



# *The Pirate Curvise*

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## 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!

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# The Pirate Cruise

# The Pirate Cuisse

## 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 20-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.

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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 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 20-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

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I've known her longer. Since about two months after her 18<sup>th</sup> birthday, which was also about two months before she finished high school.

Paige is my 19-year-old house-slave and slave-whore. It's a role she definitely loves. She lives with me, too. In a kennel, in the playroom. Like Sophie, she came to me during her final year of high school, just after her 18<sup>th</sup> birthday. Paige does most of the chores around the house, which leaves Sophie free to cater more closely to me. Paige is also my whore. Whenever I need a female body to torment one of my toys, it's Paige's body I use. And Paige definitely doesn't mind it.

Paige is rather lean girl. She stands about 5'6" tall, but weighs only 112 pounds. It gives her a slightly stickish figure, with only the gentlest of feminine curves to her waist and hips. But she does have a pair of rather perky, and slightly pointy, 34-B breasts with wide nipples. She has honey brown hair that's long and curly with green eyes.

I believe in taking good care of my slaves. Including their education. Sophie is now a sophomore at Bishop State College where she's studying to become a vet technician. Paige, a year behind her in school, is beginning her freshman year at Bishop. Before they became mine, both girls were mediocre students, and neither had the grades to get into a four-year university. Now they're straight-A students. I wouldn't accept anything less. Both should easily be able to transfer to USA for their last two years of college and earn degrees that would allow them to actually get a decent job. They might not need to work while they're mine, but I want them to have their education and options down the line.

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



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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 (28), Janelle (36), Colette (40), Diane (44), and Olive (46). we usually get together every couple of weeks for coffee and 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!

Most of my stories are from the months I spend in Mobile. I very seldom publish any of the few stories from my time in Russia. That's because Putin's Russia isn't as enlightened as America. Homosexuality is a crime there. And the courts there would deem anything between two women to qualify. However, it's a crime that's not so often prosecuted. Usually no one really cares if it's kept discrete. So while I have been known to play there as well, I've very care who I'll play with. Only those toys that come to me with the most trusted of referrals are considered. And I keep the stories private. I'm definitely not going to advertise what I've done there.

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I have dual citizenship. That's a benefit the Russian government bestowed upon me because my father was a junior diplomat at the time. Sophie goes with me to Russia. She, obviously, is an American citizen. She only speaks about five words of Russian, too. But she never leaves my side. And she does wear her collar, much to the dismay of the TSA screeners. That shiny padlock holding it around her neck is not a friend to their scanners. Paige, however, doesn't get to take the trips. I usually leave her with my mom, who enjoys the free house maid she uses Paige as. And, as a Domme, my mom is well versed in the proper care that Paige might need.



# Chapter 01: Mutiny!

## The Pirate Cruise

If you've read my story "The Pirate, Mistress," then you've "met" Ciara (pronounced Key-ah-ra). If not, she's the Irish captain of a 90-foot sailing yacht. It's one of several owned by a British firm and loosely based at various ports around the world, although technically all of them call London their home port. In the year I've known Ciara, her boat has never seen London, but I guess it does once in a rare while. Her boat is stationed along the gulf coast, usually sailing from some port between central Florida and South Texas to various Caribbean or Mexican vacation destinations. Like all of the similar boats the company charts out, it caters to those who can afford such luxuries.

Her job doesn't leave Ciara much time to play. It does leave her some time to herself, but it always seems to be at some random port. I guess that's the life of a sailor. I have her keep her schedule on an app. That way I always know where she is, where she'll have time to herself, and when. It also shows me when her boat is carrying passengers, and when it's sailing empty to reposition for the next group. It tells me when I can summon Ciara. Or when I can pop up somewhere and surprise her. I seem to have been finding the chance to play with her about once every two months, give or take a couple of weeks.

Winter and the months around it, when the weather isn't so great, seem to be the less busy months for her. Go figure. But this year the weather has been unexpectedly good. We haven't had much of a winter here in South Alabama. I don't think the rest of the gulf coast has either. It's made for some extra bookings for Ciara and her crew.

It's been a couple of months since I've played with her. A few weeks ago I found the hole in her boat's schedule. The schedule called for her to drop a group off in Panama City, Florida on Tuesday morning. Then nothing, until Friday morning when the boat was expected to take on another group in New Orleans. In the meantime, the boat will sit several hours at the dock to take on supplies, like food, for the 10-day cruise to the Caribbean that follows. But that's all it needs. The rest of the time, the crew gets shore leave. And they have to sail the boat to New Orleans. Empty.

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I figure they'll race for New Orleans once they unload their passengers. I figure, for a group of young sailors, New Orleans makes a better port call than Panama City. At least it sounds like it. Even for Ciara's all-female crew. And yes, that's a selling point the company heavily advertises. According to Ciara, they're adding another boat to their fleet every year or so, so I guess they're doing well with the idea. Go figure. Who would have thought rich guys would like an all-girl crew of sailors on their pleasure cruise?

Ciara has a crew of three. There's Carole, a 32-year-old woman who serves as the boat's purser. I'm pretty sure that translates to cook/maid and chief gopher. I know her job is to see that the passengers are comfortable, and have whatever they want. Unlike Ciara, Carole and the rest of the crew, are Americans. It seems, by whatever international laws govern such things, that only the captain has to be a citizen of whatever country the boat is. Ciara is from Belfast, which makes her a UK citizen. She has a limited visa which allows her to work in the US, or rather to sail from our ports, but that's about all. Carole is from Seattle, WA. She's pretty, too, but so are the other girls on the crew.

Then there is Maggie, a 26-year-old dark hair girl from Ashland, Ohio. She's an "able seaman" a rank defined by the Coast Guard. I'm told it's the official name of "common sailor," swabber of decks and such.

The last member of the crew is Ashley, a 23-year-old very blond, bimbo from Newport, Rhode Island. She's also listed as an "able seaman." And she's the junior member of the crew. Like Maggie, she does whatever Ciara needs her to do. Setting sails. Pumping gas for the engines. Swabbing the deck. Polishing the brass. And sometimes fetching coffee for her captain.

Neither Maggie nor Ashley actually works for Carole. Carole is a one-woman department. But Ciara is glad to loan them to Carole as needed, like for loading luggage and such. And everyone on the boat tries to cater to the passengers who are paying a fortune for their cruise. It means that, in practice, Maggie and Ashley spend as much time catering to the passengers as Carole does.

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But there is one difference between those two and Carole. Carole has no clue how to sail a boat. Maggie and Ashley are both capable of sailing it. Even as just seamen (isn't it so sexist that the Coast Guard won't let them be called seawomen?) they can work the navigation system. They can run the engines. They can set the sails. They can run the generators. Carole can find the bridge, but that's about it. Okay, Carole isn't that bad. Then again, the systems are pretty simplified. But you still wouldn't want her at the helm. And that's weird, in my opinion, because Carole technically outranks the others. And Ciara outranks everyone but G-d while the boats at sea.

I've met all three of Ciara's crew women. Usually, I see them for a few seconds as they're getting off the boat in some port close to Mobile. Or in Mobile. If I come to summon Ciara, that is. But once, several months ago when Ciara docked in Mobile, I met the boat and invaded it. I put on a little show, stripping Ciara and seizing her in front of her crew. I kept her until she needed to return to her boat. Ciara enjoyed that little game. I found it amusing, too.

By then, I was pretty sure that Ciara's crew knew who I was and, at least generally, what Ciara was into. I just didn't know how they'd react to seeing a scene, or the tiny slice of one. I did what I always do in such cases. I invited them to watch. I might not have mentioned it, but watching was optional for them. I wouldn't have tried to stop them if they didn't want to stay. All three stayed.

It let me get to see a little more of their personalities. It didn't take me long to figure out that Ashley is bimbo, but she's also rather playful. I doubt she wants to play my games herself, but she seemed to have fun watching Ciara get humiliated. Maggie seemed to enjoy herself, too, although she was considerably shier about seeing anything. It was more as if Maggie thought she was watching something taboo. But something that amused her, taboo or not.

Carole didn't seem to mind the show either. I'm not so sure she wanted to see it, but she wasn't against seeing it either. It was more as if she just didn't care what Ciara did. She did her part, but I also saw the other two egging her to join the scene.

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A week ago I called Ashley while they were in port. Since she's the most playful of three, I thought she'd be the most receptive to my idea. She listened. She giggled. A lot. Then she said she'd talk to Maggie and Carole and let me know. She must have gotten right on the phone with them because it wasn't even an hour before Ashley called me back and said "we're so in!"

My plan is simple. At least for their part. Ashley told me that I'd guessed right, the plan was to unload the passengers, take on some fuel and a little food, and hurry off to New Orleans for some "fun and games" before they had to sail again. Fuel and supplies for the cruise would be taken on very early Friday morning before the passengers arrived. She figured they'd make New Orleans early Wednesday morning, giving them two nights of fun. She tells me that they voted on my idea. It was 3-0 in favor of it. Ciara doesn't get a vote. She's not to know of the plan. This little scene will be a surprise for her.

Everything went as planned. I know. Ashley has been texting me since the boat, the "Gaelic Goddess," left Panama City late Tuesday afternoon. Their course, a straight line to New Orleans, will keep them close to shore. Not that it would matter, the boat has its own network to keep cell phones working while at sea. Close, according to Ashley, means they'll be able to see the coastline. Way off in the distance. I guess that does kind of make it hard to get lost. She says they'll be about five miles offshore.

I know Ashley has been wandering on and off of the bridge since they set sail. I'm not sure why she says "set sail," since they're using the engines and the sails are all rolled up on their masts. I guess it's some sailor thing. About hourly she's been texting me position updates. Thankfully, Google Maps will let me enter the GPS position she sends me, and show me where on Earth that is. It will also plot the track of the boat and give me a guess when the boat will near Mobile.

They let Ciara, oblivious to the plan afoot, sail them out of port and start them on the way to New Orleans. They were about an hour and a half out of port, which put them five miles out, and maybe a couple of miles west of Panama City when the crew made their move.



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Ashley, Carole, and Maggie all went to the bridge and surrounded Ciara. To my surprise, it was Carole who took the lead. I'd figured it would be Ashley. She's the playful one. But it was Carole. She looked Ciara right in the eyes. "Captain, this is a mutiny. You are relieved of command, bimbo."

Ciara isn't a small woman. She's 5'9" tall. But she is a lean woman. As Carole was delivering the news, Ashley and Maggie grabbed Ciara's wrists. They pulled them behind Ciara's back and firmly held them there. Ciara didn't have a chance. It's two on one. And like usual, the two will win. Carole got the job of tying a thick white cloth gag on Ciara's mouth before Ciara could say anything. Before she could object to being "relieved" of her command.

With Ashley and Maggie holding Ciara's wrists, and Ciara struggling against them, Carole ended up being the one to take Ciara's uniform off of her body. She told Ciara that she'd be needing the captain's uniform since she was now the captain. They stripped Ciara fully naked.

Then they forced her down to the floor of her bridge. They used some white cloth strips, which looked to me like bedsheets torn into strips, to tie Ciara's hands. And her ankles. Then they decided that wouldn't be tied up enough for Ciara. They hog-tied her. Naked. On the floor of the bridge. And they left her there.

Ashley took the helm. She's younger than Maggie, but Ashley's family runs a fishing boat, so she grew up on the water. She's by far the better driver of the three. Carole promoted herself. She and Maggie set about getting the boat ready for the fun and games. Ciara just lay around while everyone else did everything.

I'm pretty sure Ciara at least suspected my hand in whatever the girls were up to. A mutiny would be a serious thing. It would probably end with all of them fired and most of them arrested. But not if I'm involved. No one would report it then. It's not really a mutiny. It's just a game they're playing. And I'm sure the girls would set Ciara free immediately if they actually needed her. Really, only one thing worried them – the Coast Guard has been known to board and inspect vessels at

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sea, and they are in US waters. They thought it might be “difficult” to explain the naked captain tied up on the floor of the bridge to them. I'm sure Ciara would have been untied before they got close enough to board, though. Games do have limits.

But the Coast Guard ignored them, as they almost always do. The boat is well known to them. As is the company. Both are known for not tolerating anything that would warrant the Coast Guard getting involved.

According to Ciara, and confirmed by Ashley, it's not uncommon for the company's boats to carry passengers on repositioning cruises. As long as they're not paying passengers, the company doesn't care if the crew takes a few friends along for a sail they'd make anyway. They only care about the crews chartering their boats behind their back. Or making diversions to the route. But not about stops along the way. They wouldn't care if Ciara docked in Mobile for the extra days. They're going to pay dock fees somewhere, so why not Mobile?

But that's not my plan. I don't need the boat to dock in Mobile. In fact, I prefer it doesn't. It's just too big. It won't fit into too many of the marinas here. And the ones it will fit into are the larger, and thus busier, ones. I'd prefer privacy. So we agreed on an alternate plan.

That plan is why I'm standing at the public boat ramp in Bayou-Le-Battre at 7:00 at night. In the dark. It isn't much of a boat ramp. It's mostly a parking lot. There's a paved launch, a little ramp that descends into the water. There's a small wooden dock. There's a single street light. And that's all there is. As I'd hoped, there's no one else here. I didn't think there would be. Few people want to launch boats on a Tuesday night, in the dark. If anything, I figured the only ones here might be someone late getting back from a day of fishing. But the empty parking lot tells me it's safe not to expect anyone.

Except for my second toy for this little cruise. His name is Larry. He's a 49-year-old single man. He sells appliances at one of the big box stores for a living. I've yet to meet him.

Nor have I met his daughter, a girl named Bailey who just turned 18. Bailey is still finishing her last year of high school. At the same

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school where my toy Joey, another 18-year-old girl, is a student. For the entire school year, Bailey has been pestering Joey with countless questions. And pleas for an introduction to me. Joey has explained to her that I refuse to meet with anyone under 18, even just for coffee. But I know that Joey has answered most, if not all, of the questions Bailey asked her. They're girls. Girls gossip. I think going too long without gossip is fatal for girls, too.

For most of the year, Bailey pestered Joey with questions about what it was really like to serve another. They were questions that told me Bailey was interested in meeting me for more than coffee. Bailey wanted to play.

But around the first of the year, Bailey started asking Joey if I "took" single men. Older men. It wasn't long before Joey got the whole story out of Bailey. Bailey's father, Larry, had a girlfriend for about four years. She left him in October, and since then Larry has miserable. He's been a jerk to Bailey. Everyone else, too. Bailey is not happy about it. Duh.

His girlfriend was clearly, according to Bailey's descriptions of her, his girlfriend by day, and in public, but by night she was his owner. I've met a few women like that.

Bailey wonders, if I won't meet with her, might I either meet with her father or do I know someone who is interested in older men who would be willing to meet with him. And give him what he needs. I'm sure that includes a good spanking for being obnoxious, too. He certainly deserves it!

Joey, the good slave-toy she is, passed everything along to me, and nothing back to Bailey. As instructed, Joey simply told Bailey that tells her Mistress everything. Then I do as I please, and Joey does as she's told. I always see to it that, no matter how much Joey "suffers" through, she has a good time.

Yesterday I had Joey call Bailey. It was a call Bailey definitely was not expecting. Joey was to tell Bailey that this was the only offer I would make. If Bailey wanted to, she could bring her father to me Tuesday evening. Not send him, but bring him. In her car, not his. And

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she was to drive. He was to behave himself and allow his daughter to bring him to meet me.

Joey made clear to Bailey that she was to ask him if he wished her to bring him, not just agree and “kidnap” him into a meeting. Before she accepted the offer, she was to find out if he wanted to come. Directly, so there would be no room for misinterpretation. It wasn't long, maybe twenty minutes, when Bailey called Joey back and assured her she'd followed my instructions, and yes, Larry would be happy to meet with her Mistress.

I had Joey tell Bailey that she would be text instructions at 6:00 this evening. She was to follow them precisely, and plan to follow them quickly. Then, an hour ago, Joey text Bailey the instructions. She is to bring her father to the boat ramp here at precisely 7:00. No questions are permitted. Manners are mandatory. When they arrive, she is to be holding his hand all the way from the car until told to release him. He is not permitted to speak at all. Bailey will speak for him. The evening will last until I am done, whether that's 7:01 or next month. Bring nothing whatsoever. Just Larry.

I'm sure it's not what Bailey was expecting. I'm sure she expected my apartment, not a public boat ramp. Especially a remote and deserted one that's really no more than a big parking lot where they're in public view. Oh well. I'll call that lesson number one. Never expect anything. I am always thinking up new things.

She texts Joey back that she'll be there. From her house, it's about a 40-minute drive with traffic. It doesn't leave her much time. I planned it that way. About two minutes later Bailey texts back to Joey again, telling her they're on their way. It tells me that Larry was sitting at home with Bailey, waiting for the summons. Good boy. Good Bailey.

And now that Bailey is eighteen, I don't care what she sees. That's one law that's a bright line for me. The day after her 18<sup>th</sup> birthday, I'll gladly give her the spanking she deserves. The day before, I won't even meet her for coffee. Or promise to meet her for coffee in two days. Or anything else. I won't even answer her emails.

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I've brought my two slaves with me. Sophie, my 20-year-old slave-girl, and Paige, my 19-year-old house-slave and whore. Both live with me. Sophie stays at my side as much as possible, which is about every minute that I'm not in school, or at my internship, and Sophie isn't in her classes. Sophie is my personal slave. Like my handmaiden. She caters to my whims. When Paige isn't in class, she's in the apartment. She does the chores. And whenever I want a body to use with one or more of my toys, it's Paige's body getting used. Otherwise, Paige stays in her "room," as she's taken to calling the dog kennel I keep in the playroom and lock her in when I have no use for her. She loves her cage.

My preparations are minimal. I brought two white sheets. Rather cheap ones that I bought on Amazon. I spread them out on the wooden dock, leaving about six feet between them. They're king-size, so they're plenty big enough to cover the width of the dock. I have Paige spread them out. That's it. That's all I do. Then I stand there and enjoy the view of the bayou as I wait to see if Bailey can tell time. I'm rather strict on time. Toys, like Larry, pay the price for being late. Or early. I did say precisely.

It's about five or ten minutes before seven when I notice the car turn off the road. The only road out this far. From there, it's about 100 yards down a drive to the parking lot. But the car stops. Right there, as soon as it turns off the road. The road is far from busy. We might not see another car for an hour at this time of night. The drive will be deserted. As the minutes tick off, I don't see any other cars.

I guess that it's Bailey. And that she's minding the instructions Joey gave her. I wouldn't be surprised if Joey gave her a little advice, too. Those two are rather close friends. Joey would want to help her. She'd want me to be pleased with Larry as well. So she might well have told Bailey that I'm strict about being on time. And Bailey was smart enough to take Joey's advice.

I'm right. I figure it out when I see the car start moving again at two minutes till seven. It's close enough that I'd let Bailey get away with it, at least here, and on a first meeting. Besides, it's going to take her a

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minute or so to drive that last 100 yards and park. And that's what she does.

I watch as Bailey gets out of the car and walks around to the passenger side. It's my first look at her. Before now, I just had Joey's description of Bailey to go by. Joey told me that Bailey was a cheerleader. That she is about Joey's height, which is 5'4" and cute. Now I can see that she has black hair. It's fairly short, I think. It's hard to tell. She has it pulled up into a ponytail now. But I'd say it would hang to the tops of her shoulders if it were free. Now it just hangs behind her head in the short tail.

I watch as she opens her father's door. She takes his hand, and then he gets out of the car. It lets me get a look at him. Joey couldn't describe hi to me, even in her... vague way. She's never seen him. I can see that he's reasonably tall, maybe close to six feet. He looks slightly thick. Not fat. More like barrel-chested. As if his chest were the trunk of a tree. He has short dark hair, but it's decently grayed. And he has glasses on. He's dressed nicely, too, as if he's made an effort to look nice. He has on a pullover shirt and khaki cargo pants. None of which is snug on him. But he doesn't have the rippled body for tight clothes.

Bailey walks him over to me. I don't know if she knows what I look like, there are pictures of me online. On my website, not Facebook or anything like that. Or maybe she just knows what Joey has told her. That I'm a tiny blond woman. I'm the smallest of the three of us. Whatever. Bailey walks right to me. "You have got to be Miss Rodgers, right?" She asks, her voice half giggly.

"I am. You're Bailey, and this is your father, Larry," I say. "We're a little pressed for time, so I'm just going to ask. What did you tell Larry he was coming here for?"

"I told him he was coming to meet you!" Bailey blurts out with even more of the giggle in her voice. "I told him everything Joey text me, too! You know, like that he's not allowed to talk."

"Okay... I'm not sure what your idea of a meeting is, but I don't plan to sit around and have coffee with Larry tonight. I plan to see just

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how amusing that old body is. That means I'll do whatever my fickle mind thinks up to do with it. Is that fine with Larry?"

"Oh, like so yeah!" Bailey giggles. "I'm sure he'd love that!" She points at him. He's keeping his head angled slightly downcast, but he's also got his eyes on me and my slaves. Eyes that are clearly pleased with what they're seeing. "When I told him last night that you'd meet him, he read a few of your stories online and told me he just loved them! He was so jealous of the guys in them."

"Then take his clothes off of him," I tell Bailey, adding a touch of firmness to my voice.

Bailey nervous glances around. She quickly sees that the boat ramp is deserted. There aren't a pair of human eyeballs with a mile of here. I don't think the squirrels care what they see. But she also sees that we're out in the open. We're standing on the dock, atop the sheet closer to the parking lot. From here, anyone will see us. If there was anyone. I think Bailey notices one other thing. There's nowhere to go. There's nothing past us but an empty dock.

"You mean, like here?" Bailey asks me, her voice telling me she's surprised and doesn't believe what she just heard.

"Bailey, I warned you, no questions allowed. I said to take his clothes off of him. What more do you need to know?"

Bailey says nothing. The very light scolding tone of my voice must have told her all she needed to know. And I know that she doesn't want to mess it up for Larry. She kneels down beside Larry and starts taking off his shoes and socks. Then she stands up and takes off his belt. They start a little pile on the sheet, next to Larry's foot.

It doesn't leave her much more to get off of him. She lifts the bottom of his shirt, pulling it up and over his head. It lets me see that I was right about the shape of his body. He has straight sides. His stomach, and it looks kind of like the front of his chest, seem to just swell outward, giving his front a little rounded look instead of a flat one. His stomach looks to be moderately loose as well. It doesn't hang down, but I do see a line at his waist. Not enough for his stomach to sag. Not enough to be a roll. But enough that it's plain. He's not hairy. He does

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have hair covering most of his chest, but it's silky fine hair. It's decently sparse as well. And it's fairly light, more of a brown-tinged than actually brown.

Bailey doesn't bother to fold his shirt. She just tosses it onto the pile. Then she reaches for his pants. She unfastens them, but I can also see that she's moving a little slower now as she deftly keeps her hands from actually touching anything but his pants. She moves her hands over to his hips to slide them down. It shows me a pair of silk boxers. Yuck! I can't believe guys wear them. Worse, they think we like seeing them in them. I won't speak for anyone else, but for me, yuck! It also lets me see a pair of reasonably thin legs that have just enough body fat on them to hide the lines of his muscles. They have a coat of the same hair as his chest does, It's just about as sparse and light there.

It leaves Bailey only those awful boxers to take off of him. She stands in front of him, reaches for the waistband of them, and then freezes with her hands about an inch from them. She shifts over to his side, then averts her eyes to the ground behind him. Now her hands go to his hips. She quickly slips them off and tosses them on the pile. She takes great care not to touch anything but his hips, and those only as much as she absolutely has to. She doesn't even let her arm brush against him. Now she stands beside him, her eyes focused on me and nowhere else. It's a place where she won't have to see her father naked beside her.

It lets me see that Larry isn't anything impressive. I'd guess his cock isn't up to the six-inch mark. More like five and a half, which makes it right about average. It doesn't look to be too thick, either, maybe 1¼" across. Nor is it circumcised, which I would strongly prefer it was. Then I could see that light pink head on it. Now I can only see the tip of it poking out. I can see a pair of rather average balls, too, now hanging close to his body in a tight sack. As if he were cold. Which he shouldn't be, it's got to be about 70 degrees out now! At least he has some real hair around his cock. It's much denser. Longer and rather curly, too. It nicely furs his sack.



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Larry has a slightly oval face, but with a few extra ounces on it that make it look more rounded. It fills out the lines and angles of his face. He has green eyes. He has a smallish nose. He has a narrow mouth framed with thin, medium pink lips. He's got a rather rounded jawline, too.

I decide that he's definitely not my type. Then again, that doesn't mean he won't amuse me. But he's nothing special. It means I still haven't decided if he's worth a spot in the toybox or not. After all, my toy box is only so big. And it's full enough now that I really don't need to add anything to it. Larry is going to have to really amuse me to earn his spot.

I point to the other sheet. "Larry. Go kneel," I tell him rather firmly, but without raising my voice. And I keep a little sweetness in my voice. So far he's behaving. It makes it clear to me that he's experienced. He's used to submitting to a woman. He's too humbled not to be. Even as I had his daughter undressing him, and that was surely a humiliating experience for him.

Larry meekly walks the short steps across the dock. He picks a place roughly in the middle of the second sheet and kneels down. He kneels with his knees open only a little, and his hands at his sides. But he does have his head still downcast slightly.

Sophie hands me my favorite crop. It's my version of American Express – I try to never leave home without it! It's the one mom gave me for my 18<sup>th</sup> birthday. It's made of soft leather dyed pastel green. That's my favorite color. It's trimmed with a delicate white lace. Except for the tip. The tip is stiff, hard leather. It doesn't have any lace. Not that the frilly lace would last too long on the tip. The tip is white to match the lace.

I step over to where Larry is kneeling. I give his knees a very light tap with the tip of the crop. "Spread those knees," I tell him firmly, but still softly. "I don't know who taught you how to kneel, but in my realm, you'll kneel like a proper little bitch." I give his feet a light tap, too, tell him that I want those just as far apart as his knees. Then I tell him to put his hands behind his back and leave them there.

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"Do you think you can manage to stay for a few moments, bitch?" I teasingly ask Larry.

"Yes, Ma'am," Larry answers. He keeps his voice soft and low. Rather humble and sheepish, too. It tells me that Larry is well experienced. And that tells me there's probably not so much that's going to be new to him. He's probably done a lot of it before.

I step back to where Bailey is waiting. She's just standing there, Not making any move to pick up her father's things. It's as if she doesn't know what to expect next. I can see the interest on her face, but I can also see how hard she's working to keep her eyes off her father. Mostly she's watching me, at least when she can do so without also seeing too much of Larry.

"Your turn," I say to Bailey, putting the firmness into my voice.

"What? You mean, like, you want me to strip, too??? Here??? I was just supposed to be bringing him!" Bailey blurts out, her voice a little squeaky and nervous.

"I warned you not to ask questions," I tell Bailey, my voice suddenly cold. Then I flick my wrist. It sends the tip of my crop soaring through the air. It snaps lightly against Bailey's bottom. It's not a hard stroke. Especially with the denim skirt, she has on to cushion it.

"EE-OW!" Bailey squeals out, "Oh, OW! OW!" Bailey pants a few fast, and rather surprised breaths. She glares at me with wide eyes, even as her face scrunches up slightly from the swat.

"I said it's your turn." I glare at Bailey. Never once did she say that she wasn't part of the deal. Or that she didn't want to play. All she said was that she didn't expect to be doing anything. It tells me that she finally started to believe that I wasn't interested in playing with her. As if that's the reason I wouldn't meet her months ago. Not that she was only seventeen then, and that might be why I wouldn't meet with her.

Bailey's wearing a long sleeve beige cotton blouse. It's one of those with the hugely wide neckline, that leaves a good part of her shoulders bare as well. Beneath that she must have on a baby blue bra. I can just see the narrow straps of it over her shoulders. She's paired it with a fairly modest denim skirt. One that's slightly snug on her body,

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showing off her general shape while obscuring the finer lines of it. One that covers her down to below her knees, too. And a pair of high-heeled pumps on her feet. Shoes that leave her feet bare, except for a pair of narrow straps to hold them on. I don't see any socks or stockings. It's a casual, everyday look.

Bailey stands there for a long second. Maybe she realizes that this is her one chance to play with me. Maybe she's just eager to play me. What's clear to me is she was not expecting to. She actually thought I was only going to see her father. Okay, that's kind of my doing. I never said either way. And when I had Joey text her, I made sure to write the instructions in such a way as not to give away whether I was speaking about Larry or the both of them. I didn't say "Larry may not bring anything." I didn't say "you may not bring anything." I said, "nothing whatsoever may be brought." It gives no clue whether I mean Larry, her, or both of them. It leaves it to Bailey's imagination to fill that in. It's not my fault that her imagination filled in "Larry" instead of "Both." It's why she's so surprised now.

But after hesitating for a long moment, Bailey squats down to unfasten the straps of her shoes. She kicks them aside, presumably to begin a pile beside her feet. Then she takes off some earrings. And some more jewelry. Then she adds her purse to the pile. Finally, Bailey doesn't have anything else to stall with.

She starts lifting the loose-fitting shirt up. Well, it's slightly loose-fitting. In a sexy way. It's loose enough to hide her curves, but not quite loose enough to fully mask the mounds of her breasts. It lets the world see that her breasts just have to be ample. Only not much more.

It reveals a baby blue bra. It's a rather sexy bra, even though it has  $\frac{3}{4}$  cups. Solid cups made of satin with a heavy wire underneath. Cups that leave a bit of the top of her breasts bare, and then taper down quickly enough that they leave the entire inside of her mounds just as exposed. Those cups don't even meet at the bottom, leaving only a narrow ribbon to connect them. But they do push her mounds up enough to make a deep, narrow V of cleavage between them.

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It also lets me see that Bailey has a good curve to her waist. She has a flat stomach, too. And that's well-toned and hard. She has a lean body, with lean shoulders that let me make out the lines of her collar bones. And narrow lithe arms. But what I notice is that she has a pierced navel. I hope she remembers to take that off, too. I did say completely naked.

As soon as Bailey tosses her blouse on the growing pile, she goes for her skirt. Her hesitancy is gone. Now I see an almost eagerness, albeit a very nervous one, in her movements. As if she's eager to play but very reluctant to do anything here. And more so with her naked father a few feet away.

I've been watching Larry out of the corner of my eye. I don't know if he knows that Bailey wants to play. Fathers can react rather strongly when their daughters are stripped naked in a humiliating way. More so when it's done in public, or at least out in the open. But Larry isn't reacting much at all. He's just waiting patiently, and apparently accepting that Bailey's undressing as well.

Bailey drops her skirt. It reveals a pair of interesting white cotton panties. They're definitely modest. They're cut high, fully covering her hips with a waistband that's straight across her body. There's a deep V of cotton that fully covers her pubes. Then, on the sides of that are swaths of lace that turn the panties into a wide V. with wide strips around her hips. It fully covers her hips, but it does leave her thighs bare. But what I notice is right at the center of her pussy mound. There the cotton of her panties has pulled into her slit, letting me see that she's has a long, deep line of a slit. And that's going to mean a puffy mound.

Bailey doesn't hesitate to reach up to the back of her bra and unclasp it. But then she freezes for almost a full second before she finally takes a deep breath and slips her bra off. She hurries to fold it, keeping it and her arms in front of her body as she does, as if she's not so eager for me to see her breasts. It can't be her father she doesn't want to see them. His back is to her, and he's not even trying to peek.

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It does her no good. I can easily see her breasts. Her breasts are definitely ample. I'm guessing she's a 34-C. But they're also soft, not pert. They are fully rounded, hanging down to lie against her chest with a deep crease to their undersides. And an almost straight slope from their tips back up to her chest. It's as if they're shaped like oranges hanging in little sacks. But those sacks have enough tone to them to be firmer than loose. These mounds are going to dangle and jiggle nicely. They look as if they'll have enough tone to them to be spongy, and not too soft, in my hands.

But the first thing I notice is the dark rings of color atop her mound. They're a fairly deep shape of pink-brown, against milky white mounds. And they're hugely wide. They seem to cover the entire front of her mounds and even a touch of the sides. No wonder she was wearing a  $\frac{3}{4}$ -cup bra. She'll need those cups to cover those rings. She has marble-wide nipples centered in each ring. But her nipples look narrower than they are against those wide rings. Her nipples are rock hard now. But they barely rise off her mounds. It's more as if they've stiffened up, pulling the dark flesh around them taut and wrinkling it up. They're fully rounded, rising like half marbles, but now quite as high as those half marbles would stand. I'd guess their tips are only about  $\frac{1}{8}$ " high. But I could name dozens of guys who would gladly pay me to get these breasts in their hands.

Bailey forgets about her navel piercing. She puts her hands to her hips and pushes her panties down, taking a deep breath and averting her eyes from me as she bares her pubes. She tosses her panties aside and stands back up. Her hands fidget at her sides as if she has no idea what she should do with them. Or even what she should do. As if she thinks just standing there, her nakedness on display isn't the right thing to do.

It lets me see that Bailey's panties were hiding a full black bush. On her pubes, her fur is silky and short. It's fairly sparse, too, letting me see through it to the skin of her pubes. But I can see that her fur quickly grows dense as it flows down and covers her mound. I can see that her bush is poorly trimmed by standards. It's trimmed up neat enough that none of her fur sticks out around the edges of her panties, but that's all.

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I can make out a few hairs in the creases of her thighs. And the line at the top isn't straight.

The dense fur on her mound makes it hard to see the exact shape of her mound. But I can see enough to tell that she has wide and long lips. Plump lips, too. And a decently plump puffy mound. I know her slit is going to be narrow and deep – I could see that by the way, her panties pulled into it. I guess I'll just have to get a better look at her pussy later. Preferably when there some light to see it better by.

After a few seconds, Bailey's eyes anxiously dart forward to quickly glance at me. To see what I'm doing. She sees that I'm taking my time looking her naked body over. I see a faint blush sweep over her cheeks. And I see her eyes quickly dart away. To her it's bad enough that I'm looking her body over, and certainly with a critical, appraising eye, not the hungry eye of a man. I guess she doesn't want to have to see me sizing her body up.

I tell her to take her navel piercing out. "When I say nothing, I mean nothing, bitch," I sternly scold her. It ends up on the pile as well.

I send bailey to kneel beside her father, telling her to kneel just "as that fat old bitch is." It forces her to look at him in order to see the posture he's in. She looks from behind, avoiding looking at his cock. Or anything else she doesn't have to.

Bailey, and probably Larry, quickly discover his mistake. The dock is only about six feet wide. Just enough to tie a small pleasure boat to. Larry knelt in the middle. Now he's stuck there. It doesn't leave so much room on either side of him for Bailey.

Bailey picks his right side. Maybe she sees an extra inch or so of space there. She kneels down, but Larry's position puts her knee against his and her other knee at the edge of the dock. She puts her hands behind her and keeps her eyes forward.

I can see it, and I wonder if Bailey notices the red and green running lights off in the distance of the bayou. It's the same running light scheme that aircraft use, and being a pilot, maybe I'm just used to picking those lights out.

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I tell Paige to put all of their things in the trunk of Bailey's car. And lock it. To bring me only the trunk key, and nothing else. Paige hurries off to do that, moving just as fast as the leg irons around her ankles will let her go. Paige always wears the police-issue leg irons in the house. Tonight I let her wear them out of the house as well. But in my house, Paige is always nude. For tonight I've given her a little dress to wear with sandals. We are in public.

Paige is back quickly with the key. I take that and whisper to Paige to go fetch the bags from my trunk. I have her set the bags out on the dock behind Bailey and Larry, where they won't see them.

I just watch the running lights as they come closer and closer to the dock. And I wonder when Bailey and Larry notice them. After a couple of minutes, the toys left ignored to wait on their knees, I start hearing the hum of the outboard motor. It grows louder quickly.

I'd say the boat is about 50 or 60 feet from the dock. Just a little too far for anyone to really see more than the lights. A bright light switches on from the boat, shining on the dock. And right on the nude toys kneeling there. Both of them flinch hard when the spotlight hits them. And stays on them.

In another minute the boat is alongside the dock. I'll bet Bailey and Larry can't see it, though, not with that light shining right on them. "AHOY, Captain Rodgers!" It's Maggie's voice calling out to me. The last time I'd seen her, I called myself a pirate named Captain Rodgers. That was when I was chaining up Ciara and leading her off to be "sold" as a slave and whore. It was a fun weekend for Ciara. I guess Maggie remembers it better than I thought she would.

"AHOY yourself, girl!" I call back. "I was wondering who'd draw ferry duty!"

"Aye, Captain, you get me!" Maggie giggles. "As you ordered, Captain, the former captain has been relieved of her command. We were thinking dawn would be a good time for her to walk the plank, and be rid of that bitch for good."

"Dawn's as good of a time as any to walk the plank. The sharks will be hungry then." I laugh to Maggie. "And unless these bitches learn

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to amuse me quickly, they can join that bitch of a former captain on the plank."

I have Paige loading the bags aboard the boat. It's a small inflatable hull tender they keep aboard for just such occasions. When the boat is too big for the port.

"Oh, fun! We can get a real feeding frenzy going!" Maggie laughs. It's having the effect I wanted it to on Bailey, and even on Larry. Both are starting to look just a hair more nervous as if they're wondering if there might be any truth to the jesting. By now they can see the bags that Paige has loaded onto the tender, so it's clear that we're going somewhere. I guess this is proving to be new to Larry. His former owner must not have liked to turn a scene into a little play as well. I don't do it often, but when I do, I have fun with it. This is just one of those occasions. I just love being a pirate! What girl wouldn't?

"Ready to load the cargo, captain?" Maggie asks me.

"One minute!" I call back. Then I quickly slip up behind Bailey and lock a pair of handcuffs onto her bony wrists. Just as quickly I lock a pair onto Larry's thicker wrists. Now their hands are bound behind them.

I have them sitting back with their bottoms between their heels. I give Bailey a quick, and light, tap on her bare bottom with my crop. "Get your slutty bottom on my newly-acquired boat, slut."

Bailey slowly, and rather unsteadily, gets up to her feet. I guess she's not used to moving with her hands bound behind her. Then again, only an experienced slave, or felon, would be. She very hesitantly steps over to the boat. It's a decent step down into the boat. But at least there's a plywood floor for her to stand on. And the seas are really calm here in the bayou. Then again, there are only about two feet of water alongside this dock, so there's not much water to make waves! Bailey tries a couple of times to step over to the boat. Her legs just aren't nearly long enough to make the step. And the drop down.

Finally, Bailey jumps down. She lands on her feet, her legs buckling from the two-foot drop. She goes down almost to her knees. Then Maggie grabs the nude girl by her shoulders. Maggie just pulls her up to her feet, turns her, and shoves her down onto a bench seat.



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I send Larry. He doesn't do much better getting onto the boat. Then Paige gets down easily, but she has the use of her hands. As do Sophie and me.

Maggie offers me a life jacket, which I decline. They're just too weird to wear. And it's not a long trip. Plus I can swim well. I know my slaves can swim well too, so I don't bother with them. But I don't know about Bailey and Larry. So I have Paige put the bulky orange life vests on them.

Paige doesn't mess much with Larry's. She just puts it on him and buckles it. But when she gets to Bailey, she leaves the thick orange floats wide on Bailey's chest, and pushes Bailey's breasts into the space between them, before buckling it. It leaves Bailey's breasts on display at the center of the vest. It's cute. I like it. I tell Paige that it's cute. Paige beams from the compliment. Bailey grimaces at the thought of her breasts being turned into my amusement.

Maggie unties the boat quickly and takes her place at the back. She left the engine running. She steers a course straight out to sea. And it's a dark night, with a dark sea.

I know that they were bringing the boat closer to shore. No more than a mile offshore, and maybe closer than that. As close as Ashley could get it without getting too close to other boats. I don't want an audience for this part of the show. And I know that Maggie knows what she's doing. I can see the portable GPS beside her with the sailboat's position tagged, too. And a radio just in case. I'm sure she has plenty of gas to get back to shore if she needs to, too.



# Chapter 02: The Cargo

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The trip out to the sailboat takes about twenty minutes and that's with Maggie running the engine hard. It doesn't matter. The waters are calm tonight, so it's a smooth ride. I spend the time idly chatting with Maggie, but also watching what I say since Bailey and Larry can hear us. Maybe.

Bailey and Larry sit on the bench where Maggie put them. Both stay fairly still, but Bailey starts fidgeting lightly as the time passes. Both anxiously look around, searching for anything. There's not much to see. We pass a few boats close to shore, but Maggie keeps us well clear of them. Really we just see their lights in the distance. Bailey is definitely trying to figure out where I'm taking them. There are a few tiny, uninhabited islands out this way – that's the case pretty much everywhere along the gulf coast – and I could be heading for one of those.

I see her glancing at Maggie a bunch, too. Trying to figure out who Maggie is. Maggie is a cute, but "common," woman. She has long brown hair. She has a good, lean figure, too, like a woman who actually works for a living. But none of that is what Bailey is seeing. Bailey is seeing Maggie's white sailor's uniform. It has a skirt cut over her knees, a blouse, and a blazer. I'll bet she's noticed the British flag on her shoulder, in the same place she's used to seeing American flags on uniforms. And noticed that Maggie's accent is not British. It's more mid-western American. Maybe she's noticed the single silver strip on her shoulder boards. It denotes her rank. But I doubt Bailey knows even that much. She doesn't seem like the type to know things like that. Maybe she's read Maggie's name tag – I've seen her eyes straining to read it. It usually reads "Gaelic Adventure Lines / Maggie L. / Ashland, Ohio, US" on it. Tonight there's a strip of white tape over it. Now it just says "Miss Second Officer." I see Maggie has helped herself to a promotion, too. Mutineers!

I see the boat easily when it's still probably a half-mile off. It's kind of hard to miss. Ashley has all the lights on. From the flashing beacon atop the mast down to the floodlights that illuminate the deck. I guess they didn't want Maggie to miss the boat. I'm sure it will make it

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far easier for Maggie to dock, too. Maggie steers right for it. Bailey and Larry must figure out that's where we're heading. Larry must know something about boats, too. I hear a little whistle under his breath as he gets a look at the boat we're heading from. And appreciative whistle. I'll bet he's wondering how I managed to get my hands on a boat like this.

Maggie steers the tender towards the back of the boat. There's a little platform there, just high enough above the water to be mostly dry. Ashley is standing there. So is Carole. Both are wearing Disney versions of pirate hats. Carole's hat has "Captain" added onto it in glitter letters. Both are singing, or trying to sing between giggles, *Ninety-Nine Bottles Of Rum*. Maggie tosses Ashley a rope, and Ashley quickly ties the tender to the back of the platform. Ashley hands Maggie a hat. Then she passes hats out to me, Sophie and Paige. My hat has "Mistress" in glitter letters. Sophie's and Paige's have "ship's slave" on theirs. Both girls giggle as they put them on. I wonder where Ashley found them. She had to have bought them in some tacky souvenir shop in Panama City.

"AH, there be the cargo!" Carole calls out in her best imitation of a pirate's voice, "Fresh slaves! Off to the market they go!"

Ashley takes my hand and helps me step over to the platform. "Welcome aboard, Mistress and Captain," she greets me. Then it's Sophie and Paige hopping over. None of them have met Paige before. Sophie was with me last time I came to fetch Ciara aboard the boat, but Paige almost never leaves the apartment. And they haven't been to the apartment. But it's clear she's my other slave. I did tell Ashley that I was bringing Paige. I figure I'll have some use for a whore tonight.

Maggie prods, almost shoves, Larry and Bailey over to the platform. Then she follows. It's a big enough platform that we're not cramped on it. It also has six women with clothes on gawking at Bailey and Larry. Who are naked. I'm sure that Larry has figured out that he's the only male on the platform. Judging by the stiff cock standing out from his pubes, I guess he doesn't mind that ratio.

Ashley just reaches out and grabs his cock. "You were right, it's not much of a dick!" she laughs and lets go of it. I hadn't told her to do

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anything, only that insults were welcome, and she was free to do about anything she wanted to with the slaves I brought aboard. Or nothing if she wanted. "This fat slave won't fetch much at the auction." Ashley turns to Bailey and adds "but this one will, those tits alone will get us a good price!"

"Aye," Carole adds, "She'll be in a brothel the minute we make port in Havana." We're not going anywhere near Havana. The plan is to sail out of sight of the coastline and sail in circles for a while, then return them to Mobile. Carole hands me Ciara's uniform blazer, the one with the four gold stripes denoting the captain of the ship on it. I pull it on, seeing that someone has put white tape over the name tag and changed it to read "Mistress."

Sophie and Paige take the life jackets off of Larry and Bailey, tossing them back into the tender. Then they both swat their charge on the bottom, prodding them to step off the platform and onto the aft deck of the boat. There's a little wall dividing the two, about three feet tall, but with a door in it that Carole opens for us. The wall had been blocking the sight.

I see it as soon as we step onto the aft deck. The deck is polished wood. But that's not the sight. The sight is Ciara, naked, gagged, and hog-tied, lying on the deck. It has Ciara's milky white bottom, covered with countless light brown freckles, poking up. They can see her shoulder-length red hair, too. And if you look closely, which Larry is definitely trying to do as hard as he's trying to hide that he's looking, you can see the puffy mound of her pussy between her thighs. It's not a perfect view the way she's bound, but it's good enough of one that he can see that Ciara's lips are silky smooth. And that her slit is rather wet now.

"OOH!" I purr, "I see the former captain of this nice prize! She can join the other prisoners. No reason we can't use her as a slave until she walks the plank. Dawn is a whole night away!" I turn to Sophie and call for some chains.

Sophie quickly hands me the heavy leg irons. These have 2" long iron cuffs that are a good ¼" thick on them. And they have a heavy log

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chain, about 18" long, between them. I put them around Ciara's ankles, pushing the sheet-strip that already binds her ankles aside. Heavy locks secure the hard cuffs around her ankles. Ciara loves these shackles. She's spent enough time in them. They're so old-fashioned, they're like something real pirates used a couple of hundred years ago.

Sophie hands me a matching collar. It's just as thick and heavy. It already has two of the heavy log chains hanging from an open padlock on its hasp, each chain hanging down to another 2" cuff. Only those cuffs are a little narrower. They're for wrists, not ankles. And they have a third length of chain connecting them together. I lock the collar around Ciara's neck.

But then, to get the chains on Ciara's wrists, I have to untie her. Ashley moves first, without me telling her to. She jumps on Ciara's back, straddling it and sitting on Ciara to hold her down. Maggie and Carole grab Ciara's wrists. I grab Ciara's long hair, pulling up hard on it to lift her shoulders off the deck. Then her hands are pushed down as I run the chain under her chest and lock the cuffs around her wrists.

Now Ashley gets off Ciara's back. Carole and Maggie yank Ciara up to her feet. Sophie and Paige quickly prod Larry and Bailey to stand beside Ciara. Larry doesn't need much prodding. He must like redheads with perky breasts. I put hot pink collars on both their necks and lock them with big, shiny padlocks. Then I clip a leather leash to each of the three collars.

Ashley, or "Miss First Mate" as her name tag now reads, slips off to set the ship's autopilot to drive us in a big circle well away from the coast.

I just snap my fingers and point to Paige. Instantly Paige lifts her dress off her head and steps out of her sandals. She folds her dress up neatly, picks up her shoes, and hands it all over politely to Sophie. It leaves Paige just as naked as the others. And still wearing her leg irons. But hers are police-issue and lighter than the heavy ones Ciara has.

I pull a Sharpie marker out of my pocket and write a name tag on Paige's chest, just above her left breast. I write "Skanky / Ship's Whore"

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on her. Larry shifts his eyes to the side, getting himself a good eyeful of Paige's part, and slightly pointy, breasts.

I decide that Ciara needs a name, too. So I write "Bimbo / Ship's Cum Dumpster" on her chest. That gets a good giggle from the crew.

I figure Bailey and Larry need names, too. After all, the crew has to call them something, and I haven't told them their names. I don't see any reason for the crew to know their real names. I start with Bailey. Only on her, I write in big letters that cover her chest, just above her breasts. I write "Cunt / Slave Prisoner." Larry gets named "Butt Boy / Slave Prisoner." I have Sophie put a pair of the police-issue leg irons on both of them as well. I have a few pairs of those. But I only have one pair of the heavy ones that I've put on Ciara. Those are expensive! The police-issue ones were free. My friend Janelle, a deputy, "found" them for me. I didn't ask where she found them, but one pair has "USMS - SAL" engraved on them.

I don't give them any warning of what I'm going to do. I want the new toys to get used to the idea that they won't be asked. They'll just be used, like the toys they are. I reach my hand up to Bailey's chest, putting my palm under one of her mounds. I wrap my fingers around the spongy mound, cupping it. Then I give it a firm, but light, squish.

Bailey stares at me, her eyes a little wide. I feel a faint tremor of a flinch sweep over her. I'll bet that's just from the touch being so unexpected. I lift her mound off her chest, feeling its weight. Holding it, I use my thumb to stroke over the tip of her nipple. That lets me feel how hard her short nub is. It's as if someone has glued a little stone to the top of a wet sponge. I give her breast a few more squishes.

"This one's boobs are so saggy!" I announce a little loudly. Unnecessarily. Everyone can hear me just fine. There's no background noise out here, just the light slapping of the waves against the hull. I just want Bailey to hear the criticism of her body. I want her nicely humiliated. If that bothers her, she doesn't belong here. I'd have to throw her in the brig for the rest of the cruise!

She flinches again and shirks back a hair. But she's not going anywhere. As if there's anywhere for her to go! She blushes a little too,



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a medium-bright little red spot on her cheeks. That tells me that she thinks her breasts are too soft as well. She was just hoping I wouldn't notice. And definitely that I wouldn't point it out.

"Let's see if its pussy is worth whoring out," I tell the others. I'm already moving as I do. I keep hold of Bailey's breast, gripping it tighter. I use my free hand to grip her hips. I spin her around. I take my hand from her breast, quickly putting it to her bare bottom.

Bailey has a nice bottom. It's firm, her globes almost hard. And it's well-rounded. Not so rounded that her cheeks have much of a bottom edge to them, but enough so that it swells out from her hips. It leaves a slight short crack between her globes. And those globes are firm and curved enough that their inside edges don't quite touch, leaving her crack wide and deep. And slightly open.

At the very bottom of her globes, I do see a bit of a curving bottom edge to them, especially as they near her thighs. Her lean thighs. Between her thighs, even with Bailey standing, I can see the furry mound of her pussy standing down. From this angle, I can make out the fine line of her slit, running up and seeming to dive into her crack. And I can see some puffiness to her plumps lips.

I squeeze her cheek lightly, feeling the hard muscles just underneath her skin. I shove Bailey forward. It's a little hard shove, enough to get her moving. She tries to take a big step, to get her foot out well in front of her and brace herself. Instead, the rattling chain at her ankles goes taut and stops her foot. She almost stumbles. She tries to shuffle her feet quickly, using faster, smaller steps. It should only be one stride to the wall. It takes Bailey about three fumbling steps.

Her hips bump firmly against the waist-high wall around the aft deck. I've pushed her over to the side, close to the back, but not at the back. I push firmly against her bottom, pressing her hips against the wall. Then I put a hand to Bailey's shoulder and shove her forward so that she's leaning over the rail. All the way over. It leaves Bailey to stare down at the water beside the boat.

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I use my foot to nudge Bailey's feet apart until the chain is taut again and stops her from opening them any further. I put one hand to the small of Bailey's back to stop her from rising back up.

"AH!" Bailey sucks in a noisy, squealing breath as she feels my fingers on her pussy. I use my fingers to nudge her lips aside. It lets me see just how deep her slit is, and it's deep. Those lips are thick and plump. But they're also soft. As I open them wider, I can finally see the loose inner folds behind them. Her folds are a deep pink. They're moderately tall, but also thin and loose. I don't see much of a knot as her folds flow together. It's more as if a single folds just parts into two that quickly turn wrinkly as they flow back. But those folds aren't tall enough to stand above the top of her slit, even with me holding her lips apart. Those lips are just too plump.

What I don't see is Bailey's clit. I'm kind of used to seeing girls' clits poking out eagerly by now. I put my fingers to the point where her folds part. I don't even have to press. As soon as my finger touches that point I can feel the rock-hard nub, no bigger than a pea, under the thin, soft pink flesh. Bailey just doesn't have enough clit for it to be poking its tip up. Poor girl! That will make it harder for guys to tease her nub when she's with them. A guy might have to actually pay attention to what he's doing! Oh, the poor girl!

I put just a little pressure on her nub. And I wiggle my finger slightly, trying to see if those loose folds will nudge aside and bare her clit for me.

"OOH!" Bailey screeches loud. It's a sudden screech. It's high-pitched and rather squeaky. Almost overly girly. At the same time, a sharp tremor racks over her body. It shudders her hips crisply. It trembles her legs, buckling her knees, and making a foot stomp down on the deck. I see her shoulders shuddering just as crisply, tossing her head around. If her hair wasn't up, that would be flying everywhere.

Larry's eyes snap off to the side, as he tries to look at Bailey and see what's happening to her. There's no mistaking the sultriness in Bailey's shriek. Whatever I'm doing, Bailey is liking it. A lot. The girls,

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the crew, giggle a little. "That slave sounds a little... horny," Ashley comments aloud.

I stop teasing Bailey's clit after that first tremor. It's enough for me to know what I wanted to know. Her clit is rather tender and eager. It definitely wants some attention. That's for later. For now, I'm just inspecting my cargo.

I push Bailey's loose folds wide apart as well to expose the entrance of her tunnel. It's narrow, no wider than my little finger. Her walls, or rather the tiny slice of them I can see, look to be firm and taut, not loose. I can see a good bit of oily-thin, clear honey covering most everything, too.

I put the tip of my finger to the entrance of her tunnel. I feel a sharp shivering tremor flow through her from just that touch. Then I start pressing my gloved finger gently into her tunnel. It lets me feel her walls. They are definitely firm and taut, but they also have a spongy softness to them.

"OOH...." Bailey purrs out sweetly as my finger presses into her tunnel. It's narrow enough that her walls are cuddled nicely around the sides of my finger. Her honey is slick enough that my finger glides easily over the spongy tautness. I press all of my finger into her tunnel. Bailey purrs the entire time.

"UH!" Bailey shrieks out sweetly, and urgently, as I give my finger a tiny wiggle inside her pussy. It's a hot moan, but not nearly as needy and sultry as I got from teasing her clit. It's enough to send sharp little shivers racing over Bailey. And to let me feel the heat burning in those walls. I feel them squeeze a little tighter against my finger, too.

I doubt Bailey is a slut. Joey would have warned me of that. But, after touching her pussy, I doubt it's the first time she's been touched. I figure she's slept with a couple of guys at school. Probably guys her own age. So it probably wasn't too skilled of an encounter. Skill takes practice. Maybe that's why I avoid guys under about 23 or 24. I like that skill!

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Bailey purrs as I pull my finger back out of her pussy. Her purrs sound almost reluctant to let it go. As if she was hoping for a quick relief already. Or maybe she was hoping for some skilled relief.

I take my hand off her back. I need it to push her globes apart and stretch Bailey's crack wide open. It lets me see the deep funnel of her dark pink asshole at the valley of her deep crack. Her funnel isn't very wide, but its steeply sloping side makes it look deep. The pink flesh is lined with countless, but also the faintest of wrinkle lines. All of them flowing inward towards a short, dark line that's squished tightly shut.

I don't need any lubricant. My finger is already covered with a rather thick layer of honey that's clinging to it. And Bailey's honey is slick. I put the tip of my finger to the funnel of Bailey's asshole.

"OH!" Bailey blurts out nervously. A nervous tremor flows over her. "Mmmmm....." She purrs, her voice tenser than anything. I feel her muscle harden up as she clenches it even tighter. Now her hands fidget, trying to reach down and get to her bottom. It's enough for me to know that this is going to be a first for the young Bailey. And that she's very nervous about it.

I'm gentle, but not excessively so. I don't give her any advice on what to do. Or not to do. I just gently press my finger forward. It presses into the funnel of her asshole. Immediately I feel the rubbery hard muscle of her ring around the tip of my finger. I keep pressing, and my finger keeps inching forward. It slowly stretches her muscle a little wider to make room for it.

My finger eases forward. It slips through her ring, the tip of my finger emerging into her rectum. Instantly her asshole clamps down hard around the tip of my finger. "UHM!" Bailey grunts out. Her voice has a bit of strain in it, but the squeakiness is still there. It's almost as if she grunts unhappily because she thinks she should. Not because it's so bad.

I ignore Bailey and keep my finger moving. It doesn't take too much more pressure. The slippery honey greases it well enough that her clenching asshole does little to stop it.

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"UHMmm!" Bailey groans softly as my finger slides deeper into her bottom. After a short second, I feel her asshole loosen up again. Instead of squeezing firmly around my finger, it just lets the rubberiness cradle my finger. I keep slipping into her bottom. I stop only when all of my finger is inside her, and the webbing of my finger is flush against the outside of her asshole.

Bailey pants a light, and nervous, couple of fast breaths now that I've stopped pushing into her. I give her a short second to get used to the idea of a finger inside her bottom.

Now I press the pad of my finger down very gently. I can already feel the soft, loose wall of her rectum under my finger. With just the slightest pressure I can feel what's beyond that paper-thin wall. And where I'm pressing, it's the firm walls of her pussy just beyond. I quickly feel the firmness of those spongy muscles. And the heat.

I give my finger a little wiggle. Just enough of one for me to feel the walls of her pussy. And for her to feel the backside of those walls being tenderly massaged with a little tease.

"AH!" Bailey shrieks out with shock. Her body snaps as a crisp tremor racks it. It's the sharpest tremor yet. It's enough that her feet jump off the deck for an instant. Then her hips and bottom thrust hard back against my hand, shuddering and squirming a wiggle as they do. Bailey's head snaps up. "OH, MY FUCKING G-D!" Bailey shrieks out loudly, urgently, and hotly.

I feel the walls of Bailey's pussy snapping as tremors rack those as well. I can only imagine the millions of hot sparks that have to be erupting in those walls and shooting along her nerves. Her needy squirming tells me those have to be intense.

"I'M GONNA CUM!" Bailey shrieks out.

I quickly yank my finger from her tightly gripping asshole.

"OW!" Bailey grunts out, but not so bad. She sighs out a long, frustrated breath.

I swat Bailey hard on her bare bottom.

"OW!" She cries out, this time with a little more strain in her voice. A lot more whine, too.

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"I didn't say you could cum, cunt!" I firmly scold her. "I didn't even say you could act like the slut you are! Seriously, that's your butt, not your pussy, cunt!" I sigh out, too, as if there's a huge weight on my shoulders. "Stay!"

I step back from Bailey. I turn my attention back to the other two toys lined up and waiting on the deck. Gagged, Ciara isn't doing much. She has definitely figured out that it's playtime now. And she knows that if she misbehaves for me, I will find some very unpleasant way to humiliate her even worse than I'm already planning to. As much as she likes humiliation, she knows better. She just sheepishly waits for me to do something with her.

Larry is watching Bailey, and at the same time trying hard to make sure no one thinks he is. I can see on his face that he both appreciates the curvy firmness of Bailey's bottom and that he knows he shouldn't be leering at it. Maybe it was just her shrieking cries that made it irresistible. Whatever it is, his cock is standing up straight and hard. But it's been hard since I had Bailey undress him. Maybe even longer.

I grab his cock, wrapping my thumb and forefinger around the base of it and the top of his sack. I wrap my fingers around, too, using them to squish his balls up against the underside of his cock in my hand. "Your turn, but boy. Since this cock is too small to be of any use to an actual woman, let's see if your butt will make a decent whore."

I jerk firmly on his cock and balls, pulling him towards the railing. Larry quickly stumbles forward, urgently shuffling his chained feet to keep up with his cock. I release my grip on that, putting my hands to his bottom, and give him a good shove forward as he stumbles. He stumbles right up to the rail. I push his shoulders forward, bending him over the wall beside Bailey. And I nudge his feet apart.

His thighs are a little loose, but they're not fat. They're lean enough that, as he leans forward, his cock sticks straight down between them. And his balls dangle freely against the underside of that stiff shaft. All of which is accessible, his thighs spread wide enough to be out of the way.

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I start with his balls, cupping them in my hand. I give them a gentle little squeeze, just enough for him to feel that I'm playing with them. I use my thumb to stroke over the top of his sack, feeling his pair of medium-sized balls. I lift them up high, fully exposing the stiff shaft of his cock sticking straight down behind them.

I wrap the fingers of my other gloved hand around his shaft. There's enough for my hand to wrap around it without touching the head, but not much more than that. And I have small hands. I grip his cock firmly, squeezing it, but not hard enough for it to be uncomfortable. Enough for me to feel its steely hardness. And to feel a faint pulsing of his blood rushing through it.

I use that hand to pull the skin back, along his shaft, over the hard shaft just under the skin. It pulls his foreskin back, exposing the light pink head of his cock. It swells out atop his shaft the instant it's freed from its tight sheath, showing me all of its soft sponginess. I shift my hand, using the back of it as a little shelf to rest his balls atop and keep those out of my way.

Now that I don't need a hand to hold his balls up, I can use it. I put my thumb and forefinger to the sensitive head of his cock. Instantly I feel a crisp twitch. It lightly snaps his shaft against the hand holding it. But my hand keeps it in place. I pinch the head of his cock in my fingers. It's as soft as a sponge can be. It squishes easily in my fingers.

"UHM!" Larry purrs out, his voice is deep and needy. I feel faint shivers flowing through him now.

I use my thumb and finger to massage the head of his cock while still pinching it snugly in their grip.

"UH!... UH!" Larry grunts out, his voice pure hot urgency. He must like that.

"Just how long has it been since this tiny thing came, butt boy?" I ask him.

"Last night, Ma'am!" Larry blurts out.

"I guess you played with this little pee-pee?"

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"Yes, Ma'am. I'm sorry, Ma'am, but I couldn't help myself after reading your stories knowing that Bailey was going to be bringing me to serve you tonight, Ma'am!"

"Hmm... which of those stories were you reading, butt boy?"

"A lesson for a bad boy, Ma'am... I read it twice last night!"

"And play with this tiny cock while you did?"

"Yes, Ma'am! I'm sorry, but I could help myself!"

I squeeze the shaft of his cock hard, releasing my pinch on his more sensitive head at the same time. Larry grunts, hard this time. "Masturbating without proper supervision! I should whip your naughty bottom for that right now!"

"I'm sorry, Ma'am!" Larry blurts out.

I squeeze his cock even harder, making it rather uncomfortable for him now. "I didn't say you could speak, butt boy!"

"I'm SORRY, MA'AM!" Larry blurts out, his voice rising an octave or two. I'll bet Bailey hears it. I know the crew girls do. They giggle lightly.

"Never touch this tiny thing without my permission, is that clear butt boy?"

"YES, MA'AM!" Larry answers very urgently and pleasingly in a squeal. I think he's got the point.

I release his cock. Larry sighs out with relief. I just hold his balls up so I can see and watch a couple of crisp twitches rack his cock and make it jump a few times. Then I take my hand out from under his balls.

Larry's cheeks are a little fuller and looser. They have a slight flatness to their front, not so much of a roundness. It's the bottom of a guy who sits on it too much. It leaves him with a long crack that's fully shut, the inside edges of his cheeks squished flush against each other. His cheeks have a light fur covering them. It's not dense, which would make him look rather simian in my opinion. But it is enough to keep his bottom from looking feminine and smooth. I suddenly want to make him shave it. Just to make it look feminine.

I push his cheeks wide apart. I'll bet Bailey, staring down at the gulf waters below her face, is thinking to herself "your turn dad, now you're about to get it up your butt!" It shows me that the fur runs right



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through Larry's crack. It's no denser, but it is a little darker here. More of a brown than anything. It also lets me see the light pink swath of flesh around his asshole. His ring is slightly larger than Bailey's, but he's a bigger body, too. It's funneled inward about as sharply. And lined with just as many wrinkles, only his are slightly less faint than hers. They also flow inward to a single line of darkness, no longer than my pinkie finger is wide, that's cinched tight.

I put my finger to his asshole. He stays quiet, but I feel a faint flinch run through his body. I press, my finger still slick enough with the coating of Bailey's honey on it. Her honey is turning out to be rather clingy. And no, I didn't bother to change my gloves. I just push my finger forward, into the deep funnel, and feel the rubbery snugness of his muscle cradled around the tip of it.

Larry grunts a girly "UGH!" as he feels my finger stretch his muscle and slip into his bottom. I just keep pressing, my finger steadily sliding deeper into his rather full rectum. It's full enough that I can feel it. And that I'm glad I have gloves on. I'm sure he can feel it, too, as my finger slips into him, pushing everything else aside to make room for it.

Obviously, Larry doesn't have any pussy walls for me to tease. But that's okay. Guys have nerves, too. Now that the webbing of my fingers is flush against the outside of his asshole, I curl my finger up into a U inside his bottom. It lets me put the tip of it against the very bottom of his rectum, just outside of the ring of his asshole.

I put my thumb to his body, pressing lightly against the narrow strip of body behind his balls and before his asshole. The first thing I notice is just how hard his cock is. Even here I can feel the stiffness of that tube extending into his body and anchoring. I press my finger against the walls of his rectum, feeling what's beyond them. I feel the hardness of that tube.

I also find the hard, almond-sized gland of his prostate. Either would work for a tease. I go for his prostate. I want to know just how sensitive his bottom is. I use the tip of my finger, inside his bottom, to start gently massaging the hard gland. My thumb presses against his body, ensuring that his gland stays in place for me to tease.

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It only takes him about two seconds to show it. He starts breathing deeper, his breaths steadily taking on a sweet, and hungry, moaning tone that he's trying hard to hide. I feel his asshole squeeze hard around the base of my finger as if trying to clamp it in place and keep me from taking it away.

"Ooh, this filthy butt is nice and horny for a big cock in it!" I muse to myself, loud enough for everyone to hear me.

"Yes, Ma'am..." Larry reluctantly confesses, his voice deep, throaty, and urgent. His voice says as much as his words do. It tells me that it wouldn't be a first for him. I just don't know if he's had the real thing, or a strap-on used on him before. I'd have no problem letting a man use his bottom, and not asking Larry if he minded. But I know that not all Domme would do that.

I take my finger from his bottom, scolding him that he's liking it too much. Larry breathes out his frustrated sigh. And he stays there, leaning over the railing beside Bailey. I see him turn his head to glance over at Bailey a few times as if he's hoping that she'll look back at him. Bailey stares down at the sea. She doesn't want to look at anyone.

I turn to the crew, but mostly to Carole since she's obviously taken on the role of Chief Mutineer. And it seems like she's relishing her role. I know that none of these women are interested in being a toy, mine, or anyone else's. But I'm also starting to see that all three of them have a little playful, kinky side to them. As if they don't mind playing around. As long as they're not the ones being played with. I just love to push things to their limit. That where the fun parts are!

"Did any of you bother to search the captive?" I ask them.

All of them say no. I'm sure they just didn't think of it. I doubt they have any experience with prisoners. Holding them, or being one. Then again, they are sailors, so I won't rule out the idea that they've spent a few nights in holding cells sleeping off a public intoxication charge or ten. Sailors do kind of have a reputation.

"Well, we should! I've heard this bimbo is one dirty little bitch! I wouldn't want her escaping before she gets to walk the plank! The sharks will miss their breakfast!" I say it teasingly sweet. I wave a hand

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to Sophie. Sophie holds up a pair of latex gloves and offers them to Carole, the woman I'm looking at.

Carole glares at the offered gloves for a second. Then she just shrugs and takes them. She pulls them on her hands, snapping them loudly.

Ciara watches Carole snap them on, flinching with each snap. It's not the discomfort that's getting to Ciara. She's had my fingers in her body enough to be used to it. That doesn't bother her one bit anymore. It's the humiliation of knowing that her crew is about to fully search her naked body. The crew she's supposed to be commanding. The crew that is going to have some very intimate knowledge of her body after this, knowledge which will certainly serve as fodder for gossip and teasing for months to come.

I walk Carole through a full strip search. I learned from a girl named Olive. Not my Domme friend Olive, though. This Olive works for my Dom friend Nikolai. One of his business interests is a chain of privately owned jails, and Olive works for one of them. She runs the "programs" that the jail offers. And we've gotten to be decently good friends. She was more than happy to teach me the proper way to search a prisoner. The same way they search those with mental issues. The prisoners who get the most scrutiny on admission to the jails.

I have Carole start by running her fingers through Ciara's silky fine red hair, the tips of her fingers feeling Ciara's scalp. Carole finds nothing, but I knew she wouldn't. Ciara isn't a sneaky felon. She's just getting to bask in the humiliation of being her crew's prisoner. I have Carole peek into Ciara's ears and nose, too. Then I have Carole open Ciara's mouth wide and look into it. I have Carole stick her gloved finger into Ciara's mouth. "Remember to keep pinching the corners of her jaw so that bitch can't bite you!" I have Carole push Ciara's tongue up to see under it. Then push her cheeks out to see inside of them.

I have Carole work her way down Ciara's front side, closely eyeing every bit of her flesh. Until Carole gets to Ciara's breasts. Her breasts are decently pointy. They're also rather pert, despite their sponginess. And they have very long, and hard, pink nipples standing off their tips. I

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have Carol pay special attention to Ciara's breasts, cupping them, squishing them, and running her finger over that long nipple.

And then Carole's eyes are moving down. All the way past the prominent, puffy mound of her pussy down to the tips of her toes.

I have Carole repeat the inspection from the backside. This time she only has to pause for a few moments at Ciara's bottom to push her full, rounded cheeks wide apart. I have her go all the way to the tips of Ciara's toes again, this time making Ciara lift her feet to show Carole the bottoms of them.

And then I have her bend Ciara over. Ciara gets to brace her bound hands on her knees and she leans forward, spreading her feet as wide as she can to pull the chain taut. With the heavy chain, it puts some firm, and uncomfortable, pressure on her ankles. And it pokes that pussy mound out for Carole.

It gives Carole a far more intimate view of her captain that she's comfortable with. But Carole doesn't flinch. She spreads the thick lips of Ciara's pussy to reveal Ciara's short, long, and thin inner folds. And Ciara's hard clit. Then Carole casually presses her finger quickly into Ciara's sopping wet tunnel, pushing her entire finger into Ciara's depths. It gets a faint purr of sweetness from Ciara. Carole wiggles her finger, and that gets an even sweeter purr from Ciara. Then Carole pulls her finger out.

Carole again spreads Ciara's rounded globes, stretching them wide apart to expose the tight, brown-pink ring of Ciara's asshole. Ciara's funnels only slightly inward, not steeply as Bailey's does. But Ciara's is lined with far more prominent wrinkles. Carole, a rather disgusted look on her face, puts the tip of her finger to Ciara's tightly clenched ring.

I know Carole hasn't done this before. I don't give her any instructions. Carole just pushes her finger forward. Ciara grunts hard as Carole's finger shoves into her tight ring, stretching her hard muscle, and slips along the film of Ciara's honey. Carole pushes her entire finger into Ciara's bottom, too. I watch Carole's face wrinkle up as her finger dives deeper into Ciara's bottom.

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I put my hand to Carole's hand, stopping her from pulling her finger out. I tell her that she has to be very thorough. "Prisoners have been known to stuff as much as two whole packs of cigarettes up their butts! That's a lot of space in there, so check all of it fully. Just poke around everywhere your finger can reach."

Carole starts poking her finger. But the grunts Ciara is making, as strained as they are sweet, I can tell that Carole isn't being excessively gentle with Ciara. I get Carole's attention silently, and show her with my finger how to angle her finger down and wiggle it. I just don't tell her that when she does it, she's going to be teasing Ciara's pussy.

"AHHHH!" Ciara purrs out loudly as the shiver flows over her body. I guess Carole found the right place. Ciara's moan is far too sweet and hungry for anyone to mistake it. Ciara starts panting needy deep breathy, every one of them laced with an urgent moan.

Carole glares at me hard, her eyes telling me she knows what I tricked her into doing. Maybe not how she's doing it, but she definitely knows that she's teasing Ciara's pussy now.

Ciara's bottom thrusts back firmly against Carole's finger. Carole just shakes her head. Carole finally grins slightly. She starts teasing Ciara a little more eagerly, which makes Ciara cry out more urgent and needy moans. Then, suddenly, Carole stops and takes her finger from Ciara's bottom.

"Nope, no contraband anywhere on, *or in*, this prisoner! All it has is bitch meat to feed the sharks."

Sophie just holds up another pair of gloves, this time to Ashley. Ashley might be junior to Maggie, but for tonight Ashley has anointed herself First Mate, and that makes her next in line.

Ashley grins as she takes her gloves and snaps them on. She snaps a firm command for Ciara to stand up. "You're just too devious of a bitch. I know you have something, and I'm not going to stop until I find it, bitch." Ashley searches Ciara just as thoroughly, only she takes more time, probing and feeling Ciara's body even more fully. And she's rougher. A lot rougher. It makes Ciara almost scream her needy hot moans.

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Finally, when Ashley is done, Sophie offers Maggie a pair of gloves. Maggie grimaces but takes them. She searches Ciara just as full, but quickly. So quick that she can't help but be slightly rough with Ciara. Which Ciara moans out that she doesn't mind.

I put Ciara on her knees. Then I get Bailey and Larry off the rail, putting Bailey beside Ciara, and Larry on Bailey's other side. As far from Ciara and her perky breasts as he can be. I know he wants to be close to those breasts. Like having them in his hands close.

"Welcome about the *P.S. Bitch Bucket*. That's P.S. For Pirate Ship. It should go without saying who the three bitches aboard this bucket are. Well, at least for the night. Come down the bitch of a former captain gets to walk the plank, so we'll be down to two bitches aboard. Unless one of you wants to prove as worthless as that bitch, then you can join her slutty butt on the plank. I hear hammerheads love slutty bitch meat for breakfast." I laugh.

"I think it's time for the crew of my ship to have some fun and party. Thankfully we have a nice load of captive slaves to wait on us!"

I turn to Sophie and nod. It's her cue. She passes out three riding crops, one to each of the crew. But then there's me! That makes four. I just grab Paige, the only other one who is naked, and push her down to her knees beside Ciara. I'm sure Larry would welcome Paige next to him as well. Now we have four slaves and a crew of four!



# Chapter 03: Lesson One - Orgasms Are Not Free



## The Pirate Cuisse

All three of the toys have leashes attached to their collars. I clip one to Paige's collar, a sign that's she's available to all as well. Bailey's leash is dangling down between the soft mounds of her breasts. I reach down and take it, selecting Bailey to be my slave for the next few minutes.

I grab Bailey for one reason. She's never played before. She doesn't have any clue what to do, or how to do it. I need to teach her the basics before one of the crew gets their hands on her. I want her to know what she's expected to do for them. I want her to serve them well.

Larry hasn't played with me, but it's plain that he's served before. I'm sure his positions won't be my way, but they'll be close. He seems to know his manners. Since my crew doesn't know the positions either, that won't be a problem. I think he'll cater to all three of the women nicely. And rather eagerly. All three are noticeably younger than he is, even Carole the oldest of the three. She's got to be about 15 years younger than Larry is. And Ashley's almost a decade younger than Carole. Plus they're all cute and shapely.

I wave a hand towards the three kneeling slaves – Paige, Larry, and Ciara, urging the crew to select their toy for the time being. Carole rather eagerly grabs Ciara's leash. "Come along, former-captain bimbo! We'll call this crew appreciation night. You can appreciate us before we make you walk the plank."

Ashley grabs Larry, leaving the slightly slower Maggie to take Paige as her slave. In a way, Maggie is the lucky one. Paige will serve her shamelessly, very humbly, and just as eagerly. Paige is very well trained.

I lead Bailey into the living room, or whatever the room is called on a boat. It's the big, comfortable room where the passengers congregate. It's even furnished like a living room would be, with sofas and recliners. I pick one of the recliners. Sophie puts some music on. I give Sophie a handcuff key and tell her to move Bailey and Larry's cuffs to the front. That way they'll be able to use their hands. Bailey is going to need her hands.

"Cunt, fetch me a coffee," I firmly tell Bailey, using the name I've given her. And written on her chest. I quickly turn to Sophie and in a

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much sweeter voice, tell her “make sure this worthless stupid bitch knows what to do.”

Sophie says a very sweet “Yes, Mistress,” then leans over and hurriedly whispers to Bailey.

“Yes, Ma'am,” Bailey says, undoubtedly repeating the line Sophie just fed her. Bailey rises to her feet and starts shuffling off to the galley, as I've been told they call a kitchen. Bailey might not know where it is, but the boat is narrow enough that the rooms are mostly shotgun style. At least here, towards the center of the boat. There's a staircase that goes down, but that only goes to the crew quarters and engine room. I've yet to venture down there. Forward of this room, there's a large dining room, a small hall, and a small but efficient galley. Beyond that are two cabins, and then a larger master cabin. I'm told there is a cargo hold under the floor, but you kind of have to stoop over to walk through it. I'm definitely not going down there!

Sophie stays right behind Bailey. Sophie will make sure that my coffee is perfect. She'd never let me be served inferior coffee. And she'd never disappoint me by letting Bailey get it less than perfect. I just lean back and wait patiently. And I watch the crew as they mostly wonder what to do with their slaves. Owning one, even for a few minutes, is new to them. But I'm confident they'll get into it.

In two minutes Bailey is coming back. She has her hands held out six inches in front of those short, hard nipples. Her palms are upturned, making them into a little tray. My coffee rests atop her hands. Bailey comes over to me and drops to her knees at my feet. Sophie is already using her foot to nudge Bailey to spread her feet and knees wider. Then Bailey sits back, lowering her bottom into the space between her heels. She keeps her back up straight. Sophie nods to her. “Here is your coffee, Miss Rodgers,” she says to me.

Bailey is in a perfect posture. And with her knees opened wide, I can not only see her full bush, but I can see the puffy mound of her pussy standing down from her body. It's enough for me to see that the fur on that mound is nicely damp after her little inspection. I take the coffee and sip it. As I knew it would be, it's perfect. I reach over to

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Bailey and pet her atop her head. "That's a good bitch, cunt! My slave is just so good at training lesser animals!"

Carole sees it all. She sends Ciara for a cup of coffee. Ciara goes, her heavy chains rattling loudly as she does. And when she returns she serves it to Carole just as humbly. Good thing for Ciara, I'm pretty sure that Carole is just itching to use that crop on her. I think Carole is having fun bossing her captain around.

I decide that it's time for a good foot massage. I tell Sophie to teach Bailey. And make sure Bailey gets it right. I assign Sophie one foot and Bailey the other. Sophie drops to her knees right beside Bailey and starts telling Bailey what to do. Soon my shoes are off. And my socks. And there are two very affectionate and tender hands gently kneading my feet. I lie back and purr.

I enjoy that for about ten minutes. The crew decides that it's a good idea and soon all three of them are enjoying their own foot massages.

Then I decide it's time for Bailey's next lesson. She seems to have gotten the basics of a foot massage down. I tell Bailey to stand up and spread her feet nice and wide. She spreads them as wide as the chains will allow, which is no more than two feet apart. I have Bailey lift her cuffed hands over her head and put them behind her neck. It gives her something to do with them. And it leaves her front side fully displayed, although it looks as if Bailey's starting to used to the idea of being naked. At least in a room full of girls.

With Carole's permission, I borrow Ciara. I tell Ciara to kneel and point to a spot right in front of Bailey. Ciara, chains rattling loudly, kneels. It puts the 42-year-old redhead's head about 18" from Bailey's pubes. And has Ciara staring right at Bailey's pubes. Ciara's been my toy long enough to know what I expect of her, too. She keeps her eyes forward, almost locked onto Bailey's bush, and waits for her next instruction.

It doesn't even take a second for me to see Bailey's eyes anxiously flicking down to see what Ciara is doing. Or for me to see the light blush start to bloom on Bailey's face. And to see the light shirk. Bailey is

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definitely aware of where Ciara's eyes are. She's just as clearly uncomfortable with the thought of Ciara staring closely at her pussy. I can only imagine the thoughts running through her head. I'm sure Bailey is wondering if Ciara is interested in girls. If she likes what she sees, or if she has something critical to say about Bailey's most intimate place. Like how sloppy wet it is. Or how Bailey's fur is soaking wet with honey that's wept from her slit. I just like seeing Bailey uncomfortable. I love watching a toy squirm!

"Lick that slop-pit, bimbo. Lick it like an ex-captain who *doesn't* want to walk the plank at dawn," I tell Ciara. I'm not sure what the crew has in mind for dawn. I'm pretty sure there's no plank on this sailboat. I think I would have noticed a big plank sticking over the side, like in *Pirates Of The Caribbean*. I'm not even sure if they actually have something in mind, or if they're just saying it. Playing up the pirate theme from my last visit to the boat. It does sound unpleasant though. I definitely wouldn't want to walk the plank. Whatever, and I plan to find out from Carole long before dawn what they have in mind, I'm glad to play along and play it up.

Ciara must know there's no plank aboard, too. You'd think as captain of the boat, she'd know about it if there was. I don't know if she has some idea what the crew is planning, but I doubt it. I doubt they would have told her. But maybe she's imagined something. She'd know what the crew has to work with.

Whatever, she moves rather eager. "Yes, Captain," Ciara says. I can hear the faint note of eagerness hiding behind the shamed tone in her voice. I wonder if the others can pick it out as well. They should know Ciara's voice, and her thick Irish accent, better than I do. Then again, she is from Belfast, where she still technically lives, so she should sound Irish.

Ciara scoots forward bringing her knees flush against the chain of Bailey's shackles. With the chain pulled taut between Bailey's ankles, it's stretched a few inches above the floor. If Ciara's knees go any further forward, they'd push the chain down, pulling the steel shackles into Bailey's bony ankles and forcing Bailey to close her legs a bit.

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Ciara leans forward. She quickly discovers that this position isn't as easy for her as it looks to be. She still has to bring her head forward about a foot to get it to Bailey's furry mound. And that has her leaning forward as she kneels. It gives everyone else a slightly better view of Ciara's taut bottom and the puffy mound of her pussy standing down.

Ciara puts her hands to Bailey's thighs, high up at the creases. She needs those hands to brace herself. It has their heavy chains dangling down in front of Bailey. But those are just long enough to hang down far enough not to impede Ciara's access to Bailey's pussy. It makes Ciara put her chin close over the chain. And it makes Ciara tilt her head back to get her lips near Bailey's mound.

Ciara has to use her thumbs to spread Bailey's thick lips. She needs the rest of her hands to brace herself. She doesn't even try to move them from Bailey's thighs. Finally, after watching Ciara squirm and wiggle into place, I see her lips against the wrinkly folds of Bailey's pussy.

And I see Bailey looking rather nervous and uncomfortable. I don't know why Bailey's growing uncomfortable, though. I can't imagine that, after begging Joey to meet me for so long, Bailey wouldn't have expected some form of same-gender sex as she served another woman.

"OOH!" Bailey screeches out. Her hips shiver crisply. Her mouth drops wide open and I see her hands gripping the back of her neck hard. In another fraction of a second, Bailey's elbows come forward, clamping her forearms to the sides of her face. And then, in another fraction of a second, I see her feet starting to scoot inward, dragging over the floor, her toes curling under.

"Uh-OOH!" Bailey screeches loudly, her voice squeaky and needy. Her body tenses to steel. Her muscles strain so hard that they begin to quiver. The quivering flows over her entire body. Even her chest. And that gets her soft breasts jiggling nicely. With her huge dark rings and milky white mounds, it's especially noticeable. I just love watching breasts dance around.

It doesn't take long for Bailey's hips to be shuddering crisply, either. And for me to see Bailey's muscles so tense that even her cheeks

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are squeezing together. Bailey goes on screeching needier and needier moans. And she screeches them loudly.

I've taught Ciara how I want a pussy licked when I tell her to. I'm picky. I like pussies eaten my way, not however Ciara thinks she should do it. So I know exactly what Ciara's doing to Bailey, even though I can't see her tongue. I know Ciara's lips are opened around Bailey's little clit, surrounding it. I know Ciara is sucking lightly, just enough to draw Bailey's nub into her lips. Or maybe not so lightly. With Bailey's clit being pea-sized and well nestled in those thin folds of pinkness, it might take Ciara a bit more suction to pull Bailey's clit into her lips. Then, with Bailey's nub snugly between Ciara's lips, Ciara has the tip of her tongue to the hard nub. Ciara swirls her soft, feminine tongue very lightly, and slowly, over the tip of that hard nub. She'll keep going until I tell her to stop. No matter what Bailey does.

The look on Bailey's face is utter surprise. It tells me that Bailey's never had her pussy eaten well before. That doesn't surprise me. I'm pretty sure her previous partners haven't had the experience or been taught, to do this. It would show. More so with Bailey's small, well-hidden clit. It would take a little bit of knowledge to effectively tease that nub. Knowledge Ciara has. I've taught her.

The look on Bailey's face is just as much excitement. As if she's loving it. Her screeched moans say that, too. As does her energetic squirming. And now, the way her thighs are clamping around Ciara's head, tells me that Bailey is enjoying it.

Bailey is squirming so energetically that she's putting on a good show. Good enough of a show that everyone is watching her. I doubt Bailey notices that. It doesn't look to me as if she's noticing much of anything. Just those sweet tingles shooting out of her pussy and racing through her body. But even Larry can't help but to look now. Bailey's just too loud, and squirmy, not to. He still tries to look like he's not watching. But I can see him turn his head just enough that he can see Bailey out of the corners of his eyes.

I get to my feet. Ciara ignores me, going on licking Bailey's pussy as I told her to. I walk over to Ashley and ask if I can borrow her butt boy

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for a minute. She hands me Larry's leash. I have Larry get to his feet. Then I walk him over to where Bailey is standing.

I put my hands to Larry's head and turn it, aiming his eyes directly at Bailey's jiggling breasts. I don't have to force him to look. But I do have to force him to let it look like he's looking. I can feel the tension in his neck muscles as they resist my turning his head the last inch or so. But now he has to see Bailey's dancing breasts. And he has to let every know he's watching his daughter's breasts. He blushes brightly. HE tries to avert his eyes, but with me holding his head about a foot from those mounds, he just can't avert them far enough.

"It looks like my new plaything, cunt, likes having her pussy eaten by a girl, doesn't it, butt boy?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Larry answers, his voice ringing with embarrassment. And with his cock twitching lightly. I guess he likes watching it almost as much.

"Cunt, has your pussy *ever* been eaten before?" I ask Bailey.

"NOT LIKE THIS!" Bailey screeches out in a very squeaky voice between screeched moans of ecstasy. "OH, YES! IT'S SO GOOD!"

"Would you like to cum, cunt?"

"YES, MA'AM!" Bailey screeches.

"You don't mind if daddy little dick here watches you cum like a cheap whore, do you?"

"DAD, WATCH ME CUM! PLEASE, DAD, WATCH ME CUM! I HAVE TO CUM SO BAD! THIS IS SO FUCKING GOOD, DAD, WATCH ME CUM, PLEASE!" Bailey begs, instead of just answering my question. Isn't that so naughty of her? But it does nicely announce just how much she's enjoying Ciara's tongue.

I shove Larry's head down, making him see both Bailey's pubes and all of the kneeling Ciara. I hold his head there for a minute, giving him a good, and close-up view. "You like this skanky bimbo, don't you, butt boy?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Larry confesses.

"You like my cunt's pussy, too, don't you butt boy? You like looking at that shaggy thing, do you?"

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"Yes, Ma'am..." Larry admits, his voice is fully embarrassed to admit that he likes seeing his daughter's pussy.

"How does that pussy look now, butt boy?"

"It's... very wet, Ma'am," Larry says, hushing his voice with the shame. I see Bailey blush at the thought of her father looking that closely at her pussy. And the thought of everyone seeing so wet.

"Cunt, are you sure you want to cum?" I can take all the time I want to tease Bailey. Ciara knows better than to let Bailey cum before I tell her to. Whenever she senses that Bailey's getting too close to going over that edge, she'll ease up a little and let Bailey ebb back a hair. But Bailey doesn't know that yet. If I keep her, she'll learn it later.

"YES! PLEASE, MA'AM, PLEASE! I HAVE TO CUM! MY PUSSY IS THROBBING! EVERYONE CAN WATCH ME! I DON'T CARE! I WANT TO CUM!"

"Mm... orgasms are just so sweet, aren't they, cunt?"

"YES, MA'AM!"

"Too bad orgasms are rewards for worthless cunts, cunt. You haven't earned a reward... would you like to earn a reward?"

"YES, MA'AM! I'LL DO ANYTHING! I DON'T CARE, JUST TELL ME WHAT I HAVE TO DO! I'LL DO IT, I SWEAR! ANYTHING! I HAVE TO CUM!"

I decide to torment Bailey. "What about my butt boy? His teensy cock is just twitching so eagerly as he watches you get this bimbo's face all messy with your pussy skank! He wants to cum, too!"

"I DON'T CARE! THAT'S HIS PROBLEM! I HAVE TO CUM, MA'AM! PLEASE, STOP TEASING ME, JUST TELL ME WHAT I HAVE TO DO! I WILL DO ANYTHING! WHATEVER! I JUST HAVE TO CUM!" I don't think Bailey has figured out yet that Ciara is holding her back. That Ciara could easily make Bailey cum at any moment. But instead, Ciara is working hard to keep Bailey from doing just that.

"Will you make butt boy's teensy cock cum for an orgasm?"

"I'LL FUCK IT! I DON'T CARE! I'LL RIDE IT HARD, MA'AM! I JUST WANT TO CUM – NOW!!! I'LL FUCK HIS COCK SO HARD TO EARN MY



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ORGASM! I'LL MAKE IT THE BEST FUCK OF HIS LIFE, MA'AM! I HAVE TO CUM!"

"You'd ride daddy's cock if I allow you to cum?"

"YES! I'LL FUCK IT LIKE A WILD WOMAN, MA'AM! PLEASE, ALLOW ME TO CUM! PLEASE! I'LL THROW HIM DOWN AND JUMP ON HIS COCK AND RIDE IT UNTIL IT BREAKS! JUST LET ME CUM!"

Bailey is acting utterly shameless now. But Larry isn't lost in the ecstasy of Ciara's tongue. He's hearing what his daughter is shrieking out. It has him blushing a deep, beet red. And shirking back from her slightly. But it has his cock twitching more eagerly than it was before, too. I'll bet his head, the little one, is wondering just hot hot, wet, and tight, Bailey's young pussy is. And how good it's going to feel on his cock. The larger head, however, looks to be rather ashamed of himself.

I grab Ciara's hair. It's time for Bailey's next lesson. It's time for Bailey to learn that in my world, I control her body. And her orgasms. She only gets those when it pleases me to give her one. AND I don't care what her pussy wants. Or how badly it aches. I don't have to endure that throbbing ache!

It only takes a light tug on it, and my command "this cunt has had enough fun, bimbo," for Ciara to take her lips from Bailey's pussy. As I pull her head back, everyone gets to see the sparkling layer of Bailey's clingy, oily, honey covering Ciara's face from her top lip down to the tip of her chin.

Bailey cries out a loud groan of frustration. She pants more, faster groans that are almost sobs.

I put my hands to Bailey's shoulders and snap for her to get on her knees. Bailey obediently goes down, her legs already showing a little wobble to them. Or maybe it's just the quivering that has them wobbling. It puts her facing Ciara, and makes Bailey see the glistening honey on Ciara's face. I'm sure she knows that it's her honey. I'm not sure if she remembers grinding her pussy hard against Ciara's mouth.

I tell Ciara to get up to her feet. I have her take Larry's cuffed hands and move them for him, putting them behind his neck. I'd prefer

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them behind his back, but I'd have to unlock the cuffs to get them any lower than his neck. So I settle.

I tell Ciara to hug Larry from behind. Ciara holds him close. So close that her breasts are snugly squished against his back and her pubes are just as snugly against his bottom. It has to have Ciara's long, hard nipples pressing firmly into his back. I'll bet Larry likes that. I know he feels them. Ciara wraps her hands around his chest.

"Do not move, butt boy," I tell him in my strictest voice.

"Cunt, stroke that tiny cock for butt boy," I use a very stern and commanding voice.

Bailey doesn't even hesitate. She almost eagerly moves her hands from behind her neck. She puts them right to his cock, wrapping her right hand around his shaft. With her hands cuffed together, it leaves her left hand dangling uselessly. Bailey starts stroking his cock. Her strokes are lightning fast as if she's trying her hardest to race his cock over the finish line. And I suspect she is. I suspect Bailey is thinking that all she has to do is make his cock cum, and she'll get her reward. Isn't that so naive of her?

I grab Bailey's wrist and stop her. "I said stroke that cock, cunt, not yank it off of my toy!" I scold her harshly. But I wonder just how experienced Bailey is. It looks to me as if this isn't the first cock she's had in her hand, but she also looks to have no skill at it. As if she has very little practice. Probably just the experience of touching a cock before she let its owner have her. I'll bet Bailey thinks this is the way to stroke a cock. A view that's undoubtedly tainted by her limited experiences – those eager young guys who only wanted to cum and raced to the finish line. Making her think that's what guys like. Soon enough those same guys will discover that they've been skipping the best part.

With a firm grip on Bailey's wrist, I start guiding her through the motions. I have her loosen her grip to the point where her hand is merely gliding along over the skin of his cock, barely even tugging the skin. I slow her stroke down to where it takes her a couple of seconds to make a single one. I have her making full strokes, from where the side of

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her hand bumps against his pubes to where that same side of her hand is only touching the head of his cock. I have her staring at the cock, her view almost head-on from where she is.

It takes about two strokes for Larry to close his eyes and purr out the hungriest of moans. I scold him for closing his eyes. I tell him that he's to watch "my fuck toy, cunt," as she strokes his cock. I have to nudge his head down so that he's looking right at her.

Larry goes on purring those needy moans. In a couple more strokes, I see the twitches of his cock start sharpening up. I'm sure Bailey can feel those twitches knocking his cock against the loose grip of her hand.

I can see that Bailey is fighting herself, too. She wants to speed up. She wants to race. She wants this cock to cum so that she can get hers. But she's figured out, after that scolding, that if she doesn't do it my way, then she won't be getting her reward. After all, since it's attached to my toy, that's my cock. I decide how I want it stroked! Just like Bailey's pussy is my pussy and I decide how I want it licked. Or when I want it to cum.

What I don't see is any reluctance on Bailey's part. Maybe it's just yet to sink in that it's her father's cock in her hand. Maybe she just doesn't care about that as much as she cares about earning the orgasm she wants. Or maybe she's accepting her place as my toy. I'm betting it's just the fog of her desire to cum.

Larry seems to forget that it's his daughter stroking his cock, too. He moans rather urgently, and loudly, but now his voice is manly and somewhat deep. I watch as the twitches of his cock sharpen even more.

I wait a few more seconds. Then I see the little glimmer on the tip of his cock as the first tiny droplets of his cum start to weep from it. It's a sure sign that Larry is about to cum. I think about letting him. His cock is aimed almost perfectly at Bailey's face, and less than a foot from it. If Larry cums, his cum will definitely spurt right onto Bailey's face. Where I'd make her leave it. And that would be nicely humiliating for Bailey.

But then Larry's hands leave the back of his neck. As if they're trying to reach for Bailey. It's really about all he can move very much.

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Ciara is still hugging him tightly from behind, and that's holding the rest of his body somewhat still. That and the chains on his ankles.

Before Larry's hands get to anything, I grab Bailey's wrist. As she strokes his cock, her stroke reaching its apex, I keep her hand moving instead of letting her reverse the stroke. Instantly his cock slips from her grip. I push Bailey's hands down.

"Bad butt boy!" I sharply scold Larry in a very stern voice. "I didn't say to move those hands! Do you think I want those filthy hands all over my toys? I guess you don't want to cum! Too bad for my cunt. Since you misbehaved she can't earn her orgasm by making that little cock cum all over her face! Now cunt is going to have to suffer along with you!"

I watch a look of absolute horror flood Bailey's face. It's as if she suddenly realizes how far she's lowered herself, and that it was all for nothing. That she won't even get the reward she wanted. That she earned! She was behaving! And now she's going to have to suffer because her father was just too... male!

Larry's face drops too. But I suspect that it's more from the knowledge that he won't be allowed to cum, either. And just how close he got to that little reward. I wonder if his previous owner teased him with denied orgasms or not. The strain on his face tells me it's a rather uncomfortable idea for him. But it doesn't tell me if it's a familiar one. I'd hope she did. Men should always work hard to earn an orgasm from a pretty girl!



# Chapter 04: Lesson Two - Spanking To The Breast Orgasm

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"Bad boys get spankings!" I tell Larry with a good bit of enthusiasm in my voice. Then I add a little more enthusiasm. "And bad butt boys get even more spankings! Butt boy!" I grab hold of Larry's balls, holding them snugly in my hand, but not squeezing them so hard as to crush them. Only hard enough for him to feel them in my grip.

"Come get your spanking!" It's only about one long step back to the recliner that I've claimed as mine. I cross it quickly. Larry does, too, shuffling his feet fast to keep up. Men always follow their balls.

I drop down onto the edge of the chair, leaving my thighs over the edge. I spread my thighs decently wide. Then I tell Larry to get on his knees, using his balls to pull him around to my right side. A little tug downward on his balls gets him to quickly drop down. But I have to let go of his balls as he drops. My arm isn't long enough to reach that low.

I grab Larry by pinching his nose hard. I pull his head forward, and his shoulders naturally follow. I pull him over my knees. Larry doesn't fight it. He lets me pull him over my knees. But he has a look of slight surprise on his face as I do. And a touch of excitement. It's just enough of a look for me to think that Larry's been spanked plenty, but rarely, if ever, turned over someone's knees like a bad little boy. And I'm pretty sure he's never been over the small knees of a much younger woman before. Just as I can see that the idea of it excites him.

I pull him down, lying his thick chest over my thighs. I nudge him to scoot all the way forward, putting my thigh into the bend of his waist. Scooting forward traps his cock, pushing it to stand down with its top lying flush against the outside of my thigh, and his balls dangling down just behind it. His knees rest on the floor. My other thigh is under his chest, about where his small nipples are. It leaves his hands hanging down to the floor, bracing himself, under his head.

And that leaves his soft bottom poked up for me. And with my thigh in the bend of his waist, it leaves him a very limited range to squirm around.

Then I feel him flinch hard as I call for Sophie to get my strap. It's as if he expected me to use my hand! As if I would give him a good

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spanking with my hand. That would hurt my hand. I just want his bottom sore, not my hand.

Sophie brings me the strap. It's a hard leather one, dyed black. It's about 18" long and 4" wide, but just under ¼" thick. It's made of two strips of leather, sewn together, with a thin sheet of spring steel between them. That flexible steel makes the paddle hold its shape. And stiffens it up, but not so hard as a board. It has a nice wooden handle on it for me, too.

I lie the hard leather against his bottom gently. I take just a few seconds to caress his bottom with the paddle lightly. Almost tenderly. "You've been a very bad boy, butt boy! I told you that you have to be a good boy, especially when I'm nice enough to let a pretty little slut play with your tiny little pecker. Now you have to be spanked for not listening to your Queen, butt boy. I think five hard strokes will teach you to mind like a good boy..."

I raise the paddle. Larry's bottom is decently soft. His cheeks are ample and full, without being fat or flabby. Even with them bent over my thigh, they're still slightly flat on their tips, instead of hard and rounded. It actually makes for a good bottom to spank. He has a little extra padding over those muscles.

I snap the strap down hard, putting almost all of my strength into it. It cracks loudly, snapping against his bare flesh hard. A splitting crack, like lightning that's far too close by, rings out. The strap sears a bright red, but light, welt line across his milky pale bottom.

"OW!" Larry shrieks out, his voice suddenly back to being girly and high-pitched. He tenses up hard from the swat, too. I can feel his muscles snapping sharply. "OW! OW!" Larry sobs lightly, his voice staying just as girly.

His hips squirm hard against my lean thigh. I can feel it easily, even through the denim of my jeans. Mostly I feel his hip bones, and his hefty weight of about 200 pounds, shifting anxiously around. As if he's trying to wiggle the sting out of his bottom. But I also feel his cock. I can feel the hard tube as he pulls it along my jeans, stroking it against the thick fabric. And I can feel the twitches snapping it. But with its top



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side firmly against my thigh, there's nowhere for his cock to twitch to. It just snaps against my thigh.

"OW!" Larry whines again, his girly voice taking on a hefty note of sobbing. And a lot of whining. I'm sure his bottom is stinging him badly. The angry red welt tells me that. It has got to be like sitting on a hive of bees. It's enough for me to know that Larry is going to be a whiny toy. And I like whiny toys.

"Count it, butt boy," I firmly scold him. I've already told him that he has to very humbly count his strokes and told him how I expect that done. I would his previous owner would have made him count his spankings, too. But even if she did, she might not have demanded he be fully humble as he did. I told him so there wouldn't be any misunderstandings. From now on, he's going to learn my way of doing things.

"One, Ma'am," Larry counts off, "Thank you for spanking my naughty bottom, Ma'am. I'm sorry for being naughty and not behaving while you let the cute slut play with my dick, Ma'am. I deserve four more spankings, Ma'am. Will you please spank my naughty bottom again, Ma'am?" Isn't that so humble? And I love hearing a bad boy ask for his next spanking. It's just so humiliating for them.

I snap the strap again, landing the second stroke just beside the first one. Instead of darkening up the welt across his soft globes, it widens it. It makes more of his bottom sting so sharply.

It also makes Larry shriek out another rather girly "OW!" as it lands. It gets him squirming hard, just as he did before. It just takes him a few more seconds for the stiffness in his muscles to fade, letting him lie on my legs for his next stroke, this time. Then he counts the stroke off and asks for his third.

I swat his bottom again, widening the red welt on his cheeks to almost fully cover those soft globes. He shrieks, sounding even more girly. Then he counts it off and asks for the fourth.

Now I'm out of bottom to land my strap on. Most of his globes are already stinging and bright red. But that's his problem, not mine. He

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earned five, and he gets five. I land this one roughly in the center of the already-stinging flesh.

Larry shrieks a piercing loud "OW!" It's the girliest cry yet. It's high and squeaky. He snaps to a hard tension. And he squirms hard. For a couple of seconds, his hips are just everywhere.

I feel his cock pulling over the outside of my thigh, stroking itself against my jeans. Over a couple of seconds, his hips still from their wild squirms. Instead, they start wiggling up and down, lightly thrusting his bottom up. Quickly his strokes start to grow faster and more urgent. Now I feel his cock stroking its topside along my thigh. And I feel the hardness of his shaft pressing snugly against my leg as it does.

"Stop that, you filthy butt boy!" I snap, harshly scolding him in my sternest voice. But also with a good bit of scornful mocking in my voice. "You are not going to hump my leg like some horny dog, butt boy!" I reach under his bottom and grab hold of his balls. He instantly thrusts even more eagerly against my thigh.

But he only makes a single thrust. I squish his balls hard, holding them in my grip. "EE-OW!!!" Larry shrieks. His voice is so high that anyone hearing would think it was a girl crying out. I feel his balls tugging against my hand. I hold firm, maybe squishing a little more. His hips freeze in place. When my hand still doesn't move, those hips reluctantly come back down to lie still over my knees.

"Did cunt excite you that much, butt boy?" I teasingly ask him, still holding my crushing grip on his balls. "That you can't even manage a spanking without trying to hump whatever your useless cock can rub against?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." Larry very reluctantly confesses in his hushed and very humiliated, voice.

"Yes, Ma'am, what, butt boy?" I ask just as firmly.

"Yes, Ma'am, cunt excited me so much that I can't stop myself from humping whatever my dick can touch, Ma'am..."

A loud round of laughter erupts as the crew, my audience, realizes that I wasn't making it up. He was trying to hump my leg like a dog. Gross. I realize something else. I'd already noticed that his squirming

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became more energetic as the spankings went on. But he didn't try to hump my leg on the first three. Now he is. Thus he's more aroused than he was on the last stroke. And thus, despite his crying, the pain is arousing him. It tells me not to worry about how uncomfortable things get for him.

I have to remind him to count his stroke. He does it, and I raise the paddle again as he does. I see him steeling himself up for the stroke as he feels me lifting the paddle. He expects the stroke to come quickly after he asks for it.

I hold the paddle up high. "You will not hump my leg again. You are not a dog. You are a bitch, and a rather disgusting bitch at that. Bitches don't hump legs. Is that clear, butt boy?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Larry answers, trying to put a lot more confidence in his voice than he has.

"Promise me, butt boy," I tell him in a very firm voice.

"I promise not to hump your leg like a dog again, Ma'am."

"I hope you keep your promises butt boy. Since cunt is the one who excited you so much, it's her fault if you're too horny of a toad to behave. Hump my leg again, and it will be cunt getting the spanking for arousing that useless cock too much." I tell him, my voice icy and firm, but also taunting.

I don't give him time to say anything. I can already see the look of horror on Bailey's face as she hears me tell him that it's Bailey's bottom that going to pay if he misbehaves. I'll bet she can see how horny he is. It's clear that she's worried about it. It's also clear that she believes me. I'll whip her if he doesn't behave.

Before Larry can say anything, the strap snaps back down, landing atop the already stinging flesh of his globes. He shrieks another of those girly cries. He starts squirming.

Everyone's eyes are not on Larry's bottom. Especially Bailey's. She no longer cares about having to look at her father's naked butt. She's too antsy to care. She just has to see if he tries to hump my leg again. To see if he will behave and spare her bottom.

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He doesn't. It doesn't even take a second. About one good hard thrashing wiggle of his hips, and then they're grinding his cock straight along my thigh again. I let him go on for a second, maybe two, so that everyone will see it. I want them to see his humiliation. I see Baileys' face fall and her eyes start to moisten. It tells me she's seen enough.

I put my hand under his forehead and shove hard, pushing him back and then up a bit to drop him onto his knees. With his knees spread as wide as the chain will allow, it has his cock sticking out where there's just nothing for it to touch. Nothing for him to grind it against. His face falls, even as he sobs from the pain of the stroke. It was the hardest stroke yet. I put all of my power into it. I never claimed to be fair!

It lets everyone see his cock twitch hard a couple of times. As much as his shaft jumps with those twitches, it's hard to miss. It also lets everyone see the glistening freshness of another droplet of his cum clinging to the tip of his cock. It tells me that if I'd have let him go on too much longer, I'd have to throw out my jeans. And that would get his bottom really sore! I like these jeans.

I scold him harshly, calling him a horny little toad who can't even manage to behave for his spanking to save his little girl's bottom from a good spanking. I tell him to think about how badly his bottom is stinging him. That soon Bailey's bottom will be hurting just as badly. All because he couldn't manage not to hump my leg like a dog. I tell him that's pretty perverted of him.

Then I tell Ashley to come get her naughty butt boy for a minute. She's the one who had his leash last. I don't even stand up. I just turn and glare at Bailey. I ask her when was the last time she was spanked. She tells me that it must have been when she was about two because she can't remember ever being spanked. Her voice trembles with nervousness, as does the rest of her.

I tell her what I expect of her. She will get two strokes. One for each time Larry tried to hump my leg. That's her penalty for arousing him too much by flaunting her body in front of him, a body that despite being homely, is far cuter than he could ever get his hands on without it being given to him by me.

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I tell Bailey that she's expected to lie there for both of them. Her bottom is to stay in place. She's not to move it or make any effort to cover it. She's not to protect it. She's to keep it bare and offered up for her spanking. She's not to try to get up. She's to put herself over my knees and stay there until I put her off. She's not to speak, except to count her strokes just as Larry had to count his. If she misbehaves for her spanking, it starts over. Sooner or later, she'll behave for two consecutive strokes.

Bailey trembles hard as she crosses the step over to my side. She trembles even harder and starts to move very reluctantly, as she kneels down beside me. But she does lie herself over my knees when I tell her to. Just slowly.

I have to push her body into the proper position. It's easier and quicker than telling her. I have her laying over my legs just as Larry was, with the bend of her waist firmly against my right thigh. There are only two real differences. Her legs aren't quite long enough to have her knees on the floor as his were. And she has breasts. I put my thigh under her chest with the undersides of her mounds hanging down flush against the outside of my leg. It makes for a nice display of her breasts, her milky mounds hanging against the backdrop of my jeans.

I grab the knot of her hair at the back of her head, where she has it tied back in the ponytail. I use it to pull her head up, bending her neck almost to its limit. Now Bailey is looking forward. I wave to get Ashley's attention and point to the floor. She gets the message. She walks Larry over there and has him kneel down. She puts him about two feet in front of Bailey, his face looking right into her very afraid face.

"You can watch her suffer for your sin of being such a disgusting dog of a man," Ashley tells him.

"He won't. Butt boy is too freaky perverted. Look at him, his eyes are on those dangling breasts, not her face. He wants to see them jiggle as she's whipped." I add. I'm rewarded by the hard flinch I feel run through Bailey as she thinks about it. And think I'm right. He is so horny he's going to stare at her breasts, not see the pain he condemned her to.

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I'll bet now she realizes just how nicely I have those breasts displayed for him, too. But this is my usual position for spanking a woman.

I lightly put the strap against Bailey's well-rounded, firm globes. She almost jumps as she feels the warm leather against her flesh. "This is what a cunt gets for teasing its daddy with its sluttiness, cunt."

I lift the belt just as high. But I snap it down with only about half the power. I doubt anyone notices it. But it softens the sting for Bailey. With her being a complete newbie, I don't want to hurt her too much. Not until I see how the pain affects her. But it lands with a loud crack. I'm sure the crack sounds far worse to Bailey than it does to me.

"YE-OW!... Oh, YE-OW!" Bailey cries out. She tenses up, but everyone does as the sting shoots into their bottom. She squirms around, too. I was so hoping she would. It gets her breasts jiggling energetically. I know. I can feel them against the outside of my thigh.

"OW... OW..." Bailey sobs, her eyes wet as she starts to loosen up. "One, Ma'am," Bailey counts off, her voice already sobbing lightly. I'll bet she has no clue that she only got half the stroke that Larry did. "Thank you for spanking my naughty bottom, Miss Rodgers. I'm so sorry for teasing my daddy with my sluttiness, Ma'am. I deserve one more stroke, Ma'am... Will you please spank my naughty bottom again, Ma'am?" Bailey's voice announces just how little she wants to ask for that next stroke.

I lift the strap and give it to her, landing it just below the first stroke. It leaves most of her smaller bottom tanned to a medium pinkness, not the fiery redness that Larry's bottom is glowing.

"YE-OW!" Bailey screams out, her jaw hanging wide open and her wet eyes squishing shut. She thrashes energetically for a couple of seconds, treating Larry to another show of her jiggling breasts. She screeches for a few long seconds. Then she finally loosens up.

I put her off my thighs and onto her knees. She kneels, sobbing lightly. I glance down and see that her nipples have strained to a new level of hardness, stiffening a bit past rock-hard and shriveling up the huge rings around them even more. To the point where it looks like they have ridgelines of goosebumps running through them. Like little

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mountain ranges. I guess it doesn't bother her like she pretending it does.

"That was so unfair, wasn't it, cunt? He was the horny little dog and you got spanked for it."

"Yes, Ma'am!"

I laugh. "Do you remember your Barbie dolls?"

"Yes, Ma'am," Bailey answers, her voice telling me she's wondering why I'd ask about those now. Toys she probably hasn't touched in close to a decade.

"Those were your toys, right, cunt?"

"Yes, Ma'am..."

"And you did whatever you wanted with them – to them, right?"

"Yes, Ma'am...." Her voice still sounds lost.

"You're my Barbie doll. You're my toy. My property. So I get to do whatever I wish with you. Or to you. It doesn't have to be fair! I don't even need a reason to whip your bottom! You didn't need a reason to do whatever to Barbie, did you? Well, I don't need a reason to do whatever to my toy. You are my toy, cunt. Got it?"

"Yes, Ma'am." Now Bailey's voice sounds as if she gets it. I hear that reluctant note of acceptance, too. It tells me that the spanking, as unfair as it was, isn't going to drive her away.

I take one step back. It puts me close to Larry. I casually shift my foot over, putting it atop the chain of his handcuffs. Then I step down, pushing his hands down to the floor between his thighs. I put some weight on my foot, pinning his hands to the floor. And I make sure that I stand off to the side.

"Come, cunt," I call out.

Bailey looks a bit surprised by the command. As if she expected me to be done with using her body after that spanking. Or at least to give her a little time to recover from it before I did anything else with her. But she gets up and comes over. I don't tell her to kneel. The way she starts to go down then stops herself, then almost goes down to her knees again tells me that she doesn't know if she should kneel or not.

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I point to Larry. "Butt boy here really likes those flabby boobs of yours. Tease him with them. Do you know how to do that, cunt?"

Bailey shirks inward. First, it's the thought of having to openly tease her father with her breasts. Her naked breasts. Breasts that he clearly thinks highly of. Then she blushes a rather bright red for her. But it's not her entire face, it's just big splotches on her cheeks. "Not really, Ma'am..." Bailey very reluctantly confesses.

I tell her what to do.

Bailey starts. She leans over, letting her breasts hang down free and loose. She puts her hands behind her neck to get them out of the way. Then she moves a little closer, putting the tips of her mounds, and those rock-hard nipples, against Larry's face. She starts moving her shoulders, lightly stroking his cheeks, and the rest of his face, with her spongy soft mounds.

In about a second, Larry's eyes close. He lets out a sweet and needy purr. Then his eyes snap back open. They dart downward, locking onto the sight. Watching her soft mounds as they glide along his face.

In another second, Larry is steadily purring sweetly.

Bailey looks disgusted at first. But it only takes her a few moments to get into it. She keeps her eyes on Ashley, obviously telling herself it's anyone else down there. She lets his sweet purring encourage her. Her movements become fluid, no longer seeming forced. She tenderly strokes him with her nipples.

It takes Larry another second. Then I see his head moving as his mouth tries to catch one of those nipples.

I use the tip of the strap since it's still in my hand. I put it against the side of his cock, and I give his shaft the lightest of taps with it. It's just enough to knock his cock to the side without leaving any pinkness on it. But it definitely gets me Larry's attention. I scold him harshly, telling him that I didn't say he could suck on *my* breasts. "Miss First Mate told you to kneel. Since she is an actual person, and thus a much higher life form than you, you will obey her. Kneel. If I want *my* breasts licked, sucked, fondled, or anything else, I will tell you, butt boy."



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I leave the tip of the strap lying loosely against his cock. It can remind Larry to behave. He behaves. He kneels, purring away urgently, as Bailey teases him.

"This is what you get for being such a horny toad, butt boy. Be teased." I tauntingly scold him. Then I let Bailey go on teasing him with her spongy breasts.

I could see that Larry loves those breasts. They are nice breasts. Just as I can see that he wishes they were attached to anyone but Bailey. It only takes about a minute of her teasing before we all see the first fresh droplet of his cum weeping from the tip of his cock. His cock has been twitching the entire time Bailey was teasing him.

I give Bailey a stern look as I tell her that I will tell her when to stop.

"You like those flabby boobs, don't you, butt boy?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." Larry shamefully confesses in a hushed voice.

"I can tell. You really want to cum, don't you?"

"Yes, Ma'am..." Larry almost cries as he confesses. And it's not from the sting in his bottom. I can feel the light tugging of the chain under my foot, even through my sneaker. His hands are reflexively trying to reach his cock.

"I'll bet you really want those breasts to make you cum, don't you?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Larry's voice takes on a touch of excitement, even as it rings with shame. He stays hushed, almost quiet enough that Bailey doesn't hear him. Almost.

By now Larry's cock is twitching hard enough that it's almost dancing as it jumps with the twitches. It lets me know that this is going to be over soon, one way or another. If I don't stop it, Larry won't be able to stop from cumming. Only as he now is, his cum would end up spurting over my shoes onto Bailey's feet. That's not happening. I don't care about Bailey's feet. But I am not risking my sneakers.

"I think... I'll let one of my toys cum now," I announce in a teasing voice. "Should it be butt boy or the cunt?" I muse aloud, not asking anyone to suggest anything.

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"How about you, cunt, do you still want to cum?"

"Yes, Ma'am!" Bailey eagerly announces. "I'd love to cum, Ma'am!" Her voice rings with hope, and a sultry note that tells me just how eager she is to cum.

"It seems both of my toys are horny little bitches..." I ignore them for a few seconds, watching the sharp twitches of Larry's cock. I notice that cum clinging to the tip of it is staying as sparkling and bright as ever. That tells me it's starting to steadily weep from his cock.

I sneak a glance between Bailey's thighs and see that her pussy is as wet as ever. Her fur is soaked with fresh honey. I tell Bailey to stand up. She does, keeping her hands behind her neck as she rises. It lets Larry watch her breasts as she straightens. And then he has a close-up, straight-on, view of her pubes. He must like that view. His eyes stay on the wet pussy.

I ask Larry if he's willing to show me how much he wants to cum. He says, rather eagerly, that he'll gladly prove it. I tell him that Bailey's bottom looks very sore. I ask him if he'll kiss the bottom he got spanked. He says he will. I have Bailey turn around where she stands.

That puts her firm globes standing out right in front of his face. Larry doesn't take his eyes off of them. They're rather shapely. Even with the pinkness to them for the spanking. Then again, I prefer bottoms to be pink.

I tell him to "kiss her butt."

Larry doesn't really even hesitate. He leans his head forward and very gently puts his lips to the center of her globe. He gives it a quick, and very gentle, kiss. Then he kisses her other cheek. He moves his head back.

"I said kiss her butt, butt boy! What do you call that? Are you that stupid? Seriously? You got that bottom spanked. You should be more than happy to kiss it for her! Now use those hands and spread those cheeks all the way apart." I scold Larry in a rather stern voice.

Maybe Larry doesn't realize where I'm taking him. But he reaches up, neither hurrying nor hesitating. He puts his fingers to Bailey's crack, trying to avoid the pinkened flesh. He pushes his finger into her crack,

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where her flesh won't be stinging. He pushes her cheeks wide, then glances quickly to make sure he's not pushing on anything sore.

I put my hand to the back of his head. A little nudge moves him forward, putting his lips right into the crack of Bailey's bottom. But he stops himself before his lips actually touch anything. "Go on, butt boy, kiss her butt. Kiss it as eagerly as you'd like to cum." I put an icy hardness to the voice.

Larry hesitates. He cringes a little. Then he puts his lips to the valley of Bailey's crack. He kisses her, directly atop her asshole. Bailey squeals a little purr as he does.

I scold him, telling him that's not a very eager kiss, and that if that's as eager as he is to cum, then there's no reason for me to think about allowing it. I should just let Bailey cum. I ask him if he's ever kissed a butt before.

"No, Ma'am," Larry answers. "No one has ever made me kiss a butt hole before, Ma'am..."

I decide that his previous owner must have been a loser. That's a humiliation that I would just never skip. So I tell him that I will give him step-by-step instructions. Instructions simple enough that the average retarded goldfish could follow them. And, just maybe, simple enough for him, too.

I tell him to open his lips wide. I have him put his lips to the valley of Bailey's crack. It brings his eyes so close to her bottom that Larry can't see anything but her globes. Just butt in his eyes. His lips lie softly along the dark flesh surrounding her ring.

I tell him to put his tongue to her asshole, right at the very center of her little ring. A fraction of a second later I hear a faint squeal from Bailey, telling me that his tongue is there. I tell him to slowly, and rhythmically, swirl his tongue around, lightly pressing it forward and into her funnel. I want his tongue caressing the flesh of that funnel softly and slowly.

"OOH!" Bailey screams out suddenly. Her hips shiver and shudder violently, "OH FUCK, FUCK, FUCK, OH YES, FUCK!" Bailey screams out. She squirms as energetically as she can, but also keeps her bottom

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against Larry's face. She thrusts her bottom back hard, driving it against Larry's face. "OH, FUCK, YES! I HAVE TO CUM, MA'AM!" Bailey cries out.

It must encourage Larry. He doesn't stop. Bailey keeps on screaming out, her voice squeaky and very desperately needy, how badly she has to cum. It goes on for about twenty seconds.

I see a tiny droplet of Bailey's honey finally fall from her mound as now, her fur is so wet that it can't hold even another drop of that oily honey. It falls straight down. With Bailey trying to push her bottom back against Larry's face, her bottom is almost over his knees. The droplet of honey lands on his elbow. I bet Larry knows what is raining down on his arm. I know he felt it.

Larry gives Bailey almost a minute of it. I guess he really wants to cum. He definitely kissed her butt rather thoroughly. As he backs his face from her crack, I can see her asshole glistening with a fresh, thin layer of his saliva. It shows me that his tongue has been all over her asshole. He's licked it thoroughly. And Bailey's shrieks tell me that she loved it.

Bailey pants a few very frustrated breaths once Larry stops.

I ask Bailey if she likes having her "ass kissed." She tells me "Yes, Ma'am, it was incredibly... hot, Ma'am." I laugh and tell her I can see that she wants to cum.

I don't ask Bailey if she wants to earn an orgasm. I just tell her that she going to learn how to use those flabby breasts of hers. I unlock one of Larry's wrists, leaving the cuff dangle. I warn him that if he moves those hands, he won't be cumming, I'll be spanking that naughty cock instead. He stays put, his cock still twitching lightly.

I ask Ashley to fetch me two strips of cloth, the same stuff they used to tie Ciara up. Ashley gets them quickly. It seems they had plenty of extra cut and ready. It does look like a bed sheet to me. I give them Both to Bailey.

I tell Bailey to tie Larry's hands behind his back. I show her how I like hands tied. With the wrists crossed, the cloth strip wrapped both directions around those wrists. She ties Larry snugly, almost tightly. His hands aren't going anywhere. I have her gag him with the other strip.

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I tell Bailey to tease him with her breasts. Only this time with Larry standing up, not kneeling down. I have her start with her breasts lightly touching his chest and slowly slither them down his body as she lowers herself. I have her go down to her knees, but this time sitting up on them. It has her breasts even with his cock.

Bailey obediently teases his twitching cock with her spongy soft breasts. His cock juts out straight. Bailey manages, with a little instruction, to stroke it between her breasts. To draw her stiff nipples along its length. To keep her mounds moving, touching his cock. To keep her nipples dancing back and forth, sometimes touching him, sometimes not. But to make sure that her soft mounds, or her nipples, are always gliding very lightly over his cock.

Larry's cock twitches. He doesn't even last a second. Almost as soon as Bailey starts teasing his cock with her mounds, his cock is twitching as sharply as his muscles will snap it. It jumps around. But Bailey has enough breast that she can keep them where his cock slips along those mounds as jump, instead of jumping clear of them.

Larry doesn't last even close to a minute. He grunts a loud, and very satisfied, "UH!" into his gag. His cock twitches sharply. It's pointed slightly upward, jumping up more, as it begins to spurt his cum. It splats against Bailey's chest. An icy hard look from me is enough for Bailey. She tries hard to ignore the hot, sticky cum landing on her chest and keep her breasts gliding tenderly over his cock.

I doubt it's lost on her that her breasts are touching his cock rather lightly. They're not even stroking it. Just gliding over it. That Larry came rather easily from those breasts.

Larry spurts more and more cum. It's a good orgasm for him, and he leaves enough cum on Bailey to show it. Most of it clings to Bailey's chest. But one spurt hit her neck. All of the cum oozes slowly as it runs down her body.

I wait until Larry's cock stops spurting cum. Then I tell Bailey to stop. She gets back up to her feet.

I point out to everyone how Larry must really like Bailey's breasts since he just "came buckets" from them teasing his cock. Just a little lap

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dance from his daughter and her flabby breasts, and he cums all over her! "Isn't that so disgusting? Cumming all over his own daughter like she's some cheap whore!" I ask the crew. Larry's not going to answer anything. He's still gagged. He's blushing as red as a beet, too. He looks well sated after that orgasm, too.



# Chapter 05: Snacking With Watersports



## The Pirate Cuisse

Bailey does not look happy as I send Ciara to the galley. Instead, Bailey looks rather disappointed. As if she expected to get her orgasm as soon as Larry had his. Bailey looks rather slutty now, too. I've left her with Larry's cum sticking to her chest and neck. But what shows most on her face is just how eager she is to get to cum.

Bailey cringes slightly as well. Or rather it's just more of a slightly disgusted look. I'm not sure if that's from the idea of walking around with a man's cum visible as it sticks to her body. Or maybe it's just whose cum it is. Or maybe it's the thought that she just made her father cum. All over her body. But there's also a little twinkle in Bailey's eye that says she's surprised that she was able to make a man cum just by teasing his cock with her breasts. I'll bet she never imagined doing it that way.

Larry, on the other hand, looks as humiliated as he does satisfied. His cock has gone about halfway soft. Its tip still has a nice coat of his cum clinging to it, glimmering in the light. But Bailey's breasts didn't spread his cum over his cock. Somehow, his cum managed to all end up on Bailey. He's still blushing deeply. Maybe because he came just by having his cock so lightly teased. Men can be so sensitive about cumming too quickly. Or maybe he's ashamed of the idea that it was his daughter who made him cum that way. More likely that he allowed it. Definitely that he enjoyed it. That sparkle of lust in his eyes tells me he'd love for Bailey to do that again for him. And that it was a first for him, to cum just by the so tender teasing strokes of breasts along his shaft. I'm sure he'll be too embarrassed to tell Bailey that he liked it, let alone to ask her to do it again. No matter how much he liked it.

I have Bailey untie Larry and lock his hands back into the cuffs. It seems like that should be her job.

Then I send Ciara to the galley to begin making a snack for the crew. Ashley volunteers to "supervise" Ciara. Ashley puts Ciara on her hands and knees, as best as Ciara can get on all fours with the chains on, and tells her to crawl to the galley. Ashley follows close behind Ciara.

I knew Ashley was playful. But she's definitely taken to her role as one of Ciara's captors. She giggles almost constantly. She definitely

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doesn't have the poise of a Domme, but that doesn't stop her from having fun. As she follows the crawling Ciara, Ashley is almost constantly tapping Ciara's bottom with her crop. They're light taps, not whip strokes, that barely leave a pink spot on Ciara's bottom. And those spots will fade in a minute or less.

"Hurry up, slave!" Ashley snaps as she taps Ciara's bottom again. "Stop being so lazy, slave!" She taps Ciara's bottom again.

I know Ciara is deeply humiliated by being made into the slave of her crew. Just as I know Ciara never imagined her crew participating in one of her sessions. Last time they just watched a tiny bit of it, and Ciara found that especially demeaning. Now I'm letting them use her. That should be even more demeaning for her. I imagine that she's wondering just how badly, and for how long, the crew will be teasing her over this night.

But Ciara likes the humiliation. It's her thing. Not so much being humiliated, but being forced to humiliate herself. It seriously arouses her. And I can see this scene is doing the trick for Ciara. As she crawls to the galley, I can see the mound of her shaven pussy poking back from between her thighs. And I can see the glistening coat of her honey clinging to it. Every bit of her mound is covered. It looks like crawling, her motion rather limited by the heavy chains, is making the very tops of her thighs rub against her prominent mound, too. And that's smearing her honey onto her thighs. Her pussy seems to be replacing it with fresh honey just as fast.

As Ashley glances at me, I point to Ciara's pussy. Ashley glances down. She taps Ciara's bottom with the crop again. "Now I see why you're being so lazy, bimbo! You're being a total slut! Don't think we all can't see what a slut you are! Your pussy is about to drip on *our* floor, slave!" Ashley gives Ciara another light tap with the crop, this time squarely on the mound of her pussy. "Get your mind off your pussy and onto your work, slave!"

I follow Ashley to the galley. By now we've been playing for several hours. A snack does seem like a good idea. For me and my slaves, it will have to be Kosher, and I'm fairly sure that neither Ciara nor

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Ashley even knows that I'm Jewish. I'll make sure whatever we come up with is Kosher.

We decide on grilled cheese sandwiches. Those make a nice midnight snack. And they're Kosher, without worrying about all those special rules for meat. Somehow, I already knew that the galley doesn't stock Kosher meats, at least not unless a passenger specifically requests them. I'm pretty sure that luxury private cruises will stock whatever foods the paying passengers want.

Naturally, the prisoner-and-slave gets to do the work. All of the work. I'm sure Ciara already knew that. Ashley gives her instructions, telling her to get busy. As soon as Ciara gets the first sandwich on the grill, Ashley asks me if I think a salad would make a nice side with the sandwiches. I say they would. Ashley tells Ciara to make them. She sternly, but with a little giggle in her voice, tells Ciara not to be so lazy. When the sandwiches are ready, the salads had better be as well.

Ashley makes Ciara work hard and fast, frequent little taps from Ashley's crop urging Ciara not to slack off. Ashley is having way too much fun. I wonder if Ciara notices. I don't see any malice in Ashley, and I'm sure Ciara doesn't either. It's not as if Ashley harbors any ill will toward Ciara. It's more as if Ashley has the idea that the crueller she is to Ciara, the more Ciara will enjoy it. And she's right about that.

It doesn't take long before Ciara, prodded to move as fast as she can by Ashley's crop, accidentally allows a bit of butter to fall from her knife and land on the floor. "You stupid slave, bimbo!" Ashley immediately scolds her. "How dare you dirty up Captain Rodger's ship!"

I see a smirking grin suddenly spring up on Ashley's face. Ashley grabs Ciara's hair and gives it a sharp tug. It's a move she's seen me use countless times by now. She copies it well. "Clean up the Captain's ship, slave!" She keeps hold of Ciara's hair, shoving downward hard. It yanks Ciara's hair, pulling her head down. Ciara drops to her knees. Ashley, still hanging on to their hair, puts that hand to the back of Ciara's head and shoves her over, forcing Ciara onto her hands and knees.

Ashley taps Ciara on her bottom with the crop. "Remember last cruise... when that fat old drunk pissed himself all over the deck and you

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made me clean it up?" Ashley's voice now has a rather taunting note to it. "Payback is a bitch... bitch!" Ashley shoves Ciara's head down, almost pushing her face into the floor. "Lick it up, slave!" Ashley taps Ciara's bottom again, this time just a little harder.

Ciara starts licking the butter from the floor. I swear her pussy is twitching so hard that I can see her loose folds quivering slightly. I know I can see her honey weeping steadily as she licks the floor. I just grin and watch.

Then an idea hits me. I think I get it when I see that the floor here is some kind of metal. Solid metal, without any cracks in it as tile, would have. Sophie is in her usual place, at my side, so I tell her to take over the kitchen duty for a moment so that "my snack won't be delayed by this slutty bitch's negligence." Then I summon Paige.

Paige comes in, Maggie leading her by her leash. I guess Maggie wondered why I wanted Paige. Or more likely figured there might be a show coming worth seeing. I just wink at Maggie. She waves for Carole to hurry in as well. I guess none of them want to miss a show. And Ciara on her knees licking the floor clean must be worthy of watching for them. It would definitely make a cute picture! Whenever a passenger asked about "the captain's table," the crew could show them the picture and tell them they don't want to eat at the captain's table, the captain just eats off the floor. But at least the floors are clean enough to eat off of.

Ashley reminds the others about the "fat drunk." All of them remember him well. Apparently, he was a rather obnoxious passenger. The kind that's always making extra work for the crew. "This is payback," Ashley adds.

With that wide smile on my face, I tell them "I don't think eating off the floor is quite the same as cleaning up pee..." Out of the corner of my eyes, I see Paige grin as she tries to hold in a giggle. As if she knows what I'm thinking. She probably has a good guess. It's been at least a week since I've done it to anyone, maybe two!

I snap my fingers. "skanky, show bimbo what pee is like." I say sweetly.

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"Yes, My Queen," Paige giggles. She quickly crosses the two steps to where Ciara is kneeling. Paige stands over Ciara, straddling Ciara's head and spreading her feet fairly wide. She reaches down and grabs Ciara's hair. She pulls up firmly, but also back, bending Ciara's neck to crane her head back. It has Ciara mostly looking forward but also looking up a bit. It's as far up as Ciara's neck will let her head point.

Paige takes a deep breath. Then she pees. Her golden stream streams from her pussy mound shoots across the foot or so of space, and rains right onto Ciara's face. Paige holds Ciara's head firmly in place with a hard grip on Ciara's hair.

Ciara cringes hard. She starts sputtering as if she's choking. Her eyes squeeze tightly shut. The sputtering is kind of a mistake, it makes her open her mouth a bit. And that lets droplets of Paige's pee land in her mouth, too. Ciara's face scrunches up hard in disgust.

Paige keeps on peeing. She must have seriously needed to. Ciara keeps sputtering and gagging as the pee rains on her face. Some runs into her hair, down her neck, and a few drops make it to her back. Most just runs down her face and starts a decent-sized puddle on the floor.

Paige pees for at least half of a minute. I'm sure Paige squeezes every last drop out of her bladder. Paige is always eager to please me. She tries her hardest. Even when I just tell her to pee. But the little smirk on Paige's face tells me that she likes peeing on my toys. Or at least this toy.

Finally, now that Paige can't pee anymore, She releases Ciara's head and steps back. Ciara's head immediately falls forward so that she's looking down at the floor. It hangs there as she gags a bit more, drops of pee still falling from her face.

I'm not as nice as Ashley. Or maybe it's just that I'm not as shy about heaping abuse on my toys. Ashley stares at Ciara, gawking wide-eyed at the show. Maggie glares with her nose wrinkled up in disgust. Carole glares wide-eyed as well, but I can see that Carole is working hard not to laugh at Ciara. Too bad, I wouldn't mind if Carole did laugh at her.

"Since you made her clean up pee, you can clean up pee, bitch," I tauntingly tell Ciara. Even as I'm telling her, I'm putting my foot to the

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top of her head. No way am I touching her hair now! I use my foot to shove Ciara's head down. I'm not as gentle as Ashley was, either. I shove her head down hard. And I push it down until her face is pressed firmly into the puddle of Paige's pee on the hard steel floor.

A crisp tremor racks Ciara as if her reflexes are trying to make her lift her head up. It only lasts a few fractions of a second. Then Ciara stops fighting.

"Lick every drop of that skanky whore's piss off *my floor*, bitch," I firmly tell Ciara. I can just feel the cringe run through her body. After she worked so hard to cough every last drop out of her mouth, it was all for nothing. Now I'm going to make her lick it up.

Ciara very reluctantly starts licking it off the floor. Drinking it up like a dog. Only she knows that she's better not leave a single drop. "Now this is how I like my deck swabbed!" I laugh.

Ashley gives Ciara another little tap on her bottom with the crop. "Hurry up, slave! Drink your piss!"

Ciara licks. She definitely doesn't lick it up eagerly. Her tongue moves fairly slowly, too. Her face stays scrunched up with the disgust, too. It looks perfect to me. It was the most humiliating thing I could do with Ciara when Ashley mentioned that passenger.

I decide to remind Ciara that I don't like having my time wasted by worthless slaves. It only takes a flick of my wrist to send the tip of my crop sailing through the air. To send it arcing upward, under Ciara's chest. With Ciara on her knees and elbows, it has her pointy breasts hanging down, her nipples pointing directly at the floor. The tip of the crop doesn't have too much room to pick up speed, so it's not a hard stroke. But the tip snaps squarely onto the tip of one of her long nipples.

"OW!" Ciara cries out. Her shoulders roll away from the stroke, wiggling her now-stinging breast before our eyes for a second. She shudders hard. Then she's back on all fours, putting her lips back down to the puddle. She tries sucking the pee off the floor. And now, Ciara has gotten the message. Don't waste time. Drink the pee. Lick my floor. Be a good slave before you walk the plank.

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I grin at Ashley. "You're just too gentle with that crop! A useless bitch this one needs a firm hand to keep it from becoming a lazy slave."

"Like this?" Ashley says. She swings the crop. This time it lands with a loud crack against Ciara's bottom. It leaves a light red welt on Ciara's slightly flat, but still well-rounded globe. It gets a loud yelp from Ciara, too. And it has Ciara sucking and licking as fast as she possibly can.

"Yes, just like that! It's a whip, so whip this bitch's useless butt with it! Besides, this bitch is walking the plank at dawn. It's not you have to worry about marking its body up and ending up having to sell it off as damaged goods! The sharks won't care if this bitch is bloody when they eat it."

We all watch as Ciara now eagerly licks up Paige's pee. I can still see the disgust on her face, but I know better. Ciara probably is disgusted, who wouldn't be? I know she hates licking up the pee. But she can't hide the honey weeping from her pussy as she does. The repulsive humiliation is arousing her. More so with her crew as an audience.

"You missed a drop, bimbo," Ashley scold Ciara, adding a firm, but light by standards, crop swat to it. She uses her toe to nudge Ciara's head to the drop she missed. Maybe it was a drop. Maybe it's just saliva from Ciara's tongue. It's impossible to tell. But it doesn't matter. It's pee because we say so.

It takes several long minutes. But Ciara does a very thorough job of licking up Paige's pee. And whatever else was on the floor. I'm pretty sure they keep the floor well cleaned, or I wouldn't have made Ciara lick it. Now I can see nothing on it but a very thin film of saliva. And I can see that Ciara has licked it beyond what she absolutely had to. She's playing it safe. Smart girl.

Ciara lifts her head from the floor. I ask Ashley if she's satisfied that Ciara has swabbed the deck sufficiently. Ashley says she is.

"Then I have just the thing to remind this slobby bitch to mind what it's doing," I teasingly tell them. I reach over and take the butter knife right out of Sophie's hand. Sophie doesn't say anything about it.

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She just reaches in the drawer for another and goes on making sandwiches.

The knife isn't sharp enough to cut anything. They're spreaders, not cutters. It's also covered with a thick coat of the butter Sophie was spreading on the bread.

With Ciara still on her hands and knees, I put the tip of the knife into her crack, pressing the rounded tip firmly against Ciara's very heavily wrinkled, lightly funneled, and medium-pink asshole. I see the crisp shuddering flinch run through Ciara as she feels the thin blade against her tightly cinched ring.

But unlike the others, Ciara knows how to relax her asshole and allow something into it easily. I just don't tell her to relax. I let her figure it out on her own. I don't tell her anything. I just push. The butter makes an excellent grease. The knife slips right into Ciara's asshole.

"OH!" Ciara gasps out, startled by the feel. The blade is very thin, but also rather tall. It feels very different from the tubular objects Ciara is used to feeling in her bottom. I'm sure she feels those tiny dull teeth dragging over her flesh, too. Not that they're anywhere close to sharp enough to cut her. She shudders again. And squeals again.

I keep pushing until all of the blade has slowly slipped through her asshole and now sits in her rectum. I push just a little beyond that point, just enough so that her asshole will grip against the slightly thicker handle when it tenses back up. And it tenses the instant Ciara realizes that the knife has stopped sliding into her bottom. It leaves most of the handle sticking out from her asshole. And more than half of the handle sticking out from her fully-shut crack. Just shiny steel rising from between the flush inside edges of her white, light-freckled globes.

"There!" I say with amusement and satisfaction in my voice. "That should nicely remind you to be careful with my cutlery, bitch. Now, back to work, slave!"

Ciara groans mutely. She starts getting up to her feet. All eyes in the room watch Ciara's bottom, gawking at the handle of the knife sticking out from her bottom. As Ciara rises to her feet, the angle of her waist changes, and that changes the way her rectum sits inside her body.



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It has her rectum pulling against the ungiving blade. It's not sharp enough to cut even that filmy thin membrane, but it is hard enough for Ciara to feel the stiffness shifting around, prodding against various parts of her insides.

Ciara takes back over from Sophie.

Five minutes later the sandwiches are done and everyone goes into the dining room. The three crew women, Sophie, and I sit at the table. I have Bailey on her knees beside me, Bailey's leash around my wrist loosely. Maggie has Paige on her knees. Carole has Larry on his knees. Ashley doesn't have anyone. She's watching her slave, Ciara, as Ciara brings each of us our snack. And humbly serves it. Naturally, those slaves on their knees don't get fed. Pirates aren't knowing for feeding their captives, especially not before sending them off the plank. They just get to kneel silently, smell the food, and watch the people eat.

Ciara still has the knife sticking out of her bottom, too. She has to walk back and forth to the galley with it there. It's the first that Larry and Bailey have seen of it. And both gawk. Only I see some nervousness on Bailey's face as she sees it. As if Bailey is wondering if that might happen to her, and praying that it won't. I'm sure she's convinced that she won't like it. I'll bet she's so busy worrying that she doesn't even notice how wet Ciara's pussy mound is.

We keep Ciara busy serving our snacks. Keeping our glasses full. Fetching whatever anyone fancies. Pretty much anything. I'm mostly interested in keeping Ciara busy. I want her to move. I want her feeling that thin blade shifting around inside her bottom.

After the meal, Ciara gets dish duty. There is a dishwasher built-in in the galley. I don't let her use it. I make her scrub everything spotless. Ashley appoints herself "dish inspector" and goes over everything. She has Ciara wash, rinse and dry each item, one at a time, and hand them to her for inspection.

The first dish Ciara washes is the spatula she used to flip the sandwiches. Ashley finds a speck of dirt in a tiny spot of the seam where its handle joins the rest of it. She scolds Ciara for being less than competent as a "galley slave." With such incompetence, she has no

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value as a slave, and thus, she shouldn't be surprised to be walking the plank. There's no reason to keep a useless slave aboard.

"OW!" Ciara yelps as Ashley swats Ciara's bare bottom with the rubber spatula, stinging it nicely. Then she makes Ciara start over and scrub it better this time.

Ashley seems to find something wrong with about every dish that Ciara washes. Some she even makes Ciara scrub three times. The frying pan takes four before Ashley is satisfied. Since Ciara is yelping nicely, and just as nicely humiliated by the dish duty, I just let Ashley have her fun.

The knife stays put as Ciara washes the dishes. I'm pretty sure that's because Ashley is afraid to take it out. Afraid that she will injure Ciara by doing it. It is a knife, even if it doesn't have a cutting blade on it. Ashley isn't thinking about that. She's only thinking that it's a knife, and knives cut.

I wait until Ciara has washed every dish, and then scrubbed out the sinks. Only then do I put my hand to the handle of the knife. I do it with Ciara standing straight up. And I tell her that she's not to move or make a sound. I pull gently, drawing the knife out slowly. It gives Ciara more time to feel the thin blade sliding along the rubbery muscle of her asshole and the flesh atop it. I'm sure she thinks it's cutting her. That thin blade moving along her flesh will feel like it is to her. But I know it's not. I can even feel that her asshole is loosened up fully. That blade isn't doing much of anything but sliding over her skin lightly.

It takes me several seconds. Tense seconds for Ciara. I can hear it in her breaths that she's dying to squeal out. But holding it in, knowing that I'll punish her if she makes a sound. Finally, the tip of it slips from her ring.

I hold the knife up in front of Ciara's face. "Do you see what you've done, you filthy bitch? You've gotten your filth all over this knife! No one is ever going to want to use it again! Are you really so filthy that you can't manage to not poop all over the silverware?"

"I'm sorry, Captain," Ciara says humbly, blushing with the embarrassment. There's still a fine film of the butter on the knife, but

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it's almost gone. The heat of her body melted all but that oily little film away. But there are also some brown flecks on the knife. Flecks that it clearly picked up in her bottom as it was jostled around with her every movement.

I have to move quickly to surprise Ciara. As she apologizes, I flip the knife in my hand, pointing it straight at her. A tiny fraction of an instant later, I'm pushing that disgustingly filthy blade right into her mouth. I put all of the blade into her mouth, and that puts its tip almost all the way at the back of her mouth.

"Clean my knife, bitch! As filthy as you are, you shouldn't mind the taste of filth in your useless mouth."

Ciara's face wrinkles up hard from the disgust. She reluctantly closes her lips around the blade. Her eyes moisten up as if she's going to cry. A light quiver flows over her body. Cringing hard, she puts her hand to the handle of the knife and starts to pull it out of her mouth, her lips squeegeeing along its blade as she does.

That's not nearly good enough for me. I make her lick it. Several times to get everything off of it, even the butter. Then I tell her she can wash it.

Ashley watches with a look of disgust on her face. As if she can't believe Ciara would allow it to go this far. But then, when Ciara presents the knife to Ashley for inspection, Ashley looks closely at it. And makes Ciara rewash it. A rewash that starts with another licking. The second time Ashley approves the knife. She gets a very sharp knife out of the drawer and scratches a tiny mark on the handle of the butter knife. She tosses them both back in the drawer. "I think we'll just hang onto that butter knife for the next obnoxious guest!" Ashley giggles loudly.

It leaves me no doubt that she's serious. It's going to become a ship's joke. Whenever a passenger gets obnoxious to the crew, they're going to make sure that knife is at his place setting. They'll all be laughing, knowing that he's using the knife that once was up the captain's butt. He won't know it. But they all will. And I'm sure, when he's not around, they'll be joking about whether his food tasted funny. I'm sure none of them are ever going to use that knife for anything, too.



# Chapter 06: Lesson Three

## - Suck This

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And now, it's time for the next lesson. I wouldn't want my toys to feel neglected! Besides, I'm pretty sure that the crew is going to weirdly enjoy watching this lesson. It's going to show them a side of Ciara they've never imagined. A side that I'm sure Ciara wishes they will never know of. Her slutty side.

I whisper instructions to Sophie. She vanishes for a moment, heading for the larger cabin where she's stashed our bags. She's back in about a minute, this time wearing a strap-on over her dress.

Sophie is wearing one of her "slave dresses" as I call them tonight. They're what she always wears in the apartment, but rarely outside of it. It's an all-lace stretchy dress that starts at her pert breasts and snugly hugs her body all the way down to a full inch below the bottom curve of her rounded behind. This one is pastel pink. It has white lace trimming it. She's wearing matching fingerless gloves with it. And matching knee-high boots. The boots have high spiked heels. They also have sides made of stiff lace instead of leather.

The dildo, or more accurately its straps, pulls the bottom hem of Sophie's dress a bit. Not that it would matter much. The lace doesn't actually hide anything, it only makes you look closer to see through its little holes. And Sophie never gets underwear with these dresses. It has the hem up all the way to the bottom curve of her globes. And Sophie has a puffy pussy mound, with long thick inner folds that strands down through her slit. Now, that's all plainly visible with her dress up that last inch.

The dildo has a fairly large shaft on it. It's eight inches long, and 1½" thick. It's about as big as any cock any of them are likely to ever see in real life. Probably bigger, which is the idea. I like to use larger practice cocks. That way, when my toys are treated to being used with an actual cock, it's easy for them. The real one isn't as big as the ones they've learned their skills on.

I tell Bailey and Ciara to come kneel in front of me. Ciara can guess what I'm going to do. I think Bailey has some wild ideas racing through her head. Most women wouldn't have to think too hard to guess what's in someone's mind when they're on their knees in front of

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a cock. Bailey, unlike Ciara, has a rather nervous look on her face as she sees the size of the dildo Sophie's wearing.

I have the two of them kneel side-by-side. I have to explain to the newbie, Bailey, that it means for her to kneel with her side actually touching Ciara's side. Bailey looks only slightly uneasy about being that close to another naked woman. She should want to be that close to Ciara after the way Ciara licked her pussy so well earlier. I'm guessing Bailey's not so uncomfortable being so close to Ciara, but more with the idea of being deemed a lesbian.

I glance over to Larry. "How about you, butt boy? Have you ever sucked a cock before?"

"Uh..." Larry blushes. His eyes dart to Bailey, making it clear to me that he really doesn't want Bailey to hear what comes next. He shirks back a hair. "Yes, Ma'am..."

"A real cock, or just a dildo?" I ask him.

"Just a dildo, Ma'am... I've never done anything with another man before, Ma'am..."

"Get in line next to cunt and we'll see just how good of a cock sucker you are, butt boy." I figured those would be his answers. Most Dommies, even play Dommies or part-time Dommies, would do that to a male slave. But a real cock would mean involving another man, and fewer Dommies, especially girlfriend-Dommies, are willing to do that. I am. I have no problem doing it. And I know of several guys who will happily loan me a cock for another man to practice on. Countless frat boys who will loan me one for a woman to practice on.

There's one big difference. With plastic, the man can pretend it's just a sex game with his lover. As if it's not a cock. After all, it's just latex! But with a real cock, attached to a real man, there's no pretending it's anything but what it is. Especially when that hot stick cum shoots into his mouth. For most men, they find it far more humiliating when the cock is real.

I point to a spot on the floor in front of Larry. Sophie hurries to stand where I want her to. It has the tip of the dildo only a few inches in

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front of Larry's face. I'm pretty sure Larry knows what I expect of him, too.

"Go on, butt boy, show us all what a sissy you can be. Suck my slave's cock."

Larry hesitantly puts his lips to the tip of the strap-on's thick, white shaft. His eyes are not on what he's doing. Those are busy straining hard to slant down enough to see Sophie's pussy behind the dildo's dangling rubber balls. He starts going forward.

Slowly, the widening head of the cock starts pushing between his lips. It quickly stretches his lips wide, as he opens his jaw to let the fat shaft between his teeth. He goes down uncertainly as if he's not so experienced at this. Or at least not with a shaft this big.

Larry barely gets the rubbery soft head of the dildo into his mouth, leaving a good seven inches or so shaft exposed between his lips and Sophie's pubes. He reverses his stroke. His next stroke isn't much better. Nor is the one after that.

It's already clear to me that Larry has no skill at this. His strokes are way too short. He's being too shy about taking that cock into his mouth. He's too afraid of choking on it. Just like a virgin would be. His strokes are as fast as they are short as if all he wants is for it to be over.

I also notice how he's studiously avoiding glancing next to him where he might see Bailey. It's as if he desperately doesn't want Bailey to see this. But he's flush against her side, at least from the waist down with him leaning forward to reach the shaft. That should make it hard for him to pretend that Bailey isn't watching.

And I noticed how his cock jumped to full hardness the instant that shaft went into his lips. I guess Larry likes being used as a girl. I guess he likes the humiliation of Bailey getting to watch it, too.

But easy for me to remind him of it! I nudge Bailey's head to turn just enough that she's staring at Sophie's strap-on, and seeing exactly what her father is doing. It has her head only a foot or so from the action. I say nothing for several long seconds, letting her get a good look at it. And holding her head so she has to see it. I can feel a slight



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tension in the muscles of her neck that tells me she doesn't really want to see this.

"What do you think, cunt, is that a decent blow job? Surely you've sucked a cock before in your short life. Would a little boy have been pleased if that's what you gave him?" I ask in a questioning voice, that I hope doesn't give away what answer I'm hoping for. Not that her answer would actually matter. The same thing is going to happen no matter what she says.

"I guess... I mean, I'm no expert, Ma'am... but... I think a guy would be happy..." Bailey says. I can hear a lack of confidence in her voice. It's faint, but it's there. I just wonder what she's less than sure about.

"Well, is that about how you've been sucking a man's cock for him?"

"Uh..." Bailey cringes, and that little rose blushes on her cheeks again. I guess she doesn't want her father to hear her answer. "I've only done it a couple of times, Ma'am... but yeah, that's about how I do it... I mean, how different could it be, right, Ma'am?"

Oh, how little she knows. She's going to be fun to train! I just snap my fingers. Sophie takes one step back, pulling the dildo from Larry's lips, then moves over to where Bailey is kneeling just beside him. "Show me how you suck a cock, cunt," I firmly tell Bailey.

Bailey should have known that was coming. It's just such a logical next step. But she still looks unhappily surprised when she hears the command. And sees Sophie stepping in front of her with the big dildo.

Bailey hesitantly leans her head forward. She very softly puts her lips to the very tip of the cock head. She freezes. "Please, Ma'am... I've never seen a... thing so big before..." Bailey says rather softly as if she's embarrassed to be admitting it. Maybe, with little experience, she just assumes this is about average and the few cocks she's seen just haven't measured up. It's not like she'd know without something to compare it to.

Bailey stretches her mouth wide, opening her lips as far as she can. She starts going down, letting the rubbery, hard shaft slowly slip through her plush lips. Her lips are snug around it, and I can see the

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tautness of the skin at the corners of her mouth. I can see the light strain in the tendons of her neck as well.

As the head of the cock is slipping into Bailey's mouth, she brings her cuffed hands up and wraps one hand around the base of the shaft. She starts stroking her hand along the length of the shaft. Her hand strokes quickly for a moment, then just as quickly she catches what she's doing and slowly her hand down. She loosens her grip up, too. Now she's stroking it the way I showed her to stroke Larry's cock earlier. She must have noticed how much his cock liked it my way. I know, whether I keep Bailey as my toy or not, she's going to be putting that knowledge to use on the next cock she touches. She must think all guys will love it that way. They seem to, at least from what I've seen. But I suspect the younger guys she's going to be dating will be too eager to get her to do more than just stroke their cocks for them. Men.

Bailey's mouth is moving with fairly short strokes, too. She's moving fast, but not quite as fast as Larry was. Her strokes are a hair longer, too. As if she's daring to take as much cock as she thinks she possibly can before she gags. As if she's afraid to gag on a cock!

I let her demonstrate her abilities for a moment. It gives me a chance to nudge Larry's head around so that he's watching her, too. I guess he was waiting and praying, that I'd make him watch. As if it's not his doing, it's mine. As if he thinks now he can tell Bailey that he didn't want to watch her suck a dildo.

He's not fooling me. I can see the lust in his eyes as he watches her sucking it. And I can see the light twitching start in his cock. It's faint, but it's enough. I know that Larry is wondering what Bailey's hot mouth would be like on his cock. The blush on his face tells me that he's ashamed of himself for thinking that. But it doesn't stop him from thinking about it.

Bailey is definitely trying hard to make her blow job look good to me. She's taking all of the head of the dildo into her mouth, and a little of the shaft. On her first few strokes, I see the faint, but sudden, tension in her stomach that told me she was just about to gag on it. I guess she thinks that will impress me. I'd guess she's taking about two

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inches, maybe a small fraction more, into her mouth now. Her strokes have slowed down just a bit, too, as they grew more steady. As if she's gotten over the initial shock of the cock's size.

I am definitely not impressed. "That's about the worst blow job I've seen from an actual girl, cunt! No wonder that sloppy pussy of yours is so eager for a touch. No guy is going to want to touch that skank pit after a blow job that bad.

"No whore of mine is going to suck a cock like a rank amateur high school girl!" I use a rather mocking and disapproving voice. "It's time you started learning to be a woman... or at least female. I doubt cheap dirty whores count as women."

I grab hold of Bailey's head. I put one hand under her jaw. My other hand goes to the back of her head. "open wide, cunt," I teasingly order Bailey. The order is irrelevant. I pinch the corners of her jaw, forcing her mouth to stretch open as wide as its muscles will let it. I instantly feel a tremor sweep over Bailey as her mouth is forced a bit wider. Now it's stretched far enough that she can feel a slight burn in those jaw muscles.

As Bailey grows nervous, I let her finish her stroke. All the way until she gets to the very back of the stroke, the point where she's about to reverse and start letting some of the shaft out of her mouth. I don't let her. I use the hand on the back of her head to stop her from reversing her stroke. I just push. I feel the hard resistance from her tensing neck muscles as they try to reverse. Arm muscles can push harder than neck muscles.

Bailey trembles violently hard as she realizes that she can't reverse her stroke. I'm sure she doesn't have a clue what I'm going to make her do now, but she knows it will be something. I push. It forces her head to keep moving forward. But I use a slower pace than Bailey was using. Her lips slow, but they keep moving steadily over the long, fat shaft.

Almost immediately I feel the crisp tremors rack Bailey. And I hear her start gagging. The tip of the dildo has reached the very back of

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her mouth. Now her mouth is stuffed full with it. Her tongue pushed firmly down.

I use the hand I have under Bailey's jaw to crane her neck back, straightening out the bend at the back of her mouth. It's the same trick sword swallows use. And I keep her head moving steadily, but slowly, forward. It lets the bell-shaped head of the cock start pushing past the back of her mouth, into the funneling top of her throat. Almost immediately, it has her completely filled, pushing against every side of her mouth and the top of her throat.

I keep her head moving. I feel her muscles tensing even harder, straining with all their might to resist. I just lean into it a little, putting my weight behind my hands. The shaft doesn't have far to go. No more than an inch. It doesn't take it long. Just long enough for Bailey to gag hard. Twice.

Now I feel the firm resistance. To me, it's as if the tip of the dildo is pushing against a firm, unyielding, rubbery wall. I feel the first wave of panic sweep over Bailey. She can't struggle against me any harder, her muscles are already doing that. But her struggles take on a more desperate, more nervous, urgency to them. Her eyes pop wide. A very hard nervous tremble sweeps over her body. The dildo presses firmly against the top of her throat.

And then the rubbery wall gives. The hard flap of flesh there gets pushed aside, completely blocking her windpipe. The tip of the dildo slips forward, stretching the narrow rubbery tube to her stomach wide. Stretching it to at least double, probably closer to triple, its normal size. For Bailey, is like swallowing a huge chunk of food. It stretches her throat just the same. Her reflexes kick in. She chokes, hard. I see her bottom coming up as her stomach snaps. She heaves hard, so hard that she'd puke if she could. She can't, not with the shaft fully blocking her throat. It's her reflexes trying to clear her throat.

Panic sweeps Bailey firmly now. She realizes that she can't breathe like this. Her throat is so stuffed that it's squeezing her windpipe, blocking it off. The panic makes her struggle against me with

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everything she has. Her hand comes on the cock. She tries to put her hands on Sophie and use them to push her head back.

I don't have to tell Sophie what to do. She's been my cock sucker training aid enough times before that by now she knows what I expect. And she knows that if I want anything different, I'll tell her. She uses one hand to push Bailey's hands off her leg. Sophie shoves them away hard. As Bailey's hand move toward the floor, Sophie put on foot atop the chain of Bailey's handcuffs. Sophie stomps down hard, pinning Bailey's hands to the floor. Bailey tries to pull them free. Sophie wins. Bailey's hands stay on the floor.

I keep forcing Bailey's head to go forward, pushing more and more of the shaft into her tight throat. I can feel a light resistance now. It's the drag from the rubbery tightness of her throat squeezing firmly around the sides of the shaft. It doesn't bother me. I just force Bailey's head to keep going. It doesn't hurt Bailey, either. It's just a very weird sensation, like swallowing a whole apple or something.

There's no way Bailey isn't feeling the stretching in her throat. I can see the thick shaft pushing out the sides of her neck as it slips down her throat. Just behind the hard, rigid tube of her windpipe at the front of her neck, the muscles of her neck bulge out to the sides as the dildo slips behind them.

Bailey fights hard. It doesn't help her. I keep her head moving forward. She keeps choking hard. Her bottom snaps up a few times as heaves rack her stomach.

Bailey swallows every bit of the fat shaft. It only takes a couple of seconds for it to slip all the way into her throat. Her lips come flush against the fake balls dangling below the shaft. I have to stop now. There's nowhere left for her head to go. No more dildo to shove into her throat. I hold her head still.

Bailey struggles against me. I snap a firm command for her to stop fighting. She doesn't. I doubt she even hears it. She's too panicked. I'm sure she's a little uncomfortable, too. The sensation of that cock stuffing her throat so full is completely new to her. I snap again for Bailey to stop fighting, this time adding that I can wait until

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she's ready to behave. It tells Bailey that she's going to be staying right where she is until she stops struggling.

Bailey forces herself to quiet. But that's about all. She doesn't still. The reflexive choking goes on. It will take her a little while to get over that. And despite my threats, I can't hold her like this for too long. About half of a minute at most. As energetically as she's struggling, she's burning a lot of oxygen. And with her throat stuffed, she can't breathe. Once she uses up the air in her lungs, there won't be anymore. I can't let her suffocate.

"Pay attention, cunt. This is what a guy wants you to do. He wants all of his cock in your otherwise useless mouth. He doesn't want your hands stroking his cock. It's called cock sucking for a reason. You suck. It's not cock stroking. When I tell you to suck a cock, this is how you are going to do it. I don't care if you choke to death on his cock." I firmly tell Bailey. I doubt she hears anything more than "choke to death."

I glance over and see Larry gawking wide-eyed at Bailey. I see a look of utter disbelief on his face. As if he's always wanted a girl to take his entire, and very average, cock into her mouth. And no girl has come close. As if he's always thought that deep throat was a myth. Something no girl he'd ever meet would be able to come close to doing. And now, he's seeing it. And it's barely-adult daughter doing it to a cock much bigger than his.

There's a definitely lustful hunger in Larry's eyes. Enough to tell me that he's wishing Bailey was doing it to his cock instead of the dildo. There's a nice little twitching to his cock, too. It tells me that Larry is already imagining his cock down Bailey's throat. Imagining how tight it must feel – there's no missing the bulging of her neck from the dildo. Imagining how hot it must be. How good it must feel.

I have no doubt that Larry has, at least for the moment, forgotten that Bailey is his daughter. At least that thought is so far from his mind that it might as well be in another galaxy. He's only thinking with the smaller head now. The head that wishes it was in Bailey's throat.

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I ease off, just slightly, on the pressure I have against the back of Bailey's head. Her tense muscles start pulling her head back, eager to pull back enough to get the dildo out of her throat. I have to hold a good bit of pressure against the back of her head to keep her moving at a steady pace. The same slow pace that she swallowed it with. I won't let her go back up any faster.

It takes a couple of seconds for her to get her head back up enough that the shaft finally slips out of her throat. She immediately sucks a lightning-fast breath through her nose. It's noisy. It sounds panicked. Which I'm sure it is. It's a greedy gulp of air.

I keep Bailey's head in my firm grasp, letting her back off the shaft until only the head of the cock is left in her mouth. Her head wants to keep going. I stop it, increasing the pressure on the back of her head. It starts pushing her forward again, the dildo starting its second plunge into her throat.

I hear a groan from Bailey. It's a very short groan. It's all she can do before the dildo slips to the back of her mouth again and stops her from groaning. It tells me that Bailey has figured out what's coming. She's going to have that dildo rammed down her throat again.

I keep Bailey moving. At first, I'm forcing her head through steady, leisurely strokes of the cock. And Bailey is choking her way through them. But after about a half dozen strokes, Bailey's choking starts to fade. It takes a while, maybe another couple of dozen strokes before her choking finally ebbs away. It's the point where Bailey's body has gotten used to the idea of the shaft stuffing her throat. That her reflexes no longer consider it a threat, just big enough to be uncomfortable for her.

As her choking fades, Bailey's confidence begins to grow. Its discomfort fades away. Her strokes grow more willing. Smoother and steadier. Finally, I'm barely nudging her head to stroke the cock. I tell her that I will let her head go. She's to keep going. She does. The first stroke on her own is a little clumsy, Bailey hesitating for an instant just as it starts to push into her throat. By her third stroke, she's master that,

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too. In another minute or two she's sucking the dildo like a porn star. A minute after that, she's sucking it eagerly.

Now I teach Bailey another little trick to add to the blow job. I teach her to swirl her tongue once around the head of the cock just as she's reversing her stroke. It takes her a couple of strokes to get it right. At first, she hesitates at the apex of her stroke, while swirling her tongue. But after a few tries, she manages to keep her head moving, swirling her tongue just quick enough not to interfere with the rest of her blow job. In another minute, Bailey has fallen into a rather smooth rhythm doing that as well.

"Now that's what a guy calls a blow job!" I tell Bailey. I have Sophie take her foot off the handcuffs, telling Bailey that her hands are not to be used. She moves them to her knee and leaves them there. She keeps going smoothly sucking the dildo.

I make her practice on it for five full minutes before I let her stop.

Bailey pants a few deep breaths as the cock finally slips from her mouth.

I have Bailey lean forward, putting her elbows to the floor. I don't tell her why. It pokes her bottom out fully, and that pokes her pussy out, too. It lets every plainly see just how sloppy wet her mound is. To see her honey coating the creases of her thighs. To see her fur, so wet that little drops of honey can be seen in it. It lets everyone see that Bailey was getting very hot as she sucked that shaft.

I tell Bailey that she is going to be practicing some more tonight. Several times. And I expect perfection from her, now that she's shown us all that she can "suck cock like the skankiest of whores." And shown us all just how much she likes being "a trashy cheap gutter whore." Her wet pussy is proof enough of that!





# Chapter 07: The Butt Boy

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I grab Larry by his shoulders and pull him up from his knees. He gets up, offering me no resistance. I turn him so that he's facing a coffee table. I push him down, leaning him over it. He ends up with his elbows and forearms resting on the table. A little nudge of my foot gets him to open his feet as wide as the shackles will allow.

I doubt it's lost on Larry that he's bending over now. Or that his bottom is poked out for everyone to see. I'm sure he can guess what I'm thinking. And I'm just as sure that he's praying that he's wrong.

"Now we'll all see if butt boy can live up to his name," I tell Larry in a rather overly-sweet, teasing voice.

Larry's head snaps around to look at me. The look on his face is more of a panic. A too-nervous look. His trembles lightly, too. But even that's enough of a tremble that it gets his loose globes jiggling slightly. I can see them. I'll bet everyone else can, too. It has his cock dancing around as it hangs, stiff and hard. It even has his balls jiggling lightly.

I'll bet half of his panic is the idea of Bailey watching it. But a good part of it is still from the idea of it. Men can be such sissies about their bottoms. I bet Larry is thinking about that huge dildo Sophie's still wearing. The one he and Bailey had to suck. The giant that Bailey swallowed like it was nothing, at least by the end of her practice session.

I tell Sophie to fetch me another dildo. Not a strap-on this time. The one I ask her for is the same size as the strap-on, though. It even has a pair of fake balls attached to it, but these aren't loose and dangling. They, and their sack, are far more rubbery and rigid. Not that it will matter. Larry will still get to feel them bumping up against the backside of his dangling balls.

Sophie hands me the dildo. I hold it up, letting the crew see it. Bailey is definitely staring at it. While I don't actually know, the looks on the girls' faces tell me that they've all seen enough cocks to know this one is huge. Bigger than they're likely to ever see in person, at least. I'd bet, but the smirks I see, that it's bigger than anything they've owned, too.

The way Bailey looked at the strap-on told me she's never seen anything, real or fake, this size before. At least not in person. I'll bet

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she's thinking about that faint little pressure she felt as my tiny finger pressed into her asshole earlier, and imagining something as big as the dildo entering her there. I'll bet she's thinking it's impossible, the cock is just too big.

I turn to Bailey. "Since you were a good girl while you learned to suck a cock, I'll give you the choice, cunt. Do you want to lubricate this cock for your... I just can't call him your father, since he's being such a girl now! I guess that makes him your mommy!" I laugh hard.

"Uh..." Bailey sounds dumbstruck for a moment. Then she firmly answers "yes, Ma'am." the firmness in her voice tells me she hasn't thought it through. I see her eyes glancing around for some sort of lubricant.

I hold the dildo out to Bailey. She takes it, still not realizing what I'm thinking. I tell her to go ahead and get it good and slippery. I watch as Bailey looks around for something to grease it with. There's nothing for her to see. Sophie almost starts giggling. She holds it in, but it shows on her face.

I tell Bailey, my voice teasing and amused, to get it slippery. Then I tell her "that filthy slop pit between your legs should have plenty of slippery skank!" I watch Bailey's eyes go wide as she realizes what she's just agreed to do.

Then everyone stares at Bailey. We all watch as she blushes brightly, deep roses blooming on her cheeks. She moves reluctantly. She opens her feet as wide as her shackles will allow. Slowly she puts the dildo between her legs, pointing up. The tip of it pushes flush against her furry mound. The shaft is thick enough to almost fully cover her entire mound, not just the narrow entrance of her tunnel.

Bailey presses the very tip of it into her slit and starts wiggling it a little, smearing a coat of her honey around on the tip of the cock head. I glare at her coolly, disapproval on my face. Bailey gets the hint. She stops trying to cheat. She wiggles the shaft into place, the tip of it pressing against the entrance of her tunnel.

"UHHHH!!!" Bailey groans out as she starts pressing the tip of the dildo into her pussy. It's as much of a sweet moan as it is a tense groan.

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As if she feels her pussy being stretched further than ever before, pulling her spongy firm walls taut. But also as if it feels as good as it feels to be too much for her. Slowly her mouth opens wider, until it's gaping, as she presses it in.

I just watch. Ashley giggles a little. Finally, Bailey gets about half of the fat shaft into her pussy and stops. "It's so big, Ma'am!" Bailey says, her voice a little antsy, but not really nervous.

I tell Bailey to use the dildo for a minute. Then I watch Bailey blush again. She starts stroking herself with it. At first, her stroke is slow and cautious. She purrs another tense moan. Quickly her strokes grow eager. Her moans grow needy. Her pussy is getting used to being stretched. Now all Bailey's feeling is the dildo stroking firmly over her sensitive nerves and teasing them.

I don't want Bailey to cum yet. So I make her stop, teasingly telling her that the cock is well greased with her skank by now. She can stop being so skanky. Only then does Bailey focus on all the eyes watching her. She blushes and shirks. She pulls the shaft from her pussy and holds it out to me.

I don't take it. I point to Larry's bottom. I tell Bailey to spread his cheeks wide.

Bailey cringes hard now. She very reluctantly puts her free hand to Larry's soft globes. She fumbles, trying a few ways to push his cheeks apart before she finally settles on the one that works the best. She pushes her fingers and thumb into Larry's crack, then spreads her fingers away from her thumb. It stretches his crack open. It's the only way she can really do it with one hand still holding the fat dildo.

I'm sure it's Bailey's first view of an asshole. Any asshole. I doubt she would have looked at one of her lover's assholes. Her scrunched-up face and wrinkled nose tell me she's not interested in seeing one. Especially Larry's.

A hard shudder runs through Bailey as I tell her to put the tip of the dildo to his tightly cinched ring. Bailey looks as if she would rather do anything else. She looks as if she's about to object. Very reluctantly she puts the rounded tip against the small funnel of his asshole. It

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completely covers his asshole and most of the pink flesh around it. The fat shaft pushes his cheeks even further apart around it, too.

Bailey looks to me, the most nervous look on her face. She must know that she can't take her hand from the dildo. It would fall. But I'm not making any move to take over, either. Her face silently pleads for me to take over.

"Go on, cunt, turn daddy into mommy!" I laugh hard. "Shove that cock up her filthy hole. She'll love it!" I put enough firmness in it to let Bailey know that my decision is made. Bailey is going to be the one to push it up his butt.

Bailey hesitates for several seconds. She wiggles the shaft, adjusting its aim. As if she's not sure how to do it. I don't want her to injure him, so I put my hand atop hers and adjust the shaft so that its tip is aiming straight at his navel. That should have it in line with his bowels. I take my hand off of hers. "Shove it in her butt, cunt." I'm pretty sure Bailey realizes that I'm now referring to her father in the feminine.

Bailey cringes hard. She takes a deep breath. She pushes. The shaft doesn't move. It tells me that Bailey has never done this before, but I could have guessed that. It also tells me that Larry doesn't have too much experience at it. He's not relaxing his asshole to allow it to be stretched easily. He's tensed up and resisting.

And that tells me that Larry is as nervous as he looks.

I'm not known for mercy. Especially not when I see a guy's cock twitching, as I now see Larry's doing. I ask Bailey if she's going to be a good bitch and "shove every bit of that cock up her butt," or if Bailey would rather go over my knee before she "shoves that cock up her butt."

Bailey definitely doesn't want to go over my knees. I can see that as I see the look of fear come over her face. "Sorry, dad," Bailey says very mutely under her breath. She shoves, hard. It's not a skilled push. Nor is it a gentle one. It's a hard thrust.

"UH-OW!!!!" Larry cries out. His voice starts deep as he grunts, then steadily grows high and girly as he screeches the long, drawn-out "OW!" His hips jump forward a bit. I grab his shoulder to keep him from moving away or getting up.

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Bailey thrusts hard. In about a second the entire length of the shaft has pressed into Larry's bottom. Now its hard balls are flush against the backside of Larry's dangling balls. And they're flush with his globes, leaving almost nothing sticking out behind his bottom. Just the very base of the toy. Bailey yanks her hand back hard, letting go of the toy.

I should spank her just for that. But I don't. I was going to take over now anyway.

Larry stays in place, bending over the table. He sobs.

I wave to Sophie, telling her to take the dildo. Sophie isn't the least bit hesitant. She grips the base of the shaft and starts firmly, but slowly stroking it. Her strokes are long, pulling the cock back until only the head of it is left inside his bottom, then reversing and pushing all of it into him again, until the fake balls are against his balls. She keeps a steady pace, never varying it. And Sophie won't stop until I tell her to.

I stay by Larry's shoulders. I nudge his head up so that he's looking forward. It lets everyone see his face as she shrieks out. His face is scrunched up as tight as it will go. Little tears run from the corners of his eyes. It looks as if it's killing him.

But I know it's not. It's pretty hard to miss the eager twitching of his cock. And it's definitely crisp twitches, not just his cock bouncing around as his hips squirm with every thrust.

"Is this the first time you've been used for a girl, butt boy?"

"No, Ma'am," Larry confesses through his swabs. His voice is just as high-pitched as ever. And I can hear the needy breathiness of it. I think I hear a heavy note of humiliation, too, but the rest kind of drowns it out.

"UH!... OW, UH!" Larry squeals girly "OW!s" between hard, but girly, grunts. I let Sophie keep going, steadily stroking his bottom with the shaft. Larry keeps grunting. Larry's cock keeps twitching, the snaps grown sharper and more eager by the thrust.

"You silly girl!" I tease Larry. I point to his cock, showing the crew the glistening on its tip. He's leaking a few drops of cum again, just as

## Chapter 07: The Butt Boy

he did before. Soon before he came as Bailey teased him with her breasts. They see it. They all giggle a little.

Bailey is trying hard not to look. So I ask Bailey if she's ever had a guy ask her for anal sex. She tells me yes, she's had a guy ask. She told him "to go do himself in his ass." I take that to mean a hard no. Bailey wasn't going to do it.

I turn back to Larry and ask him if any woman has ever let him do this to her. He says no. I ask him if he wants to do this to a girl. He says yes. I ask him if he's ever asked a girl for it, and he says that he has. I ask how many women have stooped so low as to let him fuck her. He tells me five. I ask him how many of those five he asked for anal sex, and he tells me all five.

Now I ask Bailey "Just think of those five ladies... one of them obviously your mother. Think of him asking her to let him do this! Isn't it so fair that he learns to appreciate it from the girl's point of view?"

I get a faint smirk from Bailey. "I guess so, Ma'am." I can hear it in her voice that she agrees. She doesn't want to sound too agreeable.

"Unfortunately this butt boy seems to like it up her bottom," I tell Bailey. "Do you think we should let her cum? She's about to..." Bailey looks horrified at the thought. She hesitates for an instant, then steals the quickest glance down at his cock. She sees the eager twitching of it, and the sparkling of the cum clinging to its tip. It's kind of proof that Larry really is close to an orgasm.

Before Bailey can answer, I announce "Nah, I don't think butt boys deserve to cum." I wave to Sophie, and she pulls the dildo from his bottom.

Larry groans a loud sigh of frustration. Then he pants a few more sighs that are equal parts frustration and relief. It tells me that his previous owners haven't bothered to teach him how to do it comfortably. Maybe I will. If I keep him around.





# Chapter 08: Make Me Cum, Daddy

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Bailey is already standing on her feet. I casually reach between the tops of Bailey's thighs. And Immediately I wish I had gloves on. I get her clingy, hot, honey all over my hand. Oh well, I knew her mound was sloppy wet. I should have gotten gloves. I'd even thought about it and just didn't want to wait the extra seconds.

I put my hand to Bailey's furry mound. Very quickly I push my thumb and forefinger into Bailey's deep slit. It's even wetter in there. And it's hot. Her pussy is burning with the heat. My fingers find the fold where her clit is nestled. I don't bother to push those thin flaps of skin aside. I pinch them. I can feel the steely hard little nub of her clit trapped in my pinch.

"OOH!" Bailey screeches out loudly, her voice shrill, and very needy. Bailey shivers hard. And keeps shivering as I hold my pinch on her clit.

I give her about two seconds. "Bailey, do you want to cum now?"

"YES, MA'AM!" Bailey screeches, her voice eager and sure. "MAY I PLEASE BE ALLOWED TO CUM NOW, MA'AM?" I can tell she wants to beg. She wants to plead like girls her age usually do. To tell me how good she's been. To remind me of all of the things she's done just because I wanted her to. Anything to convince me that she's owned that orgasm. But, wisely for her, she doesn't. She just asks.

I wiggle my fingers, just once, rolling the BB-sized nub of her clit between my fingers. Bailey screeches, but she hasn't stopped doing that. Bailey jumps, too. She shudders so hard that feet come up off the floor for a second. Then she's back on her feet, trembling hard as more shivers flow over her body.

"Are you ready to cum my way?" I ask her. I doubt she hears the taunt in my voice. She's too busy screeching. She's too needy.

"YES, MA'AM!" Bailey tells me confidently. "I DON'T CARE HOW I CUM, MA'AM, JUST PLEASE, MA'AM, LET ME CUM!"

I take my fingers from her pussy. Bailey cries out with the frustration. I knew she was close, just from that light tease. But I've spent a few hours teasing her by now. I know it won't take much to make her cum. Her pussy is already throbbing and aching for release.

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I pick up the two strips of fabric that I'd had Bailey use to tie Larry a while ago. I have Carole hand me a third one. I hand them all to Larry and tell him that, if he wants to have even the dimmest hope of cumming before his fat, useless butt walks the plank right behind bimbo, that he'd better be on his best behavior now. And from now on.

I tell Larry to hold Bailey's hands. Then I release one of Bailey's hands. With Larry holding her hands, she doesn't have a chance to get her hands down to her pussy. I tell Larry to put her hands behind her back and tie them, the same way she tied his. Larry tries, but it's clear he wasn't paying much attention when Bailey bound him. I show him how I want her hands tied. He ties them snugly. Not quite as tightly as Bailey tied his, but definitely snug enough that she's not squirming out of them.

Then I tell him to use the third strip to tie Bailey's ankles together. Snugly together, pressed flush against each other. That way, Bailey won't be able to move her feet. There's no reason to take the shackles off of her. Larry is binding her ankles so closely that the shackles won't matter. They'll just hang around her ankles, their chain dangling.

And now I see the confusion on Bailey's face. She can't move much. She definitely can't walk. Or use her hands. Just sort of lean and wobble around. Plus the tie around her ankles is holding her legs snugly shut. Even her thighs. That makes it awfully hard to get to her pussy. Or so she thinks. It really doesn't. But I doubt she has the experience to know that.

I tell Larry to "pick his little girl up and lie her on the sofa." I don't uncuff his hands. It makes it a little challenging for him since he can't spread his arms to get a wide grip on her. He struggles to find a way to lift her. Finally, he goes with the easiest way, which also happens to be the most uncomfortably close way. He puts his hands over her head, down her back, over her bottom, and finally squats down to get a grip around her thighs. He hugs her tightly, pulling her breasts to his face, and lifts her up an inch or so above the floor. He carries her the two steps to the sofa and stands her back on her feet with her legs against

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the sofa. He rises, bringing his hands off of her. Then he holds her hips to support her and sit her onto the sofa.

Larry lifts Bailey's feet up and sets them on the sofa. Then he takes her shoulders and lie her on her back. I guess he just assumed that's the way I wanted Bailey. I'm sure he heard me tell Bailey that she could have her orgasm now. Or at least I hinted at it. I tell him to roll Bailey over and lie her on her stomach.

Larry rolls her over. Actually, it's more Bailey rolling over and Larry just guiding her so she doesn't fall off the sofa. I have Larry take the pillows away, leaving Bailey nothing to get in her way. It leaves her lying flat on the seat. She turns her head, laying her cheek on the cushion. She looks out at the crew, all of whom are watching her, wondering what I'm going to do. To me, they look eager to see if this show is going to be as good as the last ones.

Bailey has a rather firm bottom with small, hard, rounded cheeks. Her globes are tight enough that even with her lying relaxed on her stomach, her crack is slightly opened. It's wide enough that I can make out the dark funnel of her asshole, but not really see most of the detail of it. I can also see the puffy mound of her pussy rising down between the tops of her thighs, too. I can see it. I can see it glistening with her honey. And I can see the soaking wet fur on it.

I firmly tell Larry to look. I use one of my firmer, more imposing voices because I know that Larry has been trying hard all night long not to ogle his daughter's naked body. Or at least not to let anyone notice it. Larry reluctantly turns and looks down at Bailey's bottom. I'm sure he can see just how sloppy wet she is. Not too many guys would mistake that look.

I take hold of Larry's right hand and ball his fist up. Except for his first finger. I leave that fully extended. And I tell him to keep it very stiff. I will do everything for him and show him exactly how "the trashiest of gutter whores, like this cunt," most love to cum.

Larry lets me move his hand. He doesn't tense up or offer any resistance. I only feel the faintest, and briefest, of tense tremors as I put his finger to her mound. But I don't push his finger into her pussy. Not

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even into her slit. I don't have to. There's so much honey covering everything that all I have to do is draw his finger along her lips, right over her slit, to get a good coat of her honey on it. I do it a couple of times, turning his finger each time, to get a coat of honey evenly around his finger.

Bailey just lies there and squeals light, but very needy, little purrs as she feels each stroke along her slit. I see a shiver run over her with each stroke as well. They're crisp enough that I'm sure Larry sees them as well.

I put the tip of Larry's finger into Bailey's crack. His finger is thicker than mine. Maybe even as much as twice as wide. I put the tip of his finger flush against the top of the funnel of Bailey's asshole. His fingertip is just wide enough that it sits atop the rim, rather than starting to slip into the funnel.

I know Bailey feels the pressure, just as I know that Bailey can tell that his finger is thicker than mine. The one finger she's ever felt inside her bottom. I know the slight discomfort of even the most amateurish entry won't do anything to lessen Bailey's arousal. She's shown me that already.

But I still whisper some advice into her ear. Quietly. So that Larry doesn't hear me. I tell her how to relax her asshole. It seems to me that Bailey is anxious enough about anything going into her bottom. I want her to like this. And it will give her a chance to practice with something smaller entering her before (if I keep her) she gets a lesson on taking a cock into her bottom.

It takes Bailey a couple of seconds. And that gives me time to get my hand back up to Larry's hand and take control of it. I hear Bailey take a noisy deep breath laced with a hint of antsy squeal. I use my hand to put the lightest pressure against her asshole with Larry's finger. Almost instantly I feel his finger pressing easily into her bottom. I feel only the lightest drag from her ring around the sides of his finger. It tells me that Bailey has relaxed her asshole, and she's allowing him to enter her bottom easily. I push all of his finger into her depths. And Larry doesn't get a glove.

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When Bailey feels the finger stop moving, I hear her let her breath out. Bailey never made a sound as the finger pushed into her backdoor. I saw a little tension ripple over her body, but it ebbed away just as quickly as it came. It tells me that it didn't hurt her. Not at all.

I move Larry's hand, shifting his finger inside Bailey's bottom. I remind Larry to keep his finger stiff and let me do everything. I can see the flesh around Bailey's asshole tense up as his finger moves, but I think that's more from her anxiousness, not any discomfort. It's a very weird feeling to have something moving around inside your rectum unless you're used to it. Bailey is definitely not used to it. So this must be a rather weird feeling for her, and that's only going to make her antsier.

I move Larry's finger positioning it so that the tip of it should be pressing straight down. Rather lightly. It's kind of hard for me to tell where exactly, and even harder for me to gauge how firmly, his finger is pressing. I can tell by what I can feel under my finger. But I feel what's under Larry's finger, so I have to guess by the angle of it, and the very faint rubbery resistance I feel from the walls of Bailey's rectum.

I start moving Larry's finger, using it to make very soft, and gentle, strokes. I make the strokes small circles, his finger not moving over her walls, but merely massaging a little circle over them. I'm sure Larry can feel what's behind those walls. I'm even more sure he hasn't a clue what he's feeling beyond them.

"OOH!! EE! OH, OOHHHHHHHH!" Bailey screams out. The instant her needy shriek starts, Bailey's body is shuddering violently hard. Her hips are squirming hard and grinding into the cushions under them. Her feet squirm hard, fighting against the tie that holds them together. Her hands squirm eagerly, moving over her back the inch or two the tie will allow them to move. Her shoulders roll from side to side, one or the other seeming to always be digging itself into the sofa. A second later Bailey's head is thrashing around, too. "AH!, OH, OOHHHHHHHHHH!" She screeches on.

"Damn, she likes it in her butt, doesn't she?" Carole comments.

Bailey doesn't hear Carole's comment. She goes on thrashing wildly and screeching as I use Larry's finger to stroke Bailey's bottom.

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Just as I'd done to her before, I'm using his finger to press down lightly directly over the backside of Bailey's pussy and massage her walls with it. Larry should be able to feel the fiery heat burning in her pussy. He should definitely be feeling the crisp twitches racking her pussy, too.

I go on for about fifteen seconds. I tell Larry to pay close attention to his finger. To what he's feeling under it. To exactly how it's positioned inside Bailey. To how he feels her asshole spasming tightly around it. To everything. How it's moving. How firmly it's pressing against her insides. "Try to remember, butt boy, unless you want to disappoint your little girl yet again. Get it wrong and she doesn't get her orgasm."

And then I stop his finger. I gently pull it back out of Bailey's bottom.

"UH!" Bailey groans out loudly, "NO! Please, Ma'am, please! Don't stop me again! Please, Ma'am, please let me cum!" Bailey begs as I take the finger from her bottom. I lie Larry's finger along the top of Bailey's globe and tell him not to move it without my permission.

"Cunt... do you want your daddy to make you cum like that?"

"YES, MA'AM!" Bailey cries out eagerly, the frustration of her ebbing arousal still ringing through her voice. "PLEASE, MISS RODGERS, PLEASE. MAY I PLEASE CUM? PLEASE, MA'AM, PLEASE LET MY DAD MAKE ME CUM.. OH, PLEASE, MA'AM, THAT FEELS SO FUCKING GOOD! PLEASE LET MY DAD MAKE ME CUM, MA'AM!"

"Ask him to make your bottom cum, cunt. Politely."

"YES, MA'AM!" Bailey very eagerly accepts. She forgets her shame. Taboo doesn't even enter into her mind. "PLEASE, dad, please! Will you please finger my butt and make me cum! PLEASE, DAD! OH, PLEASE! Dad, I need to cum so bad! PLEASE! I'm sorry for being such a slut, dad, but it almost hurt I ache so badly! PLEASE, you have no idea how badly I want it! Please, finger my butt and make me cum!" Bailey more begs him than asks.

I tell Larry to show me that he can be a good boy. He may ask me, *once*, to either take his finger away or to put it back into Bailey's bottom and give her the orgasm she's asking for. "May I please have permission



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to put my finger in her bottom and give her the orgasm she needs, Ma'am?"

I give him permission, warning him to do it exactly as I've shown him. And telling him in a firm voice that I know Bailey can hear, that if he misbehaves I will stop him. And that means Bailey pays for his naughtiness by not getting her climax.

I watch as Larry cringes slightly and hesitantly puts his finger to Bailey's slit to get a fresh coat of honey on it. He doesn't really hesitate to get her honey on him. It's more hesitation to touch her pussy. Then he puts his finger to her asshole. The very instant Bailey feels his finger against her cheeks, not yet even to her asshole, she sucks in her breath and tries to relax her asshole. She must not expect him to wait a second for her to prepare.

"Ummm..." Bailey purrs so sweetly as she feels his finger pushing into her asshole. She must be relaxed. Her purr is pure pleasure, not even a tiny note of strain or discomfort to it. As if she's been eagerly waiting to feel his thick finger pushing through her rubbery ring. Judging by the surprised look on Larry's face, and the ease his finger seems to slip forward, she's relaxed. And he's surprised to find her bottom so welcoming.

Then Bailey is screaming the neediest, sultriest cries again. And she thrashing every which way. Wildly thrashing. If she wasn't bound, I think she'd toss herself off the sofa she's thrashing so wildly.

Larry just glares at her wide-eyed, not believing what his eyes are seeing. I can almost see the thoughts racing through his head. Of all the women he's known, he finally finds one who not only loves it up her butt, but wants it. And it's the only butt he thinks that he can't have. The only one he's certain that he'll never be allowed to fuck.

I am sure that Larry doesn't want anyone to notice. But I am watching him. I can see his cock twitching so crisply that it's jumping around, waving its glistening tip everywhere. And that glistening is being replaced as fast as it dries. Larry is just as needy as Bailey is. And teasing Bailey's bottom is almost enough to make him cum. As sharply

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as his cock is twitching, I start wondering if he might just cum. That would be funny. For me. Humiliating for Larry.

Bailey doesn't notice anything. She's far too energetically thrashing around. Wildly enough that her body is bouncing around on the soft cushions.

Nor does Bailey last too long. I'd guess it's under a minute, even with Larry's inexperienced fingering. I see Bailey's head snap back, then snap down, driving her face into the cushion. I see the muscles in Bailey's neck straining as they tense. It tells me that she's biting into the cushion. It mutes her screams. For a few seconds.

Then Bailey's head comes back up, her shoulders following a bit, her back aching down into the sofa. The cushion under her head comes up with her face, her teeth biting into it and holding it firmly. Almost the instant Bailey's head is up, her entire body tenses harder than steel. Her body shudders hard, hanging there, with her screaming into the pillow, for a second.

Bailey explodes, her head thrashing from side to side. She makes the first thrash, her head dragging the flopping cushion around with her. The second thrash must be a little crisper. The cushion flies out of her mouth and sails through the air.

Bailey's entire body snaps hard as a tremor racks over it. I see every muscle in her body snapping with the tremor. And I see that her pussy is snapping just as hard. I see her pussy squirt a good-sized dollop of honey straight out of her slit. It flies. It shoots the short distance from her mound, her fur doing nothing to slow it down. It splats hard against the insides of her thighs, about  $\frac{1}{4}$  of the way down towards her knees. With her thighs firmly together, it's as far as it can squirt. The honey clings to the spot where it lands, then starts running down the insides of her thighs. It can't go far, just to the valley where her legs are flush against each other. It starts to ooze along the valley.

Her body falls limp for a fraction of a second, vibrating as an intense quiver flows over her. Her head slams back down onto the sofa, only now the cushion is gone. It leaves her head nothing to hit but the springs. Bailey doesn't even seem to notice. Another sharp tremor hits

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her, a second wave of orgasm flowing over her. She snaps back to full tension, shudders hard, snapping just as hard, and falls loose for a fraction of a second.

A minute later her pussy is done squirting honey with each wave. Then the intensity of those waves begins to ebb. I tell Larry that Bailey is done cumming now. I tell him that he can tell because her pussy isn't squirting anymore. It is easier than trying to explain to him how to feel the tremors snapping the walls of her pussy and judge when those are weakening. And it makes him watch her pussy, something he's still very uncomfortable doing.

Larry very cautiously pulls his finger from her bottom. Bailey doesn't even react to it. I can tell by the ease with which his finger almost glides through her asshole that it's fully relaxed. Only Bailey isn't forcing it.

It looks to me like every muscle in Bailey's body is relaxed now. But she's not lying limp. Definitely spent, though. And very well satisfied. She's still, her body quivering nicely as she lies there. She purrs soft "Mmm!s" Her eyes are closed. Her pussy is sopping wet, and now pretty much everything from the midpoint of her thighs up is covered with a layer of her honey.

I grab hold of Larry's hand, clamping it firmly in my grip. I move his hand up to his face, and before Larry realizes what I'm doing, I shove his finger into his mouth. The same finger that just came from Bailey's bottom. With a taunting giggle in my voice, I ask Larry if he likes the taste of "his little girl's butt. And her pussy." There was still plenty of her honey clinging to his finger. I'm sure he can taste her sweetness along with her bottom.

Larry blushes. He cringes. I hold his hand in place, making him keep sucking on his finger. Larry very reluctantly nods yes. I tell him to untie Bailey.



# Chapter 09: Walk The Plank, Bimbo

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It's been about an hour since Bailey's orgasm, and I've spent that time both teasing, and making use of, my toys. They've both waited on us nearly continuously, interrupted only to be teased, felt up, and sometimes fingered somewhere. It's enough that Bailey is ready to ask or beg, for another orgasm by now. And that Larry is dying for a second one. His cock has been twitching away, standing at full hardness for a while now.

But the dawn isn't too far away, either. It's time to get ready for Ciara to walk the plank. And Larry. I've decided that he can walk it too. Especially now that I know what they've been talking about. I'm not sure which of them thought it up. But all are eager to try it. The boat carries a diving platform that's nothing more than a diving board similar to the one found on any swimming pool. They use it when the passengers want to have a little fun and a swim. They also have a few canisters of shark repellent aboard, although I can't figure out why. If I needed shark repellent to swim in the water, no way am I getting in it, repellent or not. I don't eat shark, and I'm not anxious for one to eat me! Carole assures me that it won't be needed this morning. But she's keeping one handy just in case someone pops by for breakfast. In case a shark mistakes us for a swim-through fast-food window, that is. To me, they look like grenades, not that I've ever seen one of those except on TV.

Carole is the one whom they've elected to rig up the diving board. Usually, it extends over the back of the boat. But, according to Carole, planks are supposed to stick over the side in the middle of the boat. So that's where she puts it. She uses an old rope to tie it in place. That makes it slightly wobbly, but steady enough to walk, and firm enough to hold a big person. I test it, walking out the end, looking down, and staring into the water.

Ashley assures me that this is our "final destination" for the cruise. We're now drifting about  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile off Bayou-Le-Battre, where we boarded. We're in 24 feet of water. Which is as close as Ashley wants to take the boat, especially in the dark. She tells me that boat "draws" 19 feet, which means we have exactly five feet between the bottom of the running board and the bottom of the gulf. That's not a lot of water.

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Especially when Ashley tells me that at the furthest point we cruised to, we have about 140 feet of water under us.

The plan is simple. Ashley is going to be our chauffeur back to shore, so she's going to sneak off and board the tender, the little inflatable boat we came out in, and wait on the far side of the boat. After Carole makes them walk the plank, Ashley is going to come around and pick the rest of us up at the back. Then we'll swing around and pick the two in the water up. Ciara gets dragged to the back of the boat. The rest of us get a ride to the dock.

But then I have a better idea, I just don't know if it's possible. And by that, I mean safe. I tell Carole. She giggles so hard it takes her almost two minutes to stop. Then she screeches for Maggie to come out onto the deck. I'll take that as a yes. She tells Maggie my idea. Maggie laughs hard. Then she tells me she loves it. And yes, it could be done, as long as we wait for daylight. Not much daylight, just enough for the sun's rays to turn the water from black to green.

The boat has plenty of diving gear aboard. And that's the reason Carole called for Maggie. She's the boat's "divemaster." The one in charge of the diving. And the only one who has some kind of diving certification. I don't ask why the only one who dives is the one not from the coast. She gets out what she needs and loads it onto the platform at the back of the boat. Off to one side where the victims aren't going to see it.

As the first rays of dawn are climbing over the horizon behind the boat, we bring the toys out to the deck. Ashley breaks out the pirate hats for the ceremony. All three of the toys are still fully naked. Paige gets the chore of sneaking my baggage to the back of the boat, where it will be ready to be quickly loaded.

I start with Ciara, the former captain of this boat. I take my heavy iron shackles off her ankles, telling her that I'm not wasting good shackles by tossing them into the sea with a worthless slave bitch. As soon as they're off of her, Carole cuts a length of an old, dirty rope. I use that to bind Ciara's ankles together. I leave it just loose enough for her to wiggle her feet and move, but with steps that are about an inch,

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maybe two, long. Then I take the cuffs of Ciara's wrists and bind her hands firmly at the small of her back. Now I take the iron collar off her neck.

Carole brings me a piece of rope that's about six feet long. And she brings me a dumbbell. It's not that heavy, I'd guess about ten or twelve pounds. Maggie assures me it will be plenty. It's more weight than she'd use, even if she were wearing a buoyant wetsuit. Which Ciara definitely isn't. She's going into the sea naked.

Now it's time for my second victim. Larry. I've decided that he will walk the plank as well. I've told him his sin was dribbling cum all over my boat, something that makes him undesirable as a whore. And he can't suck a dick, so no one will want him for a whore anyway. No sense in carting his worthless fat butt to the auction block, since no one will pay for him. I take his shackles and cuffs off the same way, binding him with the rope.

Larry looks scared to death. Ciara only looks nervous. I assume Ciara can swim. I can't imagine anyone wanting to spend her life on a boat if she can't swim. Surely, at some point, she'll have to get in the water. Or get thrown in the water by a storm. Or whatever.

I'll bet Ciara is already thinking about how she's going to tread water and keep her head above the surface with her hands and feet bound. Since she doesn't look that afraid, I guess she thinks she can do it. So I wrap the last rope around her waist, tying its free end to the dumbbell. I set the dumbbell on the plank just in front of Ciara's feet. Now Ciara looks afraid. As if she knows she won't be treading water with that weight pulling her down.

"Attention all crew!" I call out. Sophie, Paige, Carole, and Ashley crowd around me. Carole grabs Bailey and brings her up to watch the show. Maggie slips off to the side and disappears. I knew she was going to. And I'm sure no one notices her vanishing suddenly. She needs to get in place to do her job.

"Now that it's dawn, it's time to get rid of this worthless bitch! Bimbo, ex-captain of my newest boat. You stand accused of being a bitch to your crew. You stand accused of being an utterly worthless



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slave. You stand accused of being too skanky to be sold off as a whore. How do you plead?"

"Not guilty, my Captain," Ciara answers rather nervously. Her eyes are constantly darting down to the sea, wondering just how far I'll take this show. I already have her standing on the plank, but at the boat, not out over the water.

"You're guilty," I decide. I've heard pirate justice was swift. "The sentence for being a skanky whore is death by walking the plank. The sentence is to be carried out... now!"

I come up close behind Ciara, with my crop in hand. As I do I see a pretty big red and white fishing bobber pop up to the surface. That's my signal. I snap my crop, giving Ciara a good swat on her bare bottom. "Walk the plank, bimbo!" I swat her bottom again.

"OW!" Ciara screeches. She takes a step, moving about an inch on her bound feet. She yelps another "OW!" as I snap my crop across her bottom again.

"Quit stalling and walk the plank, bitch," I snap firmly. "The sharks are waiting for breakfast!" I snap my crop again, searing another bright pink welt onto Ciara's bottom. It gets her moving, her baby steps taking her forever to get to the edge of the platform. It's only about six feet long, extending about four of those over the side. Her eyes very nervously scan the water below and see nothing. There's nothing to be seen.

Ciara inches all the way to the edge. I swat her bottom again, urging her forward. She scoots her feet along, this time kicking the dumbbell off the end of the platform. It hangs down, pulling hard on the rope against her waist. I swat her bottom again. Ciara freezes. I give her a good hard swat. She stays put.

"Please, my Captain... Don't toss me in the water like this! I won't be able to swim!"

I swat her bottom hard, searing a very angry red welt onto her bottom. It stings her badly. She flinches hard. And it makes her jump. That's enough to send her teetering over the edge. She drops into the sea. And she sinks.

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*Ciara falls quickly, the weight of the dumbbell pulling her down to the bottom. She looks up, seeing only the glow of the sun above the water fading away as she sinks. Ciara panics. She tries to kick her feet and swim. Anything to propel her up towards air. It does nothing. She sinks at the same rate. She watches the hull of her boat fading.*

*Ciara's feet hit the mucky bottom. The dumbbell is just in front of them, holding her down to the bottom. She stares up at the hull of her boat, wondering just how she got here. How she let herself walk that plank. Play this game. And let it go so far.*

*Ciara has only been in the water for about twenty seconds. Thirty seconds at most. She's still staring up at the bottom of her boat and dreaming of the air she needs. She feels something being shoved into her mouth. She looks. The salty water stings her eyes badly. But she makes out the form of Maggie.*

*Maggie grinning at her. Almost laughing. Maggie wearing SCUBA gear. And Maggie holding an extra tank with two mouthpieces attached to it. One of which Maggie is shoving into Ciara's mouth. Ciara lets Maggie. Gladly. She sucks a greedy gulp of air. Then another.*

*Maggie holds up a hastily written sign. Sharpie on white plastic. "I am a Buckeye Shark." There's a laughing smiley face after that. "Welcome to the shark's domain. Now you're mine, bimbo."*

*Ciara reads the sign. It takes her a few long seconds to read it with the salty water in her eyes. She really can't see much, but she can make out Maggie's big letters. Ciara just nods. She understands. She belongs to Maggie now that she's in the sea. Her panic fades away now that she realizes this was just another of my infamous games. Like selling her as a whore awhile back.*

*Aboard the boat, we all watch as Ciara sinks beneath the surface. We all stare at the water for what seems like an eternity. Then, finally, I see another of the bobbies pop up alongside the boat. Maggie's next signal to me. She's got Ciara. All is good. I glance at my watch and see that it's been just over 30 seconds. Not bad. Not even too hard for Ciara to hold her breath that long.*

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Carole and Ashley prod Larry up onto the plank. Bailey starts to look as scared as Larry does. Especially as she watches me tie another dumbbell to Larry's waist. And she doesn't see Ciara coming back up. I'm pretty sure Bailey is smart enough to know I would never kill anyone. Never. I'm only doing this because Maggie assured me it was perfectly safe. That she could see the plank from the bottom of the gulf and would watch Ciara the entire way down. Which wouldn't be far or long. Plus Maggie has an inflatable life vest that she can inflate with the pull of a cord. Anything goes wrong and she'll pop right up to the surface with my toy.

"Butt boy, you are charged with being worthless as whore, shown up as a cock sucker by your own daughter. How do you plead?"

"Guilty, Ma'am," Larry answers. His voice is very reluctant, and it's breaking with fear.

"Then death by walking the plank it shall be. We pirates don't waste good food on butt boys that can't even suck a pirate man's cock. Time to walk the plank, butt boy." I snap the crop, a good hard stroke. Harder than any he's gotten yet. He flinches hard and jumps forward a few inches. A second stroke gets him moving.

He gets to the edge and freezes. "Goodbye... Bailey, I love you," he calls out as my crop snaps hard against his loose bottom. It gets him to step over the edge, too. He drops like a rock, landing in the water with a big splash, and slips below the surface. In another 30 seconds or so, another bobber pops up, letting me know that Maggie has him, too.

"Well, that's that. You're the captain now." I say to Carole. "Can you manage to sail my prize here to port so we can sell it off? Along with this bitch. Cunt will make a good whore in some cheap pirate bordello. We should get a few pieces of gold for her tiny little bubble butt."

"Aye, Captain. We should make port tonight in Havana. I know just the bordello to sell this scrawny bitch to." Carole tells me.

The tender has been trailing the boat on a rope. Ashley pulls it up and Paige starts loading the luggage aboard.

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"I've changed my mind... I'll take this bitch with me. I know just the frat house that will buy her butt. By the time you make Havana, this bitch's knees will be bloody she'll have spent so much time on them. Load her with the luggage, slave."

"Yes, Mistress," Sophie answers. Sophie doesn't know what's going on with Ciara and Larry. Neither does Paige or Bailey. Only Carole and Ashley know. Plus me. Sophie doesn't care, either. Sophie trusts me. She knows, whatever is happening, my toys are safe. And somehow I know it. Or I'd be panicking trying to help them. Sophie has learned to put that much trust in me. Now I'm going to find out if these three will trust me that much. Probably, or they wouldn't have gone off the plank. But I think Larry had a nagging doubt at the back of his mind. Ciara, too.

Sophie grabs hold of Bailey's breast and squeezes it tightly in her grip. She almost has to drag Bailey away from the railing. Bailey's still staring at the sea, looking for her father to pop up and wondering just how long he can hold his breath. Sophie drags Bailey over to the tender and roughly shoves her into it. She puts Bailey up with the duffle bag that's our luggage.

I know we have a few minutes. I'm waiting for the last bobber to pop up. And now, Carole and Ashley are watching the sea for it as well. They know the signal, too.

*Maggie caught Larry just as quickly once he sank to the bottom. She shoved the other mouthpiece into his mouth. Larry sucked a few deep, greedy breaths. Then he read the sign Maggie was holding up. And after a second, he nodded, too.*

*Larry is standing right beside Ciara. He has to. There isn't that much hose on those mouthpieces, and they have to share the single tank. But that one tank is over an hour's worth of air. Even sharing, it gives them a half-hour each. They're not going to be down here that long.*

*Maggie swims around them a couple of times, giving the pair a minute to adjust. For their position to really sink in. That they are naked and bound. They are helpless and at Maggie's mercy. They are on the bottom of the ocean with actual fish swimming past them. Luckily the water is fairly warm after a warm winter this year. But it still has a bit of a*

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*chill to it. Maybe they even notice the shark fin Maggie hastily drew on the side of her air tank.*

*Maggie notices that Larry's cock is still as hard as ever. Even the scare of walking the plank did nothing to soften it up. I hadn't thought it would. I think he likes playing around, and the danger doesn't bother him. Nor does taboo. In fact, the further "out there" something is, the more it seems to arouse him. Like fingering his daughter's butt and bringing her to orgasm. Something his previous owners never would have thought to do.*

*Maggie doesn't bother with a sign. She grabs hold of Ciara's hands and pulls them back from her body. She puts Ciara's hands on Larry's cock. She squeezes Ciara's fingers around Larry's cock. Ciara stands there, holding Larry's cock in her hand.*

*Now Maggie grabs Ciara's shoulders and bends her forward. She bends the redheaded woman at the waist. But Ciara can't spread her legs. Her ankles are bound too snugly for that. Still, Ciara has a pussy mound that's puffy enough to stick out behind the backs of her thighs.*

*Maggie puts her hands to Larry's hips and moves him forward. As he does, she takes his cock from Ciara's hands. Maggie takes his shaft in her hand and guides it into place. Flush against Ciara's slit.*

*Ciara's slit is wide, but it's not deep as Bailey's is. Her inner folds are short, rising their wrinkly tips up into her slit, but not standing out beyond the edges of her lips. Maggie wiggles Larry's cock slightly, getting the tip of it into place at the top of Ciara's slit, directly above her tunnel.*

*Maggie stretches one hand up to Ciara's shoulder. She holds it with a firm grip. With her other hand, she grabs Larry's bottom. She pushes them together. Larry's cock plunges into Ciara's pussy. Ciara sucks a deep, needy breath of bottled air.*

*Maggie holds a sign up. In front of Ciara. "Fuck that Eel, shark's slave!"*

*It takes Ciara a second or five to read it. To make the words out with her stinging eyes. Once she does she uses her hands to grab onto Larry's pubes, getting her fingers tangled in his long fur. It's about the only thing she can grip. She starts rocking her hips back and forth, stroking his cock with her pussy.*

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*In two seconds both of them are shuddering sweetly. And both are purring loud moans into their mouthpieces as they suck air.*

*Ciara keeps going. She doesn't want to stop. She's been teased all night long, and she hasn't even gotten the little relief that Larry and Bailey did midway through. I'll bet Ciara was wondering if I was going to leave her unsatisfied. Or worse, leave her satisfaction to the mercy of her crew. Maybe make her beg them to untie a hand and let her masturbate. In front of them.*

*She definitely never thought she'd be fucking this guy – butt boy is the only name she has for him – on the bottom of the ocean. As she works her hips, stroking them back and forth over his cock, feeling his shaft twitching so sharply inside her pussy, Ciara decides this is hot. She's always... thought about having sex underwater. But she never imagined the water would slow her down. She can't go too fast. No matter how much she tries. All of her motions are slower underwater. That only does one thing. It draws the fucking out.*

*And that's a good thing. The slow strokes of her pussy over his cock take all of about a minute for Larry's cock to explode into her pussy. Ciara feels his cum spurting against the insides of her walls. It's oddly less powerful than usual. Maybe it's the water there, too. Is there water there?*

*Then Ciara explodes. A sharp, powerful tremor sweeps through her body, shuddering her crisply. And then another. The ache in her pussy explodes, filling her body and turning to bliss as those waves crash over her.*

*Maggie lets Larry finish cumming. She glances at the gauge on the air tank. She sees they still have 2000 pounds, about  $\frac{2}{3}$  of their starting air supply. So she doesn't tell Ciara to stop. And Ciara knows not to stop until she's told to. So she keeps going. Her hips, and her bottom, keep thrusting back, stroking Larry's cock.*

*Larry stands there, grunting hard into the mouthpiece as Ciara keeps going. As her soft, spongy walls keep right on stroking slowly over the length of his cock, letting him feel her heat. He wonders if she even noticed that he came. Or if she's just being greedy. Whatever, it doesn't*

## The Pirate Cruise

*matter, there's nothing Larry can do. He's tied snugly and on the bottom of the ocean. HE stands there, groaning. His groans quickly turn to moans again. And they quickly grow urgent.*

*It doesn't take long, maybe two or three minutes, for Larry to cum again. Now there's enough cum in Ciara's pussy that it's leaking out. Little droplets of it seem to just hang in the water around her bottom. Ciara must feel the sharp twitches of his cock and his spurts. The hot cum hitting her walls yet again. She screams into the mouthpiece as her body shudders so hard that she falls forward. Unable to catch herself. But she doesn't really fall. She just hangs there, face down, shuddering hard. Floating about waist high off the bottom.*

*Maggie sees the ropes hanging down. They've been there a few minutes now. Carole tossed one over as soon as Ashley pulled the tender away from the boat. Ashley tossed a second one over from the tender, holding place just off to the side of the boat.*

*Maggie grabs the rope from the tender. She ties it around Larry's waist, cinching it tight. Then she cuts the rope holding the dumbbell to his waist. It leaves the loop of rope around him, his hands and feet bound, but it frees him of the weight. He should float. But he doesn't. He doesn't sink either. He just... hangs.*

*Maggie gives a sharp tug on the rope.*

I see the rope start moving. It's only been a couple of minutes since Ashley tossed it over the side. And we've been sitting here, just drifting. I'm sure Bailey has figured out that we're waiting for Larry. I hope she has. After a minute or so, I see the sharp tugs on the rope.

Sophie and Paige get the chore of "hauling up the anchor." I doubt either of them knows what's tied to the other end of that rope, but I'm sure they can guess. The weight should be a good clue. I tell them to hurry. Neither asks why. Both hurry.

As they pull, it pulls Larry away from the tank of air. He has to hold his breath now. But it's not far. He gets up in about the same time it took him to sink. As Larry's head breaks the surface, he takes a big breath of air. Sophie and Paige grab his shoulders. Ashley helps them

## Chapter 09: Walk The Plank, Bimbo

pull Larry over the rubber side and into the boat. They leave him bound, lying on the hard floor.

Bailey looks very relieved to see him. I wonder if she notices that his cock isn't hard anymore.

We head for shore.

As we pull alongside the dock, there's no one there. There is a young couple in the parking lot, seeming to talk with each other as if they're waiting for someone. It's just Izzy, my BFF #1, and this morning, my lookout. She would have texted me a warning if the boat ramp wasn't clear.

I wait until Ashley has the boat tied alongside the dock. Only then do I unlock Bailey's hands and ankles. I don't bother untying Larry. Sophie and Paige easily get him up onto his feet. From there, he's able to sit onto the dock. I put the key to Bailey's car on the dock, directly under Larry's balls. Where Bailey will have to move his balls to get to it. Then My slaves and say goodbye to Ashley and thank her for a wonderful cruise. She pulls away, steering the tender back out to sea.

I walk away from Bailey. I leave her there to figure out what to do with Larry. She manages to untie him quickly.

I get to see them both scurrying to Bailey's car. As soon as Bailey sees Izzy and her friend, a guy, Bailey is clutching her arms across her chest, hands down to cover her pubes and pussy, as she almost runs to her car. Larry settles for holding his hands over his cock as he follows Bailey.





# Chapter 10: Back To School

## The Pirate Cruise

Dear Miss Rodgers;

OMG! Thank you, Ma'am! I'm sorry for sending this note with Joey, but I don't have your number. It's the only way I can get a hold of you!

Thank you so much, Ma'am. I was so happy you'd agree to see my father. I never thought you'd see me too! I'd about given up on it! You so totally surprised me, Ma'am!

I have never cum anything close to half that hard before, Ma'am! And I sure never imagined I would cum at all with anything up my butt! I don't even care that you made my dad do it! That was way so intense!

I want you to know that the entire way home, dad talked about nothing but how wonderful his night was. He must have thanked me like a thousand times for introducing him to you!

He told me what happened when he walked the plank. That is so hot! Sex on the bottom of the ocean!

I have a zillion questions. Like who was Bimbo, was she really the captain of that boat? I know you'll never answer them. I just hope, someday, like today! You'll decide to see me again. And I know my dad is really eager to see you again, Ma'am, he already asked me if OI had your number so he could beg you to see him again!

This is me begging, Ma'am! Please, Ma'am, I'll do anything! I would so love to be your slave girl! Please! Please! Please!

Bailey.

Bailey hands Joey the note in the one class they share. The second of six classes for the day. She asks Joey to please deliver it to me whenever she can. Joey tells her she will. Then, as soon as Bailey isn't looking, Joey snaps a picture of Bailey's handwritten note and sends it to me.

I send Joey back a text. A long text for Bailey. It tells Bailey the rules. If she wishes to serve me, then she must follow all of the rules on my website. Especially my grooming standards.

Then I tell her that she's not allowed to masturbate. No matter how horny she gets. When I decide I wish her to cum, I will tell her. She

## Chapter 10: Back To School

will go ask her father to make her cum, and he will do it the exact same way he did aboard the boat.

And Larry isn't to touch his cock, either. When I want his cock to cum, I will tell Bailey, not Larry. It will be her responsibility to make him cum, the same way she did aboard the boat. Tying him, and using only her breasts to touch him.

I warn her that orgasms are a reward, so don't expect them often. Also, neither of them is to date, anyone. It's the same rule I have for most of my single slaves. If asked out, they're to tell whoever asks that they now belong to me, and if he wants to take her out, he must ask me. I will tell her whom she's to go out with. Maybe someone she knows, maybe not. I will tell her how far she is to go on the date. And she will be a very fun date. If she disappoints him, she will regret it. I don't care if she likes her date or not.

And, obviously, either of them or both of them, is to come immediately when I decide to summon them. I don't care what else they have going on. They drop it and come.

Bailey has exactly one chance to prove her devotion to me. And to prove how much she wants to be my slave girl. Joey will point a boy out to her. It could be anyone. Bailey has until the last bell to suck his cock. Properly. The way I taught her. And swallow every drop of his cum. Bailey gets no say in who the guy is. She might like him. She might not. It doesn't matter. It's her job to convince him to let her suck him. And so there are no disputes, she will ask Joey to take a picture of her performance and send it to me.

I send Joey another text, this one not for Bailey. It tells Joey to pick out a very geeky guy. The kind of guy who has no chance at all with a cheerleader, which Bailey is, or really any girl. A guy who is not going to argue with Bailey. Preferably a guy Bailey doesn't associate with but knows who he is.

Then I go to my class. I'm a nursing student at USA. My class schedule is far looser than Bailey's high school schedule.

## The Pirate Cruise

It's not very long at all. My class is two hours long. It gets out at ten, but I have another right behind it. But the time that one's out at noon, I have a picture from Joey.

The picture shows Bailey, on her knees with her hands behind her back. And with her lips bumping against some guy's balls. By the background, it looks like they're off in an unused classroom. The guy is standing. He is definitely geeky and looks it. And he's grinning from ear to ear.

I text Bailey my number, adding only "good girl."

Bailey texts me. "OMG! Ma'am! He told everyone! Like absolutely everyone that I blew him, and took every bit of his cock in my throat, and swallowed his cum! Joey picked this total nerd loser! Like, way so gross! But then, no one believed him! Like everyone just knows he's lying! But he's not! It's so... Awesome! I did it, and I thought everyone was going to be calling me slut-zilla for the next lifetime! But nobody believes him! They're so sure he's lying. Like, he wouldn't have a chance with me! Perfect! And it was kind of hot! I mean, like, it was really embarrassing to just walk up to him and ask I could suck his cock right now! But he was so blown away!

"I swear Ma'am, we'll both follow all of your rules! I already text dad and told him. He swears he'll be a good butt boy for you. His words, not mine!"

I'll have to arrange to see Bailey again. Soon.

I get a message from Ashley that night. They made New Orleans. And they were letting the captain, Ciara, out of the "brig." Apparently, after I'd left, those three imps decided that Ciara needed some brig time for her sluttiness under the sea. Obviously, the boat doesn't have a brig. So they improvised and locked her nude, her hands still bound, and dripping wet in a mop closet. She got one meal. Bread and water. The brig menu, according to Ashley.

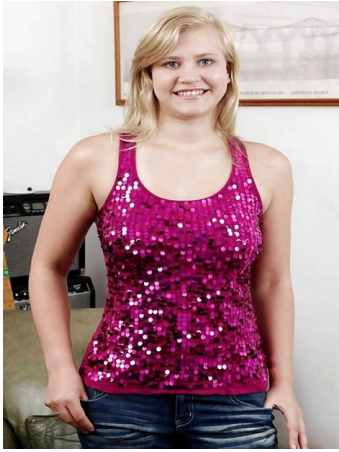
Ciara emailed me later, thanking me for the very surprising session. And begging me for permission to masturbate. It seems she got rather hot serving her time in the brig. I tell her no. I'll let her know

## Chapter 10: Back To School

when to. I don't tell her that it's going to be just before her passengers board, and she'll need a witness to verify that she masturbated properly.

# the crew

## of the S.S. Gaelic Goddess



Ashley

| Age   | Height | Home Town   |
|-------|--------|-------------|
| 23    | 5'5"   | Newport, RI |
| Hair  | Eyes   | Position    |
| Blond | Blue   | Seaman      |



Carole

| Age   | Height | Home Town   |
|-------|--------|-------------|
| 32    | 5'6"   | Seattle, WA |
| Hair  | Eyes   | Position    |
| Blond | Green  | Purser      |



## Maggie

| Age   | Height | Hometown    |
|-------|--------|-------------|
| 27    | 5'4"   | Ashland, OH |
| Hair  | Eyes   | Position    |
| Brown | Brown  | Seaman      |



# the "USUAL SUSPECTS"

My friends, family, and slaves who appear in this story and numerous others. Only those in this story are shown.



Slave-girl ("Sophie")

| Age   | Height | Weight |
|-------|--------|--------|
| 19    | 5'4"   | 121    |
| Hair  | Eyes   | Pubes  |
| Blond | Green  | Shaven |
| Bust  | Waist  | Hips   |
| 34-B  | 26     | 34     |

Debuts In: "Seducing Sophie"



Slave-whore ("Paige")

| Age   | Height | Weight |
|-------|--------|--------|
| 19    | 5'7"   | 118    |
| Hair  | Eyes   | Pubes  |
| Brown | Green  | Shaven |
| Bust  | Waist  | Hips   |
| 34-B  | 29     | 34     |

Debuts In: "Paige: From College Girl To Slave-Whore"



# Isabelle (BFF #1)

| Age   | Height | Weight |
|-------|--------|--------|
| 20    | 5'4"   |        |
| Hair  | Eyes   |        |
| Blond | Green  |        |