



EVIL PIRATES

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Credits and License

Codes: bdsm fdom, m-solo, oral

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Preface

For Wicked Wednesday last week I wrote about my dreams. One recurring subject of my dreams involves groups of dominating, but not necessarily sadistic female pirates.

I have written these imageries before under another pseudonym, but the story below is another take on it. So to Pirate Sandy and Capt'n Ramona, I wish you were real, but alas, you are not.

I hope my readers find this short story as fun to read as much as it is to dream.

As ever, please let me have feedback.

Kind regards,

John

20th June 2013

Evil Pirates

The waters around the small tree-covered island, jutting proudly from the calm sea, were dangerous. I knew this; I had been told. The coy young lady, whom I had spent half the previous evening with at The Red Lion warned me as her eyes twinkled and my hands massaged her thigh. I got nowhere with her, despite me drunkenly boasting I could bring any girl to a powerful orgasm with my tongue, but we discussed a few fantasies and I got a kiss on the cheek. She smiled sweetly and welcomed me to the village, before warning me again not to venture towards the island – about three miles from the coast – unless I wanted to get into trouble. They were pirates' waters.

Any advice to avoid the good fishing grounds was always going to be ignored, and the following morning I loaded a small yacht with my fishing gear and a Thermos flask of hot tea. The sea was calm and land was just a minor footnote on the horizon. I could see the "Pirate Island" a couple of hundred feet away but it was silent and still, save for a few birds nestling in the plethora of trees that had taken root on the lonely outcrop.

It was peaceful and serene and I opened my flask to take my first drink. It was a great spot for fishing as within an hour I had six fish in my bucket that would make a wonderful lunch on the fine Summer's day. The soft lapping of the water against the side of the boat was relaxing and enjoyable, and I leant back in the vessel. It was too nice, and I pushed my boots off with my feet.

My trousers and top soon joined my boots and I looked around the sea before continuing. I knew I was alone, but I just wanted to check. The rough wooden bottom of the boat irritated my exposed back as I lay down and I gave a satisfying sigh as my underwear was abandoned onto the rest of my clothes; being naked and at sea was wonderfully relaxing and so enjoyable.

I savoured the Sun's rays, closed my eyes and daydreamt. I could see my ex-girlfriends dressed in latex bustiers and corsets walking around me and blowing kisses towards my naked body, offering promises they would have to keep. I could see the girl from the coffee shop sliding a chocolate flake between her bosom and "forcing" me to retrieve it. I could see the girl from the pub naked and "making" me eat her pussy as if my life depended on it. I licked my lips and panted, my hands gravitating towards my erect cock.

The first stroke was heavenly; the cool air of the sea wind breathed gently over my glistening tip and made me feel alive. Shivers of pleasure and contentment swept through me and I groaned, savouring the moment; the subtle lapping of the water and the sea birds squawking overhead played a calming soundtrack to my self-pleasure. It was gorgeous.

My other hand squeezed my nipples and glided over my body to touch my balls; I spread my legs further to allow my fingers to touch and to probe my perineum; a sizzling warmth spread instantly through my loins and my cock glowed and radiated with lust. The naughtiness of masturbating on the open seas tickled my arousal, it felt so dirty and so dangerous.

My hand circled my glans, swirling the first drops of pre-cum around my engorged head; I groaned: it had been a few days since I had had sex or played with myself and my deep-seated desperation washed over me. My balls tingled and my cock throbbed: climaxing on the open seas as the swell of the water rocked my boat would be so satisfying. I made long deep strokes with my hands, sliding my palm over my glans with squeals and groans.

My mind danced with erotic imagery: the slut on the corner of my road, begging me to pound my cock into her stretched pussy, the masseuse in the big town squealing as my fingers pressed on her sex, my landlady caning me for late payment: I fantasised with wild

abandon as my fingers pressed on my perineum, rubbing it in circles as my body begged for a release.

“Huhhh-nnnn,” a voice called and my boat rocked violently.

“What the ...?” My eyes blinked as I struggled to adjust to the bright light of the Sun streaming through my now-opened eyeballs. “Hey!” I yelled as I struggled to focus on the movement. I felt the boat tip downwards as someone stepped onto the boat in front of me; they were wearing black but I couldn't focus.

“Some sea dog,” a female voice called in a dismissive tone. “Thinking it's OK to wank himself off in our waters.” I coughed, and scrambled to the end of the vessel, my heart beating furiously in my chest: who was this woman?

My eyes blinked and I put a hand up to shield my eyes as my other hand belatedly protected my modesty. She was in her late twenties, with dark hair that cascaded down her scowling face to her bosom. She wore a black hat with the Jolly Rodger motif printed upon it, a white top, tied with a knot so that her midriff was exhibited, and a red jacket open at the front. My mind salivated at the prospect, still in excessive horny mode as her outfit was completed by a black skirt and sexy boots. I wanted to fuck her, and ignored the danger the sabre she was clutching, presented.

“These are our waters,” a second voice told me, and I looked over to a larger boat alongside mine flying the Jolly Rodger flag proudly. The second girl, dressed in a crimson pirate's outfit banged her sword on the side of my boat and snorted as looked at me. “Just another twisted mainlander, take him ashore.”

I objected, claiming to be in safe waters, but they ignored me. I pleaded with them, begging them for mercy but the first pirate threw my clothes onto her boat and she sat down, nodding towards the oars and tapped her sword. I tried my best to cover my nudity but it was too late: she had seen everything and she taunted me as she navigated us towards the island.

I protested vainly but she had a sword in her hand and a mischievous glint in her eye. My questions about what they were going to do went unanswered and my eyes slipped upon the small island, encased in thick trees.

My clammy hands slipped on the oars as I kept glancing towards her: she was sexy and I chastised myself for fantasising about the woman kidnapping me. Her skirt rode up slightly as she leant back and my cock twitched: I was so close to climaxing when I was interrupted and my testosterone levels were still too high.

My boat reached a narrow inlet and the bottom of the boat crunched as it hit the soft, sandy carpet of the small beach. My kidnapper's accomplice was already waiting for us; her much larger vessel was already tied up and she dragged my small boat further in land. “Get out,” she barked as I stumbled in the boat.

“Can I have my clothes?” I stammered. They laughed and the long-haired pirate who had boarded my boat, pushed me by the neck as I disembarked. I fell onto the sand with a yelp, spluttering as I inhaled dry sand.

My captor pushed the point of her sword against my exposed thigh, digging it in painfully. “Move,” she barked. I scrambled away from her and her weapon, but she followed me, directing me up the beach and into the small woodland.

It was not a big island and it took just a minute of painful barefoot walking between the trees to reach the centre of the isle. Occasional squelches of mud oozed between my toes where the tree cover was broken and twigs dug into my skin, causing me to yip in discomfort.

I got no respite or sympathy; the sexy pirate followed me with her sword outstretched, directing me to the clearing in the very centre of the island. I could hear the rustling of the wind through the trees and the breaking of the sea against the island, but she lowered her sword and stood a few metres from me, leaning against a tree.

A tent was erected on the edge of the clearing and there was burnt ground a few feet away; she saw my eyes linger on them for a moment and I looked away. "So what happens now?" I asked a little aggressively. "You're ..."

"What happens now," a voice behind me barked. "Is that we show young men that our waters are not for filth." I spun to face the other woman walking into the clearing carrying my clothes, my bucket of fish and a sword. "Tie him up."

I coughed and protested, backing away and desperate to get away from them. "No. Look, I'm sorry, I'll go away and won't say anything to anyone. Promise." The two women advanced on me, and I scurried away from them, jumping into the forest and sprinting away from them.

I got a dozen metres from the clearing, my feet treading painfully on nature's carpet of hurt, when I was bundled to the ground by one of the girls. I cried in shock and in discomfort as I landed on a small bush, that only yielded so far before scratching and tearing my exposed skin.

I was smacked viciously across the rump and a sword jabbed my thigh. "Do that again," I was warned. "And you'll be pissing blood for a week." I gulped; I didn't doubt they were serious, and was hauled back to the clearing by my kidnapper.

The two women didn't waste any time in binding my hands to two trees a couple of metres apart. It stretched my arms painfully and my shoulder ached after just a couple of minutes while they whispered conspiratorially but I struggled against my rope restraints and they did not yield; I was stuck.

"Who are you?" I asked, my eyes watching the two controlling women as they stood looking at me; they oozed control, the sultry look in the eyes, the firm grips on the swords and the malevolent smirks as they slowly inched further apart.

"Sandy, the Pirate Wench," my kidnapper called from my left, stopping and leaning against a tree outside their tent. I giggled and bit my lip; it was too silly a name to be taken seriously. Her frown intensified.

"Captain Ramona Bluebeard," the other lady called to my right. For the first time I got to focus on her: she was slightly older than Sandy, and more my age, but had the same evil look in her eyes as well as an incredibly toned body. "And these are our waters."

"We don't like filth ..." Sandy started but stopped as I burst out laughing.

"A pair of pirates with morals, now I've seen everything!" I struggled against the binds as I yelled. "Now let me go!"

"Little brat needs teaching a lesson," the Captain cried and nodded towards her friend. "Perhaps the rat won't be quite so cocky after a hundred."

"Untie me," I demanded as Sandy knelt into the tent and picked up a rucksack. "This has gone far enough," I said. "I promise I won't come back here again; let me go and give me my clothes back." I tried to look over my shoulder as Sandy walked around me, but my arms being pinned above my head restricted my vision.

"I shouldn't have done what I did, and I'll go, never breathe a word of this to anyone." I heard the zip of the bag slide open as Ramona's mouth erupted into a wide grin. She walked in front of me and stood a couple of feet away, pushing a finger underneath my

chin to lift it up to her eye-line.

"Smile for me," she patronised. "Big broad smile." I forced a grin with a snort. "Keep smiling and we might just think about." She raised her eyebrows and stared into my gaze; what was her game? I hesitated, not sure what to do: those split seconds were torture. Something was about to happen but I didn't know what.

I sensed movement behind me and my upper back erupted into agony with a crack as dozens of fires stung my skin. I fell forward, straining against my bindings and yelled as my flesh burnt with pain. "What are ... help! HELP!"

"We're three miles from land," Ramona cackled. "Yell, scream for help. I'll even join you!" She teased. "Won't do any good."

"Leave me alone," I begged but the Captain nodded towards her accomplice and my a split-second later pure pain ripped through my back as Sandy brought the weapon firmly on my exposed flesh. "Help me! Help me!"

Ramona giggled. "Help!" She screamed. "Some wild pirates are teaching this rat a lesson." She pulled a face and listened to the sound of the wind in the trees and shrugged. "No-one's coming," she added. "We better get back to your punishment."

I protested and begged for forgiveness but Sandy was relentless and flogged me a further six times. Each time, I screamed in pain: it was torturous and inhumane but the sexy pirate in front of me nodded appreciatively as my back exploded into a mass of stinging welts.

Tears formed and I held them back, closing my eyes and struggling against my ropes tying me to the trees. I felt Ramona trace a finger along my body, pressing against my erect cock and teasing: I must be depraved if I still had an erection.

Sandy gently rubbed her flogger over my back and tickled my skin with it's leather straps dancing lightly on my flesh. I wriggled and squirmed, much to my tormentors' amusement, and Sandy moved the flogger to my buttocks, my thighs, legs, testicles and nipples, lightly wiggling it over my skin. I recoiled when it gently flowed over my cock: they were just toying with me but it I would prefer the teasing over angry punishment with the weaponry at their disposal.

I think Sandy sensed my body entering a relaxed state; the birds tweeting and squawking combined with the gentle breeze and soothing touch of the leather tails were sending me into a dreamy haze. I had forgotten my predicament!

Sandy reminded me of my precarious position with a sharp whip across the buttocks, followed by two further high-intensity hits. I yelled in agony, but she returned to light flogging across my thighs and upper back where I barely felt the weapon in her hand.

I groaned and writhed as the flogger swept over my skin: I knew my ordeal was far from over. Sandy took pleasure in reminding me with a further two ferocious whips of the flogger, causing the tails to sting my punished bottom and the tips curl around my thigh and land painfully on the thin skin.

I screamed; hopping on one leg as a volley of profanity left my mouth. Ramona laughed loudly; her face had exploded into sadistic glee as the flogger struck me and I had barely been able to deal with the intense pain.

I was confused by Sandy constantly altering the strength of her strokes; it didn't make any sense except to befuddle me. Ramona was watching intently as her friend softly dragged and lightly struck my bare bottom. My body sizzled from the smacks I'd received earlier but the softness of the flogger was tranquil and soothing.

I was brought out of any mellowness I was in when Sandy brought the flogger across my

backside with incredible intensity. I screeched in shock and pain, begging for them both to stop with the sustained mistreatment.

"You," Ramona shouted as Sandy flayed my rump with unbelievable pain. Sandy struck my exposed arse with every word her colleague uttered as I begged for mercy. "Are. A. Disgusting. Creature."

"Please. No more," I cried, tears streaming down my face. My legs were almost touching Ramona as I desperately tried to put my body out of reach of the sadistic Sandy. "I can't take any more. I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

"You will be," Ramona promised and nodded towards her accomplice. I felt her move and closed my eyes, clenching my buttocks in anticipation for what I was about to receive from her.

Sandy grunted as she swung the flogger onto my body, hitting me with the dozens of tails on my abused buttocks, stinging and blisteringly hot from her earlier activities. My flesh combusted into a vicious collection of white-hot slashes as the sound of my torment filled the small island.

I screamed and pulled fiercely on my bindings, causing the rope to dig into my wrist painfully, but I barely felt it. My rear was deluged with a torrent of agony: a final present from Sandy's flogger, as she passed the weapon to Ramona.

"Did that 'urt?" Sandy taunted and smacked my thighs with her hands as she came up behind me. I felt her warm breath on my neck as she rubbed the angry flesh with her soft palms. "It should do!"

"And he's still got a stiffy!" Ramona cried, causing my cheeks to burn with embarrassment. "He's a tough one!"

Sandy whispered in my ear. "You really are some perv, aren't you?" I nodded and swallowed: my body was betraying me! "If you enjoyed the flogger, we'll knock that out of you!"

Ramona nodded towards Sandy who walked towards the centre of the clearing and looked into my bucket of fish, while Ramona selected a long cane from bag, chortling mischievously.

"That's mine," I called out as Sandy pulled out a knife and sat down on the wooden log next to the tent. I watched her as she started gutting the fish I had caught and tossing them into a big pan.

"Ours now," Sandy replied, ogling my stricken body with a malevolent smile; I felt violated by their abundant torture: I was not their plaything! "We may share it."

"That's theft!"

"We're pirates," Sandy reminded me and as I went to protest Ramona introduced the wooden cane to my backside with such force it caused me to scream in agony.

"Please," I begged. "I won't do it again."

Ramona said nothing and another white-hot streak of pain was added to my butt. She laughed at my incoherent blubbering, begging to be shown mercy and savagely continued to strike my rear, causing me to writhe and wriggle in a wall of pain.

She laughed at my erection; my cock was betraying me again and as my body was brutally beaten, it got harder and harder. I cursed it; Ramona told me she would continue to strike me until I showed contrition, but Sandy was sat in front of me, and lifted her skirt to flash glimpses of bare pussy.

I closed my eyes, but the knowledge that Sandy's delightful haven was on display was too powerful and I opened them to watch Sandy ignite the kindling with a lighter.

"Please," I begged as the cane struck me for the umpteenth time and I desperately tried to think of unsexy images. It was no use: being immobile and naked in front of two sadistic young ladies was always going to win any battle in my mind.

Sandy's soft hand wiped a tear away from my cheek and she looked into my desperate gaze with a smile. "Perhaps he needs someone to encourage it," she teased and ran a finger along the top of my errant cock. "Perhaps," she started and gripped the base of my manhood as she ran it along my shaft to the tip. "Perhaps, he's insatiable."

I relaxed my shoulders and groaned, savouring the electricifying sensations of her gentle touch, as her fingers soothingly ran up and down my cock. She was gentle and elegant, watching every move my body made in response to her sensual touching.

She smiled knowingly as my body began to surrender to her charms; my loins fizzed and itched with a burning lust, so nearly satisfied on the boat and then beaten between the trees: my morning had been complete sexual torment, but now it was being satisfied. Sandy massaged my cock, spreading the pool of wetness over my glans and down my desperate member.

There was nothing I wanted more at this point than for Sandy to continue what she started: to bring me to the climax I so desperately needed. I was restrained and could not offer any resistance to her actions, I was at her mercy and my cock stiffened as a result of this thought. Sandy licked her lips seductively at me as her fingers caressed my balls and slid underneath my exposed body. I shuddered as a wave of energy flew through my loins. I was nearly there; I was ready.

"Is he enjoying it?" the Captain asked from behind my left shoulder. Sandy answered but I barely noticed her speaking. I did notice the firm, powerful stroke of Ramona's cane, exploding a deafening crack on my buttocks and causing me to jump in shock and pain. "Enjoying it now?"

Tears streamed down my face as I yelled at my captors: this was a nasty torment, but they continued. For every stroke of my cock, I got a stroke of the cane. I tried so desperately to enter the lustful fog, ready to induce the climax I so desperately needed. I pleaded with my body: I needed to come, but it refused.

Sandy and Ramona knowingly left a few seconds between each stroke and it just wasn't enough to take me to my heaven. My rump was burning with pain. I knew it would be bright scarlet and I wanted to soothe it, but my highly excited state I could not stop Sandy from stoking my fires.

I begged, pleaded, prayed and wished but the women refused to relent and after several dozen excruciating strokes of the cane, I surrendered to their game.

Ramona chuckled: she said she knew I would not be able to cope with their torments and threw the cane in front of me feet as she sauntered towards the fire. "We beat you," she tormented.

I watched as Ramona stoked the small fire and stirred the fish stew suspended above it. She added some logs to the flames as Sandy came up behind me and put her arms around my chest. "If you behave yourself, it's over now," she promised and kissed me on the back of the neck. My body shivered and she put a blanket over my shoulders as the fire took hold.

I spluttered a few times as the smoke drifted from the fire and into my face, but was certainly at peace; I drifted out of the conversation Sandy and Ramona were having and

just savoured the warmth of the blanket and the sun as I lay restrained in the small wood.

Twenty minutes later, Ramona tied a two foot length of rope to both of my ankles, and then reached above my arms to unfasten my right hand. I wriggled my wrist free as she loosened the knot, and instantly worked on my left hand. "You still can't go anywhere," she reminded me as my finger tips dug into the other knot.

I took a few deep breaths as my hands came free and winced as my fingers touched my tortured rear. "You've ..." I spluttered as I rubbed my reddened flesh. "You're ..."

"Don't finish that sentence," the pirate demanded and jabbed me in the shoulder, pushing me towards the small fire. I stumbled as I moved, shaking my desperately stiff shoulders and tripping over a tree root.

The undergrowth dug into my bare feet, but Sandy passed me a bowl of fish stew as I fell to the ground. "It'll do you good."

"I don't want anything from you," I snapped in a sultry voice. Sandy pushed the food into my shaking hands; I put it on the ground next to me, looking at her defiantly.

"Little brat means trouble," Ramona replied, and stared at me as she picked up my underwear from my small pile of clothes and tossed them onto the fire.

"Oi," I yelled as the flames licked the navy cotton. "That's mine."

"Eat," Ramona demanded and picked up my trousers. "They'll be next."

"I can't go back to the mainland naked," I yelled, waving my finger in her direction.

"Who says we are going to release you?" Sandy giggled, but Ramona was serious and held my clothing in her arms; I was certain she would burn it, and scared of how far they would go, I picked up the bowl of dinner.

Sandy had done well with the fish I had caught and the stew had been cooked with carrots and potatoes that they must have brought with them. The young blonde pirate smiled as I finished my lunch and downed a bottle of water they provided, while they drank mead from brown bottles.

I had done my best to perch on the edge of the log, anxious for my buttocks not touch the rough edge of the wood; I knew it would irritate my assaulted flesh if I did and after the two pirates emptied the pot of stew, before singing The Good Ship Venus. I was expected to join in, but barely knew the words to the bawdy anthem.

Ramona took the three bowls, several empty bottles and stew pot and piled them together, before telling Sandy she had "half an-hour." Sandy's eyes twinkled with expectation and as the Captain left the small cove.

"She's married," Sandy explained with a coy look. "But I'm not." My heart pounded in my chest as I considered my predicament: what did Sandy expect from me? My ankles were still fastened together, and she pushed me softly on my shoulder so I slipped off the log and landed on the soft earth with a painful bump.

My arse reminded me of the punishment it had taken earlier in the day at the hands of the vicious women holding me captive. "Whoa!"

"All that whipping and flogging has got me hot." Her voice broke slightly as she stood over my trembling body and pressed on my shoulder with her foot, pressing me down onto the woodland carpet. The salty sea air filled my nostrils and unhitched her skirt as she looked into my eyes. "You get me warmed up, you take the fire." I made vague protestations but Sandy had a sabre that she tapped menacingly.

The young lady disrobed: not frantically or elegantly, but in control; she knew what she

was doing. My cock, still dripping with lustful intent, stiffened at the sight of her bare pussy, glistening seductively in the midday heat.

Sandy barely said a word as she stepped over my aching body and lowered crotch to my mouth: her abundant wetness was sweet and delightful and she wriggled her hips to settle herself upon my face.

Her hands ran the length of my body as my tongue touched her dripping slit. She scraped her fingers on my chest, seductively digging her nails into my body and causing me to cry out in pain.

She bucked her hips and groaned, delighting as my tongue wrapped around her clit, flicking and sucking on her pearl. She leant over my body and slapped my thigh as I kissed her slick button, striking me aggressively for every flick of her clitoris.

She ignored my cries of pain and discomfort, bucking her hips and riding me like a woman possessed and consumed by lust. She panted passionately but with every hit of her palm against my thigh, she got closer and closer to her orgasm.

She was insatiable, sharing a moment of desire and lust with me as her body trembled and quivered. My cock was desperate for a release and hearing her approach orgasm, I touched my cock with my hand.

Sandy screeched and twisted my nipples with both of her hands, bucking her hips wildly as I screamed in agony. My body was immobilised by pain, emanating from the tortured nipples, my abused rear and my flogged back, but Sandy clearly delighted in my torture, as with a banshee-like shriek, her body tipped her into a climax.

Sandy shook; her legs quivered and her loins were pressed firmly onto my face, desperately licking her moist cunt. She squeezed her grip on my nipples, twisting them further and then slumped forward onto my erect cock.

Tears rolled down my cheek as Sandy released her grip on my body and I massaged my abused nipples. It took a few moments of Sandy to move, but she hauled herself off my body,

I scrambled to my feet using a tree for assistance and the naked pirate pulled her sabre from the floor, holding it out in front of her. "Go," she demanded and pointed towards the small beachy harbour as she picked up her clothing.

"But my clothes ..." I looked around the clearing for my garments but they had vanished. Sandy dug her metal implement into my side and pushed aggressively. I stumbled with my ankles tied, having to rely on the local flora for balance as Sandy lead me towards my boat.

Captain Ramona pushed me up against the nearest tree and hissed in my ear. "We're letting you go now," she promised. "But if you ever come to these waters again I'll turn your bum not red but black and blue. You understand?" I nodded as her bare hand smacked my painful rump, causing it to ignite angrily under her aggressive touch. "I mean it. You better stay away if you know what's good for you."

I nodded and she released me, cutting the rope between my legs before I scrambled away from her. My clothes, without my underwear, were in the boat along with my empty bucket that once contained fish and I breathed a sigh of relief as I touched my wooden craft. "I'll push you off," the naked Sandy promised and I sat on the wooden seat as they untied my boat from it's "moorings."

"See you tomorrow, John," the Captain cackled as the two pirates pushed my boat into the open sea. "I'll bring my chains!" She blew me a kiss with her wicked smile as I waved back, looking at my sexy tormentors; they were wonderful women. My bare bum sparkled angrily

as it touched the rough wooden seat of the boat and I adjusted myself; it was painful.

“And I'll see you in the pub,” Sandy promised and my evening companion from the previous night grinned at me as they threw items into their own boat for the trip back to the mainland. “You owe me a drink!”

So that's the real reason why I love coming on holiday to these parts; the women are filthy. They are very accommodating. They are so, so wicked. And most of all, they are incredible amounts of fun!

As my soon-to-be blackened rump will testify to.