

(Pirate Era) Diary of Anne Breckinridge part 2

By sexybjgal

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Diary of a dark haired beauty as he roams across the ocean to the New World.

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Part II

The next day I awoke, still a bit flustered and my mind racing at the events of the day prior. I sat about, rather bored reading my book for the second time when I saw a lamp come once more down the stairs. I hid automatically, assuming that it might have been someone else other than the man I had met earlier. The figure moved straight toward my position and I figured it was surely the same fellow. It was the same man, he carried the lantern in one hand and a plate of food and a tankard of grog in the other. He set the lantern down along with the plate and grog. He smiled at me as he did before and spoke firmly, but not harsh.

“Ready lassie? I brought you some grub too, my end of the bargain..now its time for you to keep your end.” He was undressing me with my eyes.

“How’s about you take’s that fine dress off eh?” His eyes brightened at the thought of seeing my body.

I stood awkwardly as I slowly removed my fine green dress and laid it on a nearby crate.

“My how the heaven’s hath blessed you.” The man said as he moved forward and caressed my body. I didn’t really squirm, I knew there was no point, and besides we had a deal. My body for his silence and a plate of food every day.

“The name is William,” he said “what might your name be? I figure we might as well be a wee bit civil since we are knowing each other so intimately as of late.” He smirked.

“My name is Anne.” Said I still standing there in his arms awkwardly, more so than ever.

“Well Anne, get down on your knees now like a good lass.” He helped me down with his hands and once I was down he unbuckled his thick belt and dropped his short sailor’s pants. His cock was large, he was quite aroused, I suppose he was waiting all day to get a chance to come fulfill his pleasure.

“Be a good lass now and please me with your mouth and with your hands. I know you ain’t done this before, but you will learn quite well before we reach land.” He said with a smirk.

I was there on my knees and didn’t really know what he was talking about. His member was throbbing a little bit and while he wasn’t the biggest of men, he wasn’t too small either. He could sense my ignorance and spoke gently.

“Come now, like it were your mother’s tit and you were a babe.”

I moved my right hand to secure his cock and I moved my mouth closer to his head. I looked up and saw his joy and anticipation. I placed his cock’s head inside my mouth and worked it slowly with my lips, he moaned softly. I sucked a bit harder and then I felt him move his cock deeper inside of my mouth with a thrust of his hips. He was enjoying it, so I took in more of his cock with my mouth bobbing back and forth on his head and some of his shaft. Like my mother’s tit? I thought it wasn’t quite like it at all. But I sucked faster tasting a man for the first time, it was odd. William, as his name was, moaned louder and I looked up and saw he had his eyes closed enjoying every sensation he was feeling.

I remember him rubbing and squeezing my breasts when he was making love to me, and I thought I would please him the same way, by caressing him. I used my free hand to rub around the base of his cock and softly massage his ball sack. With this he let out a heavy moan.

“Ah that’s it me’ girl.” He said in joy and satisfaction.

I moved my head back and forth taking in more and more of his hard shaft with each movement of my head. I saw that as I did it faster he moaned harder. And when I closed my soft cool lips tighter around his shaft he almost quivered with unspeakable pleasure. I therefore did both, tightening my grip with my mouth and quickening the movement of my head. He was breathing very heavy now, and I felt his member throb ever harder within my mouth. I moved my hand across his shaft back in forth in correlation with my mouth, he was moaning loudly now trying to hold back.

I sucked harder and faster than ever before, and when he looked down at me working so diligently on

pleasing him with my breasts moving in unison with my mouth it was too much for him.

“Oh God!” he moaned. Then as I moved my mouth faster I felt a sudden shot of warm juices inside of my mouth, they were mildly bitter but I sucked a bit more before it seemed to almost fill up the whole of my mouth. I had to stop, I pulled my mouth off of his cock and looked up at him, but another volley of his seed shot out and landed on my breasts and chin.

“Be a good lass and swallow now.” He said almost in ecstasy.

I closed my eyes and gulped down this seaman’s sticky semen. It tasted odd, but not as grotesque as I thought it might have. I figured he would want me to continue, so I moved my lips quickly back to his cock and began to suck vigorously. He moaned loudly in elation and his knees buckled as he wasn’t expecting another visit so soon from my mouth on his sensitive cock. He pulled his cock out of my mouth quickly.

“Now now, that’s enough for right now, too tender it is.” He smiled. “But don’t ya worry, I will be back to give ya some second helpings. Clean yourself up for me next meeting. I hoped you enjoyed that, now here’s your main course.” He motioned with his head toward the food. As he pulled up his trousers and buckled his belt. He grabbed his lantern and moved quickly back up on deck with a long sigh of delight.

I was there on my knees and I took a finger to the semen that remained on my body, I pondered its taste again and took a lick. But thought that I would much rather clean my mouth out with the grog before starting on the stale bread he had brought with him. Time passed and soon enough William visited me again. Again bringing food and grog; along with his appetite for pleasure. During the time before he came again I remembered how he enjoyed himself as I wrapped my sweet tender lips around his shaft and made love to him with my mouth. He seemed powerless, as if I were in control. His want of pleasure ensured that I had command of him with every movement of my lips, tongue, and hands. I came to find out that on my knees, a position held by most to be that of submission, that I truly had the most power.

This next time he was quite intent on me pleasing him with my mouth and above all my breasts. He had me kneel again. And on my knees I pleased him like no other, he slid his cock between my breasts and made love to them. He enjoyed it very much and from seeing his pleasure even I took pleasure from it, knowing that I was truly something men desired so badly. I would stop at times and please him with my mouth and hands sucking hard and stroking him harder, then he would revert back to wedging his cock between my breasts over and over again. He enjoyed my breasts and while I had known they were large, I had underestimated their draw and their power. After more manipulation with my tongue and lips he was ready to climax. He made love to my breasts and his

warm fluids burst all over my breasts like a shot from a cannon. He moaned and quivered as I moved my hands to stroke the last bit of his gooey juices out of him onto my luscious breasts.

“Sorry for the mess lassie.” He grinned in what seemed true sincerity.

“I will just have to be sure to catch it all with my mouth the next time.” Said I. He smiled

“Aye, that will surely do well.” He said as he readied himself to leave. He left but returned day after day, preferring for me to make love to him with my mouth or make love to my breasts than even using my pussy. In fact while on the whole travel on board the ship the first time was the only time he penetrated me with his member. We grew strangely closer, perhaps a bond shared between two business partners of a sort. But then one day something happened which changed all that....

(More to cum....please comment, really)