

## ***Drake: Tales of a Lusty Pirate***

an online serialization by Erin McCarthy & Kathy Love © 2007



### Part One

*Damn my cock for getting me into a situation like this.*

Drake shifted in his crouched position, trying not to think about the strange skittering sound next to his left foot. He hoped it was a rat or a spider—anything but one of the other creatures sharing his cell. At least a rat or an insect was identifiable. He had no idea what the other things in there were.

Shooting a quick glance to his left, his lips curled at the sight. He knew the dark forms huddled along the wall were human. But just barely.

He looked down as a movement along the packed earthen floor caught his attention. Inelegantly, he shoved upright, using the slick stone wall to balance himself. He stumbled back as one of the other prisoners reached out a chapped, filth-caked hand to stroke Drake's boot.

"Shiny," the man—at least Drake thought it was a man—said in an eerie singsong voice.

Drake backed up further, his back hitting the iron bars of the cell. Damned right his boots were shiny. He had the best valet rich women's money could buy him. And he didn't want them any further marred than they already were. He tore his gaze away from the ragged, dirty man to look at his own expensive clothes. Smears of dirt and God knows what stained the fine fabric of his dress coat and shirt front.

Some of that was probably there due to his ill-fated attempt at an escape that had landed him in a large rose bush and then in this horrid place. He knew the clothing was beyond saving. Somehow symbolic, really.

Another movement caught his attention, and he saw the ragged creature at his feet had lost interest in his boots and now watched some scurrying insect, large and black, shining in the dim lamplight. Not terribly different than his shoes when you gave the matter some thought.

The hovel of rags snapped out a surprisingly quick hand and snatched up the bug. He inspected it, tilting his head and peering at the helpless vermin with wild-eyed interest. Then he shoved the poor insect down the front of his pants.

Drake grimaced, turning to stare out the bars. My God, to what low depths he'd fallen. But until he started ramming beetles into his trousers, he was still better off than many. Or some at least.

This was exactly what a man got when he allowed his heart to become involved in his livelihood. He'd been a very successful libertine, making his living seducing women. Women loved him—and in truth, he loved them too. He just loved a lot of them. And he loved their monies as well. Overall, his chosen profession worked well for him. He had successfully juggled all his paramours—leaving none feeling neglected or used.

He rolled his eyes. Okay, *very few* feeling neglected or used. He was good.

But then he met Charmaine. Young—his first mistake—breathtaking, smart, and exuding a sexual innocence. A wide-eyed naiveté that hinted to a need for sexual awakening.

Drake rested his forehead on one of the rusted iron bars. And she had been rich. Obscenely so. And he'd told himself that was what had motivated him to pursue her. It certainly didn't hurt, but it was really her pale, clear blue eyes and sweet smile that had lured him. Not to mention she had a body that most men would sever a testicle for.

He'd been immediately smitten. And she with him. Her husband was a man in his fifties with very little hair, except for in his ears, with a disturbing tendency to twitch, and rumors of only one testicle. Of course, the poor sot may have willingly sacrificed that to gain his lovely wife in the first place.

Needless to say, she accepted Drake's seduction quite readily. And Drake had been stunned to discover, his sweet, innocent Charmaine was a wildcat in bed. A delightful surprise, and one that drew him in deeper. Literally.

And all had been going well. He found himself releasing his other paramours. Only Charmaine would do. She cared for him well, physically, emotionally and indeed financially.

Drake was a satisfied and—dare he say it, in love man.

Then the night before last had ended his dream relationship.

With a drama worthy of the stage.



To be continued...