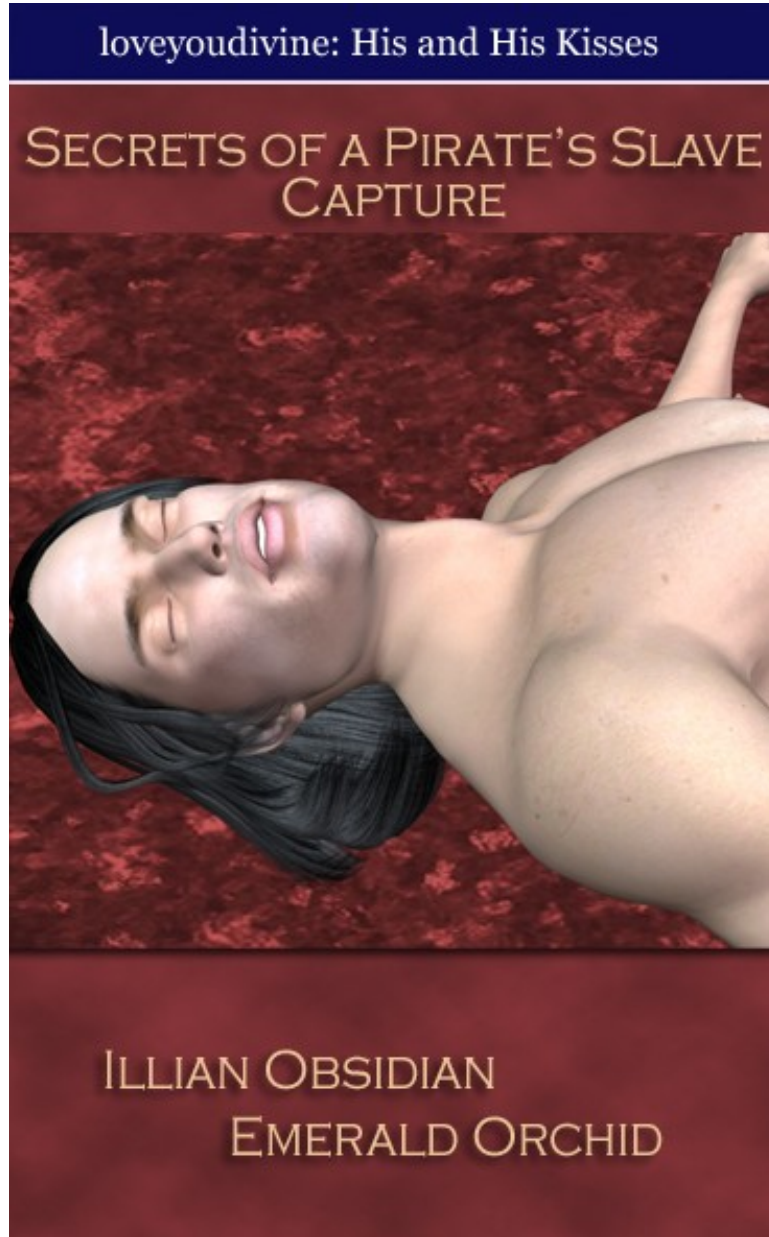


Secrets of a Pirate's Slave



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The Secrets of a Pirate's Slave: Capture

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Secrets of a Pirate's Slave

THE SECRETS OF A PIRATE'S SLAVE: CAPTURED

by
Illian Obsidian
and
Emerald Orchid

Secrets of a Pirate's Slave

Note from the Orchid!

Hi! Thank you for buying this book!

I hope you enjoy it very much!

It is written in a rather experimental style, very spontaneous, very much in touch with the characters. There are strong point of view shifts, even though it's written in 3rd person, past tense. You might not even notice, which is awesome, just be swept away in the linen and hard muscles of Robard and his new slave! If you do, please give it a chance. It is a little unusual, but you may find being closer to the characters in such intimate adventures may be *cough* very suitable.

Emerald Orchid

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Captain Robard Blacke bared his teeth in anger. While this was the stealthiest attack he'd ever led on one of Her Majesty's ships, it was so far the least profitable. Not a single coin in the hull, this was a medical vessel, very little of value for a hungry pirate.

But he wouldn't return to his own craft empty handed, oh no. In fact, the cabin just aft of this tub's captain's quarters had just netted him something he needed more than jewels or gold. He'd found the recipient of his long neglected lusts. And what a beautiful young thing this was, too.

The ship creaked. This was nothing new. Jordan Whitting had spent nearly a year since his twenty-first birthday aboard her, and he was used to the creaks, the shifting. His bed lay by the window, open to moonlight and the warm Caribbean air.

He lay sprawled on his small bed, one leg, lean and slender hanging over the side, bare and healthy golden, though not dark from the sun, swaying easily. The thin sheet did nothing to hide the gift of his dream, the hardness that lifted it from his belly, and he rolled, his face relaxed, unsuspecting.

Full rosy lips, a face with just enough color to be healthy. He did not spend all his time with books and recording of things, but his lashes were still dark against his cheeks. Beautiful as woman, Jordan had been pleased to be away from London, safe with his books and his pens. He sighed slowly in his dream, lips parting.

Robard breathed deep, growing hard in the doorway as he looked down upon the vision that would be sharing his bed for the foreseeable future. Young, slim, sweet looking, this young man was everything he needed, hungered for.

He stepped into the room, moving up to the bed. With one finger, he leaned down, edging the hem of the nightshirt up one honey-gold thigh. He dropped the garment, adjusting himself in his tight leather breeches.

Squatting next to the bed, he brushed a lock of dark hair back from the rosy cheek. "Time to wake up my Sweeting," he purred softly, laying a finger over those plump lips.

Jordan felt the slight breeze and it started to pull him from his dreams as the cloth brushed over his leg, belly. He murmured in his sleep, and then the calloused finger touched his lips and his eyes snapped open.

At first there was simply shock. The man was huge, dark hair, and then Jordan put the parts together. Pirate. He gasped and backed away, half trying to climb up the wall backwards, suddenly keenly aware of his hard-on, the dewy soft black curls around it and his nightshirt all the way to his waist. "Leave me alone!"

Robard grinned, white teeth gleaming in the dim light as he shook his head. "Oh no, my lovely. Tsk, no. I just can't do that. Be a good boy now and don't make me spank you."

He had to adjust himself again, the idea, no the image was clear in his mind as he looked on he pale cheeks pressed against the wall. That sweet round flesh, stretched

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across his thighs as he swatted, turning it a lovely rose pink. What an idea.

And that rigid little cock, so hard, poking out of its nest of dark curls, nightshirt bunched around it, Robard wanted to stroke it, squeeze it. He especially wanted to hold it from behind while he plunged in and out of the tiny hole behind it.

"Hush now, lovely," he said again, a knee on the bed as he reached for his human booty.

A strong hand caught hold of his nightshirt and drew him down. The soft bed did nothing to give him purchase against being dragged from it. "What do you want? I have no money! I am medical student. This is all!" He was still hard, but that was only because he hadn't found relief, because he was frightened. Yes. That was why he was hard.

In seconds, Robard had the squirming, struggling little thing over his shoulder. One hand looped over a bare thigh, he slapped the round cheek closest to his chin. When the struggling intensified, he licked the head of the flailing cock pressed to his chest.

His fingers slid into the young man's cleft. "This will go all the harder on you, my beauty, if you resist me now." His voice was low, a soft menacing growl.

Still hard, and now wet where he'd been licked, he kicked his feet for all they were worth. Bare feet hardly did anymore than his fists as they pounded on the back of the man carrying him off, his bare ass high any passer by to see! He blushed right down to the cheeks the man was fondling, though his entrance tingled.

He was not interested in this man! He was not interested in sexuality! "Unhand me!" But the more he struggled, the more he pressed his own cock against the man holding him. Long dark hair worked free and fell freely over his head, shielding his face just slightly. "Don't touch me!"

"Ahh, my little precious," Robard laughed, harder than ever and as pleased with his angry treasure as if he'd found all the queen's gold. "You have earned yourself a good spanking to go with a good fucking. Please, cry out some more. Even your own shipmates are sleeping through your departure."

Placing a wet kiss on the pale rounded globe he intended to abuse in mere minutes, he directed his men to depart the ship. It had been a hit and run raid and there were only a few. He pulled the shirt down over the sweet flesh that he didn't intend to share--maybe not ever, but certainly not for a long while. The last thing he needed was to have to kill one of his own men over this sweet treat.

He was being taken while the rest of the ship slept? They would think he had thrown himself overboard, perhaps? They would be alive though. Furious, he continued his struggles, but he did not cry out. He would free himself!

"You wouldn't dare spank me!" he hissed. The very idea! And then the laughter from some of the other pirates... His face burned and he pounded on his captor's back for all he was worth, at least grateful that his shirt was down and no one would see his erection, which he still had. "You can't fuck me!"

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“Mm, no? I can’t fuck you, lovey? Hang on tight; we’re going over the side. I’d hate to drop you before I show you how very much I can fuck you.”

Still grinning, Robard held to his captive with one hand as with the other, he climbed down the netting and into the smaller boat, headed almost immediately the short distance to his own ship.

What would he do first with his little prize? Another volley of blows on his back and Robard whipped the skirt of the soft cheesecloth nightshirt up, turning away from the five men gathered in the small skiff.

With a growl, he nipped hard at the soft flesh, leaving a red welt. “Be still or my men will witness your spanking here and now.”

Away from his ship, his home, and no one coming to save him, tears had already come, when his nightshirt was pulled up, his bare ass vulnerable to the air, and the savage bit him! He cried out in pain and embarrassment, bare feet still kicking at the man who held him. He was going to be taken by pirates... and he imagined himself bound over a table, their thick hard cocks able to take him in any way they chose!

He was a doctor! Or close to it! He couldn't imagine being spanked in front of these men, while they watched, each blow, and the hand that would caress him perhaps. Tears dropped towards the hard wood of the little boat, but his hair hid the bright red embarrassment on his cheeks.

Tugging the thin fabric back down, Robard realized that they were abreast of the ship. It would be easier to hand the squirming body on his shoulder off to one of the men hanging over the sides. It would be much easier in the short term. In the long term, he’d have to worry about a shipload of horny men gang-raping his new concubine.

“Be still now or be prepared to feel the filthy hands of twenty lusty sailors on your cock and in your hole.” He waited for the now familiar kick and squirm. “You hear me?”

Now that frightened him and he went still. He was on their territory now... and unless he really could throw himself over... he might very well have twenty sailors in line for his rectum. Strong hands reached down for him, a man on either side and pulled him up.

In truth, he wasn't really ready to throw himself over board. There must be another way, and those hands on him, holding him, arms twisted behind him, excited something in him that he didn't believe should be there.

They commented on his hard on, on the rise to his shirt, how he must want to get fucked by the captain, and then them. All he could do at that moment was stand there, tears running down his face.

One of them kicked his legs part, taking time to run a hard knee down his inner thigh. “Captain's going to love you. I bet you scream nice.”

“Please help me! Please!”

“Hand off! Legs, too,” barked Robard as he came up over the side, grabbing his

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young captive by the arm. "Thought I told you to keep still. That would include your flapping mouth boy. No matter, you'll learn." He propelled the younger man forward, ignoring his flowing tangled mane, his red face, big, beautiful, tear filled eyes... oh how hungry he was. Oh the pleasure he would take. "Warm water Jax, in my cabin, NOW," he rapped out, calling over his shoulder.

As he wrenched open his door with one hand, he barely slowed, pushing the lithe body in with his other. Through the main room, into his berth, he walked his bounty up to the wooden pole at the side of his bunk. He grabbed a length of rope from the dressing table and wound it around the little man's hands on either side of the pole.

Done, he stepped back, un-tucking his shirt as he surveyed his prize. He'd rest a minute and then the fun would commence.

The ropes were quite sound, the knots well made, and though Jordan struggled, he could not make any headway at freeing his wrists. His face felt washed in tears, and his head on kept bumping the pole, but he couldn't take his eyes off the man as he pulled his shirt free.

"What are you going to do to me? Please, I'm a doctor. I can be useful to you." He could see some echo of the size of the man through his tight pants, and he was sure such a size would never fit into him anywhere. "I'm too small! You can't use me like that."

Robard grinned, pulling his shirt over his head. "A doctor you say?" he chuckled as he removed his leggings from his knee length boots. "If that were the case, *Doctor*, you'd know well that you will stretch to fit. And as I am the victor, that makes you the spoils, doesn't it? Worry not," he laughed, moving to the door dividing his two rooms. Yes, Jax had brought a pot of steaming water. He'd use it for many things this night. "You will be *most* useful to me."

He gave thought to asking the young man's name but decided to wait. In a few moments, his reluctant guest would be forthcoming with all manner of information. Striding purposefully up to the pole, he untied the good doctor, spinning him in one motion and seating himself at the same time. A sharp tug brought the shivering body across his lap, delectable bottom up. He felt the hard little appendage poking his thigh and knew that, like it or not, his captive would get what he needed out of the evening's events.

"I will not stretch!" Though he knew he would, knew there was a secret spot within a male that might make such stretching quite worthwhile, though he was sure it would be quite painful.

The captain's body was hard, clean, the lines of his stomach firm. He couldn't quite reach the floor with his feet, and his mind didn't allow that he was about to be spanked. Spanking was what one did to disobedient children! How much could that possibly hurt? "I shall never do as you say!"

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Robard swept the younger man's garment up and over his head, tossing it aside. He'd considered ripping it, but he wasn't wasteful. His bed partner would need something to wear until he could provide. He wouldn't need much, but yes, he'd need something.

"Never is a long time, Doctor," Robard informed him, punctuating this truism with a solid slap to the alabaster cheek so available to him. Another swat, and another, he could see his handprint glowing red over the pale flesh. Two hard spanks on each cheek and he felt the heat pouring from it. He also felt the leaking of the smaller man's cock. "What is your name, Sweeting?" he caressed the warm flesh tenderly with one hand, rubbing the young man's back with his other.

The sting of it was nothing to the second, hot and humiliating, and he had no way to defend his tender flesh. His hands reached back to cover the burning flesh, to deflect the blows somehow, that were only open handed slaps. He yelped with each, hips shifting to somehow get away. And he'd never been so hard in his life! Never! "My name is Jordan!" It was only half his name, anyway.

"Thank you, Jordan," Robard smiled, one hand pulling aside a flaming buttock, his finger at the exposed pucker. "I would have your full name," he requested politely, stroking over the hole and down to the perineum and back. "I'll give you my own in return. I am Captain Robard Blacke," his hand cupped the tight little sacs his new consort wanted so to keep from him, "at your service."

"Oh god," Jordan whimpered as the hand closed around his sack, gentle, possessive and his entrance still tingled from the touch. He was enjoying this... he couldn't allow that to be true, though he greatly preferred talking to his captor. Distract him. That was the plan. "Jordan Whitting, of York," he said, hips rising up, pulling away from the hand that touched his most private jewels.

"Shh, Jordan, such a good man," Robard caressed the entrance he would enjoy in so many ways tonight. "You are a doctor, or a student of medicine, I think you said?" He stroked the warm skin, firmly holding Jordan in place. "You will appreciate the importance of cleanliness in that case."

He stroked up the shivering spine and back down to the flaming derriere. He eased Jordan up and to his feet, turning him as he wrapped an arm around his naked body.

Guiding him into the other room, Robard seated himself in a chair situated between a large desk and the steaming water. Jordan was moved to stand at his hip. Once again, he pulled Jordan across his lap. "Are you familiar with the enema, Jordan?" he asked, reaching behind him for his taps and tubing.

How had he gotten so compliant to have allowed himself to be in this position? What had seemed embarrassing before was nothing. His hands moved back towards his ass again. He could well understand how this captain would like his passage clean if he

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were to use him in such a way, but he could not bear to have such a thing done to him!

“Yes, yes! I am familiar. If you give me a little privacy, I shall attend to it myself,” he begged, his face burning, his legs tight, cheeks tight, as if that could defend against whatever the captain might wish to do.

He couldn't seriously be thinking of helping this man clean him so that he could be used for this man's pleasure, and yet he was, anything to prevent the tube being slowly inserted... the water... and then the loss of control.... “Please! Let me do it!” His struggles began again as he reached for the desk, trying to pull himself free.

Robard delivered a stinging open handed slap to the tender thighs and the balls between them. “Be still, Jordan,” he purred, his low murmur at odds with the slap and the words.

Parting the warm cheeks, he rubbed soft lilac oil between them, pushing his fingertip in just a little, out for more oil and in again. “If you had been good, I would have let you cum first.” He sighed regretfully. “I fear you will feel pain before I allow you release, Sweeting. You have behaved badly,” he mourned, his finger slipping ever deeper, finally finding the button he'd been searching for. Poor Jordan. Robard would make sure that spot only got attention when the young man deserved it. So far, no.

He was surprised how easily his secret entrance opened, easily allowing the invading fingertip into him. The slaps still burning on his cheeks, he did want to cum! He did. “What kind of pain?” he asked, trying to hold still, to feel what that finger might do to him. Then there was something more, and he moaned softly, hips lifting involuntarily. So sweet! “Don't! Please, don't.”

He looked over his shoulder trying to see what would come, if this pirate really meant to give him an enema. There was tubing, water, perhaps warm and soapy and his bowels would crave to find release from that as well, he knew. He was a medical student. His eyes filled with embarrassed tears again, and he knew the man pinning him was well aware of his hard on. “Tell me how to be good? I'll do anything, but please don't give me an enema!”

“Shh,” Robard crooned, the greased rubber tip of the tube at hand. The soapy water was ready and the time had come. He himself was so hard that he could crush a walnut with his rigid cock, and Jordan was very nearly so. How difficult it must be for a man to learn these things about himself at a time like now. “Don't squirm love, and this will feel good. That nice feeling when I touched you deep? The water might do that as well. Hush now.”

Slowly, he inserted the tip into the clenching hole. Once the tip was in, he moved one hand to rub Jordan's back. “This will happen. Make it easy on yourself, love.” A little more tube slid in, emphasizing his point.

“No,” Jordan cried, hands now holding onto the rung of the chair as warm soapy water began to fill his bowel, sliding into him, and no matter how he clenched his

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sphincter, the tube was in him, slowly being pressed deeper, and he couldn't stop it. More water, filling him, so quickly, heavy and he wanted to release already. It made him squirm. He couldn't help it, and his hands came back again, reaching for what he couldn't stop.

"Please! Or I shall not be able to control myself. I need to relieve myself, please? I must!" Unconsciously, he licked his lips, looking pleading at the man now being so kind to him, nurturing.

"So beautiful. Shhh, love, you look so beautiful like this," Robard crooned, stroking the bunched skin of Jordan's anus. "Your pink hole open, the tube going in, it feels warm with the water, doesn't it?" He moved his thighs closer together, squeezing the erection between them. "Only a minute now, and I'll help you relieve yourself, hmm?"

The tube was hard, and as he relaxed a little, the great discomfort he had feared not emerging, he found he liked the hardness forcing him open. The touch to his hard manhood made him groan, and instead of reaching back to protect what was being used as the captain saw fit, he reached for his throbbing hard on. His fingers brushed the top, slipped easily in the pre-cum dripping there. "Please," he moaned, begging, softly.

"Mm, oh yes, Sweet," Robard purred, reaching to snag Jordan's wrist, pulling it behind the naked body. "This is so perfect, isn't it?" he slid his hand around under the tight abdomen. "Yes, it's about time. Hold steady while I remove the tube and then I'll help you to the privy bucket. I'll watch you empty and decide if once is enough."

He began to slowly remove the tube, feeling his cock leak as he did. The sight of the rigid tube sliding out of his new bed servant's hole made him want to groan aloud. He would watch him defecate, monitoring everything that went in or came out of this body from now on, as long as he wanted. Yes, this was his possession. He had to regulate his breathing before he came in his pants like a schoolboy.

Jordan wasn't surprised that he was to be watched, but he didn't like it, at least he told himself that he didn't like it. Not at all. Having his wrist held behind his back by the strong hand only made things worse though. "I couldn't possibly while I was being watched!"

Robard halted in his removal of the tube. "Do you feel you will have difficulty?" he asked solicitously. "I can put a little more liquid into you. That will ensure that your shyness won't inhibit your ability to evacuate. I can't have you becoming ill because you are self-conscious."

"I have always managed on my own," Jordan protested. "Why? Why do you need to watch?"

Robard gathered a generous handful of half of the protesting man's rump. "Because I say so," he growled directly into Jordan's ear. He made no effort to hide his anger or aggression. His young captive needed to understand which of them was in

charge.

This movement shifted him, pressed his belly against the hard thigh he lay on and he whimpered. "Please!" He had no choice... he could see that, but the very idea made him burn with shame, even as he wanted to feel his cock rub between those two hard legs. "I'll try!"

Good. He'd made his point. "That's better," Robard soothed, one hand fixed on removing the rigid tube, the other slipping down to cuddle the young man's balls, loosely clasping Jordan's cock. "Good little Sweeting," he murmured as the tube popped free.

Still fondling the rigid flesh, he helped Jordan to his feet, guiding him to the privy bucket.

Jordan shivered, squatting over the bucket. He covered his face with his hands. His body held tight, even with the fullness of his belly. So he tried hard to pretend that he was alone.... in his room.... and it was all okay.... then his body released and water and solids gushed forth, even as tears flowed down his face and he tucked his chin to his chest.

Robard shivered. It was all so much for him. Just perfect. "Yes," he purred as he watched the water and other mater gush from his new toy. "Yes, lean forward, love. I'll clean you." He reached for a soft cloth.

Jordan leaned forward. He'd never been so embarrassed in his life! Or that excited! He wanted to handle such things himself, keep such functions private, but he was prisoner of a pirate and at least it was now as bad as it could get. He did want his captor pleased with him, after all.

Dipping the clean cloth into the warm water, Robard washed Jordan's rear end. "Good, good." He pulled the other man to his feet. "Now, you will undress me and wash me. I'll help you to start," he announced, loosing the ties at the top of leggings.

It was just like taking care of a patient. Jordan could do that. He knew he could. He just had to think of it as if he were taking care of this man. It wasn't just the same though. He was very attracted and excited by this man. His hands shook as he worked on unfastening the ties loosening the pants that, as he pushed them down, revealed the very solid and sizable maleness of his captor. He knew that cock could fit into him. Probably, but he couldn't imagine it spreading him enough. It was a beautiful cock though, long and round enough to fit fully in his hand. The head looked velvety soft and his captor smelled of maleness, clean and wholesome, though Jordan hadn't expected that. He knelt to work at his captor's boots, so that he could remove his pants.

Robard could see that the young doctor was fighting himself. His shaking hands, his ragged breath, all were telltale signs. And that ragged breath caressing Robard's straining, leaking cock was about to drive him wild. He wanted his little plaything to enjoy this experience. It wasn't strictly necessary, no, but it would serve to make some things easier as time went on. He expected more resistance, and soon. He had things in

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mind for his beautiful captive. Things that required the young man to admit his own needs.

"Lift your foot for me?" Jordan asked, as he was ready to pull one of the boots off. He was a little calmer now that he was engaged in doing something. All he had to do was keep his mind on the present and not think about why his cock was so hard, why he so much wanted to just find a corner and stroke himself until he got off.

Robard allowed his temporary valet to pull first one boot and then it's mate off. He then placed his hands on the nude man's shoulders, so that his cock bobbed and rubbed against Jordan's soft and nearly hairless skin.

The velvety soft curve of his captor's cock caressed his face and Jordan was almost too afraid to pull back from the hands holding his shoulders. At least that's what he told himself. He'd shaved before he'd gone to dinner the previous night because he'd been having dinner with the captain of the ship he had been on. He looked up at the man he knelt before and wondered if he should shock the man by licking him. The very absurdity of that struck him, but he couldn't quite bring himself to do more than watch the man above him.

"Stroke it," Robard ordered, his voice husky and rough. "You will help me wash, as I will wash you." Good, his voice was stronger now. "Get to know my body, my cock. How you treat it will determine a great deal of your future. If you find you cannot abide me, I will enjoy watching others handle you."

That threat shouldn't have excited him either! The need for release was hard on him now and he strongly doubted he could just return to his cabin, which he didn't have anymore, to take care of that need. Next to the large cock of his captor, his fingers seemed slender, almost feminine to him, but he caressed his fingers down the top along the vein slowly, taking in the softness of such a hard monster.

"Even if I do as you say, I have no security that you would not enjoy watching other's handle me even still," he said, breathless, enjoying the rich sweet scent of the male hardness so close to his face.

Fighting the urge to groan aloud, Robard huffed a chuckle. "No, my little doctor, you don't." Reaching down, he grabbed a fistful of hair, jerking Jordan's head back, his cock's clear fluid rubbing Jordan's clean jaw. "I would advise you to please me a great deal. In that way, you can be sure that I will never do more than share you selectively, if I am so inclined. I am, after all, the captain of this ship and the authority. If you please me, you suffer my whims. If you do not, you are at the mercy of theirs."

Jordan would much rather be at the mercy of this one man than the entire ship. He could survive until he could escape, and secretly, deep down within him, a part of him wanted to lick that clear fluid, taste it, wanted to feel this cock filling his mouth. As if to show his willingness, the tip of his pink tongue slipped out of his mouth reaching for the cock against his cheek. "I shall try to please you then, Captain. If I am to bathe you, I

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must gain my feet and get water with which to wash you."

Kicking his pants away, Robard simultaneously lifted Jordan, walking them both into the tub of warm water in one motion. He lowered the slender man to his feet, smaller body rubbing against his own, cocks bumping. Jordan on his feet was a good head shorter than Robard. The larger man's cock prodded his captive's belly button.

Reaching around, Robard handed Jordan a cake of soap. "You will wash me—every part of me. And then I will wash you. Mind, don't drop the soap. If I see that lovely pucker of yours again, I won't find the time to prepare you before I take you," he warned.

Jordan held the soap with both hands. "I am a doctor. I can mind a bar of soap, thank you. Sit down in the water then, and I'll wash you. You seem to have very good hygiene," Jordan said, and a small smile crept onto his face. "Shall I start with your back?"

Robard grinned. "No, Doctor, we will both stand. I'll bend down for you to wash all the important parts, of course. And after you clean a part of me with soap, and rinse with water, I want you to clean it again with your tongue. ...As you go. ...Every single part of me. Do you understand?"

Color must have about burned up his cheeks by then, but it still managed to feel hot anew. When this man was ready, he'd bend him over... well, there was a lot of the good captain to wash before hand. So Jordan started with what was handy, pink nipples and a powerfully built chest. He washed with massaging strokes of his soaped-up hands, then rinsed with one hand, careful not to lose the soap.

As soon as the chest was washed clean, he made to wash one nipple much better, circling his tongue slowly, trying to excite and warm. Then his tongue moved over to the other nipple, to lavish it with licks and suckling. He wasn't sure if his captor truly meant for him to lick him everywhere, but after he finished with that nipple, he began, slowly swirling licks over the whole lean belly.

Robard ran his fingers lightly through Jordan's tangled hair. What a find! How could he have looked on the sweet little figure, so innocently sleeping, and chosen a whore in angel's clothing? He couldn't have known, but how lucky a find this was. He stroked the soft cheek, so close to his weeping cock.

"You were born to it, my sweeting," he murmured. "You are pleasing me muchly. You will come three times when our roles are reversed, I promise you that. And then I will bury my rod deep in your sweet arse. So good."

Jordan licked slowly over one hip bone, to the side of his captor's hip, swirled his tongue and went back to washing with soap and his hands, rubbing suds over hips and down his thighs, down his legs, even though it meant bending a bit. He washed him quickly now, front and back of his legs, feet, between his toes, and rinsing, quickly, but with good mind that he would be licking there shortly, and then he moved back to licking, hips, then over to the clean cock, down the underside of it, slowly around the

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huge head, which he was sure would never fit into him. It was so soft, velvet and sweet smelling, as he licked the very tip, then back down the other side to lick his owner's other hip down, slowly to paint all of his skin with licks down one leg, trying to squat more than bend.

"Beautiful," Robard praised. "Very good my darling sweet. Enough. Take care of my other side. I will wash my own hair, you are absolved of licking that," he teased.

Jordan moved behind him, massaged his back as he rubbed, working over shoulders, down his spine, enjoying the way his thumbs glided over the hard body of his captor. Over the firm curves of his ass, washing everywhere as he'd been commanded. He slid a slippery hand between the cheeks of his captor, rubbing, seeing that entrance there, a slender finger circling, probing, testing.

Robard smiled to himself, aching for relief though he was. His new sex slave was exploring, and that was fine. Those slim and elegant fingers were stirring his hunger to greater heights as he leaned forward, wordlessly inviting Jordan to investigate further.

It was no secret between them that Robard enjoyed Jordan's resistance somewhat. His fear pleased him a little. But only so far. Fear of the unknown was one thing, and there could be no mistaking that Robard was the stronger. He was in charge. That he would control Jordan's body in every way would become very clear as time wore on. But Jordan should know that there was pleasure to be had in Robard's control. If he knew that Robard liked his own hole touched, perhaps he would realize how much he could look forward to.

The invitation was a surprise and Jordan always took good opportunity. He slipped his index finger slowly into the tight pucker before him, washing gently. That's all he was doing was washing. It was hot within his captor's body, tight, silky, and he could well understand wanting to slide his cock into something as sweet. He whimpered just a little, from passion so tight with no release, and began rinsing. With the soap gone, he could tend to licking his captor's shoulders, down his spine, over his hips, over one cheek, then the other, then slowly down into the valley that he had just washed. Holding the soap tightly he used both hands to open the cheeks he'd just cleaned and licked everywhere, even to pushing the tip of his tongue into the tight hole he'd just washed.

"So good," Robard groaned. "Enough," he said finally. "I'll have the soap. Wet yourself and your hair so that I may wash you and tend to you. I'll clean my hair while you do that."

He held out his hand, taking the soap from his dazed little pet. He knew that Jordan expected the same thing he had just meted out. He would get back all that he'd given, with interest. First things first, though.

Perhaps this wasn't so bad. Jordan quickly wet his hair, splashed water over his body, made sure his cock was wet and the hair around it, moaning softly as he did.

Robard quickly washed and rinsed his hair and then turned to Jordan. He soaped

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his hair, rinsed it and slicked it out of the younger man's face. He could sense his companion's surprise when he turned him to face away from him.

Without a word, he soaped his neck, shoulders, chest and back, paying special attention to Jordan's delicate nipples until he was moaning almost nonstop. He soaped down his stomach until he reached the nest of dark curls and then transferred the cake of soap to his other hand.

In quick succession, he wrapped a sudsy hand around Jordan's throbbing cock, and slid a soap-coated finger into his clenching hole. Pumping the hot erection, he finger-fucked him, searching for and finding the bump deep inside that would give the other man release. When Jordan jerked, letting him know he'd found it, he leaned down and bit him sharply on the back of the neck. The results were spectacular.

Release came so intensely that Jordan wasn't even sure it was orgasm. His body tightened, pleasure building as the finger moved in him, searching, the other hand stroking him and he cried out, shifting from one foot to another. It was too intense even to have self-conscious thoughts, and as he came, seed building and then shooting out of his helplessly captive body, the captain bit his neck and what had seemed intense was now really blinding.

Pain and pleasure, and he screamed, hands reaching back to touch, carress, connect with the man behind him. "Ahhhhhhh, uhhhhh, oh...." Slowly, white cream still spurting slowly from him, he relaxed into the arms that held him. "Oh god."

Robard chuckled low and deep as he lifted his insensate captive and stepped out of the tub. Snatching a large drying cloth, he tossed it onto his bunk and lay Jordan on top of it.

He began rubbing the other man dry, starting at his feet. "Feel better? Good," he answered his own question, knowing Jordan couldn't speak yet. Knowing it could be hours before he was able to say anything coherent. "I'm going to rub every bit of you with this cloth," he explained, pretty sure that Jordan couldn't clearly understand him. But he would. "When I'm done with that, I'm going to touch, taste, and maybe nibble on every bit of flesh covering your body." Jordan made a noise. "When you've cum again, we will do something else. After that, you'll be ready for me to fuck you."

"Cum? Again?" Jordan asked, bending one knee slightly, completely compliant at the moment. "Thank you!" He was so much at peace right then, only a small part of him even noticed there was something else coming, or the being fucked part.

"Yes, my sweet morsel," Robard murmured, sucking Jordan's big toe into his mouth. He licked down the sole of his small foot and bit the heel. "You will cum again," he said around the flesh in his mouth as he licked and nibbled his way around Jordan's ankle and up his calf. He could see the smaller cock beginning to stir again.

"Ummm," Jordan half complained, blood flowing into his cock again, hardening him with a tingle. He was sure he couldn't again, but his body was wiser than he was. He

rolled just a little, his bent knee moving to lay over the other, crossing his legs. "I don't think it's possible," he murmured, eyes opening slowly. His captor was such a beautiful man. "You have not cum yet, but I am not ready for you to use yet? This feels so good, but I'm afraid for you to enter me with your penis. It is too large."

Robard licked his way around a knee and nibbled his way up Jordan's left thigh, nipping at the tendon at his inner thigh and groin. He skipped over the revitalizing erection and down the right thigh.

"Don't worry, Sweeting, I'll be back there. There won't be one inch of your delectable flesh that I miss tasting tonight. And you will cum again. And your tight hole will make room for my cock. Perhaps it will be so relaxed that you won't feel any pain at all. Perhaps you will." He nipped at the top of Jordan's ankle.

"I don't want it to hurt," Jordan said, still very out of it from his last orgasm. "You wouldn't do it if it hurts me, right?" He tried to push up on his elbows a little, which only ran his lean belly into the tip of his re-hardening cock. "You're very beautiful, Robard."

"Why thank you my darling sweet," Robard smiled around the mouthful of clean toes. He moved down to nip at the ball of Jordan's right foot before taking a fine boned hand in his own. "Perhaps you will enjoy the slight hurt, my lovely. And you do know you're lovely, don't you?" he sucked an index finger into his mouth and then the middle one.

"I don't enjoy pain," Jordan said, though already he knew that might not be true, and the warmth around his finger, suckling kindly, made him not really care in that very moment. "You think I'm lovely?"

"I do," Robard assured him as he licked and nipped his way up the right arm, stopping to orally explore the inside of Jordan's elbow. "When I saw you sleeping, moonlight gilding your sweet face..." he mouthed a pink nipple, admiring how it peaked before lathing it with his tongue. Traveling to the other side, he went on, "...I knew I had found all the treasure I needed."

Goosebumps rippled up Jordan's arm over his collar, down to tightening nipples. "Will you kiss, me? Please?" he asked, one hand reaching for Robard's face, to smooth over a strong jaw, fingers reaching back into silky hair.

Robard kissed and licked his way up Jordan's chest, stopping to suck on his throat. He leaned back to admire his mark on the pale skin.

"Darling sweet, when I said every inch of you, I meant it," he lowered himself to the bed beside Jordan, gathering him into his arms.

He sucked his chin into his mouth and then placed butterfly kisses up the curve of his jaw. He lowered his lips to cover the soft pink mouth of the other man, nipping at the lower lip. Lightly, easily, he prodded the seam with his tongue, dipping into Jordan's sweet mouth.

Jordan moaned in pleasure as he opened to the kiss, his own tongue reaching back

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to the one penetrating him. His fingers combed through the still drying hair of the pirate captain who would do anything he wanted with him.

Robard's wide hands skimmed down Jordan's back to cup his supple rear. The younger man was hard again, his erection sliding against Robard's stomach.

Slowly, gently, Robard ended the kiss, stroking and cuddling Jordan as he kissed his way around, turning him onto his stomach. He began licking and kissing at the left shoulder, caressing Jordan's sides and down.

Soon, he held the plush globes of his bottom, one in each hand as he licked up and down the cleft. He nipped at the underside of the left buttock, and then parted them, wasting no time. This, this was what he wanted. This was what Jordan needed. This was how he would establish his ownership. More lingering kisses on Jordan's lips and right here.

He held the cheeks spread as he forced his tongue into the tight hole. Again and again he simulated what his cock would be doing soon enough.

That didn't hurt at all! It was warm and wet and felt better than Jordan could ever have imagined. His hips lifted off the bunk, lifting towards this sweet penetration. "Oh, that's so nice! Oh my! More! Please," he begged, never wanting this warm invasion to stop.

Robard replaced his tongue with two slick fingers. He didn't delve deeply, just stimulating the muscle ring as he turned Jordan over again, barely missing a beat. Still rubbing his hole, Robard began to lathe his sacs with his warm tongue, replacing that with his other hand as Jordan began to moan.

Before the inexperienced man knew what was happening, Robard had his cock in his mouth. The small, satiny sacs were tightening. His lovely young pet would be cuming again soon.

He hadn't thought there was enough semen left in him to come again, but this release came faster than the last one, with two fingers rotating in him, stretching him sweetly. The warm mouth of his captor had him, sucking, urging and he grabbed bedding below him in two fists and cried out as he came again. He was a toy in this pirate's hands, moaning and arching into whatever whim his owner had for him.

Robard swallowed his offering, letting Jordan down easy. He moved away from the bed and back into his front room, returning in short order. He doubted Jordan had even noticed his departure.

That was fine. In fact, this first time especially, it was better this way. Robard placed the pot of sandalwood oil near the end of the bed where he could reach it easily. He sat the small empty pot he'd brought near his thigh.

Uncoiling the tube he'd retrieved, he lifted Jordan's limp penis, pinching open his slit with a thumb and forefinger. Carefully, he inserted the tip of the tube into the small opening.

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There was a sting to that and Jordan woke from the blissful haze he'd been in. The tube had not made it into him far when he was scrabbling back, eyes wide. "What? Oh no!" Even though he didn't make it far... there wasn't far to go on the little bunk.

"No!" Robard snapped, grabbing an ankle and dragging him back to lay flat. "You will hurt yourself if you aren't careful. Be still!"

Pinning Jordan's hip with his forearm, he held his half-hard cock in one hand and the thin tube in the other. Carefully, he continued to thread the tube into the narrow opening.

The sting continued and Jordan tried to hold still, but he found himself kicking at the bed, trying to gain his freedom again as the tube was inserted into him. Holding still wasn't really something could do, hips rocking, hands trying to stop what was happening. It was an almost irrational fear that he hadn't had time to think about, or understand why his cock wanted to be hard yet again, which wasn't humanly possible even. Tears running down his face, he tried to pry the arm pinning him from his hip. "No! Please! Don't!"

"Shh, love," Robard crooned, rubbing Jordan's sacs.

When that failed to calm him, Robard carefully pulled the tube out. It hadn't gotten very deep anyway. He'd known this was a possibility. Jordan wasn't the first man he'd ever performed this particular act upon.

Reaching under his bed he pulled out two broad swaths of fabric. Deftly he fastened one side and then the other over Jordan's legs. In no time, he had the young man's torso and legs restrained to the point that he couldn't wriggle at all.

"I'm sorry it had to come to this," he said sadly. But he wasn't. Not really. In fact, he wouldn't silence Jordan. The resistance was as stimulating as the act itself.

He lifted Jordan's now hard cock and held the slit open, preparing to thread the tube in again.

Strapped to the bed, arms at his sides, cock unprotected as his captor reached for it again, Jordan watched as the tube slowly made its way into him. "Please don't! Please, I'll do as you ask me! It stings! Please!" It was very... different having someone else have so much control over him, being able to do things to him which he could not control, and he knew the tube would reach his bladder, and his captor would be able to empty that without him being able to say one thing to it. While he lay there crying, he also loved the vulnerability of it, the possession... he belonged to this man. "Why?"

"You belong to me, Jordan," Robard explained patiently. "You are the treasure, the spoils. You are my property, my possession. Every bit of you is mine. Do you understand?" Not waiting for an answer, he pushed the tube all the way in, holding the bent end until he could lift the small container, releasing the pinched tube now so that they could both watch the yellow liquid drain from Jordan's bladder. "Everything that goes into or comes out of you is mine. Shall I keep you? That is really the only thing you have any dominion over now. Please me and I shall. Fail and I will dispose of you in

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whatever way entertains me the most. I am a pirate," he caressed Jordan's hard cock. "Are you my beloved pet? Or simply a toy to be broken and disposed of?"

He was taken... that was all he could really think as his bladder emptied and spilled out at another man's control. It bent him to this man who owned him in a way he had not expected. There was no resistance he could mount, nothing he could do, but he licked his lips, and stared at this pirate with wide, tear filled eyes.

"So next time I should hold still and allow you to use me as you wish," he spoke quietly, more than half wishing that the answer was yes, that he must submit and anything this man wished would come. "I may not always be able to. Perhaps you like my resistance as well? I think you like having to fight me for dominance sometimes." It was a daring thing to say from a man strapped down to a pirate's bed. "Or you would have bound me before you started."

Robard set the cup well away from danger of tipping and carefully removed the tube from Jordan's hard cock. "Yes, Sweeting, you should let me use you as I will. Because I will. And yes, my smart little love, I like to show you who is master. This is so. I will spank you when I wish. I will make your body meet its needs as I choose." He leaned down to plunder those trembling lips. "I will take you as I wish, when I wish. And tonight, I will leave you strapped but turn you over and fuck your sweet ass as long as I wish. That, because you still don't know your place. Tomorrow, I may let you cover yourself, or not. I may put something in that hole of yours besides my cock, or I won't. You are mine."

AS he spoke, Robard turned Jordan until he lay flat on his stomach, hard cock pressed against the bunk.

Just as Jordan thought he was through being afraid, they had come to this, and he was still bound to the bed. True his legs were held tightly together, toes pointing, ankles crossing. Mentally, he knew he must relax and allow anything that was to come, but he could remember the size of that cock... and he knew it would hurt! "As I am yours, my tears are yours as well, please! Don't make it hurt!"

Though his arms were strapped, his hands moved to cover his cheeks, as he looked back over his shoulder. His master was very beautiful, and he had never had anything so wonderful as his master's loving touch.... and he wanted to be good... so while he lay shivering from what he feared was to come, he tried to part his cheeks for his master, offering himself.

Robard reached to rub the small of Jordan's back, pulling him just enough to better reach that delectable ass. He parted the cheeks and began to rub oil into that beautiful hole so fearfully, but so generously offered

"If it hurts, it does, love. But it will be a wonderful thing. You will like this. And I want you so much. More than I can remember ever wanting another. Relax."

He slicked his own cock, rubbing it against the hole.

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Jordan whimpered as the slicked head of his captor's cock touched the sensitive skin of his entrance. He really couldn't do anything, no matter how he might wish. He was afraid as well, no matter that he could remember how sweet those fingers had been in his ass or Robard's tongue... now it was a cock and it was a large cock. "Please! Don't take me like this! Please.... let me be on my hands and knees! It will be a better angle that way!" Well, he didn't know that, he just wanted to buy moments, to struggle against Robard being the one completely in charge... for once that cock had taken his ass, he knew, he'd be this man's slave forever!

Robard didn't respond, rubbing oil into the pucker, two fingers spreading as he replaced them with his rounded cock head. Slowly, inexorably, he pushed in, stopping just inside the tight ring of muscle. He needed to gain control. All he wanted to do was bury himself deep and pound his aching cock into his new slave.

Palm circling soothingly at the small of Jordan's back, he murmured, "You must tell me when you are ready, sweet. If you do not, I'll take you roughly. Don't doubt it. I'm very close."

"Oh, owwww," Jordan cried, the ring of his muscle very much on fire, real tears of pain on his cheeks, but then Robard's hand touched his back and he wanted to please him, wanted to be joined with him... and the fire lessened. "Please, make me yours," he moaned softly. It still hurt, but not as badly, and Robard had been right... he did like the pain, though he might never admit such a thing.

"Mmm," Robard groaned, pushing forward slowly, still rubbing. "You are mine, will be mine. Want you so much. Oh god, I want you," he grated, steadily moving deeper and deeper. "So tight. Think I won't ever let you go." Finally, he rested against the sweet round derriere. "Tell me," he rasped, "When it feels good, I'll move." He'd never shown quite this much consideration. But it seemed natural just now.

"Mmmmm," Jordan moaned, body relaxed, cock still hard. He felt loved, no matter what the pirate had said about destroying him, he felt loved.... The fire had lessened and he felt full, as if he needed to evacuate, but he knew he didn't. There was that spot in him, in the sheath that Robard's sword was buried that would make it feel good. "I am yours. It doesn't hurt now, please use me," he moaned, giving himself to his pirate captor.

That was all Robard needed to hear. Sliding his hands up Jordan's arms, he weaved their fingers together, holding tight. Pulling back, he began to pump steadily into him, angling to hit that special spot every time.

"Mine," he hissed. "You are mine. Mine. Mine to fuck, to keep, to love if such a think can happen, but mine." His thrusting increased, harder, faster, he couldn't hold back. "Mine!" he roared, thrusting once more, and letting go, his release hard and long as he collapsed onto Jordan's back.

Jordan held to the hands holding his, holding to this pirate who'd stolen him and

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his heart. He was open now, filled, ridden, and he was happy. "Yours!"