

By Hook or by crook

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Flying wings get you there, folded wings keep you there.

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Peter Pan, Pixie Dust, Never-never Land, Fairies... Why should children have all the fun? What if Tinkerbell came to realize that Peter would never grow up, never take responsibility for himself, for her or for anyone except playing with the Lost Boys and idolizing Wendy, a girl who moved on to have children by another man? What if Tink came to discover a deep, inner need to be important to someone, and to serve a worthy master? Who in Neverland could love her, guide her, and correct her willfulness and those character defects known only to herself? Hook, of course. James Matthew Hook, Captain of the stout brigantine Jolly Roger, a legend among legends in pirate lore is the one. Once the boatswain of Blackbeard and said to be the only man whom Long John Silver ever feared James Hook stood alone in Tink's mind and soul as the man in whom she need invest her spirit. How many times had she boarded his ship in battle and felt the thrills and stirrings deep inside her body, in places she did not yet understand. Tink thought it was the excitement of battle then, but strangely it left her girl parts wet and swollen, her nipples perked almost painfully. Now coming into her maturity, Tink came to know the rich, dark, hot flashes of sensation inside her had less to do with the thrills of battle than those of desire. How many times had Hook commanded her to stop flitting about like a silly lightning bug and to kneel before him? As a girl, Tink had enjoyed annoying him. As a woman now, her longings were to please and to be pleased. A trembling Tink reached a decision. She would slip away from a sleeping Peter and his Lost Boys and fly high over Neverland, circling it madly, saying goodbye to her youth. Then, she'd go to hook, look directly into his commanding eyes and then lower hers. In the eternity of that fleeting moment, a world of possibility opened for both of them. "Take my hand", Hook said with a gentleness that belied the firmness of its undertone. That voice resonated within Tink, her stomach and genitals tingled and the butterflies inside her came up behind her heaving breasts to catch in her throat. Her tiny hand in his, Hook led Tink aft, to his cabin. Hook took a seat in the oaken chair at the desk next to his chart table and his gaze took in all of her, the pixie cut hair, the slender neck, her ample breasts, her waist abdomen and her strong legs. "Turn," he commanded. Unused to inspection, Tink turned clumsily. Her face blushed crimson as Tink caught the look of barely contained disapproval over her badly executed pirouette. Standing now, with her

back to him she missed the twinkle of amusement in Hook's eye that had quickly followed his brief annoyance. Hook admired Tink's back and especially her fine ass. "This woman was full of possibility," he thought, "but she needs direction." "Face me!" Hook commanded and Tink immediately turned and stood as tall as her diminutive frame allowed. She even tucked in her wings as best she could manage. Hook: "Why are you here woman?" "We both know why I'm here." She said, summoning her courage and giving in to her desire to taunt him. "A flippant answer from a lightning bug," Hook said as he stood. Taking Tink's hand he led her towards his bunk and she thought the heart would beat right through her chest wall. Stopping short of the bunk, Hook positioned her next to a wooden rail that ran from the head of the bunk to where the Driver Mast came through the cabin from the upper decks to the keelson below. The rail was rough hewn and maybe a meter above the floor. "For now, this is your place while I go and see to the men." Tink was confused and Hook looked at the rail and back at Tink. Unspoken understanding washed over Tink and she swung a petite leg over and straddled the rail nervously. Hook's barely perceptible smile filled Tink with hope despite the fact that the narrow railing was putting her girl parts into a curiously delicious kind of pain. Hook left her to her thoughts and the cabin seemed intensely empty after he left. How much time elapsed, Tink didn't know but her compact body shook with excitement and with pain. If she stood on her tiptoes, she could take the pressure off of her labia but at the expense of her arches. When her feet hurt too badly and she relaxed them, her puffy vagina protested mightily. Sometimes the urge to rock back and forth bringing waves of delicious pleasure with the pain nearly took Tink to the edge. For awhile she tried using lift from her wings to take pressure off her body but the breeze threatened to disturb the charts and papers on Hook's desk and she simply didn't dare. In due course, Hook returned and he surveyed the scene before him. A chastised fairy stood trembling and biting her lower lip in that humble, submissive gesture that drives men wild with protectiveness and with lustful desire. Hook was being stirred mightily by the sight of her. Hook thought about telling Tink she could leave the rail but instead, he reached out and lifted her from her torment and placed her on her feet next to his bunk. Hook repeated his earlier question, "Why are you here woman?" "Because I choose to be," said Tink. Satisfied for now, Hook opened a drawer from beneath his bunk and gave Tink a Jar of ointment. "That must hurt," he said nodding towards her groin. "Sit down," he said, gesturing to his bunk, and use the ointment sparingly. Both nervous and confident at the same time, Tink sat upon the Captains bed and opened the jar. The ointment had a faint flowery smell. Hook crossed the room and returned with his oaken chair. He placed the chair opposite her and sat, placing his boots boldly on the bedrails. Clearly, Hook meant to witness Tink's application of the soothing pomade to her aching body. Shyly, she dabbed into the jar and brought her hand beneath her tunic. Her heart hammered inside her and Hook's nostrils flared as he drew breath more deeply now. Her body winced at the first touch but soon the ointment did its job and it began to sooth her stressed flesh. Other sensations emerged as Tink touched her body and Hook watched her every move, however subtle. Never in her young life had Tinkerbelle experienced feelings such as these. She could almost feel the blood filling her labia and clitoris, expanding them and readying her for experiences she did not yet understand but desired badly. Hook spoke gently now, encouraging Tink's exploration of her increasingly

sensitive with the thin film of ointment on her hand. Hook reached out and took her arm in his hand and began directing it to and fro, her fingers tracing a path between her lips as though they'd somehow saw her open. As his right hand directed hers, his iron hook moved aside her garments and then traced his signature on the inside of her thigh. The gesture wasn't firm enough to scratch her skin visibly but rather, his mark claimed her for his own. There it was, each letter carefully scribed, James M. Hook, as indelibly burned into in Tink's mind heart and soul as it was invisible on the creamy smoothness of her thigh. Tink found herself wishing that he'd branded it there for all to see but for now, he knew and most importantly she knew and that was enough for her. For now. Hook altered his tack smartly and angled Tink's arm so that her fingers parted her now-soaked lips and dove inside her. Tink's pleasure and desire intensified and she felt her hips taking on a rhythm unknown to her and somehow outside her control. After several strokes, Hook withdrew Tink's hand and brought it to her mouth parting those lips similarly. The saltiness and sweetness of her womanly nectar drove Tink almost to the edge but then Hook moved her hand back to her womanhood. This time, he eased his grip on Tink's arm and she inserted fingers herself. One, then two as Hook smiled and breathed still deeper, their sex smells filling the cabin. When Tink's hips were rising off the bed steadily, Hook reached out and took her arm, bringing her coated fingers to his own lips and he drank deeply of her essence as he sucked her fingers with the raucous enthusiasm of a baby on the breast. Tink became aware that her fluids were soaking this man's bed clothes but she couldn't help herself and the sweetness of her flowed easily over her ass to his sheets. Like so many now, this new feeling thrilled her as even her rosebud tingled in the wetness to match the tingling in her swollen vagina. "Aye, that's one sweet puss you've got there Girl." Hook said his admiration of her quite unhidden now. With his hook now, the Captain drew Tink's right arm towards his trousers and her hand fumbled with the fastenings until she'd freed the man's swollen prick, the first she'd ever touched. Sure she'd seen the Lost Boys piss with theirs and hold contests over whose stream went the furthest, but this was nothing like that. Nothing at all. Stiff as a cooked turkey neck and about the same size, this cock of Hook's made her feel faint inside and at the same time she wanted it in her and with her forever. As Hook's hook gently guided her, Tink began stroking his heavily veined shaft and marveling at the bulbous head now morphing from a pale white to an ominous shade of purple. Hook shifted his chair closer to the head of his bunk and Tink rolled over onto her side and propped up her head to be closer to Hook's magnificent prick. Tink saw pearly beads of fluids forming at the tip and Tink longed to taste of Hook's fluids as she had her own. Looking to Hook for approval she extended her tongue from her as yet un-kissed lips and when his eyes smiled, she tentatively gathered the drops with the tip of her tongue. A strange taste, she thought, salty, musky. Whatever it was the heat building in her pelvis was consuming Tink, nearly cooking her from within. Tears filled Tink's soft blue eyes and she wondered from whence they came. Did she feel ashamed? No it wasn't that. Was it fear? While these new experiences were indeed daunting, no she wasn't afraid. Certainly there was no hint of sadness in her. In the end it didn't matter for Tink's deliberations were interrupted when a large, wet tear fell onto the hooded glans of Hook's prick. By then Hook was so sensitive that even the fall of this teardrop sent waves of ecstasy through his body. Tink saw the drop strike him and quickly covered

his prick with her mouth to suck away the teardrop and cleanse him of her tears. New sensations overwhelmed Tink and she began to suckle James M. Hook's man part, gaining confidence from the little grunts and moans that emanated from him. More moans filled the cabin and Tink became aware that those were her own. She sucked mightily, his cock invading her throat as her tongue and lips swirled around it, pleasing him, worshipping him. Her small hands found his balls and gently she stroked and cupped them, holding them as something precious. As he'd been sailing the seas of Neverland for eons and it had been quite a dry spell since the wenches of other ports, Hook's orgasm came quickly and almost without warning. Tink felt his balls tighten and come close to his core and then she felt his shaft convulsing and warm, thick fluids fill her mouth and throat. Surprised, Tink swallowed what she could and the rest literally squirted from the corners of her pretty mouth onto her tunic and Hook's pants. The two new lovers were panting, breaths coming in huge gasps until they both began to calm down. Hook stood and knocked aside his oaken chair and kicked off his boots. His pants were gone in a flash and in the span of five seconds he was in the bed taking his now rightful place between Tink's pretty legs. He pulled down the top of Tink's tunic freeing her full breasts and nipples stiff as wine corks. As Hook's cock stiffened anew, Tink felt it feeling around for her opening and she reached down to guide him. Before her hands reached him though, Hook was inside her fully, his balls striking her ass. A flash of pain shot through her body like a lightning bolt but it was quickly replaced by comforting warmth, like a soft blanket had covered her, preparing Tink for her next minutes. Hook began pumping his body into Tink's and his lips sought out those wonderful stiff nipples and his eyes focused deeply on hers. Amazed, Hook could see a perfect reflection of his face mirrored back from those blue eyes as certain as if he was inside her looking back at himself. Hook was overwhelmed. Although he'd fucked any number of women, filling the hot rectums in some, and warm pussies in others, this was the first time he'd ever made love with one. Two virgins, Tink, a genuine one and Hook, an emotional one, spent themselves in each other, literally two as one until their moment – private and together in the continuum of time and space. Tink's orgasm came first. She felt it building inside her. Memories flooded her. Memories of her experiences once she'd mastered flying and daring herself to dive high speed towards the ocean or the rocks, always banking and pulling back up to safety seconds before the crash. Now though, Tink dared herself not to pull up from these intense feelings. Tink dared to crash with Hook hammering within her and her body receiving him, submissive to him, wanting him even if his sex would split her in two! Her orgasm exploded within her. Her mind's eye saw lights in the sky and all around them. Just as his cock had erupted and streams of his seed squirted from the corners of her mouth, Tink's ejaculate flooded inside her and squirted from the top and bottommost ends of her puss, soaking them. Before Tink could begin to recover from her own orgasm, Hook's cum struck like lightning. The seed boiled inside him like a volcano and shot into Tink in waves and convulsive thrusts as Hook's eyes rolled back into his head. Tink thought like a man just felled by musket fire but of course, she knew instinctively that he wasn't going to die unless one could somehow smile himself to death. Hook's body disconnected from Tink's vagina and the two lovers held each other close. Hook kissed her softly, at least four score and twenty times before she fell asleep in his bunk. She awoke about an hour later and saw

that James had left the cabin. A candle lantern cast a soft glow above his chart table and a pleasant ache warmed her pelvis and her nipples. Ruminating over all that had led her to this place and to giving up her virginity to this man, Tink paused. His voice was above her on deck, barking orders to the crew. Tink knew two three things: He soon would be back, she was his completely, and there will be more adventures together.