

Drake: Tales of a Lusty Pirate

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



Part Five

Drake moved to her other nipple, the slight twist of his head stirring the scent clinging to her skin. He breathed in deeply, and his mouth watered.

"Perhaps," he murmured as he pulled back, peering up at the woman who still remained nothing more than a black shadow, "we could go with dinner first."

He leaned in to kiss the side of her neck—or rather to sniff the toasty, yeasty aroma surrounding her as if she were bread-battered sex, hot and fresh out of the oven.

She chuckled again, but didn't speak. Instead her hand moved to the front of his trousers. She plucked at the buttons and her hand slipped inside. Strong fingers curled around his turgid cock.

"She laughed again. "Some parts of you seem to be unaware of the complaints of your belly."

"Well, my dear, I'm hungry, not dead."

She stroked him, making an appreciative noise. "Nice and big too. I promise plenty of delicious food. Just as soon as you satisfy me."

He groaned as her hand stroked him, firmly, determinedly. Just the way he liked. He was a bit more than hungry, he was starving, but he could think of much, much worse ways to earn a good meal.

He shifted, catching her hips to roll her under him, to take control, but the chains trussing him to the floor caught and pulled him off balance, pausing him to collapse back against the damp, rough floorboards.

"Shit," he muttered, but his awkward movement didn't put off his lover. She quickly straddled him, grinding her hips against him. He smiled up at her, still not seeing her features in the darkened hold. But clearly, he still had his sexual prowess, even when restrained.

A pained moan sounded from somewhere else in the darkness. A chain rattled. Someone wretched.

His smile slipped. Then again, this tart also didn't seem to care she was about to get tugged in a stinking, wet ship's hold, surrounded by criminals, by a man who hadn't seen anything akin to soap or a proper bath in several days.

The tart wiggled down his body a bit and caught the waistband of his trousers, tugging at them. Her fingers returned to his penis, which had waned a bit in response to the less than appealing environs. But after a few pumps, she had him focused back to what mattered at the moment. Sex and then food. Good food, she'd said.

Another wretch echoed around them.

And at least he hadn't been plagued by seasickness. He smelled better than many others down here, he supposed.

The girl wriggled back up him, warm, slick flesh sliding against him, replacing the movement of her hands. This time, Drake's groan filled the hold, followed by her moan.

"You are a big fellow," she murmured. "I can't wait to feel you filling me."

He couldn't wait for that either. He'd fill her alright, and then she'd fill him.

Damn! He never thought he'd experience a day when food nearly turned him on as much as a wet, willing woman.

She rubbed against him again, undulating her hips. His cock pulsed, his mind finally focusing on her totally.

"I'm too impatient this time," she said, raising her hips and driving her suctioning heat down around his erection. They both cried out, neither moving immediately.

"Very big," she whispered, sliding up his length.

He didn't speak, lost in the lovely feeling of her tight and fiery around him.

She stopped talking too, focusing on riding him, rising and falling in a wonderful rhythm. But quickly the pace quickened. Their flesh pounding together, her full breasts jiggling in his palms. Her strong legs squeezing his sides.

"Damn woman," he cried, amazed at how easily she was driving him toward release.

She laughed, although the sound was breathless. "Feel good?"

"God, yes." It was the first thing that had felt good in weeks. And it was somehow affirming to him that he could have sex in such terrible conditions. That had to be some sort of test of maleness, didn't it? He may be a captive, but he was still a man. And still horny in the worst of circumstances.

"You are very good," she whispered, leaning down to nip the side of his neck. He squeezed her breasts, plucking at her distended nipples.

"So are you."

"You are going to be very popular."

Drake didn't understand that comment, but he didn't have time to give it much thought, because she rose up quickly and dropped down his staff, so that he was buried deep in her wet fire.

He cried out, his orgasm hitting him hard. She cried out too, joining him.

She collapsed onto him, both of them panting in short, harsh breaths. But quickly the euphoria disappeared, the wood under his bare ass feeling scratchy and uncomfortable. Even the weight of the tart grew uncomfortable. She was either

deceptively small or surprisingly heavy. Either way, he shifted, hoping his movement would give her the hint that he wanted her off him.

After the third squirm, she did slide away.

"That was nice," she said as she rose, and he could hear her adjusting her clothes.

"Nice?"

She laughed and leaned down to touch his stubbly cheek. "Very nice."

"Nice enough to get my meal?" He felt pathetic sounding quite so desperate, but he was starving. Even post-coital, he wasn't able to forget that.

"Definitely." She turned to go, her shape tottering toward the hold's door.

"Are you coming right back?" he asked.

"Sure, my love. Right back."

Drake listened to the clatter of the bolt and the squeak of the hinges as she left the hold, giving just a brief glimpse of moonlight and fresh air before she closed and locked the door behind her.

He dropped his head back onto the floorboards, staring up into the darkness.

Why did he have the sinking feeling that he just forgotten the number one rule of being a whore? Certainly he knew how their dealings went.

Always get your payment up front.

His stomach growled in agreement.



To be continued...

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