

Drake: Tales of a Lusty Pirate

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



Part Six

Drake lay on the damp floor and wished for death.

Not really, but it felt appropriately melodramatic to think the thought as he lay in the fetid stinking hull of the *Elle Mouille*, the last miniscule reserve of energy he had retained in his starvation spent on a ungrateful wench who had ridden his cock and then pranced off without a backward glance at him. He felt as poorly used as a virgin giving up her maidenhead in the bushes at Vauxhall Gardens only to have her greedy lover leave her on the dark trails alone awash in regret and tears.

Perhaps there was a valuable lesson in this for him.

Such as he should be in Vauxhall Gardens instead of this goddamn ship.

Sighing, Drake lifted his manacles and rested the chains across his lips. The cool iron felt good on his overheated, malodorous flesh. Curious, hungry, and bored, he licked the chain.

Bloody hell. Drake made a face in the dark and tried to wipe the rusty flakes off his tongue with his arm.

“Would you be wanting some water, sir?” a voice said to his right.

He would sell his soul if he could guarantee that voice was speaking both to him and with total sincerity.

“I will pay you ten pounds when we arrive in Louisiana if you can give me some water,” he promised. He had no money, and no means to secure any, but that was a cause for concern later. He would barter his own mother at this point, were she not already in the great house party in the sky. Besides, once he was on solid ground, he would take a lover and then his problems would be solved, he had no doubt.

“I don’t want your dirty money,” the sweet, musical voice said.

In the dark, Drake strained to see her and realized it was the cabin boy turned cabin girl. He could just see the outline of her delicate features, her pink bowed lips, wisps of her soft hair falling down onto her forehead. “What do you want then, my pretty little cabin boy?”

“That is for me to know and you to find out,” she said in a teasing sing-song.

Had he fallen back into the schoolyard? The cabin boy/girl was either young in truth or fit for Bedlam. “I don’t need to know that badly then,” he told her irritably. Her response was damn ridiculous and he was in no mood to play games with a gender challenged servant.

A cool tin cup pressed against his lips. “Drink,” she told him.

She didn't need to suggest it twice. Drake sucked down the water as fast as she could tip the cup, letting the cool liquid soothe his parched throat and land in his empty stomach. When the cup was empty, he licked the final drops off of his cracked lips and swallowed in satisfaction.

“Thank you.”

“You're welcome. It won't do to have you passing out on us. That will make the crew most unhappy.”

Drake paused in the act of savoring his quenched thirst. “Why would the crew concern themselves with the state of one prisoner? There are unconscious men in every corner of this wretched hold.”

“The crew has plans for you.”

Drake stiffened, a tremor of alarm sliding up his spine at her words. “Dinner plans?” he asked, forcing insouciance into his voice. He may be a bit down on his luck but he was still The Honorable Drake Ashton Hanover. Well, not according to his father, but that was how he had been born, and he was not a man to cower.

“Pray tell the captain I am particularly fond of a duck a l'Orange.”

There was a rustling above his head and then the clank of his chains falling from their post in the wall. The girl had just released him from his imprisonment. Granted, he was still chained hand to hand and foot to foot, but now he would have a greater freedom of movement within the hull. Lovely. The minx deserved a thank you of the Drake variety.

He stood up for the first time in a week, his stiff muscles protesting.

Stretching and bending at the knees to release the kinks, Drake gave a charming smile to the girl. “Why, thank you, precious. To what do I owe this honor?”

She moved in close to him, her lavender scent wafting sweetly up his nostrils. Her lithe fingers reached out and found his manhood with astonishing accuracy, stroking and squeezing. His body immediately responded by swelling under her ministrations. It would seem the girl was not such a girl after all.

“You owe your freedom to the size of your cock.”

Pardon?

Her fingers retreated and she turned. “Watch your step in those irons. It would be a sad shame to have you take a spill and knock those fine teeth out of your mouth.”

Drake shuffled forward tentatively, feeling a bit of vertigo after his week of inactivity. “What are we going, my dear? And what exactly does my cock have to do with any of this?”

That of course was the ultimate ironic question.

“On deck. And you shall see.” She turned and smiled, her hips rolling with an enticing sway.

Well, well, well. This had the potential to be all manner of arousing and satisfying.

Or perhaps strange, torturous, and insanity producing.

He would cast his vote for the former.



To be continued...
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