

Plundered by Savages

By

James Lucien

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A squeal of terror roars from my plump, cherry lips as the grubby pirate splits the front of my white silk wedding gown with his blood-stained knife, exposing my full, round breasts to the brisk air of his filthy quarters.

His pupils dilate as he gawks at my puckered nipples. A dribble of drool trickles from the corner of his reeking mouth as he blindly sheaths his blade on his belt. The weapon he used to slash my father's jugular.

I let out another terrified scream as he grips my ruined dress and tears it away from me, leaving me naked but for my white floral thigh-high stockings with matching lacy garters and thong panties.

My sleek fuchsia skin sparkles, my short turquoise hair stands erect in spiring tufts, my long ears twist to a point, my large magenta eyes glitter, and my bountiful, buoyant bosoms produce an intoxicating milk, all because I'm an Ambrosian. I was taught to be proud of my species. Led to believe that we are blessed. Now I know the tragic truth. It's a curse.

I squirm against the stasis-cuffs stretching my hands toward the ceiling and gluing my stocking-clad feet to the floor, as the grubby marauder squeezes one of my breasts, drawing forth a glistening pearl of cream.

Licking his chops like a predatory beast, he grumbles, "Before I get fucked on ya sweet milk and fuck all ya tiny holes, I wanna know ya name so I can claim ya as my property on the inventory log."

I spit at him. "Never!"

He wipes my spittle from his cheek with an insidious chuckle. "Trust me, sweetheart, it's in ya best interest. If I don't claim ya, ever horny pirate on this ship will take a turn, and they won't wait between turns. They'll suck and fuck ya until ya corpse is cold."

Petrified, I whimper, "Roseus Floris."

"Good girl." A devious grin splits his weathered mug. "This way I can pimp ya out to the crew, one and two at a time." He ambles a surveying stroll around me and gives my bottom a stinging slap. "Of course, first I'll have *my* fill of ya big, bouncy tits and perky, bubbled ass."

The thought of being passed from bed to bed like a sex-bot is horrifying, so I plead, "Please, please don't sell me to the others! I'll do anything you want!"

He snorts, "Oh fuck yeah, ya will, or I'll take my belt to ya tender backside." He fingers my bellybutton. "Ya belong to me. Ya'll wear whatever little slutty outfits I prefer. Striptease and dance whenever I demand. And suck and fuck whoever I choose."

The creamy bead of milk runs down my breast and the pirate swoops down, catching it with the tip of his tongue. His eyes roll back as he utters a blissful groan and he grabs roughly at his swelling bulge.

An alarm wails. The ship quakes. The room spins. Head pain ignites. Darkness engulfs me.

A wet crunch awakens me with a frightful start. I'm on my back on the ceiling, which is pulsing red, mirroring the throbbing of my head. We must have crashed.

The potent scent of blood fills my nares, heightening my fear. I clench my fists in panic as I listen to the gruesome rending and horrid chewing of what I can only surmise is flesh.

Trembling so fiercely my teeth are chattering, and hyperventilating through flaring nostrils, I turn my head towards the hideous sounds.

A screech of horror escapes my lips at once. The pirate's skull is crushed, his brain matter seeping out. An azure panther is pulling his intestines from his shredded abdomen and hastily swallowing them down.

The bulky cat chuffs at me and a heavy musk mingles with the coppery smell of blood, draining away my dread, soothing my head pain substantially, and inciting my virgin womanhood to tingle and ooze.

I inhale deep and a yearning warmth blossoms from my flower and spreads throughout my body, setting my every nerve aflame. I've never felt such an incredible need. To be touched. To be groped. To be penetrated. To be filled.

The beautiful beast returns to his feast, his staring, fiery-orange eyes pinning me in place. He radiates strength and dominance. Thoroughly transfixed, I watch him eat with a detached tranquility until all that remains is a scattering of gnawed bones.

Rising up on his hind legs, he groans as he transforms into a muscular man with feline eyes and ears. His thigh arms, wide shoulders, broad chest, and sturdy legs remain blanketed in azure fur, while his skin is cocoa. He towers over me like a deity descended from heaven and I quiver in reverence.

My gaze glides down his chiseled abs until I gulp in shock and awe at the sight of his dangling manhood. Both the length and girth are astonishing. My mouth begins to salivate and my sensitive button swells and pulsates.

With a graceful gait, he moves close, stoops low, reaches out his palm, and speaks in a harsh tongue that my neural-ware does not recognize. This must be an undiscovered alien species, which means we're in uncharted space. The chance of a rescue is abysmal. I'll never return to my old life or my groom.

I take his outstretched hand, noting that my stasis-cuffs are deactivated, and he pulls me to my feet. I shed the disabled restraints before I'm scooped up without warning and tossed over his furry shoulder.

He lugs me through the upside down, blood-drenched spaceship, commanding other feeding panther-men of various colored pelts, to follow. He is clearly the leader of this tribe of cannibalistic primitives. I should be panic-stricken, clawing for escape, but I see absolutely no hope of freedom.

We exit through a large gash in the hull and I'm smacked by a wall of humid, tropic air. In every direction as far as I can see is dense jungle. Exotic trees where flocks of strange birds roost, odd mammals climb, bizarre reptiles scurry, and curious insects flutter about. I feel heavier, which means greater gravity than my homeworld.

My hulking captor puts me down before shifting back into a panther. He crouches and grunts at me, and I take it as a command to bestride upon his back. Wrapping my arms around his neck, I grip his fur, and he signals our departure with a roar, before leading the charge through the foreign terrain. The journey is exhilarating. The feeling of clutching hold of such a powerful and majestic creature is tantalizing. His speed and grace are impressive. He ducks under branches and dives over fallen trees like a gust of wind. Darts around tree trunks and boulders like a swiftly moving river. We reach their home without any more damage than a few leaves in my hair.

Their small village is located beside a rocky mountain, where the jungle is less compact, the midday sun shining through, and a stream flows through the middle. They dwell in mud huts and crude shanties. Women and children receive pirate corpses from the returning panthers, and instantly shift to devour them in a feeding frenzy.

After morphing back into a man, the tribe leader carries me on his shoulders through the settlement like a champion showcasing his trophy, with the other men following in toe. He delivers me to a cave, carpeted floor to ceiling with an emerald luminescent moss. It is much cooler inside.

After setting me down, he points to the mossy ground. So I sit on my feet and cross my arms to conceal my breasts from the dozen men watching. I'm handed a leather sack similar to a wineskin. Expecting water, I'm surprised by the flavorful juice within. It has a bitter aftertaste, but I'm thirsty, so I drink until I'm quenched. A numbing calm washes over me and the edges of my vision go fuzzy. My lingering headache vanishes altogether.

The chief and three others move in close, surrounding me, and I'm inundated by the musky aroma that has such an arousing effect on me. My heartbeat quickens. My nipples stiffen. My cleft grows inflamed. A ravenous hunger overtakes me.

The four robust men fist their oversized members as they stare down at me, and I grope my bosoms in response, causing milk to leak that I lap up in defiance of my culture's morality. It tastes so delicious that my cunt clenches with desire.

I've never taken a penis into my mouth, but at this moment there's nothing I want more. I point to the chief's semi-engorged manhood and then to my open mouth, my glittering magenta eyes begging.

He gives no reply, continuing to stroke himself. Maybe he doesn't understand.

I rise up on my knees to bring my mouth to his crotch and stick out my tongue.

He steps back, refusing to feed me his thickening cock, exacerbating my caprice for fellatio.

I plead, even though he can't interpret the words. "*Please*, let me suck you. I want you in my mouth. To feel you sliding over my tongue and into my throat. To taste your cum."

All the men, except the leader, laugh at me and chatter in their coarse language, assaulting me with a bombardment of humiliation. Yet my yearning remains greater than my shame.

I turn to the rugged man to my right, his fur violet, and reach for his erection with my lips. "*Please*, I need it. *Please*." He slaps me across the face with his meaty member, and I spill over as the degrading chuckling grows louder.

Rising up again, I grasp for a burgundy-furred man. "Let me suck you, *please*." I take another cock slap to the cheek, and fall over, the debasing mirth further increasing.

My craving to suckle a prick is vehement. "*Please!* I need a cock!" I stretch my gaping mouth toward a brawny man with amber fur and I'm knocked to the floor by his swinging dick.

The scornful jeering booming, I writhe on the floor, my cleft aching, as I mash my breasts with devastating compulsion, and sob, "*Please! Please! Please!*"

The azure-furred leader steps forward, his massive erection a monument to masculinity, and grunts a command at me. He's not the tallest or broadest man in the tribe, but he certainly has the grandest manhood.

I scramble to my knees and press my milk-moistened palms together in a pleading gesture. "Oh please. *Please. Please. Please!*"

Placing his hands stout on his hips, he nods, and I'm overcome by thrilling excitement. I reach up with shaking hands, lubricated with my cream, and grasp hold of his enormous stamen, so thick I can't close my fingers around it completely. I slide my palms up and down his shaft, milking his cock as I lick my lips in mounting anticipation of gorging myself.

The other eleven men all begin to chant, their volume ascending higher and higher, driving my fervent aspiration up and up and up until I can't hold back any longer. Stretching my cherry lips wide, I cram the bulbous head of his prick into my mouth, and a shiver of ecstasy surges through me, all the way down to my toes, which curl in reaction.

My azure-furred god utters a soft groan of delight and I respond by moaning louder than my wet, popping slurps, as I urgently bob up and down in a famished delirium, my big bosoms jiggling and bouncing, my cheeks concave with the effort of sucking him so ferociously, my panties soaking through with my feminine juices and dribbling down my thighs, my mind so enthralled with bliss that the only thing that exists in my reality is his colossal cock.

I tug and suck for time unknown, worshiping his glorious phallus with insatiable lust until, cradling the back of my cranium with one large palm, he presses my head down, forcing his prick into my throat, and I choke, my eyes bulging in shock. Rather than release me, he pushes me down further, my esophagus stretching to accommodate his girth, and I gag more violently.

My natural survival instincts provoke me to struggle for liberation, but his strength is monumental. Digging my fingers into his thighs, I resist to no avail as he drives me down until my lips kiss the base of his shaft. He holds me there with his omnipotent might, and rolls his hips, fucking my throat.

Eventually, my frail arms fall to my sides, oxygen deprivation sapping my energy, and he allows me to come up for air. Chest heaving, I gasp, cough, pant and weep as I massage my throat. And still, I want more.

The violet-furred man grips my long twisted ears and pulls me to his throbbing member. He shoves it into my mouth and down my gullet. His prick isn't as thick as the chief's, so I only gag a few times as he rapes my throat.

The burgundy-furred man pillages my throat next, then the amber-furred man, before the other eight men take a turn. I'm passed from dick to dick with only a brief moment in between to breath. Tears, drool, and pre-cum are smeared across my face, slathered down my neck and over my breasts. Yet I crave more.

The last man is ramming my throat when the leader grasps my hips and raises my bottom into the air. He rips away my thong panties, tearing the fabric easily, and spits between my cheeks, his saliva viscous and oily. Gripping my waist, he lifts me, my feet dangling, and I shriek around the thrusting prick in my mouth as he pierces my rosebud with his elephantine cock. He stabs it deeper and deeper and deeper until finally, his pelvis smacks my cheeks, and I feel like a hog skewered on a spit for roasting. The two of them lunge in rhythm, ravaging my throat and ass like synced pistons, my heavy bosoms swinging and slapping, as I helplessly endure their savage abuse in a paradoxical dichotomy of excruciating jubilation.

The yellow daylight illuminating the opening of the cave fades, bluish moonlight taking its place, as I'm stuffed in both ends again and again, the dozen punishing pricks relentless, the influential musk ever present, my sweat and slobber puddling in the moss below, my crazed passion escalating to stratospheric heights, yet climax remaining just out of range of my grasp.

The cavern begins to spin. My eyes flutter as I labor to keep conscious. Tendrils of teasing nightmares haunt the fringes of my psyche. My involuntary squirming ceases and I go limp. Exhaustion finally overpowers my dire need for orgasm and the world slips away.

Macabre dreams of my father's risen cadaver torment my soul. His rotting hands grope my breasts, milk gushing, as his decaying dick thrusts between them. Palming my skull, he utters

a raucous wail as he erupts a geyser of foul splooge into my mouth and down my throat. It balloons my stomach, then fills my lungs. I'm drowning in semen.

A splash of cold water tears away my murderous, undead father as I awaken with a traumatized gasp.

All the men crowded around still boast monstrous erections, so I surmise I haven't been out for long. Unless of course, they continued to use me while I was out.

I'm handed another leather sack. I guzzle down the sour-sweet contains in huge gulps until it's drained. My eyes go wide with an instant vigor, like lightning in my veins. Beyond belief, my gluttonous need for erogenous stimulation multiples intensely.

I howl, "Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

Closing his rough hands around my slim waist, the leader heaves me up. My bosoms slap his azure-furred pecs as he impales me on his javelin, piercing my hymen, and I screech in agonizing rapture.

My deflowering deity lowers us to the floor and lies on his back. Fisting my turquoise hair, the violet-furred brute pulls my head up to jam his prick down my tattered throat, while the burgundy-furred barbarian mounts me from behind, burrowing deep into my battered bud.

I thrash and cry and squeal uncontrollably as the three of them pound all my holes at once. I've never imagined such torture. Nor have I dreamt of such rhapsody.

The divergent sensations twist a straining knot within me of orgasmic yearning tighter and tighter, as I'm taken by three men simultaneously over and over until the indigo light of predawn kisses the cavern mouth.

At long last, the dozen panther-men circle around me as I lie on my back twitching with hours of pent-up cupidity. Snarling and grunting, they burnish their fleshly broadswords over me, their sweat-glistening rigid abs quivering as they tug feverishly.

I sob tears of joy, overwhelmed with relief, as their steaming streams of pearlescent goop splatter my face, splash my breasts, and spray my belly. They spew an exuberant magnitude, drenching me head to toe.

And then magnificently, as if disabling a neural-ware chastity lock, the brackish fragrance of their showering spunk sends me into wild convulsions of mind-shattering felicity.

My eyelids flicker open. Two young women are bathing me. It appears to be dusk. I've slept through the day.

Once I'm clean, they supply me water, fruit, nuts, and jerky. I don't eat the dried meat for fear it's pirate. I devour everything else.

The dozen men arrive soon after, chuckling and jeering, obviously eager for another lengthy gangbang.

I wish I could refuse. I want to resist. But that musky cologne ignites a firestorm of carnal desire within me. I finger my clit and squeeze my bosoms. Cream dribbles from my aroused nipples.

The leader sniffs my breasts before tasting the milk. His eyes go cross and he quakes with orgasm. He shifts into a panther and licks at my feet, whining submissively.

The others drop to their knees, prostrating themselves in veneration.

My curse may be a blessing after all.