

~ Adventure On The High Seas ~

by Mavis Applewater

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Thanks to my beta reader, Joanne.

As always this is for Heather.

PART ONE

"That was uncalled for," Agatha groused as the unruly man pushed her up onto the deck of the most dilapidated sailing vessel it had ever been her displeasure to board. Well, it wasn't that bad; it was after all the ship that her father had booked her passage on.

"Move!" The smelly man commanded her as he once again pushed her large frame.

"Now see here," she snapped as she tried to brush back her long raven hair which had fallen down from its perch.

"Captain . . . ," the man snorted, ignoring Agatha's discomfort.

"Yes, Griggs?" An enchanting voice called down. Agatha couldn't see due to the morning sun in her eyes, but if she wasn't mistaken the voice was most definitely female. Shading her brilliant blue eyes, she stumbled onto the deck of the ship.

"Permission to throw this one back?" Griggs scowled as he jerked his thumb in Agatha's direction.

"Perhaps later," the voice responded as a tiny whip of a girl emerged into Agatha's sight line. "For now, put her in my new quarters."

Griggs grabbed a tighter hold on her as she watched the small woman in amazement. "Put your backs into it, boys!" The girl commanded. "Governor Roger's will know that she's gone by now and will be looking for this fine vessel." Agatha snorted in disgust at the comment as Griggs pulled her below deck. She swallowed hard as she found herself captured in a fiery green stare. She was relieved when the Captain finally dropped her eyes. "Move! Let's not forget the fate of Calico Jack," the Captain cautioned her ragtag band of sailors.

Much to Agatha's dismay and outrage she found herself in the Captain's cabin, chained by one wrist to the bed. The one small comfort was that the Captain's bed was far more comfortable than the lumpy, stale-smelling piece of rot that she been forced to endure as a passenger. She could feel the ship moving beneath her as she contemplated her circumstances.

More than a month ago her father had sent her away, forcing her to sail to the colonies. She was proving to be an embarrassment; those were his words not hers. She refused to marry and had the gall to speak her mind. That was not acceptable. Her father decided that time spent in the colonies might straighten her out. "Hmmf," she snorted at the idea. "Well, just look at the mess I'm in now, Father."

Late last evening, most of the crew and what few passengers there were had gone ashore to enjoy time in port. Agatha had no intention of taking part in the debauchery that awaited them in Nassau. Her slumber was disturbed by a slight commotion. Unaware that the ship was in the hands of unwelcome guests, she got up and dressed in proper attire as was her habit. While she was putting the finishing touches on her attire, she grumbled at the rowdiness coming from above.

She emerged from her tiny quarters looking as if she was ready for afternoon tea. She found no one about below deck. The noises persisted from above so she stormed indignantly up to the deck, a place where she rarely ventured even in the daylight. "Probably the crew coming back drunk," she grumbled to herself. "Pack of wild animals."

Much to her surprise she discovered that the few crewmembers remaining onboard were gagged and bound to the mizzenmast. "My goodness," she gasped.

"Well, lookie what we have here." A nasty chuckle came from behind her. Her entire six-foot frame trembled as she was roughly dragged back down below. She feared the worse. Much to her relief she was simply locked away in her quarters. She didn't sleep that evening as the shouts above continued. She had heard enough stories to know that the ship was being stolen.

Hours later Agatha was lying on the Captain's bed fearing the worst. At least the leader was a woman so there was little chance that a member of the crew would try to take advantage of her. "Perhaps that's why the Captain had me moved down here?" She pondered aloud.

The door finally opened. Agatha strained her blue eyes to make out the people entering the now dark room. "Tell me, Griggs," the Captain's husky voice carried through the darkness. Agatha blinked repeatedly as the Captain lit a lamp.

"Excuse me," Agatha interjected.

"Four guns and two swivel guns mounted on her rails," Griggs responded. The pair ignored the tall woman bound to the bed.

"Not much," the Captain answered thoughtfully. "Still, she'll fetch a good price after we're finished with her. Not to mention the cargo," she chuckled as she cast a mirthful gaze at their captive.

"I beg you pardon," Agatha protested.

"Still . . .," the Captain sighed thoughtfully, returning her attention to her trusted First Mate, ". . . she was ripe for the picking. A moonless night and a couple of canoes and she was ours. Easiest take in years."

"Right you are, Captain Ailsa," Griggs laughed heartily. "Didn't hurt none that Captain Aster can't help but kick up his heels every time he stops in Nassau."

"It's the only reason he docks there," Captain Ailsa laughed lightly. "Why else would he risk stopping in such a lawless port? Idiot. I can imagine finding his ship missing didn't help his hangover this morning."

"Let's hope he at least dropped his anchor last evening," Griggs added with a playful nudge.

"Excuse me," Agatha piped in once again, only to be ignored.

"From what I've heard from the island girls . . .," Captain Ailsa began slowly, ". . . the old man's anchor doesn't hold much weight." Griggs simply chuckled with delight. Captain Ailsa turned her eyes upon Agatha. They possessed an unfamiliar intensity that sent a burning sensation throughout Agatha's body.

The Captain licked her full lips thoughtfully as her deep emerald eyes roamed over Agatha's long firm frame. Agatha blushed deeply, unaware as to why she was suddenly shivering. Adding to her confusion was the strange dampness gathering between her firm thighs. "Back on deck with ya," the Captain said with a jerk of her chin. "I have business to tend to." The rich full tone of the Captain's words sent a jolt through Agatha's center.

"Right you are, Captain," Griggs chuckled evilly. "Anchors away," he added before making his departure.

Much to Agatha's disappointment, the Captain turned away from her. She watched expectantly as the Captain locked the cabin door. She couldn't determine where the Captain hid the key. As the Captain turned back to her, locating the key was suddenly the furthest thing from her confused thoughts.

Guiltily she allowed herself to really look at the young Captain for the first time. She was quite beautiful with sweet cherub features and dazzling green eyes that seemed to sparkle. Her long reddish-blond hair brushed her firm shoulders. A few strands of her locks were braided

carefully with colorful beads and shells woven in. She wore black trousers adorned with a thick leather belt that held a sword to the curve of her hip. Her lavender blouse was covered with a brocade vest that seemed to be a mix of lavender and green. Agatha couldn't help noticing that the green set off the color of her captor's eyes. She also couldn't help but notice that the silk blouse was open just enough to allow her an unobstructed view of Captain Ailsa's ample cleavage. *'What in the world am I doing?'* she wondered.

Without speaking, Captain Ailsa closed the gap between them. Agatha's breathing caught slightly as she felt the heat emanating from the other woman's body. She swallowed hard as the Captain knelt on the bed and reached across her. Without her permission, her body arched in anticipation. The sudden sense of disappointment further confused her when the Captain simply unchained her wrist.

"No need for this," the Captain commented dryly as she pulled away slightly. "Does that feel better?"

Agatha simply nodded in response, unable to speak. She rubbed her wrist absently as she looked at the woman who was still kneeling on the bed. Something deep inside Agatha missed the closeness that they had recently shared. "What's your name?" the blonde inquired as she reached up and undid the ribbon that was holding Agatha's long black hair up.

"Agatha," she managed to utter as the blush returned to her features.

"That's better," Captain Ailsa commented as she ran her fingers through Agatha's hair, draping it around her broad shoulders. "Agatha?" she said suddenly as an amused look crossed her face. "That doesn't suit you."

"I beg your pardon," Agatha responded as the sudden flash of anger overtook her.

"What is your surname?" the Captain continued as she ignored Agatha's outburst.

The feel of gentle fingers massaging her scalp relaxed Agatha and an unexpected sigh escaped her. "Remington," she muttered absently.

"I think I prefer that," the Captain whispered hotly in Agatha's ear.

Agatha felt the heat rising as her heart began to beat wildly. The sudden rush of emotions coursing through her body jolted Agatha back to the very harsh reality she now faced. She pushed the blonde away from her. The Captain simply laughed in response. "Do you always dress this way in the evening?" the Captain inquired, taking note of Agatha's full-length pewter dress.

"I heard a noise," Agatha defended herself. "It would not have been proper to appear on deck in my sleeping attire."

"Uh huh." The Captain snickered. "Of course it wouldn't be *proper*. I'm Captain Ailsa," the

blonde explained as her fingers brushed across Agatha's cheek. "If you're *good* you may call me Blair."

"A Scot," Agatha sneered. "I should have known."

"You have bad manners," Blair returned, sneering in turn as she climbed off of the bed.

"Well, I never," Agatha gasped in shock.

"That is more than apparent," Blair snickered merrily. "It is also apparent that you have no intention of playing nice."

"Are you under the misguided impression that I should be polite to my captor?" Agatha argued.

"Although I should thank you for having me secured away from your crew. Heaven only knows what they would have done."

"Trust me. My boys are far more interested in each other than whatever it is that you think you have to offer," Blair stated plainly, although the last part did come out a bit harsh.

I don't understand," Agatha said in bewilderment. '*But they're pirates! Why wouldn't they want to ravish me?*' she reasoned. Her mouth suddenly dropped open as she comprehended the young Captain's statement. "That's disgusting," she choked out.

"Why am I not surprised?" Blair sighed with regret.

"What is to become of me?" Agatha suddenly sobbed.

"You're not as tough as you look," Blair noted aloud.

"Tough?" Agatha stammered. She was hurt that Blair assumed what everyone, including her own family, did - that behind her stoic exterior, she was a cold-hearted woman.

"Don't cry," Blair pleaded.

"I'm not," Agatha countered bitterly. "It is very upsetting. First my family ships me off, then I'm captured by pirates. All in all I'm not enjoying this journey very much. The one small comfort is that for some unknown reason you have seen fit to allow me to sleep in what is now your bed. I simply want to know what my fate is. What port will you leave me in?"

Blair chuckled lightly as she shook her head in amusement. The action further fueled Agatha's growing anger. "What port?" Blair laughed again. "You really don't have a clear concept of what's happening, do you?"

Her green eyes captured Agatha's, holding them for a brief intense moment. "I own this ship now. And I will use her to take what I want from small vessels so long as I can keep ahead of the

Governor. As for the cargo, which includes you and the others that had the misfortune of not going ashore, I'll keep what I want and the rest will be sold."

Agatha gave the smaller woman a curious glance, not understanding what she was saying. "How can you sell people? Only slaves can be sold as abhorrent as that is," she protested. Since she was a woman of means, she certainly couldn't be sold.

"And just how do you think someone becomes a slave?" Blair questioned her.

"Oh." Agatha's hopes were shattered as she understood what was to happen to her. "But surely I'm of no use to anyone. I've never worked a day in my life," she pointed out in an effort to save herself.

"You, my dear Remington, will fetch a good price," Blair purred. "There are many who will pay to own you and the *favours* you have to offer."

"Oh!" Agatha gasped, her bright blue eyes widening. "You mean a *se. . . se. . .* "

"Sex slave," Blair finished for her firmly.

"How could you?" Agatha wailed. "You're a woman? Do you know what that means?"

"As a matter of fact, I do," Blair's response was so cold it sent a shiver through Agatha's body.

"But you're so young," Agatha uttered, feeling a slight pang in her chest at the thought of this poor girl being used in that manner.

"Not anymore," Blair answered in an even tone. "Now as for tonight, since you've made it clear that you do not share my interests and will not be my bed warmer for the evening, you can have a blanket for the floor."

"The floor?" Agatha snapped in anger.

"Yes, the floor," Blair concurred as she undid the belt wrapped around her waist. "It's your choice. I shall not force you. Either you share my bed or it's the floor with you."

"I won't sleep on the floor," Agatha responded indignantly. "There's no reason why we can't share the bed," she reasoned. After all they were both women. Granted, she had never slept with another person in the same room, much less the same bed.

"All the better," Blair said with a wicked gleam in her eyes. Agatha's mouth hung open as she watched nimble fingers beginning to unfasten the buttons of the brocade vest.

"I beg your pardon," Agatha spat out in a horrified tone. "Certainly you don't expect us to undress in front of one another? You need to send someone for my belongings."

Much to her surprise the blonde simply laughed as she continued to remove her vest. "You don't understand, do you?" Blair explained merrily. "You have no belongings. Everything and everyone aboard this ship belongs to me. And if you plan on sharing my bed then you will most certainly belong to me. But as I've already explained, I won't force you."

"It is quite difficult to understand you at times," Agatha said in confusion as she watched Blair begin to unbutton her blouse. For some explainable reason she couldn't look away. "What do you mean force me?" The reality came crashing down on her. "This day has been very educational. First I learn first hand what it is like to be abducted by ruthless pirates . . ."

"Ruthless?" Blair sputtered.

"Only to discover that the entire band is nothing more than a bunch of fluffs," Agatha surmised. "And their captain is a . . . is there a word for it?"

"Several," Blair grimaced. "None of which I care to repeat. But allow me to further educate you, Remington." Blair opened her blouse, revealing her full breasts to Agatha. The tall woman found herself mesmerized by the sight. "Oh my," she gasped as she just stared at them, unaware that Blair had closed the gap between them until gentle fingers tilted her head up.

Agatha's heart was racing as she stared deeply into the other woman's eyes. Her eyes drifted down, they focused on the pair of full lips inching towards her. The kiss wasn't unwelcome as Blair captured her lips. All thoughts of resistance flew out of her mind the moment she gazed upon Blair's half naked body. Much to her surprise and delight, she felt an insistent tongue pushing against her lower lip.

Without understanding why, she parted her lips. Blair's tongue entered her mouth. The sensation of the Captain's exploration sent a jolt through her body. She moaned as she wrapped her long arms around the smaller woman's body. Her body arched as Blair's hand cupped one of her breasts. Her body ached and her nipple hardened as Blair massaged her firm round breast.

She was melting into Blair's knowing touch. She opened her thighs slightly as the dampness grew. Suddenly the sensations ceased as Blair moved away from her. Stunned she simply blinked her eyes in disbelief. "Lesson over," Blair said glibly as she reached down and pulled Agatha to her feet. "Now it's the floor for ya," she added as she slapped Agatha on the backside. Agatha yelped as Blair's hand struck her; the slap was more playful than harsh.

"Tomorrow you can join the others in the cargo hold," Blair said firmly as she tossed a blanket over to Agatha and then began to remove her boots.

"You are quite rude," Agatha interjected. She watched with some degree of amusement as the Captain struggled with her black leather boots. Sighing, she dropped her blanket and knelt before her captor.

"I'm a pirate," Blair noted as she rolled her eyes. "We're not generally known for our good manners."

"I can understand why." Agatha grunted as she removed Blair's boots.

"Thank you." Blair nodded her appreciation. "You're still sleeping on the floor."

"Of course." Agatha shrugged, trying to put on a brave front. She was anything but brave as she lay the blanket on the floor. She was terrified as she thought about the uncertainty of her future. She was also fearful of the way her body was reacting. She had never in her entire life experienced the sensations she felt when the Captain touched her. Absently she brought her fingers to her still trembling lips. "Blair," she whispered.

"Yes?" The lilting voice answered.

Embarrassed by her slip, her mind quickly searched for something to say. Turning her head towards the bed, she was greeted by the sight of Blair standing before her completely naked. Her eyes wandered over the firm flesh. She stared at the patch of blonde curls nestled between strong thighs. She found herself licking her lips in expectation.

"Was there something you wanted?" Blair's inquiry snapped her back to the reality of her situation. She turned her eyes away quickly. "You're naked," she stammered.

"You're a quick one, aren't ya?" Blair laughed. Agatha blushed as she realized that the blonde's laughter warmed her heart. "You may want to sleep in that silly frock of yours, but I'd rather be comfortable. I'm tired."

"Yes well, looting and pillaging must make one weary," Agatha teased.

"You have no idea," Blair answered with a yawn. Agatha peeked at the woman who was stretching her arms above her head. Thankfully Blair moved and extinguished the lamp. Agatha could now watch the gentle sway of Blair's hips as she walked back over to the bed.

PART TWO

Agatha spent a long restless night in the Captain's quarters. She wished she could blame her discomfort on the cold hard floor or the stress of the situation. But neither was the case. She couldn't keep her thoughts from drifting; images of Blair's body haunted her throughout the night. To her dismay, she was forced to listen to Blair's moaning and the creaking of the bed. She knew what the blonde was doing and it only seemed to make her more anxious. Despite her better judgment, she tried peeking up the bed covers to watch.

Sadly, due to the darkness and her position on the floor, she could not see anything. She fought back the growing need she had to simply get up off the floor and join the other woman. Nothing made sense to her anymore.

The new day brought more strife to her life. She was informed that everyone, including the

prisoners, was expected to pull their weight. For the first time in her life, Agatha Beatrice Remington washed a floor, lifted heavy objects, and made a futile attempt to darn a sock. Blair took the hapless sock away from her and ordered her to stop before she inflicted further damage upon the helpless garment.

She even spent time on deck. It was the first time she had spent anytime out of her cabin. The ship sailed across the crystal blue waters. The wind in her hair and the smell of the ocean was intoxicating, almost as intoxicating as the sight of Blair standing at the helm. For the first time she could truly appreciate the call of the sea. Spending the afternoon watching Blair, she felt something else calling to her.

There were times while she was working that a slight warmth would overcome her. She would look around to find Blair watching at her. The fair-haired Captain would simply smile at her. Despite her misgivings she found herself smiling in return. On one occasion their bodies accidentally brushed together. It was the slightest of touches but it brought the most pleasant sensation Agatha had ever felt. After the moment had passed, she couldn't understand why her nipples had become hard. Agatha tried in vain to convince herself that her body was simply reacting to the cool sea air.

Much to her disappointment, she and the other captives were escorted to the cargo hold after the crew no longer needed her services. It was a large area that Agatha had never known existed. She and the seven members of the original crew were jammed into the space around the cargo.

She looked around in dismay, realizing that she and the others would have to sleep curled up on the boxes of cargo. Spending another evening on the floor of Blair's cabin was looking better with each passing moment. The doors above them were closed, shutting out the light. The mixed aroma of their sweaty unclean bodies and the mildew encompassed her.

"Miss Remington," Mr. Nash, the First Mate, addressed her.

"Mr. Nash," she nodded in response to the older gentleman.

"Welcome to Hell," Stiles, a younger member of the crew, added cockily. "I must say having you join us is a definite improvement." He snickered slightly as he made his statement.

There was something in the man's voice that made her uneasy. *'Oh Blair, why did I refuse you? I didn't want to. I'm just afraid,'* she thought as she felt her way around to find a crate to sit on. She was a bit disconcerted at the change in Mr. Stiles. He was behaving far worse than the rogues that were holding them captive. It was surprising since he had been nothing but courteous before, even though he did tend to leer at her a bit. Men always seemed to be doing that to her, a fact she simply accepted over the years. The sudden gruffness to Stiles nature made her wonder if perhaps he was now showing his true colors.

"Pipe down, Stiles," Nash instructed the younger man harshly.

"You are no longer in charge, Nash," Stiles hissed. "We're at the mercy of these perverts."

"Stiles!" Nash boomed angrily.

"One of the nasty buggers felt my arse!" Stiles continued bitterly.

Agatha shivered, disgusted by the hatred in the man's voice. The crew had been nothing but amiable, which was strange given the circumstances.

"You'll watch your mouth, young man," Nash cautioned Stiles. "There's a lady present."

"Who gives a damn, old man," Stiles hissed once again. "No need to stand on ceremony any longer. I'm certain that the *lady* knows what's what by now. After all, she did spend last evening in the company of the Captain." His voice left no room for interpretation of his true meaning.

"That is quite enough," Nash said sternly as the rest of the crew grumbled in agreement with the First Mate.

Agatha lowered her head in shame, knowing that she had wanted to share the Captain's bed. She was hurt when she wasn't invited to return.

"What's the matter, dearie?" Stiles uttered harshly. Agatha trembled as she realized that Stiles was now standing in front of her. "Have I offended you?"

"I slept on the floor," she whispered weakly.

"Of course you did." Stiles snickered. "Hey, don't get me wrong. I wouldn't mind having a piece of that fine arse myself."

The anger rushed through her. Before she could think about what she was doing, she bolted up off her perch and slapped the man furiously across his face. "How dare you!" she screeched as she prepared to land another blow.

"Whore," Stiles spat out as he reached for her.

His movements were halted as Nash grabbed the nasty young man by the shoulder and spun him around. Nash delivered a solid punch knocking the young man to the floor. Stiles' eyes burned brightly; even in the darkness Agatha could see the hatred in them. It appeared that he was about to get up and retaliate until he noticed the rest of crew standing above him.

"Time to learn some manners, young man," Nash instructed him. "Now apologize to the lady."

"Sorry, Miss," Stiles muttered.

Nash escorted her back to the crate and gallantly offered her his jacket. "This will help keep you warm," he explained. "Not to worry, I won't be leaving your side this evening. Trust me. Everything will be alright."

"If we survive," Stiles grumbled from the other side of the hold. "Who knows when they'll toss us overboard? If we do survive this journey, we'll be sold like common slaves."

"No, we won't," Nash responded in a calm tone.

"I've heard the same thing, Nash," another crew member added hesitantly.

"It's not true." Nash sighed. "I know this Captain. Ailsa will take what she wants from the cargo and sell off the rest. She'll hit a few weaker vessels along the way. Then she'll hole up somewhere, sell the ship, and then we'll be ransomed back to our families or our employer."

"Really?" someone asked.

"It's true," Nash explained. "They only threaten to sell us off to keep us in line."

"Believe what you want," Stiles grouched. "First chance I get I'm breaking out."

"And go where?" Nash laughed.

His sudden silence told Agatha and the others that the upstart hadn't thought that far in advance. She smiled, knowing that Nash's words rang true. Blair wasn't going to sell them into slavery. She wasn't fooling herself either, the young woman was still a thief but she wasn't heartless. A truly ruthless person would have simply forced herself upon Agatha last evening. Instead she offered her a choice.

PART THREE

The following morning brought more of the same. Blair did inquire as to how Mr. Stiles received his black eye. Nash explained simply that it was his duty to discipline his crew. Blair nodded in acceptance, then ordered everyone to get to work. Later that day their ship engaged another vessel. The fight was short lived; the *Henry William*, under Blair's command, easily overtook the smaller ship. Agatha smiled as she watched the blonde Captain in action.

For some inexplicable reason, she felt a sense of pride as the Captain commanded her men. And the way she made certain that Agatha and the others were safe during the battle warmed her heart. After the battle Blair's crew took what they wanted and then sent the other vessel on its way. Agatha wasn't deluding herself; Blair and her men were still thieves but they did seem to possess a sense of honor.

Days turned into weeks and then far too quickly became months. The time passed much in the same manner. Nash's prediction seemed to be correct. Stiles still troubled her and his manner darkened with each passing day. He also made several attempts to touch her. Thankfully she was always under the watchful eyes of Blair or Nash. She worried that someday neither would be around.

The *Henry William* made stops in a few ports, always at night. Agatha suspected that goods were exchanged and messages sent to their loved ones. Nash confirmed some of this, explaining that he had been asked to give Blair information regarding their families and employer. Agatha sensed that they would be reaching their destination soon. This knowledge filled her with a sense of dread. She was no longer surprised by her interest in the blonde Captain and the thought of going home was not something she looked forward to.

She found herself falling into a gentle ease when it came to communicating with Blair. Yet unlike Stiles, Blair no longer showed any romantic interest in her. She found herself dropping hints to the young Captain who failed to realize what she was offering. Agatha had come to a heart-wrenching conclusion. She would need to be blunt with the pirate. She wanted one night . . . just one night to discover what Blair had to offer. After that she could endure her dull existence back in England or the colonies.

The problem was that she had no idea how to express such a desire. That and she never had the opportunity to be alone with Blair. Perhaps her curiosity was causing her to be foolish in making such a rash decision, a need to allow the Captain to bed her. But she certainly wasn't foolish enough to announce her intentions in front of witnesses.

One day the opportunity seemed to present itself. Agatha had just finished swabbing the deck, a nasty job to say the least, when Blair unceremoniously trod across soiling the wood. "I just cleaned that!" Agatha groused.

Blair spun around with a brilliant smile. "And a fine job you did," Blair taunted her. "I'm certain that you'll do an even finer job the second time."

"Blair!" she growled as she drank in the sight of the woman who seemed to be casting some kind of mysterious spell over her.

"Don't call me that," Blair corrected her, the smile still firmly planted on her cherub-like features.

"You told me I could," Agatha reminded her playfully as she neared the other woman. "If I was *good*. Haven't I behaved very well by following your every instruction?"

Blair wiggled her fair eyebrows in amusement as she too moved, closing the gap between them. Now standing only inches away, Agatha could feel the heat emanating from the other woman. "That isn't the kind of *good* that I was referring to," Blair explained as her voice lowered slightly.

"Perhaps you could show me your true meaning?" Agatha responded, her words coming out in a breathless whisper.

"Is that what you want?" Blair moaned slightly as her body swayed just a little closer.

Agatha's head spun as Blair reached up and pushed her fingers into Agatha's hair. Agatha lowered her head slightly as she felt the desire welling up inside of her. They were so close that

she could feel Blair's hot breath caressing her flesh.

"Captain!" Griggs called out. "Boggs just returned from port."

Blair pulled away suddenly. "Hoist the sails," she commanded her crew. "We need to put some distance between us and dry land." Agatha cursed the turn of events. Her heart sunk as she watched Blair walk away. Another realization struck her. If Blair risked sending someone ashore in the daylight, their journey must be coming to an end. "Oh, and Remington!" Blair's voice snapped her out of her musings. "Clean this deck. It's filthy."

Agatha smiled weakly while her heart broke. "Well, that was a pretty picture?" Stiles' voice taunted her from behind. Agatha spun around and glared at him. Looking around quickly, Stiles approached her. "How 'bout you share some of that with me?" He sneered as his hand firmly grabbed her backside. She didn't hesitate long enough to become frightened. She simply reacted. Swinging her mop around, she struck him soundly where it would do the most damage.

She was pleased with herself as she watched the man drop to his knees, clutching his manhood. "Bitch!" he growled as he stood. Reaching out with one hand, he grabbed her by her now well-worn dress. Agatha winced slightly at the sound of the tearing material. She also noted that his other hand was still covering his privates. Once again Agatha failed to feel a single ounce of fear. She swung her trusty mop once again, landing a blow across his ugly face.

He stumbled, releasing his hold on her. She landed a second blow across his back, forcing him to the ground once again. She flailed her arms wildly as she felt someone grab her from behind. Angered at first by being shoved aside, she raised her mop once again until she saw that it was Blair who had pushed her out of the way.

She couldn't help but smile at the sight of Blair with her sword drawn as she came to her rescue. Not that she really needed any assistance, but the sight warmed her heart just the same. Dropping the mop she watched as Blair pulled Stiles to his feet. She smirked at the now frightened man as Blair pressed the tip of her sword against his scrawny neck.

"You weren't trying to touch my property, were you?" Blair demanded.

"You didn't have her," Stiles argued futilely.

"My God, he just never knows when to shut up," Agatha started laughing.

"Everything aboard this vessel belongs to me," Blair pushed although Agatha didn't hear sincerity in her words. "Miss Remington is a lady. Of course she refused me."

"No, I didn't," Agatha said, surprising herself.

Blair spun around, a wild confused expression adorning her features. "Yes, you did," Blair responded harshly. Agatha's eyes opened wide as she watched Stiles attempt to attack Blair from behind. Without looking Blair simply jolted her elbow back, smashing into Stiles' nose.

"No, I didn't," Agatha argued emphatically as she watched the blood spurt from Stiles' nose as he fell to the ground.

"Yes, you did," Blair continued to argue. "Nothing happened between us. She slept on the floor," she then announced loudly, informing everyone aboard ship.

"No, I didn't," Agatha countered with a smirk.

"Stop that," Blair ordered her as she waved her sword at her. Agatha brushed the weapon aside.

"Sorry," Blair apologized as she quickly sheathed her sword. "Now what was I saying? Never mind," she added as she shook her head. Rubbing her now throbbing temple, she turned around and faced the many interested faces that surrounded the two women.

"Have the prisoners escorted back to the cargo hold," she instructed Griggs. "That one goes in chains and remain that way indefinitely," Blair added as she pointed to Stiles. "You!" she flared at the unimpressed Agatha. "Uhm . . . err . . . go to my cabin. You shouldn't be seen with your" Agatha was amused as she watched the normally controlled woman stammer as she pointed to her breast, which of course was still covered by her undergarments. " . . . with your dress torn."

"Anything you say," Agatha agreed happily.

She turned away, only to have Blair capture her forearm. "You shouldn't have said that," Blair warned her quietly. "If anyone believes you, you won't be able to return home."

"I'm not certain that I want to," Agatha answered as she laid her hand atop Blair's.

"Don't say that," Blair warned her. "Now go to my cabin."

"Will I sleep on the floor again?" Agatha couldn't help but ask.

"Go," Blair instructed her firmly. Agatha nodded in response, uncertain as to what would happen next.

PART FOUR

Agatha finally gave up the pacing she'd been doing for hours. Collapsing on the bed, she drifted off to sleep. Finally she stirred to find that night had fallen. An oil lamp provided a soft glow in the cabin. She didn't need to look to know that Blair was watching her. "Are you very angry with me?" she asked hesitantly, still unable to look at the blonde.

"I was never angry with you," Blair answered softly. "I could never be angry with you. I was, however, worried. He didn't hurt you, did he?"

"No." Agatha smiled, still averting her gaze. "Although I think I did some damage to him."

Blair laughed heartily and Agatha felt the blonde smiling at her. "Yes, you did," Blair responded. "What's his name?"

"Rat bastard," Agatha snorted as Blair laughed.

"My, you certainly have changed, Remington," Blair chuckled.

"Stiles. His name is Stiles," Agatha sat up, looking at Blair sitting in the chair in front of the map table. Agatha's heart dropped when she saw the sad expression on Blair's face. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing," Blair waved off her inquiry. "I have some clothing for you. Unfortunately I could only find men's clothing. We've already sold off your possessions. I'm sorry."

"Don't be sorry," Agatha reassured her. "I should apologize for what I said on deck this afternoon. I just . . . well, what I want . . ."

"It doesn't matter," Blair sighed.

Sadness overtook her when she heard those words. She stood and crossed over to Blair. She picked up the clothing and tossed it aside before kneeling in front of the smaller woman. Reaching up, she cupped Blair's face. Her heart beat just a little faster as she felt Blair lean into her touch.

"Remington?" Blair began carefully.

"Yes?" Agatha whispered.

"Did you . . . did you get along with your family?" Blair asked.

Agatha was once again confused. It certainly wasn't the question she expected. "Not really," Agatha answered honestly. "I always felt like an outsider. I never knew why. To be honest, I didn't feel any sense of belonging until I met you. It's strange really. When I think of going home I don't want to."

Agatha's senses came alive as Blair leaned forward. Their lips brushed gently. Blair pulled away slightly. Agatha reached for her only to have Blair capture her hands. "I need to tell you something," Blair offered solemnly.

"No, you don't," Agatha answered. "Just love me." Having said that, she stood and began to undress, her hands trembling slightly.

She looked at the smoky gaze that Blair was casting in her direction. The intensity of that gaze caused her blood to burn. The wetness between her thighs, a wetness that had existed every time Blair looked at her, began to grow. Her body pulsated as she slowly removed every article of

clothing. Finally she stood before Blair, revealing all of herself.

Nervously she just stood there watching the rise and fall of Blair's chest. The coolness of the night air caressed her skin. "You are so beautiful," Blair said finally, causing Agatha to blush. Her hands shyly went to cover herself. "Don't," Blair said compassionately as she rose from her chair.

Tenderly she took Agatha's hands in her own. Bringing them to her face, she kissed each palm. The warmth of Blair's lips caused a strange trembling in the pit of stomach. "I wanted you that first night," Agatha confessed as Blair's fingers began a gentle exploration of her bare shoulders. "I was too frightened and confused. I've never been with anyone."

"How is that possible?" Blair asked softly as her nimble fingers wove a path down her arms.

"I've never felt this way before," Agatha answered. She inhaled sharply as agile fingers brushed against her already erect nipples. "Well, not about a man. I didn't know there was another option," she uttered in a shaky voice.

"There is," Blair reassured her as she continued to tease her nipples.

"Show me," Agatha moaned. "Teach me."

She leaned forward and with a trembling shyness she pressed her lips to Blair's. "Teach me," she said against the soft full lips. "How much do you wish to learn?" Came the breathy response. "Everything," Agatha pleaded, gasping once again as she felt Blair's mouth moving down her neck.

A strong arm wrapped around her back. The feel of silk brushing against her bare skin excited her further. The flick of Blair's tongue across her nipple caused her to shudder. "Aah," she stammered as Blair teased her now sensitive nipple with her teeth and tongue. Blair's arm held her firmly. Her knees started to buckle as Blair sucked her breast; her back arched in response.

"Please Blair," she begged as the blonde continued to tease her. "Please . . .," she gasped. ". . . oh yes, please take me." She whimpered as Blair ceased her actions.

"No, baby," Blair smiled up at her with a look of sheer devotion.

"Huh?" Agatha whined in desperation.

"I'm going to do what you requested me to do," Blair explained carefully as she lowered Agatha's head.

Agatha swooned again as Blair kissed her deeply. Blair broke contact once again. "I am going to love you," Blair explained softly before reclaiming Agatha's eager lips. Agatha delighted in the passion of their kissing as her hands roamed down Blair's back, while her tongue plunged into the smaller woman's mouth.

Their tongues danced together sensually as Blair's hands roamed over Agatha's trembling body. Agatha felt Blair's strong hands cup her backside. Agatha's need grew as their bodies pressed together. Finally needing to breath, she reluctantly broke away from the kiss they shared. "I need you," she gasped.

They exchanged sweet tender kisses as Blair backed Agatha up until the back of her thighs pressed against the bed. Blair kissed Agatha's long neck as she lowered the taller woman onto the bed. Resting on her elbows, Agatha watched as Blair unbuckled her belt and set it aside with her sword. She bit her lower lip as she watched Blair's hands loosen and remove her vest.

Her eyes sparkled as Blair unbuttoned her billowing blouse. She only caught a glimpse of the fair skin that lay beneath. She sighed deeply as Blair sat beside her. "Boots," Blair explained as she began to remove them. Kicking her footwear across the cabin, Blair wrapped her arms around Agatha's overheated body.

They stretched out across the bed as they engaged in another heated kiss. Agatha slipped her hands underneath the silky material of Blair's blouse. Her fingers burned as she touched the soft skin that lay beneath. Her hands found their way to the swell of Blair's breast. She delighted in their firmness. Pinching the nipple with her fingers, she heard Blair moan in response.

She opened her thighs as Blair urged them apart with her own. Her hips began to arch in the need to make contact with the woman who was now laying on top of her. Insistently Agatha tugged Blair's blouse out of her pants, then pulled the garment off Blair's slender shoulders. Blair eagerly assisted Agatha in the removal of her shirt before the duo moved their focus to Blair's trousers.

Now both were completely naked; their bodies touched completely for the first time. They melted together as legs parted, welcoming the other in. Agatha's body arched once again as Blair's mouth suckled her breasts. Blair's sweet wetness covered her thigh as she pressed into Agatha's center. She tightly clutched the woman on top of her as her mouth moved from one breast to the other.

Agatha was aroused and confused as she felt Blair's mouth moving down her body. Leaving a fiery trail, Blair lowered herself further. Agatha didn't question her actions; she simply enjoyed the thrilling sensation of Blair's tongue as it tasted her navel, her stomach, and her hips. Her hips lifted off the bed when Blair's mouth reached the inside of her thighs. Certain that she explode at any moment, she opened herself even further. Blair settled her body between her legs.

"Oh God!" Agatha screamed as Blair's tongue began to tease her throbbing nub. Her hips rocked as the teasing continued. She wasn't certain as to what was happening but she thought she felt Blair's tongue entering her. She ceased to care about how or what Blair was doing. She simply held onto the bedding and allowed her body to simply react. She cried out again as Blair's tongue plunged in and out of her. "Sweet Jesus," she sobbed as she felt the spasms begin. She was gasping as Blair returned her attention to the sensitive nub.

She looked down to see a pair of green eyes twinkling up at her. Blair ceased her actions as Agatha felt a finger hesitantly entering her center. "I'll be gentle," Blair promised as she lowered her mouth back to the nub. Agatha's body rocked as Blair feasted upon her. Blair entered her further. She winced slightly. Blair's rhythm increased as she tasted Agatha. Lost in the sensation, Agatha didn't know what was happening until the pain struck her. True to her word, Blair took her innocence gently.

Her mouth and fingers built a steady rhythm. Lost in the pleasure, Agatha exploded. Her mind filled with crimson images as a strange ringing hummed in her ears. Blair held her steadily as she rode out the waves of passion. Collapsing onto the bed, she felt Blair tenderly kissing her stomach while her fingers remained deep inside of her. "Are you alright?" Blair inquired shyly as she slowly removed her fingers.

"That was amazing," Agatha gasped as Blair climbed up to join her.

Agatha didn't waste time catching her breath; she started kissing Blair passionately. The taste of her passion on Blair's lips urged her on. She needed to feel more of this woman, to become a part of her. Her fingers worked their way down Blair's body. Slipping gently into the slick folds, she began to tease the other woman's clit.

Blair moaned as she ground her hips into Agatha's body. The pace of their movements quickly grew wild. "Remington," Blair pleaded. "Rem . . ing . . oh yes!" she growled as Agatha entered her with two fingers. She plunged in and out of her lover while her thumb teased the other woman's throbbing clit.

Her desire grew as she watched Blair riding her. The sight of two breasts swaying above her proved to be too irresistible. Greedily she began to suckle one breast while her free hand teased the other. Her movements quickened their already wild pace as she felt Blair's body trembling above her. As her lover exploded against her while screaming out, she knew Blair was right. She wasn't an Agatha; she was Remington and she was indeed Blair's property just as Blair was now hers.

She captured Blair in her arms and held her trembling body tightly. Neither woman would rest that evening as Blair continued to educate Remington. Remington proved to be a quick study and decided that she loved the way Blair tasted. It wasn't until the smaller woman pushed her away, begging for mercy, that Agatha relinquished her hold. The musky nectar proved too intoxicating for both of them.

When morning arrived Remington was on all fours, clutching the bedding as Blair entered her from behind. She was begging for more as Blair thrust into her wetness. If it hadn't been for the knock on the door, neither would have realized that it was past sunrise.

"Captain!" Griggs called out from the other side of the door.

"More baby," Remington begged.

"I'm busy," Blair screamed out to her first mate.

"But Captain, it's here," Griggs pleaded.

"That's it," Remington implored as Blair increased her rhythm.

"Captain!" Griggs was now shouting.

Remington's orgasm ripped through her. They collapsed on the bed once again. "Give us a moment, Griggs," Blair choked out. "Get everyone ready and lock the prisoners below."

"Already done. We're just waiting for you," Griggs explained hurriedly.

"Get the men ashore and we'll join you as quickly as we can," Blair responded.

Their breathing began to steady. Blair kissed Remington gently on the shoulder. "We're leaving," Blair explained. Remington stiffened from the unexpected news. "I would never have sold anyone," Blair went on. "I ransomed the ship and it's crew back to the owner."

"Nash said that's what you would do," Remington confessed weakly, fearing the worse. She had been wrong; one night with Blair would never be enough.

"Come with me," Blair offered lovingly as she raised herself from Remington's body.

"Yes," Remington answered brightly as she sat up.

"We need to get moving," Blair urged.

The two dressed quickly and gathered a few belongings. Remington insisted that they keep the quilt from the bed. Blair simply smiled as she carefully rolled up two sheets of parchments.

"What's that?" Remington inquired.

"Nothing." Blair shrugged.

"You're lying." Remington smirked as she took the paper from Blair's possession. "It's from the ship's owner," Remington said as she read the first document. "Nice price you got." As she returned the first sheet, Blair tried to reclaim the second. "Don't," Blair said softly. Remington's face dropped. "Keep her," she read aloud. "Not a very eloquent man, my Father."

"I'm sorry," Blair whispered.

"Is that what you wanted to talk about last night?" Remington asked.

"Yes," Blair answered honestly. "I've never had this happen before. I didn't know what I was to do with you. I couldn't simply set you free. No one would ever give in to my demands again."

"I see." Remington sighed heavily.

"That's not the reason I asked you to stay with me," Blair reassured her as she wrapped her arms around the taller woman. "And making love to you was what I wanted to do."

Remington could see the sincerity in Blair's eyes. "We should go," she stated as she kissed the smaller woman.

"So where to now?" Remington inquired as Griggs greeted them on deck.

"Our hideout," Blair answered.

"Of course." Remington chuckled as they lowered themselves to the small canoe that would be their transport. "Is it nice?"

"Well, actually it's a cave," Blair responded as they began to row away from the ship.

"A cave?" Remington groused. "I can't believe you're taking me to a cave."

"We need to hide," Blair explained.

"You just got a boatload of gold," Remington argued as they rowed. "Or is it a load of gold for a boat?"

"Ship," Both Blair and Griggs corrected her.

"Will we need to hide out long?" Remington asked.

"For awhile," Blair shrugged.

"How long is that?" Remington enjoyed taunting her lover.

"I don't know," Blair sighed.

"Captain," Griggs piped in.

"Yes?"

"I do believe you've been domesticated," Griggs laughed along with Remington.

"Don't be ridiculous," Blair scoffed playfully as she winked at Remington.

"Is it a nice cave?" Remington added.

"It's a cave," Blair groaned.

"I love you," Remington said softly.

"Yeah . . . Yeah," Blair sighed. "I love you too. We're still going to the cave."

THE END

Blair's and Remington's adventures continue in [Blair's Bounty](#).

Send comments to findingmavis@comcast.net

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