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- STORY -

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- ART -



PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN:  
- IN THE COMPANY OF TRADERS -

# PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN:

## IN THE COMPANY OF TRADERS

Elizabeth Swann's kidnappers came for her when she should have been sleeping.

They would not be the first but they would be the last: Elizabeth Swann had been the only Pirate King in more than a hundred years for less than a week, but in that short time she had shattered the invincibility of the East India Trading Company, helped destroy a legend that had ruled the seas, and stood among the few people that had actually changed the world. There were some that said that she was nothing more than a figurehead, but even a figurehead has value after the fact to collectors and those affected by what had changed.

Pirates had come for her. Privateers. Proper navy men from any of a half dozen empires – she had fought the English, the Spanish, the French and Portuguese, Africans and Afrikaans, the Dutch and even Americans. When they came for her in large numbers the sea claimed them, even after her son had broken every curse of the sea. When they came for her in small numbers she took her time taking them apart.

These men, her kidnappers, they picked their time well. Her son was running amuck with his lady. Her husband was chasing a legend. And she was content to wander the coastline of her home, a legend herself that haunted and hunted, keeping fit among the rumors and stories people told of her.

Elizabeth Swann was twenty feet tall, she had heard.

Elizabeth Swann could breathe fire like a dragon, some said.

Elizabeth Swann was beloved of the ocean, brave men whispered.

When these men came they came in the night like thieves, quiet but not so quiet as they thought. They came with swords drawn up creaking stairs and opened her bedroom door. They pounced on her bed and got tangled in the pillows and blankets she had left there.

She stepped out of shadows and stabbed, parried, thrust.

Her husband was one of the greatest swordsmen in the Caribbean and she was his equal.

She slipped back into the shadows, out a window. A rope let her slip down to the ground floor and she circled back around, locking the door, trapping her kidnappers in the house with her. She had done this before, a dozen times. She stalked them, hunted them in the night, stabbed hearts and slit throats.

These men, these brave stupid men.

Some of them had guns. She killed them first.

She counted their voices, noted the heaviness of their footsteps. She tracked them, killed them, took a breathe. Easy. Easy as sailing a ship, as lighting a fire, as killing a god.

And then:

"Hello, Elizabeth."

*Cutler Beckett?*

"Are you here to negotiate on behalf of your men?" she said, holding the point of her sword at his throat. A dead man walking was far from the strangest thing she'd seen. "Are you ready to listen? Intently?"

His appearance did take her back somewhat – his was not a face she was expecting to see again, and this *was not him*. Close enough to be family, she could see, close enough to knock her off her guard.

"Who are you?" she demanded, the point of her sword drawing a trickle of blood.

But her awareness was completely on this not-Cutler and not on the man behind her.

She was dangerous but she was not invincible; the first blow with a blackjack struck perfectly and staggered her. The next one, a heartbeat later, left her fingers numb and tingling, her sword falling to the floor.

The last sent her down to join her abandoned weapon.



She woke up with an aching head. She tried to set up and hit her head on the lid of what had to be a small chest that she was locked inside. The small keyhole gave her some light to see that the only thing other than herself in the box was dirt. The gentle rocking of the box told her she was on a boat.

*I'm in a box of dirt, she thought, and smiled. Someone did their reading.*

Even if Will had still possessed the power of Davy Jones he would not be able to find her so long as she was covered in earth. Captain Jack had tried the same thing in the old days, trying to keep Davy Jones' heart in a jar of dirt while her ex-fiance, Norrington, kept the heart in a bag full of dirt.

She pressed up on the lid but there was no give there. She checked her clothing to see if any of her weaponry remained but they had searched her quite thoroughly and taken everything.

That's alright, she thought. *They'll have to let me out of here eventually, and they'll have weapons I can take. Or maybe they'll want to parley.*

She smiled to herself.

This was not the worst position she had ever been in.



They left her alone for most of a day before a couple of the crew men came and picked up her chest and moved her from one room to another. She stayed still, trying to prepare herself to spring as soon as the lid opened.

"Ar ye ready?"

"Yarrr."

They propped up the chest, turned it on its side and turned it again. Elizabeth grit her teeth and tried to stay upright, but they spun her upside down, opened the lid when it was positioned like a door, and shoved the chest so that she tumbled out.

She sprang to her feet in a tight space.

A door was closed, a lock fastened.

“What in every hell...?” she said. She could barely move. She was in some kind of gibbit, suspended from the ceiling of the ship and bolted to the floor, a thin layer of dirt below her and around her.

Three men that looked like Cutler Beckett faced her, surrounded by their crew.

“This is her,” the youngest said. “This is the wench that got your father killed.”

“Thanks, cuz,” one of them said.

“There were circumstances surrounding his death,” Elizabeth said.

“Yes, he tried to rid the world of piracy and promote profit and trade, and you killed him for it,” the young one said. “I’m John. I worked for him. These are his older brothers, John, Jr and Bartholomew.”

“Two of you are named John?” Elizabeth asked. “Doesn’t that get confusing at family events?”

“Well, my dad is named John, but we call him dad,” one of the older ones said, his words more than a little slurred. “Except him. He calls dad uncle.”

“Please, cousin, do shut up,” the younger one, John said. Both of the elders fell quiet. “Did you know we Becketts came from humble beginnings? My uncle had a gift for numbers and letters than the rest of our family lacks, save, perhaps, for myself. These two together do not equal their brother. I alone come close. But this? This I can do in his memory.”

“What?” Elizabeth asked, hands on the bars, hip cocked to one side. “Do you intend to kill me?”

“Not at all,” John said. “You are a criminal and you will be punished like a criminal, but you are also something of a commodity to the right people. Your friend, Jack Sparrow-”

*“-Captain-”*

“caused my uncle's patron to repeatedly lose some amount of profit,” John was sitting, leaned closer to her. “You’re going to help us reclaim some of that loss.”

“And how am I going to do that?”

“We’re going to sell you in the Bahaman slave markets.”



She screamed. She wailed.

She kicked and pushed and hit the bars of her cage. She roared and howled threats and tried everything she could to force the cage open, the bars wider, but the metal held.

“Strip her,” John Beckett said.

Grinning, his men moved in closer, reached for her. She punched one in the nose, another in the throat. A third one got his hands into the cage and reached for her chest, so she bent his elbow the wrong way against the metal. He screamed and managed to get his arm out of the cage

eventually.

The rest of the men stopped, staring.

“Well?” John Beckett asked.

“She's like an animal,” one of his crewmen said.

“Then treat her like one.”

He called for the bosun and a cat was brought out of the bag, nine braided leather strips slapping heavy into the man's palm. Elizabeth met his eyes.

“It might be a little difficult for you to whip me with that while I'm in here,” she grinned. He glared at her, lashed out.

The metal took most of the impact.

He tried again.

And again.

“You people are pathetic,” Elizabeth said, crossing her arms over her chest.

John poked her from behind with a plank of wood. She spun, grabbed for it, but the others all took his idea and ran with it, coming towards her with poles, brooms, sticks, canes, and more. She tried to defend herself and, from one or two of them, she might have been successful, but the blows rained down on her from every direction, poking every part of her body until she sagged bruised and beaten and the men stopped to watch her.

“Got anything clever to say?” John taunted.

She did, actually, but her jaw hurt too much for her to say it.

“Strip her,” John repeated.

It hurt too much to fight the hands that reached for her. They pulled her vest, buttons sliding across the deck, and then her shirt. The sword belt around her chest went, some of them reaching down her pants, lifting her up by her hair and her breasts and her neck. They licked her through the bars, kissed her through the bars. Her boots were pulled free, her pants, hands groping her, reaching between her legs, tearing the panties off so that they could

*BOOM*

John held a smoking pistol in one hand.

“We will not rape her,” John Beckett said. “Right now, she is a proper English lady. If you want to fuck her, court her.”

Naked and encaged, Elizabeth tried to cover her nudity, tried to stare down her captor, but she couldn't quite meet his gaze.



The nights on the boat were long and cold.

Two of them passed and no one thought to feed her, give her water. She felt weak and lethargic,

barely able to keep her eyes open, barely able to stay standing whenever the crew came by to mock her, to watch her, to masturbate to her naked body. Her bum rested against the cage on one side and her breasts were pressed against the other and she could not get comfortable.

"Please," she said, shivering. "A blanket. Some water."

"Lemme fuck your tight lil' cunny an' I'll get ye both," a crewman said.

She still had enough of her wits and dignity to glare at the man.

When the seamen brought themselves off in front of her they sometimes sprayed her cage. The third night, still thirsty and hungry, she found herself staring at the ejaculate. She glanced around, saw no one.

Dipping her hand in the cold goo, she brought it to her lips and licked it off.

It soothed her throat.

Semen settling in her rumbling belly.

"It's warm when its fresh," John, Jr sniggered, his engorged manhood at hand. "You want a taste? Lemme fuck you and you can lick my cock clean."

"I can't kneel or sit down in here," Elizabeth moaned. "You'd have to let me out."

"Can't do that," John, Jr shrugged. "Cousin's got the key."

"Could give you a handjob," Elizabeth muttered. She's never done anything like that, but she remembered seeing the act performed in Tortuga and it didn't look too hard.

John, Jr grinned and approached the cage.

It wasn't that hard at all.

His manhood was slick already and deceptively soft in her fingers, the weight of it not so bad as she was expecting. She watched his face, listened to his breathing, let him guide her. It didn't take very long and she wondered if he'd even been with a woman he didn't have to pay for.

But he came.

He came in her hand, hot cum, hot fresh cum, and she lapped it up, closed her eyes and swallowed it down. It was disgusting but it was a warm something. It helped.

"If you get the key from your cousin, I'll let you put it in my mouth," Elizabeth offered.

John, Jr's smile made her sick.



John, Jr was not secretive about what he had done with Elizabeth and, soon, the rest of the crewmen were coming to give her a donation of semen. She was hungry enough to accept them, eventually regaining enough of herself to feel shame at what she had been forced to do to survive.

Five days at sea. Six. Every crewman except John Beckett himself had come to her, asked her for permission before shoving themselves in her hands and letting her slim fingers get them off. The fact that they all asked and waited for her to say *yes* made it worse – they were making her complicit in her own degradation.

But it kept her alive.

Hungry and thirsty, feeling weak and degraded, but alive.

On the seventh morning, they took her gibbet and hauled it out onto the top deck. She blinked in the first daylight she had seen in a week, wincing from the touch of the sun on her pale naked body.

John Beckett approached the gibbet and smiled at her.

“My cousin tells me that you were willing to kiss his cock in exchange for being let out of your cage,” he said, looking down on her. “Is that offer still available, Miss Swann?”

“Mrs. Turner.”

“Miss Swann?”

They glared at one another and she looked away first, offering a slight nod. She had a fighting chance so long as she wasn't in the damn cage.

He pulled the key to her prison from around his neck, unlocked the door. She had difficulty bending her body to escape – she was stiff and sore and underfed – but she managed, ducking her head at the perfect height for him to strike her with a blackjack.

She fell to all fours and he grabbed her hair, hauled her limp body up. She gasped from pain and he impaled her face on his manhood, holding her head, pushing down deep into her until she was choking. She panicked, tried and failed to push off his hips, her already weakened body suffering from lack of breath as he thrust deeper, deeper, until color vanished and vision faded, until he shot his load down into her belly and let her crumble off of him, coughing in the dust.

“You were adequate,” he said, clothing himself.

While she was coughing, John, Jr kicked her onto her belly and knelt down on the small of her back. Still coughing, she tried to push herself up while other crewmen fastened metal cuffs around her wrists and ankles and a collar around her throat. A short chain was run through a clasp on her collar and both wrist cuffs were attached to it, giving her six inches of slack to play with between her hands. Her ankles, likewise, were given maybe a foot of chain to allow her to step.

“Get up,” John demanded, helping his cousin off her.

She tried but couldn't, not with her limbs bound like this, not with her body already in pain.

“Get up,” John said, commanding the bosun to whip her ass.

“I can't!” she cried.

He laughed at her, pulled her up to her knees by the collar, helped her stand while groping her tits.

“Remember,” he said, leaning in close and spitting in her face as she continued to gasp for air, “you couldn't even get up on your own. You're nothing.”



“Greetings, my friend,” John smiled. The slaver looked up from his paperwork and smiled as he

recognized John, and then the two clasped hands and shook.

"What have you got for me today?" the slaver asked.

"I'm picking up a shipment of the usual next month, but for now I have something special," John said, shoving Elizabeth forward. "By the request of the Viscount himself."

"Ah, one of his specials," the slaver said, eyeing her up and down. He reached out, shoved two of his fingers inside her and pulled her closer.

Elizabeth groaned, stumbled forward, otherwise silent.

John Beckett had put a muzzle on her, slipping in a metal shift that pressed down on her tongue and was held in place by strapping that attached to her collar. The gag made it hard to breathe, hard to close her mouth completely. She was dribbling drool, groaning as the slaver went deeper inside her and then freed his hand, only to shove his fingers between the gag and her cheek so that he could pull her down to her knees.

"She's pretty enough," the slaver said. "Is there anything I should know?"

"The less you know, the better," John said. "We want this one to vanish without a trace."

"Highborn?" the slaver asked, and John nodded. The slaver slapped her ass, tweaked a nipple, slapped her face. "Delightful. Too pale to be anything more than an octoroon."

"That will do," John grinned. "The viscount wants her put up for auction, with a select and discreet clientele knowing who she was."

"Fernand de Mondego is here, as are Tazet Gos, Jean-François Morangias, and Montrose Cunningham," the slaver said. John whistled at the listed names of wealthy nobility. "Anything else? Was she married?"

"To a pirate," John answered. "I hardly think that counts."

"True. A highborn marrying a..." the slaver stopped, grabbed Elizabeth by the collar and forced her up off her knees, staring down at her. He let out a hiss, leaned in conspiratorially. "Is this cunt Elizabeth Swann? The Pirate King?"

John touched two fingers to his lips and nodded.

The slaver spat down her throat.

"You killed a lot of good men, cunt, and cost me a tidy sum." The slaver hauled her back up and spanked her ass. "We'll say father fucked some escaped slave who was passing, then killed himself when the truth was found out. Etty Birds here—"

"Etty Birds?"

"That's her new name, whoever owns her can call her whatever he wants, but she's going in the register as Etty Birds," the slaver said, kicking Elizabeth in the thigh hard enough that she lost her balance and fell. "Etty Birds was passing as a society girl until she was found out, and now she needs a proper owner to tame her."

"After her branding, of course."

"Of course."

*Branding...?*

The men laughed as one of the slavers men grabbed her by the collar, lifted her up, and marched



her off to be tamed.



Elizabeth fought as much as she could, but her wrists had little slack in which to play and she struggled to keep up with her handler due to the chain between her ankles. She couldn't even threaten or negotiate with the damnable plate pressing against her tongue, and the men around her seemed to find her failed attempts to assert herself more amusing than threatening – hands grabbed her breasts and throat to help steady her when she was pulled off her feet, the men taking liberties that let her know how little they thought of her as a person.

She was dragged to a post with two adjustable hooks. A large man spat on into his own hand and stepped closer to her, eyeing her before adjusting the hooks and forcing her close to them.

“Careful, girlie, don' wan' ta impale ya none,” the giant said. “Lease, no in the bad way.”

He chuckled to himself, grabbing her by the collar and ass, slipped one hook into her collar. He stepped back and she shook her head as he pressed the small of her back closer to the pole, shoved his spit-coated fingers between her legs. She howled, she struggled, but he held her in place, his fingers sinking up into her. She sagged in relief when he pulled out, then screamed in shock when the second hook entered her, pulled up between her legs until she was standing on her toes, utterly unable to escape.

He scratched the back of her head as if soothing an animal, then turned to the other men.

“You sure 'bout tis one?” he asked. “She look whit ta me.”

“Octoroon,” the slaver said. “I've got her paperwork here.”

The giant looked at the paperwork and Elizabeth wondered if he were literate. The way he looked at the paper and shrugged, she doubted it.

“All th' same ta me, boss,” the giant said. “Where ya wan' th' mark?”

“Her ass?” the slaver asked, spanking her. Elizabeth raised a leg, tried to kick at him and lacked the leverage.

“Nah, sh' seems spiri'ed, gonna need some whuppin, I think,” the giant said, scratching his chin. “Ass a good place fer whuppin.”

“Where would you recommend?”

“High inna thigh.”

“Do it.”

*What?*

The giant grabbed her kicking leg and lifted it out at a right angle from her body, fixing a pole under her knee that hooked into the pole. She tried to break free of it but she was stiff, held completely still in place as the giant walked around her. He knelt down, his head still level with her chest, and took a clean rag and washed her thigh with soapy water, from her cunt all the way to her knee.

“Dis gon' hurt,” he said. “Ain' nothin' ya can do 'bout it, stay put like a good girlie an' ya'll get a

treat.”

*No!* she thought, wailing through the plate on her tongue. *No!*

“Whose mark she get?” the giant asked.

“House mark for now, but leave enough room for whomever wins the auction.”

The giant tossed a long metal rod into a fire as the slavers left. He walked around her, feeling her, touching her, stroking her hair before cutting it short and washing it thoroughly.

“Lice,” he explained.

When he finished, he walked back to the rod, put on a glove, and pulled it free. She stared at it in horror, the bright red metal.

*No!*

She tried to slip herself off the hook inside her, tried to slip off the hook holding her collar, tried to get off the pole holding her leg in place. She shook her head and tried to free her arms, her wrists, anything.

She could not move the lower half of her body.

She could feel the heat.

Her eyes met the giant's and she begged as much as she could without words.

“S'okay,” the giant said.

The mark pressed into her thigh.

It felt cold, unbearably cold, and then she was screaming from the heat, screaming, screaming, her whole body shaking.

The giant was stroking her hair.

“All done,” he said, and that was exactly how she felt.

All done.

Unable to speak, she wept.



The branding healed clean. The giant saw to her care, his gentle hands rubbing a soothing lotion on her skin that kept infection at bay and let her heal quickly. The brand was perfect, easy to identify, but her thigh ached and the idea of running or putting any weight on that leg for a long period of time seemed untenable.

He fed her, the giant did. They kept the plate in, so a mush was forced down her throat. He said that she'd been good so some sugar was mixed in with mush, giving her a slight sweet taste that lingered in her mouth. The giant washed her teeth, too, and the rest of her body as she was left on the pole.

In her panic, she hadn't noticed that other girls and no few men were also attached to the poles, some of them marked fresh like her, others possessed by one old brand or several.

When the giant determined she had healed enough – after two days on his pole – he let her down gentle and dragged her by the collar over to a bored looking white woman holding a riding crop.

“Who's this?” the white woman asked. Elizabeth winced as the woman's crop slapped against her right breast.

“Etty Birds,” the giant said. “Needs trainin.”

“Ocotroon?”

“Ayep.”

The giant handed Elizabeth over by the collar to the white woman, who shook her and dragged her down to her knees.

“You've got lovely eyes,” the white woman said. “Fierce, intelligent. I can see why people let you pass, but that's over now. The auction is in five days and you're the star sale item, so our time together will be brief. I'm going to teach you some things, see how smart you are. If you're good, you'll get a treat. If you're bad, I will hurt you. Nod if you understand.”

Glaring, Elizabeth nodded.

“A quick study,” the white woman said. “I like that.”



While the brand continued to itch, Elizabeth's hands were rarely able to move as she might choose. Instead, the white woman worked her through her paces during the day, cropping her through the hot sun.

Their first morning together was spent simply – the white woman would tell Elizabeth to move one way or another and crop her when she did not. Elizabeth couldn't figure out what the point of this activity was until the afternoon, when her arms were given some slack. Her first instinct was to attack the white woman with her partial freedom and escape, but the crop raised and she winced, holding back.

In just a few hours, the white woman had abused fear into her.

The rest of the afternoon was spent teaching her how to stand, how to kneel, how to masturbate on command. She balked at these lessons and was cropped for them, but her rebelliousness and pride allowed her to resist these first few punishments until the white woman dragged her over to one of the branding posts and bound her tight again.

“You did this to yourself,” the woman said, her words clipped as she shook Elizabeth's collar.

*Did what?* Elizabeth thought. The white woman vanished from Elizabeth's sight and then returned, pulling at her closely cropped hair.

“Remember,” the white woman whispered, “this is your fault.”

Something was pressed against Elizabeth's ass, something that felt huge. She whined and screamed, kicked and fought. Her resistance lasted long enough the the white woman tired and, for a second, Elizabeth felt like she had won.

Then the giant lumbered over and shoved whatever it was into her ass.

Elizabeth screamed, the pain of the intrusion a shock to her that was somehow worse than the branding – and the burning sensation that followed didn't end, a wave of burning pain that echoed out from her hips and felt like it was cramping everywhere.

“Spiri'ed, like ah says,” the giant said.

“Ginger root is good for the rebellious soul,” the white woman said.

A rope was tied around her hips, the line going between her lower cheeks, to hold the root in place. They whipped her ass and she screamed and whimpered and cried, tried to tell them that she would do anything they asked her to. The whipping stopped, continued, different people whipping her, the pain inside and outside never ending.

She was sobbing when the sun rose and the white woman returned, taking the plate from off her tongue.

Her garbled words were unintelligible even to her own ears, but the white woman understood.

“I know,” she said. “You'll be a good girl now, won't you?”

Elizabeth nodded.

She did what she was told. She pranced, preened. Smiled when told to smile, fell to her knees on command, masturbated when they wanted her to. They taught her to suck, to spread herself wide, to entice, to act like the perfect little wench.

Whenever she thought of resisting she was cropped.

Whenever she thought of fighting back the white woman grabbed her collar and walked her back towards the branding pole and she would cry and simper and beg, telling whoever would listen that she would be a good girl.

And she would.

For as long as it took to get the chains off and escape.



“Hello, Elizabeth.”

She was exhausted. They'd left the gag off, attached her to the branding pole facing out. The lower hook was in her ass, the upper hook raised above her head with her wrists bound to it. Her arms were tingling and felt like dead weight and she was having trouble breathing, was half-delirious, but she managed to look up into eyes she did not know.

“Huh?” she said. Her jaw still hurt. The well dressed man slapped her across the face.

“The proper address is 'my Lord,’” he said. “Did your father teach you nothing? Disgraceful. Perhaps this is what you deserve after all.”

“My lord,” she managed.

“You have the pleasure of addressing Viscount Reginald Marmaduke Bracegirdle-Penwallow,” the well-dressed man said. “I knew your father. He would have been disgusted to see you like this, but I always found him a sad and detestable man. How a pretty waif like you came from his stock is a mystery, but here we are.” He reached out and groped her, twisting a nipple until she gasped.

“My lord...”

“Hush,” he said, letting her breast go. “You are responsible for the death of Cutler Beckett, and no small amount of profit for me personally. I liked Cutler – he was like a son to me, and I felt him to be my protege. To have him stolen from me by some small strumpet is, frankly, insulting. You know Jack Sparrow-”

“-Captain-”

“I see you do,” the Viscount chuckled. “*Captain*. I paid for his first ship. Well, Cutler paid for his first ship and I paid Cutler. Your Captain Jack has cost me quite a healthy sum over the years. It will be nice to be able to recoup some of those losses by selling you, pretty little thing that you are.”

*I'm not Jack's protege, you fucker, she thought. Jack knew better than to hold a grudge, at least most of the time. Barbarossa taught me pirating, and I'm going to get out of this and I'm never going to let this go. I've fought gods, old man, and you're hardly that.*

“Ah, those pretty eyes, that pouting mouth,” he laughed, resting a hand on her hips, leaning in and kissing her forehead. He stared down at her, hand rising up until it was cradling her cheek. “I might just have to possess you myself.”



The sun rose.

She was fed while still on the pole, cleaned by the giant. She simpered in the sun, trying to lift her legs to keep the blood flowing. She couldn't feel her arms at all.

At mid-morning, a handful of well-dressed gentleman began inspecting her and all the slaves bound to branding poles like her. Some walked in groups, some walked alone, all of them carrying papers that identified the slaves by the names they'd been registered as.

“Etty Bird, eh?” one man said, walking up to her and grabbing her right breast. “Got all her teeth, does she?” He reached up and pulled down her lip, peering inside.

“Says here she's been passing as a highborn lady,” his friend said, looking at a pamphlet.

“Serves you right, being here,” the man holding her lip said, letting her go. His fingers reached between her legs, slapping her brand to force them open so he could feel her. “Tight little cunt. A virgin?”

“Doubtful.”

“Ah, well.”

They abandoned her.

She glared at them, sniffing, but they weren't the only ones that settled in front of her to feel the goods. Some of them fingered her until she responded, laughing at her for being a slut, but never bringing her to completion. Instead, they'd wipe her goo off on her tits or her face, or command that she open her mouth and wipe it off on her tongue.

Any time she thought of resisting she'd see the white woman would wander by, crop in hand.

*Pick your moment*, Elizabeth told herself, but that moment never seemed to come.



To her horror, Elizabeth knew the men that would be bidding on her.

Fernard Mondego, the Count de Mercerf, was the son of an old friend of her father's. The two had never met, but it seemed to her as if she knew who she was and approached her privately, leaning close to her, resting his hand on her ass.

"I am told you are Elizabeth Swann," he whispered. "If this is so, nod your head."

She did, her eyes meeting his.

"Your father was good to my family in the past," he whispered. "I will bid on you, and try to win. Should I succeed, we will leave this place and you will be free."

She would have hugged him if she had been able.

Tauzet Gos was a weapons manufacturer based out of Paris, a noble that had become a merchant and then a noble again, a self-involved narcissist who was heavily involved in spiritism and alchemy.

"You have a touch of the arcane on you," he said, clutching her face in his hands, twisting her head so he could look at one cheek and then the other. "Are you a witch?"

"I have known witches," she admitted.

"Then I must know you," he said, releasing her. "You will tell me your secrets, have no doubt of that."

He patted her cheek and walked away.

Count Jean-François Morangias, son of the Count of Gévaudan. An accomplished hunter, the man had lost an arm to his obsession and had gotten only better at his hobby since.

"We met as children, did we not?" the arrogant Frenchman said. "Had you lived your life in the holy spirit, you would not have found yourself thus. It might be fun to hunt a pirate king, I think. Would you enjoy it?"

She said nothing.

Eventually, he smiled.

"Perhaps we shall learn together, *oui*?"

It was the last that disturbed her the most.

Archibald Cunningham pranced closer to her, wiping the sweat from his pudding face. He simply stared at her, mouth gaping open.

"Elizabeth Swann," he gasped, hopping close to her and sucking on her tit, biting until she howled. He kissed her breast before letting it go, kissed his way up her throat and nuzzled in. "So good to see you again."

"My lord," she gasped.

"Oh, pish," he said, slapping her breast with one hand and feeling between her legs with his other. "I remember you from when we were children. I sometimes think to myself, I wonder how Elizabeth Swann is doing? I wonder if she is as tight as I dreamed you would be. Seems you are, *Etty*."

"... you dreamed about me?"

"I dream about every cute little cunt I come across," he said, smiling as she winced, digging deep inside her. "You're not special. Love is a dunghill, I think, and I am but a cock that climbs upon it to crow. I look forward to fucking you, Miss Swann."

He pulled his fingers free and licked them clean.

"Don't feel bad," he said, wiping tears from her eyes, "I'm told it isn't a sin if you don't enjoy it."

He smiled at her, kissed her deeply before prancing away.



The white woman came for her last.

One by one, all the other people had been taken from their branding poles and brought out for auction, the large crowd thinning as the day wore on. Elizabeth watched as people were traded like cattle, sweating in the hot sun as some potential buyers saw who was left. Their eyes lingered on her, questioning, wanting, but most of them walked away when they recognized the few buyers that remained.

Fernard Mondego bought a handful of people to work the Mercerf estate in France. Tazet Gos bought many children and a handful of adults to work in his factories. Jean-François Morangias bought either people he could hunt or people that promised to lead him to hunt in their native lands.

Montrose Cunningham was only interested in her.

The white woman came and had the giant disconnect her from the branding pole, loosened her chains. Elizabeth thought about running, her legs tensing until the white woman cropped her thigh.

"Pay attention," the white woman said, bringing the crop to rest on Elizabeth's cheek. "Remember your paces."

Elizabeth's arms were still tingling and numb. She shook them, trying to get feeling back into them.

This wasn't the right moment.

When the white woman cropped her behind the thigh, Elizabeth sauntered forward. Candles had been lit along a raised walkway and she crossed it, swaying her hips, lifting her hands behind her back. The white woman cropped her back and Elizabeth bent forward, arching her back, fell to her hands and knees, leaned back and spread her legs in a lewd display. The white woman cropped her breast and she fell back, resting on her ass, her hands brushing the space between her legs.

She closed her eyes, as flushed from her own touch as she was from those that watched her, and

she stopped toying with herself when she was cropped again, saved from the edge of orgasm in front of these people that knew her.

Opening her eyes, panting, she looked into the hungry leering faces of these people she knew.

The bidding began.



Fernard Mondego, the Count de Mercerf, won.

He had her brought to his personal chambers on land.

"I have little in the way of lady's finery, I confess," he said.

"That's alright," Elizabeth said. "I'm used to wearing men's clothing. Just so long as we can get these manacles off."

"We'll keep them on for now," Fernard said. "I don't want anyone suspecting what I'm going to do."

She nodded, accepting that. He dressed her in tights and a loose shirt and it felt strange to be clothed for the first time in days. He let her wash herself, let her eat of her own accord.

At night, he demanded she take his bed.

And then he joined her in it.

"Count Mondego," she whispered, looking up at him as he slithered on top of her, pinning her hands over her head. "What are you doing?"

"Indulging a curiosity," he said, smiling. He leaned in, kissed her. "You're a very beautiful woman, Elizabeth."

"Thank you," she said, and he took that as an invitation.

He pulled her tights down, pulled her shirt off, entered her, rode her. He was good at teasing her, was generous enough that she found herself enjoying him. He was playful, kind, letting her lead him until she came on his cock, and then he held her and whispered soothing words to her, held her until morning.

"When do we leave?" she asked him.

"Two days," he said. "There's a handful of things I wish to take care of first."



One of those things Fernard wanted to take care of was a high stakes blackjack game played among the counts and hosting viscount.

He brought her out with him, dressed in tights and a loose-fitting shirt, her hands chained together in front of her, a light chain letting her walk freely. A loop of chain was attached to her collar, resting between her breasts.



"I don't want anyone stealing you away," he said, giving her a light kiss on the cheek, his hand on the small of her back when he guided her to the table. He unfastened one side of the loop at her neck and fastened it to a chair leg, let her sit in a corner.

Tauzet was the first to lose; the man had a horrible face for keeping secrets that the others ruthlessly exploited, taking him for money he cared nothing about. The foppish Montrose Cunningham was next, and Elizabeth wondered if the man understood the rules of the game they were playing. Jean-François was next, his mind on other pursuits.

"I would like to continue playing," Fernard said, "but I will need a loan to do so."

"Why not put something up as collateral?" Reginald asked. "your ship, perhaps, or something on it? I know you have a large consignment of cotton from the Americas."

Fernard considered the idea, then shrugged.

"Add Etty Bird to the pot," he said.

Elizabeth gasped.

She thought about running – her hands were free, she could unbind the chain locking her in place – but it was the white woman who came for her, taking the chain from the chair leg and leading her to the table.

"Be a good lass," the white woman said, tapping the table with her crop. Elizabeth stared at the implement of pain and shuddered, then crawled up on the table with the noble chits and promises.

The two remaining players looked at one another.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes."

They revealed their cards.

Eighteen.

Twenty.

Fernard sighed, stretched, stood up.

"Good game, my friend." He reached across the table and shook Reginald's hand, then looked at Elizabeth.

"Fernard?" she whispered.

"Perhaps this is for the best, Elizabeth," he said, resting a hand on her shoulder. "I was going to put you in one of my brothels. You would have made a fine whore, but I'm sure Reggie will find a good spot for you."

He pulled her in close, hugging her warmly.

"You were a pleasing fuck," he whispered.

And then he was gone.



“Stop crying,” the white woman said, slashing at Elizabeth with the crop. The first slash hit her thigh, the second her breast, the third her back, the fourth her belly – hard strikes that left stinging welts on Elizabeth's tanned skin. She yelped and ducked down, hugging herself, trying to control her breathing as the white woman continued to beat her.

She managed eventually, drawing curiosity from some.

“Nothing but crocodile tears,” Viscount Reginald said, looking down his nose at her. He sniffled, wiping at his nose with a handkerchief. “A craven attempt at manipulation used by some animals to try and manipulate their betters. We will have none of it.”

“What should I do with her, da?” the white woman asked.

“Take her to my rooms and chain her to one of the couches in the visiting area,” Reginald sniffed.

The white woman nodded, pulling Elizabeth's wrist chains tightly against her collar.

“Your grace, if I might beg an indulgence...?” Montrose asked, holding a limp wrist high.

“Yes, Mr. Cunningham?”

“I would like to spend an evening with the strumpet,” Montrose chuckled, the glint in his eye making Elizabeth shiver.

*Please no.*

“And what do I gain for such an indulgence?”

“I'll pay you up to my final wager,” Montrose said. “All for an evening or two with the delectable Miss Swann.”

“You have no method to your means,” Reginald noted. “Cash up front.”

“We all have our means, my lord,” Montrose tittered. “And that will not be a problem.” He waved over his man, signed some documents. Minutes later, a heavy chest was given over to Reginald by three men. The giant from the branding poles collected it alone, placed it down, flipped open the lid.

“Looks ta be i' order, boss” the giant said. Reginald nodded.

“Very well. Two evenings.”

“Could you have her brought to branding poles?” Montrose giggled. “There's something I've always wanted to try.”



Montrose had her bound between three of the branding poles – her left arm and left leg bound to one, her right arm and right leg bound to another, and her collar bound to the last. The chains had plenty of slack, giving her an ease of movement she had not had since she'd been taken captive.

“Is she secure?” Montrose asked.

“Yar,” the giant answered.

With a smile, Monstrose took a wooden saber and stabbed it in the sand at Elizabeth's feet, backing away from the weapon. He grabbed a wooden epee for himself.

"I have heard the Pirate King is a great swordsman," he said, bowing with a flourish. "Indulge me." He thrust forward.

She lunged forward, grabbed the saber with her left hand and managed to parry. She was weak, beaten, hungry, in shock. She had to keep an eye on the chains binding her to keep them from getting tangled and tripping her up. She was aching, deep in her bones.

And he was fast, rested, lethal. He pranced around her, feinting, trying to draw her into several traps. He thrust for her ribs, her thighs, her breasts. Each time she only barely managed to parry. But she managed to parry because she was the far better swordsperson.

She lured him in, managed a slash against his temple that knocked the foppish wig off his head and smeared his make-up. He frowned at her, whining, and thrust at her heart. She parried, kicked out his knee and disarmed him in the same motion, spun her sword around and drove it towards his stupid face.

Her left leg and arm were yanked back, the wooden sword falling from her hand. Monstrose sputtered and arose, pacing as he got his bearings. He reclaimed his sword as she tugged at her arm and leg, her left side having lost all freedom, her collar pulled back.

"What will you do now, I wonder?" Monstrose growled, coming for her as she reached for her fallen sword, managed to catch the tilt with her right toes.

"There's something you've forgotten, Monstrose," she hissed.

"What's that?"

"I'm right-handed."

She kicked her sword up, caught it. His eyes went wide as he tried to parry a thrust, but she disarmed him again, spun her blade over his head and to his other temple, spun around and caught his belly as he tumbled towards the sand.

"Well done," the white woman said, clapping her hands. "Would you mind if I made an attempt?"

"Please, yes," Elizabeth said, holding her wooden weapon straight.

The white woman came at her with her crop, standing just out of Elizabeth's range, letting the slashes touch nothing but empty air as she circled around to her left. Elizabeth roared in frustration as the white woman struck her wrist while she was thrusting – her hand went numb, her fingers dropping the blade.

"Pull her taut," the white woman said, and the giant tugged on the chains again, this time her right, pulling her tight in an 'x' shape. The white woman walked around her.

"I want you to remember this is your fault," she said, and she began striking Elizabeth all over her body – from her thighs to her ass to her belly to her breasts to her shoulder, cropping her everywhere as Elizabeth roared and howled and tried to stop her, as her screams turned to cries turned to sobs turned to begging turned to senseless weeping.

*"Remember."*

The word cut through the miasma of pain, a sliver of pleasure cutting through her as something parted her lower lips.

“This is your fault.”



When the pain subsided and Elizabeth could make sense of the world, Montrose was slobbering all over her, his hips slapping against her spread legs. He was kissing her, nibbling on her, his fingers tracing the borderland between welt and flesh, his cock brushing her clit with every thrust.

“I can feel the hook in your ass,” he whispered, licking his way up her neck until he was holding her lower lip between his teeth, long stilted moans escaping her throat.

She pulled at her bonds but they held her in place, held her tight, his hands circling her shoulderblades, drawing up her spine, massaging her as his manhood driven home became her sole resting place.

“no,” she moaned, low and deep as he released her lip, nibbling along her jaw.

“Look at it this way,” he whispered, claiming an earlobe with his maw, “you're the most expensive whore in the world. I paid close to five thousand pounds for this. A good prize for you, Lizzie.”

His words penetrated the heady mix of pain and pleasure that ruled her.

“no,” she whined, the single syllable jumping off her tongue as he bounced her, making her whole body shake and shiver. “I don't want it to... I don't want it to feel good.”

He giggled, altered his thrust so that her clit sparked every time he moved.

“I don't care what you want,” he said, leaning back to watch her small tits bounce on her chest. “I want to rape you, and I want you to cum while being raped. A proper English Lady wouldn't cum from this, but you will, won't you? Won't you?”

She did.

He pulled out of her, leaving her feeling hollow, empty, degraded. He retied his breeches, watching his seed drip out of her, then slapped her face until her glossy eyes focused on him.

“I lied, Lizzie,” he tittered. “A whore might have a pimp, but she's still a person. You're not even three-fifths of a person now, and all I did was rent you from your owner. And Lizzie?”

She moaned.

*What now?*

“I've rented you for another evening.”



A thoroughly beaten Elizabeth was forced to shamle alongside Viscount Reginald Marmaduke Bracegirdle-Penwallow's carriage, up the coastline and through a narrow pass towards a large

plantation further inland. Her wrists were bound to her collar and her legs were shackled with two feet of chain between them. Six feet of chain bound her throat to the back of the carriage. The giant had found some rags for her to wear, old browning fabrics that revealed far too much but were still a welcome change from her enforced nudity. Her thigh was bandaged with a poultice to help her expanded branding heal clean and quick.

She looked back over her shoulder as she stumbled on, taking one last look at the sea.

She remembered being stranded alone on an island with Jack Sparrow, the words he'd said while drunk on rum: *"Wherever we want to go, we'll go. That's what a ship is, you know. It's not just a keel and a hull and a deck and sails, that's what a ship needs but what a ship is... what the Black Pearl really is... is freedom."*

For her, that was what the sea had become.

*I'll find my way back to you,* she promised.

"Hurry up," the white woman said, jumping from the carriage and slapping her ass with the crop. Elizabeth hissed and turned from the sea, stumbling forward once more.

The plantation loomed before her, massive fields worked by dozens of slaves. Well-dressed Englishmen oversaw the work, bowing respectfully towards the Viscount and the white woman as they passed, marking her appearance with curiosity. Several slaves had been badly beaten, as bad or worse than she had been. A handful of corpses had been strung up, a warning to the others.

A warning for her.

"I say," Reginald sniffed, leaning out the carriage to look at her, "would you prefer to be a field slave or a house pet?"

"A field slave," she spat, glaring at him. The white woman slapped her ass with the crop and she yelped, dropping her gaze, simmering and simpering.

"It's a good thing no one cares what a slave thinks," Reginald chuckled. "Is an octoroon even capable of true thought, or just base instinct? Just the latter, I expect. Have her chained in the ballroom as a party favor. I will visit her as the mood takes me."

"Of course, my lord," the white woman said, bowing her head and grabbing Elizabeth by the collar, pulling the helpless slavegirl inside the mansion.



The white woman dragged what was left of Elizabeth inside the mansion, down a long hallway and into a large ballroom. Over to one side, far from the windows, loomed a davenport framed by a charming green drapery. The majority of the room seemed to be done in yellows and greens, with plant baskets hanging up among the chandeliers.

Several song birds were trapped in cages.

*Just like me,* Elizabeth thought.

She was taken to the davenport and shoved down onto it. The white woman took the chain between her ankles and fastened it to a third point attached to the davenport, then loosened the

chains holding her wrists to her neck. Elizabeth thought about attacking her right them, but the crop was right there.

*Patience, she thought, a better opportunity will come.*

“Servants will come to wash, dress, and feed you,” the white woman said, cropping her ass until Elizabeth turned to face her, then cropping her chest and holding the crop up under her chin. “They may fuck you if they have been given permission to do so, and will bear a note from the Viscount if this is the case. You are free to thank them for any kindness they give you by licking them or otherwise taking them into your mouth. You are to be presentable and open to company at any hour. Do you understand?”

“I understand,” Elizabeth whispered.

“Excellent,” the white woman said, leaning closer and grasping Elizabeth by the collar. The captive woman gasped as her lips met the white woman's, as the white woman's tongue explored her mouth. When she was released, Elizabeth was left panting, yearning. “Do you want it so badly?”

Elizabeth said nothing, felt like crying.

The white woman laughed at her and left her alone.



Days passed.

The servants came twice daily and they did not speak to her. They watered the plants and fed the songbirds, cleaning their cages as needed. They cleaned up her messes, too, washed her and dressed her.

On the first day, they pulled the rags off her body while the white woman watched, holding her crop. Elizabeth let them strip her, let them rub their soaking rags and soap all over her body, let them dry her. They braided her hair and dressed her in folded fabrics, gauzy browns and greens and yellows. They brought her food and water to eat. They made her exercise to keep her trim muscled body.

Everyday they did this, stripping her, washing her, dressing her, braiding her hair, pacing her, leaving her, morning and evening. They never spoke to her, not once. Elizabeth was not sure when she stopped counting the days as they passed. She was not sure when the white woman stopped coming to watch.

She found herself pacing as much as she could, talking to herself and the birds, getting as close to the sunlight as she could – her chains not long enough for her to get to the windows.

Elizabeth caught sight of herself in a mirror. She looked savage, hungry. Her eyes were hollow and hungry, her bare arms hugging her tight tummy. Her clothing accentuated the parts of her that were on display, made her look like a sex toy. Chained to the davenport as she was, she realized that she was a display. She was part of the furniture.

When Viscount Reginald Marmaduke Bracegirdle-Penwallow came to see her she was delighted to see him, to see anyone. He spoke with her about the world outside, hand fed her sweets, then

pushed her down and fucked her, cleaning himself off on her tongue. He ate with her until he quickened and had her again, not caring if she came or not – and, to be honest, she didn't care either, so glad was she for the company.

He left and she cried when she realized what he had done, leaving her alone so long that she was glad to have him rape her.

*I have to get out of here,* she thought.

He left her alone for another week, then two.

When he came again, so did she, and she hated herself for it.



Viscount Reginald Marmaduke Bracegirdle-Penwallow visited her often and then not at all.

Some small time after, one of the servants presented her with a scroll before her cleaning. She took it, opened it, read it.

*I, Viscount Reginald Marmaduke Bracegirdle-Penwallow, hereby give permission for my servant, Ryback, to use my properties, named as Etty Bird and the davenport to which she is attached, as he deems fit in recognition for his service.*

Elizabeth stared at the note, then up at the grinning man as he reached for her.

*No,* she thought. *I am not a prize to be dangled as a reward for service.*

She was about to punch the man when she heard it, the crop hitting a hand.

The white woman had returned.

She forced her hands to her side, let Ryback push her down, spread her legs for him when he pushed them open.

The white woman loomed over her, slapping her cheek with the crop.

“This is a reward, Etty,” she said, tapping Elizabeth's stinging cheek. “The least you can do is be more forthcoming. Remember your paces.”

She did remember her paces, the time between the branding poles where the white woman had trained her to please anyone or anything that wanted to fuck her.

Elizabeth wrapped her legs around Ryback's waist, hugged him close, parted her lips and kissed him as he thrust into her. She couldn't help but feel pleasure from his violation of her, couldn't help but lose herself as a distraction from the horror of what she had been turned into.

He came inside her.

A warm and bitter brew was added to her meals to suppress pregnancy.

“You're not for children, Etty,” the white woman told her. “You're a prize to be admired and fucked, that's all.”

Elizabeth stared up at her, limbs splayed on the davenport as Ryback and the others washed her,

dressed her.

*I'm getting out of here now, she thought.*



The servants carried out their duties with casual boredom, fucking her when allowed but otherwise treating her as if she was nothing more than a decoration in this small ballroom. They didn't notice when she smuggled a small pin from a hairbrush between her left wrist manacle and her flesh.

It took her more than an hour to pick each lock in the dark. The first time she was completely free she sat down and cried, seething with hatred and resisting the urge to run right then. This wasn't enough. She needed to be able to steal supplies, weaponry. She needed light to escape by. She didn't know how long it had been but she thought she remembered the way back to the sea, back to freedom.

She spent two weeks learning where the food was kept, learning how to get out. She had dropped the picking of the locks down to a quarter hour per cuff – she couldn't see the lock on the collar around her neck, but that could wait until after she was out.

The servants fucked her several more times, each of them rewarded for their service. Several people she did not know also came and presented her with notes, letting them use her skinny body for their own pleasure. The white woman was there sometimes and absent others, but that didn't matter – Elizabeth used what she knew to get them off, knowing that the sooner they were done enjoying her the sooner they would leave her alone.

And then the moon was full.

She freed herself, walked through the shadows of the mansion. She gathered food, found a sword and tested it. She felt like herself, not Etty Bird but Elizabeth Swann, and she found herself grinning as she made her way towards the exit she had chosen, ready to taste fresh air for the first time since she had been brought here, ready to stand under the stars and the night sky, ready to claim freedom.

The white woman was sitting on the steps of Elizabeth's chosen escape.

Her back was exposed, she drinking a cup of tea. Her crop was by her side.

Trembling, Elizabeth tried to force herself forward and found herself shuffling back.

*There will be other nights, she thought, better opportunities.*

Elizabeth put the sword back, replaced the food so that it looked like nothing had been disturbed. She slunk back to the ballroom, back to the davenport, locked herself back in place.

Sitting on the davenport alone in the dark, she held herself and trembled, sobbing soft til morning.





The seasons changed. People came and went. Her owner's visits were infrequent but pleasurable, his giving of her to others a kindness that broke the monotony of her life.

Sometimes, he would throw balls for visiting nobility and they would come to her room and dance and she would dance among them, a party favor that they could compete for, win, claim, and discard. She thought sometimes of freedom, but rarely – the white woman was sometimes kind enough to take her for walks out on the soft grasses, keeping her leashed and bound as a matter of course. She accepted this as the price to see the stars and to feel the air on her skin.

And sometimes, some kind soul would ask her if she enjoyed her life, and her smile would not touch her eyes.

“The kindly Viscount Reginald Marmaduke Bracegirdle-Penwallow is my lord, my life, my keeper,” she would say. “He is my head and my sovereign. He cares for me, keeps me and feeds me, sees me clothed and cared for, and asks only that I please him and his guests as best I am able – with love, looks, and obedience.

“It's a small thing to pay for all the kindnesses he gives me. What would I be if I were to betray his generosity? I am soft and weak and smooth, unfit for the troubles and toils of the modern world. I am a weak thing, meant to be used, and I would be trod underfoot were it not for the love of his grace.”

She knelt off the davenport, moving on her knees to take her lord's hand, kissing his fingers.

And he smiled down on her, knowing he owned her, knowing her dreams of escape were dust.

He looked into eyes utterly tamed, and knew it was Etty Bird that looked back at him.