

Pirate's *Plunder*

(Futa on Male)



by

Jordan Bailey

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This ebook is for 18+ adults ONLY. It contains explicit, graphic details of sexual acts and language that may be considered offensive by some readers.

All characters engaged in sexual activity are consenting, non-related adults over the age of 18.

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Cheers,

Jordan :3

There was blood dripping from her brow.

She noticed only vaguely but didn't care. The cut wasn't serious, but the single, warm, rolling droplet that was trickling down her cheek, where the blood was making its descent, was rather annoying. The raven-haired amazon was far more concerned with her ship, The Rampart, and the fact that it was most likely being scrapped for parts at this very moment, moreso than that the stupid trickle.

It was a thought that made the pirate captain's veins throb with a renewed and tenebrous rage.

When they had been overtaken by four Royal Navy destroyers, she knew The Rampart wasn't going to be as fortunate as her crew. So, she had gone along with an emergency plan, putting up just enough of a fight so that no one was suspicious...

There had been no trial, no sentencing, no deals; her crew were sent off in one direction, while she was sent straight to the nearest prison. It wasn't a long journey; a few hours if she had to guess, and after they arrived was quickly tossed her into the desolate bowels of the place. She had heard tales of this particular dungeon, a stone monstrosity on an island, filled with guards, fashioned with more bars than a zoo, and surrounded by miles of water in every direction.

Thus, even if an inmate were to somehow escape, there was nowhere to go.

However, Aria “Venom” Drake had never seen a prison that could hold her.

Though currently, instead of formulating an escape, she was lying on her side in the bottom bunk of the jail cell, wishing desperately that she could wipe the blood from her usually perfectly manicured brow. The neatly trimmed, waxed, thin black strips would normally shape her elegant face quite nicely, but her beautiful look was now tarnished with blood.

The cell was small, three walls of solid stone and one of thick bars. There were no windows and no drains. The only way out was through the heavy, reinforced door. To make matters worse, her hands were fastened securely behind her back; a wise move on the guard's part. They all knew who she was. ‘The Venomous Drake’ the sailors called her, a poisonous harlot that could seduce anyone, man or woman, with a mere taste of her lips.

Captain Aria Drake was young for a captain, but her men respected her, and under her command there was always a steady flow of wealth. She was a tall, broad-shouldered woman, with dark eyes and darker hair, cut close to her scalp on either side but long on top. Where she would normally have it up in a tight braid, the guards had searched it for knives or lockpicks, so it was now in messy, oily waves down to the middle of her back. Despite her height she was a sinfully-indulged sculpt of curves, with cut abs, tapered waist and wide hips. She wore tight leather pants that left little to the imagination, showing off the swell of her ass and plump, distended bulge at her crotch. Her matching, high-collared vest gave some dignity to the tattered black t-shirt she wore underneath, cut in strategic areas to show off glimpses of cleavage. To top it all off, her voluptuous

but muscled body was a canvas of tattoos from across the globe.

The busty pirate was so wrapped up in the tickling trail of blood, Aria almost didn't hear the footsteps coming towards the cell. But even after realizing, she didn't bother to look up. It was probably just another guard coming to steal a glance at the exotic, amazonian woman.

It seemed to be a favorite pastime for the men, and who could blame them? Aria was indeed beautiful, even with the large scar on her cheek and unkempt appearance. Most of all, brave-enough folk were always curious to see a woman like her with their own two eyes. Tales and legends persisted of a third gender, but few men ever lived to tell about them.

But these footsteps, she realized, sounded softer, almost hesitant, and the faint noise was enough to rouse Aria's own curiosity. She had taught herself to be able to recognize the various footfalls of others; of her men, a thief, an assassin coming to her room late at night, the heavy stomps of Royal Navy soldiers...

But these were different. They were definitely not the harsh clomps of a typical guard.

In fact, the footsteps almost sounded feminine.

Suddenly they stopped, and Aria could feel the presence of another just outside her cell. She shifted in her bunk, squinting into the dark hallway until her eyes adjusted. And there, to her surprise, she saw a young blonde boy peering back at her. He was a scrawny little thing, wearing a clean cleric's garb that hugged, quite strangely, to his flat chest and wide hips. He looked like a farm boy, with his bright blue eyes and red, bespeckled cheeks: the picture of innocence. He had to be new to the prison; seemingly a part of the inhouse parish, and he couldn't have been older than eighteen or nineteen. Perhaps most astonishingly, he was gazing back at Aria with a curious look, as if he had never seen a woman before.

The young priest stood there for just a moment, beyond the bars, then with a skittish, girly voice asked, "Can I get you anything, miss?"

The boy was English, and spoke with a hint of refinement. To Aria, this meant he may have come from a rich family or high society, compounded by his fair, blemish-free skin and clean appearance. His pitch was nervous and shaky, like a lost child asking for help from a dark stranger.

"I..." He choked out, "I brought your dinner. If you want it, that is."

Aria was struck by how utterly innocent and pretty the boy looked; petite and dainty and extremely feminine. He had a slender, tapered waist, profoundly wide hips and thick, voluptuous thighs. To Aria Drake, it was a very welcome change from the gruff, bearded guards and stern-looking soldiers. In fact, as she sat up in her bunk to get a better look, she was certain the young man wasn't the type to berate or beat her, not in his scholarly robe or the cross around his neck. No, he was here for some other reason. His collar and rosary confirmed it: the boy must be a part of the clergy, having taken a vow of celibacy after just blossoming into

adulthood. All that said, Aria bit her lip in realization, the pretty little thing looked barely old enough to be away from his mother.

Still not answering, the pirate queen watched the boy intently for a moment. Aria knew that she could easily overpower him, but where could she go from there? She was the only prisoner on this floor, and she knew that there were a dozen guards keeping watch over every door leading to and from her cell. Even if she could break free of her bonds and incapacitate some or all of the guards, there was no way off the island. She was trapped...

But...

So was this young priest.

Aria's eyes slid down over the boy's body, admiring how succulently soft his skin was, the plump swell of his bubble butt, and across the puffy, almost breast-like protrusions on his otherwise flat chest. So juicy. So fair. So virginal...

All the things that a pirate might want.

Aria was no different, and she bit her lip as she wondered what the boy's flesh may look like beneath his black and white, wrinkle-free robe.

And how easily that skin would bruise...

But perhaps the most enticing, Aria noticed as her eyes trailed down the young priest's body, was the small key hanging from his hip. She licked her lips, her body already responding to the thoughts filling her mind. What was more thrilling the pirate may not have been able to tell at that moment, but she certainly felt her brown leather pants tighten and her nipples tingle.

Aria shifted on the bed, dragging her legs over and planting her boots on the floor. A few awkward movements later and she had managed to get into a standing position. When finally ready to spring her trap, she looked up at the boy and gave him her best seductive, innocent gaze.

"Why yes! I'm starving. I haven't eaten in days. Maybe you could wipe the blood off my forehead too?" She said with a pout.

The boy half-nodded and inched forward. As he did, Aria could see the small tray of mostly bread in his hands.

She tugged haplessly at her handcuffs, closing her eyes in a pained expression and letting out a frustrated whimper. "Ow! And these bloody cuffs. The guards put them on too tight. They hurt so much!"

Another step forward. The priest-boy froze, stunned at the woman's height and figure.

Aria continued her ruse, "And to make matters worse, those brutes tied my hands behind my back. How will I eat?"

He hesitated, then gave a faint, friendly smile, "Well I don't expect you to stick your face in the bowl like a dog."

The boy glanced around, searching for confirmation from a superior that had already long departed, before his eyes returned to the prisoner. "I suppose I can refasten your chains to your front. Don't know how else you are supposed to eat..."

He slowly fidgeted at the iron door, slid the key inside, and turned it. A heavy 'CLUNK' echoed down the hall as the lock was undone.

Aria waited patiently, sizing the boy up as he tip-toed in on dainty soles.

The little priest sat the tray down beside the voluptuous woman and she could see the boy's discomfort. No doubt he had ever seen a specimen such as she, nor

been so close. As he leaned down she watched his eyes trail over her curves, trying futilely to be discrete. When he returned to a stand in front of her she pivoted to one side, angling her cuffs towards the boy.

There was a bit of hesitation, but after a moment's pause, he reached down and unlocked the shackles, letting them drop to the thin mattress. "Here you are, miss. I'll find a damp cloth for your head."

Aria watched in silence and her eyes grew wide with excitement. She could already feel her pants constricting within her skin-tight trousers. When she felt the cuffs fall from her arms, her heart leapt along with her cock. She took a moment to look down at her wrists, rubbing them to regain the feeling.

"Thank you, young man..." She murmured, lowering her head to hide her growing smirk. "You know? I think I know the perfect way to repay you."

"Oh," he began, blushing. There's no need to—

Quick as a flash, Aria leapt at the boy, slamming him against the wall!

With one hand pushing his head against the cold stone she effortlessly snatched the key away from him, gripping the boy's wrists in the other hand and locking the cuffs into place, binding the little priest's arms in front of him.

"Stupid little slut." Aria growled, her eyes dark with anger and lust.

She ran a hand up the boy's plump thigh, roughly groping as she made her way higher. Aria pressed herself against his lower half, grinding her womanhood into his shelf-like buttocks with a sudden, brutish fervor. Even with the layers of fabric between them, she could feel his plush, pillowy cheeks wrap and envelop her hardening muscle. The sensation alone made her grunt and hiss between her teeth.

With his cheek against the wall the boy was bent over at a near ninety degrees, his ass thrust out behind him. Leaning over him, Aria crashed their lips together in a hard, bruising kiss, letting out a soft groan. She ground her hips down against the priest's fleshy, bubble butt, letting him feel the monster of an erection that was trying to force its way out of Aria's tight leather pants.

"Mmm, God damn you taste good," She hissed, pulling away to look down at the terrified young priest.

"I haven't stuck my cock in a pretty hole in weeks. Makes a woman like me edgy. Fucks with her mind, ya know? But you wouldn't know anything about that, would you, boy? With looks like that? No... You're too sweet and innocent..."

She licked her plump, full, but chapped lips, reaching down to untuck and lift the boy's shirt. He shrieked, belting out a feminine squeal that he hoped would rouse the guards. But his cry turned into a shuddering mewling when the pirate woman slid a hand up to pinch his budding nipples, handling them roughly in soft yet calloused hands.

"Heh! So fuckin' pretty. I knew you'd squeal like a girl." Aria shoved his face harder into the wall as she reached down to rub his ass, giving it a hard smack through his pants. "Tell me, little priest... why would you hide this sexy little body under all these robes?"

"I-I have to!" The boy muttered.

"Oh? Is that so? Don't want you tempting all those fat, old men?" Aria seethed, kneading the boy's tender nipples and devouring their stiffening response.

"Why... I'll bet this hole has never been fucked." She forced a hand down the back of the boy's pants, grabbing a handful of the boy's fat orb. "Are you a virgin, little slut? Am I going to be the first to take your innocence?"

The boy tensed visibly, flinching as he tried to pull away from the pirate's touch. He seemed dazed, not quite able to accept what was happening to him. He opened his mouth with a tremble to his lips, squirming against the wall in an attempt to move away from the larger body.

"I'm...I'm a boy?" It almost sounded like a question.

Aria chuckled against the boy's ear. "Are you? Coulda fooled me. All I know is you're a pretty little thing with a fat, girly ass... but that wasn't the question."

She pressed the tip of her pointer finger up against the boy's hole, prodding firmly but not quite entering. "Are. You. A. Virgin?"

After a sharp gasp, the boy whimpered and nodded his head rapidly. Aria's cock leapt in her pants at his precious trembling.

"Y-yes..." he mewled.

Aria let out a cackle of laughter, squeezing the boy's ass hard enough to bruise. "Oh, this is just too perfect."

Holding his head still, Aria swiftly tugged the boy's pants down and gripped his fat buttcheek again, squeezing and jiggling it with obscene lewdness.

"Very nice." She purred, rearing back for a better look at the plump, heart-shaped posterior. She licked her lips, relishing in the creamy white backside and the sin inducing jiggling the flesh made.

"Poor little devout, religious boy," Aria purred, pressing up against the boy's back, rutting her womanhood almost subconsciously between his ass. "I'm doing you a favor, ya know. Another man might have killed you if you let him free. But don't worry... I promise you'll leave here with your life."

Aria left a heavy beat hanging in the air before continuing...

"Just not that sweet lil virginity."

She leaned in close, biting down on the boy's ear and breathing into it, her voice a low, heated whisper. "Now be a good little toy and spread that pussy."

Aria drew back, abruptly shoving the boy down onto the floor, positioning him on his hands and knees. She knelt behind him, gripping the bubbly cheek of the boy's ass in each hand and spreading them apart, letting out a groan of pleasure at the sight.

"Mmm, so tight and pink. I love virgin boy pussy. Holy fuck, I'm gonna enjoy this."

Unable to resist, she swooped down, driving her tongue against the small hole. The boy let out a shocked cry, and then a soft, mournful whimper escaped him.

Holy fucking shit, Aria thought to herself, humming into the hole and savoring the sweet taste. It was almost impossibly tight and she mused at how much she would need to stretch the boy in order to fit her cock inside. She worked her tongue expertly against the tight ring of muscles, lapping at it hungrily before driving the tip of her talented tongue inside, slobbering as much saliva as she could throughout.

The boy squirmed against her, but she held his hips firmly to keep him in place. And as her tongue worked, her fingers crawled, holding the plump asscheeks apart but inching slowly inward to their crack. Just as the boy belted out his first of many shuddering moans, she withdrew herself abruptly, sliding a middle finger to the slippery exit and driving it as deep as it would go inside the boy, sighing contentedly at the tight, shivering clenching.

"I want you to remember every second, bitch." Aria hissed, "I want you to remember what happens when you fuck with a woman like me."

She slowly began pumping the finger, feeling around the boy's insides. "Did they tell you my name? Hmm? Do you know who I am? Why it was stupid of you to come down here? What did you think? You'd convert me? Turn me into some Christian idiot?"

She laughed as the boy mewled, “I’m the one who’s going to show you God tonight, boy.”

Aria smirked when she heard the boy gasp in response. The effeminate sound went straight to her cock, filling it with blood and stretching the tight leather to its limits. It made her grit her teeth and jerk her hips reflexively, holding back a groan. It was hard to keep what little control she had left, and a steadily growing part of her simply wanted to fuck the boy into the ground. But even The Venomous Drake wasn't quite that cruel, and if she broke him in that way, he may never return to her.

She withdrew her finger, looking down at the boy and his quivering hole. She watched as the tiny, pink pucker shivered and gaped slightly, opening and closing with a quiet hunger. She leaned in again, dragging her tongue up around the boy's exit before clamping her lips down and twisting inside like a corkscrew. It had been a long time since she had an unwilling partner; usually she could find boys eager enough to drop to their knees at the slightest provocation. And as much as she enjoyed the pure rush of power forcing herself on a sweet, innocent boy, it usually just wasn't worth the hassle. But now, this young lad was here, trapped in the cell with her, with no chance of escape. She could fully enjoy herself, and she had every intention of using the boy's body in every way imaginable.

Aria continued her slow, tantalizing licks, sliding a hand down between the boy's legs to slowly tease the smooth, puffy taint. It was one of her darker kinks; there was something deeply satisfying about the soft, broken little moans she could draw from a boy without touching his penis, when she was able to bring him to climax while deflowering him. It was a whole new level of power, taking his

mind as well as his body.

She paused as the boy suddenly began to struggle even harder, and Aria let out a soft, surprised breath of laughter. The tiny cock between the boy's milky white thighs had grown hard, twitching slightly each time the hot, wet tongue drove up against the tight hole. The boy was whimpering, trying to break free, but he was no match for Aria's strength.

The pirate smirked, "What's the matter, little slut? Enjoying yourself too much?"

The boy whimpered and tried to fight her, but he instantly stopped at a warning growl from Aria. When his wriggling ceased she drove her tongue deeper inside, teasing the sensitive muscles as she worked the boy's taint with slow, surprisingly gentle touches. Like before she swiftly replaced her tongue with a finger, shuddering at the impossibly tight hole clamping around her thick digit. She pushed it in deeper, seeking and quickly finding the boy's prostate.

"Aaaiiieee!" the boy howled, sending his exquisite, womanly moan rattling down the hall.

The boy's limbs trembled with the exertion to keep himself up as the first ever orgasm tore through his body. A second later and he was gasping for breath, his skin covered in a layer of sweat. Aria could feel the tight hole clenching around his finger. She waited, giggling and humming, as the euphoria slithered out of him, relishing in the virginal sphincter palpitating around her finger.

She smirked at the boy's reaction. It made her heart pound in her chest and made her own cock ache painfully in her pants. The constriction of the leather was making it hard to concentrate, and she desperately wanted to free her engorged python.

The lusty pirate wasn't surprised at all to find that it was a finger, and not her mouth, that drove the noises from the boy's lips. Either way, the sounds went straight to her cock, and distracting herself with such musings was all Aria could do not to rip her pants off and slam her length into the boy right then and there.

She pulled back, letting her finger slip from his moist, sloppy boycunt with a lewd, wet pop. Then, just as slow and just as dutiful, Aria's hand returned, pressing the wriggling, invading digit back in as she leaned up and pressed her lips against the boy's ear. "You like that? When I fill you up. Does that feel good, my little slut?"

If the boy tried to answer, it was unintelligible. Instead all that he sputtered was an incoherent series of groveling vowels.

Aria giggled, "You know... I'm surprised. You look and act so innocent, but you're actually enjoying this, aren't you? You like having your ass played with, huh?"

She paused a moment, leaving her finger inserted, slowly pulling it out while she listened to the whimpering sobs coming from below. Yet just when she might pull them out entirely the boy bit his lip and nodded, "mmhmm."

"What's that?" Aria asked.

There was another pregnant beat.

"Y-yes. I do. I like it..." The boy murmured.

Aria slammed back inside the wet butthole, ensuring that her fingertip brushed against the boy's prostate with an all new layer of force. "You think a finger feels good? My cock is gonna melt your fuckin' brain. You heard about me, right? Yeah, you did. Know all about my secret surprise. I bet that's why you came down to see me, isn't it? Wanted a taste for yourself. Well, you'll get one alright. I bet she can make you cum all over the floor without even touching your little dick."

She paused long enough to add a second finger, driving them both home hard and fast.

Aria was losing her slow, teasing rhythm as her patience dwindled, and at last couldn't bear being confined any longer. As her fingers continued to force their

way inside the tight entrance, her free hand tugged open the laces of her trousers. She didn't need much slackening, only needing to loosen the fly to free her painfully throbbing erection. It tumbled out like a log crashing after being cut down, swinging lewdly out of the pants and slapping the pale, supple flesh of the boy's thigh.

"Ooooo, that's so much better," Aria purred.

She pressed herself in against the boy's hip, letting out a contented sigh as she rubbed the leaking tip against the soft skin. It was a thick and girthy pillar of flesh, easily ten inches or more, tanned like her and capped with a plump, purple glans. All along the can-width shaft was a smattering of veins that each pulsed and throbbed with her quick heartbeat. At its base, was yet another tattoo, this one of barbed wire, circling around the fat root like a ring of measurement.

"Why don't you beg for it? Like a good little slut?" Aria purred mockingly in the boy's ear. "Come ooonnn...let me hear you beg for my cock. We both know that you want it."

The boy's eyes grew wide at the feeling of the massive erection against his hip. He whimpered, his entire body tensing at the sensation, shaking his head desperately as the cock slid between the plushy globes of his ass. Tears blurred his vision, his boyhood leaked profusely, dribbling out a constant stream of sticky, clear cum.

"Please...please don't..." he whimpered.

The tears only served to excite Aria further, her fingers pushing into the boy's pillowy backside harder as she dragged her tongue up over the boy's cheek, licking away a salty stream. "Shh, don't cry, little slut. It's okay to like it."

She smirked, jackhammering her fingers in and out the boy's hole. "It's not your fault you're a little bitch. It was your God that made you this way. Gave you this sexy fucking body. Gave you this fat, juicy ass. Made you look like a girl. And why you moan like a whore when I finger you."

Aria wanted to break the boy completely. To make it so that she was his entire reality. She wanted the boy's mind both completely disgusted but enthralled at her savage attack. To break his lithe, sexy body and his delusional, religious mind, until the thoughts overpowered him, and he couldn't decide whether he was forced or came willingly.

"Don't worry." She purred, slowly adding a third finger into the boy's tender pussy, spreading his luscious buns as wide as she could in the crushing heat. "You're going to love this. And when I'm through with you, nothing else will satisfy you except my giant cock!"

The boy cried out once more at her words, bucking and spasming from another intense orgasm. She felt his tight sphincter constrict around her fingers, groaning along with him in a lustful, sexy moan of frustration.

Unable to contain herself any longer, Aria pulled her fingers out and reached for her cock, realizing suddenly at how unbelievably hard it was. Perhaps it was the fact that he hadn't had sex in months, or perhaps it was the prospect of forcefully liberating the sweet, young boy of his innocence. It didn't matter. In a flash she repositioned the boy up against the bars, ensuring that the other guards would be treated to a perfect view if they arrived before she was finished.

Aria pressed her cock up against the boy's hole, spreading the cheeks of his ass wide as she positioned herself at his tiny, pink entrance, gently prodding the tight hole with the head. "Feel that, sweetheart? Now just try to relax. Or don't, I don't care either way. But the sooner your little pussy hole accepts me, the less it'll hurt."

She paused, and let out a soft laugh. "I've just realized...I don't know your name. Oh well. 'Bitch' is going to just have to do."

Without further warning, Aria bucked her hips forward, forcing the head of her cock through the desperately resisting ring of muscles. She let out a soft groan, but her sultry tone was overshadowed by the high-pitched squeal of the little priest. She exhaled deeply as she pushed in slow, fingers gripping the boy's fleshy, childbearing hips hard enough to bruise.

The boy on the other hand gritted his teeth and whined, feeling his once tiny ring being stretched by the obtuse monster sinking inside him. The woman's cock was ten times hotter and thicker than her fingers, and any breaths he attempted to make were caught in his throat.

"Mmm, fuck!" Aria gasped, sliding deeper, watching as her veiny cock inch inside the delicious bubble butt.

She reveled in the boy's choking gasps, groaning as she sank deeper past his defenses. When finally she bottoms out, and feels her fat, heavy balls on the boy's smooth, luscious taint, she huffs the last of the air from her lungs. Hilted now, Aria leaned down, mashing her tits into the boy's back, and hisses into his ear. "God, you're so fucking tight. Can you feel it? Your little ass is gripping me so tight... like it doesn't ever want me to leave."

She flexed her monster fuckstick, hissing with pleasure into the boy's ear. "Thaaat's it. Good girl. Took it all on your first try. You're all mine now. You're marked. No matter who you fuck, who fucks you, you'll always be my bitch."

The boy's hands scrabbled for purchase on the stone floor or the iron bars as his tight, virgin hole was split open. He tensed reflexively, but he seemed to have enough sense to relax when he was able. He was sobbing freely now, but his erection throbbed, aching to be touched. Everything was on fire. His entire body was hypersensitive but could barely focus on any one thing: her piping hot cock, her big, full breasts on his back, her hard nipples stabbing into his shoulder blades, her nails digging into his butt, and last but not least the sweet smell of the woman.

As if the ever-stimulation wasn't enough, Aria began a slow, rhythmic rutting. Her thrusts were deliberate and precise, pulling out slowly only to forcefully sink back inside, each thrust accompanied by a grunt of pleasure.

Aria trembled each time she thrust in. The boy was almost too tight, like she was fucking a new hole into the nubile little body, forcing entry each time. Gradually, she began to pick up speed, each thrust hammering against the boy's prostate.

"Fuck. Yes. Slut! This ass is fucking mine, baby. You're my bitch, aren't you? Say it...let me hear who you belong to. Who this hot, tight body belongs to!"

The boy let out a mournful whimper, then a sharp cry of mingling pleasure and pain. The cry repeated each time the punishing cockhead hit the overwhelming spot inside him. He didn't even try to hide his noises, but he did manage to choke out a response.

"Aria... Aria Drake..." He trembled.

Then to the busty pirate's surprise, he pressed back tremulously, tepidly meeting each of the woman's strong plunges.

Aria smirked but her thrusts only intensified. The boy was just full of surprises. He was a soft, clearly naive boy, and a virgin at that. It amazed her how the boy's dick was still able to maintain an erection through what was no doubt an excruciating amount of pain. For a moment, she entertained the thought of slowing down and allowing the boy time to adjust... but the thought almost made her laugh. Her nails bit into the boy's hips as she slammed forward, burying herself all the way to the hilt once more.

She looked up over the boy's shoulder and smirked, hearing the sounds of muffled gasps from the hallway. There were two guards standing outside, staring incredulously into the cell. At first Aria took their expressions as pure shock. They seemed unsure if they should open the cell and risk their own skins to save the boy. But then she saw that their dicks were out, and that they were masturbating furiously.

Aria smirked, pushing the boy up higher against the bars, giving them a full view of his erection, and of her balls slapping against the boy's ass with each hard pounding. She pushed his face between the bars, forcing him to look out into the hallway.

“Like what you see boys?” She asked the men, who nodded along with the blur of their hands.

The boy finally realized they were being watched and wept, his cheeks pinned between the cold steel. He looked down, embarrassed at his own erection flopping between the bars, leaking profusely and flinging his clear pre across the floor.

"That's right, Bitch." Aria hissed into the boy's ear. "You're mine. And you'll always be mine. You're going to come back here tomorrow night, aren't you? Going to come back, like a good little slut, and give me this tight ass again, won't you?"

The boy whimpered and nodded, and Aria chuckled.

Her hand fisted tightly in the boy's hair, pressing his head up between the bars. She smiled wickedly, hips picking up speed, pounding the boy through the final throes of submission. "Say it again, Bitch. Who do you belong to?"

The boy was sobbing again, but his little dicklet was rock-hard, and he was feverishly slamming his luscious hips back against each of the amazon woman's thrusts, desperate for the pleasure the busty prisoner was giving him. His body tensed around the thick girlcock as the pirate pushed him closer and closer to another climax.

A final hard, merciless thrust and the boy was sent over the edge and he came with a sharp cry, hips grinding back against the woman as his body was wracked with the spasms of yet another orgasm.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Aria let out a bark of triumphant laughter, plunging harder and deeper into the boy's spasming hole. "You little slut! You fucking love it! I knew it! You really are a little whore, aren't you?"

She chuffed, low and breathless, then let out a bellowing howl as she spilled herself deep inside the boy's guts, thrusting all the way to the hilt, pumping the ripe, fleshy booty full with her hot cum.

She remained buried inside the boy for a few moments, panting and resting her head against the damp shoulder of her fucktoy. She pulled out slowly, watching her slimy, twitching cock slide out of his swollen, broken hole with a lewd, wet - SLUP!

Standing, she smirked down at his plump, feminine backside. The boy's fleshy orbs separated by a completely gaping orifice that was leaking a thick stream of hot, white spunk.

Aria glanced up, out of the cell, where the guards were finishing as well. She chuckled at the look on their faces, reveling in the cum shooting out of their greasy, hairy dicks and splattering on the stone floor just a few feet from the boy's head.

As the little priest slumped against the bars, Aria collected her tray from the floor and bit a chunk of the stale bread off, chewly loudly as she sat back on her bunk. She didn't bother putting herself away, allowing the cool air to waft over her wet cock as it softened and dangled off the bed. As she ate, she looked down at the boy on the floor, thick white seed dripping from his thoroughly fucked hole, and smiled.

Until a familiar tickle dabbled down the side of her face. Aria instinctively wiped her cheek, clearing the single drop of blood that had crept past her eye. She chuckled when she realized she had never wiped the annoying little stream away. When she finished her meal, she wiped the rest off her brow, finally clearing the nagging spindle.

Then she leaned in and down, pressing her lips against the boy's ear as her wet cock pushed back against the boy's gaping hole.

"You didn't think we were finished, did you, Bitch?" Aria laughed. "We're just getting started!"

THE END

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