

Drake: Tales of a Lusty Pirate

an online serialization by Erin McCarthy & Kathy Love © 2007-2008



Part Four

The would-be lad leaned forward again, offering him another glimpse of fine, firm titties, then informed him with a smug smile, "But your flirtations will get you nowhere. You are a prisoner. Not a prospective suitor—even amongst this sad lot."

She then spun on her booted heels and sashayed out of the ship's humid, smelly hold. He watched her go, his gaze locked on her rounded, tight ass, which was almost as appealing as her orbs.

His manacles rattled as he took another bite of his meager meal, chewing slowly, the stale bread gummy in his dried mouth. The cabin boy was in fact a cabin girl. Now this could help his situation.

He struggled to swallow the thick paste clinging to the roof of his mouth. Of course, this discovery hadn't improved anything as of yet, and he swallowed harder, longing for the cup of tepid, brackish water that usually accompanied the stale bread. The drink she hadn't offered in her haste to leave. But he knew how to persuade women. He'd had been perfecting that particular skill since he was out of short pants. And he'd win this little minx right out of hers.

He tore another hunk out of the stale, moldered bread. He'd have his situation well improved before the end of night fall tomorrow. He was sure of it.

Had Charmaine taught him nothing? Women were duplicitous, conniving, and in general, incomprehensible. Drake stared at the faint light leaking in through the cracks around the hold's door. He could tell the sun was setting, even though the hellhole surrounding him was always dark. Dark and dank and filled with the moans and groans of the ship, but more so of the inhabitants all around him.

Drake moved as much as his chains would allow, rolling to his side, his eyes locked on the door. At the waning light. His stomach rumbled, joining the groans, the creaks, the echoing thump of his heart against his ribcage.

Damn women! Not only wasn't he going to get another peek at those fine titties and ass, he wasn't going to get food today at all. Much less charm the cabin chit into giving him more—of anything.

"You couldn't just pretend you didn't notice, could ya?"

Drake's eyes shifted from the doorway to the shadowy lump that had been beside him the entirety of their week at sea and hadn't made a noise, except to wretch the first couple of days, and then to belch unpleasantly every now and then.

"What?" Drake asked reluctantly, sure as hell not wanting the pathetic, stinking creature to start chatting now.

"You're the toff what got shipped away for swiving another man's wife, ain't ya?"

Drake forced back a sigh. He definitely didn't want to talk to this common criminal, who likely didn't do anything more remarkable than petty theft. Drake's only folly was love.

He made a face at the idea. Of course, hadn't he always considered love pedestrian?

"What are you chattering about?" Drake asked with as much condescension as he could muster.

"The cabin," the man with his thick Cockney accent paused significantly, "*boy*. Why couldn't you let that one go? Your cock always rule ya so?"

Defensiveness tensed his muscles. Or maybe it was the pain in his empty stomach. Either way, Drake muttered, "My cock doesn't rule me."

Liar, he thought instantly.

"You'll be sorry you made note of that one, ya will."

"Why is that?" Drake said, levering himself up as much as his chains would allow, squinting into the dark at the man he'd managed to mostly ignore—even amidst his repeated vomiting.

"You'll be seeing soon enough" the malodorous mass said in an ominous way.

"Whatever." Drake said, shifting on the rough wet floorboards so he didn't have to look at the awful man. He attempted to use his crooked arm as a pillow, but the stench of his own armpit made the position even more unpleasant. He rolled back over, laying flat, staring up at the ceiling above.

If he ever saw Charmaine again, she'd be in trouble. Very, very real trouble.

Despite his hunger, Drake managed to doze. Perhaps it was the hunger, or more likely the lack of water. When he woke, he was disoriented, not sure where he was. Then all the horrible reality came rocking back to him with each roll of the waves.

He smacked his lips, hating the constant dry, saltiness that coated his mouth.

"Thirsty, are you?"

Drake started at the gruff voice so close to him in the darkness. Then he realized not only was the voice near. A body was too.

He scrambled away, the chains encircling his wrists and ankles digging painfully into his already irritated flesh. Was this what the smelly sod next to him meant? That he had designs on Drake and planned to make his move before the curvy chit got the chance.

Then a scent filled his nostrils that was not that of his fetid neighbor. In fact, this person smelled quite nice like soap and... something spicy. Cinnamon? Honey? Something sweet, reminding him of desserts he'd had at many a lover's table.

A cup was pressed to his lips and he drank eagerly.

"So you discovered little Ben is in fact little Bess."

Drake tried to peer through the darkness, realizing this must be the girl. His hands roamed through the hazy black, finding the loose neckline of the shadow's tunic. She didn't flinch away as his hand slipped inside and connected with one of those full orbs. His wandering fingers stilled. And much bigger too. He cupped the delicious weight. Clearly the girl had bound herself, for she was more than a palm full. His mouth watered.

He moved forward to taste her, licking at the hard, distended nipple.

Delicious, indeed. Sweet and salty and smooth.

Then he pulled back. "Did you bring me any bread?"

A husky laugh surrounded him, as delectable as her breasts, as delectable as the bread he hoped she had.

"I did, love. A fresh loaf. Made especially for you."

"Mmm." He moved forward to lap her nipple again.

"But," her hands came around the back of his head, holding him tight to her, "you need to eat something else before you get your dinner."

Drake sucked her nipple, then the other before saying, "Dessert before dinner, eh?"

"Precisely."



To be continued...

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