



A Pleasure Doing Business starring, Veronika Red

"Sorry, that I can't help." Rourke pushed back away from his desk.

"Damned gold grubbing sea-snake." The busy redhead on the other side of the table sucked her teeth then her fingers dipped into her deep cleavage, pulling free a bulging coin purse. Tossed onto the table it joined the pile of previously offered bags of coins along with a small chest and other assorted valuables. Hiding his grin behind his hand as he scratched at his scruffy chin, Rourke paused as if mulling it over then shook his head.

"The monetary cost is just part of the problem." He leaned over sliding the latest coin purse closer to the rest of the payment and off the parchment listing the required materials.

"Steel silk, eshreif, ironwood, magus stone, morg birch, ocean juniper..." Rourke ran his fingers down the list reading off the various kinds of wood and magically imbued building materials. "The supplies your ship requires will use up almost all the enchanted stores we have." He glanced up at Captain Veronika Red. She had an angry tilt to her full lips as she leaned over affording him an even more impressive view of her cleavage canyon.

"Salt me tits." Red grit her teeth in annoyance. She'd been hunting fat merchant galleons laden with goods along the Crimson Coast when they had run afoul of a young devil fin leviathan. They had managed to drive off the creature but her ship, The Queen's Desire, had sustained a fair amount of damage from the encounter.

Built by elven geomancers, The Queen's Desire would eventually 'heal' most of the damage on its own. Still, sitting at reduced efficiency in the open ocean with Empire man-o-wars, other rival pirates, and a possible return of the devil fin wasn't an option, so they had limped to Port Gartonas to resupply.

Some carousing was just the morale boost needed after such a dangerous encounter and Captain Red and her crew had been enjoying a bit of shore leave as they waited out the time it would take for the ship to rebuild itself. That was, until a few hours ago when Red had checked in with one of her local contacts and learned some long-awaited news that set the blood roaring through her veins.

Field Major Kyra Kaines, an officer in the Imperial forces had recently been spotted aboard a galleon that had made port.

Captain Red's mind snapped back in time. Back to the night when the blond bitch had had her arrested. Dragged out of one of the local taverns on some ridiculous 'disturbing the peace' charges.

In a dark cell, Major Kaines had the guard under her command bind Red in chains. What followed was a long night filled with sexual abuse. Even the Major partook in Captain Red's degradation and ordered that every man on duty and those that came in on shift change take their turn. She lost track of the faces of the men during the blur but she would never forget the bitch behind the torment.

Now the Major was within her grasp, just a few days out at sea, making her way back to the Empire where it was rumored she would be redeployed to an inland territory. Red couldn't allow that to happen. Wouldn't let the Imperial cunt slip through her fingers and out of her reach.

"...the coin certainly helps. And I could get you most of this in, maybe three days."

"Me ship needs ta set sail by the morn, no later." Red looked back to Rourke, eyes glued to her tits. A grin he couldn't hide curling the edge of his lips.

"Tomorrow?" He blew out a breath. "I might be able to call in a few favors and work my men through the night. I'll have to get creative with some standing orders. And that will make a lot of people very angry. It will affect my reputation."

"Ain't got the patience ta stand 'ere an chum the water with minced words, Rourke. What will it take."

The dockmaster paused as if weighing his thoughts.

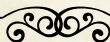
"The coin and..." Captain Veronika Red was as deadly as she was beautiful, and many had met their end on the end of her blade.

Rourke tapped his lip with a finger, for a few seconds. An internal war raging both through his mind and body. He took off and cleaned his spectacles then placed them back on.

"Till the work is done. You." He cleared his throat, the words now out in the open placed his back to a metaphorical wall, and spurred on his courage. "I'll be bending over getting reamed for weeks with the shipwrights, dockworkers, and merchant guilds. The way I figure, you doing the same for me will make us square and fair."

Silence filled the dockmaster's office. Outside the creak of wood and rope on ships mixed with cries of seagulls, workman calls, and naval bells. Red's hand touched her sword hilts. She scowled and gave a low growl.

"Salt me tits."



"Ooohwoo..." Through pursed lips, Rourke blew out a long steady breath. Resting his head against the padded back of his chair he closed his eyes to revel in the wet suckling sounds and the steady electric-like pulse coursing directly from his cock to his brain.

"Bloody blades." Rourke left his hand resting on the top of Red's head as she kept up the slow and steady bobbing. He cracked his eyes open after another minute or so to fully enjoy the sight. Some of her scarlet hair had fallen in front of the busty pirate's face and he gently moved it aside and then tucked it behind her ear, allowing for a much better view of his dick between her lips. The slurping paused as the busty pirate shifted to avoid the discomfort of kneeling in front of the dock master.

Rourke took the opportunity to pop his cock from her mouth. She glanced up, her one eye blinking as he rubbed his dick over her face letting his pre-cum form sticky strands and shine her lips. He grinned, shifted his hand, and gently pushed down.

Red resisted and Rourke steadily increased pressure. Just enough to direct her back to her task. The tip of his dick slid across her lips and he could see the anger flash in her eye. After a moment of hesitation, however, her lips parted and his dick once again slid back into her mouth.

"There we go. Back where it belongs." The feeling of power was intoxicating, loosening his tongue. "You've clearly had plenty of practice sucking cock, Captain."

Her eye narrowed as she looked upward from where she was already balls deep on his dick, her red lips a striking contrast to his gray-white pubic hair.

Rourke couldn't really blame her anger. Captain Veronika Red. The Pirate Queen of the Crimson Coast was a woman

used to being respected and most of all feared. Battling the savage seas, she cut a bloody swath through competition and pirate hunters alike. And now here she was, no better than a common whore rented for a few coin. Forced to kneel between his legs, sucking on his salty shaft and lapping at his sweaty nuts to get what she needed from him.

Like any man who had met the busty beauty, he'd had lustful thoughts regarding the pirate Captain. On more than one occasion he'd pleased himself to the thought of watching those huge tits bounce about as he fucked her.

The actual experience so far was better than he could have imagined. When she had accepted his proposal he'd assumed he would enjoy himself by having his way with her body but highly doubted she'd be good for much more than a tumble and the memories of the encounter. Never had he dreamed she would have the level of skill she did.

Reaching across the desk Rourke took another swig from a small jug and felt the magic course through his body. In response, his cock swelled a bit larger and Red let out a little choke when his dick jumped in her throat. For the next few hours, the enchanted concoction would give him more stamina, girth and increase both volume and how many times he could cum.

Rourke had purchased a few of the potions from an old codger of a wizard who had passed through town the previous year. The weird old guy even had a purple-skinned drow slave who rivaled Captain Red in both tit size and beauty so that customers could test samples of the potion's effects.

A smile crept onto Rourke's lips at the memory, wondering if he should ride Red's face as rough as he had with the elf slave. He decided against it. Of course, he would do so later, but for now, he needed to put the haughty bitch in her place. To let her see what he expected and what she had to look forward to until the completion of her ship's repairs.

He felt the pleasure in his groin building more and more, a slow burn to the inevitable. Rourke gently pushed the pirate off of his cock, her lips making a soft pop of suction.

"Open yer mouth nice and wide." Lifting himself to his feet Rourke stood in front of her. Hands-on his hips in a power pose his cock aimed directly at her lips. "Now, play with my balls and jerk me off... nice and slow... right in yer mouth." He grinned.

"Yer a bootstrap sniffin' bilge rat, Rourke," Red cursed. Looking up at the dockmaster with an eye full of fury she spat on his cock.

"Maybe, but it's time you swallowed more than just yer pride, you big-titted bitch."

Red spat on the dick again but then opened her mouth wide, placed the tip an inch from her lips she began a slow and steady stroking of the dick. Her other hand cupped his nuts, her fingers fondling and caressing his testicles, stroking and rolling the cum laden orbs.

One minute dragged into two and Red watched as Rourke's breath began to quicken.



"Oh shit, that's it... Nuuu-nice a-and slow... L-l-look at me... It's cumming you, slut... Catch all yer t-treat **HHunnGgg!**"

The first blast splashed over her tongue and Red burred out a curse as the second, third, fourth and more shot straight to the back of her throat, collecting and pooling.

"OHhh fucckk... Don't swalloo y-y-yet... an... d-don't you fuckin' spill ya cum dump!" Rourke demanded, shuddering as he watched his magically enhanced spunk spurt past her shiny red lips.

Still on her knees, Red kept to the task, milking the dick into her mouth as Rourke gripped the edge of the table. Not touching his cock he instead solely relied on her to work at collecting the generous helping of his cum.

"**HuughHh...** Kracken's Teeth... T-that was good." Rourke smiled down at Red, the last drop of his pearly spooge sliding out of his dick and over her lips. He let her sit back on her haunches, standing over her as she chewed and bubbled on his spunk. Huffing for air around the mouthful.

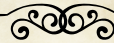
"Nice job, Captain Red. You certainly earned all'a that." He finally said with a huge grin. He locked eyes with her. "Well? Go on. Swallow, my, cum."

Captain Veronika Red, staring at the old sailor, thought about why she was doing this. Why would she allow this fat smelly oaf to use her like some street-walking whore. She pictured the leering face of the Major, the laughing guards.

Stealing herself she swallowed back an angry curse. Along with a helping of spunk. Though, the latter took three heavy swallows to completely empty her mouth of the sticky fluid. With each gulp came a rush of pleasure and in surprise Red clamped her legs together as her pussy rapidly slickened, her nipples growing hot and sensitive as they pressed against the fabric of her top. Red both cursed and smiled inwardly. It seemed the potions Rourke had downed passed on a few of their benefits to her as well.

Rourke missed the reaction. He simply clapped his hands in joy then grabbed Red under the arm, hauled her to her feet, and shoved her toward his desk.

"Lay back and spread yer legs, Captain. Time for your cunt and my cock to get better acquainted."



Captain Veronika Red glared up into Rourke's flushed and sweaty face as he pounded away at her. Clearly, overjoyed with the feeling of splitting her hungry cunt wide.

"**Hurrgg!** This i-is good p-pussy! I'm fuckin' Capt'n Veronika Red! **HuurFF** fuckin' **NUUrrf...** loves gettin' ma' fat c-cock..."

She wished she could disagree. A bloody bastard he may be but whatever was in the potions he'd been drinking enhanced his meat in both girth, and length and must have done the same for his endurance. It had to be past noon and he showed no signs of slowing down. And damn if it didn't

feel so fucking good to have that hard throbbing dick driving balls deep with each stroke. Still, she could hardly go and admit that to the grunting dockmaster.

He had taken her in a variety of positions already. Getting bolder as he experimented, testing her willingness to cooperate and go along with his sexual demands. Now he had her legs pushed far back, knees on either side of her head, and the back of her shoulders on the floor as he slammed her pussy from a crouched position above.

Rourke of course wanted her watching his cunt juice slick cock driving in and out of her snatch and had given her strict instructions to keep her eye locked onto his dick as he fucked her in the bent-over position.

Her massive tits had been a problem at first, nearly covering her face, but Rourke had shifted around and told her to hold her tits by her nipples so he could watch them jiggle and wobble with the force of his thrusts.

It had worked, though Red had to squeeze the nipples tight between her fingers to maintain a firm grip and save herself from being smothered by her own boobs. The action did have a secondary effect on her too. Captain Red's already overly sensitive nubs, pulled and tugged with the movements and each sent unrelenting waves of pleasure sparking through her body.

She closed her eye for a moment to focus on the pleasure, but within only a few seconds she felt Rourke's hand release the grip behind her knees and grab a handful of her scarlet mane.

"What'da tell ya, Capt'n tits?!" He shook her head roughly by the fistful of hair until she opened her eye.

With a grunt, Red swallowed the curse she was moments away from spitting at him and instead simply glared. Then, with angry resignation, her eye drifted back to the cock slipping in and out of her.

"That's it, ya dirty bitch." Rourke mumbled.

Yes indeed, the old, big-dicked bilge roach sure loved to have her look at his dick.

Except when he came in her mouth. It was always direct eye contact then. To be fair, Rourke did give her two choices, she thought. She could stare at her gripping cunt as he fucked her, or make eye contact and let him see the pleasure he was wringing out of her body. At least while eyeing his throbbing cock harpooning away, she didn't have to look at his leering face and the delight he was getting out of the encounter. And, as much as she hated admitting it, it was fucking hot watching her hole devour his impressive, magically enhanced shaft.

There was a glistening sheen of sweat on her skin and Red watched intently as he popped his dick free. The wet sucking sound was loud in her ears as her betraying body tried to keep him in. He smiled at her gaping hole, spitting into it then lightly palming and friggging her swollen clit.

"Poxy s-squid sniffin' barnacle." Red huffed.

Rourke's grin grew even wider as her pussy spasmed.

"Looks like it's missing this ol' main mast already, eh, Capt'n?" He spread her nether lips apart with his index fingers then rubbed his cock head back and forth over both her clit and her hole."Say it." He chuckled." Go on, say, 'Mr. Rourke? Will you please put your big cock back in my whore hole?'"

Red snarled a bit. Letting him see and hear her irritation. It was what he wanted; she was sure. To degrade her as much as he could. She needed him and he knew it. A few hours earlier she'd seen the dockworkers and carpenters carrying lumber and supplies to her ship through the office window. So, despite the attitude, he was a man of his word.

Would they be done by now? She doubted it with the damage The Queen's Desire had sustained. They could set out with whatever restorations were finished, but they definitely wouldn't be at full strength to chase down and then get into a possible pitched battle with the Majors ship. One where she could possibly escape from Red's grasp. That was a risk she wouldn't take. No, the best course was to set sail as soon as repairs were complete. Until then, if she was ever going to get her revenge on the Imperial bitch, she had to let Rourke have his way.

Besides, though she'd never admit it to him, she rather liked the rude attitude and lewd demands Rourke was heaping on her. Few men would dare talk to or treat her the way he had over the past few hours. Both knew she could stand up and gut him in an instant. Just as each knew she wouldn't. It was the thrill of vulnerability she shared with a few, very particular, lovers.

"Will ya... put yer thrice damned, big fat cock back in me nasty whore hole?" She said with a grumble. Letting him play and fondle her for a bit longer, Red dragged out their mutual enjoyment under the guise of unwillingness. "Please, Mr. Rourke?" Red spat the final words, knowing those were the only ones he really wanted to hear.

"Oh, come now, Captain, Veronika, Red." He said, drawing out her name. "There is no need to beg." The shit-eating grin that split his face sent a chill racing up her spine. "Acourse I'll fuck ya."

He slapped his cock up and down on her cunt and then pressed behind the head of his dick. Red bit her lip and let out a long hiss as it slipped into her again.

The lust-filled dockmaster, satisfied Captain Red was back to watching him spear her snatch, put his hands back in position behind her knees, and pressed down. After he had gotten the huge-breasted pirate whore once more bent over for maximum penetration he got back to his relentless assault on her womanhood with renewed enthusiasm.

Red gasped and moaned, letting her walls down a bit more and simply enjoying the brutal smashing. Her calves bounced against Rourke's forearms, his callused hands gripping tight and holding her in place.

"**AhHaaa...** S-salt me t-tits...**HuHAAaaff...** Ohh... that b-be it...
AaaHNuRRfff."

Rourke's thrusts increased in speed and power, driving the breath from her lungs. He started swearing between grunts as his balls thapp thap thapp'ed out a wet tempo on her ass cheeks. Red felt the cum heavy, wrinkled sacks eventually start to contract on each down stroke.

"**HUuNNngg** Avast ye, skank! Yer c-cunts gonna be catchin... s-som mor'o me cummm!" Rourke shouted into her face, the old sailor coming out in his speech.

Through the haze of pleasure, Captain Red felt the sudden jump of his cock a moment before he shoved into her fully, pushing as deep as possible he held her tighter than an anchor rope in a hurricane. Captain Red felt his balls, crushed between their bodies pulsing, and with each spasm an accompanying jump and hot spurt deep in her core. Energy surged in her, a weird pulse that she had felt each time he had emptied his overfull balls into her body. No doubt a slight transference effect of the magical potions he had downed during their time fucking.

It sent her over the edge as well. A crashing orgasm that had her clamping down hard, milking him with the suddenly invigorated muscles in her cunt. Rourke made small jumping thrusts emptying himself for an eternity. Then he pulled out dropping her legs unceremoniously and straddled her chest, his hand gripped his cock as he slapped it across her face and pushed it into her mouth, jerking himself off with one hand while taking a fist full of her hair with the other.

"Always got some fer yer meal, Capt'n, don't ya **NUmMngg** worry 'bout **hHrrfff** t-that..." Rourke rubbed the head of his cock over her chin, then finished wanking himself off on her tongue and lips.

He smiled as she groaned but her lips encircled his cock head and she suckled away, her tongue darting and collecting his spunk. Her lust-filled eye betrayed the pleasure she was getting from hungrily lapping up the thick pearly globs of his magical, aphrodisiac-laced, cum. Rourke leaned back and fuffed her huge breasts around his length, coaxing the last few spurts and dribbles out for her to clean.

The feel of her tongue was incredible and he stayed there for a time. Finally, he slid up over her chest and presented each of his balls in turn. He sighed as the busy pirate got to work cleaning them as well and he reached back to play with first her fat tits and then her cum filled snatch. He absently finger fucked her with two thick digits.

"You are quite the ride, Captain Red." Rourke presented his slick fingers to her lips and fingered her mouth like it was her cunt, cleaning the sticky cum and pussy juice with her tongue and lips.

"But seeing as I'm just a salty old dog and, till now have been doing all the work. While yer a young, dumb, full'a my cum, fiery sea slut, how about you get your stuck up ass over here..." He stood and took a step over and sat on his desk. He leaned back and gripped his dick, shaking it toward her, "And ride me for a while."

Captain Veronika Red, Pirate Queen of the Crimson Coast rolled her eye then she began to crawl toward the dockmaster on all fours. She faked an annoyed sigh even as a thrill raced through her body.

"Salt me tits."

