

Burping Frog Publishing



Pirates In
My Pants

Natalia Beale

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His legs were twisted around hers like a pretzel. Their arms pushed and pulled at each other, and their hands fondled various parts of each other's bodies. Their mouths were locked together like a pair of suction cups.

Stan shoved his hips forward again, jamming his cock deeper into Kate's pussy. They rolled to the edge of the bed, almost falling off. She was having an orgasm as he rolled on top of her and she rolled on top of him, then he rolled on top of her again. Finally, his cum gushed into her, and they stopped rolling. She started giggling.

"What?" Stan said.

"Nothing," she said, and began to giggle again. She had him locked between her legs and ground herself on his penis, which was still hard inside her.

"What?" he said, giggling with her.

She took a deep breath, but the thought only made her giggle more.

"I was just thinking about a fantasy I had," she said.

"About what?"

"About you."

"Really? Tell me about it."

She took a deep breath.

"Ok. I'm a prisoner on a pirate ship. The ship I was on has just been raided and they took me as one of the prizes before they burned the ship. I'm a princess from a distant country, and

a virgin. I was travelling on the ship to a kingdom where I was going to marry the prince and bear his children, but the pirates changed that when they killed most of the men on the ship. I was the only girl.”

She paused. He was pumping his hips slowly, sliding his cock in and out of her pussy.

“Don’t stop now,” he said.

“Ok. I’m on the pirate ship for six days, tied to the mast on the deck. They have only given me bread and water, and I am desperately frightened.”

“Are these pirates cannibals?”

“No, don’t be silly,” she said with a playful slap. His cock felt good, and it was difficult to concentrate. She moved her pelvis with the same motion as his.

“Where do I come in?”

“On the seventh day, one week after I’m taken prisoner, the pirate captain, you, John The Black, is looking at me. The front of my dress has been torn down the front, my face is dirty from the smoke, and my hair hangs in front of my eyes. John The Black is a tall man, six and a half feet tall, and nobody who opposes him ever lives to tell about it. He was once a wealthy man who was crossed by his government and exiled. He led a mutiny on the ship that was carrying him away from his land, and when he took command, no one tried to stop him, at least, no one who lived. He wears a black leather coat over a striped shirt, black leather pants with black leather boots. His face, forearms, and the exposed part of his chest are covered with thick, black, curly hair, and he looks as mean as a pit bull that hasn’t been laid in a month.”

Stan laughed.

“What happens?” he said.

“He unties me,” she said.

“What?”

“All the other pirates on the deck are watching, but none of them dares to say anything to him, or it will cost them their lives. He takes me down to his cabin, the main cabin on the ship. I see

a chair by the table and go to sit in it, but he rips off my dress.”

“Ah,” Stan said.

“Then he throws me on the bed and I’m like naked, and he starts to take off his clothes. There are no sheets on the bed, and I have nothing to cover myself up with. When he has his clothes off, I am shivering with fear. I’ve never seen a man naked, and I’m terribly frightened at what he’s going to do.”

“What does he do?” Stan said.

“He fucks me. And he keeps me as his slave.”

“Oh shit yeah,” Stan said and moaned.

His eyes closed and he came. Kate closed her eyes and moaned, enjoying the feel of his fresh cum filling her pussy and the throbbing of his cock in her channel. They were quiet for a minute or two, basking in the glow of their orgasms with their bodies intertwined.

“Tell me one of yours,” she said.

He withdrew his cock from her pussy and she held the slimy, wet shaft against her belly.

“I don’t know. It’s pretty secret.”

“So was mine. Come on, tell me. Am I in it?”

“Sort of,” he said, and squirmed. “In my fantasy I make love with another man.”

Her mouth fell open.

“No kidding? That’s so wild. But I’m not in that.”

He shook his head. “Fred is.”

“What? You want to have sex with my ex-boyfriend? Oh my God. Wait until I tell him.”

“Oh, no. Don’t do that,” Stan said.

“Why not?”

“He’ll hate me. He’ll think I’m gay.”

She stared at him, and started to laugh.

“What are you laughing at?” he said.

“Come on. Everyone knows you’re bi,” she said.

“They do?”

She touched his cheek. “Sure. It’s no big deal. Do you really want to fuck Fred?”

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