

# Chapter 9

*Lissandry*

The night was warm and clear, the water calm and the wind still. Vivianne had led Sivan out of the manor and towards the southern tip of the island, where the raucous roar of pirates grew steadily louder as they approached. The glow of a large fire could be seen at their destination, breaking up the deep blue of the night and ocean surrounding them.

As they passed the docks, Sivan noted that there were indeed far fewer ships than there had been when they arrived. Those that were left were much smaller than the Blackwater. The largest ships must have been sent for the supply run, true to Renalt's information. If and when the Royal Navy turned up, they would surely crush the remaining pirate fleet.

The Uncharted woman was a few paces ahead of him. She led him forward with confidence, unafraid that Sivan would try to use this opportunity to run. Sivan suspected that had something to do with the fact that the swath of tentacles on her head

were continuously undulating at him. They had no eyes, but Sivan felt they could sense his presence nonetheless.

“Can I ask you a question?” Sivan broke the silence, and Vivianne turned back to observe him more closely.

“Ah? You aren’t scared into silence by my presence, are you? I’m disappointed.” She grinned at him, and Sivan hated that when her black eyes filled with amusement it still made him shiver with dread.

“Sorry to disappoint,” he mumbled.

“Go ahead,” she said. “Although I can still smell the fear on you. You better get over that if you’re going to be sailing with us for awhile.”

“Why do you think I’ll be sailing with you for awhile?” Sivan asked.

She snorted, disbelief clear in her laugh. “Oh I doubt the captain will let you go easily. He doesn’t like to give up pretty things he’s grown fond of.”

Sivan ignored the comment and redirected the conversation to his original question. “So, what’s in all of this for you? Why are so many Uncharted eager to abandon their homeland?”

Vivianne narrowed her black eyes at him. “How can you ask something about a land you’ve never been to?”

He was unable to respond; she had a point.

“You humans have it so easy. There are so few dangers on land. In the deep sea you don’t know if you’ll be alive or dead one moment to the next. A trench beast might swallow you whole, and if you’re stupid enough to surface you might go mad inside the quiet fog.” She turned to the sea, momentarily letting her guard down. “We’re drawn to land because it’s so plentiful, so vibrant. Under the water everything looks the same.”

Sivan wanted to let it go, the subject was clearly a touchy one. But he reminded himself why he’d been captured by Black.

“Still, why would an Uncharted woman betray her kingdom and kill her king?”

She snorted again, louder. “Jhaeros is no king of mine! I don’t give a rat’s ass what happens to the tart.”

“You’re not after the Corseque of Estes? Why follow Black then?”

“Why does any pirate follow their captain? For the treasure, mate.” Vivianne grinned at him, her eyes glittering at the prospect of riches. “Estes made the fancy weapon, right, but he also hid away an enormous stash of riches in his tomb. That’s what most of the crew is after.”

Sivan hummed, making sense of it all. “So the Uncharted half only cares about the gold?”

She shrugged. “Some of ‘em have issues with how Jhaeros has been drafting Uncharted for this war. Few come back, and if they do they aren’t the same after the alterations.”

“Alterations?” Sivan was truly curious now. Grenaldian forces had not been able to actually interrogate any Uncharted they had captured. They had all been too violent, unable to even reason with them.

“Gods, did you think we’re all like the beasts Jhaeros cranks out?” She snorted again, lower, shaking her head at the same time. “Of course you did. Jhaeros does something to the Uncharted who go to war. Brings out their baser instincts. Changes them.”

“I didn’t know,” Sivan admitted.

“Right. Well, gold is far better motivator for most of us. Even the humans on our crew could care less about who wins this war as long as they get paid at the end of it.” She peered at Sivan, her expression growing shrewd again. “And not all gold is weighed on a scale, *my lord*.”

Sivan wanted to crawl back under his brocade blankets un-

der her gaze. “What does that mean?”

“I suggest you ask our dear captain,” Vivianne chuckled and continued on towards the pirate celebration.

The tavern on the southern tip of the island was by far the largest building there besides the manor Sivan had been staying in. It was quite an open establishment, most of the walls being comprised of many carved stone pillars. Torches mounted on pillars had been lit, guiding them to a pit where the bonfire had been made. Sivan wasn't entirely sure the pit was originally intended for a great roaring fire, but the pirates had certainly decided that was its purpose now.

“Ah, the captain is dueling someone,” Vivianne said to Sivan loudly, so he could hear over the roar of the crew.

Indeed, Sivan now saw what the very intoxicated pirates were focused on. They surrounded a raised platform, which Sivan guessed was once used as a bar for patrons. Now the long u-shaped table was being used as a battle arena. An Uncharted man stood at one end, and Sivan was struck by how odd-looking this one was. He appeared to be made out a semi translucent green substance, his vaguely human shape wobbling with every movement, like he were made of jelly. His eyes were that classic Uncharted black, his teeth sharp rows of fangs, but everything else undulated unlike any Uncharted Sivan had ever seen. Somehow, the jelly man was holding an axe, which he hefted above his shoulder with surprising ease.

On the other end of the bar stood Black, beautiful as ever in the glow of the fire, holding his black cutlass out as a warning. His neutral smirk was fixed into something like excitement, clearly ready for battle.

Vivianne nodded towards the pair on the bar. “You're going to want to watch this.”

Someone in the crowd lit a firecracker and threw it between

the two men, which was evidently a signal for them to start.

The Uncharted man rushed towards Black, heaving the axe at him with surprising speed. But Sivan knew how fast the pirate lord could be, and was not surprised when Black dodged the blow easily. However, Black did not return the blow quite yet. The translucent green man shouted and went for Black again and again, every hit avoided by a graceful lean or step from Black. The crowd seemed to be on the captain's side, and cheered every time he avoided the axe.

As Sivan watched, he got the impression that Black was toying with the Uncharted man. It was like watching a cat play with a mouse, not killing it, but merely playing with it for fun.

The Uncharted man backed Black into a corner of the bar. The axe came down, Black had nowhere to step other than backwards into the jeering crowd. Instead he finally raised his cutlass, knocking the axe out from his hands with such force it flew across the room and buried itself into the carved face of a stone pillar in the shape of a siren woman.

The green man staggered back, his skin wobbling violently. Yet he did not back down even though he was now unarmed against the Demon of the Blackwater. His form continued to wobble until it began to spike outwards, transforming and solidifying into many sharp, translucent green axes.

Light reflected off the walking translucent armory onto Black's face, which gleamed with delight at the new change in his opponent. The newly formed axes shot out at Black, who parried them away with ease. The pirate lord's movements were so elegant, but the violence of his strikes made him a truly terrifying force to watch. The crowd of crew members was going wild, loving this strange new development and the way their captain adapted to it so easily.

Soon Black found the trick to the jelly axes's attacks, and he

turned his parries into blows that sliced the translucent green axes off from the man's body. Black gained footing, hacking away at the Uncharted man's form with each step. Soon the man was nothing but a stump of green jelly, every single one of the axes Black had chopped off turning into a sad puddle of goo. There was no way for this stump to yield, but there was no mercy Black could or would give him. The crowd roared for him to finish him off, so the pirate lord did, slicing the stump of a man up into cubes with a flurry of slashes from his sword.

Black raised his cutlass in victory, the crowd cheering for him. He was panting, sweat rolling down his neck and arms, soaking his tunic. He sheathed his sword and pulled the shirt off, wiping his face.

Sivan had been morbidly mesmerized by the whole thing, but heat rushed to his face at the man suddenly partially disrobing in front of him. He did not need to be reminded of the effect the pirate's chest had on him, and he especially didn't need to be made aware of what it looked like when the man was breathing heavily, a sheen of sweat on his skin.

An amused laugh sounded next to him, and it was Vivianne, her black eyes fixed on Sivan's red cheeks. "Did you like the show?"

Sivan refused to answer her, tearing his eyes away from Black's body to look at the sea. He was so mortified at being caught in his stare that he didn't even jump when the Uncharted woman smacked his back lightly.

"I can't say I blame you," she laughed. "He has no right to look like that and not sleep with any of the crew. It's just not fair."

Sivan again refused to say anything, mostly because he didn't know what to say. He had figured as a pirate lord, Black would use his position to get whoever into his bed whenever he felt like

it. Certainly the man didn't even need to use his position to do that. All he had to do was take off his shirt and his own prisoner was already reconsidering his stance on sleeping with the enemy.

Meanwhile, on the bar, the massacre of green jelly started coming back to life. In seconds the wobbling cubes and puddles of green goo molded back together, once again forming the green translucent Uncharted man, perfectly unharmed.

"I almost thought I got you that time, Captain!" the man shouted cheerily, grinning at Black.

"Those axes were a crafty trick, Jules!" Black shouted back, slapping the man on the back, sending him wobbling merrily into the crowd.

Vivianne prodded Sivan again and handed him a small glass of a clear liquid. "You're going to need this," she said, grinning at him with a knowing glint.

Sivan knew this was a bad idea. This went against so many Royal Navy codes. Drinking an unknown substance from the enemy. Trusting a hostile Uncharted. Yet Sivan thought of how he was about to meet Black while he was half naked again, and it made him take the glass from the blue woman. He downed it in one great gulp, the liquid burning all the way down his throat and into his stomach.

Sivan coughed, unprepared for how strong the alcohol was. Vivianne laughed and slapped him on the back again, trying to be comforting, but only making him cough more. "You're more fun than you let on, Montgomery!" she howled.

Sivan grimaced and pushed the glass back into her hand. "Just take me to Black," he coughed out.

"You came!" Black's deep voice cut through the loud chatter of the crowd. Sivan wasn't sure if the sudden lightheaded feeling was from the alcohol he had just downed or if it was from seeing the pirate lord's naked chest up close.

“He quite enjoyed your performance, Captain,” Vivianne crooned, teasing words jabbing at Sivan’s pride.

“Excellent!” Black shouted, and wrapped an arm around Sivan’s shoulders, pulling him closer. Sivan’s heart tried to escape through his nose at this, his face heating up miserably. “Thank you for bringing him, Vivianne. Tell Brand to take the night off too.”

With that, Black dragged Sivan away from her. Yet Sivan did not miss the amused cackle from the woman as he was carted off. His mortification only grew with the effect the strong alcohol was beginning to have on his mind, and he was beginning to deeply resent Vivianne for reasons other than her being Uncharted.

“I’m so glad you came, my lord,” Black said, barely audible through the cacophonous din of the party. Up close, Sivan could smell the drink on him mixed with the heady scent of his body after a fight. The pirate took him to a curtained off room farther into the tavern. The curtains were heavy, and did much to block out the sounds from the other pirates. Inside was a huge floor cushion surrounded by a mess of brocade pillows and throws. The room was lit by hanging chandeliers of red candles, instantly giving Sivan the impression that this was used by the tavern as a pleasure room.

Black let go of Sivan and collapsed onto the large cushion, his black hair spilling out over the many pillows. He grinned up at Sivan and patted the small space he had evidently left for him right next to his side.

Sivan was in a bit of a shock, being suddenly transported to this red room by a half naked pirate, but he was just light headed enough from the drink Vivianne had given him to think it was not an unreasonable request. Besides, if he wanted to find out the real reason Black had captured him, he could have asked for



no better opportunity than to try and coax it out of him while he was quite drunk.

So he sat down next to the man, trying to find a way to tactfully stay as far away from his still glistening chest and failing as there was little room to do anything other than sit in the spot Black offered to him beneath his arm.

"I really am so glad you decided to come, my lord," Black said, leaning into Sivan's space.

Sivan tried to not let the grinning pirate's unfairly beautiful face distract him too much, but it really was difficult. "You've already said that," Sivan muttered.

"But it is the truth," Black murmured.

"The truth..." Sivan swallowed, trying to will himself to concentrate on his purpose despite the pirate's intimate proximity. "When have you ever told me the truth?"

"I have only ever told my lord the truth!" Black had the audacity to look hurt, although he used it as an excuse to snake his arm tighter around Sivan's shoulders. "Why is the truth so important to you?"

"You say you knew me before you kidnapped me, but I feel like I'm nothing but a pawn in your game, Black," Sivan said, obstinately glaring at him despite the rushing of his pulse. "Except I don't even know what game we are playing."

Black grinned wickedly, sharp teeth glinting in the dim candlelight. "Only the best of all games, my lord." His free hand came up to tilt Sivan's chin to the side, so he was forced to look into Black's deep green eyes. "And you are no pawn, trust me. If anything you're the queen."

Sivan glared at him harder. "Don't mock me," he spat before turning his head away.

Black laughed, the sound cutting through Sivan's ire. "I am doing no such thing!" He pulled Sivan closer, settling him fully

against his side. “The king is the piece that ends the game, but the queen is without a doubt the most powerful player on the board. It can go in any direction without limit. It is arguably the most valuable piece in the game.”

Sivan refused to let himself be molded into the pirate’s warm side despite his body’s desire to do so. The pirate’s cutlass was digging into his hip at this angle, the cold metal making Sivan shiver. “This is not a game. It is reality. You can’t use others as pieces to be played with.”

Black’s wicked grin did not falter. In fact it only grew more daring and mischievous as Sivan continued to chastise him. Without Sivan realizing it, Black had been slowly inching his free hand towards the lord’s thighs. “No, but don’t you think it’s a little more exciting to be played with now and then?” His hand slid between Sivan’s legs, gently squeezing the middle of his thigh.

Fighting against the urge to moan the pirate’s name and open his legs wider, Sivan took action. He grasped the man’s sword, pulling it out from behind him. At the same time Sivan pushed him back and straddled his lap. He pressed the sword against Black’s throat, glaring down at him with molten gold eyes.

“I could kill you now,” Sivan hissed, though his words held no real threat to them. “Is that an exciting enough game for you, *Captain?*”

Black’s grin had not faltered in the slightest when Sivan drew the cutlass against his neck. In fact, his eyes only burned darker, his cheeks flushing, biting his lip. *Gods, the man liked this.*

“If I had to die, I would choose no other way than by your blade, my lord.” The pirate’s hands landed on Sivan’s hips, making him jump by a fraction. The edge of the cutlass grazed the man’s skin, drawing a thin line of red at his throat.

Sivan pulled the sword back, fearful that he might acciden-

tally slit his neck. He couldn't do that. This man was the dreaded Demon of the Blackwater, but Sivan absolutely could not be the one to end his life. He was too beautiful, his laugh too pleasant a sound, his touch too gentle for Sivan to do him any harm.

Black squeezed his hips, and Sivan threw the cutlass to the side. He surged forward, unable to resist any longer, and kissed the pirate. The man beneath him was evidently shocked for a moment, his hands freezing on his waist. Sivan panicked, maybe he had read this situation entirely wrong, and the pirate really was just messing with him. Then Black returned the kiss tenfold, pulling Sivan closer with a hand on his back and the other behind his neck.

The pirate's lips were surprisingly cool against his, but it didn't take long before Black's tongue was opening up Sivan's mouth, heat blossoming between them.

Black sat up straighter, giving him a better angle at which to deepen the kiss. Just this kiss alone was enough to leave Sivan shaking, but the pirate's hands were now on his back, his hips, his thighs. It was positively making Sivan tremble with want. He could feel himself growing hard in his pants, which had to be obvious since they were, after all, a size too small.

Sharp teeth nipped at Sivan's lips, teasing them swollen before Black soothed them with his tongue. Sivan got the impression that the pirate had a plan for making him come apart. It made him wonder if Black had been thinking about kissing him for longer than he knew.

Finally he let Sivan's lips rest, allowing the man to catch his breath. Sivan braced himself on Black's shoulders, steadying the weakness his body was giving into. "Black...wh-what's the real reason you captured me?"

Apparently the pirate couldn't resist licking up the mess he had left Sivan's lips in, and continued to kiss at the corners of his

mouth even as he spoke. "Ah, I can't tell you that, my lord. You may stop kissing me if you knew."

Considering the immense arousal Sivan was currently feeling, he doubted anything could sway him in this state. "Impossible," he gasped as the pirate slid a hand between his thighs, gripping the meat of his groin to spread his legs apart and expose the clear bulge in Sivan's pants.

Black grazed a light touch against the curve of his cock and Sivan bit his lips, biting back a moan. "You're quite hard," the pirate teased, pressing slightly harder against the bulge. "Come now, let me hear you, my lord."

Sivan shook his head, but couldn't stop his hips from bucking, desperate for more of the pirate's touch. "N-no," he whined behind a hand over his mouth. "Everyone will hear."

"Let them hear," Black encouraged, finally cupping Sivan's cock fully with his large hand, the friction washing pleasure over him. "I want everyone to know you're mine."

It was possessive, shameless, and it fanned the fire in Sivan's gut. There was something so deliciously exciting about being on display like that. He knew he should resent the man who had stolen him away from his home, but the dark part of Sivan that had been obsessing over the pirate the last few days also deeply desired to be taken by him.

"Will you please take off your pants, my lord?" Black asked into his ear, hot breath tickling his neck. The pirate asked it so politely, which only made the request sound all the more profane. Still, Sivan complied, shakily undoing the several buttons that kept the pants tight around his waist and pushing them down past his knees, all while still in the pirate's lap.

Black's dark eyes gleamed with excitement, and he placed his hands against the skin of Sivan's hips the moment he was exposed to him. He repositioned the man in his lap, and Sivan

could now feel the pirate's insistent arousal pressing against his ass. Sivan gasped at the realization. Even through his pants, he could tell the pirate's cock was huge.

A hand from his hips wandered to Sivan's erect arousal and gently took it in hand with a squeeze. Pleasure rocked through his body, the callous fingers jerking him off perfectly. Sivan shuddered, needing to grip at Black's shoulders to keep himself upright.

"You're so beautiful," the pirate praised against his neck. Sivan flushed harder, tried to find some words to protest the flattery, but the rhythm of the man's hand on his cock ruined his voice, turning it into another stifled moan.

Black's cock was somehow growing larger, the man beneath him unable to resist thrusting upwards slightly to get the barest fraction of relief against Sivan.

"Take...take yours off as well," Sivan panted, fingernails digging into the pirate's skin.

Dark green eyes glittered with possibility, the man flashing a familiar smirk at him. "Are you making demands of me, my lord?"

Sivan glared at him. This pirate captain loved to tease. "Yes," he said, firmer.

"Then by all means, go ahead," Black chuckled, taking his hands off Sivan to motion for him to do the honors.

Sivan swallowed, his mouth dry at the prospect of doing it himself. But still, he wanted to see the man's cock at least once. This could be his only opportunity. So he slid himself back between Black's legs and set to work on unlacing the pirate's pants. As he touched the fabric closer to the man's bulge, Sivan was surprised to find that it was quite wet. Maybe it was the sweat from his fight earlier.

His work paid off, and the pirate's large cock was free,

standing proud and tall and dripping quite badly. Sivan had some experience with sucking off other men; it was the easiest way to sate desires in the close quarters of military ships. But he had never seen a man's cock quite so large or quite so generously lubricated. He opened his mouth and leaned down, wanting to taste it, but was stopped when Black pulled him back up into his lap with a yank of his vest.

"Not so fast, my lord," Black said stiffly. "If you do that I won't be able to stop myself."

Sivan frowned. He thought that was the point, but the pirate rolled him over onto his side, propping himself over Sivan.

"I have other plans for you tonight." His voice was husky, sending all Sivan's challenges out of his mind. Black then gripped his own arousal with a hand, milking the ample precum into his palm. He then pushed Sivan's thighs up and to the side, sliding his wet hand between them, coating the insides of his legs. "Is this acceptable?"

So hazed over with desire as he was, Sivan took a moment before he realized the man wanted to fuck his thighs. He nodded hastily, face flushing, unable to say anything in return. Black pressed the tip of his cock between his thighs as he closed his legs around it. Sivan shivered. Even now he could feel how hot and heavy the pirate's cock was.

"Keep your legs tight together, my lord," Black directed.

"Please stop calling me that," Sivan muttered, his ears flushing hotter every time the man called out his title like that. "It sounds profane when you say it."

"But isn't what we're doing quite profane, my lord?" Black chuckled, and he pushed into the heat of the man's thighs. Sivan gasped. Black's cock was large enough that the motion had brought both of their arousals together. The pirate groaned loudly, shaking above Sivan. This clearly gave Black just as much





pleasure as it did to Sivan, which emboldened him greatly.

“Does that feel good, Captain?” Sivan asked, voice a low whisper.

“Yes,” Black replied, his own voice now needy. He pushed Sivan’s legs up further and thrust in between them again, now gliding firmer against Sivan’s own hard arousal. The pirate began fucking his thighs in earnest, each thrust sliding against Sivan’s cock, his balls, giving him the simulation of being fucked while fondling him at the same time.

Sivan had forgotten they were only shielded by a few thick curtains. He didn’t care about his moans escaping, Black saw to that. The pirate was quite possibly louder than he was, his cries growing more desperate the faster he went. It felt so damn good, the slick of Black’s cock providing a delicious slide of flesh against flesh. Sivan hazily wondered how it’d feel if the man were inside him, coating his insides with the slick that seemed to pour out from his arousal unendingly.

This thought was so tempting to Sivan that he genuinely hoped in that moment that no one would come to rescue him. He could spend the rest of his days being fucked stupid by this pirate who had captured his heart and body.

“My lord,” Black groaned, the title a sin on the man’s lips pressed flush against Sivan’s neck.

Sivan came, pressure from the man’s cock hitting his balls just right and sending him over the edge. He clawed at satin pillows and Black’s ridiculously large arms holding him in place. His orgasm made his vision go spotty, white flashes of hot light wrecking his senses. Black held him through it, not stopping his wild thrusting.

As soon as Sivan stopped trembling, Black came. He desperately held onto Sivan, like he was adrift at sea and the noble was the only thing keeping him afloat. Sivan held him back in return,



letting the pirate empty himself into his thighs.

The tremors from the man above him abated, and the weight of him crashed down on top of Sivan. He let out a weak noise of protest as Black was exceedingly heavy. Even though he was heavy, Sivan still felt so sated and relaxed beneath him. He wasn't sure if he had ever come that hard in his life, and he was even less sure if it was because of the pirate's sheer beauty or if it was because of the fact that he was a pirate.

"Black," Sivan hummed, trying to form words again with his mind still hazy. "Is this the reason you captured me?"

The pirate did not respond. His breathing was slowing, his body growing even heavier on top of Sivan. "Black?" He lightly smacked the man's muscled bicep, but there was still no response from him.

Black had fallen asleep.

Sivan traced the line of the man's jaw. Stubble had been strictly frowned upon in the Royal Navy. If a sailor wanted to keep a beard they had to have it perfectly groomed daily. Most found it easier to just shave it all off. Sivan found he rather liked Black with a touch of facial hair. He rather liked the pirate's whole appearance, if his quickness to get into bed with him hadn't already made that obvious. Black was a dangerous man. He was quick to temper and hard to read, but there was something about him that made Sivan think that he wasn't wholly evil.

The pirate wanted to kill Jhaeros, to end the war. Even if he had been misguided about how he went about it, he did good through the Blackwater's odd acts of vigilantism. He had shown Sivan kindness and concern, both of which Sivan felt came from that secret reason for his capture.

As much as Sivan wanted to find out the truth behind that, he could not let such a beautiful man be crushed under the tide of what was coming.

Sivan managed to push the man off him enough to crawl out. The mess on his thighs was now apparent, thick white globs of the pirate's seed painting the lord's copper skin obscenely. Sivan's own spill had made it up onto his vest, staining the fine cloth.

The reality of what they had done now seeped into Sivan's senses. He had come here to find out the truth of why Black had kidnapped him. Instead he had caved into his desires and slept with a dangerous criminal. Shame slowly burned into Sivan's skin, making the wet mess between his legs feel uncomfortably cold. He took off his soiled vest and sopped up his thighs as best he could. Locating his pants beneath the pirate's foot, Sivan freed them from the pirate's weight by yanking on them.

Black grunted when Sivan had taken his pants. He watched the pirate, praying to whatever gods that had not yet abandoned him that he would not wake up. The man pawed at his side, where Sivan had been just a moment before, as if he were searching for him in his sleep. His hand landed on a brocade bolster pillow and drew that underneath him, hugging it as he settled back down.

It was such a pathetic sight that it almost made Sivan want to stay.

Almost.

Instead he pulled his pants back on, snatched the pirate's cutlass, and hastily left the curtained off room. Either their moans had scared off any of the surrounding pirates or the Blackwater crew was not stupid enough to try and eavesdrop on their captain, for there was no-one nearby to witness Sivan escape.

He made for the docks. The Royal Navy would be here any minute, and Sivan had to find a way to meet them en route, so he could somehow convince them to let the pirates live.

He prayed he was not too late.