
- Slaves must be cared for appropriately. You must feed them three healthy meals each day you have them. You must clothe them, when nudity is not appropriate or desired. You must provide everything they need.
- Slaves must be restrained sufficiently to prevent escape. This is a scene for the slave, and that's part of it. Whenever you are unable to fully supervise the slave, lock it to something!
- You must keep your slave until the designated return time of 7:00 Monday morning, at which time – on time! - you will drop it off at the place designated. If you wish to return a slave early, call me and deliver it here for its punishment.
- Slaves may not be asked to commit any crime. Period.
- Slaves may not be taken out of the country.
- Slaves may not be asked to reveal any identifying information, such as their name, residence, occupation, etc.

With that in mind, enjoy your purchase, and feel free to make full use of it in every imaginable way.

The Pirate Mistress

At 7:30 the sale officially begins. As they've been waiting, I've heard most of the bidders chatting. Especially the couples, who have been discussing the merits of each lot in their brochure, which they like the best, and how much they're willing to pay for each lot.

I've heard some high numbers, too. The highest is 10-grand, which seems to be utterly ridiculous for 35 hours of a slave's service. But that was the outlier. And it came from a man in his late 50s with a very hungry eye on Penelope. I wonder if Nikolai knows of his preference for such young toys. I do plan to ask the toys what they were made to do, and I'd better not hear the wrong thing from Penny if he wins her bid. I suspect Nikolai would banish him as well if he found out he treated Penny as anything other than a fully-adult slave.

I've noticed that the three couples here seem to have the least interest in Penny. All seem as if they'd prefer a slave closer to their age. Then again, I suspect most have children somewhere close to Penny's age. I guess that has something to do with it. Or maybe they just want experience and wonder how well trained the young woman could be.

I open the sale with Sophie showing a five-minute presentation for the ASPCA's Animal Rescue Fund. I do that because I'm not selling these women for cash. I'm selling them for a cash donation to the ASPCA's fund. I won't see a penny of the money. The donation, just to keep it authentic, will be processed immediately. And be given in the name of "Lilly P. Bull." Sophie will take care of that.

As if on cue, Princess Lilly, meanders out and stops to sniff the buffet. She's my pit bull, and thus the name "Lilly P. Bull." Animal rescue is a cause very dear to her canine heart. And to Sophie. Mine, too. It's why we picked the charity to receive the funds. It just would be an authentic auction if they didn't have to spend real money, would it? Lilly takes her place at my feet and, after a careful sniff of the audience, curls up and closes her eyes.

The catalog is the first sign they've gotten of what is for sale. Until now, I'd only promised that there would be ten buyers and three slaves for sale. That the offerings would be varied and pretty, and all

Part III: Sold

female. I knew which of the subs would be offered, but I didn't tell them. If I did, they'd just have bugged me for pictures and such. I just assured them they'd "worthy," and if not, they weren't obligated to bid on anything.

Now that they have the catalog, they can at least see their faces, and get a general idea of the shape of their bodies. The consensus is that all of the slaves are pretty enough. None is less than attractive to look at. All would be enjoyable to play with. I get a few questions, such as one guy who wants to know which of them has the "perkiest tits." I tell him to wait a minute and he'll know. The slaves will be sold nude, which will allow the buyer to see exactly what he's bidding on.

I spend a couple of extra minutes with two of the three couples. David and Kim, especially, the friends/neighbors of Sophie's family. I know them well enough to know that they've never owned a slave before. Nor purchased the services of a professional. I invited them for a couple of reasons. They're close with Sophie's family, as am I. They're sweet. They're sexually bored and always asking me about spicing things up for a night, hinting that they're willing to join a slave, just not be the slave. They have a good imagination for fantasies. They'll take care of the slave. And they'll have two nights to remember from their slave. They've called me several times the last few days, asking questions about the proper management of a slave. As in how to discipline one that was so obedient. I've given them some advice. Plus they've raised kids, so I'm sure they understand discipline.

Now they're mostly asking me about Nicole and Ciara. As in which of them might be the best fit with their fantasies. I remind them that both are fully trained slaves. Either will do as she's told, and both are skilled at the "slutty arts." Either would do fine for them. It gets me wondering what they've budgeted for tonight. They're decently-off, but far from wealthy as a couple of the bidders are. I'd almost hate for them to get outbid on all of the slaves.

Now that Sophie's pitch for the ASPCA is over, I head for the playroom to get the first lot. Nicole. I start by untying the blindfold

The Pirate Mistress

from her eyes. Then I quickly drop the noose of the thick rope leash over her neck and with a tug tighten it to almost snug on her. I do that while Nicole stands blinking her eyes against the light.

I turn her around. She already has "LOT #1" written on her flat stomach in bright red lipstick. But she hasn't seen it. It only takes me a few seconds to remove her catheter, tossing her bag aside with it. I'm sure it's enough for Nicole to know that whatever is in store for her tonight, it's going to begin now. If the noise of the conversation filling the rest of my apartment didn't already warn her.

I use the rope leash to lead Nicole out of the playroom. It opens into the hall just past the dining area and kitchen. Almost as soon as we're in the hall, Nicole catches sight of the buffet. Of Sabrina laid out as the serving platter. I don't give her even a second to look at it. I keep her moving until we're stepping into the living room full of clothed people, most of whom are men.

Immediately all eyes are on Nicole. All of them sizing her nakedness up. Openly. I doubt she's seen what's written on her yet, either. Her eyes have been too busy darting everywhere to see what's happening to her. I lead her along the edge of the room, over to where my desk is. That's where the auction block is.

Nicole sells to one of the single men for a nice donation of \$1500. I'm sure the ASPCA will rescue a bunch of cute puppies with that money. Once the buyer has Nicole, I return to the playroom for the next lot, Ciara. And I bring her out the same way.

I have her stand in front of my desk, where I've set up the auction block. It's a two-foot square little stand that raises her up about four inches. I have her stand on it with her legs opened wide, all the way to the sides of it.

The floor of the little platform is a mirror. A mirror that Ciara is now standing over with her legs splayed wide, allowing a glance down to give a good view of her puffy pussy mound standing out in all its plumpness. And from the glance I take, all its wetness.

Part III: Sold

Ciara stands very uncomfortably, her eyes darting around the room and taking in the crowd assembled. All of which are being treated well, as guests. All of whom are fully dressed. All of whom are very openly ogling her nakedness as she stands on full display with her hands firmly bound behind her.

"Lords and Ladies!" I announce. The room is small enough that I don't even have to raise my voice. Plus I already have everyone's attention. "Allow me to present lot number two. Bimbo is a fine, 41-year-old, specimen of the 'Lesser Common Skank' with a fine red mane! It will be sold to the highest bidder in ten minutes, so come on up and check out the merchandise! You might want to pay special attention to its pointy breasts. Just look at how long those hard nipples are! Can you imagine those in your mouth? Or pinched between your fingers? Trust me, folks, this is one you don't want to miss."

I turn to Ciara. "Stay, bimbo." I snap my command very sternly. It tells Ciara that no matter, she's to stand still and not say a word. Not until I tell her otherwise. Any disobedience will earn her a swift and harsh punishment. She learned that lesson her first time. And it was a hard lesson. She stands there, still, a very anxious and nervous look on her face.

The bidders, chatting away, make their way up to the platform. All of them get a close look at Ciara. Many of them can't resist the chance to check out her long nipples. They're unique enough.

I watch as a bidder steps behind Ciara. He's only the third one to inspect her. He casually puts his hands to her bare bottom, as if he's sizing up a melon at Publix, and pulls her cheeks wide apart to see her tightly clenched asshole. It gets a surprised look, and slightly nervous one, on Ciara's face. He reaches down to her pussy as well and just as casually opens her lips wide. Then he comments loudly how "sloppy wet" this skank is. That gets a good blush from Ciara.

Kim and David stopped bidding for Nicole at \$750, half of what she sold for. I wonder if that might be the limit of their budget for this. It's certainly a reasonable budget for them, considering how I size their

The Pirate Mistress

finances up. Now they're towards the end of the crowd to inspect Ciara. But not the last ones. And they're taking their time.

David starts their inspection, commenting to Kim, "Wow, she wasn't kidding about this one's nipples." He gives one a gentle pinch, "and they're really hard."

Kim blushes slightly as she reaches out to Ciara's mound and gives that a very soft squish. "Her breasts are a little soft, but look at the way they're so pointy-looking. They're tiny, too, but you should like the change." She grins. Kim is a very amply-breasted woman. I'd guess a DD or DDD.

Kim puts a hand to Ciara's stomach and feels the tone of her muscles. Then she does the same with Ciara's long legs, feeling the muscles at her thighs. "She's in good shape, too," Kim remarks to David.

David reaches out to Ciara's bottom and gives one of her cheeks a little squeeze. "She has a firm butt."

"Well, you'll definitely like that," Kim remarks.

He slips his hand down to Ciara's pussy. "Wow, take a look at the huge pussy one this one!" He remarks to Kim. As she hesitantly shifting her eyes down and blushing just slightly, David pushes Ciara's lips open. "He wasn't kidding, this one's as wet as an ocean. Get a look."

Kim glances, which is plenty for her to see how wet Ciara's pussy is. It's that obvious. But David is more eager for a glance at it. He leans down and gets a close look. "It looks like it's pretty tight, though." the look on his face convinces Kim to take another, and barely longer look.

As they head for the buffet to refresh their snacks before the bidding starts I hear them talking. They're trying to be quiet so none of the other bidders hear them. But they don't think to worry about me. It sounds to me as if Ciara was their first pick. I definitely hear David commenting that he's always wondered if redheads are as wild as myth has them, or if it's just myth. And I hear Kim commenting that if the price isn't too high, maybe he'll find out.

Part III: Sold

I start the bidding as soon as all of them have had a chance to look Ciara's body over. After all, only the physical matters here. This is a slave auction, not a dating service. They're not bidding on a companion or friend. They're buying a sex toy.

"Okay, Lords and Ladies, is everyone ready? I'll start the bidding at one hundred dollars. Will anyone give me \$100 for Bimbo?"

The frat boy is quick to get his hand up. "I have \$100!" I squeal excitedly, "anyone want to go \$150 for this bitch? Come on, folks, be generous. Those nipples alone are worth a few bucks!"

One of the ladies, the one that I wasn't planning on being here, has her hand up. I accept her bid on behalf of her and her boyfriend.

I go for \$200, and David raises his hand.

By the time I get the bid up to \$1000, it's down to David & Kim bidding against the other couple. Now I start asking for bids in \$100 dollar increments. Let's see who'll go how high for Ciara's body.

Jackie, the woman in the other couple, goes \$1100.

David goes \$1200.

Jackie goes \$1300.

David goes \$1400.

Jackie eagerly goes to \$1500, but I notice her boyfriend urgently whispering in her ear. I'm guessing she's going higher than he'd like to.

David and Kim are busy having a very urgent whispered conversation. As I announce "going twice..." Kim grabs David's arm and shoves his hand up. "\$1600!" I announce.

I can see David looking slightly concerned about how high the price has gotten. Something about the way David was eagerly bidding, and then Kim had to force him to make that last bid, has me thinking that they'd agreed to go 1500 for her. And now Kim has gone higher.

"Going once! I have \$1600, do I hear \$1700, anyone?"

The Pirate Mistress

"Going twice! I have \$1600 dollars for Bimbo. Will anyone go \$1700? Anyone? Last chance, \$1700..." I call out.

I drop my gavel. It's a real judge's gavel that my friend Olive, a court clerk, managed to get for me. I didn't ask how. I tap in on my desk. "SOLD! Bimbo goes to the couple at my left for \$1600. Lilly thanks you for your contribution! Slave, see to it."

"I told you!" Kim blurts out, "they were only going to go \$15 too!"

Just as Sophie did when Nicole sold, she steps over to David and Kim with a tablet in her hand. She politely asks for their card. David pulls a Visa out of his wallet and Sophie slides it through the little square reader plugged into the tablet. It makes a cute ding. And the screen thanks Lilly for her generous contribution. Sophie grins at me. That's a total of \$3100 so far, and the young Penny is still to go. It looks like Lilly is going to fund the rescue of a lot of adorable puppies tonight!

I take hold of Ciara's rope leash. "Come along, bimbo, come meet your new Master and Mistress." I lead her off the platform, and over the few steps to where the couple waits. As soon as we get there, I give Ciara a light shove on her shoulder, pushing her down as I order her to her knees. She hurries to spread her knees and kneel properly.

I hand then the rope. Kim defers to David, allowing him to hold the leash. "Bimbo, you belong to them now. Obey them, bitch."

"Yes, Ma'am," Ciara answers.

"Oh, Craig!" Jackie blurts out, "did you hear that accent! You should have let me go higher! It's so sexy!"

"Is that genuine Irish?" David asks me with a grin on his face.

I decide to answer. "Yes, bimbo is authentic Irish. Actual Irish, not American-born 20th-generation Irish."

"Home of the redheads!" He enthusiastically adds. And across from the Jackie frowns. It looks to me as if she really wants Ciara now. She should have bid higher! She could have saved a few more puppies!

Part III: Sold

Quietly Kim asks me if she can ask Ciara a question, if it's within the bounds of what's allowed. It's questionable, so I appreciate her asking. But in this case, I decide to allow it. "How long have you lived in the US, bimbo?" Kim asks Ciara.

"I don't live in the US, Ma'am. I never have, Ma'am." Ciara's wordier answer lets everyone hear clearly just how thick her brogue is. I suspect now that David and Kim have little doubt about where she lives. Both know that I have a pilot's license and a friend who is a flight attendant. I'd bet anything they suspect Ciara is flight crew from an Irish airline here for a layover.

I step away, leaving Ciara to the apprising eyes of David and Kim. And a few envious looks, especially from Jackie. I have to go bring out Penny.

After her ten minutes of display, I sell Penny for \$2900. but that's because a couple of the wealthier gentlemen got into a heated bidding war over her. Both were in their 30s. The 50-something who had been leering at her dropped out at \$2000, despite his earlier boast. I make a note of that, too. I deliver her to her buyer.

And that ends the auction. I make my way around to the buyers. For each, I have a printed set of instructions telling them when and where she's to be dropped off. And letting them know that the slave doesn't need to know until they're kicking her out of the car. Then, they're to give her another paper I hand them. It gives the sub instructions to email me and tells her that she was only sold for the weekend, she belongs to me again now.

The instructions I have for David and Kim tell them to drop Ciara off at the Marina where her boat is docked. I know them well enough to know, even if they see which boat she goes to, they'll keep the secret.

Kim quickly nudges me aside and asks if I've ever tried a threesome. I just giggle. I suggest that she straddles Ciara's face, leaning over slightly, her back facing Ciara's feet, and allow David to have her as Ciara's tongue does its magic. The grin creeping onto Kim's face tells me she likes that suggestion.

The Pirate Mistress

I get one raised eyebrow. That when Penny's buyer sees that he's to drop her off at a local high school Monday morning. He very quickly asks me if she's really 18. I assure him that she is and that if she weren't, I wouldn't have anything to do with her either. I tell him, and Nicole's buyer, that I will have the things they need for Monday morning delivered to them tomorrow sometime. Uber does package delivery, too.

And I tell Kim, who seems to be doing the talking for her and David, that Ciara doesn't have anything. She can be dropped off in whatever. Naked if there's no one around. Everything she'll need is already there. I just don't tell her that Ciara's things are aboard her boat.

Then I give all three of the buyers a paper sack. It's a huge sack with a hole cut in for a head to make it into a dress. It's all they get to take their new slave out of here in. But even on the tall Ciara, the bag-dress will cover her down to mid-thigh. Further on the others.

They get to keep the rope leashes, too.

Now all I have to do is get this superglue off of Sabrina once everyone leaves!



Part IV: The End

Part IV: The End

Dear Captain Rodgers;

That was a very unexpected session, Ma'am. I never even imagined that you play a little game with a session, as you did. Thank you, Ma'am! I think it goes without saying that being sold off was the humiliating thing I've ever experienced. However, being strip-searched like a common thug in front of my crew might be a close second. You truly made me feel just like I'd been captured by some awful pirate, Ma'am. I'm sure that's how it would have gone. Humiliated in front of my crew, then dragged off to entertain his friends and crew before being locked away in a cage. Only to be taken out, worked, and finally hosed off and sold.

I probably shouldn't tell you this, Ma'am! That group enema was the absolutely most agonizing experience for me. It was impossible to stand still while my butt tried to explode! You have no idea how close I came to cumming half a bloody dozen times during that enema, Ma'am!

Mistress Kim gave me an old dress to wear when she returned me to my boat, Ma'am. Needless to say, it was a couple of sizes too big for me, especially in the chest, Ma'am. No sooner did I set foot back aboard than Ashley was waiting for me. She had the picture of me chained up and wearing that scruffy burlap sack, Ma'am! She asked me if we should use that in a "new & improved" pre-sail briefing for the passengers, a section on what will happen to you if we're seized by pirates! She couldn't stop laughing at me, Ma'am!

Mistress Kim and Master Dave were very good to me, Ma'am. Almost as soon as we were home, one of her friends came over to see what they'd bought. Mistress Kim ripped my paper bag away and showed me to her naked and still tied.

Then Master Dave told me that Mistress Kim wanted a bubble bath, and I was to give it to her. He watched me closely while I washed her and served her cold champagne in her hot

The Pirate Mistress

bath. Both of them had me give them long massages.

Then I was told to tongue Mistress Kim as she straddled my face. While I was doing that, Master Dave fucked her. She definitely liked that, Ma'am, she screamed the hottest moans. Master Dave must have as well. His cum was dripping from her pussy all over my chin! She allowed me to tongue her pussy clean after that.

In the morning, Master Dave woke me and told me to wake Mistress Kim with my tongue to her pussy. I think it was a surprise for her. I'm certain that she liked her surprise, that night she told Master Dave that she would like the same wake up this morning, Ma'am. And he told me to give it to her.

They had me wait on them constantly, Ma'am. While I was, Master Dave kept teasing me by fondling me! It was lunchtime when Mistress Kim surprised me by telling me to bend over the kitchen table. When I did, she pulled my butt cheeks wide apart and offered my butt to Master Dave. She watched him use me!

I'm very sorry, Ma'am. Please forgive me, my Captain. Master Dave was fairly rough with my butt. And I was a very naughty whore, Ma'am. I came. I came so cheaply that my pussy dripped on their floor. Mistress Kim took a belt to my slutty butt for messing on their floor, and then she made me clean it up.

That evening I was allowed to bathe them both. And massage them both. Master Dave fucked me, but this time I just barely managed to behave and not cum like a cheap whore. Mistress Kim rewarded me by allowing me to suck my skank off of his cock. Then, when I did, Master Dave was amazed that I am so trashy that I could swallow his entire cock and allowed me to keep going and suck him off.

Mistress Kim allowed me to tongue her again, this time she made Master Dave watch me very closely.

Part IV: The End

I believe they were pleased with me, Ma'am. Thank you for the surprise, and wonderful, session, Ma'am. I am so ready for this long cruise now. And I'm already wondering when you decide to play with my slutty butt again, Ma'am! Please don't take too long! My pussy has burning since Ashley teased me with that picture, Ma'am!"

Your captive and whore, bimbo.

That's the email I get Monday morning from Ciara. I'd told her to email me and tell me what they did with her. It was in the instructions she was to be left with.

I already knew most of it. Kim sent me a few emails Sunday telling me what she was thinking of and asking for advice.

Just as I know that Kim and David are both thrilled with their purchase. Apparently, David had always been curious to try anal sex, and Kim firmly unwilling to try it. He'd given up any hope years ago. But, in Kim's words, there doesn't seem to be anything that Ciara won't do. And she clearly didn't mind David using her bottom.

Oh, and David has decided the myth is fact, redheads are wild in bed, or at least Irish redheads are.

The Pirate Mistress

Authors Note:

I generally don't publish more than one story featuring a toy, although there have been some exceptions to that. I do that because most of a subs sessions have some similarities to them, owing to what arouses a sub, and when publishing my stories, I try for variety. It's a lot of work to change the details so that the subs can't be identified, and I just can't do that for every session I have with every toy.

That said, all of the toys featured in this story, except Ciara whose story this is, have been in one of my published stories.

Penelope	appears in "Unfortunate Timing."
Nicole	appears in "Bare Before Her Daughter."
Sabrina	appears in "The Neighbors."
Kim and David	appear in "The Spice."

"Unfortunate Timing" is available on Literotica. The other stories are available free online but haven't been posted on Literotica.