

"Oh well look who decided t'show up." The feeling of a warm, firm hand against the small of [REDACTED] back was only a little surprising, although she felt her face heat up as she heard the Captain speaking behind her.

"I've been here!" She replied, defending herself. She'd been working earlier, she just popped out to get [REDACTED] some coffee and to spend an hour or two scoping out the mall back on the mainland. Could anyone fault her for that?

"Mmm. Them bags ya got there says otherwise." He pressed his body up against her back, hooking his fingers around the handle of one of the shopping bags, tugging it gently out of her grasp. "What've we got here, hm? More pretty things t'remind everyone that you're a slut?" His voice was edging between affectionate and teasing - everything he said was loaded with hot tension.

"Heh-" She let out a slightly offended noise, although they both knew it didn't mean much. She got off on this kind of dirty talk just as much (if not more) than the Captain himself. Hell, it had taken a little reassuring to get him to dedicate himself to it in the first place - he was awfully mushy once you got to know him.

That said, he was certainly not being soft right now, not as he dropped her bags onto the floor and hooked his hands around her waist, edging his fingers along the tight, shiny fabric of her skirt, digging his bony fingers into the soft flesh of her thigh below the hemline. "Lookit you. Wearing shit that nearly shows off your fine ass to everybody in the fuckin' neighborhood."

"Not much of a neighborhood to show off to," She noted, tilting her head back to rest against his chest, looking up at him. "Maybe you should take me to the mainland next time. Watch the way people look at me *there*."

He flushed red, a nasty smile spreading across his face as she played back into his hands. He hooked a finger under the skin-tight latex and tugged it up, rucking it up a couple of inches - practically showing her underwear off already.

"Yeh? Why would I wanna watch you get leered at when I could just get my hands on ya right here right now?" He nudged her forward after greedily squeezing at her thighs, "Go on, girly. Find us somewhere private unless you want the chairman to catch you with your tits out again."

She swallowed thickly, her heart hammering with excitement. She could come retrieve her presents off the floor in a little while - she certainly wasn't going to pass up the Captain when he was in this kind of mood. "Aye aye, Captain." She teased, giving him a little mock salute before making her way - only *slightly* shaky-legged - to the nearby stairwell. She perched herself on the first landing, a few steps up, her legs pressed politely together, her chin resting on her palm.

She eyed him up as he approached, watched as his eye slid from her puffy purple afro to her face - the taunting curve of her lips, daring him to press onward - and finally down the warm dark curve of her cleavage. The way she was sitting only served to accent how low-cut and tight her top was, her breasts spilling over the top.

The Captain settled down beside her, his hand brushing gently against her hip for a moment. "Lookit you. So goddamn pretty." He cooed at her, unable to keep some of that warm, gooey affection from leaking out.

"Thank you." She grinned up at him, her face flushed as the Captain's hands wandered along her thigh.

From there they slid up the curve of her hip before curling his arm around her waist and pulling her in close. He leaned in, lips against the shell of her ear. "What kind of trouble d'you think we oughta get into here, little miss?"

"I assumed you had something planned." She tilted her head, leaning into the warmth of his body.

"Oh, I've got plenty of ideas." He replied, his voice low with that signature pirate's growl. "If'n you'll let me, of course."

"Of course." She replied, her voice thick now with excitement and lust. His hand slid over the curve of her leg again, but this time it didn't hesitate. He tugged up the taut hemline of her skirt, pushing his spindly fingers against her cunt, sliding across the thin fabric of her panties.

"Already wet, hm?" He teased, listening to the breathless little noises she made as he touched her, his fingers tracing her clit through the fabric, grinding down against her slit in the way he *knew* would make her gasp.

She didn't offer a rebuttal, just a breathless gasp as he touched her. She leaned into his firm, scrawny chest, feeling just how warm he was against her skin. Everything was so hot and heavy now, the air in the hall seemingly thick with lust. Her heart was hammering with the bare concept of getting caught like this, with the Captain's hand up her skirt. What would ██████ do? Would he scold them - almost certainly - or would he take a break in his busy schedule to join in, to partake in the debauchery.

His voice stayed thick and low as he kept his mouth against the side of her head, his breath tickling her cheek. "What're ya thinkin' about, love?" He teased, finally tugging aside her panties fully so he could push one bony finger into her soaked cunt. She couldn't help the surprised, pleased noise that spilled past her lips, her fingers tightening against his knee where she was bracing herself.

“Ah ah ah. Quiet, now. Unless you *want* the chairman catchin’ onto all this... Is that it? You wanna see what kinda punishment he’ll dole out if he catches us caught up together?”

She tried to mumble a defense, but he was catching her by the jaw now, turning her head so he could kiss her as he ground his fingertips in long, slow strokes against her g-spot. She was already squirming against the stairs - sweaty-palmed and desperate - and when his thumb landed back against her clit, grinding in slow circles, she thought for a brief, hot moment that she might actually cum right *then*.

He withdrew his hand right as her breathing started to stutter, chuckling softly against her mouth as he ran his tongue over her bottom lip. “No, no. Not just yet.” His voice was thick with arousal - his face flushed and ruddy. It was clear enough this was getting to him just as heavily as it was getting to her -- and why wouldn’t it? As much talk as the Captain liked to do, he really was a bit of a sucker for such a pretty lady who was willing to give him so much time of her day.

He slunk off of the stair with surprising ease, settling down on his knees in front of her. She let out a stuttery breath of air as she realized what he was doing, watched him tug down her panties with both hands. He looked up at her for a moment, caught her eye and gave her a toothy, mischievous smile. “Y’don’t mind, do you, love? I can’t help meself.”

It was her turn to laugh now - her face growing hotter as she touched his cheek, ran her thumb along the band of his eyepatch. “Why would I mind that?” She asked, watching him with heated trepidation as he pushed her knees apart.

He was greedy as ever, his shoulders trembling a bit, belying just how hungry he was to eat her out as he buried his head between her legs. His tongue slid flat across her slit, a low groan escaping him, followed by a mutter of, “*Oh, sweet mother Mary,*”

He set into his task like it was the only thing keeping him alive, his fingers digging into the soft meat of her thighs as he held himself steady. He closed his eye, panting against her hot skin as he lapped at her, moving like a man possessed. She was a mess of gasps and trembling after only a moment -- despite how frantic he was being, he was doing a damn good job of keeping his tongue on her clit in *just* the right way, applying pressure in a way that had her legs shaking after a few minutes.

She clapped a hand across her mouth to keep her moans quiet, her other hand tangling in his gingery hair, mussing up his ponytail. Despite herself, she could hear the noises they were making echoing off the quiet stairwell and she couldn’t help but focus on that adrenaline-pumping thought of *oh god, what if [redacted] catches us like this* -- between that and the way the Pirate kept pulling back to mumble to himself, speaking like he was praying, like he was on his knees at an altar -- his words muffled by skin and sweat, thick with arousal and need -- it was all just so *much* all at once.

Her head was spinning, the Pirate's low, gravelly voice drifting up into her ears as her whole body overheated. Drifting between curses and drippy, lovestruck compliments -- "I need you so goddamned bad," and "Yeh that's right you lovely slut I'll have you cum across my mouth--" all of it so heavy with affection, with *need*...

Her orgasm almost startled her - the pleasure had built to such a crescendo inside her already, her stomach tense and tight, her toes curled as it washed over her in steady, not-quite-overwhelming waves - but then everything seemed to take a leap ahead. The world around her stopped turning - there was nothing but the ringing in her ears, the hammering of her heart, the Captain's tongue on her clit and his fingers sneaking up inside her cunt -- Nothing but pleasure in excess.

Her vision nearly whited out as she grabbed the back of his head with both hands, not able to stifle the sounds of her orgasm as she clamped her soft thighs shut around his ears. He stayed in place dutifully, like an addict still trying to get to his drugs, his tongue still moving in lazy, slow strokes even as he was pinned in place.

He pulled back once he was finally released, gaze drifting back up to hers, completely cumdrunk, stars in his eyes. "Goddamn, girly. That was- aheh... That was intense, wasn't it?" He eased his hands along her still-quivering thighs, kissing her leg with his wet mouth.

She gave a groan of a response, grinning down at him blearily. She was going to have to ask about some of that colorful language he'd used later -- there were plenty of interesting little snippets that she could tease him with -- but for now she was still basking in the shuddery afterglow.

He brushed his hair back from his forehead and got to his feet after a few more seconds, a hungry, crooked smile spreading across his face once again.

She knew what he wanted before he got the chance to say it -- even before he wrapped his hand around the thick bulge in his slacks, stroking himself greedily right in front of her face.

She was done being patient - just the sight of how thick he was through the fabric was enough to have her mouth watering. She didn't say anything to him, just brushed his hand away and groped at his bulge herself. The heat coming off of his cock was palpable even through two layers of fabric, and it made her insides twitch in arousal. "My turn." She murmured, sugary sweet despite the cock-hungry look on her face.

With a crooked smile of her own she undid his zipper and tugged his pants down his thighs. He took control after that, pushing his pants and briefs down his bony ass, letting the hefty weight of his erection bounce in front of her nose.

It was already leaking - a fat drop of precum dripping off the tip of his cock, the whole of his erection flushed pink and solid. She wasn't hesitant to get her hands on it - eagerly wrapping her fingers around the hot flesh, feeling it twitch against her palms. It was so *heavy*, it was still sort of surprising that such a scrawny man was packing so much heat in his pants.

Surprising, but *very* exciting. She leaned in, her eyes fluttering closed as she licked across the head. She let her gaze flicker up to meet his eyes for a moment, drawing a sharp gasp from his lips. She counted that as a success, her chest warm with pride as she took the head fully into her mouth.

She slid his foreskin back as she pushed forward, slowly stroking his shaft as she moved. He groaned in pleasure, hand settling against the back of her head, his hips stuttering. Even still, he let her set the pace for now -- watching in awe as she dipped forward and pulled back, the weight of his cock against her tongue making her heart race.

She slid her tongue along the shaft, paying careful attention to the head, sucking against it firmly, making him curse before she released him to take a breath. He leaned himself back, bracing against the wall as she moved forward, her hands on his thighs.

██████ spent her sweet time working him over - her methods slower and less frantic than his earlier ministrations, but no less pleasurable. She bobbed her head a bit, let the head dip against the back of her throat, making her gag a little just for show.

A whiny curse spilled past his lips at that, his fingers tightening against her head. "Fuck-- holy hell, I--"

And then she pulled back just an inch, looked up at him with watery, mischievous eyes before slowly moving forward -- further and further, swallowing his cock down to the base. It wasn't hard not to choke if she was careful enough - she prided herself on being able to do this and do it *well* -- it was a point of pride to be so damn good at giving head.

He cursed again - a slurred string of words, his knees shaking as his eyes screwed shut. He was already sweaty and overwhelmed -- falling apart just as easily as he had with his face buried in her cunt.

He was coming apart quickly and she used that to her advantage -- pushed forward and withdrew nice and slow. A thick string of drool and precum hung between her chin and the thick, swollen head of his cock -- glistening in the fluorescent hallway light. The room was silent -- silent except for the sounds of both of them panting, the Captain watching as if he was caught up in a trance, as if Ambrosia herself were a siren that had lured him here to take his life.

He looked every bit like he wanted her to.

When she took him back in her mouth he knew that he wasn't going to last much longer. His whole body shuddered and he tightened his grip against the back of her head, his fingers carded through her hair. "Go-Good lord-- *christ alive, you're filthy.*" His voice cracked, knees shaking. "Y-yeah, yeah, tha's right love, suck it like that, yes- yes, yes-- *Mmmh--*"

He managed to keep himself from thrusting up into her mouth *too* violently as the lust overcame him, his hips snapping forward, dragging his cockhead against the back of her throat. His dick twitched in her mouth, his whole body stiffening as he came. Hot, thick fluid splashed the back of her throat, filling her eager mouth.

He was mumbling still, feverish and overwhelmed, his sweaty hands petting at her face, begging her to swallow, telling her what a good girl she was, how bloody hot this whole thing was--

She pulled off with a slow, practiced motion, tipping her head back slightly as she swallowed down his cum, offering a drooly smile afterwards. "Good?" She asked, her throat a little raspy.

He dropped down onto his ass beside her, tugging her into a clumsy, sleepy hug. "Good? You're gonna suck me damn soul out one of these days, Miss [REDACTED]." He said, voice cracking a bit. He kissed at her cheeks, the corner of her mouth. "Bloody *hell.*"