

The Dread Pirate Ann

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Ann grinned and struck a pose for two tourists, the gray wolf girl sticking her ample chest forward and straining it against her corset top. The leatherwork was custom made and form fitting, and only managed to keep decency with the help of some double-sided tape. She had a matching belt, although as she wore no pants, the belt was entirely ceremonial, with a big skull-and-crossbones belt buckle that gleamed in the bright Florida sun. Beneath it was a pair of thick, lacy panties, which covered what they needed to while teasing the viewer. She also wore a garter belt which held up her large, mismatched stockings, one translucent and striped, one fishnet-like. They were both ripped, and led into equally mismatch boots. The leather boots were artificially worn and broken but actually quite comfortable. Her ensemble was capped off by a worn blue sea coat and a jaunty tri-fold hat over long, unkempt blond hair, giving her a decidedly pirate look. Or at least, what pirates looked like in the movies.

"Thanks for letting us take a photo," said one of the tourists. He was a shy, thin ferret in his mid 20s with thick glasses and awkward, dorky clothes. Like many visitors to "Sea Dog's Bay," he had come for much more than the arcades, roller coasters and water park. In an effort to stand out from other theme parks, Sea Dog's Bay had hired many a "saucy wench" to serve as both tour guide and eye candy. Sexy girls like Ann had certainly upped the attendance of the lucrative 18-25 year old market, and Ann loved the tips.

"Yarr, not a problem me good man!" said Ann. Though she had been working on her pirate slang and in-character personality all summer, she still wasn't very good at it. Most guys didn't care though, distracted as they were by her ample cleavage and visible panties. "Do yer mate want photos too?"

"What to you think Philip?" said the ferret to his companion, a raccoon with a messy shirt stretched painfully tight over a wide belly. Philip was munching on a serving of "Steak On A Stick" as they talked, his mouth constantly either chewing or sipping from a 128oz Super Soda.

"Mmm, she's cute, but I think I'm OK with your photos, Harry." said Philip. "I mean, I don't wanna bother you, miss Ann."

"It be no sort of a problem when ye be handing me doubloons," said Ann. She smiled and peeled back her opaque stocking, revealing a few bills that other tourists had tipped her. Ostensibly tipping the staff was discouraged, but low base pay and a strong look-the-other-way attitude among the "wenches" had led to such tips becoming a public secret.

"Oh, but we couldn't," said Harry. His eyes betrayed him, though. Ann winked at him and leaned forward a bit more, making sure that the ferret got a really good look at her ample cleavage. Even from a few feet away she could see him shaking, his palms growing sweaty with desire. These boys weren't stupid and they knew what sort of photos Ann would be charging them for, and the thought of it drove them mad. Ann smirked, wondering if these boys would explode if they saw her at the strip club where she worked weekends.

Philip and Harry turned to one another and whispered for a bit longer, and then Philip took a long, finishing drag on his soda and devoured the last few bites of his steak-on-a-stick. He threw them in a nearby garbage can, his fat body now full of resolve. "Me and Harry would definitely like to take more photos of you, Miss Ann," said Harry. His fat fingers reached deep down into his pocked and fished out a wallet more full of ticket stubs and receipts than money. Somehow he managed to find a worn and wrinkled \$20 bill, which he handed to Ann. She grinned and slipped it gently into her stocking, then gave the boy a kiss on the cheek. He was so nervous he looked like he might faint.

"Thanks sweetie. Now hows about you two scurvy dogs come with me to some place a bit off the Broadway?"

The Salty Dog hadn't always been a pirate-themed amusement park, and as such much of it's current façade had been thrown up hurriedly, with plywood panels and doors installed to cover the old knights-and-castles theme. One of these was adjacent to a trinket booth run by Ann's friend Jamie. Jamie didn't have the tits and ass of Ann, but the vixen was certainly good looking. Her outfit was a lot more conservative, but it hugged her form lightly and highlighted her cute look. Jamie grinned when she came up.

"Two at once now?" said the vixen. "Jeez Ann, I knew you were wild, but I didn't know you were into threesomes."

"Oh hush," said Ann. She hurriedly twisted the tumblers on the combination lock on the door next to Jamie's booth. They had cleaned out all of the old fantasy stuff being stored back there and hauled in some of the pirate props to make an impromptu pirate stage. It wasn't very authentic, blocked off as it was by an asphalt floor and white cement walls, but it got the job done. "Just keep watch, all right? If anybody asks, I'm in the bathroom."

"Bathroom? I didn't know you were that kinky," said Jamie, giggling. Ann growled a little but she knew Jamie would keep watch and lie if necessary. After all, Jamie was in on this too, and Ann would be picking up the tab when they hit the bars this evening. "Don't worry, I'll lock the door behind you."

Ann hurried behind the door and dragged along her two nervous, sweaty companions, hoping no one had seen them. When she heard Jamie clicking the lock closed behind them she knew she was safe though,

and resumed her flaunting and flirting. As she made a right and moved to the end of the small hallway behind Jamie's stall, she shook her hips and flamboyantly discarded her big blue jacket, letting them get a good look at her from behind. She smacked her ass and stuck it out a bit, bending forward. "Yarr, what do you think of this pirate's booty?" she said.

"It's uhh, fine," said Harry. He was nervously clicking his camera constantly, paying no attention to aim, focus, or memory. She grinned a bit and cooed, turning around and sitting on a plastic barrel labeled "RUM."

"You'll need to calm down if you wanna get a good photo," said Ann, nonchalantly reaching back too loosen her corset. She pulled at the double sided tape, letting her top slide down a little. When her nipples slipped out she heard Philip moan, and she giggled a bit, wondering if he'd just cum in his pants. "Don't worry, there's nothing to be afraid of..."

Harry slowly managed to get himself under more and more control, though his camera was still shaking as he came closer to Ann and tried to get a decent photo. She took her poses slow, holding them for several moments to ensure that Harry had time to get a good snapshot. His camera was constantly flashing, and she could hear his breath heaving from several feet away. But she was used to getting this sort of nervous response from nerdy boys, and knew just how far to push it.

"Well I uh...Thanks, I mean, my camera's memory is almost full," said Harry. "And I don't think I've ever seen Philip so quiet. So I uhm...Thanks a lot, I really do appreciate it." Harry began to move back towards the door, but Ann reached out and grabbed him by his shoulder, holding him still.

"Wait, before you go, there's just one more thing I want you to see," said Ann. Harry froze. Ann gently reached down and tugged on her panties, gently shuffling them down her thighs and kicking them off her ankles. She hopped back up on the barrel and spread her legs, playfully winking and sticking out her tongue. "You wanna get a picture of THIS, I bet!"

Harry and Philip were transfixed, able only to stand there and stare, their jaws hanging wide open, their eyes wide as dinner plates. Clearly, Ann had made their day, and probably their week, month and year too. Harry eventually recovered enough to take a few more nervous photos, but before long his camera was beeping at him to let him know the memory card was full. He hastily switched to the camera's viewing mode, trying to delete some of the blurry or shaky pictures to make room, but Ann quickly got up and put her panties back on, reaching back to stretch and tie up her corset. "Don't bother boys, you had your fun and I'm sure you got your money's worth," said Ann. "Now promise me you will be good boys and not tell anybody or post those pictures on the internet, all right? I need to keep this job for a little while."

The boys nodded and she kissed each of them on the cheek, then pushed their still-shocked forms towards the door, knocking on it to let Jamie know she wanted to get out. She grinned, gently rubbing the bills in her stocking. That was \$100 for today, not a bad haul, especially since it was all off the books.

Philip and Harry wondered off mumbling to one another and jamming the camera's viewfinder up against their faces, making Jamie giggle as she locked back up the door. Ann shuffled her coat a bit and turned towards Jamie, tugging on her corset top. "Can you tie me up a bit? It's really hard to put this fucking thing on alone," said Ann.

"Sure, I mean, what's a little corset between friends, right?" said Jamie. Ann lowered her jacket a bit and let Jamie pull tight on the strings in the back. The pressure made Ann stand up straight and her tits stick out, and even though Jamie did not tie it very tight the corset was certainly not utmost in comfort. Ann looked down to make sure she'd taped herself up properly and wasn't showing any nip. There was a strong wink-and-nod attitude towards the sultry, sexy outfits and naughty behavior of the girls, but blatant nudity was a big no-no. After all, the Sea Dog's Bay did have kids running around, and even Ann wasn't about to expose herself to some five-year-old on his way to the water park.

"So how much did you get?" asked Jamie, patting Ann on the back to let the wolf know she was done. Ann jiggled herself a little to ensure she was strapped in good and would remain decent, then turned around, leaning on the side of Jamie's stall.

"Twenty bucks," said Ann.

"Twenty bucks?" said Jamie. "Shoot, if I was going to suck a pair of pricks I'd charge them fifty bucks each."

"You know I don't do that," said Ann, playfully bopping Jamie's ears. The vixen giggled and gave Ann a peck on the forehead to show that there were no hard feelings. "So how's the booth running today?"

"It's doing all right I suppose," said Jamie. "But you know how things are. Everyone's a tightwad these days, so unless some grabby little kid comes along asking for a pirate hat or some drunk guy wants a silly shirt I don't get a lot of business. I'm just glad I'm not being paid on commission or anything."

"I don't think what they're having you sell is helping much either," said Ann. "I mean look at this, it's pretty much just cheap plastic crap."

"You're telling me! Still, the 'To be a pirate, you've gotta have BALLS!' shirt is kinda cute," said Jamie, giggling. She got one and held it up against her chest. It showed a painfully handsome pirate dog with no shirt and his jacket open to the air, showing off a rigid, toned chest. He was straddling a cannon and holding a

cannonball in each hand directly beneath the cannon. The phallic imagery was about as blatant as you could get.

"We really should have an age limit for this place," said Ann. "But damn, is that shirt new? And is that Captain Keelboard straddling the cannon there?" Captain Keelboard was one of the other "actors" employed by the park to amuse and flirt with the guests. He had supposedly gone to acting school and was famous for never breaking character, regardless of the situation. From where they were sitting, Ann could see him swinging drunkenly from one of the lamp posts, yelling at the crowd and waving around a glass bottle. Even from a distance, the outrageous, overdone nature of Captain Keelboard made Ann laugh.

"Yeah, they took a photo of him and then mocked it up on the computer to get it ready for the shirts," said Jamie. "Laura says he didn't even break character during the shooting, and that he was drunk the entire time. But you know how she is, any guy who won't sleep with her is either gay or crazy."

"Wait, Captain Keelboard won't sleep with Laura?" said Ann. "I thought she was like the town bicycle, everyone's taken her for a ride."

"Captain Keelboard apparently has discriminating tastes," said Jamie, hanging the shirt back up and looking longingly at Captain Keelboard, who was now performing assorted slight-of-hand tricks for a family of five. As he made plastic doubloons appear to spray from his mouth they all applauded, and when he lowered his hat to them they instantly forgot all about the no tipping rule.

"Discriminating tastes eh?" said Ann, grinning. "Well that little photo shoot has got me all worked up, how about we put that to a decidedly pirate-y wager? First one to fuck Captain Keelboard wins, Loser has to pay the winner's bar tab."

"You sure you wanna do that?" said Jamie. "I'm a little girl but you know how I routinely drink you under the table.. My tab's pretty big, especially since we're nearing payday."

"Well I have confidence in my abilities," said Ann. She leaned forward, putting her cleavage firmly in Jamie's face. "You couldn't turn these down could you?"

"Yes, but I'm not Captain Keelboard," said Jamie. "Still, I guess I win either way. Just come back with proof you've done it."

"Oh I will," said Ann, trotting off and wiggling her hips. "Don't wait up!"

"Hey! You know I can't leave the booth until five!" said Jamie, grumpily crossing her arms and scowling.

"You didn't say I couldn't start right now!" said Ann, grinning. "Don't worry, if he's a Long John Silver or Moby Dick you'll be the first to know!"

Captain Keelboard was dressed in tight leather pants with goofily oversized boots and a ragged leather coat, complemented by an equally ragged undershirt that permitted his gray fur to show through. He was a dirty-looking mongrel dog with rugged features, and he certainly looked every part the pirate. He was pretending to swill from a glass bottle while leaning up against a display of skeleton pirates who were gleefully playing in bottles of rum and plastic doubloons spilling from a broken chest.

"So my question to you, mate, is whether or not there is rum in heaven," said Captain Keelboard. Though his actions were drunken, he seemed to have a deep control to himself, and rather than coming across as a drunken madman he had the decided look and feel of a clown, his antics amusing instead of confusing. "I mean, to be drunk is sinful, right? So that would mean no rum in heaven. But if Hell has rum, then how could it be so bad? Either way, I'm going to drink all the rum I can now, where I know I can get it."

Ann tried not to giggle too much at the Captain's antics or conversation, instead focusing on shaking her hips and sauntering up to him with the utmost sultriness. "Ahoy Captain," said Ann. "And what manner of business might you be up to today?"

Captain Keelboard jumped to his feet, as though he was just now seeing Ann, and rubbed his eyes. "Ahoy mates, 'tis an angel of beauty from on high!" he said. "So tell me, milady, might you happen to know if there be rum in heaven? Or if not, then in hell?"

"I'm no angel, I wouldn't know," said Ann, grinning. She moved in closely and, once she was certain no one was looking at them, gently ran her fingers up and down his chest. "But mayhaps I can help you get close enough to heaven for you to find out for yourself..."

Without warning Captain Keelboard pulled Ann into a kiss, sweeping her off her feet and picking her up bodily as he did so. Ann had expected the Captain to drunkenly turn her away and was thus caught completely off guard by his actions, but that in no way dampened her enthusiasm. She wrapped her arms around him and cooed, amazed at the secure strength of his arms and the feel of his body against hers. He had an intoxicating scent to him that Ann couldn't quite place, but as his tongue lapped across hers she felt herself inextricably drawn towards him, her body gasping and panting as he rubbed her back up and down.

When Ann finally found herself righted she was dizzy and flustered, panting and cooing from the exhilaration of it all. She hadn't expected the Captain to be so forward and didn't know quite what to do next, but the Captain's reassuring hand let her know she didn't need to think that far ahead. "So you're a saucy wench eh?" said the Captain. "Well the Captain has an itch that only saucy wenches know how to scratch, if'n you'd be so kind as to give him the time to do so. After all, a Captain has certain needs which need to be filled, if'n you happen to be up to it."

"Oh I certainly am," said Ann, grinning and bringing herself in close, running her finger across his muzzle. "So, shall the Captain take me back to his chambers?"

The renovation of the park was incomplete even this late in the season, and a number of the low priority rides were still shut down, their conversion only half complete. One of these, a tunnel-of-love styled ride called "Pirate's Cave" was still closed while various animatronic pirates were on back order. As such the interior was decked out with everything a pirate might want, from barrels of rum to cannonballs to chests overflowing with plastic gold doubloons. The only thing missing was the pirates.

Buried deep in the ride was a massive bed intended to feature a pirate Captain and his favorite saucy wenches. Ann had snuck a few of her boyfriends in there over the course of the summer, and was surprised that the Captain made his way towards it with the quick and decided pace of someone who had made the trek many a time before. Any remaining belief Ann might have about Captain Keelboard's inhibitions was instantly crushed.

"Well miss Ann, what do ye think of me cove?" said the Captain, grinning and putting one booted foot up on the bed. She cooed and looked around with fake interest, pretending to be impressed by the piles of costume jewelry and faux weapons.

"It's a most impressive cargo," said Ann, removing her jacket. "But I think that you'll find this buried treasure to be much more interesting." She undid her corset and tugged at the strings, letting the leather fall freely to the floor. The captain growled lustily and crept forward, his arms outstretched like some sort of comedic lecher from a silent movie. He greedily groped at her tits, excitedly nibbling and licking at them. His tongue was talented and already Ann felt herself moaning and tensing up with sensation. She cooed and arched her back, letting the Captain have his way with her breasts, licking and slurping and caressing with thick appreciation. The Captain had clearly been around a few times, and had skills most men didn't even know they could learn."

"If ye be the sort of wench I think ye be," said the Captain. "Then I think ye might be interested in my peg leg here." He guided her hand down to his crotch, and she grinned as she gave him a squeeze. Even through his pants she could tell that he was reassuringly thick, and if he knew how to use his dick in the same way he did his tongue, she was in for a real ride.

Ann gently dropped to her knees and began to untie the leather string holding his pants together. She giggled at the skull-and-crossbones boxer shorts he had on underneath, as they were both cute to see and decidedly not in costume. She was distracted by his immense member, though, and cooed as she slowly worked it out. She could barely contain herself as she held it in her hand, panting and working her tongue along it. It was by far the biggest one she'd ever

seen up close, and the weight, heat and smell were all painfully intoxicating to her.

She gently worked his length into her mouth, moaning and sighing as she felt her tongue overwhelmed with flavor. It felt so good it almost hurt, and she had to restrain herself to keep from jamming down on it too soon. The Captain gently rested his hand on the back of her head and encouraged her downward, and as she wagged her tail into a blur she panted and twisted her muzzle this way and that. Normally she felt that cock sucking was just strong foreplay, but now she couldn't get enough, and soon she was choking on his length as she tried to force and jam it deep into her maw.

Not content to simply stay where he was and get his dick sucked, Captain Keelboard dragged Ann up onto the bed and began tugging at her panties, slurping and licking at her sex as soon as he got into position. Ann moaned loudly and jammed her muzzle back down on his shaft to mute herself, gripping hard at the sheets as she struggled to maintain control. The Captain had an amazingly long tongue, even for a canine, and she felt something which she imagined was astoundingly close to tentacle sex. He was whipping and twisting around inside her, making her sex already grow sweet and juicy.

Ann writhed and tugged on the bed, sinking her claws into the sheets and doing her best to keep from cumming or crying out. There was a very real chance they might be discovered by a security guard or construction worker coming to check out the site. But the captain didn't let up, bringing his tongue hard to bear on her over and over, digging through her lips and caressing her clit gently with his nose.

Just when she thought she was going to explode, the Captain flipped her around, caressing her sides and thighs as he brought her beneath him. She cooed and spread her arms and legs wide, begging with her body for him to come down to her. He took his time however, gently kissing her cheek and rubbing her ears and breasts as he moved between her legs. The foreplay and skill of the Captain was sending her into a frenzy, and when he moved in close she locked her heels behind him, digging her boots into the small of his back and practically forcing him into her. "Yarr, 'tis one wild wench, what wishes to take this Kraken between her thighs!" said the Captain.

"Shut up and FUCK me before I lose my shit!" said Ann, breaking character completely under the stress. She grabbed the Captain by his shirt and pulled him in close, locking her muzzle to his. As they kissed, their tongues wrapping around one another, the Captain finally began working his length into Ann, making her buck and moan. He was incredibly large, and Ann found that she was filled completely by his length. Her back arched and her body twisted with pleasure as she was worked back and forth.

The Captain continued to work with a slow and steady pace, using his length and girth to the best advantage, gently plowing Ann with hard, deep grinds between motions. Ann could feel his balls pressed firmly against her, and she wrapped her legs tight around his waist, moaning into his mouth as she tugged at his long hair and dug her

claws into his jacket. Ann was certainly the passionate type, yet she couldn't remember the last time she'd been so enthusiastic, and the longer it went, the longer she wanted it to go. She began to gently grind and push back against his thrusts, working to help him inside her, panting and gasping as her body grew hot with desire and arousal. Her hard nipples pressed firm against his chest, and as their pace slowly accelerated, Ann found herself crying out into his mouth, her body rocking and shaking with the power of it all.

The Captain's pace picked up without warning as Ann felt herself grow closer and closer to orgasm. Responding quickly she began jamming and shoving her hips against his, screaming and crying out as she reached back against the headboard, bracing herself against his stronger and stronger thrusts. The Captain had powerful hips and Ann found herself driven down and forward as the mattress squeaked and the bed strained to withstand the power of their lovemaking. The harder it got the more Ann loved it though, and every time Captain Keelboard shoved forward, she shoved back, almost as if she was trying to bounce him off her, even as her legs locked him firmly into place.

Ann's orgasm hit her like a wave, smashing into her and sending pleasure dashing up and down her sides with agonizing speed. She found herself dazed and confused, spinning like a top. She gripped the sheets and gasped, panting and groaning as the sensations washed over her. She struggled to get her breath, but couldn't be smiling any wider. "Fuck...Best...fucking...I mean...FUCK!" she giggled at her struggle to speak.

"Mayhaps this saucy wench needs a drink to clear her mind," said the Captain, grinning and placing his cum-slicked member against Ann's lips. She cooed and suckled at it as he rubbed himself furiously, panting and pinching her nipples as he shot blast after blast of hot cum into her muzzle. His taste was thick and overwhelming, and had she not been so exhausted, it would have driven her to go chasing after a second helping. As it was she found herself content to simply lay there panting, chasing her breath as her head slowly stopped spinning.

The Captain kissed Ann on the cheek and gently rubbed her sides, then cupped and squeezed her breasts, making her gasp and moan a little. "I take it ye happen to be satisfied with the Captain's wiles," he asked. Ann wanted to reply, but she was too exhausted, so she merely nodded. The Captain chuckled with satisfaction, then reached into his jacket pocket, pulling out a plastic medallion. It was by no means expensive or fancy, but it was certainly unlike anything Ann had seen around the park, and it did look rather nice. It had a skull-and-crossbones engraved on one side and a sailing ship on the other, and while it certainly had no monetary value it was nonetheless very nice. "This be a bit of a souvenir I picked up on my sojourns, keep it as a thing to remember me by," said the Captain. Ann nodded and grinned, holding it close to her. She could almost taste the rum that Jamie would be paying for tonight!

Three hours had passed since Ann had left Jamie at her stall, and it was now getting dark and near to closing time. Ann was smiling big and shaking her hips as she walked towards Jamie, decided confidence in her step. She'd taken the time to swing into a changing room and get herself dolled back up, ensuring every part of her outfit, makeup and appearance was perfect. She wanted Jamie to see that not only had she won the bet, she was still one hot piece of bitch.

Her jaw almost hit the asphalt when she saw that Jamie was idly playing with a big plastic medallion with a skull on one side and a sailing ship on the other. She immediately began rifling through her pockets, presuming that she had dropped hers, but it was right where she left it.

"Oh so he gave you one of those too?" said Jamie, giggling. "He does that with every girl he's been with. I think they're props he got from some movie he did, some low-budget thing. It's good that you've finally got one though, now that everyone but Laura has one I'm sure she'll be good and bitter."

Ann was flabbergasted. "How did you...But when...I was with him all afternoon!" said Ann. Jamie laughed, playfully tossing the medallion up in the air and catching it.

"I was his first conquest when he got hired, he and I met up behind the Grog Stand," said Jamie. "To be honest I had no idea you hadn't been with him yet. I mean, he bangs wenches left and right. Did you go into the Pirate's Cove? That's where he took me last time and it was downright magical!"

Ann could feel herself welling up with anger and betrayal. Not only had she lost the bet, but she had unwittingly been deprived of the Captain's amorous embrace for quite some time, making her question his motives. Was he just waiting for her to make the first move, or did he see her as just another feather in his cap? She was about to explode when she felt a strong, comforting hand on her shoulder.

"Don't be too bitter about a captain's wants and diswants," said Captain Keelboard. Ann was so surprised to find him standing right behind her that she almost leapt up into the air, startled and embarrassed to have gotten herself so worked up. "The Captain has certain cleanliness considerations to remember, and so it's wise for him to avoid a certain type of slovenly wench, which he always suspected thee to be. But imagine his delight when his friend and confidant Miss Jamie tells him what a wonderful girl miss Ann is, and assures him that she is but the finest woman he might hope to have." Captain Keelboard then brought Ann into a deep kiss, making her gasp as he once again swept her off her feet. Ann closed her eyes and kissed back, smiling to herself as he heard Jamie chuckling at the pair.

When Ann was brought back to her feet, the Captain put his arm around each of the girls, bringing them in close. "Now no need for you wenches to fight over some paltry bet, right?" said the Captain. "I tell you what, if you two agree to be good little girls, I'll take you both back to me personal cabin for all the rum ye can drink, and all the love ye could want. How's that sound?" Ann and Jamie began giggling, and then laughing. It was certainly going to end well now, and Ann just couldn't wait to get herself a second helping of Captain Keelboard...