

The Stormed Yacht

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One storm, a captains quick decisions....survival or not.

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The yacht was sex on water. No prim princess in white, she was sleek and tan and sensual. A floating sex club. The love of my life was the owner and operator. Every woman and some of the men wanted him all to themselves by force if they could have power over him. Was there a cure for orgy and over indulgence? If there was he was taking the antidote. The yacht was dubbed voyuer. The owner thinking the word played well off of voyager and his fav kink, watching people fuck live. Cameras panned and zoomed to every angle of the sail and every tiny wet detail of sex that could be captured. Tonight was no exception. The deck was covered in coupling partners. The captain watched from his cockpit while nursing a stiff scotch and a hard on that rivaled a roman hero. All the action playing out in front of him but he searched for something, someone special. Nowhere to be found. Part dissapointment and partial relief echoed inside him. I saw him sitting in his captains chair Both hands full of hard liquer so to speak. I watched him scanning and pacing the cameras. What was he looking for?? I stood in the doorway hoping to catch a clue to my loves desire and wishing it was me. He said womens names aloud in recognition, was there lust or another bored tone in their names. My voyerism was watchin his desire.Â But he let it go, instead reaching for the switch and leaving the space dark as the monitors went blank. "Captain?" i spoke softly alerting him to my presence finally. "First mate," he acknowledged my presence and ships title. i wasnt required to participate or be in the constant state of undress that the captain and his guests enjoyed. But my uniform was less than prim. The naval dress blues reduced to a tight skimpy squeeze. The cut pushing up and out all my attributes in the most appealing way. "Sorry to interrupt sir but theres a squall to large to avoid coming in off starboard."Â i said the words hoping to convey not just the urgency of the sea but of me as well.Â "Well alert the crew and clear the deck matey." He did his best pirate voice and made me smile every time. It was a dead ringer for Captain Jack sparrow a hot piece of pirate ass even just movie ass.Â "Aye Capn" i saluted and his cock waved back dismissing me. Or beckoning to disregard his owners order. Not sure who ran that giant member. ***** The storm hit with High waves and beating torrent of rain. Anyone stupid enough to crawl up to watch would have been easily swept overboard without some lifeline. Even the crew with lifelines and protective gear knew that one wrong move and the safety line would become the tool the ocean would use to beat them senseless against thw hull prior to drowning them. Days like this i wondered why i took this job. The captain barked unintelligable orders over the howling winds more frenzied yell. We turned into the storm and braced for mile hi wave dropping crests. The naked orgy guests were now regretting the full buffet and sex romp, wondering if they would make it home to fuck on dry land.Â I was thinking of Jonah, not the pinnochio version by disney. The ocean leviathon that digested the man on a night such as this and had the bad manners to puke up the leftovers on the shore. The crew did all we could and struggled below deck to join the Captain in riding this out. "Go to your quarters and dry out," He ordered but placed his hand on my soaked arm to retain my company alone. For a moment something skimmed his face and i though i saw Ahab the whale hunter looking at me, then it was gone. He turned back to navigation but i stripped and wrapped a warm blanket around me clinging to the rocking floor and a scalding cup of coffee. We didnt speak during the storm. All night we sat together while he silently fought out our course and i willed him to win. One wrong move not only would we be capsized but every soul aboard would drink their last bitter taste of water and the ships leftovers would be spintered. No chance of rescue in this battle except winning. I watched him work in quick decisive actions. This was the guy i loved not the sexed starved teenager fucking anything that was naked, wet, and open. "Hey Ahab drink some coffee," i chided hoping to keep him alert and offering help.Â "Only if its hard coffee, my nerves are spent already thanks." He flashed a grin that looked painful and kept working. in my seat, with my eyes half open, i passed out from exauation spilling my remaining coffee in my lap and leaving the blanket wet and wildly parted.Â ***** Muttering brought me semi conscious. The captain arguing with himself in low grunts. I noticed the ship had quieted its violent heaves. I was still in my sticky seat covered barely by a ruff blanket. I stayed put not wanting in on his argument. I pretended i was still asleep. Unable to escape any other way i listened as he repeatedly muttered my name followed by a litany of salty phrases fit for any good sailor. "What the fuck did i do to piss him off so bad?" i almost wished we were drowning instead of facing his

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equally treacherous anger. Perhaps he blamed me for not avoiding the storm. Some were outrunnable but this bitch came out of nowhere. i braced for him to wake me but he just kept arguing with himself. I stole a peep through heavy lids and the face i loved was furrowed and pissed and apparently three sheets to the wind drunk. He was the perfect storm i wasnt gonna escape tonight. i barely registered his raging erection which peaked his loose pants like a circus tent pole. Mad and horny a dangerous combo to go with fucked and walkin the fired plank. Geez i didnt wanna be on his shit list. The captain got up, stumbled toward my trying to slumber form and ripped the blanket off me. "Get out, get out, get out!!!" he bellowed. I sat there naked and stunned. "I hate you bitch get outta my sight!!!" Still stunned and now condused by the personal insult i was paralyzed. " okay stay and get laid!" He lunged and staggered angrily ontop of me. I smelled the whiskey on his breath and his aftershave. Fuck i wanted him but not like this. He pulled us to the floor and pinned me under him dragging his mouth over mine in an aggressive kiss. He was drunk enough to be off balance but it hadnt robbed him of his strength. Laying down he was heavy and easily overpowered my struggling. "I know you want me baby," he grunted into my ear.Â My want for him draining away with every nasty word and action. His cock was bruising my leg he was grinding so hard into my flesh. i could feel the fabric burning my skin with its fast friction. Please was not a vocabulary word i liked and i wasnt gonna use it now. i went limp under him willing him to just get it over with. "oh you are gonna play possum honey??"Â "We will see bout that." He brought his hand to my clit and pawed it expecting thrilled moans with his verile skills. Instead he got a knee to the nads and an almost escape from his weight as he recoiled in pain. A sharp backhand to the face was my reward for trying to save us both from this horrible mistake.Â "im gonna eat you so hard you beg for mercy girl." "ill bite your clit until you are screaming my name." He removed his genitals from my reach and buried his face brutally between my legs. Both arms wrapping around my thighs and pulling me inescapably open toward his ruthless mouth. He bit and punished my lips and clit mercilessly. i tried to roll away from the worst pressures but made some worse and i screamed in pain with anger at his assault. Deep in the depth of my heart i checked out and left the room. i went to the place that waited for me when circumstances were horribly inescapable and spent the time he raped me forming the plan of action against him. Hes gonna wish he murdered me tonight if he doesnt. Jail would be to merciful. My plan was to punish him for a lifetime and use my pussy as bait.Â No not blackmail, to easy. i was gonna find a way to either turn him gay or make him so devoted to me that no other woman would ever risk his attack again. Little did i know i had already won the battle. His dick craved me and he lost his erection near any other woman. He was angry at me for robbing him of his romping masculine hoarding of pussy. He was hating me for his own weakness and condemning us both by his actions to being bound and joined in a wedlock from hell. Our first time sealed his fate never to have me truly as his own. Sealed mine as well executing my feelings for him and making me his sordid jailor. I learned him and tortured him mercilessly physically, emotionally, mentally. He begged to be released and i renamed his yacht the caged sparrow.

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