

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns, rendered in a light gray color, framing the central text.

Pirates' Sex Toys

Argus

“Pirates' Sex Toys”

by

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It was sheer boredom, which decided Jordan to go on the little sailing jaunt with Bucky Smith and Darcy Rhodes. The summer seemed endless, and the things, which others considered to be of exceptional interest, she had long tired of.

She had many sports cars to jaunt around in, had gone to all the movies, theatre shows and concerts, had skydived, bungee jumped and scuba dived, and spent countless hours on the beach, by the pool, or at parties.

She'd even grown bored of shopping, and that was surely an amazing thing to those who knew her, who said her credit cards had to be made of platinum because anything else would melt.

Jordan had decided that there was only one thing left to do, and that was to give up her precious virginity, and start to explore the realm of sexuality. She had held onto it for a startlingly long time, among, if not the last in her circle to surrender it up to a man. That was not, of course, due to any desire to remain pure and chaste, but rather, to her fastidious nature and arrogance.

The thought of some sweaty man pressing his hot, hairy body against her, spilling his moist semen over or into her body was more than a little disgusting. And really, there weren't many men good enough for her, rich enough, smart enough, good looking enough, stylish enough, and, of course, obedient enough. Jordan had very high standards and felt she deserved only the very best.

Besides, she'd heard a lot of stories from women about sex, and when she sifted through the nonsense, bragging and doubletalk, she doubted many of them really enjoyed it that much. Women, she thought, seldom climaxed during orgasm, and certainly not with the ease and regularity she was able to accomplish with the aid of her numerous vibrators and dildos.

Who needed a man when a latex cock never went soft, never sweated on her, didn't threaten her with pregnancy or diseases, and vibrated, to boot?

But now boredom had taken its toll and she thought that, perhaps, for a while, she would suffer the panting, groping, sweating contact with a man and be able to assuage her boredom somewhat.

She had chosen Bucky Smith for several reasons. He was, of course, gorgeous, which Jordan thought she surely deserved. He was tall and blonde, with beautiful hair and a model's face. He had broad shoulders and a powerful physique.

He was filthy rich, and from a good family, and, importantly, had a tight lip about his sexual adventures. There were many others who weren't so tight-lipped, mostly women who spoke of just how good he was in bed.

Jordan had no intention of letting her first time be to some fumble fingered, drooling fool. She wanted an expert, or very nearly one.

And she wanted it to be done right. She thought that a sailing yacht out at sea would be memorable and romantic. What she hadn't counted on was Bucky's idiotic little sister Brianna coming along.

Jordan had at first considered ordering him to dump the girl, for she wanted just the two of them on the boat, but then she found out it required at least two people to sail the damned thing in the first place.

So what she did was to invite Darcy Rhodes along. Rhodes was a handsome, if somewhat sleazy guy, and Jordan was reasonably sure he'd decide that the best use of his time was to try and get Brianna out of her panties.

Whether he succeeded or not wasn't important to Jordan, just so long as he occupied the other girl while she got a good fucking from her brother.

Quite frankly Jordan wanted nothing to do with Bucky's sister. The girl was absolutely not part of the in crowd. She was, from what Jordan remembered, never having paid much attention to unimportant people, a short, mousy brunette.

Jordan, on the other hand, was the kind of young woman that made men stand up and take notice - in more ways than one. She was tall and perfectly proportioned, with endlessly long legs and flawless ivory skin.

She had long, silky black hair that framed a gorgeous face with a narrow, aristocratic nose, sharp, piercing brown eyes, and full seductive lips. Her breasts were large, but not overly so, not enough to make her seem busty. She had a narrow waist, flaring hips, and a nice, tightly toned bottom.

And she moved with a flowing grace that other women twice her age envied. She had a perfect smile, which, with the slightest movement of her eyes could change

from conveying amusement to contempt - and usually did.

She had picked out exactly the right kind of suit to wear, a Brazilian cut string bikini with a design by Meloff Fagoso. It cost her eight hundred dollars or so... not that cost mattered, and set off her colouring just perfectly.

She had a matching cover up, of course, with cute little sandals that went with it. She was sure Bucky would appreciate the effort.

She parked her Porsche and carried her bag down onto the dock to where Bucky's sailboat lay. Darcy was sitting on the deck, and rose lazily as she climbed up.

"Hello, beautiful," he grinned.

Jordan gave him a barely tolerant smile.

"We've been waiting for you for forty-five minutes, Jordan. What happened? You're early."

Jordan glowered at him briefly, but really, he was beneath her notice. She brushed past him and went to the rear, almost bumping into Brianna emerging from below deck. The girl was wearing cut-offs and an ugly plaid shirt of all things.

"Well, hello, dear," Jordan said tolerantly.

"You're late."

"Perhaps you were simply early," Jordan smiled.

"I was on time. You're late."

"Such a sweet child," Jordan said, with an icy smile.

"Oh quit it," Brianna said. "You act like such a stuck up bitch, Jordan. It's no wonder no one likes you."

"What the little people in life think is not of any concern to me," Jordan sniffed.

Jordan gave her a look of amused contempt then pushed past her and went down the rail. She found Bucky sitting at a table reading a comic book.

“Bucky dear,” she said.

He tossed the comic away and stood up quickly, hugging her and kissing her cheek.

“Glad you made it,” he said.

“Are we going to start sailing now or something?”

“Hmm? Oh, well, sure, we’ll cast off now that you’re here.”

“Good. I’ll change. Where is my cabin?”

Bucky grinned in amusement.

“In there, with Brianna,” he grinned.

She raised an eyebrow.

“Well it’s not like we’ll be sleeping over, Jordan. We’re only out for the afternoon. You can change in there.”

“And what if I want to... lie down... for a rest...” she whispered, pressing herself against him.

“Mmmm. I guess you can use the master’s cabin where I am.”

“Do I have to call you master?” she teased, sliding her tongue along her lower lip.

“You can call me anything your little heart desires,” he grinned, sliding his hand down onto her bottom and squeezing it through her eighteen hundred dollar Maillani dress.

She pulled away and went into the second cabin to change. Bucky licked his lips and then went upstairs to help Darcy and Bri cast off. He started the engine and slowly manoeuvred the seventy-foot boat out of the crowded marina and onto the open sea.

Jordan let them wait for a half hour, then, her suit and make-up and hair perfectly set in place, and her robe covering her, she made her way up the cabin and out onto the deck.

Bucky was at the wheel, while Darcy and Brianna were sitting on a long padded bench at the rear of the boat.

“Well, here you are,” Bucky smiled.

“We thought you were seasick and barfing in the toilet,” Brianna said.

Jordan gave her an icy look.

“I just wanted to look my best for you, Bucky dear,” she said, smiling sweetly.

“Then you should go back below for another few hours,” Brianna said.

“Don’t you have somewhere to play, dear?” Jordan asked contemptuously.

Brianna held up her middle finger and Jordan scowled at her.

“Knock it off, Bri,” Bucky called back.

Bucky held her finger up to him too, then got up and went below. Jordan moved over to the long bench and gracefully removed her wrap, carefully not looking at either of the men there, knowing they’d be admiring her firm, trim figure.

“I just love sailing,” she sighed, leaning over the side slightly.

She turned suddenly to find both of them admiring her bottom, only partially covered by the high cut bikini.

She smiled tolerantly. “I think I’d like to get some sun,” she said.

“Why don’t you climb up the mast and sit on it?”

Jordan scowled as Brianna returned, carrying a towel, sunglasses, radio, suntan oil, and a book.

The girl gave her a rude look, and then went past and up forward.

“Little bitch,” Jordan said to the others.

“Yup,” Bucky nodded.

The brunette dumped everything, then reached down and undid her pants, letting them fall to her ankles. She stepped out of them as she undid her shirt and pulled it back over her shoulders.

She was wearing a one-piece suit underneath, one in a very unfashionable colour, green, and totally out of style, Jordan noted. It was bandoleer style, with two strips cross her chest over her surprisingly large breasts and going behind her back, leading down over her bottom and then coming up between her thighs to fasten up high at her hips.

Jordan was surprised at how revealing it was. The two strips covered not much more than the centre of the girl's breasts, exposing round breast meat below and above. The strip coming down her back was little more than a thong, baring her buttocks entirely, and the little triangle of clothe over her groin did not go up very far at all.

Jordan frowned in amazement. What was the little tomboy doing wearing something like that? She was astonished she had the courage. She was also annoyed, for Darcy was licking his lips in definite appreciation as he watched the girl sit down on the deck.

She had wanted him to occupy himself with the girl, of course. That was the plan, yet still she felt jealous. She didn't like any man finding more interest in another woman than in herself.

"I'm surprised your parents allow that child to dress so provocatively," she said to Bucky.

"What?"

"Your little sister's suit. It really is quite revealing, you know."

"Yeah," Darcy grinned.

Bucky glared at Darcy, and then looked up forward at Brianna.

"I mean, she's little more than a child," Jordan said.

"A child?" Darcy grinned. "She's two years younger than you, Jordan."

"A world of difference I assure you," Jordan sniffed.

“Well, there’s nobody here to notice anything anyway,” Bucky said with a frown.

Darcy didn’t comment.

Jordan decided she had more interesting things to do than cause trouble for the brat anyway. She pressed herself close to Bucky and whispered in his ear. He grinned and turned to Darcy.

“Hey, Darce. Hold her steady for a while. Me and Jordan are uh, gonna get a snack.”

“Happy eating,” Darcy, said deadpan.

Jordan gave him a vicious look and he grinned insolently.

They went below and into the main cabin. After a half hour of heavy petting and groping her juices were flowing and her insides were scalding. Still, even though her hymen was long since gone she didn’t want to lose her cherry there in a bed, even if it was on a boat.

“B-Bucky,” she gasped, pushing his face away from her exposed nipple.

“What?” he gulped.

“I-I want to do it up top.”

“What?”

“I want to go up top and lay on the deck naked and have you take me,” she purred.

He swallowed rapidly.

“But... Brianna and Darcy...”

“Make them come below.”

“I can’t do that. How?”

“Darcy will do whatever you say. You’re a leader. He’s just a follower. As for that little brat... find something for her to do and make her do it!”

“Wait here,” he gulped.

Even through his sexual haze the thought of trying to “make” his independent minded sister do anything was daunting. But gazing down at Jordan’s body, he knew he had to try.

He ran upstairs and found Darcy away from the wheel. Well, the wheel didn’t have to be attended to as long as someone was making sure they didn’t run into another boat. He looked forward and found Darcy kneeling next to Brianna, rubbing oil on her back.

He frowned suspiciously, but at that moment his body considered other things more important than being a protective brother to a sister smarter and more mature than he was.

“Darcy!”

He waved him over and then grabbed his collar.

“Look, Jordan wants you two off the deck for a little while.”

“Fuck her,” Darcy scowled.

“That’s what I’m gonna do!”

“Oh,” Darcy laughed.

“She wants to do it on deck out front.”

“Can’t I watch?”

“No. I want you to keep Brianna below too. Make sure she doesn’t come up top.”

“Okay.”

Darcy went below and Bucky went forward to Brianna. After a brief argument she agreed, angrily, and with a bribe of letting her use his BMW whenever she wanted, he coaxed her to go below and stay there for a little while. She looked back at Jordan, who had just come up on deck.

“Slut,” she said under her breath. Then she moved to a little trap door, opened it, and climbed down the steep ladder to the main cabin below.

Bucky returned to the rear and wrapped his arms around Jordan, his hands sliding down the rear of her bikini panties and groping her soft, firm buttocks as their lips melded.

“Let’s go up front and get naked,” she purred, after a minute.

Then she halted. “Who’s that?”

A boat was coming towards them. It was small and ugly and making a lot of smoke. Bucky frowned, and then got a pair of binoculars.

“Looks like just one guy,” he said. “I don’t know him.”

He put down the binoculars and Jordan grabbed them, staring at the approaching boat. Her eyes widened as she saw the gorgeous man behind the wheel. He was a tall, muscular, handsome Latino with a bare chest and tight little bikini briefs.

“What are you doing?” she asked.

“I’m going to start the engine again and turn away.”

“Whatever for?”

She wanted to meet his gorgeous hunk of manhood.

“Because it can be dangerous out here, Jordan. There are pirates who go after boats like this, you know.”

“Pirates?” She laughed in amusement. “Oh, Bucky, please,” she chortled.

“I’m not kidding.”

She brought the binoculars to her eyes again, shaking her head in admiration. That guy was absolutely adorable. She’d much rather fuck him than Bucky.

“Maybe he needs help,” she said as the engine coughed to life.

“Maybe he doesn’t.”

“Oh don’t be so frightened,” she said. “After all, there are two of you. Why be afraid of just one man?”

“He could have a gun,” Bucky glared.

“Oh please,” she said in contempt. “Don’t be such a rabbit. He probably just needs directions.”

She reached to the key and turned it, and the engine went silent.

“Jordan! Damn it!”

“I’m just being polite,” she said.

“What’s going on?”

Brianna appeared at the top of the stairs, with Darcy behind her.

“Someone coming,” Bucky said.

The other two moved to the side of the deck, while Jordan snatched the key out of the ignition and put it down the front of her bikini bottoms, grinning at Bucky.

“Give me the fucking key,” he snapped.

“You can’t talk to me like that!” she scowled in anger.

“Give me the key or I’ll strip you!”

“You wouldn’t dare!”

He grabbed her bottom and tore it off. She squealed in embarrassment and ran below decks as the key tumbled into a corner.

Bucky scooped it up and stuck it in the ignition again, turning the key. The engine hesitated, and then burst into life. The smaller boat was almost alongside by then, however. The man behind the wheel smiled and waved.

“Hallo!” he called. “My compass ees broked. Do ju know weech direction ees land?”

“That way,” Brianna pointed.

“Turn off,” Darcy said as the bow of the smaller boat continued to aim right for their side. At the last minute the boat turned, just as the sailboat started to pick up

speed.

But two men sprang up from behind the man's seat and jumped across. Brianna screamed as the men attacked Darcy and Bucky. The small boat pulled directly alongside and the handsome man and two others jumped aboard.

Brianna tried to run below decks where the spare radio was but one of the men grabbed her by the hair and yanked her back. She screamed. Then a fist caught her in the face and flung her backwards against the rail. She slumped to the deck, dazed, while the men finished dealing with Darcy and Bucky.

Both were beaten unconscious, then thrown overboard. The sailboat picked up speed as the engine was throttled forward. The men laughed and high-fived each other, then noticed the moaning girl.

One of them went over and grabbed her by the hair, dragging her to her feet. She screamed in pain, but they only laughed. The man pinned her arms behind her back and pulled her head back as the others grinned and snickered.

One of them reached for the top of the suit, pulling the strips aside to bare her firm round young breasts. She sobbed in terror, blood trickling from her lip as the men fought each other to grope and fondle them.

Hands pinched, groped, squeezed and slapped at her round breasts. Then the bottom of her suit was grabbed and the whole thing was torn from her sleek young body. The men fought like dogs over a bone, shoving at each other as they flung the young woman to the deck.

She screamed and a fist caught her on the side of the face, stunning her again. One of the men ripped her legs apart and groped at her soft pussy mound, then jerked his cock out and pressed it against her opening.

She whimpered fearfully, and then cried out in pain as he tore her pussy lips apart and thrust into her violently. She cried out again, then again as he flung his hips downward and stabbed his cock into her tight dry slit.

The men laughed and joked in Spanish, which wasn't a language she could understand. She didn't care what they said anyway. Her mind was filled with pain, terror and humiliation as a fat, hairy man grunted above her and forced his hard cock meat deeper into her pussy tunnel.

Her insides burned with agony as his cock twisted around in her soft belly, churning up her guts. He laughed at her, drooling on her face as he thrust into her again and again. Pain flared inside the young woman as his cock drove back and forth in her tender belly.

The man lunged against her again and again, his thick prong ripping through the tight meat of her insides and punching against her cervix. The others knelt around her, giggling, watching, and groping at her flesh as they waited their turn.]

Jordan had quickly wrapped a towel around herself in the cabin. She had gone back up the stairs to snarl angrily at Bucky, but then she'd heard shouts and seen men jumping aboard the ship and fighting with Darcy and Bucky.

She staggered back downstairs, filled with fear now and looking for somewhere to hide. She ran into the smaller cabin, thinking the men would surely search the main one for things to steal. She hid under a bed as she listened to the sounds from above.

She spoke Spanish, having found it an easy course to take in high school, and deciding it would be handy to have in order to make sure the servants did their jobs properly. Now she could easily hear the words of the men who were only feet from the stairwell.

She could also hear the cries of Brianna, and knew full well what was happening. She was even more terrified, knowing that surely the men would love to rape her even more.

"Fucking Yankee whore!" she heard.

"Filthy rich slut!"

"Now you see what you're worth, rich bitch!"

"You like a man's cock in you, American bitch?"

"Stinking rich American whores!"

She cringed under the bed; sure the men would find her. Then she had a daring idea. She crept out and desperately searched through the cabin for Brianna's

clothes. She found a pair of dirty coveralls the girl used when painting and cleaning. She stripped and pulled them on. They fit, barely, too tight at the chest, too short at the leg.

She mussed up her hair and then snuck into the main cabin and used her cold cream to remove all her makeup and even nail polish, doing it under the bed there.

Then she huddled there, listening to the obscene words of the men above and the sobs of the little brunette. She couldn't help, even in her fear, from taking a kind of nasty delight in Brianna's plight. The little bitch was getting just what she deserved, Jordan thought. She probably even liked it.

Then she heard the sound of feet coming down the stairs. It moved around, and then came into the cabin. She held her hand over her lips to keep from screaming. Then suddenly there was a face looking under the bed. She screamed into her hand, and he motioned her out.

It was the handsome man.

She came out from under the bed, trembling and shaking.

"Please, sir," she said in Spanish. "Please don't hurt me. I'm just a poor servant girl."

"A servant, huh?" he sniffed.

"Yes, sir. I'm just a servant girl. I just make the food and clean up, that's all," she whined.

Her mother was Italian so she had a kind of Mediterranean look to her. She hoped she could pass for a Latino.

"Is that all you do for them?" he leered, pulling her head back by the hair.

"Yes, sir! Please sir. I-I'm just a servant."

"So why should we let you live and tell everyone what we do here?"

"I-I won't tell, sir! I swear! I hate them, sir! They...they beat me! A-And they don't pay me what they say, and when I complain they say they will send me back to Mexico!"

That, in fact, had been exactly what had happened to one of her servants who had complained about not being paid. But Jordan didn't intend to point that out.

"Filthy American pigs," he growled

"Yes! Yes! I hate them too!"

"Come with me then," he said, pulling her out of the room. He still held her hair, but didn't force her head back. He transferred his grip to her upper arm, leading her up the stairs to the deck.

Brianna was laying spreadeagled on the deck, a tall, thin man pulling her hair as he crushed his lips against hers and thrust into her. She was whimpering and moaning, but no longer resisting.

Jordan stared at her in fear, yet also felt a kind of cruel satisfaction. If she weren't terrified of the same thing happening to her she would have actually enjoyed the spectacle.

The thin man got off and another man gripped her legs and shoved them back against her slender young chest. Jordan could see her exposed crotch, traces of blood around it. She wondered if the whore had been a virgin.

"See what we do to the stinking American bitch?" the man grinned.

"Yes! Yes! Good! I'm glad!" she gasped, trying to smile at him.

"What is your name?" he demanded.

"I am Consualla," she said.

"My name is Jose. We will let you live since you are one of us."

"Oh thank you!" she gasped.

"When we are done with this whore, though, we will kill her. What do you think of that?"

"I don't care!" she said. "I don't care what you do to her! She is... she is a little slut bitch anyway!"

Jose smiled and turned her to watch as the man atop Brianna pounded his hips down against her upturned buttocks. Her knees were grinding into her chest as the man let all his weight come down behind his cock. He was skewering the gasping, moaning dazed young girl as his hips crushed her buttocks.

He fucked for long minutes, and then moved aside. Another man moved into position. He rolled her onto her belly, then gripped her hair and put an arm under her waist, jerking her up onto her hands and knees.

Brianna sobbed in pain as her head was pulled back, only to receive several hard slaps on the head. The man thrust into her cruelly, and soon she was shaking and jerking violently under the hard impact of his pounding hips.

Her breasts were wobbling back and forth below her, when the men around her weren't groping or slapping or pinching them. A man sat down on the bench and bent far forward, gripping her hair, then dragging her towards him.

The other man followed, resuming his hard fucking as the man on the bench pulled the teenager's lips down against his hard erection. She moaned and tried to turn her head away but he reached under and crushed her soft breast in his hand until she screamed.

"You suck, whore! Suck my cock, Yankee slut!"

He pulled her hair hard and shoved his cock into her mouth when she screamed, then fucked hard and fast as the other man pounded his meat into her from behind.

"We will let you go when we get ashore," Jose assured Jordan.

"Oh thank you sir," she whined.

She watched in horrified fascination as the men pulled the girl's slim wrists up behind her back, and then bound them tightly together with coarse rope. Then the man in front of her pulled her head back hard by the hair, leaned forward, and thrust his cock into her throat.

Jordan could actually see Brianna's slim throat bulge out as the man's cock entered it and slid down her gullet. It silenced the girl's whining and moaning, for which Jordan was thankful. The man pushed his cock right down her throat until her face was crushed up against his groin.

She was writhing and thrashing, but the men laughed and held her easily, the man behind her still rutting like a maddened dog, pounding his thick prick down her pussy like he hadn't had a woman in years.

"I once worked in a rich man's house," Jose said to Jordan. "He had a bitch daughter who made my life miserable. She treated the servants like scum."

"This one is just like that," Jordan gulped.

"We will make her sorry," Jose smiled grimly.

The man in front of her was fucking his cock in and out of Brianna's small mouth. Her eyes were bulging and she was still straining to escape, but as Jordan watched her flushed face turned white and her eyes started to glaze.

But the man pulled his cock out then. It emerged, glistening wet and dripping saliva, and the girl coughed and gulped in air, gasping and moaning as the man behind her continued to rut into her pussy hole. The men laughed as the man sitting on the bench held her tightly by the hair and rubbed his spit-wet cock all over her face.

Then he made her scream by pulling hard on her hair, and forced his cock into her open mouth again. His cock plunged down her throat and he began to fuck in and out.

It was an incredibly erotic scene to Jordan, despite her fear. She even found herself getting a little hot at the sight. She was reasonably sure she had now fooled this ignorant wetback, and that she would be safe. All she had to do was continue to act like a stupid servant.

What was being done to Brianna was disgusting, yet she couldn't take her eyes off it. It was like passing a gory wreck on the highway. She was fascinated.

And it wasn't as though Jordan had ever had any empathy for anyone.

The man rutting into Brianna halted, his cock buried deep in her young belly. He groaned and his eyes fluttered as he hugged her to him. He ground his pelvis against her buttocks slowly, then halted, and slowly eased back.

The man fucking her face pulled out too, just before she would have passed out. He got up, dragging the girl over the side of the bench and moving behind her. He

spread her legs as she trembled and coughed and moaned.

Then he positioned his soaking cock against the entrance to her rectum. Jordan caught her breath in horror and a kind of sick glee as she saw him press forward and saw his cock slowly forcing the hole wider, then pushing inside.

Brianna cried out in pain, then in horror, her upper body wriggling as she sobbed in misery and tried to pull free. The men laughed in delight.

“You’re gonna get a good one now, bitch!”

“Gonna get reamed out, Yankee whore!”

“Whatsamatter, rich bitch? Ain’t you never took one up the ass before?”

“Look at the tight-assed bitch whine!”

“Rip her asshole open, Manuel!”

Manuel laughed and lunged forward repeatedly, soon burying his thick meat in the shaking, sobbing teenager’s rectum. He ground his hips against her, then started fucking hard and fast, pounding his cock up her rectum while his buddies cheered.

Brianna was gripped by horror and shock, her heart pounding and her head threatening to burst. She could not believe what was being done to her and had no way of dealing with it. As she felt the hard male organ thrusting into her guts with cruel force, and the laughter and cruel voices of the men poured down upon her, she could only cling to some fragment of sanity and pray it would soon be over.

The man buried his prick inside the young girl and ground his crotch against her. His hands slid under her and squeezed her breasts harshly, digging his fingers into the soft meat. Then he resumed his hard pumping, grunting with pleasure as her hot, tight anus squeezed around his sensitive glans.

He groaned, as the pleasure grew greater, thrusting harder, bouncing himself off her round rump as his cock boiled over and his scum spewed down into her rectum. He cursed in glee as his juices flowed, ramming himself into her with even more powerful strokes.

Then he sighed and eased up. He gave her bottom a slap, made an obscene remark, and then pulled his softening prick out of her gaping hole.

Another man moved in behind her, thrusting into her pussy, fucking hard for a few minutes, and then driving his hard cock up her anus. He reamed it out until he came, then pulled away.

Every man had now had the miserable young girl twice, except Jose. He moved in with a smug grin, reaching down and gripping the girl's tangled brown hair to drag her up and back. She whimpered as he turned her around on her knees and held her by the hair.

He pulled his cock out and slapped it against her face, then pushed it into her mouth. She sucked dazedly as he ran his hands through her hair.

"Maybe we not kill this one, heh," he said to the others. "I sell her down south maybe."

He began stroking into her face, fucking his cock through her soft lips with growing speed. Then he forced her head back and jammed his cock right down her throat, laughing as she twisted and wriggled like a fish on a hook. His cock slid down to the balls and he began stroking.

"Dees ees all juo're good for, jankee whore," he sneered in English. "Maybe I take you to Mehico and sell you to peemp, eh! He put ju on floor and have line-up of men to come fuck ju! A hunred men a day, mebbe two hunred an' steek deir cocks een ju, leetle beetch!"

He pulled his cock free and she choked and coughed violently as he slapped it against her face. He gave her barely enough time to gulp in air before he stabbed his boner back down her throat.

Jordan stood off to the side, nervously flicking her glance at the other men. They were eyeing her with less than friendly looks, and she wondered if they were looking for more meat to play with. Surely they'd gotten their rocks off enough on Brianna. She thought.

Jose looked at the men around him then and shouted for one to check the course and reset it, and for two more to go below and see what kind of loot there might be. The fourth man went below to join the others; afraid they would pocket

the best stuff. The last man did the same after hurriedly swinging the wheel around to the south.

Jose pulled out and fisted his cock, pumping it rapidly as he held the hapless teen by the hair. His juice spurted out, thick stringy wads of white the coated her forehead, nose, cheeks and lips. He laughed down at her, and then rubbed his cockhead over her skin, smearing his juices into her pores.

He let go of her and she swayed weakly, her eyes glazed, and then fell backwards, lying there moaning and staring at the sky. Jose turned to Jordan with a nasty smile.

“Go ahead, Consualla,” he said. “Take her.”

“Wh...What?” Jordan gulped.

“We have taken our pleasure off her. Now you can do so.”

“I...uh.... I don’t understand.”

He frowned suspiciously.

“What do you mean you don’t understand? Make her eat you!”

Jordan gasped in shock.

“No Mexican girl would ever turn down the chance to have her rich bitch boss give her pleasure on her knees,” he said with a suspicious glare.

“But uh, I-I uh, don’t want to do anything in front of everyone.”

“Do you want us to let you go?”

She nodded her head rapidly.

“We will, because you are one of us, and because you too will do enough to put yourself in jail should the Americans catch you. Now take that off and have this one pleasure you. Or you will wind up as she.”

Jordan looked at Brianna in distaste. The girl was a mess. Her face bruised and bloodied, her body covered in sweat and sperm. She almost said that the girl was

too dirty, but then realized that she was supposed to be a Latino, and she didn't think Latin's ever cared about dirt.

They were all animals, after all.

She had experimented in lesbianism a few times when she had gone to boarding school, and had liked it as a recreational activity. Now she knew what she had to do if she was going to save herself.

She slowly unzipped the coverall, praying that Jose, having already raped Brianna's mouth, wouldn't want to touch her. She blushed as he gazed on her nude body.

"No underwear?" he leered.

"I cannot afford any," she gulped.

She stepped out of the coverall, hoping to get things done before the other men came back. She approached Brianna, hardening her heart by telling herself the girl was just a big nothing anyway, and remembering how snotty she'd been before.

She reached down and gripped Brianna's arm, pulling on it. The girl hardly noticed her, and Jordan was not strong enough to pull her up. Jose was looking on impatiently, and, as she started to get desperate, she transferred her grip to her hair and yanked on it.

Brianna sobbed anew, gasping and moaning as she forced herself to her knees. Brianna started to feel the heat between her legs again, more from Jose watching than because of Brianna.

She wondered if she might arrange to fuck him alone in the cabin. He was incredibly sexy, after all. She wouldn't mind some hot sex with him.

She pulled Brianna's face into her sex, worried now about the girl talking. If she started calling her name, started asking her why she was doing this, Jose would catch on. He spoke English, after all.

"Suck me, bitch," she said in Spanish.

She ground her pussy into Brianna's face, and felt a tingling burst of heat in her heart. She had always loved to be in charge, and never before had she been in

charge in quite so masterful a way.

She rubbed Brianna's pretty face into her groin, spreading her legs as Brianna moaned and mumbled. Jordan felt her heart quicken. What was the girl trying to say? If she said anything it could mean the end for Jordan.

"Suck me, whore," she hissed in English. "Lick my pussy, you fucking rich bitch!"

She forced the girl's face up into her crack and rubbed herself against it. Brianna had never done anything with women, however, and didn't know what to do. She was bewildered by Brianna doing this, acting like this, and could not understand what she wanted.

"Suck me! Lick my cunt! Lick my cunt, you whore!"

Brianna cried out as her hair was pulled repeatedly. Jordan kept demanding she lick her, so she did, pushing her tongue out and sliding it along her slit.

"Sit down," Jose said. "I will give her more enthusiasm."

Jordan backed up, pulling Brianna with her, then sat on the edge of the bench and slumped down, spreading her legs wide as she held the girl's face against her. Her nipples were rock hard now and she wanted to force the girl to pleasure her, wanted to hurt her.

When Jose removed his belt and doubled it up in his fist, Jordan almost came. She stared at it, then down at the girl kneeling helplessly in front of her. Brianna was licking awkwardly at her slit as Jordan tightened her grip on her hair.

Jose brought the belt slashing down across her buttocks, and Brianna screamed into her groin. Brianna mashed her face down at the same time, muffling much of the scream in her pussy.

"Suck me, Yankee whore," she gasped, her insides starting to steam with heat.

Again the belt lashed down across Brianna's soft white flesh, then again and again.

"Lick her, you bitch!" Jose shouted.

Tears poured down Brianna's anguished face as she licked desperately at Jordan's pussy. Jordan moaned and reached down with her fingers, spreading her pussy lips open as the girl pushed her tongue inside.

"Yees! Oh yesss! Lick me! Lick meeee!" she moaned.

Her knees bounced in mid-air as she humped up into Brianna's face. Her insides were starting to boil over, and she stared past Brianna at Jose, who was standing behind her watching in satisfaction.

"Again," she gasped. "Beat her! Whip her ass!"

Jose grinned and swung the belt down hard, cracking it across Brianna's buttocks. Brianna screamed and sobbed into Jordan's pussy as the belt descended again and again on her aching, burning bottom. It was too much for Jordan, and she came powerfully, arching her back and flinging her legs around Brianna's head, jerking her in against her groin as her pussy blew like an overheated furnace.

She humped wildly as Jose beat his belt down and the fire roared in her skull. Her insides twisted and roiled as her sexual juices boiled over. She felt wicked and wanton and wild, and basked in the feeling of power she held over Brianna.

The come slowed and she moaned and relaxed her death-hold on the girl's hair. She released her legs, and Jose halted his cruel beating. Jordan saw that two of the men had come up the stairs and were watching with interest. She closed her legs in embarrassment, then grabbed her coverall and jumped into it.

Brianna was sobbing miserably as she zipped it up to the top and glared at the men.

"You...you...you fuc...fucking biiitch," she sobbed.

Jordan stared at her in fear.

"You ca..."

She lashed out in desperation, her foot slamming up into the girl's belly as she bent over. Brianna gasped in pain, the air knocked out of her. She was thrown back, and landed on her back on the deck, legs splayed, gasping and choking.

"This trash has not yet learned her place," Jose said.

He leaned over her with the belt, then fed the end of the belt through the buckle and closed the loop, slipping it over the trembling girl's neck and tightening it. He lifted his arm and the loop tightened still further.

Brianna choked and gasped, rising on her shaky legs as Jose pulled upward on the belt. He lifted higher still, and Brianna's face began to turn red as the loop tightened around her throat.

He lifted his arm, higher, and Brianna rose to her toes. Then he used both hands, lifting the struggling girl right off her feet. Brianna hung there by the neck, twitching and jerking, her feet kicking as her face turned dark red and her eyes began to glaze over.

She went still, losing consciousness. Jose dropped her to the deck and loosened the loop, then bent and slapped at her face to make sure she was still breathing. He stood up with a smile.

"No point in wasting good flesh," he she said. "And someone will pay good money for an American whore in Mexico."

Jordan had felt shocked at the sight of Brianna being hung, but now she felt a twinge of disappointment. She would have been safe if the girl had died. Now there was still a chance she would start talking and reveal who Jordan was.

The men left her on the deck. Most went below deck to play cards. Jordan also was forced down below to make some dinner. She did it as quickly as she could, terrified that Brianna would wake up while she was gone and tell Jose about her.

The food wasn't very good, for despite a few home economics classes she'd been forced to take in boarding school, Jordan had virtually no experience at cooking, nor much interest. Fortunately, the men didn't have much of a discriminating taste.

They grabassed her while she worked, but she managed to push them off.

"Go and fuck the Yankee whore up above if you're horny," she said often.

A few did just that, returning within minutes, zipping up their pants.

As soon as she could she hurried up above. Brianna was laying on her back on the bench, more for the comfort of the men than hers. Her legs were spread, and she looked up without apparently seeing anything.

Jose was at the wheel. He swept her against him and kissed her, and she returned it willingly.

“We’ll get good money for this boat... and the whore,” he said. “Maybe you can come to Juarez with me and we’ll have a little fun.”

“Sure,” she said.

A couple of the men staggered up the stairs. They’d been consuming a lot of the liquor on board, and were ready for some more fun. They went straight for Brianna and dragged her off the bench, laughing and joking.

Brianna moaned in misery, her eyes lighting on Jordan and catching the nasty little smile on her face.

“Wh...wh...Why don’t you take her?” she sobbed. “Take her! Fuck her! My brother was...”

Jordan’s fist struck her face with real anger behind it. The little bitch was going to ruin everything! What was the matter with her?! So what if they wanted to fuck her! She’d already been fucked twenty times! The filthy whore!

The blow rocked her head back, and she would certainly have fallen if the men hadn’t been holding her up. Her head shook weakly and she moaned.

Jordan held her aching fist, gasping in pain.

“There is a much better way to teach a whore manners,” Jose said, pulling his heavy belt from its loops again.

He motioned to the men and they dragged the girl back to the bench, then lifted her legs and spread them wide, wide apart. One pulled her hair, forcing her head back over the top of the bench and arching her back.

Jose handed the belt to Jordan, who took it with surprise.

“Show her some manners,” he grinned.

Jordan looked at the girl. She couldn’t even see her face because her head was bent back so far. But her groin was so... open and vulnerable, and her body strained.

She felt the same odd hunger she had when Brianna had been eating her out and Jose had whipped her ass. She stared at the girl's pussy, the lips swollen with abuse, and felt a dark, desperate heat inside her own belly.

She stepped forward, almost trembling with lust, and swung the belt down directly against her sex.

Brianna screamed and thrashed madly as a blast of agony ripped into her groin.

Jordan felt a blast of heat, but it wasn't pain, it was pure, white-hot pleasure.

She slashed the belt down again, and again, and again, whipping the thrashing, howling girl's puffy sex and inner thighs as the men held her tightly. The other men came up from below and watched, their cocks bulging as Jordan whipped the sobbing, screaming girl's pussy mound.

She shifted her aim upwards after a few dozen blows, squeezing her thighs together now because of the intensity of the heat boiling over inside her. She cracked the belt across her straining belly, then across her right breast.

Brianna screamed her voice raw as the belt cut across her breasts again and again. Finally, Jose grabbed her wrist.

"We don't want to ruin the merchandise," he said.

"Take her below."

The men pulled the sobbing, shaking girl off the bench and dragged her below, already arguing over who would fuck her first.

Jose grabbed Jordan and pulled her against him. She threw her arms around him, mashing her lips down as his hands squeezed her buttocks roughly. He unzipped her coverall and squeezed her breasts as her hands went for his pants.

Jordan pulled him back onto the bench, spreading her legs wide and gripping his cock, guiding it into her virginal opening as her insides boiled as though scalded.

"Fuck me!" she gasped. "Fuck me! Fuck me hard! Oh God! OOoh!"

He thrust into her. She had no actual cherry, having torn it free with a dildo long ago, so there was no pain as his cock thrust deep into her belly.

Instead there was massive pleasure, and Jordan sobbed from the intensity of it as she exploded into a powerful orgasm.

Jose humped into her, his cock pounding down her hole as she threw her long legs around him and convulsed with sexual abandon.

Below deck the battered teen lay across a narrow table, her head and shoulders falling over one edge, her legs spread wide. One man was fucking into her pussy while another held her head down and raped her throat.

Jordan could hear the sounds of grunting and hot, lewd sex coming up the stairwell, and clung to Jose as another orgasm started to swamp her mind and body.

She was one of the first to rise the next morning, gently disentangling herself from Jose's arm and pulling on the coverall. She went out into the main cabin, where a couple of the men were sleeping drunkenly and went upstairs.

One of the men was awake. He grabbed at her bottom and got a bit before she slapped his hand away with a rude gesture. He snickered, not terribly bothered anyway.

She went past him and made her way down to the middle of the sailboat. Brianna was there, against the main mast. Her arm had been pulled up and back behind the mast, and bound tightly. Loops of rope circled her head, right over her mouth, her throat and belly, and snaked around each thigh, forcing them back hard. Her ankles had also been pulled back and tied tightly.

She was firmly glued to the mast, unable to move anything whatever. Her groin was open and vulnerable, and Jordan felt a small whiff of sexual excitement at the view. The girl was almost delirious now from the pain and shock, and from lack of food or water.

The front of her body was covered in angry red welts from the beating Jordan had given her. Jordan traced her finger along one, shivering a little.

She didn't give any sign of recognition as Jordan stopped in front of her.

She looked her up and down, feeling guilt, a little bit of regret, but also a kind of smug satisfaction.

“Well, dear,” she smirked. “We see how blood does tell, don’t we. Some of us just always come out on top, and others... well... Send me a postcard from whatever whore house you get stuck in.”

She went back to the cabin, passed the man there, then went below and snuggled into Jose’s arms. He woke and fucked her hard and fast, then went out front. She lay on the bed, feeling comfortable and relaxed, thinking of how long it would take for them to get to shore so she could dump these people.

When she came out she saw Jose on the radio. He was talking angrily. He ended the conversation and went upstairs.

“Make breakfast, bitch,” one of the men said.

“Fuck you,” she replied.

She did it, though, because she figured any Mexican whore would have. Everyone knew these people were incredible chauvinists.

Afterwards she went up top. Jose had pulled Brianna off the mast in case some other boat passed them. They brought her below and dropped her on one of the beds. A few of the men raped her, then went back to playing cards.

A couple of hours later they pulled into a small fishing port. It was an ugly little place as far as Jordan could tell. She wrinkled her nose at the smell and shook her head in disgust at the grotty looking people on the pathetic dock.

The place probably didn’t even have a phone.

“Ju go ashore here,” Jose said.

“Oh thank you, Jose,” she smiled. “I promise not to tell anyone.”

“I’m sure you won’t,” he smiled.

He led her ashore, taking her arm, and they went to a ratty looking, windowless building off to one side of the dock. Jose knocked on the door and a very fat, greasy looking man answered. He looked at Jose, then at Jordan.

“Si?”

“I got a girl I wanna sell.”

Jordan thought at first he meant Brianna.

“Dis? Looks quality.”

“She is. She’s tight inside too.”

Brianna stared at him in shock.

“What?” she demanded. “You’re trying to sell me?!”

“Shut up, bitch.”

“You can’t sell me!”

He jerked her head back by the hair, then slammed his fist into her belly. She folded and dropped to her knees, gasping and choking.

“Stupid girl. Did you really think I didn’t know you were an American? Your Spanish is pathetic!”

“But - .”

“I saw no reason to share you with those pigs. I like to have some pussy to myself.”

“M-my... my father is r-rich! He - .”

“Your father is a fool! I sent my man to collect the ransom and he was arrested. The other whore’s father was more sensible. He paid, and she will be going home.”

“But... but... but you can’t...”

“I don’t intend to waste any more time on your father. And this way at least I make a little profit.”

He looked up at the fat man.

“Fifty, fifty?”

“Sure,” he said, scratching his balls.

“But first, she needs a little lesson,” Jose said.

The fat man grinned.

They dragged her inside and pushed her against a nearby post and the struggling girl’s wrists were lifted up as her clothes were torn off her lush body. She babbled and begged in disbelief as her wrists were bound high on the post, her eyes bulging as she saw Jose step behind her carrying, not a belt, but a long whip. She stared in disbelief, then screamed as he swung the belt forward.

The pain as it cut across her back stunned her, throwing her violently against the post and knocking her legs out from under her. She stared at the rough, cracked wood before her eyes, her nervous system overloaded with the fiery pain tearing at her back, then, only as the whip sliced into her back for a second time did she scream.

The two men laughed.

The whip slashed across her back again and again as the lovely young girl twisted and thrashed and screamed, her back growing red with the ugly welts criss crossing its soft pale skin.

Jordan half hung by her wrists, sobbing, tears streaming down her face as her back burned white hot. She gasped as her hair was pulled, yanking her head back, and Jose’s unshaven face leered at her. “You enjoy your stay, rich bitch.”

He turned the whip in his hand, then rammed the fat, knobby handle up into Jordan’s anus.

She screamed again, her feet scrabbling at the dirty floor as she tried to lift herself away. Her body slid up the post, but Jose merely laughed, thrusting the handle higher, feeling her soft flesh give way as he forced inch after inch up into her rectum. Then, the handle all but swallowed, the long whip trailing on the floor, he laughed, slapped her bottom, and turned away.

“I’ll be back in a few months. Work the bitch hard. She’s spoiled and sneaky.”

“I always work them hard,” the man leered, his broken teeth glinting.

He untied her wrists, then threw her on the floor, rolling her over and dropping atop her. Jordan was almost crushed under the fat, sweating, hairy man as his cock thrust into her pussy and started pounding. Her head reeled in shock and she stared up at his leering face in disbelief.

When he unlocked his door at noon she lay on a mattress in one of the small rooms, naked, her wrists handcuffed behind her back and a rope tying her throat to the bedpost.

A number of men rushed in, many asking about the new girl.

Soon the line formed in front of the door to the small room while the sound of a creaking bed and a moaning, whimpering female crept through the wood.

Jose was a man of his word. They took the sailboat out to sea, sailed it south for a few days, then abandoned it and called the coast guard. They found it within hours and retrieved Brianna's semi-conscious body.

She was flown to California and spent a few days in hospital recovering. There she was visited by Darcy and her brother Bucky, both of whom had been brought back to consciousness by the cold seawater, and had climbed into the boat the pirates had abandoned, then made their way home.

The Mexican police searched for Jordan for some time before giving up. Her father hired some people to take up the search, and found her after only a few months. In their private report to her father they estimated she had been raped and sodomized a hundred times a day during her four months of captivity as a prostitute - or about twelve thousand times in all.

She had a number of sexual diseases, as well as lice, and was pregnant. She wasn't able to talk. At first the doctors said it was because her throat was severely bruised on the insides, from multiple rapings. Later they said she was in shock.

She was catatonic for several months in the private hospital. During that time several of the orderlies acquired a duplicate key to her room and snuck in at odd hours to fuck or sodomize her.

When she came back to life one of them was fucking her hard and fast, and her staring, blinking eyes so shocked and terrified him that he not only lost his erection, but lost control of his bladder as well, urinating inside her.

She recovered fully... eventually, but one thing that she never regained was the arrogance and smug superiority she used to carry around with her like a cloak.

That was just as well, because Brianna heard from the police, whose estimate of her activities while she was in captivity were the same as Jordan's father, and quickly spread the word that she'd taken four thousand cocks from Mexican fishermen up her ass, pussy and throat.

Spreading the word was the least she could do, she said, sure that everyone would be patient and sympathetic afterwards. She smiled nastily when she said it, though.

The End.