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WHAT SHALL WE DO
WITH A *Drunken*
SAILOR



What Shall We Do With a Drunken Sailor

By

P. Andrews

What Shall We Do With a Drunken Sailor by P. Andrews

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What Shall We Do With a Drunken Sailor

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Dedication

For Batman, Robin, and Catwoman, who came *so* close to acting out this very story, but just didn't have the courage to go through with it.

The gravel crunched under my feet as I landed next to a posh BMW. I came out of my crouch and waited for the adrenaline to stop pumping. A good long jump usually made me feel alive, but tonight was different. Even the whooshing night breeze on my face wasn't enough to warm over my sullen mood. I breathed in deep to let the cool air sting my lungs. Normally I'd sigh and enjoy the ambience, but now it smelled wrong. I was outside the city in the middle of nowhere. It was way too clean and...*grassy*. Which was ironic, considering my namesake.

Besides, I was angry. Angry and horny. Because I was so angry, I hadn't had any proper sex in days. And that just made me angrier.

After the night breeze cooled me down a little, I took my first step towards the Rooftop Bar & Grill. The Rooftop was a safe haven for supes—heroes and villains alike. The patrons were kept in check by the owner, a *very* powerful telepath who called himself "Mind Fuck."

He was also my roommate in college.

He didn't get his name in the papers very often, for obvious reasons. But also because he didn't do much vigilante work. He claimed he refused to "suit up" because he hated an unfair fight and no one was at his level—he'd probably shift the balance of good and evil no matter which side he joined. But I think he just honestly didn't care. Who better to tend bar than an apathetic telepath?

I would have taken a second step towards the Rooftop, but a hand in a dark and shiny sleeve shot out in front of me, hindering my movement. I turned to look at its owner and was not surprised when I saw the black leather outfit with yellow lightning bolts. The reason for my

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anger had found me.

"Circuit-Breaker." I scowled.

"You haven't come out to play in over a week." He seemed almost...sad.

"You did an interview." I moved around him towards the bar.

"I can explain."

"With that Calista whore from the GPZ." I didn't look at him as I left him in my dust.

"Wait." He grabbed my shoulder and stopped me in my tracks.

I turned towards him. "Okay, you have one min—"

He kissed me. His lips were so moist, and his breath smelled like peppermint. Heavy cologne wafted off of his shoulders. He used it to cover the burnt electronics smell that followed him around. I let my tongue slip past his and melted into his arms.

No! Wait! Grasshopper angry! I was supposed to be MAD, dammit!

I pulled away and slapped him. "No! No being sexy when I'm mad at you! It's not fair!"

"Hopper, if you'd just let me explain." It was Grasshopper, actually. Wasn't hard to guess what my powers were.

"Your explanations always involve tongues and nakedness and...and fleshy appendages."

He smirked at me and then leaned into my ear. "You've never complained before."

I was gone, but not without one final protest. "You know...." I gasped at his lips on my ear. "You know I hate that rag...."

GPZ stood for "Gifted Persons Zone." They were government-approved test sites for super-vigilantism back during the early days of heroing. The zones had long since been dissolved, but the name lived on as the most popular trashy hero rumor and gossip site on the web.

I hated it with a passion.

Though, apparently, not enough to keep Circuit-Breaker from reaching down behind me and grabbing hold of the crotch zipper on my dark green latex cat suit. It went from the top of my butt all the way down

and around up my front, to the very bottom of my black leather corset. A necessity for any heroine in latex who can't hold her bladder all night long. But it also had a few other *advantages*.

"You shaved."

I looked down at the smooth skin staring up at CB through my zipper hole. "Yeah. I liked the look of the landing strip, but I got tired of it ruining too many good *moments* when I got clumsy with the zipper."

He reached in and rubbed my smooth crotch. "I like it."

And then he dropped to his knees.

I bit my tongue as he licked up my pussy. Part of the fun of public sex was trying not to get caught. Keeping yourself quiet was almost a form of mental bondage.

My labia glistened with his saliva. He parted my lips and slowly stuck his tongue inside.

"Mmmmmm!" I stifled a moan.

He pulled out and dragged his tongue up between my lips, stopping at my vertical hood piercing. He paused for only a moment before pressing the lower ball up into my clit.

It took everything I had not to scream and alert everyone in the nearby bar as to what was going on in the parking lot.

Abruptly his tongue stopped. I wanted to whine at him, but I was too mad to let him think he won. This was for him, not for me.

Okay, maybe a little for me....

Next thing I knew, we were face to face. He picked me up and placed me gently on the hood of the Beemer. He then spread my legs apart and stared at me. I knew what he wanted, but no way was I helping out. He had to do all the work himself. My face must have hinted at my rebellion because he sighed, reached down, and unzipped his black leather pants.

A moment later he was inside me.

My head flew back, and I had to bite down hard on my lip to keep quiet. He held onto me by my thighs, pulling me against him to see just how deep he could get. He moved with slow precise movements, but soon sped up. As he quickened his pace, he gripped my thighs harder. And as

he did that, it became more and more difficult to stifle a scream.

Soon after, it became impossible altogether. He turned on his superpower. Electric bolts shot from his fingers and surged through me, through the car, and into the ground. I let out a wail that the bar patrons probably heard despite the loud music.

That was when I heard the loud pops. All four tires of the BMW hissed, and I felt the car sinking beneath me. But I didn't care, as long as he kept fucking m—

"Do you know whose car that is?"

I recognized the voice. It was Pegasus. No telling how long he'd been watching. I didn't care. The only thing I cared about was that CB stopped to see who caught us.

Pegasus laughed. "You do, don't you?"

I reached out and wrapped my fingers around CB's throat. "Don't you *fucking* stop!"

One look at my face, and he suddenly knew fear. He put all of his attention back on me and got back to work.

Pegasus walked forward, sipping on a beer. "By all means, continue. Don't stop on my account."

"Peg.... *Oh God!* Either join in.... *Fuck me!* Or get the fuck out. *Jesus Christ!*"

"Sorry, girl. Don't swing your way."

And then I came. Hard.

I screamed as CB filled me up. When he finished I just collapsed back on the car hood, scuffing the recent wax job. CB, on the other hand, quickly zipped himself up as soon as he was done. As if he could erase everything Peg just saw.

I turned and responded to the last thing Pegasus said. "Oh really?" I repositioned myself on the hood of the car facing Pegasus. I spread my legs and reached between them, lightly rubbing my clit and then spreading my lips.

Pegasus gulped.

I slowly slid off the vehicle and walked towards the winged man in white, the bottom of my suit still open. I pressed my breasts into him and

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rubbed up the length of his body. When I neared his face, I leaned into his ear and whispered, "Is that so?"

Then I grabbed his hand and placed his fingers on my pussy.

His wings trembled.

I then reached down and unzipped his white pants. His hard cock immediately sprang forth; pure, bleached hairs jumbled around it, wild and free. I grabbed his member and squeezed.

He squeaked.

I just laughed. CB grabbed my shoulder and pulled me away. "Don't torment him." From the look on CB's face, I knew that my true goal had been realized. Not to torment Peg, but to drive Circuit-*Brat* bat-shit fucking loco.

I stuck my tongue out just a little and bit down on it. He loved it when I did that. Then I turned to Peg. He was zipping his pants up and standing funny—his legs bowed like he was riding a horse.

"Sorry Peg, I just call'em like I see'em. Your 'boyfriend' is gay." I actually emphasized the word "boyfriend" with finger quotes. "You, on the other hand, are just pretending for the publicity. And if you ever decide to reveal that to the public..." I leaned into his ear to whisper again. "Don't hesitate to call on me to help you...celebrate."

Pegasus looked like he was about to weep from the very blue balls he most certainly had. No way he wasn't masturbating as soon as we left. Which looked to be sooner rather than later, as CB grabbed my arm again and pulled me towards the bar.

"That's it. Leave him alone, Hopper. You need a drink."

I pulled away from him. "You're right, but you're not buying me one. I'm still mad, no matter how good an orgasm you give." I turned and stomped off towards the bar, not checking to see if he was following me. But since I knew he couldn't see me, I allowed myself to smile the entire walk to the bar.

I walked up some steps to a porch area where the front door stood. Then I grabbed the handle and pushed hard so the door would burst from the inside and announce my presence. The Rooftop bustled. Capes of all shapes and sizes ate, drank, and danced. All but the best of the best

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A-listers frequented the joint.

I took a seat at a stool by the bar and snapped my fingers. "BARKEEP! Can't a girl get some fucking service around here?"

Mind Fuck appeared with my regular, Bacardi 151 and coke, in hand. "I think you've been getting enough *service* recently."

"Aww, man. Could you really hear us all the way in here?"

His eyes told me that no, he couldn't hear us, and that he wasn't talking about my most recent rendezvous. "What? Did you just fuck in my parking lot?"

"You mean you haven't read my mind yet?"

Mind Fuck crinkled his face in disgust. "Just did. Oh God, Mandy. Do you know whose car that was?" He paused for a second before continuing on. "Yeah, you do."

I just smiled.

But my smile quickly disappeared at the sound of an all-too-familiar voice. "Mandy? The sexiest, raunchiest supe around is a MANDY?" Circuit-Breaker apparently caught up with me just in time.

"It's Amanda, actually." I glared at Mind Fuck.

He raised his hands in apology. "Sorry! Forgot rule numero uno. No first names when the domino's on."

CB smiled at me. "Damage is already done, *Mandy!*"

I was about to pop him when Mind Fuck saved the day. "Yeah, no way to take it back now. Isn't that right...Francis?"

Circuit-Breaker went white.

I laughed my ass off. "FRANCIS!? Oh my God!"

"You can stop ANY time now...." *Francis* looked like he was about to disappear into his black leather jacket.

I mimed lassoing a whip above my head. "Oh, I better run! FRANCIS is coming after me with his nancy-boy whip!" Mind Fuck joined in the laughing on that one.

"Please...." I'd never seen him quite that shade of red before.

"Aww, poor baby. Maybe next time you won't talk to evil bitch reporters like Calista Ortiz."

His eyes were daggers. I actually managed to piss him off.

Good.

I decided to give him a small break. I turned to Mind Fuck and changed the topic. "So, how's business?"

BLAM! Gunfire erupted somewhere in the middle of the dancing crowd. The panic began immediately as people screamed.

Mind looked off towards the crowd. "Oh, you know. The usual."

And without any warning, time stopped. Or at least that was what it felt like. Everyone in the room was frozen solid. They were statues. Everyone but me and Mind Fuck, that is. Even Circuit-Breaker was frozen mid spit-take.

Which gave me a bad idea. I reached down to check his hardness. "Oh my. You think you could keep him like this permanently? Or at least for a few days?"

An invisible force slapped my hand away. "Quiet, or I'll pause your brain too."

I shook the pain out of my hand. "Ow. Sorry I asked."

"You should be."

I watched as, with only the power of his brain, Mind Fuck parted the crowd to reveal the perpetrator. When he came into view, I sighed. "PiRadical. I should've guessed."

Mind Fuck cocked his head towards me. "Why?"

I blinked. "Why what?"

"Why should you have guessed?"

I was dumbstruck. "I...I don't know...that's just what you say in these situations."

"Uh huh...."

"Just...just do your thing!"

He rolled his eyes and without even a glance towards his mark, Mind Fuck pulled PiRadical across the floor to just in front of us. The time-displaced seaman wore a bandana around matted dreads. His long beard was tied up neatly with rubber bands, and his ears were covered in jewelry from cartilage to lobe. His mouth was open, revealing silver teeth mixed in with his natural ones. And his hands were raised, holding two antique pistols to fire off into the air.

He was a pirate through and through.

Mind Fuck pushed the crowd back together and unfroze them. They danced as if nothing had happened. To them, nothing DID just happen. Mind Fuck always removed the memory of unpleasant events that took place in his bar.

CB snapped out of his brain-pause and turned to torment me some more. Only I was now being blocked by a frozen pirate. "What the—!?" He nearly knocked over my rum and coke on the counter.

Mind Fuck answered CB's rhetorical exclamation. "PiRadical's *slightly* upset over the new Mask Tax. He's been ranting and drinking since sundown. I guess I should have cut him off a bit sooner."

The Mask Tax was the government's way of pretending to be in control. They allowed us supes to keep our secret identities...in exchange for a *nominal* fee. The more libertarian of us were incensed. I just chalked it up as one more "fuck you" from the government. All they had to do was tax sex, and all my vices would be covered.

I removed the guns from PiRadical's hands and handed them over to Mind Fuck. He stuffed them amongst the other confiscated weapons in a cabinet behind the counter.

He popped back up and looked at me. "I hate to ask, but when I bring him back, he's going to be very pissed off and very drunk. I don't think a taxi could handle him...."

I smiled. Anything for my old roomie. "Don't worry, I got him." I positioned myself to catch him when he unfroze. When he did, it came as a surprise, because Mind Fuck didn't even twitch when he pulled his whammies. PiRadical kept firing invisible guns into the air and screaming unintelligibly. When he realized there was no noise coming from his hands, he blinked, then looked up.

"Har? Where's me piece?"

"No one shoots up my bar, PiRadical. You know that."

"But the Gummit, they take me money! They've no RIGHT to take me money!"

"I agree, but you broke the rules. Now you have to take it outside." Mind Fuck pointed to the door.

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Pi growled. "I'll take it wherever I bloody well pl—" And PiRadical slumped into my arms.

This time Mind Fuck actually waved a hand. He must have been stressed.

I picked up the muscular pirate and held him in my arms. "I'll take him to his ship." Mind just nodded in thanks.

"Alone?" CB looked concerned.

"I can handle myself." I started to walk off.

Circuit Breaker put a hand on my shoulder. "I know, but I'm still coming with you."

I pulled my shoulder away with a move that was a bit more violent than I intended. "What part of 'I'm still mad at you' don't you understand?"

Mind Fuck sighed and walked off to take care of another customer.

"You're going to let your anger get in the way of me helping you?"

"I don't need your help."

"I'm still coming." He put his foot down. He actually picked up his foot and put it back down with a thud.

I smirked. "All right...but only if you can keep up."

I glanced behind me, and as soon as I had a clear shot, I pushed off and shot myself backwards directly towards the door. I landed right in front of it, turned, pushed it open, and ran out into the parking lot.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a young, curly-haired woman with a camera standing over a BMW with four flat tires and a scuffed and dented hood. She looked angry. I chuckled to myself and prepared for a leap.

With pirate in hand, I squatted and then lifted off into the air. I jumped with the proportional strength of a grasshopper out over the nothingness towards the looming buildings of Make City, my home and base of operations. I came down on some dirt on the shoulder of a road leading into the city and immediately pushed off again, finally soaring over the outlying skyscrapers.

My second landing was on the guard tower of the Castle. The ancient feudal style was stark against the surrounding modern buildings.

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It was beautiful and surreal all at the same time. It was owned by...well, that's not important. I'll save that for another time. Besides, I had work to do.

I repositioned PiRadical in my arms and pushed off the tower, angling towards the harbor. Countless ships and yachts were anchored at the Make City harbor, but I wasn't worried about getting PiRadical to the right one.

I just had to look for a giant Jolly Roger flying full mast.

I landed on an apartment building and pushed off one last time. My last full-strength leap landed me just a couple of feet from the pirate ship. I made a smaller hop up onto the quarter deck and looked around.

The place was deserted. The crew must have been on shore leave.

I leapt up another level to the sterncastle deck and propped PiRadical up against some side railing. Then I turned and smiled at the wheel.

I'd never steered a pirate ship before.

I gave it a few hard turns before getting bored. I checked a nearby clock on a building just off the docks and noted it was nearly four A.M. I didn't have to be at my "day job" for another six hours. I could have a little fun yet and still get a couple hours sleep. But what to do...?

CB could be fun, but thinking about him just enraged me again. I turned to the unconscious, outspoken drunk libertarian pirate superhero lying against the side of the ship and scratched my chin in thought. He didn't smell very good, but not very bad either. Plus the piercings and tats were HOT. And I had yet to do an actual pirate.

Yeah, it could be fun. I leaned down and untied my black leather boots. Once they were loose, I stood and kicked them off. They landed a few feet apart near the mizzen mast. Next, I reached behind me and untied my black leather corset. I tossed it to the deck, the emblazoned "G" facing up. All that was left was my dark green cat suit and domino mask.

I straddled the sitting pirate and licked his ear. His skin was saltier than I was used to, but it still tasted good. I kissed his neck and he stirred. "Time for you to wake up, *mate*."

I love a good double-entendre.

His eyes opened, and he was actually startled for a moment. "What be the meanin' o'this?"

I answered by reaching down and grabbing his crotch.

"Oh." His eyes widened. "I take it ye be mad at the Mask Tax as well?"

"Shut the fuck up." I kissed his mouth and pulled down on his dreads. His beard both tickled and scratched my mouth, but I soldiered on. There were parts of me that loved it, and I just concentrated on them.

He kicked his boots off behind me and reached down to fumble with his numerous belts and holsters. My hands danced around his to work on his sash while I continued to kiss him.

I leaned back and stood. When his pants were unbuckled, I pulled them off legs first. Within a few seconds he was standing, shirt and vest removed. He was a hairy man, but the hair was thick and soft. I rubbed my fingers in it and couldn't resist scratching his hardened pecs. He grinned the grin of a man who felt extremely lucky.

Then he attacked. He grabbed at my top zipper and pulled it all the way down until it met my crotch zipper, then the two scooted along around to my rear. He had to get down on his knees to finish the track. I just looked down at him and raised a leg up onto the ship's wheel to let him check out the merchandise.

He seemed very happy with it. I slipped my arms out of the cat suit's sleeves as he stood again. I then pushed the latex down my legs and stepped out of the suit completely. Once again, I didn't touch my domino mask. That stayed on.

We faced each other naked next to the ship's wheel. I reached out and dragged my fingertips along a small hairless patch of skin on the side of his stomach until I reached his central "happy trail." I trailed my finger through the hair down the center of his six-pack and down into his crotch. He was full mast. "Heave ho, and up she rises." I smiled. He kissed me.

My nails dug into his back. His fingers squeezed my ass cheeks. My nipples hardened against his hairy chest. His cock pressed against my smooth crotch. I felt it throb against me every time my tongue touched his lips. He picked me up and pressed me into the ship's wheel. He kissed my

neck, my collarbone, my breasts, and then thrust himself inside me.

I squeaked a little. It felt good, but he wasn't as big as Circuit-Breaker. Or as skilled. Though that could have been the alcohol.

He grunted as he thrust. But it wasn't unappealing. There was something animalistic about it that made me wetter. I reached down to rub my clit while we fucked.

And that was when I heard the crack.

I turned to see Circuit-Breaker sizzling with power, whip at his side. Arcs of electricity bounced around his body and down his weapon. His eyes glowed yellow. His hair spiked straight up, with a haze of power around each strand.

He did not look happy.

"What is this?" His voice shimmered as he spoke. I wasn't sure if it was from the anger or the electricity.

I pulled my body off the pirate and put my feet on the deck of the boat. I then turned to CB and took slow, meaningful steps towards him with a sultry look on my face. Every move was deliberate. Everything was going according to my plan.

When I reached him, I stood on my toes and put my cheek against his, feeling the tingle of his electricity run through me. "What does it look like?" I accented the question by blowing into his ear.

I pulled back and threw him a coy smile. This was driving him nuts. I turned around and made sure my ass swayed just right with each step I took back towards PiRadical. I stopped right in front of the sailor and looked over my shoulder. I winked at CB, then made my move.

I put my hands on PiRadical's shoulders and made him kneel to the deck. I then got on my hands and knees, making sure to wave my rear at CB in invitation. When I was sure the situation had sunk in, I stuffed PiRadical into my mouth. *Hmm, I wonder if this is where the term "Salty Seadog" comes from....*

I made sure to shake my now previously pirate-pillaged booty with every bob of my head. PiRadical moaned and reached out for my hair. He pulled on it, shoving himself further inside, touching the back of my throat.

I couldn't hear CB, but I felt him approach. I could sense him mulling over what to do. But I knew what he would decide even before he did.

The thump of his knees on wood came sooner than I expected. And the inevitable zipping sound was music to my ears. The anticipation inside me was more electric than CB's powers. His fingers touched my lower cheeks and rubbed them with a soft gentleness. But then the anger I knew he had to be feeling was set free.

He sunk his fingers into my hips and pounded inside me. I moaned on PiRadical's cock. The vibrations sent his head back. CB was much bigger than Pi, and I could feel it. Every last fucking inch of it. Tears welled up in my eyes. I reached up and grabbed Pi's base and stroked as I sucked. I pushed and pulled harder and faster as CB tore into me from behind.

The early morning moon shone down on us as we sucked and fucked on the swaying vessel. Our noises echoed against the crashing waves of the harbor. The smell of the ocean, the feel of the city, a man in front of me, and a man behind me. I was in heaven. I hadn't actually been in many threesomes, but they were always the highlight of my sexual memories. The more attention the better, I always say. There were many ways to have the attention of multiple men, but there was something about being on all fours, towered over on both fronts. To an outsider I might look like a pig on a spit, but no slow-roasted pork ever felt this good.

It wasn't long before the guys reached their climax. I had already worked up Pi, and CB started off hard and fast. They came within seconds of each other, Pi filling up my mouth and CB spurting into my pussy. CB spanked me as he finished.

Then both men fell back onto the deck, panting and wiping sweat from their brows. I just stayed on all fours, cum dripping from both ends. I pitied whoever had to swab the deck when the sun rose.

I finally pushed off my hands and sat on the deck. The guys looked finished, but I still itched. "Nuh uh. You're not done. Either of you."

I spread my legs apart and pointed at Pi. Then I laid down on my

back and snapped for CB. PiRadical almost stumbled over himself to get to me. CB approached with an unreadable expression before kneeling over my face.

And then my boys began their work. Pi put two fingers inside me and leaned down to lick my clit. CB turned on his electric mayhem and cupped my breasts. He made my nipple rings dance.

I knocked my head against the wood and screeched.

CB never fully undressed, but his member still hung from his unzipped black leather pants. It dangled over my face, taunting me. Teasing me. I couldn't help myself. I had to taste it. I opened my mouth and grabbed it with my lips. And as they continued to work on me, I licked every bit of me and whatever else was on it off.

When I started moaning onto his cock, it hardened and lifted away. I tried to keep it in my mouth, but failed. I couldn't suck on it anymore, but at least I was getting pleasure. Lots and lots of pleasure. It increased with each lap of the tongue, with each bolt of electricity. The building delight didn't seem like it would ever stop.

And then it did. It leveled out and I could feel *it* coming. I dug my fingernails into the deck to prepare for the ride of my life.

"Don't stop! You both better just keep fucking going, or I swear to God I will castrate you!"

I rode it. I rode it until it broke, and I screamed and tensed and flexed and stretched and arched against the wood beneath me. My skin reddened, my eyes watered. And then I collapsed, lightly beating on the deck as I panted.

The boys splayed back out on the floor. We were all three sprawled out separately on the sterncastle deck of a pirate ship. If I had the capacity to think about it, I would have laughed at the ridiculousness of it all. But as it was, I didn't even have the ability to stand. I held myself, eyes closed, and hummed to myself with a smile.

Once I was done basking in my afterglow, I stood and gathered up my costume. I put it on piece by piece without looking at either of the boys. Only when I was fully dressed did I turn to look at them. PiRadical was still naked and passed out on the deck. If I cared to put clothes on

him, he might wake up thinking it was all a dream. Circuit-Breaker, however, would remember. He was standing next to the mizzen mast. He had zipped up and was looking at me, both confused and angry.

I approached him with a serious look on my face. When I reached him, I made sure to meet his gaze, despite my shorter height. "I may submit to you in the bedroom. But as far as this relationship goes, if that's what this truly is, I'm the alpha dog. *I* call the shots. Do you understand me?"

He stood his ground, and for a second there, I thought he was going to fight back, but finally he loosened his shoulders and took a step back. "Yeah, I understand."

"And no more talking about me or us to Calista or any other whore at the GPZ. You do that again, and there is no more us. Not even as fuck buddies. Clear?"

"Crystal."

I rose up on my toes again and kissed him. "Good," I remarked after parting from his lips. "Then, same time tomorrow night?"

He smiled. "Of course." And then he realized what I meant. His eyes shot wide open, and he glanced over my shoulder. "Wait, what? You don't mean...?"

I looked back at PiRadical and then smiled back up at CB.

"No...no way. Not again. Not with him!" He was practically pleading.

I couldn't help but smile. "Too late. You already agreed."

And before he could protest, I hopped off the ship and up into the air, towards yet another new day.

Author Bio

P. Andrews is a mild-mannered comic book aficionado by day and an ace fiction monger by night. Aided by a trusty spousal sidekick, two dogs, a ferret, and two cats, P. Andrews fights the forces of evil one slain

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