



Pirate Booty

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Chapter One

IT WAS about 1680 that the problem of pirates attacking English shipping became a nuisance that had to be addressed. King Charles II tasked his naval leaders with the responsibility to come up with a solution. Since the Caribbean was too far away for the English navy to patrol effectively aside from the occasional fleet sailing there and back to England, another solution had to be determined.

“If I may offer a suggestion?” the first Lord of the Admiralty said.

“Of course, Admiral, what is it?” responded the Secretary of the Navy.

“Why not fight pirates with pirates? Since we don’t trust the French or the Spanish enough to be without the bulk of our fleet at home, let’s use the next best thing,” he suggested.

“Fight pirates with pirates? Are you mad, sir? How are we to trust any pirate that would sign on to fight for England and her colonies in the Americas?”

“We would be able to trust them because they would be *our* pirates.”

“You mean the Crown would engage the services of pirates for pay?” asked the Secretary with a look of astonishment upon his face.

“More or less, my Lord. We would simply engage the services of privateers with a specific set of orders and set them free. They would be obliged to bring back a majority of any goods taken on the high seas. This would then put a fighting force in the Caribbean without reducing our forces at home,” the Admiral said with a smile.

“Yes, it would also bring in revenue to the Crown that we could use to build more ships for the home fleet. Do you know such a captain that we could trust as an experiment?”

“Yes, my Lord, I do. I know one man: Captain Blain Stillwater. Shall I make contact and lay this all out for him?”

“See to it at once, Admiral. If he agrees with this, we can base him out of North Carolina so that he doesn’t always have to run back to England for everything.”

As the Admiral left the Secretary of the Navy’s office, he had a big smile that only the guards could see. With this new possible source of income, he would be the head of an even larger fleet within two years. War with France or Spain was bound to occur, so a larger fleet was necessary to secure England from invasion. Now he needed to find Stillwater and tell him he was taking the assignment, like it or not!

Captain Blain was drunk as usual on a Saturday night in his favorite pub. He was on his sixth large ale and sitting in a back corner with both a gentleman and a lady for cover. The gentleman was one of the fancy men who caroused around seeking male companionship after the gaming rooms

closed. Since the captain hadn't officially said yes to a permanent-type relationship with his usual companion, he was about to give this dandy a night he wouldn't soon forget!

Before he could make his move, the pub went silent as the door smashed open and men of the King's Navy entered looking for Stillwater. A naval lieutenant commanding six men shouted out, "Is Captain Blain Stillwater about?"

Stillwater slunk low in his seat as all who knew him turned to see what his response would be. When no answer was forthcoming, the lieutenant followed the gaze of those who were looking to the back of the pub, and he strode to where the captain had just about slid under the table.

"Captain Stillwater, compliments of the First Lord of the Admiralty, sir. You'll need to come with us, sir, to a meeting where your presence has been requested."

"Aye, then, if my presence is only requested, I can say thank you, but no, lad," Stillwater replied.

"In that case, sir, your presence is now required. Will you come like a gentleman, sir, or do my men need to assist you?"

Stillwater sat up at the table, looked at the determined lieutenant, said, "No, I'll need no assistance," and then took a long gulp of his remaining ale.

"This way, sir, if you please. Admiral Bancroft is waiting," the lieutenant said.

Together with his escort, Captain Stillwater left the Crooked Anchor pub and headed to the Admiralty building. As they marched, Stillwater tried to get from the lieutenant

why he was summoned to this meeting and what was it all about. He got no reply from his escort.

It had now been over two years since the captain had last spoken with the Admiral. What in the hell could he possibly want after all this time? At their last parting, the Admiral had called him “a man of wanton disposition.” Of course, that was far better than some of the names he had been called by others!

The Admiral had met Stillwater when the captain was but a young lieutenant himself aboard one of his Majesty’s ships in service to the Crown. But Stillwater found that his taste for men ran in direct opposition to the rules of the navy under which buggery could be punished most severely. Since Stillwater had no desire to be hanged for enjoying himself, he served his tour and got out of the navy to captain private merchant vessels.

After entering the naval building used as a headquarters by Admiral Bancroft, Stillwater was shown to a waiting area and told to sit. Blain noted that two sailors from the escort stood by to ensure that he didn’t disappear. After a few moments, the lieutenant returned and said, “This way, sir, the Admiral will see you now.”

Blain entered an ornate room where he found the Admiral and two other officers sipping brandy. The Admiral rose and said, “Ah, Stillwater, good to see you. Thank you for agreeing to pay me a visit.”

“Thank you, Admiral, but it isn’t like I had a choice. The lieutenant insinuated that I would be hauled here kicking and screaming if I had refused your kind ‘invitation’.”

“I shall speak to the lieutenant about that. I never ordered him to use force or the threat of force! However, since you’re here, please sit. I have a proposition for you that I’m sure you’ll be interested in.”

Blain sat down with a worried look. If the Admiralty had a “proposition” for him, it couldn’t be good news. “Very well, Admiral, I’m listening.”

“I’ve been ordered by the Secretary of the Navy on behalf of his Majesty to offer you a ship of war to captain, but not as a member of his Majesty’s navy. You would set sail as a privateer, under orders from the Crown, with full immunity for your actions in the Caribbean.”

“And who would be my target, the French?”

“Your primary target would be pirate ships operating in the waters of the Caribbean. Second would be the French, and then the Spanish. You and your crew would be entitled to keep ten percent of any cargo you capture, with the rest going to the Crown.”

“And what of my crew? Am I to get them from you?”

“From me? I should say not. Look, Stillwater, if you’re caught by the French or Spanish, you’re on your own! His Majesty’s government will have no knowledge of what you do with your ship. Speaking of your ship, you’re being given a Spanish galleon that we captured two years ago sailing English waters. She’s being outfitted as we speak for service at sea. As for your crew, that’s up to you. If you need help, we’ll pressgang them for you, but that’s as far as we go together.”

“Admiral, why would I even consider taking this mandate from the government? It’s nothing but danger and probable death at the end for me and any crew foolish enough to sail with me. What possible motive is there?”

“First, you get a ship again and a mission to sail her. Among your many and sordid reputations is one that says you like action, and there’ll be plenty of that where you’re going. The Crown will fully provision your ship with everything you’ll need but the crew. As to that, you’re on your own. Sweep the gutters and public houses if you must, but a crew is your problem.”

“Might I have a royal writ to go to Newgate prison and search there as well? Many a seaman may be found there, I don’t doubt.”

“Yes, yes, of course. I’ll see that is drawn up at once and sent to your quarters. Do you accept this charge from His Majesty? And when can you put to sea if you do?”

“Aye, I accept, Admiral. The alternative is to die of boredom and drink! As for when? As long as a good crew can be obtained, I can put to sea no later than three weeks from today. Will that suffice, sir?”

“Congratulations, Captain Stillwater, and good hunting!” the Admiral said with a smile, as he slapped Stillwater on the back.

“Oh, one more thing. I’ll need that royal pardon before I sail. It will be kept safely for me on land here in London. I would not want to bother His Majesty for such a thing when I return.”

“Stillwater, I don’t think you trust His Majesty! Nevertheless, it shall be so. You’ll have it before you sail.”

As Blain left the Admiralty, he wondered who to recruit for this mission of piracy. He would need a good first officer, a good bosun, and a damn good cook! He decided to try to find his old mate, Lloyd Hale, an outstanding seaman who loved adventure as much as Stillwater did. The cook was going to be more difficult. While there were dozens of men who could boil water and make a stew, it was a rare one indeed who could make meals that brought smiles to the faces of the men.

Stillwater knew it was very important to have a contented crew on board a pirate ship, and food was one way to help keep them happy. The other was sex in ports of call or on board, if they brought along a mate for that purpose. While it was a hanging offense in the Royal Navy, it was accepted practice on board pirate vessels, a fact that made Stillwater smile. No more lonely, horny voyages in Stillwater’s future!

Chapter Two

CAPTAIN STILLWATER, First Officer David Hale, and Bosun's Mate Samuel Creech banged on the main door to Newgate Prison. When the watch opened the sliding window, Stillwater made his announcement.

"I'm Captain Stillwater in His Majesty's service and I have a royal writ to choose any men I so desire and remove them from these premises," he said as he held up the document for inspection

The little door closed, and the big door opened to admit the men.

"What type of men are you looking for?" asked the sergeant of the guard.

"Seamen. No doubt you have a variety of them about, yes?" Hale asked.

"Oh, we got them, no doubt at all. This way, gentlemen," the sergeant said.

As the men wound their way through Newgate Prison, they ended up in the bowels of the great stinking hole, trying to make out faces in the dim light of torches. "If you've worked as seamen, hold up your hand," shouted Hale.

Stillwater walked among the prisoners, pointing occasionally at one of the men who had raised his hand. When they left that giant cell, they found they had seven men selected. This went on through cell after cell until the captain had almost ninety men standing in rows in the main courtyard of the prison. Each man was told to say his name and tell his crime.

Any in for murder or rape were sent back to the depths of the prison. After a fresh count, seventy-two men were left. Of those remaining, two were sick and likewise dismissed, leaving seventy men who were willing and able to serve Stillwater at sea. All were grateful to Stillwater and swore loyalty and allegiance.

“The final announcement is to be truthful to you men who are signing on, with one final chance to back out. We will set to sea as a privateer for his Majesty and will go after those that His Majesty deems as enemies of the Crown. This means that if we’re lucky, we’ll be seeing a lot of action, and you might very well be killed. If this troubles any man here, speak up now or be committed to the sea!” said Stillwater.

No man said a word, and they were accepted for service. The men were marched out of Newgate prison to a public washhouse where they were made to bathe, put on fresh clothes, and clean up their hair. When done, they looked a thousand percent better than when they were found in the dank depths of prison.

“Bosun, take these men aboard our ship and see to it that they find their sleeping spaces for the voyage,” Stillwater ordered.

“Aye, aye, Captain. You heard the man! Let’s move it, you pack of filthy, hell-bent dogs—to the docks!” yelled the bosun.

As they marched off, the first officer said to the captain, “Are you sure we can trust these men? They might not have been in prison for murder, but every one of them looks like they’re capable of it!”

“Why, Mr. Hale, I hope they *are* capable of murder, since we’re essentially a pirate ship! Time to hit the ale houses to find the rest of our ship’s company,” Blain said as they headed off to make their rounds of the public houses of London.

AFTER a couple more days of recruiting for the crew, Captain Stillwater had a complete company of 135 men. Among them was a first-rate cook in his late twenties, who had been schooled in the art of cooking first by his mother and then by the men’s club where he worked in the kitchen. He had rakish good looks, a twinkle in his blue eyes, and a fine curve on his ass! What more could a captain desire? Todd Myers was ship’s cook and potential playmate for the captain on a long voyage.

Captain Stillwater would have asked his usual companion to make the voyage with him, but the latter declined rather loudly. The young man said he “could think of nothing worse than sailing around on the ocean, with the exception of being hung by the neck until dead!”

Well, that was his loss, and in more than one way. As the captain strode up the gangplank, the bosun piped him aboard as if he was the admiral himself. Blain returned the salutes of those who manned the passageway and stopped in the center of his deck.

“Bosun, report,” said the captain.

“Sir, ship’s company present and accounted for, along with all ship’s stores and ammunition. We can set sail any time now, sir, once we have a name for our ship.”

“Aye, have the painter name this beauty the *Serpent*.”

“Aye, aye, captain, *Serpent* it is.”

The first officer approached the captain and saluted. “Good afternoon, Captain, pleasure to have you aboard.”

“Thank you, Mr. Hale. Is she ready to slip her lines and set sail?”

“Aye, Captain, she is! I heard you tell the bosun to paint her name as the *Serpent*. I like that name for what we’re to be doing.”

“I thought it appropriate myself. We’ll sail on the tide in the morning. First thing, have the crew assemble amidships for me to address them. I’m going to have dinner, and then I’ll return to the ship to sleep on board tonight.”

“Very well, Captain, have a good dinner and I’ll see you upon your return.”

AFTER a large dinner, Captain Stillwater returned to the now-named warship—the *Serpent*—around nine o'clock and found the crew still lively as final preparations were under way for sailing. The captain made his way down to his cabin and found that it had been made ready for his arrival by a member of the crew. Blain took off his coat and poured a glass of sherry to sip while he listened to the hum of the ship. Barrels were being lashed down, live poultry were being secured, and the clerk of the ship was writing it all down in the ship's inventory.

A knock on the door disturbed the captain's musings as he answered the knock with the command to come in.

It was Mr. Hale, seeing if he needed anything else. "Yes, one last thing, send the ship's cook in to see me. Otherwise, see that I'm up by six bells."

"Very good, Captain, have a good night's sleep."

A few minutes later, Todd, the ship's cook, arrived in the cabin.

"Todd, I wanted to ask you if you found everything that you'll need on board to keep these men fed and happy. You have the food you need, the water, and the equipment to cook with?"

"Aye, Captain. As long as we can put in for water from time to time, we should do well, depending on how long we actually stay on the high seas."

"Excellent. I want these men fed well so that they are content. See that you do that, Mr. Myers."

“Aye aye, sir. Begging the captain’s pardon, but while I’m here, is there anything special you’ll be wanting so I know what to prepare for you?”

“The usual fare that one could expect in the captain’s dining room. The ship’s officers will be eating with me nightly. Breakfast, they eat where they will. Keep the ship’s galley clean, and you’ll find me a happy captain.”

“I believe I can keep you very happy on this voyage, Captain. Just ask for anything you may need or want,” the cook said with a slight smile.

“Thank you, I’ll keep that in mind, Mr. Myers, and more than likely, I’ll avail myself of your talents both known and yet to be discovered.”

Todd saluted the captain with two fingers to the brim of his hat, turned, and left the captain’s cabin with a smiling Stillwater in his wake. Blain finished his rum and undressed for bed as he imagined what it would be like to fuck the cook as the boat rocked to and fro. Sleep came easy that last night in port.

The next morning after breakfast, Blain mounted the foredeck and addressed the assembled crew. “Gentlemen, we are about to set sail for the Caribbean in the service of His Majesty King Charles II. Our orders are simple: to engage and capture any pirate ship that we come across, and after that, any French or Spanish ship sailing in those waters. We take all the booty that we can get, and we keep a generous ten percent of it for ourselves. The rest goes to the Crown to pay for this ship and our supplies and wages.

“We’ll be able to put in at North Carolina for anything that we might need if we cannot find it on the islands. This is not a ship of the Royal Navy, so the regulations governing such a ship do not apply here for the most part. However, there must be total discipline maintained on board, and so the following will be the Golden Rules of the Ship.

“Don’t steal. Don’t kill your fellow shipmates. Obey all orders from your superiors. Never strike a superior officer. If you break any of these simple rules, I will use pirate law for punishment. This means you could be hanged, marooned on a deserted island, or given extra work with less food. There will be no use of the cat-o’-nine tails on my ship, so that’s not an option. Do your jobs and fight hard when we have to fight. Do these things and this will be a great adventure to tell your grandchildren one day! Any questions?”

“Aye, Captain, one. If we only get to keep ten percent of the booty, do the officers and yourself, sir, get to keep a larger share?” asked a lowly seaman.

“Good question! I’ll take no portion of the booty on a regular basis. I reserve the right to take a piece here and there if it should strike my fancy. My officers will share the same as you men. Any other questions?”

Silence greeted the captain. “Good. Oh, one more thing. We have a real doctor on board to tend to us, so treat him well, as your life may depend upon him! Dr. Hudson, raise your hand so the crew can see you.”

The doctor briefly talked to the men, and when he stopped and looked up at the captain, the order was given. “Mr. Hale, cast off and put us to sea!”

“Aye aye, Captain. Bosun, set the sea watch and get your men aloft. Cast off fore and aft!”

With those brief orders, the men went to work like a colony of ants. Everyone had a job and knew what to do. The lines were let go and sail was let out so that a slight breeze filled them, and the ship headed out to sea. As the coastline of England faded, the routine that would be the life of the ship set in without problem. Those not on duty went below or found a comfortable spot on deck and talked to each other. Many of the men knew each other, especially those from Newgate Prison. As a result, friendships already existed among some men.

Blain went below and recorded in the ship’s log the fact that they had put to sea. There would be rum rations given to the crew in the early evening after dinner. Then the music and dancing would start, no doubt. Women were not allowed to come along on the voyage as fighting was to be expected frequently and no one wanted their wives and women killed because of it. This would make for a slightly less relaxed crew, but the men were free to make other arrangements or find their sport in the ports they called on.

Blain went back up on deck and stood on the quarterdeck, watching the seas flow by as the sails billowed in a nice strong breeze. He couldn’t help but smile at what a fine ship he now commanded. The *Serpent* had a good crew and eighteen cannon that would easily match all but naval man-o’-wars. Even then, she stood some chance of getting away as she would be lighter and easier to maneuver.

Blain opened a compartment on the quarterdeck and smiled once more when he saw a full array of national ensigns as well as the skull and crossbones pirate flag. This would be part of the subterfuge necessary to take some ships and escape others.

Chapter Three

THE first night at sea passed in celebration with the crew as they had their rum, played their music, and danced their dances. As for the captain, after making a quick check of the ship topside, he went below and had dinner with his officers.

“Here’s to a successful and profitable venture!” the captain toasted.

“Hear, hear!” was the response all around.

The food was served and all enjoyed the repast. The conversation finally turned to discipline. “Captain, what’s your rule on men taking their pleasure with other men on board?” asked the navigator.

All heads turned towards the captain. “This will be a long voyage and one that will see us in port as little as possible. If two men wish to make an arrangement, that’s up to them, so long as it does not affect the ship. As you may or may not know, on real pirate ships, men often form couples and look out for each other as if they were man and wife. There is much to be desired in this arrangement, as we end up with fighting pairs determined that their mate will not be harmed in battle. They are the first to look out for each other if one becomes wounded.

“All of this, taken together with the fact that men will be men, they be a happier lot than those who never enjoy the intimate company of another on a long voyage.”

The officers all nodded their heads in agreement except one. The second mate objected to men acting that way and voiced his view. “Captain, I say they should be hung just like in His Majesty’s Navy!”

“Well, Mr. Skinner, this isn’t His Majesty’s Navy, now is it? If you take such a strong objection to men being men, then I’ll be happy to off load you in the morning,” responded the captain.

“In the morning? But Captain, we’re at sea!”

“Well, that would be your misfortune, now wouldn’t it?”

The table erupted into a roar of laughter and the second mate shrank down in his seat.

When the laughter died down, the captain continued, “Now as far as I’m concerned, the issue of consensual sex between the men is settled. I want a happy crew with a profitable voyage.”

As the ship’s cook placed what was to pass as dessert on the table, the captain ran his eyes over the young man’s ass and smiled inwardly. The captain knew he would have some of that on that very night. The cook looked up, smiled at the captain, and withdrew.

When dinner was over and the scraps and dishes cleared away, Blain went topside one last time to inspect the watch and to look over the ship and waters. Satisfied, he went below, stopping at the galley only to find it empty. As

he exited the galley, the first officer was going topside and the captain stopped him.

“Mr. Hale, would you be so kind as to locate the ship’s cook and send him to my cabin?”

“Aye, Captain. Is the lad in some kind of trouble?”

“Not at all. I just want to go over the menu with him.”

“Right away, sir.”

Blain strode to his cabin with a smile on his face and a growing bulge in his trousers. He looked forward to reviewing the menu that Todd was offering. Once in his cabin, he lit a couple of candles near the bed and doused the larger candelabrum at his desk and dining area. The mood was set as a knock on his door brought yet another smile to his face.

“Enter!”

Todd Myers entered the cabin with a slight look of apprehension on his face and said, “Mr. Hale said you wanted to see me, Captain? Did you not like dinner tonight?”

“Not at all, Todd. The food was tasty and well received by everyone. Job well done, keep it up,” Blain replied.

The cook visibly relaxed at hearing the verdict on dinner, and a look of curiosity came over his face.

“I just wanted to compliment you on a good job and to offer you some port as a reward.”

“Thank you, Captain, that would be very kind of you, sir.”

As Blain poured two glasses of port, he smiled. The bulge in his pants was now pronounced, and he hoped that the cook would take notice. He faced Todd and gave him his petite glass of port with the toast, “To calm waters tonight!”

As Todd took the glass, he noticed the obvious arousal on the part of the captain. He sipped the port as the captain invited him to sit down. Todd cast his eyes down at the captain’s lap and was now sure that his captain was hard.

“Tell me, Todd, would you be of a mind to spend some time in my bed tonight? I’d like to try out those additional ‘services’ you mentioned in a previous conversation.”

Todd swallowed hard, drained his glass, and replied, “Aye, Captain, if you wish it.”

“Well, let me be clear about this, Todd. I am in want of your sexual favors, but only if you are of a mind to freely engage in this activity. I’m not ordering it or pressuring you in any way. Men who come to my bed come willingly only. So how is it with you?”

“Captain, I’d be pleased to give you the pleasure you need, and I know I don’t have to say yes.”

“Excellent. More port?”

“Yes, sir,” he replied as he held out his glass for more of the warm liquid.

As Todd sipped his second glass of port, Blain got up, went to the cabin door, and locked it. He walked over to where Todd was sitting, put his hands on the lad’s shoulders, and began to rub them gently, sending Todd into

a state of relaxation. Blain stopped, removed his shirt, and walked over to the bed built into the side of the cabin.

“Come here, boy, and help me off with my boots,” he said with a soft voice.

Todd got up and did as he was asked, but he didn’t stop at the boots; he also unbuttoned the captain’s trousers. When they fell to the floor, Blain stepped out of his pants and removed his undergarments as well. When Todd saw the impressive size of his captain’s cock, he looked up into Blain’s eyes and smiled, saying, “Tis a pleasure for me to take care of your manhood, sir.”

“Stand up, boy, so we can get you naked.”

As Todd began to remove his clothes, Blain stroked his hardened cock, and when Todd hesitated at removing his shorts, he reached down and gently shoved them to the floor, revealing a nice-sized cock surrounded by a blondish bush. The captain made a circle with one hand, indicating that he wanted Todd to turn around and reveal his backside, which Todd did at once.

Blain was excited at the sight that greeted his eyes as the sharp curves of a well-muscled ass came into view. The lad’s cheeks were pale in the candlelight and inviting, to say the least. Blain sat down on his bunk and placed his hands on Todd’s ass and ran them over the curves of the flesh that called so deeply to him. A small groan slipped from the captain’s throat and he said, “Todd, my boy, you’ve an ass that would make God jealous. Come, get into bed with me.”

As Todd complied, he said, “I got to warn ya, Captain, I’ve never given my ass to another before, if that’s what you

have in mind. I have limited experience with my mouth and hands, of course.”

“So, you’re a virgin, then, lad, is that right?”

“In that area, aye, Captain,” he said as he cast his eyes downward.

“That’s a fine thing, Todd, and surely nothing to be ashamed of. You’ve a fine body for a young man, and one to be proud of, and I’m grateful that you’re willing to give it to me for my enjoyment. If you like, I won’t take your ass on this voyage. I’ll leave your virginity intact.”

“Captain, if it would please you to know me that way, then I am more than willing to have you be my first.”

Blain didn’t answer verbally. Instead, he took Todd into his arms and planted little kisses over his neck and chest while stroking his stomach and legs. Todd melted into the captain’s arms as he enjoyed the attention being paid to him. When Blain went to kiss him on the mouth, Todd didn’t resist, but opened his mouth, allowing the captain to insert his tongue. Todd was now as hard as the captain was, and Blain began to stroke Todd’s erection and fondle his balls.

It was a humid night, and even with the rear windows open, the breeze did little to cool the men. Sweat began to slide down both men, making them glisten in the candlelight as they continued their passionate kissing.

“Just how experienced in what you’ve done are you, my boy?” asked the captain.

“I’ve done by mouth and hand a few times to good friends, Captain, but as I’ve said, I’ve never given my arse to no man. What would you have me do?”

In response to the question, Blain pushed their bodies down flat on the bed, and Todd’s head was guided to the captain’s cock. Todd needed no verbal instructions from there. He licked the captain’s cock while fondling his balls, teasing the tip with his tongue. He made little swirling motions around the tip of the dick, sending Blain into ecstasy. When Blain had enough teasing, he reached down and shoved Todd’s head down on his cock, and as the lad gagged a little, Blain pumped his mouth.

The sensations that Todd’s wet, hot mouth brought to Blain were even better than those of his usual bedmate on land. This lad had the makings of an excellent cocksucker. When Blain felt the distant rumblings of what promised to be a monumental climax, he pulled the lad off and brought him up to his chest.

“That was fine work, Todd, and you’ve a nice cock on ya there. Won’t be a bit surprised if you’re chased by other men on board.”

“What should I do, Captain? I don’t wish to offend anyone and end up in the sea, but I also don’t want to become the ship’s whore!”

“Now calm down, Todd, it won’t come to that. We’ll talk more about this later.”

Todd kissed Blain, and he slid back down to the cock he left moments before and began once again to suck and jerk it. Blain’s back arched slightly off the bed with pleasure as

he fought the urge to jam his cock all the way down Todd's throat until he shot his entire load.

When Blain tried once more to pull Todd off, the lad resisted and sucked even harder. The captain felt that sensation that meant there was no turning back now and wrapped his powerful legs around Todd, letting himself be sucked to completion. When Blain finally exploded, the lad had trouble swallowing fast enough but did a fine job and drank it all in.

He continued to milk Blain's cock with his mouth even as the captain began to go soft. When he let the cock in his mouth slip out with an audible thump on Blain's stomach, he looked up into the glassy, contented eyes of his captain, and asked, "Did I do all right, sir?"

Blain let out a laugh that could have been heard on the quarterdeck. When he stopped, he pulled Todd back up alongside of him and said, "Not only did you do alright, ship's cook, you did outstanding for a boy who has had so little experience bringing men to such a pleasurable end!"

Todd smiled in the candlelight, pleased with himself that he'd made his good-looking captain happy. Blain sighed in contentment, and Todd got out of the bed and began to dress. He wasn't anticipating anything in return from his captain, and Blain made no move to signal anything else.

"Let yourself out, Todd. You've served me well this night and I won't be forgetting it."

"It's a long voyage, Captain, and I am at your pleasure whenever you need me."

Blain patted Todd on the ass as he turned to leave and smiled. When the door closed, Blain wiped his cock of any moisture left behind by the cook. He felt tired, and the last thing he remembered thinking before going off to sleep was that he was going to fuck that boy countless times before they saw England again.

Chapter Four

AS THE first rays of sunshine beamed their way into the captain's cabin, Blain was up and out of bed. He quickly dressed and looked out the windows to see how the water looked as compared to the gentle roll of the ship. They'd been a month at sea, and he hoped to find land soon. A knock on the door heralded Todd, bringing the morning's breakfast.

"Good morning, Captain. I hope you slept well last night."

"Good morning, Todd. I slept like a baby, thanks to you. And now, this breakfast looks wonderful."

"Thank you, sir; now I best be getting back to the galley to get the food out for the men before they start raising a ruckus."

"Aye, Todd, keep the men happy! But with your cooking skills only!"

Todd swiveled his head around as his hand hit the door and he smiled. "I'll be sure to remember that, Captain."

As Blain sat down to eat, he remembered the most excellent blow jobs he'd had from the very man who had just set his breakfast down before him. Todd had proved to be good at the activity, so the captain had taken steps to make

it plain to the crew that Todd was strictly hands-off. Besides, there was something about Todd that Blain found endearing.

After finishing up, Blain slid his cutlass through its loop on his belt and left the cabin to inspect the ship. Topside, the wind blew briskly and the *Serpent* sliced through the water at a good rate of speed. All lookouts were on station, searching the horizon for any sign of another ship. He checked the ship's heading and found it to be exactly what it should be. After nearly two months, the captain hoped to enter pirate waters in another day or so. Then it would be time to earn their money!

"Mr. Hale, how goes the crew and ship?" the captain asked the first officer.

"Good morning, Captain, all's well. The crew seems happy, the ship is running true to course, and the winds are with us!"

"That they are, Mr. Hale. No grumblings amongst the crew after these weeks at sea? I'd expect some from the ones we retrieved from Newgate Prison."

"Nothing to worry about, Captain. There was a disagreement and a few fists thrown over who was going to sleep with one of the gunners, but that's to be expected. Some of the men slept up here on deck with a friend and all in all, things were peaceful."

"Keep a sharp eye on that issue, Mr. Hale. Men can get violent over a man at sea just as they would over a wench on land. Be mindful of that," the captain said with a slightly worried look.

“Aye aye, Captain.”

“One more thing, Mr. Hale. Lay in a course for Port Royal. I think we’d best make our first port of call one known for its loose morals and drink.”

“Aye aye, Captain; I’m sure that will bring a smile to the faces of the men.”

As the first officer set off to make the various notifications, Blain walked over to the rail and looked into the sea. Swimming with the ship was a pod of dolphins, a sign of good luck. Blain silently said a prayer that all would continue to go well during his first command.

TWO days later, the lookout shouted from the crow’s nest, “Land ho!”

Blain looked up to the watch and yelled, “Where away?”

“Two points off the starboard bow,” came the reply.

Blain went to the rail and looked toward where the seaman had indicated. Through his telescope, he spied the southeastern coast of Jamaica and the city of Port Royal, known throughout the Caribbean as a city of wild women, great wealth, plenty of ale, and a popular and safe port for pirates.

“Mr. Hale, bring us into the Chocolata Hole and anchor us among our fellow pirate ships. And get the skull and crossbones up the flag pole!”

“Aye, Captain. All hands on deck! Man your stations; we anchor in Jamaica!” yelled the first officer.

The men responded like clockwork, each man knowing his station and his duties. As the *Serpent* grew near, sail was taken up to slow the ship down as she hove in among the other ships. Blain took detailed notice of the other vessels, knowing that he could face any one of them on the open seas in battle. Finally, he heard the bosun order, “Away the anchor!”

“Mr. Hale, call the men together amidships,” Blain ordered.

When everyone had assembled, Captain Stillwater gave his first port speech. “Shore leave for all men is authorized for the next seventy-two hours. A watch must be set and rotated among the crew. The bosun will see to that. Remember, you’re on a pirate ship and are pirates! Act like it but say nothing about the *Serpent* or her crew. Stay out of trouble and keep your ears open. Report back to Mr. Hale or I anything you pick up that will help us in our mission here in these waters. Also, have a good time!”

The crew cheered and was eager to put ashore. “Mr. Myers, as ship’s cook, you’ll be responsible for choosing provisions on shore. Take the ship’s clerk with you and choose wisely.”

Todd looked at the captain and smiled. “Aye aye, Captain.”

With that, the initial watch was set, and longboats were lowered into the water to take the crew ashore. Blain grabbed a brace of pistols together with his cutlass and

climbed into the second longboat to head to shore. Blain also filled his purse with coin in order to avail himself of anything Port Royal had to offer.

As the crew rowed, Blain looked over at the first longboat and spotted Todd, who was busily engaged in conversation with his shipmates and laughing. Blain found more than a certain longing to hold him in his arms but also a very definite form of affection. He wondered if he should have assigned a couple of men to insure his safety while ashore. Blain realized that if he had done that, he would have offended Todd's sense of manhood and made him look less of a man with the rest of the crew.

As the longboats drew near to the jetty, the noise from the merriment grew louder with each oar stroke. No matter the time of day, a celebration was the order of business most being pursued by those ashore. As the boats glided alongside the pier, Blaine jumped out and walked at a fast clip to catch up to Todd.

"Now, you two be careful here, in both your business dealings and your safety. Understand?"

Both the cook and the clerk looked at the captain as if he had lost his mind. It was Todd who responded. "Of course, Captain. We'll take care of ship's business and then take some time for ourselves to have some fun. I'll be careful, Captain," Todd said with a twinkle in his eye.

As the two men turned left to go to the various markets that lined the street, the captain turned right, heading toward the public houses and, he hoped, rooms full of drunken pirates with loud mouths. The first pub he came to

was the “Cock and Bull.” When Blain entered, he found the room filled with smoke, merriment, and lots of ale. He walked over to a small table and sat down to wait for a barmaid to come by.

As he looked around the room, he noted that there were indeed pirates in this tavern, and the pirates were drunk as could be. They were grabbing women and shouting abuse at each other at the top of their lungs. One of many local prostitutes came by and offered her services to the captain, promising not only a good time but also a discount because the captain was a looker. The captain declined the offer. The girl acted insulted, hollered at Blain, and then stormed off, much to the amusement of others surrounding that table.

“I don’t blame you mate, that scurvy doxy has more sea miles on ’er than me ship!” yelled a disheveled seaman at the next table. His comment brought a fresh roar of laughter. As Blain laughed with them, he caught sight of a young man with well-worn clothes, who appeared thin and hungry. He sat before an empty mug with eyes that bespoke much unhappiness.

He looked up, caught Blain staring at him, and quickly looked back down at the table. A pang of sympathy struck the captain’s belly, and he found himself kicking the chair across from him toward the young man. When he looked up, Blain motioned with his head to the empty chair, and with a look compounded of sheer terror and curiosity, the man got up from his table and joined Captain Stillwater.

“Ya look like you’ve lost your best mate, lad, what ails you?” Blain asked.

“Nothing that would concern the likes of a gentleman such as yourself,” came the reply.

“Oh? And who says I’m a gentleman?”

“I’s can tell a gentleman from an ole sea dog and you be a gentleman.”

“Would you join me in some ale?”

“I’ve no money to return the favor, sir,” he replied.

“Did ya hear me ask if ya did, lad?”

“No, sir,” he said with a look of curiosity.

When two fresh ales had been set down before them, the men took a sip. The lad took a long gulp of the golden liquid and finally smiled at Blain when he put his mug back on the table.

“Now, tell me what’s the matter with ya.”

“I’ve no home anymore, no money, and I’m hungry. I’ve no friends left here in Port Royal, and I was thinking of ending it all when you spoke to me.”

“Ending it all? Why on earth would you, a young man with his entire life before him, be thinking of walking the plank?”

“Well, sir, I’m not sure a gentleman such as yourself would want ta be hearing about me troubles like that,” he said, on the verge of tears.

“Nonsense, boy, bring your chair closer and tell me. You’d be surprised what I’ve been told about life,” Blain said in an encouraging tone.

“Well, sir, the gentleman who brung me to Port Royal a little over a year ago, died two weeks ago. And when that happened, sir, I lost me home and bed and everything else.”

It suddenly dawned on Blain what the entire story was as it related to the “gentleman.”

“Answer me honestly, boy, or be off with you. Did this gentleman provide for you and all your needs in exchange for personal services?”

The young man looked down at the table in shame. He mumbled something, which Blain could not hear as a result of the bedlam that was all about him. “Speak up, boy; I can’t hear ya with all this going on around us!”

“I said yes, sir, that be the case.”

“And this man made no provisions for ya in case he died?”

“If ya mean did me leave me anything, the answer is no. His wife got it all, sir, and it took her but a minute to throw me out of the house. When Kevin died, all of his friends who were friendly towards me turned their backs on me like they never even knew me.”

“No surprise there at all. How have you been living these past two weeks?”

“Begging and other stuff.”

“Other stuff, such as what?”

Again he looked down at the table, but this time he looked back up and straight into Blain’s eyes. “I’ve been a whore, sir.”

The tears finally broke. After a moment, Blain told him to get a hold of himself and wipe the tears away. “What do you plan on doing instead of killing yourself?”

“I’ve no other plan, sir. I can’t live as a whore. The men for the most part are abusive, and one even refused to pay after I did what he wanted. I can’t live like that. I am what I am, but I still have some self-respect left.”

“Ever been to sea, lad?”

“Only the voyage from England to here to join Kevin.”

“What’s your name?”

“Billy, sir, Billy Anderson.”

“How old are you Billy Anderson?”

“I was eighteen my last birthday, sir.”

“Eighteen. You are so young to be whoring yourself, let alone talking of ending your life.”

“Look around, sir, what else is there for me? Here in Port Royal, if you don’t know someone, you are nothing. I’m lost, sir.”

“Ever done housekeeping types of things? You know, making beds, sweeping up, tidying things that need tidying?”

“Yes, sir, that’s what I did for Kevin even though his wife hated me every moment I was there and did those things.”

“Do you want a job, Billy?”

Billy’s face lit up and he smiled for the second time. “A job, sir? You’d not be putting me on now would you, sir?”

“No, Billy. How would you like a life at sea aboard my ship as my cabin boy?”

“Sea? Your ship? A cabin boy?”

“Well, blast me, boy, if all you’re gonna do is repeat what I say, we’re not going to get too far too fast. Yes, permit me to introduce myself. I’m Captain Blain Stillwater of the *Serpent*. We’re pirates. The life can be hard, but you’ll not go hungry, and you’ll not be mistreated. You’ll also earn wages like any other member of the crew. What do you say, boy?”

“I don’t know, Captain. I’ve never killed anyone and don’t think I can.”

“I didn’t say you would be part of that crew. In battle, you’ll be helping the doctor on board with the wounded and with their care. What do you say, boy? It beats jumping off the jetty!”

“You won’t hold it against me that I’ve gone with men?”

“Lad, there are men on my ship who go with men. Not for money, you understand, but they enjoy the company of men.”

“Would you be wanting me to join you in that way, sir?”

Before Blain could answer, he was interrupted by none other than Todd, who was standing at the captain’s elbow.

“Hello, Captain, we’re all finished with the provisioning. Who’s this?” he asked with no subtlety about it.

“This is Billy Anderson, my new cabin boy. Billy, this brash young man is Todd, the ship’s cook,” Blain said, barely suppressing a smile at Todd’s apparent jealousy.

“Cabin boy? I didn’t know you were in search of one. If you like, Captain, I can do those duties as well as my cook duties,” he stated with a hard look on his face.

“Now, Todd, I wouldn’t want your cooking to suffer because you were working too hard. No, Billy is joining the crew as of today. In fact, take him to the *Serpent* now, get him settled into the crew’s quarters, and show him his duties.”

“If it pleases you, Captain,” Todd answered with a frown.

“Billy, that’s it, then. You be a member of my crew. Go with Todd and get some food first thing.”

“Yes, Captain.”

“Todd, see to it that the lad is fed some of your good cooking as soon as you be aboard.”

“Aye aye, Captain,” Todd replied with a very unhappy look upon his face.

As the two left the tavern, Blain laughed aloud at the ceiling. So, Todd had a jealous streak in him and found Billy to be a threat. Maybe that was good in the grand scheme of things. Billy was a handsome young man, and he could appreciate his former “employer” bringing him from England. Although why any man would want both a male companion and a wife under the same roof was beyond Blain.

Chapter Five

“WHAT’S life like on the ship?” Billy asked Todd as they walked towards the jetty.

“It’s harsh. The captain is a real taskmaster and the crew is brutal. They should really like the fact that you’re joining the crew,” Todd said as he looked Billy up and down from the side as they walked.

“Really? I didn’t get that impression from the captain. I felt he was a kind man who cared about others,” Billy replied.

“Yeah, well, that’s just the captain’s way of getting you to join the crew. Just wait ’til we set sail and you’re out at sea with no place to run. He’ll have his way with you good and then give you to the crew to keep them happy. You’ll spend most of your time naked and sore,” Todd said without hesitation.

“Is that why you look so drawn and in pain?” Billy asked.

“What? I don’t look drawn and in pain, what are you talking about?”

“Oh, I just assumed that you were in the crew quarters all the time. In that case, I’ll just guess that something has upset your stomach, as you don’t look well at all.”

Todd was getting so mad that his usually pale face was now bright red. Billy was chuckling underneath, knowing what Todd was trying to do. As they approached the jetty where a longboat would take them back to the *Serpent*, Billy decided to add one final broadside to their little skirmish.

“Make sure you point out which of the crew is your master so that I don’t accidentally take him away from you.”

Todd had enough of being bested at what he had started. He grabbed Billy by the arm and pulled him to a halt. Looking deep into this eyes and apart by only a couple inches, Todd said, “Let’s get something straight right now so that you don’t go missing overboard one night. I don’t have anything to do with the crew, you understand? I take care of only one man on board the *Serpent*, and you have no chance of stealing him or doing anything else with him. You just tend to your duties, stay out of trouble, and I’ll see what I can do to prevent you being made a pass-around amongst the harsher men of the ship’s crew. You understand?” Todd said with a slight tremble in his voice and clenched fists at his side.

Billy’s hackles began to rise and he struck back hard. “If you’re not with the ship’s crew, then I’ll have to assume that the ship has a dog on board!”

Gentle Todd, who had known the finer things in life through his cooking, actually slapped Billy across the face. “I’ll have you know that the *man* on board the *Serpent* that

enjoys my personal services is none other than the man who just took pity on you and gave you a job! Now you shut your filthy mouth, or I'll see to it that you're punished every chance I can. Do I make myself clear?"

"I'll not strike you back, as I've been raised better than to engage in violence with someone who may be below my station in life. My suggestion to you would be not to make an enemy of me, or I might just have to see how strong your bonds are with the captain. I have learned far more in this life than just being a cook!" Billy replied in anger.

"Is that why you look like a street urchin who gives blowjobs in back alleys for a pence?" Todd asked with venom dripping from his tongue.

That remark struck home, and Billy turned away and continued toward the longboat, determined not to let Todd see that he was crying. Todd didn't smile, however, as he felt no sense of victory. He was, in fact, surprised at how defensive and jealous he had become. It wasn't like him, and he wasn't happy at how quickly he had become territorial over Captain Stillwater.

BLAIN had one more mug of ale and took his time walking among "the brethren," listening for any clue that might aid him in his mission. He heard one table full of cutthroats talking about a Spanish galleon expected soon off the waters of Tortuga. Blain filed that away as a possibility. What he needed to hear was when.

As a barmaid walked by, he grabbed her, acting like he was drunk so that he could stay by the table of men who continued to talk. As the barmaid laughed and protested at being delayed in her task, Blain heard what he needed.

“Aye, the *Saratoga* will be within our grasp within four days’ time, and the booty should be grand!” said one drunken cutthroat to the others.

Blain let the maid go and staggered toward the door, happy with himself that he achieved not only his mission, but also that he had recruited a new crew member of the age that should keep Todd company when he couldn’t pay attention to him. He was sure that they would be great friends.

The “great friends” sat in silence as the boat reached the *Serpent*. After climbing up the rope ladder and landing on the deck, Billy was all eyes as he searched everywhere for any signs of danger or of men being molested against their will. Finding none, he followed Todd below deck to the captain’s quarters.

Once inside, Todd began. “This is Captain Stillwater’s cabin. You’ll make his bed every morning, sweep out the cabin daily, bring him his breakfast from the galley—and lunch, if he has one. For dinner, you’ll be serving the food to the captain and his guests. Usually he eats with the ship’s officers, making it about people for dinner. For Sunday dinner, they dress for the meal, and you’ll be expected to be scrubbed clean and not stinking. Any other duties will be given to you by the captain.”

“That all sounds simple enough. Now where do I sleep?”

Todd resisted the urge to shout, “Not in here!” as he was trying to get over his initial reaction to a perceived threat. “Come, I’ll take you to Mr. Hale, the first officer. He can tell you where to find your berth.”

As they left the captain’s cabin, they climbed the stairs, and Billy couldn’t help but notice the fine curve of Todd’s ass. If he had to, he could compete.

CAPTAIN STILLWATER paid a visit to a gunsmith, had his two pistols checked over for any repair work needed, and then took a walk toward what served as the local governmental representation of England. As he neared the building, he passed an open-air patio attached to one of the many local taverns. He happened to hear one of the men eating there addressed as Governor, and realized that he need only appear to have lunch to make communication with the Crown.

Blain walked in and looked around, seeing only a few vacant chairs at various tables. He boldly walked up to the governor, Sir Nicholas Lawes, who didn’t know Blain on sight, and said, “May I sit here and have my lunch?”

A startled governor said, “Yes, please, be seated.”

Blain sat down and signaled for a barmaid to bring him ale as well as a bit of beef and potatoes. The governor was about to finish up his lunch when Blain mumbled to him that he needed to talk.

The governor replied, “Do I know you, sir?”

“You may know of me. I’m Captain Blain Stillwater of the ship *Serpent*. Do you recognize my name?”

Having had a dispatch a week prior to the captain’s arrival stating that he should expect him, the governor merely nodded so as to not attract attention.

“We are now operational in these waters and will be leaving port in the morning. Are there any new orders for me?”

“Yes. Concentrate on Spanish shipping. There are rumors of war between England and Spain. Begin to weaken them here in the Caribbean.”

“Aye, that I’ll do. Anything else?”

“Are you in need of funds?”

“No, your lordship, we’re fine. It is also motivation to take our first prize ship in these waters. If there be nothing else, then I will finish my lunch and leave.”

“As you say, Captain. I will notify the Crown that we have spoken in my next dispatch without mentioning your name. Good hunting, Captain.”

With that the governor quietly arose and left the tavern to head back to his offices. Blain finished his lunch and left to return to his ship. So, the emphasis was off of pirates and now on the Spanish. That suited Blain just fine. There would be a lot more booty on a Spanish ship than on a pirate ship. He was sure his crew would be happy with the news.

Upon his return to the ship, Blain found all in order and headed to his cabin, while still thinking over his conversation with the governor. When he opened the door to his cabin, he was surprised to see it looking like he had never been in it before. His bed had been made properly, clothes were nowhere to be seen, and his desk was nice and orderly.

“I hope it pleases you, Captain, I’ve not had much time to really do a good job,” said Billy.

“Well, you’ve done a fine job. Keep this up and I’ll be a happy man!”

“Good. I know you’ve not been in a good frame of mind lately and tend to be in a foul mood when at sea, so I intend to do everything I can to make you happy.”

“Frame of mind? Foul mood at sea? What are you babbling about, boy?”

“Well, sir, Todd was just telling me how best to serve you and warned me about your unhappiness and the troubles you’ve been having. I don’t want to do something to make you punish me, sir.”

“Punish you? Todd said I might punish you?”

“Yes, sir. And I surely don’t want to be thrown to your crew as a play toy!”

“Thrown to my crew as what? Look here, go fetch young Mr. Myers and tell him to report to me, now.”

“Aye, Captain. I hope I didn’t say anything that will get Todd in trouble now....”

“Never you mind that, do as I say.”

Billy left the cabin headed toward the galley with a huge smile on his face. He couldn’t wait to see what was going to happen. If Todd thought that Billy bought for one moment all that nonsense he told him, he was about to learn the futility of that attempt.

THAT little twit! Filling that poor boy’s head full of that nonsense, hoping that he’d change his mind and jump ship before even boarding her. Feels threatened by a young pretty face, does he? Well, we’ll just see how he likes a bit of his own medicine. Blain smiled at the thought of the fun about to unfold.

“Todd, the captain wants to see you now,” Billy said after entering the galley. Todd popped up from the deck where he was storing some of his pots under the main stove.

“Wants to see me? Why?”

“I have no idea, Todd. One minute we was talking, and the next he was telling me to go fetch you at once.”

Todd flew out of the galley and down the stairs to the captain’s quarters and knocked on the door with hesitation. At first, there was no answer, and when he knocked again, the captain’s voice boomed out, “Enter.”

Todd entered the captain’s quarters to find him seated behind his desk, looking quite unhappy. He walked up to the desk and said, “Billy told me you wanted to see me?”

“That’s right. I’ve a couple questions for you, Mr. Myers. First, do you wish to be left in Port Royal when we leave tomorrow?”

The question stunned Todd. “Captain, of course not! Why would you ask?”

“Well, I thought since the punishment I’m going to impose upon you is apparently so terrible, I would offer you the choice of being left behind instead. Are you saying you would rather be punished?” Blain asked with a stern look on his face.

“Punished? For what, sir? What have I done?”

“You know how unhappy I get while at sea, and I’m not sure you’re up to keeping me satisfied with your work when I get in that mood.”

It dawned on Todd what was afoot. Billy had revealed their conversation to the captain, and now he was being screwed to the wall for it.

“Captain, is this about a conversation I might have had with Billy?”

“It might.”

“Sir, it was all in jest, I assure you. I was just trying to see what the boy was made of, that’s all, sir.”

“Bullshit! What you were doing, Mr. Myers, was trying to scare off my new cabin boy before he even had the chance to see the ship or hear of his duties. Isn’t that right, Mr. Myers?”

Todd began to fidget knowing he was trapped. He wouldn't lie to the captain, so he had only one choice.

"Yes, sir, it's as you suspect. I apologize, sir, for the prank I was playing on him."

"Now the question is, why, Mr. Myers, were you trying to scare him off?"

"The truth, sir?"

"Of course, the truth!" Blain bellowed.

"I was worried about another young lad coming on board who would have a position so close to you and who might turn your head away from me. He's pretty, and I didn't want to lose you."

Blain got up from the desk, turned his back on Todd, and walked to the rear windows of the cabin. As he stood there, Blain smiled at the absurdity of the situation. He then turned around and stared at Todd.

"First off, Mr. Myers, you don't have any claim on me. I am free to bed whomever I wish regardless of any brief past history between us. Should I wish to bed Billy, then that would be my privilege, now, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, sir, it would be. I'm sorry, sir, for presuming."

"What am I to do with you? You've badly shaken our new crew member, making him think he was going to be raped and tossed from one hammock to another. You need to apologize to him and make it right. Until he tells me that he forgives you for your childishness, you remain in trouble with me. Do I make myself clear?"

“Aye, Captain, you do.”

“You, sir, are dismissed. I don’t want to see your face again until you put things right with my cabin boy.”

After Todd left and the door was closed, Blain sat down in his chair and smiled. He would still take Todd into his bed, but he would have to earn any privileges that would result from that extra service. And what of Billy? Was he a candidate for his bed?

Chapter Six

TODD went looking for Billy immediately. He couldn't find him below decks, so he went topside. After checking the quarterdeck, he found Billy up at the bow, watching as fish swam around the ship.

"Billy, did you complain to the captain about what I told you regarding life on board the *Serpent*?" he asked with just a hint of anger in his voice.

"Complain? No. We was just talking, and he asked me about being at sea, and I asked him why he got so unhappy being at sea, as he was a captain and all. The conversation just went from there. Are you in trouble?"

"No. But the captain did ask me to tell you that I'm sorry for playing a joke on you."

"A joke? Is that what that was? I thought you were jealous that the captain made me his cabin boy."

"Jealous? Of you? Now, that is funny," Todd said while laughing a laugh that was so fake that Billy knew it in an instant.

"Look, we're going to be at sea and we should be friends. It's both our jobs to keep the captain happy. Are you his bedmate?"

“That’s none of your concern!”

“Well, I thought I would ask just in case the captain is so inclined that way. I will do my best to take care of him, since you apparently don’t have that job.”

“Okay. Look, I agree we should be friends. We’re the youngest on board, and we both work for the captain closely. Yes, I sleep with the captain, but I can’t claim him for anything other than a man who uses me for his pleasure. So I can’t tell you to back off. If the captain wants you, that’s his privilege. I’ll try not to let it affect our relationship on board this ship. Deal?”

“Deal,” Billy said as he extended his hand and Todd shook it.

“I better get below. I’ve the evening meal to fix for those on board. We set sail at the morning tide.”

Billy waited for a few moments after Todd left to return to the captain’s cabin. When he entered, the captain immediately asked, “Did Todd find you?”

“Yes, Captain, he did. He apologized for the prank he played on me and suggested we become friends. He felt it would serve you better that way.”

“Did you accept his apology?”

“Of course, sir. He was just trying to protect something he values.”

“And what would that be, Billy?”

“You, sir.”

“Well, now that we’ve settled all that, carry on with your duties, and the suggestion that you and Todd be friends is a good one on a ship of this nature.”

Having settled that little dispute over who was going to get to suck the captain’s cock, Blain went back up on deck to talk with the navigator. It was time to plot a course for the Isle of Tortuga. They would have to be in the area within three days, and Blain wanted to make sure that nothing stood in their way of achieving that goal.

THE next morning, the captain gave the orders to hoist anchor and get under way for Tortuga. Once they were out of their moorage and on the open sea, the captain briefed the crew on the slight change in orders. When he told them that they were sailing for their first target, a cheer went up from the crew.

The first officer ordered the bosun to work the gun crews to make sure their skills were top notch so that when they went into battle, they would be the ones to come out on top. Once he was happy with what he saw there, he worked the men in the sails and had the ship’s doctor and cook prepare the surgery to receive wounded. This opened Todd’s eyes to an entirely new world, and he suggested that if the battle was fierce and wounded were aplenty, that the captain’s cabin boy be pressed into service in the surgery as well.

Upon hearing this suggestion, the first officer approved it and notifications were made. When the captain went to Mr. Hale at the end of the first day, he received a report filled with confidence in the crew. Hale assured the captain that unless outgunned by a 64-gun ship, they should be victorious.

That night after dinner, the captain sent for Todd. When Todd responded to the summons, he brought with him a small pot of cooking oil used daily in the galley.

“What’s that for, may I ask?”

“Well, Captain, it’s for your use, should you have a mind to mount me from behind. I talked with a couple of experienced lads in Port Royal about this, and I was advised to use oil to slick the way. It makes it far more pleasurable for you that way.”

“What makes you think I asked you to come to the cabin because I wish to hold your naked body in my arms? Especially after that trickery you wrought upon my cabin boy?”

“Well, sir, it’s the time you normally turn in, and I just assumed you needed some relief from the rigors of command.”

Blain laughed aloud. “You have a bit of the silver tongue about you, Todd. Come here....”

Todd smiled and said, “Yes, sir,” as he walked over to the captain, who took his hand. They walked to the bed together and then Blain remembered the door. “Todd, lock the door, please.”

“I already did when I came into the cabin.”

“You are so sure of yourself....”

Todd began to unlace the captain’s shirt and then lifted it up and over his head, exposing the well-muscled chest of his sea lover. Todd bent down slightly, took one nipple into his mouth, and began to gently suck on it at first, gradually getting rougher. Blain’s moaning was signal enough that he was enjoying what Todd was doing, so he switched to the other nipple and continued to lavish attention on the now-hard nubs.

Todd was able to see the captain’s erection in his pants merely by looking down. As he sucked and nibbled on the nipple, he reached down and stroked the captain’s hard cock through his trousers. Blain placed his hands on top of Todd’s head and ran his fingers through the lad’s long hair.

“Fuck, Todd, but you’re good at this.”

Todd’s reply was muffled by Blain’s nipple in his mouth. He finally relinquished it and began to run his tongue down the chest of the still-standing captain. As he licked his way down the treasure trail, he worked to unfasten the captain’s britches and pulled them down along with his underwear.

When he reached the captain’s cock, he watched it bobble around in front of his mouth for a moment until he could resist no more. With one hand on the captain’s balls, Todd dove down onto the cock that so demanded his attention, forcing a sigh of contentment out of the captain’s throat. As he went up and down on Blain, he slowly jacked that part of Blain’s cock that he couldn’t fit into his mouth. After a few minutes, Blain pulled Todd to his feet, kissing

him so hard that it practically drew out the air in Todd's lungs.

"Not so fast tonight, lad; you've a need to be punished for your deviltry with Billy."

"Oh? And what might that punishment be?"

"You'll see. Strip."

"Yes, sir," he replied with a huge smile.

Blain kicked off his pants, got onto his bed, and watched as his ship's cook took off his clothes slowly, one piece at a time. When Todd pulled down his shorts, his hard-on popped up in front of him. Blain ran his tongue over his lips. Todd did a slow turn around so that he could be "inspected" from all angles.

"Come here, boy," Blain commanded.

Todd got onto the bed and stayed on his knees looking down on the captain. "What may I do to pleasure my captain?"

"You can suck my cock more for starters," Blain replied.

With a smile, Todd lay down alongside Blain and once again took his dick into his mouth. As he sucked, Blain decided to play with Todd's cock that was in front of his face. At his first touch, Todd literally jerked on the bed from sheer shock at having his own cock touched. This reaction only encouraged Blain to do more as he slowly jacked Todd's cock.

As Blain continued, Todd moaned deep within his throat so that it created a vibration that travelled onto Blain's cock,

adding an extra-good feeling to the sucking Todd was providing. When Blain began to feel that familiar sensation, he pulled out of Todd's mouth and told him to stand next to the bunk.

Blain got off the bed, took the oil that Todd had so thoughtfully brought with him, and dipped two fingers into the warm, slippery liquid. When he withdrew his fingers, he pushed Todd over with one hand and searched between his ass cheeks for the entrance he intended to plunder. Finding it, he rubbed the oil around the entryway, and being mindful that Todd was a virgin, he slowly inserted one finger. At first, Todd resisted and tried to pull away from the invading finger, but Blain would have none of that. He pushed all the way in and massaged that certain spot Blain knew contained a curious pleasure for men.

Todd reacted immediately and instead of trying to escape the fingering, he now pushed back onto the finger with a slight moan of pleasure. When Blain thought Todd was comfortable with that, he inserted a second finger and began to slowly finger-fuck the virgin ass. While continuing his finger motions, Blain used his other hand to dip back into the oil and coat his cock from the head to the root of his manhood.

Blain pulled his fingers out and gave Todd a sharp slap on the ass. "Now, my boy, I'm gonna make you a man. Prepare to be boarded!"

Before Todd could make sense of that, he felt pressure on his entrance, and when he instinctively tried to pull away from it, the captain grabbed him under his stomach and

pulled Todd back into him. The pressure mounted until the captain's cock finally popped through the initial ring of resistance.

In the pale light of the cabin, Todd's eyes grew wide at the feel of the invading cock. "Captain, it hurts! Please pull out!" pleaded the young man.

"Now hush, it'll only hurt for a few moments. Just relax and don't fight me. You'll see, I promise."

The pain forced some tears from Todd's eyes, but he was now determined to finish what he had invited to start. Finally, the pain eased up, and he nodded his head up and down so that the captain knew it was all right to proceed.

Blain continued to push in and stopped every inch or so to allow Todd to adjust. Finally, after one last push, Blain buried his cock up to the hilt in Todd's fine ass. He was well greased and began to rock slowly at first before picking up speed until he was pumping in and out at a fast pace.

Todd was hanging on for dear life as he experienced his first ass fuck. He had to admit that the captain was right, that once he relaxed and let the captain take him, the feeling began to become pleasurable. As the fucking neared a climax, Todd was actually pushing back into the captain to meet the inbound thrust. Todd began to jerk himself off as the fucking intensified and quickly came to a boil. He reached down, picked up his underpants, and caught the spunk as it spilled from his cock.

The captain felt the contractions of Todd's climax on his cock, and that pushed him over the edge. "I'm gonna fill you to your throat!" he roared as spurt after spurt entered Todd's

now-willing ass. After what felt like over a dozen squirts, the captain collapsed onto Todd's sweaty back, and together they fell down on the bunk.

As they lay there, enjoying the after-moments of a good sexual escapade, Todd whispered in the moonlight, "That was fantastic. It felt so right somehow."

"Lad, let me tell you something: you were born to be fucked by a man."

"Then you liked it, sir?"

"Aye, I more than liked it, lad. I loved it. You've a beautiful ass on ya, and I just took your charms for my own."

As Blain's cock slid out of Todd's ass, Blain rolled over onto his back next to Todd. Both men were exhausted from their experience, and neither wanted it to end. A knock on the door brought both to an upright position.

"Aye, who's there?" the captain bellowed.

"'Tis I, Captain, Billy. I'm just checking to see if there is anything you might need."

Blain smiled. He looked over at Todd and smiled again. "Let him in," Blain said.

Todd got up and bent over to pick up his trousers when the captain said, "No, just as you are."

Todd stood up and walked to the door with his cock swinging from side to side. He opened the door and told the startled Billy to come in. When Billy entered, he looked

around the cabin until he saw the captain sitting on the bed in all his glory.

“Beggin’ your pardon, sir, I didn’t know you was engaged,” he said as he looked down at the captain’s cock and then over to Todd.

“Nonsense, Billy, ’tis fine. Come over here, lad. Todd, come back here also,” Blain said with a smile.

With both men standing in front of Blain, he asked, “Now, Todd, show your pretty little ass to Billy here, nice and good now.”

Todd frowned. He then turned sideways so that Billy could look at his ass.

“There’s a good lad. Whatcha think, Billy, would you like to stick your cock in that? I just did, and it was good fucking.”

“Err, ah, yes, Todd has a nice butt, sir, but I don’t want to get between you both.”

“Nonsense. What’s mine is mine to give away if I so choose. Right, Todd?”

Todd didn’t respond but looked deeply saddened.

“So what do you say, Billy, would you like to fuck our Todd here while I watch and enjoy myself?”

“If that would please you, Captain, yes.”

“Oh, it would please me a great deal, but would it please Todd?”

“I thought, Captain, that we were....”

“You thought that we were what?”

“Nothing, Captain. If you want Billy to fuck me, I’ll do as you wish.”

“Here ’tis, Billy. Todd here played a dirty trick on ya, and he is to be punished for it. If you’d like to fuck him in his ass and fill him with your young spunk, then I would consider punishment given and taken. That is, of course, unless you forgive him.”

“Oh, Captain, in that case, I forgive him, sir. He’s got a nice ass and all that, but I don’t believe in using sex in a bad way. It be for pleasure and love, sir. I wouldn’t feel right taking something like that from Todd under these circumstances. Yes, I forgive him, Captain, no need for anything more.”

“Well, you sure you don’t wanna think about that for a moment? He’s really nice to fuck.”

“No, sir, I’ve made up my mind. Only if you order it, sir.”

“No, I’ll not order it. Well, Todd, looks like you got off easy, thanks to the kindness of Billy here.”

“Yes, sir, I have. Thank you, Billy,” he said as he looked at his fellow shipmate.

“In that case, Billy, you be free to go. I’ll not be needing you tonight.”

“Aye aye, Captain.”

Billy turned and left the cabin, never looking back. Todd locked the door and walked back to the captain with his

head down. "Thank you for not ordering him to take me, Captain," Todd said without looking up.

"Todd, I would never do that. I wanted to make a point and I think I did."

"Aye, Captain, you did."

"Would you like to spend the night here with me?"

Todd looked up and broke out into a huge smile. "Yes, sir, I would love that!"

"Then blow out the candles and climb into bed. Your beautiful ass has worn me out."

Chapter Seven

THE next day, when the captain awoke, he found his bed empty and the smell of breakfast cooking. Blain yawned and stretched before getting out of bed. He went to the pitcher of water next to a bowl and washrag. He poured just a little water onto the cloth and wiped down his cock, balls, and ass. He then finished dressing as a knock on the door brought Billy with his breakfast.

“Enter,” Blain bellowed.

“Morning, Captain. Fair seas today,” Billy said as he set the captain’s breakfast down on the desk.

“Thank you, Billy. Listen, about last night. I was trying to make a final point to Todd about what he tried to do to you, you understand that?”

“Aye, Captain, I do. Although I must admit, I was tempted to take you up on your suggestion. He sure has one fine ass on him.”

“That he does. I was counting on you to say no. If you had said yes, well, I don’t know what I would have done, frankly.”

“Actually, sir, I’m interested in another on the ship. I think he is interested, but he’s got a stick up his ass, and it’s hard for me to tell.”

“Oh, who might that be?”

“Mr. Hale, sir. I like the cut of his jib, as you seamen are fond of saying.”

“Mr. Hale? I’m not sure he takes to men at all. You might be wasting your time there. But I’ll do you a favor and find out. Now, off you go so I can enjoy my breakfast.”

After Billy left, Blain laughed out loud, wondering if Mr. Hale, his sometimes prissy first officer, knew he had an admirer on board. He would find out this morning. For once they hit the waters off of Tortuga, there would be no time for fun and games.

Blain bounded up the steps from his cabin onto the main deck of the ship. He was greeted by a chorus of “Good morning, Captain,” from the crew members. They were still happy from their shore leave at Port Royal. Nothing like rum and women to liven up a crew.

Blain spied his first officer by the wheel, and upon his arrival greeted the helmsman and Mr. Hale.

“Mr. Hale, might I have a word with you?” Blain asked as he turned and walked over to the railing and stared down into the sea, happy once again to see dolphins swimming and breaking the surface as they kept pace with the *Serpent*.

“Aye, Captain?”

“Mr. Hale, I’m not one to get into the personal business of my officers or men, but I have a question for you this very bright morning.”

“Yes, sir?”

“Would it be a worry or a comfort to you to know that you have an admirer on board the *Serpent*?”

“Excuse me, Captain? An admirer? A crewmember, sir?”

“That’s correct, Mr. Hale. One of the ship’s crew has taken a fancy to you and wondered out loud in my presence if you would have any interest in companionship of that sort.”

“Well, I, err....”

“Come on, Mr. Hale, you know very well that I have something going on with the ship’s cook. So, no fear to be embarrassed about your appetites.”

“Well, sir, even if I did have ‘appetites’, as you put it, in that direction, this isn’t a very attractive crew, Captain, and I’m not sure I wish to deal with an unpalatable suitor.”

“Oh, but in this case, Mr. Hale, that isn’t the case. I assure you he is quite pleasing to the eye, and in fact, if I hadn’t put my brand on the cook, I’d be breaching his quarterdeck this very night.”

“Well, sir, in that case, I would be interested, in fact.”

“I’m surprised, Mr. Hale, I didn’t think you took to sodomy and all that!” Blain said with a laugh. “The one who has an eye on you is in fact our newest crew member,” Blain continued.

“Newest crewmember? Why... that would be... oh! That would be your cabin boy! Is that right, Captain?”

“Aye, Mr. Hale, that would be Billy, my sweet young cabin boy, who, I might add, has been around the tavern a time or two.”

“In that case, Captain, I would be very interested in talking with the lad. You are right, of course; he is pleasing to the eye.”

“Well, sir, I will leave it up to you to pursue that on your own. It’s clear sailing if you’ve the mind, Mr. Hale.”

“Thank you, Captain, I appreciate your bringing this matter to my attention.”

“My pleasure, Mr. Hale. Now, when shall we see Tortuga?”

“I figure that we should be sighting land later today, Captain, if the winds hold out.”

“Very well, Mr. Hale, make sure the lookouts keep a sharp eye out for sails. We could beat to battle stations at any moment in these waters.”

“Very good, Captain.”

Blain took a walk around the entire top deck of the *Serpent* looking for the least sign of something not being correct. He was unable to locate one defect in the ship’s readiness or any lack of maintenance. The men were in good spirits, the ship was ready, and the winds had been favorable since leaving England. Now, all they needed was

their first target, preferably a Spanish galleon loaded down with gold bound for home.

As the captain stood at the bow of the ship, his cabin boy walked up aside him. “Beautiful day, isn’t it, Captain?”

“Aye, that it is, Billy. I have some good news for you. I’ve talked to the man of your interests, and lo and behold, he’s of the same mind as you. Now, I’ve done my part, the rest is up to you two. But be warned, Billy, don’t take ’em from his duties. The ship always comes first!”

“Aye aye, Captain, and my thanks to you, sir!” he said as he saluted and walked away at a brisk pace.

Well, that would make the top two officers of the ship happy, and that could only be a good thing for the *Serpent* and His Majesty.

As the day wore on, the *Serpent* drew nearer to Tortuga and its surrounding waters. Captain Blain was in his cabin studying the maps of the area when he heard the forward lookout bellow out, “Sail ho!”

“Where away?” asked the first officer.

“Six points off the starboard bow!” came the response from the crewmember in the crow’s nest.

Blain was up the stairs and onto the deck in a flash. He quickly mounted the quarterdeck and looked in the direction of the lookout’s warning. As he scanned the horizon with a spyglass telescope, he saw nothing at first, but when the sun shifted position from behind a cloud, he saw her!

She was a large ship as she could be seen from that distance, but too far away yet to make out national or other characteristics. Blain didn't know if she was pirate or Spanish.

"Mr. Hale, be prepared to run up the Spanish colors! Clear the deck for action!"

"Aye aye, Captain! Beat to quarters! All hands on deck!" shouted the first officer.

As the crew sprang to life, Blain tried to make an educated guess at to the ship's nationality. If she was a pirate ship, the *Serpent* would run up the skull and bones flag. If she was Spanish, then the Spanish flag.

As the crew took up positions, time seemed to stand still for everyone. If she were pirate, there would be no fight. If she were Spanish, blood would flow that very day. Blain left the quarterdeck and ran to the bow of the ship to shorten the distance between his eyes and the target.

After another ten minutes, Blain could make out the red and gold of the Royal Banner of Spain. "She's Spanish! Mr. Hale, raise the Spanish colors!"

"Aye aye, Captain."

As the *Serpent* hoisted the Royal Banner of Spain, her crew laid low and ready at their cannons. When the order came, they would open the gun ports, run the cannons out, and fire within moments. The enemy wouldn't be suspecting that sort of welcome.

As the two ships drew near to each other, Blain could hear the captain of the other ship hail his ship. They wanted

identification. They gave one final try to communicate by giving the name of their own ship, which was *La Concepcion*, and its captain's name, Don Philippe Castile. It was one of the merchant galleons that plied the islands in trade and was in route back to Spain with goods.

Blain simply smiled and waved back at the ship while waiting to draw abreast and fire all his cannon. Moments before they were even, the captain shouted the order.

“Prepare to fire!”

The ports were flung open, the cannons run out, and the firing wick held near the gunpowder port on each cannon. A moment later and the order was given: “Fire!”

A deafening roar of the starboard cannon sent their deadly balls into the side of *La Concepcion*. At the same time, other crewmembers threw grappling hooks into the air to snag the *Serpent's* prey. Shouts of horror and death sang out from the wounded and dazed galleon as riflemen opened fire as well.

The Spanish response was weak at best, with a small flurry of pistol and rifle fire being aimed at the *Serpent*. The *Serpent's* crew worked hard at pulling the two vessels together for a general boarding as their victim's crew tried to cut away the hooks that had been sunk into her flesh.

When close enough, Blain signaled for the general boarding, and crewmembers flung themselves into the rigging of the other ship as well as landing on deck and engaging in hand-to-hand combat. Blain joined them after the first wave and began to use his well-honed sword skills

to slay three defending Spanish crewmembers as he fought his way to the captain of the ship.

When at last he reached his goal, he shouted, “Surrender or die!” The battle ended as quickly as it had begun when the Spanish captain ordered his crew to surrender. The sounds of dropping swords and pistols were heard throughout the ship. The Spanish captain handed over his sword to Blain, and he was taken into custody by members of Blain’s crew. He turned toward the center of the ship and addressed the gathered men.

“Job well done, men! Secure your prisoners and search the ship for anything of value.” To his own quarterdeck, he ordered the Spanish flag struck and the skull and bones raised so that the Spanish thought that they had been taken by pirates.

La Concepcion was seaworthy, in that she wouldn’t sink from the battle, but much of her starboard deck frame had been shattered by the *Serpent*’s cannon balls. Blain and two of his men went below to the captain’s quarters to search for things of value and found a small chest. When Blain opened it, all three men whistled at what they beheld.

Stashed within was a fine array of loose jewels of various kinds, but a few princely emeralds from the mines of Columbia worthy of a King were the main prizes. Blain scooped up the chest and ordered it taken on board the *Serpent* and placed in his cabin.

As they rooted through the rest of the cabin, they found money, charts, and a logbook that told of the voyage of *La Concepcion*. All these were transferred to the *Serpent* as well.

Below decks, his crew found a vast quantity of various goods that were worth many thousands of pounds. It consisted mainly of sugar, rum, silk, gold coins, and a goodly amount of silver.

All of this was loaded onto the *Serpent*, and Blain had to decide what to do with the *La Concepcion*. Should he sink her? Take her as a prize or let it go? If he took or sank the ship, he would have to take her crew on board as prisoners and release them somewhere. He certainly would not just kill them all.

He took half of the food and water found on board, leaving the rest for the Spanish crew. He decided to release the ship and her crew, who would have to set sail for a Caribbean port to resupply for a trip back to Spain that no captain would want to make.

All of the Spanish weapons were thrown overboard, and the *Serpent's* crew boarded their own ship. Grappling hooks were let go and the two ships pulled apart with the *Serpent* getting away under full sail.

When they were far from the *La Concepcion*, the skull and bones flag was struck and put away once again until needed. The crew of the *Serpent* was in the mood for a celebration, and the captain promised them all an extra ration of rum that night. Until then, the bosun started the job of getting the ship cleaned up from battle and any repairs needed were well under way.

Below in the captain's cabin, Blain took off his boots and leaned back in his chair at the desk. He opened the jewel case and marveled at the quality of the gems contained

within. One emerald looked to be at least twenty carats and was already highly cut and polished. Blain claimed this one for himself and slipped it into a secret drawer in his desk.

A knock on his door brought him back to the present, and when he ordered, “Come,” Todd walked in.

“I’m glad you’re safe and well, Captain. I was worried about you.”

“Worried? Did ya not think that I could take a Spanish merchant galleon without getting myself killed?”

“Not at all, Captain, I just meant there is always the stray musket ball, the unseen sword thrust. Will you be eating with the ship’s officers tonight?”

“Aye, they’ll be six for dinner tonight, Todd, and you’ll be my dessert,” Blain said with a sly smile.

“That sounds fine to me, Captain, on all counts. Is there anything special you’d like tonight?”

Blain’s one eyebrow went up at such a question and a smile crossed his face. “I’ll trust you on what to prepare for dinner and for dessert!” he said with a loud laugh.

Todd smiled, blushed, and left the cabin headed to the galley to prepare the best he could in celebration of their victory over the Spanish. As he headed down a short, tight passage to get to his place of work, he bumped into Billy coming out of the first officer’s cabin, looking disheveled.

“Hello, Billy, been working overtime, I see,” he said with a broad smile.

“Oh, no, I was just polishing Mr. Hale’s boots for him, that’s all.”

“Oh, I’ve no doubt you were in there polishing, but it wasn’t boots you were spit-shining!”

Billy pushed Todd in a good sort of way and blushed. Todd chuckled all the way to the galley.

The conversation at dinner that night was all about the taking of the *La Concepcion* and the goods given up by her upon capture. Everyone was in a very good mood, especially Mr. Hale.

“How many more ships do we need to take before we can return to England to divest ourselves of the king’s goods?” asked the ship’s doctor.

Captain Blain replied, “That was such a good haul; we need take only one more ship like her, and we can point the bow to England and feel that we’ve done a good job for His Majesty. That was a large loss for the Spanish, and if they knew we were English and not pirates, there’d be war a whole lot sooner than seems likely. You gentlemen and the entire crew performed outstandingly today, and I’m proud of each and every one of you. It’s to be hoped, with the food and water we also removed from our capture, we won’t have to put into port again until we see the shores of England.”

A cheer went up in anticipation that it wouldn’t be long before that goal could be achieved. If they could double the take, the ship’s split would be over twenty thousand pounds, which was likely more money when split up than almost any man aboard had seen in their life.

It was long after sunset when the officers left the captain's cabin and the table was cleared away by Billy. "You seem to be in a good mood tonight, Billy, any particular reason?"

"Not really, sir, just pleased we won the day!"

Todd entered the cabin to assist with cleanup and overheard the last of the conversation. "Aye, Billy be happy alright, but it weren't no victory today that put starch in his sails, that's for sure!"

"Shh, be quiet, Todd," admonished Billy.

"Oh? What's this, then, something I know nothing about going on aboard my ship?"

"It's nothing, Captain, really nothing," Billy said as he wiped the table clean from dinner and prepared to leave.

Blain looked at Todd for an explanation. "Ya sure it wouldn't be the matter of you doing your polishing for Mr. Hale today, now would you?"

"What? Polishing what?" Blain asked.

Todd laughed and Billy blushed. "I think our Billy here was polishing the ole knob of Mr. Hale, that's what!" Todd bellowed out and began to laugh.

"Ah, now I understand why Mr. Hale was especially spritely tonight as well, then. Well, good job, lad, and I trust that he treated you well."

"Aye, Captain, Mr. Hale was a gentleman, he was. I offered my services to him any time he is of mind to partake

in the pleasures of life,” Billy stated with pride showing in his face.

“Well done, Billy. Now, if I’m not mistaken, Mr. Hale is off duty, so take those things to the galley and see to him.”

“Aye, aye, Captain,” Billy said with a smile and left the room.

Todd walked over, locked the door, and turned to face Blain.

“Would the captain be in need of seeing to?” Todd asked.

Blain leaned forward at his desk and blew out the candles. He got up, took off his belt, and began to unbutton his shirt. “Aye, I’ll take your special services tonight. It was a great day and it will be a good night for both of us. Help me get out of this gear.”

Todd walked over and helped the captain strip naked, which was followed by Todd becoming the same way. “You know, I look forward to this all day long, Captain. I enjoy making love with you.”

“Do you, now? And why is that, might I ask?”

“I dunno. You’re not only a tall, good-looking bloke with a mighty oak tree in his pants, but you also have a gentle, loving side to you, Captain. In spite of what we’re about in these waters, you be a gentleman back home in England. I’ve affection for you, sir.”

Blain took young Todd in his arms and kissed him deeply as he ran both hands over the protruding ass of his

young paramour. Nothing got Blain going like a fine ass on a young lad such as Todd.

Blain broke the kiss and looked at his ship's cook in the light of the one remaining candle and saw a light mist of water in Todd's eyes. Blain had to admit to himself that he felt something akin to affection and maybe more toward the man who was now his partner in bed and battle.

"How would you like to sleep in here every night?" Blain asked.

"Really? I could do that? I think that would be fantastic. That way neither one of us has to sleep alone the rest of this voyage."

"Aye, there is that also."

Blain pulled Todd down onto the bed and opened the window to let in the night sea air.

"What are your plans upon seeing England again?"

"Well, sir, I don't have any really. I'm not sure what I'll do. At least I'll have a little money from this voyage," Todd replied.

"Ah, a mite more than a little. We all should do nicely. Would you consider moving in with me and, ah, becoming my cook at home?"

"You want me to live with you back in England? Really?" Todd began to cry softly.

"Now, none of that. I'm just offering you a position. No need to go getting emotional about it," Blain said as he kissed Todd on the forehead.

“Would I really be your cook, or would it be more?”

“In our polite, stuffy English society, I can’t very well introduce you as my fuck-mate, now can I?”

“Ah, so being your cook is a cover. I’m to be your lover on land as well?”

“That’s the idea, Todd. Besides, there’s a practical side of this. I can’t cook worth a damn, and I’d starve without you!”

Todd put his head back and let out a deep laugh along with tears of happiness.

“Sir, I’d be most happy to be your ‘cook’.”

“Great, now that’s settled then! Be sure to keep up all of your ship’s duties even though you’re with me now. I can’t have the crew complaining that you’re being given special treatment. As it is, they just think you’re pulling extra duty and that’s the extent of it.”

“I understand, sir.”

“Look, Todd, when we’re alone and in bed with you about to suck my cock, I think it appropriate if you would call me Blain.”

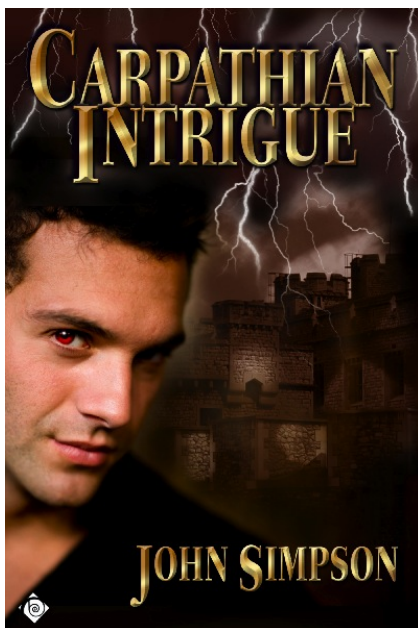
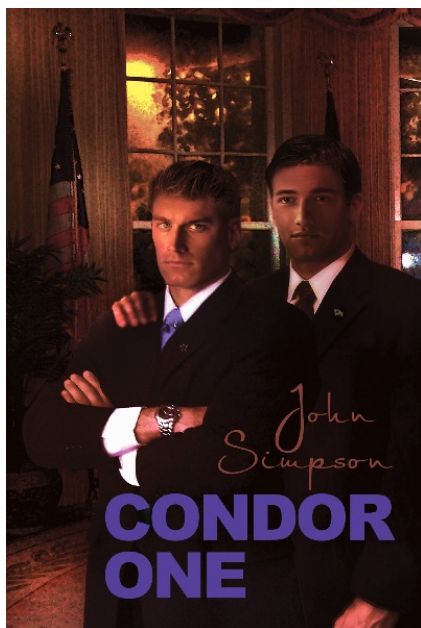
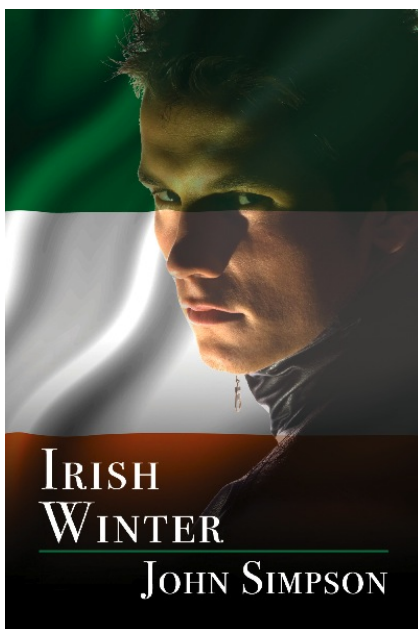
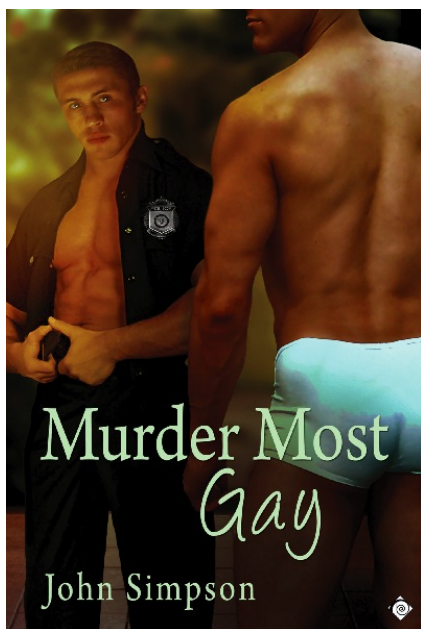
“Blain. I like the sound of that.”

“Good, now get busy,” Blain said with a smile that rivaled the full moon above the ship. A sigh was heard coming from the captain’s cabin just before midnight, and all was well aboard the *Serpent*.

JOHN SIMPSON, a Vietnam-era Veteran, has been a uniformed Police Officer of the Year, a federal agent, a federal magistrate, and an armed bodyguard to royalty and a senior government executive. He earned awards from the Vice President of the United States and the Secretary of the Treasury. John has written articles for various gay and straight magazines. John lives with his partner of thirty-five years and three wonderful Scott Terriers, all spoiled and a breed of canine family member that is unique in dogdom. John is also involved with the Old Catholic Church and its liberal pastoral positions on the gay community.

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