

Pirate's Booty

Cannon and Roland Guiscard are © their players

Cannon gently leaned back in his chair, smiling and flicking his big wolfy tail. He wagged it back and forth lightly as he put his boots up on the table. In front of him was his share of the loot, a pile of assorted gold coins and jewelry, along with several slips of paper his clerk had written up to let him know what else he'd gotten. He was especially pleased with all the leather he'd captured from the most recent merchant ship. A lover of leather, he was heavily clad in the stuff, which looked slightly out of place on the sea-sailing young wolf. Still, the heavy leather boots, gloves, pants and jacket he always wore had served him well, protecting him from both the elements and the swords. Plus they looked quite good on him.

He began to pick gently at his teeth with a chicken bone, the remains of a great feast he and his officers had consumed the previous night. Though he had not slept since the night before, he did not feel in the least bit tired, although the large amounts of rum he'd consumed the last night were hitting his head a bit. Still, it was hardly something that could slow him down.

His private cabin was empty of shipmates except for a somewhat small, unimposing cabin boy, who was idly cleaning and rearranging after the previous night's partying. From the looks of things, the poor boy had his work cut out for him. Cannon was a meticulous organizer of his many trophies, guns, and assorted personal possessions, and in the night's revelry they had been strewn about the room wildly. As the boy struggled to remember where everything went, he discovered what had once been a silver beer mug, now a smashed, trampled piece of metal, as it had been underfoot for several hours last night. Cannon had never cared much for that mug, but seeing an opportunity for a little fun, he swaggered over to the cabin boy.

As soon as he began to approach, the cabin boy became quite apologetic and frightened. Cannon noticed that the fellow was a small but well-built red fox, whose head was coated in thick blonde hair. He had soft blue eyes and certainly looked and smelled like he took more baths than the rest of the crew combined. Most unusual he also had an extra tail, and both tails twitched and flicked as the cabin Cannon approached, the fox visibly quite anxious as he held up the mug for Cannon's examination.

"What's this, boy? Ye broke my fav'rit mug, looks like..." Said Cannon. The big wolf swaggered, making sure that his imposing size and shadow towered over the small fox. The little fellow whimpered, putting his ears back in a show of fear and submission. Cannon would never admit it aloud, but the little fellow looked quite cute down in his knees like that.

"I...I...I'm sorry sir, It...It was like this when I found it." Stammered out the fox. Cannon grinned, putting his big gloved hand on

the fox's shoulder and giving it a squeeze. He grinned, the fox winced.

"And now ye wanna scuttle off with that big hunk a the captain's silver, like yeh think he wouldn't still want it just cus 'e's stepped on it. And ta think, I was the one I spoke up for ya when we captured yer ship...Yer kinda old fer a cabin boy, ya know..." The fox gulped, and Cannon put his hand on the fox's chin, pulling him up to make eye contact with the wolf. "What's yer name?"

"Rr...Roland, sir..." said the Fox, who by now had placed the smashed mug on the table and was practically on his knees, begging. Right where he belonged. Cannon loved this.

"You know, Roland, I could have had you killed...Thrown overboard... Fer tryin' to take the captain's property like that..." Roland whimpered. "You know, yer pretty, fer a boy...And the crew's real randy...I bet you'd enjoy it too, you little slut..." Roland let out a low, pathetic whimper and dropped to his knees, gripping the legs of Cannon's pants.

"Please, Captain, sir, please don't throw me to those...those *animals*!" pleaded Roland. "Please Captain, I'll do anything. I didn't mean ta take your mug, honest!" Cannon grinned, sliding his fingers through Roland's golden blonde hair. The fox looked so cute, so helpless, so sexy down on his knees pleading like that. Cannon decided he didn't feel like resisting things any further.

"Anything eh?" said Cannon. Reaching down, he undid the laces on his leather pants, fishing out his thick black wolfcock. He was already half hard, and he gripped himself lightly, before digging his fingers into Roland's hair and pushing the fox to his groin. "Suck it. And do a good job, like I know yeh can. Cabin boy yer age must fuckin' love cock, and must fuckin' know how to blow off 'is Captain."

Roland whimpered again, but then gently, tentatively, slid Cannon's thick black length into his muzzle. Cannon cooed lightly as Roland's tongue slowly began to caress him. The fox was indeed good at this, as Cannon had suspected, and soon he felt his dick grow nice and hard at Roland's soft, wet attention.

Once he was fully hard, Cannon slid his hand to the back of Roland's head and pushed the fox forward, forcing his length down Roland's mouth and into his throat. Roland whimpered in protest but didn't even try to stop his advance, gently tickling and sucking on Cannon's shaft as it went in deeper and deeper.

Roland slowly warmed up to the action, and began to bob his head slightly on Cannon's length. The wolf relaxed his grip slightly and let him continue to work things over. Roland myrred as he was freed, and began to twist his head this way and that on Cannon's length, slurping and rubbing his lips along the sides.

"Turn around, Roland...Captain wants ta take you for a quick ride, loosen ya up real good..." said Cannon. Roland slowly, gently, turned around, and then slowly and tentatively pulled down his pants. Cannon grinned as his hands gently slid down the curve of the young fox's

ass. He gave the fox a good grope, which made Roland yip at first, but soon the excited fox curled his tails back, revealing an eager pink tailhole. Cannon could see that the fox was also fully aroused, and he knew that Roland wanted it pretty bad.

Cannon adjusted himself, gripping his length in his hand and gently pressing it against Roland's tailhole. The fox whined with pain as he strained to relax and adjust himself to Cannon's girth, but eventually the wolf managed to force his way in, Cannon grunted, finding the fox to be quite tight, and the going to be slow at best.

After the initial loosening up, Cannon slowly started to move faster and faster, finding the going slow but manageable. He loved the tightness of the fox, knowing the furry fellow had only been fucked up the ass a few times, and never like this. Cannon took his time to enjoy himself, moving around, pushing and shoving, even reaching around a little and giving the fox a rub.

Roland was soon spurting out a small fountain of cum, and Cannon felt the fox grow tight around his cock. Cannon grunted, sliding himself out and rubbing, letting his cum spurt out over Roland's rear. As he had the chance, he drew a big X on Roland's rear, the center of the cross going right over his now stretched and used tailhole. He grinned and studied his handiwork for a moment, then gave the cabin boy a firm smack on the ass, which made the fox yip, then grin playfully.

"How's about you bein' my...Personal manservant, hmm? Better than a cabin boy, an' you'll be spendin' a lot of private time servicin' the captain in 'is quarters..." said Cannon, getting up a bit and wiping himself clean. Roland grinned, still on all fours as he nodded affirmatively. Cannon gave the fox's ears a quick rub. "Gonna need to get a collar for ya, cocksucker. And maybe some kneepads, much as you'll be down there..."