

Chapter 2 – Scarlet – in the beginning:

The Ruby Red wasn't christened with her name, the beautiful gold and white ship, a fancy brigantine that was launched from the British Isles with the French name *La Blanc Princesse*. All in honor of her Captain –Admiral Leachmere, whose family, of course, was French, married into British nobility. Not the most honorable of men, not so different from other nobles, one would suppose, but none-the-less there are things that ought not occur in history, and Scarlet was making those right. An eye-for-eye, she had once read. So here Scarlet is, with the Ruby Red, infamous pirate ship...

Ruby Red, a.k.a. The Recently Liberated Princesse Blanc, is a pirate ship unlike any other. Ruled by the famous Captain Scarlet Bandolier, this ship silently takes out shipping vessels of every size and shape, stealing every drop of loot to sell on the black market or feed her crew, and leaving the ship stranded on the high seas. It's said that Ruby Red's banisters and ship boards run red from the blood of victims but rumor has it a quick surrender prevents any casualties – it's too bad that sometimes the ships are actually seeking casualties. Truth be told, pirate death stories are often exaggerated, or so they are if you ask Scarlet's crew. While always successful in her missions, the Ruby Red is believed to be cursed – along with her shanty crew of ninety-three strong men and women. But that is exactly the problem – “and women.”

Maybe there are some other female captains flying the black flag of free trade – but one thing is certain – none of them is quite like Scarlet Bandolier. Female Captains are only found on “pirate” ships, you will find our monarchies simply cannot quite handle the idea of curses or females in uniforms. It has to be a better appearance than a typical Captain/pirate – you know the type – a peg legged ruffian who lost most of his teeth before the fall of the Roman Empire,

wielding a rusty blade and a parrot perched on his shoulder, all while yelling – “Ahoy Matey!” Clear that vision from your mind – Scarlet is not a fairytale, she will not stand for being referred to as one either.

Once upon a time, Scarlet was a proper maiden, prim and proper and ever so sweet on the eyes (not to say she is not now – drooling is a normal behavior during raids). Daughter to a merchant family from a small coastal town in Spain, she was the only surviving child, due to the plague, and spoiled endlessly by her parents. So popular was her father’s imported Indian goods, and her mother’s baking, that the king and queen insisted that the entire family be transferred to England and set them up with a shop, within arm’s reach of the royal family. There, her father had access to the best ships to take him where he needed to get more goods, and her mother had the best bakery in all of Europe, even servants to assist in the baking. Scarlet was a young teen, and the advantages of busy parents were not put off on her. Soon, she was dancing in balls, and enjoying the company of other aristocrat women.

Well, that was the stage – where the maiden becomes a pirate, not the typical bedtime story. It began at a formal ball, a man danced with the young lady; found her pleasant on the eyes, even though he was easily 20 years her senior. Scarlet, then known as Sarita, enjoyed escaping from her mother’s apron strings by wandering off with the young women from the noble houses that frequented the town, they treated her nearly like a doll – dressing her up and taking advantage of her limited English to keep her under their wings. While dancing and giggling were fun, her parents found her a tutor, with another noble daughter her age, to keep her out of trouble. She learned English and reading, and other subjects that tutors felt a lady of her class and background should know, but none of the essential lessons that she would learn in time.

Sarita Rios y' Vega soon spent more time in the company of noble girls than she did at home. Noble girls being prepared for marriage, and courted by suitors, which meant their primary responsibility was beauty.

Unaware of the primary objectives of noble daughters, her parents did not restrict her access to the same entertainment, the same balls, the same goals. They demanded she see the tutor, and learn the lessons, but no other obligations were imposed. In many ways, her parents hoped that she would find her place in the world of royal people, after all, a girl of 18 should have been married off already, and they had always been reluctant to allow her to be far away from them. In the small town, the number of interesting courtiers was limited, and Sarita would not entertain a single one.

The ballrooms were filled with young and older noble men, seeking marriage or playing the role of guardian and escort to younger members. Married couples danced and watched their teens or young adults, playing matchmaker more often than not. Older widowed women, and widowers were often present too, but the noble girls with Sarita enjoyed giggling and whispering about the men that came to seek a bride. During more than one occasion, a widower from the shipyards would approach the women, with drink and hand, and wander off into the center of the ballroom, causing whispers. Admiral Leachmere was his name, even though it had been five years since the death of his wife during childbirth – which also took the child, and he had not taken a new bride. He spent most of his time on his ship, sailing for the royal family, protecting the country from pirates.

A noble man they said, and though he was older, Sarita did not deny him his dance when he came around that evening and invited her to the floor. Knowing the insult that could be

caused, she smiled a shy smile, and allowed him to guide her onto the ballroom floor. She had been taught to dance by the tutors, and though her English had improved to near fluency, she allowed her dancing to be the only strength she shared with the older man as his hands and feet moved her through the crowd of dancers. More than once, he leaned in to whisper something about another couple, and she smiled blankly at him, nodding gently if it seemed he would approve. Thinking her feigned confusion would cause his interest to dwindle, she even let him get her a drink. Listening to him ramble on about any number of things that meant little to nothing, she sat with him, praying her friends would rescue her. Instead, they stood across the ballroom, giggling as the Admiral usurped her entire free night, keeping her at his side.

As the night ended, the Admiral demanded he walk her home, as it was not proper for a lady to walk home alone, and when she searched for her friends, they had left without her. For days to come, he would greet her at dawn – to take her to the tutor – and bring her home in the evening. Finally, the day would come when he announced that his vacation was up, and to her delight, he would be out to sea again within the week. She walked home with him, stating he would be missed and that she would look forward to when he returned – secretly hoping she could be somewhere far away when he did. However, it didn't end there. As they returned home, she discovered her father had returned from his trip and her mother had taken time from the bakery to return home and make a big meal. Her parents invited him to eat with the family, as if they had planned it all along. Her mother's smile scared her, and her father seemed to have changed, maybe sad in some ways.

The evening was a nightmare, as if she was five again, sitting at the table with the grown-ups, but not included in their discussions. The worst part of the nightmare was that it was about

her, and each time she tried to speak, she was shushed. Barely touching her food, she stared at the table in confusion, when did all of this happen, and why? This Admiral was under the impression that Sarita should marry him; the worst part was that her parents agreed, and no one was even asking what she felt about the matter.

She did refuse his offer, the next day, but her parents would not stand for it. A girl of her age should be married and preparing to have children. The noble families agreed, the daughters felt she should be honored, and the whole world was against Sarita. The wedding was planned, and while the wedding formed, it was as if there was a different Sarita living in her life. Some part of her that was desperately convincing her that she could be a good wife, that he would be a good husband, and that her fears were unfounded fears rooted in the childlike need to stay with her parents. However, Sarita could take no more, and in private tried to speak with the Admiral, and explain that she did not feel ready for such decisions, did not feel she was “in love” with him, and she hoped it would stop the strangeness around her.

Music played in the ballroom, and the Admiral took her hand leading her to the dance floor. “You look majestic,” he whispered, holding her just a little more tightly than she liked with the tight girdle nearly preventing her breathing. “I received the message you would like to speak with me, my lady.” Her flowing white dress swung about her ankles as he led her into a casual twirl and pulled her back in close. “What might it be about?”

Sarita’s head hurt, it pounded as if black clouds were filling the room, and it seemed like the smell of the blacksmith’s smithy had suddenly overwhelmed the perfumed room. “Yes, milord,” she started; finding even breathing suddenly became labored. “If permitted, in private I would like to speak with you.” She whispered. It was strange, but even the people around her

were making her uncomfortable, claustrophobic though Sarita had never been claustrophobic before.

“It is very important? Should we find your chaperone?” He asked pulling her tightly to him, forcing her to gasp in air that had escaped. “When would you like to talk?”

“Tonight?” The breathlessness of her answers disturbed her, and it was as if the world continued to close in, “Yes, chaperone would be good.” She thought of what her father would say if she was alone with him before they had taken their vows.

“After the guests begin leaving - before we bring you home.” He answered, guiding her across the ballroom floor, to a seat. “You seem winded tonight; let me get you a drink.” Fiddling with her fingers, Sarita just nodded. The evening seemed to press on though, and even when she could not breathe, he marveled at her dancing skills as he led her across the dance floor, her face flushed by the strange tightness of her girdle, and the drowning feeling that grew all evening.

The music had slowed to a crawling halt, and instruments were moved around from the corner. Guests – giggling and stammering – wandered from the ballroom floor, and servants yawned as they picked up and cleaned about the room. Her parents had long since left, most anyone not seeking something other than the ballroom floor had wandered off to their homes due to the lateness of the evening. Then the Admiral’s strong hand was on her shoulder, startling from the examination of her glass, the strange punch had a kick she could not recall from earlier in the evening. “Your chaperone has retired for the night; however, my maid Lexi is here to attend our needs.” Taking her hand, he guided her to a standing position. “Let us head to the study, where we may talk with only the company of my maid.”

“Yes, milord.” She whispered, cloudy vision nearly causing her to swoon as he guided her from the ballroom and up the stairs. Barely a few steps behind, the pretty maid he had mentioned followed. The study was musky smelling, filled with books and overstuffed chairs. He led Sarita to the short sofa, beautiful red cushions tapered by brown pattern she could not place – due to her current situation. “Admiral, I am not feeling, like myself, I believe.” Thinking was difficult and the remaining words were no longer there for her to speak.

“Milady, Sarita, I cannot believe you would separate me for discussion to tell me you are not feeling yourself today.” He grinned. “What is it you truly wished to share with me?”

Sarita looked at him a moment, and the realization of who he was dawned on her. “I do not think I can marry you.” She had not intended for the bluntness. As she tried to find words to change the harshness of what she said, he placed his fingers over her lips.

“Beautiful, Sarita, sweet and innocent,” he whispered, as he placed his hand on her wrist, “If it was your decision, I should be concerned,” he grabbed it tightly, pulling roughly to stretch her arm above her head, where a sudden click locked a band around her wrist. “However, the truth is, it has never been your decision,” as she started to struggle, he had quickly put her other wrist into the same type of restraint. “You will be a sexual play thing, my sexual toy, for my layovers here in the city.” Rough hands grabbed around her waist as she was roughly hoisted into the air by the chains pulling against her. “Lexi will happily keep you in order while I am gone.” The sofa moved away and he was suddenly down by her feet. “And you will be obedient, at all times, I shall demonstrate why.” Two more clicks and heavy metal bindings locked into place over her cloth boots.

“No, please, what are you doing?” Sarita tried to find her voice. “What, what is this?” She asked and something was inserted into her mouth, it filled her mouth, preventing further talk.

“Your punishment, for questioning my right to you.” Lexi was suddenly in front of her, removing articles of clothing, effectively loosening them to fall around her knees, and free the soft breasts beneath the girdle. “You will marry me, you will never again question my authority, and you will tell no one about this night – I have a witness that no such event occurred,” he gestured to Lexi who was carefully pulling her clothing loose around the bindings. “Your womanhood will be compromised, your shame will be known, you will marry me, or your parents will bear the brunt of that shame.”

Sarita’s mind was spinning, fear of what he was saying, what this would mean, and furthermore, what he intended to do with her. Her naked body was there, for him, stripped clean of all the protective clothing, by a young serving maid with light brown hair. Sarita struggled against the bindings, but suddenly, her nudity was the least of her problems. Across Sarita’s back came a painful slapping, as if four strips of fire had sharply caressed her lower back, just above her bottom. The scream was muffled to a small cry beneath the gag in her mouth, and pain was followed by shame, as Lexi suddenly reached forward and cupped both of her breasts, licking them slowly and softly with her tongue, each in turn, kissing them as yet another painful punishment contacted with Sarita’s lower back.

“Lexi will play; she likes to play during punishment time. She doesn’t like to watch the whip, just hear it.” His voice spoke gruffly, softly rubbing the sore spots with something that seemed to cause the pain to sting worse. “However,” he whispered as the whip came down again and Lexi took Sarita’s nipple and much of her breast into her mouth, “When we are done, you

might like the whipping.” Tears flowed down Sarita’s cheeks, as much from the pain as the humiliation that a serving girl was enjoying her flesh.

It was only five lashings from the whip, and the Admiral rubbed the lotion over each one, nearly lovingly, and then retired to the chair across from the two women. He told Lexi to remove her clothing, and without pause, she dropped every article of clothing, and returned to planting kisses over Sarita’s soft skin, her lavish breasts, her soft flat belly, and gently kissing the perfect mound – kissing in gentle circles that were causing the pain to be a memory. Lexi was causing Sarita to struggle in her bindings, the warm feeling between her legs felt good, but seemed wrong, seemed like the wrong place and time. However, Lexi was not under any such preconceptions, her Admiral had trained her well, and her need to taste the sweet smelling pussy before her was an intense desire, which would only be put off by the command of her master.

Her fingers explored gently around the swollen clit, knowing that the girl chained before her had never experienced anything – and by the looks of the pure innocent cunt – had not even been explored by the self-pleasuring habits of many single women her age. Lexi moaned, hungrily licking the swollen clit, flicking it gently with her tongue. Her own hand moved down the girl’s slim thigh, down to her own warm, wet need, softly stroking her own clit with the same rhythmic motion she explored Sarita with. Lexi’s pussy dripped, so wet and warm, her moans grew louder, Sarita’s hips pressed in to meet her sucking.

“Lexi, do not cum yet,” the Admiral’s voice was stern, breaking the trance Lexi had gone into as she enjoyed the sweet juices of her new playmate. “Yes, milord,” she answered, tracing a pattern down the girl’s thigh. Her victim trembled again, her clit bouncing against her tongue. “Come here Lexi,” he said.

Sarita opened her eyes; she had been lost in the strange erotic feelings that flowed through her body, drowning her even worse than the dance had that evening. Her body tingled, it didn't want the maid to leave, but she watched as the girl stood, her hips swaying as she walked to the Admiral. Suddenly, Sarita realized the Admiral was naked, she saw his hardness, his manhood standing up in between his legs. His hand held it, erect, and Lexi eagerly kissed the tip. Sarita turned her head to look away, "Watch Sarita or I will bring the whip across your behind again." He said, his eyes intently staring into hers. She started to shake her head, but fear gripped her, she did not look away, she watched as the maid wrapped her lips around the hard member that he presented her. Moving her hair, the Admiral wrapped his fingers into a solid hold on the maid's hair and assisted her up and down movements.

It was strange; watching was creating torn emotions in Sarita – shame, curiosity, and the continuously growing warmth in her middle that made her shiver. Shiver with anticipation, or curiosity, or some combination of both. She feared that she would not survive if her mind could not escape the battle occurring within. The Admiral's member grew harder, and it seemed to grow larger as Lexi's mouth over it, steady rhythmic motions that made Sarita tremble. After what seemed an eternity, of watching this endless display, the Admiral lifted her from his manhood, and Sarita forced the sigh back into her throat.

As if suddenly done with the game, or having no more of it, he was standing before his sweet new possession, his hard cock in hand. "You are now my Bitch," he said, as he pulled her legs up, Lexi freeing them, her hand sliding up one leg and her lips kissing the succulent skin at the top of her thighs. Pulling her close, he pressed his hard chest into her breasts and whispered, "I prefer the sounds of begging, but as there may still be guests, we shall leave the gag."

His hard member pushed against her clit, the wetness of her response to Lexi's touches assisting his aim, Lexi pressed her own breasts against Sarita's lower back as her hands slid down to spread Sarita's lips for her master. Pushing against the thin-skinned barrier, he groaned slightly, the tightness fighting against his entrance. His need was overwhelming, and her fear was causing her to struggle against the two people holding her still, the Admiral's grip tightened on her legs and Lexi gasped as pushed hard against her hands to force his way into Sarita's sweet innocent pussy.

Sarita struggled harder as the member broke through into her, a sharp pain that ended the torn emotions that she had succumbed to with the previous moment's adventures. She tried desperately not to cry again, not to give him the satisfaction of controlling her body or her emotions, but the pain was followed by deep thrust that caused her to rock against him. It was large, it filled her, and it was hurting her, but Lexi was behind her, rubbing against her, groaning and purring in pleasure, and the Admiral grinned, staring into her eyes as he slowly pulled out, and thrust in again harder.

"Scream, Sarita, scream into your gag." He said, increasing the speed of the in and out motion that rocked her against Lexi. It went on for some time, her body rocking in time with them, the fingers exploring her intimate parts as he thrust into her over and over again. She felt the pain becomes waves of warmth that spread through her, and though she fought it, the screams escaped her lungs to become muffled groans as he enjoyed her body. His completion was a searing explosion that shot liquids deep into Sarita, causing her to tremble against him. Lexi was nearly frenzied behind her, shivering and grunting in need, but his final thrust was deep and harsh, and with it, Sarita lost consciousness.

The next morning, Sarita woke up sore, in her bed, in her nightgown, with no memory of returning home. A gentle bruise was on her wrist, and each thigh, and she was uncertain if she could face her parents. She was uncertain to what they may know, or think. A knock on her door, came shortly after Sarita dressed, without awaiting an answer, Lexi came in. “Admiral Leachmere has assigned me to assist you until the marriage.” Her smile was conniving and nearly evil. “I will begin by checking your clothing,” she closed the door behind her.

While only the beginning of the tale of how Scarlet and the Ruby Red came to be, these are the beginnings that still haunt Scarlet’s sleep. The lost innocence, the torture at the hands of the Admiral continued for more than a year, not just at his hands, or even just his and Lexi’s, but he found that his beautiful wife was a source of entertainment he felt he could share, on long journeys out to sea as well as in other noble’s homes. Sarita would find no peace, fearful that her body no longer answered to her commands – but rather answered to that of a man whose only interest was using her body, and allowing others to use it as well. However, the Ruby Red’s adventures began from these trials, and the past most certainly lays foundation for the future.

Though the past was on Scarlet’s mind, from the increase in the haunting dreams, the box was her interest this evening. She sat up from her restless night’s sleep, straightened her clothes that had bound her nearly as tightly as the binds from the past, and approached the box on the table.