

Queen Ann's Revenge

All Characters appearing in this work are © Sexyfur.com, and are used with permission. This work is reprinted with written permission from Sexyfur.com.

Ann tilted her beer mug back completely, pressing her back into the simple wooden chair as she chugged it down. The "Grog-N-Biscuits," a pirate-themed bar and restaurant attached to the Salty Dog theme park and resort. The bar was closing, as was the season, and as such the place was filled with drunken park workers. Ann's best friend Jamie, a rather light and flat chested (yet out going) vixen, was draped around Captain Keelboard. The Captain was drunker than usual, his eyes visibly blurred from the rum he had consumed. Ann had originally hoped this would make the impeccable captain finally break character, but somehow, it just made him worse. Ann loved pretending to be a pirate, but even she could only take so many drunken renditions of "The Captain's Daughter." At least he was too drunk to remain coherent during the "between her salty knees" part.

"'Old on girls, The Captain needs to take a piss." He got up staggering, chuckling to himself and mumbling something about his "sea legs." Dressed in an awkward costume and heavy boots, it was all he could do just to make it to the bathroom, and he collided with several other patrons along the way. Everyone was drunk, and the Captain was more than a bit of a star, so no one minded his clumsiness. Jamie burst out giggling and laughing, making Ann smile wide.

"Isn't he dreamy?" said Jamie, sighing happily as the Captain finally bumbled his way through the double doors to the men's room.

"He does have a certain charm," said Ann. "And he positively reeks of rum, which makes him great at parties. This place would be pretty dead were it not for that certain "flare" of his."

"Oh he's got some flare all right," said Jamie. "Damn near a foot of it too! And it'll be all mine once the season's over." Ann had started out giggling and preparing a few "peg leg" jokes, but when she heard Jamie talking about how she'd have the Captain all to herself, she almost spilled her beer. She hadn't exactly been thinking of what Jamie and the Captain might be doing at the end of the season, but she certainly hadn't expected them to hook up. Jamie was only halfway through her classes in art school, and the Captain seemed like too much of a free spirit to tie himself down to any one location (or female) for very long.

"Wait, what do you mean all yours?" asked Ann. "What, are you and the Captain hooking up or something?"

"Oh no, he's not the type to do that," said Jamie. "But he's got his own boat, and he's going to spend the winter sailing through the Caribbean. I've always wanted to see the islands, so, you know...He said I could come along, and it's not like he's going to be getting a

lot of pussy on the open ocean." Ann felt heartbroken. She and Jamie had been friends for years, and whatever the female equivalent of "bros before hos" happened to be, Ann thought she and Jamie had it. They had never let a man get between them except when they were all between the sheets, and no one ever complained to this share and share alike policy. Had Jamie and the Captain been planning this for a long time? Had they just been leading her on with the drunken fucking and debauchery they shared most evenings? It was too much for Ann to take.

"I need to get some more beer," mumbled Ann, desperate for an excuse to get away from the table. She hurriedly stumbled to the bar, hampered by her sore feet and costume boots, and slammed her mug down with a massive thud. "I want a refill, and some shots to go with it. Tequila. Just the two, I'm already pretty drunk." The bartender regarded her skeptically for a moment before shrugging his shoulders, evidently deciding that Ann could stand to have some more and still make it home okay. As he quickly served up her drinks, she buried her muzzle in the crook of her arm, trying to hide her sadness and frustration from the world.

"Yarr, what be the problem, me wee wench?" said a voice. It was the Captain, and he delicately placed his hand on Ann's shoulder, caressing gently.

"Oh fuck you," said Ann. "And fuck Jamie. I don't need your shit." The Captain took a step back, his face crossed by genuine confusion and surprise. It was the first time that Ann had seen him in such a state, and Ann could have sworn that, for just an instant, she had managed to get him to break character.

"Yarr, what be bringin' on this hostility? I thought we were all friends," said Captain Keelboard. "Twasn't anything I said, was it? An' I was only gone fer a piss, surely Jamie-"

"You and Jamie are fuckin' goin on your fuckin' little cruise," said Ann. "Leaving me here alone to rot in the off season? Fuck you, I don't need your shit. I'll just go back to the fuckin' titty bars so old men can jerk off to me instead of their trophy wives." The bartender arrived right on cue and Ann took her shots, following them with big swigs of beer. She had a high alcohol tolerance, but drinking so much in so little time set her head spinning, so she put it back down on the bar to wait for things to cool off.

"Yarr, you know I would never leave ye behind," said Captain Keelboard. "I'd intended it to be a surprise, you an' me and yer best friend, all sailin' the Spanish Main like the men of old! Ye've talked so much of wantin' ta sail, I'd hoped ta delight you with the news, not make ya cry." Ann sobbed into her arm a bit, but as the Captain continued to gently hug and caress her, she could feel herself melting in his embrace. His genuine sincerity made her melt, and she knew that his words were true. But why had Jamie sought to deceive her? Was it just a little prank? Or had Jamie really intended to break things up between them?

"Okay, sorry I snapped at you, but that bitch needs to be taught a bit of a lesson," said Ann. The Captain gave her a big hug, then grinned, kissing her on the back of the neck.

"Oh don't you worry about that," said the Captain. "I've got a plan that'll answer some questions AND put little Miss Jamie in her place...

Ann and The Captain were barely able to support Jamie across their shoulders. The vixen was painfully drunk, and her bearers weren't much better off, and they made a lumbering, giggling mob desperately stumbling through the piers. Though the Captain's Boat, the "Red Velvet," was located only half a mile from the bar, it had taken them several hours to make it this far, their locomotion interrupted by fits of laughter and Jamie's inability to remain upright. "Fuck, I can't believe I won that whole fucking bottle," said Jamie. "Fuckin' game was rigged in my favor, I bet."

"I can't believe you finished it," said Ann, sitting down on one of the benches as Captain Keelhaul stepped onto his boat and unlocked the door. "You're so fucking short, a bottle of rum should have killed you, or something."

"And yet here I fucking am!" said Jamie, who tried to sit down on the bench and ended up laying out on the docks, her head dangerously close to a large pile of bird shit. She giggled, grabbing at herself and slowly undoing her top, smirking at Ann and mumbling about how she felt uncomfortably warm.

"Ey you two," said Captain Keelboard. "That's enough gabbin' about fuckin', lets get in here and do something about it before you get arrested for indecency! Besides, I'm sobering up, and you know what I like to do when I'm sober..." The girls giggled and leaned on one another as they delicately stepped onto the boat, their heavy pirate boots clomping hard on the fiberglass.

The exterior of the Red Velvet was nothing exceptional, from the outside it looked like many of the other yachts located in the harbor, to the point where it was hard to tell from similar models. The interior, however, was decked out in luxury kitsch. An exotic collection of ancient and modern, the high definition TV was flanked by ancient spyglasses and wallpaper made to look like 18th century maps. High tech GPS systems were alongside a traditional sextant and compass, both of which looked like museum pieces. But the centerpiece of the entire yacht was a massive bed, draped in elegant red velvet, as per the ship's name. It was easily big enough the three of them, and possibly one or two more if everyone was willing to get intimate.

"Fuck, how do you afford something like this?" said Ann. Whenever she, Jamie and the Captain had gone home, they'd always gone back to Ann and Jamie's place, a run-down studio apartment two bus stops from the Salty Dog. They had struggled just to get by with used furniture and a stovetop that worked only half the time.

"Yarr, the Captain has his own independent means of support," said Captain Keelboard, puffing out his fluffy chest. "He need not be bound by the likes of doubloons!" Jamie collapsed on the bed, her head spinning again even as she giggled at Captain Keelboard, but Ann was sober enough to where she had no trouble standing. She grabbed the Captain and pulled him in to a close kiss, moaning and running her fingers through his thick fur. The Captain kissed back, his massive arms wrapping around Ann once he'd ditched his jacket.

Ann and the Captain embraced, pulling themselves close, stopping and breaking only to remove their clothing, which was quickly strewn about the place in a wild fashion. Ann moaned, then cried out as the Captain gently caressed her breasts, his big hands squeezing and then pinching her with decided aggression. She sucked air between her teeth as he gently twisted her nipples in his fingers, sending waves of sensation through her eager body. She pushed against him, grabbing at his crotch and squeezing his hot, thick length through his tight leather pants. Even through the fabric she could feel him throbbing in her hand, his enormous length straining to get out.

Ann made quick work of the leather laces that bound up the Captain's pants, desperately reaching into his boxers and fishing out his length. She moaned with delight and ecstasy as she gripped it in her fingers. It had weight and girth and heft to it, and even the act of holding it filled her with sensation. She rubbed it eagerly, panting and moaning as her body grew hot and her breath scarce. She wanted it bad, and her whole body was racked with desire for the Captain's enormous length.

Dropping to her knees, she gently slid his length into her mouth, her hot breath dancing over it and making him moan. She lapped and sucked at it eagerly, taking her time to enjoy the flavor and the sensation. She'd always been one to crave the larger sizes, and up until she met the Captain she'd never found one who quite fit her deep desires. Now that she had what she wanted she worked it eagerly, loving how it filled her mouth and threatened to choke her throat. She moved with deliberate slowness, gently twisting her head this way and that on his length. Ann nipped lightly with her teeth and lips, grinning at the edges of her mouth when she heard the Captain gasping and moaning.

Ann brought up her hand and gently fondled the captain's balls, using her claws to gently massage and tease him through the thick fur. He hooked his thumbs into his pants and pushed them down further to give Ann more room before stepping out of them, now completely naked. Ann twisted her head this way and that on his length as she worked him gently in her maw, whimpering and groaning as she struggled to pick up the pace. Captain Keelboard gently pressed his hand against the back of her head, encouraging her to bring it down as she struggled to swallow him. His length slowly slid past her gag reflex as she strained to choke the entire length into her throat, and as she felt her chin pressed against the Captain's balls, she chuckled lightly deep inside herself. It was quite a feat, taking his

enormous length like that, and on the inside she was damn proud of herself.

The Captain pushed insistently for awhile, but when she began to shove back he let go, ensuring she could move back and gasp for air. Ann pulled all the way off his length, moaning and cooing as his length popped out with a big wet slopping noise. She grinned and slurped on his spittle-drenched cock, grinning and nibbling. "Tastes good eh? Well the Captain wants a turn too," said Captain Keelhaul, easily picking up Ann and laying her out on the bed. Jamie was fast asleep, the late hour and the excess of alcohol knocking her out good. Ann giggled and gently stroked her friend's hair, squeezing and groping the vixen's exposed breasts. Jamie just lay there, snoring loudly and cuddling a nearby pillow. For all her faults, Jamie was a good girl, and Ann just knew that when she got her answers, she and Jamie would still be the best of friends.

The sleeping vixen was the last of Ann's concerns, though, as the Captain's massive and talented tongue was digging deep into her slit. She moaned and grabbed at her massive chest, twisting her nipples a little as he pressed his cold nose to her clit. He certainly knew how to get her going, and as he brought his tongue to bear on her lower lips. She squirmed and writhed on the bed, grabbing at the velvet sheets and sinking her fingers into them. The Captain certainly knew now to navigate through her straight, and as he continued to lick and slurp on her she arched her back, moaning and gasping from the experience. It was all she could do to maintain, and she struggled to keep it together as her body ground against the soft, thick mattress beneath her.

The Captain licked his lips and rose to his feet, grinning and hefting his sloppy meat in his hands. Just looking at what he had to offer got Ann going. Her breaths came in thick gasps, making her chest rise and sink with surprising depth. Captain Keelboard gently crawled over her, nibbling at her and kissing her neck as he pressed his length between her thighs. Ann let out a soft, deep moan as he entered her. The Captain took his time, working it in slowly so as to give her time to adjust, but Ann quickly locked her legs around him, driving her heels into the small of his back. She was excited, eager and wanting, and she wasn't about to let the night go on any longer without some hot, hard fucking.

The Captain gently worked things into a fervor, pushing and shoving insistently as he groaned his great length into Ann. He panted, bracing his palms firmly on the bed while driving more and more of his cock into Ann's wanting pussy. She was already dripping wet and the Captain had no difficulty at all sliding his massive dick inside her, even in spite of his size. He grunted and pushed down hard with his hips, driving the giant cock deep into her puss. His hot, wet breath rolled across Ann's face, making her want him all the more.

As they worked themselves into a fervor, Ann and the Captain rocked and bounced hard on the bed, Ann crying out and wrapping her

arms and legs tight around her lover, desperately dragging and pulling him in as close as she could. The Captain knew how to work his length well even in the confined space Ann permitted him to have, his powerful hips thrusting in and out almost his entire length with each stroke. He brought it down again and again, his breath coming in deep gasps and sobs.

Ann was writhing around on the bed madly now, arching her back and pressing her clit against the Captain's massive girth, working herself ever closer to orgasm. She could feel it rising now, and she wanted it desperately. She rubbed and pinched at her nipples, biting her lower lip as she strained to find more and more ways to stimulate herself. Despite all this effort and preparation she was still blindsided by her actual orgasm, her body rocking with pleasure as it crashed back and forth inside her like some mad, trapped sea. Her mind seemed to blank out as it hit her hard, making her gasp for breath even as she cried out in pure pleasure.

The Captain pulled out his length at her ministrations and began rubbing himself furiously. He groaned as his shaft erupted across Ann's chest, drenching her tits, chin and face in huge globs of thick spoooge. The Captain came with both impressive force and volume, painting her up with jets as thick and white as sunscreen. Though still struggling to catch her breath, Ann giggled and rubbed the thick cream into her fur before licking her lips and grinning. She pulled the Captain down into a deep kiss, her tongue playing against his desperately as her passion slowly ebbed. The Captain was half-flaccid now, but he brought himself up close to her, rubbing and squeezing and caressing with what seemed like infinite enthusiasm and enjoyment.

"That was...incredible," said Ann. "I mean, it's always good, but... Fucking wow, what was that?"

"I don't rightly know," said the Captain. Ann looked at him, astonished. He had broken character, and his voice was different. Softer and higher, it was comforting but slightly dorky. "But I know halfway in there I stopped being Captain Keelhaul and I started being Melvin Griphald again."

"Melvin Griphald?" said Ann, breaking out into laughter at the ridiculousness of the name. "Jeez, no wonder you'd rather pretend to be the Captain."

"Oh that's not even all of it, look at these," said Melvin. He held up a large pair of glasses, their thick rims looking to be more at home on an old librarian than a young, studly sea dog. "I'm almost legally blind. If I can't wear my contacts, I have to wear these things. Now you know why the Captain is always bumping into shit. He's not drunk; he can't see where he's going. Just don't tell anyone, okay? I went to college on my Dad's money and now I'm spending it playing pirate all day so I don't have to admit that I'm blind, that I spend all my free time reading old pirate novels, and that I'm pissing away a fortune on this silly boat."

"Well at least you seem happy," said Ann, gently cuddling Melvin, rubbing her soft hand up and down his muscular chest. "And for a nerd you sure do have a great body...But enough of that, what are we going to do about Jamie over there? Didn't you say you have a plan?"

"Oh I do, don't you worry," said Melvin. "Come morning, Captain Keelboard will be back on deck and ready to interrogate his prisoner. You just lie down and sleep, I'll take care of everything in the morning." Ann nodded and lay down in the surprisingly comfortable bed. Maybe it was how drunk and tired she was, or maybe it was the mattress, or maybe it was just the way Melvin was caressing her, but within moments she was in the deepest sleep she'd had in years.

Ann awoke with a yawn, gently tugging on the sheets as she blinked her eyes into wakefulness. When she saw what had happened to Jamie, though, she bolted upright, rubbing her eyes in disbelief. Though Jamie was still out cold and snoring peacefully, her hands were bound tight together and lashed to the headboard, while her legs were spread wide, held open by soft red velvet ropes which ran to the posts at the foot of the bed. She was completely naked except for her pirate hat, and even though she was restrained she seemed to still be quite comfortable.

"You like the knots?" said Melvin, grinning. "I've always been good with knots and ropes, I'm guessing it's my nautical heritage."

"How did you manage to do it without waking her up?" said Ann, her hand gently running through Jamie's fur. She cooed gently, murring and peacefully twisting a little in her bonds.

"She's a pretty deep sleeper, and I'm not just sexy like a pirate, I'm stealthy like a ninja." Melvin grinned and pulled Ann into a kiss, wrapping his arms around her and hugging her tight. She smiled with the edges of her lips and gently caressed the small of Melvin's back, chuckling to herself when she felt his erection creeping up between the two of them. She rubbed at his back for a moment, then broke the kiss.

"I guess so. I mean you didn't wake me up either," said Ann. "But what are we going to do now?" Melvin chuckled, then grabbed his Captain's hat off the nightstand.

"Yarr, I'd be thinkin' that would be obvious, missy!" Melvin's sudden transformation into his Captain Keelboard persona made Ann giggle, though it seemed to make the dog sit up straighter and appear slightly more handsome. "We're gonna question this cute little lassie, and fuck the truth out of 'er!"

Ann sat up straight in the bed, her straight back pushing out her enormous chest and making her breasts jiggle. "Yes SIR! Right away Capp'n, just let me change." Ann leapt out of bed and began ruffling through her pirate gear. Eschewing her top and bottom, she dressed only in her frayed, mismatched stocking and socks, along with

her hat and the plastic medallion that the Captain had given her on their first meeting. Completing the outfit with fingerless gloves, her belt and her hat, she looked mildly pirate-y, even if her naughty bits were exposed for all to see.

The Captain was content to wear nothing more than his boots and his hat, and he gently bent over Jamie, kissing her lightly on the neck and chest. His big hands caressed the vixen's small, supple tits before sliding down between her legs and probing eagerly. She groaned and then giggled at first when she felt herself being groped and fondled, but as she moved to stretch herself she became aware of the ropes binding her wrists and ankles. She struggled in surprise, but before she could cry out, Captain Keelboard pressed his lips to hers, kissing her deeply. Ann winced at the thought of anyone kissing Jamie while she still reeked of liquor and morning breath, but it didn't seem to dissuade the Captain in the least. Jamie continued struggling for a moment, but soon gave in to Captain Keelboard's caresses. His big hands moved softly up and down Jamie's body, warming and caressing her gently as the bed rocked ever so slightly in the morning tide.

When the Captain finally broke the kiss, he was straddling Jamie, his massive length lying out across her stomach, already throbbing and preing with eagerness. "So tell me, lassie, why exactly did ye tell me first mate she wouldn't be joining us on our little Caribbean cruise?" asked the Captain, gently tracing his enormous length across Jamie's slit. The vixen was already getting eager, her nipples standing up hard like pert eraser nubs as the Captain got her juices flowing.

"I ahhn...I...I'm embarrassed to say," said Jamie, her face suddenly flustered. She was indeed distraught, even guilty, and Ann kind of wanted to feel sorry for her. "But...It's just that Captain, ever since we've been together, I just feel such a connection between us! I wanna be with you, sailing the seas, exploring the world, living life to the fullest! It's just that before you, I felt so trapped in this little town...I wanted to get out!" Jamie was struggling through arousal and the haze of wakefulness to get out her words, but she articulated herself well. The Captain seemed satisfied with her answer, but he got off of her anyway, his massive dick bouncing around in front of him as he stood next to Anne.

"Yarr, dinnae ye think that yer best mate might wanna join you on such an adventure?" said the Captain, wrapping his arms around Ann and pulling her into a deep kiss, sweeping her off her feet and nearly touching the floor with her ears. Ann was caught off guard by his motions, but she felt safe and secure in his arms, gasping and wrapping her arms around him for balance. When she was back on her feet she giggled, cuddling up to the Captain and gently caressing his chest with her long, delicate fingers. "Ye shouldn't ferget that the Captain is a generous fellow, interested in sharin'. And as fer a connection, do ye even know the Captain's true identity? First Mate Ann sure does. I don't know, lassie. It seems to me like ye might not

be quite cut out fer such a voyage, I might have to leave ye on shore fer another year."

Jamie bit her lower lip as she saw Ann and the Captain getting intimate, Ann's hand gently wrapping around the Captain's massive length and stroking it slowly. She then growled; yanking hard against her velvety restraints, whimpering as she found herself very firmly secured. The Captain certainly knew how to tie his knots. "Look I'm sorry okay?" she said. "I just got a little greedy, and hopeful...You can't fault a girl for dreaming, can you? I mean, the brisk sea air, the beauty of the Caribbean, your massive, thick..." As she spoke, Ann dropped to her knees, moaning audibly as she gently slipped the Captain's massive length into her mouth, suckling lightly. It drove Jamie crazy, to be so close to what she wanted yet unable to get it.

"I have an idea," said Ann, grinning and working the Captain's length gently in her hands. "How about we let her come aboard as a deckswab? We can always use one of those, and I'm sure that between the two of us we can keep her in line..." By now, Jamie was writhing wildly in the bed, her pussy glistening with desperate eagerness. She was bouncing off the mattress in frustration and whimpering at her predicament.

"Hmmm, I dunno," said the Captain, grinning as he gently pressed Ann's head back down along his length. "I mean, we can't risk-"

"I'll fucking do what the fuck EVER, just get over here and FUCK me!" said Jamie, bouncing on the bed so hard it made the boat rock slightly in the water. Ann and the Captain had to struggle to keep their laughter under control, but they moved over her, Ann sliding her legs across Jamie's muzzle, the Captain gently pressing his massive length into her slit and letting it sink slowly. Jamie let out a deep, eager moan into Ann's pussy, making the canine whimper and bite her lower lip. She sucked air between her teeth and then pinched her nipples lightly, gasping as she felt herself slowly filling with arousal.

Captain Keelboard was eager and soon he was pushing hard into Jamie, the vixen gasping and pulling hard against her restraints as he fucked her resoundingly. He put his length to good use on the small vixen, pressing and fucking and shoving hard, his hips driving into her decidedly. He wrapped his arms around Ann and brought her into another kiss, his hands groping and squeezing her ass even as her tongue played in her muzzle. Though she was more than a bit distracted by Jamie's licking, she eagerly worked with her Captain, rubbing his shoulders and sinking her claws into the small of his back as she worked herself into a fervor.

Drowning in stimulation and desire, Jamie licked and slurped and pressed with all her might, gasping and panting as she worked to please both partners. It wasn't exactly hard, the Captain was more than content to enjoy her squeezing and rubbing, and whenever he drove it in to the hilt she ground him delicately. It was Ann that posed a problem, not only because Jamie needed to redeem herself, but he cause her view was blocked by Ann's big bushy tail, which was

wagging madly in excitement. Jamie sought out Ann's clit, licking and slurping at it eagerly, bringing her cold nose to it and huffing with hot breath. It wasn't easy, as Ann kept moving and squirming, but by the time Jamie felt her mouth fill with Ann's juices Jamie knew that she would soon be forgiven.

With the three of them all working at their own pace it was inevitable that they would cum separately, but Ann's early blasts caught everyone by surprise, almost forcing Jamie to choke on the splatter. The vixen coughed a bit at first, then giggled, then continued moaning and panting as the Captain worked his massive length against her clit. He bordered on the merciless, bringing his massive hips to bear on her again and again, pressing and shoving his enormous length against her and plunging it into her depths.

Jamie's orgasm was thick and deep and rocked through both the Captain and Ann, making them shudder as the vixen squealed and squirmed beneath them. Jamie was a noisy girl and she cried out hard, her delight muffled by Ann's sex as the canine pressed down a bit. She blushed as Jamie whimpered and arched her back in delight, almost embarrassed at the enthusiasm and vocal nature of her friend, who was yanking and bucking against the restraints in her delight.

Once Jamie finally calmed down, Captain Keelboard slowly pulled out his enormous length, which was glistening with juice. Eagerly Ann dropped down to slurp and lick across it, moaning as she took in the heat and rich salty flavor. The Captain moved himself forward until he was between Jamie's tits and began rubbing furiously, his hand flicking off pre and vixen cum with every firm stroke. "Close yer eyes gals, it's gonna be one hell of a storm!" he said.

Considering he'd only had six hours of sleep to recharge (if that), the Captain's massive onslaught of spooage was so impressive it verged on the miraculous. His enormous shaft blasted out jet after jet after jet of thick, creamy cum, spraying across the muzzles of both the girls, filling their mouths and even squirting up their noses. Both of them broke out snorting and giggling as they found themselves coated to the point of dripping, and within moments all three of them were cuddling and nuzzling in the big bed.

It was some time before any of them spoke, their hands gently tracing over one another's bodies as they enjoyed the warmth and closeness. "So, either of you going to untie me?" said Jamie, giggling a bit and cutely yanking on her restraints. "I mean, I can't exactly swab the decks when I'm all tied up like this..."

"Yarr, the Red Velvet t'aint much for decks," said the Captain, grinning and kissing. "But you'll be down on all fours quite a bit, I guarantee you that."

Ann lay back on the fore deck of the Red Velvet, stretching lightly in the bright Caribbean sun. Several days out from port there was no need for modesty and Ann was wearing nothing but her

sunglasses and a smile. She rested her hands behind her head for a moment as she looked up into the bright blue sky, which seemed to stretch out indefinitely in all directions. Even though she'd be broke and homeless when she came back, she knew that this would be the best vacation she ever had.

"Now now, don't get lazy, deckswab," said Ann, grinning and pushing down on Jamie's head, encouraging the vixen a bit. Jamie was likewise naked and going to town between Ann's legs, whimpering and licking desperately as she tried to follow the orders of the First Mate. "You were almost there a minute ago..."

Jamie came up for air, gasping and letting her tongue hang out. "I fink you're yust fucking wiff me," said the vixen, her sore tongue distorting her speech. Though Jamie certainly wasn't suffering she was the "butt" of Ann and Melvin's pranks and desires due to her status as "deckswab" and it was clear that she wasn't entirely enthused about her situation. But open revolt was stayed by constant fucking, attention and booze, the latter especially prevalent after they'd pulled for rum in the Bahamas.

"Yarr, take her easy now," said Melvin. "She'll be polishing the Captain's pole later." He was dressed only in his Captain's hat, although whether or not he was in character was anyone's guess. He wasn't used to being out of character when he was with other people, nor was he used to being in character when he was actually sailing, and so his voice and demeanor kept flipping back and forth. He was certainly fun and entertaining either way, as well as a competent sailor.

"Oh don't worry, she's got a strong back and is a hard worker," said Ann, biting her lower lip and shifting position as Jamie dug it in deep. "Don't you, deckswab?" Jamie just grumbled and nipped lightly on Ann, making her yip and giggle.

"Yarr, Ann's revenge be a bit of a bitch, eh?" said Melvin, giggling. Jamie just flipped him the bird and kept on licking, making both Melvin and Ann laugh heartily.