

# Battle on the High Sleaze

by NSS\_Lotm

A series of 100-word cannon balls fired by NotSoSaintly and LadyoftheMasque. It all began when NSS saw a lone BDSM ship in the distance and felt an overwhelming urge to plunder, catching Lotm by surprise.

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Chapter 1 of 1

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*Captain Lotm basked in the sunlight slanting down over the foredeck of her schooner, dreaming sweet dreams of sex on the High Sleaze...er, Seas as she sipped on the straw of her milkshake, lounging in her brand-new swimsuit; she had just completed a marvelous little ficlet, a rich cargo to carry in the ship's holds...*

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Wrists twisted, caught and bound against the carved rails of the headboard by a Slytherin-green sash. Muscles tensed, then flexed, back arching as that palm, so talented, so assured, slid down over panting ribs and onto trembling stomach. Fingers curled around sex, burning with anticipation, moist with undeniable desire.

"Do you want this?" that voice, that seductive, devastating voice drawled, caressing the aural nerves as assuredly as that hand caressed those reproductive ones. Hips lifted, hands flexed and fisted. Fingertips caressed through pubic hairs, a gentle prickling that stimulated the senses. "Do you want me to pleasure you?"

"Yes, Mistress..."

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{Lotm}

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*Unnoticed on the horizon, Captain NotSoSaintly, infamous pirateess of the High Sleaze, espied the lounging author and her lazing sailors through her spyglass. Avarice rippled through her tightly corseted bodice: what a fine prize that ship would make, a mighty addition to her growing fleet! Ordering her own crew to heave-to, she manned the first cannon on the middeck of the SS Severus herself, and shot a volley across the SS Hermione's prow, startling the half-dozing privateer...*

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A thousand snakes flick their tongues over my flesh. Raw. My skin crawls red. Lashing over my burning thighs, their tails inching closer to that which only in my dreams she has branded hers.

The ache of my skin is no match for the fire burning in my soul. The wanting. I am being consumed by the thought of her. The tendrils cutting into my skin only fuel the need to feel more.

"Tell me what you want, Severus."

Fingers soft against my hard flesh. I jump at her touch. Without her I shall die.

"Please, Mistress," I beg. "Again."

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{NSS}

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*"...AAIGH!!" Drink flying (almost beaming the platinum-haired pool boy, in fact, before splattering and wasting all that frozen chocolatey goodness on the foredeck), Captain Lotm scrambled out of her deck lounge, whirling around, trying to find where the bloody hell that shot came from. Someone was trying to pirate her prose!!*

*Snatching the long, hard...spyglass...from her first mate's hands, she trained it on the horizon. A mast waving a Sneering Snarkster caught her eye. It was the SS Severus, captained by none other than that infamous, bodacious babe of the bounding main, Captain NotSoSaintly. "Argh! To arms! Man the cannons! The privacy of our prose is being pilfered by that pretty pirateess! Defend our Hermione's honor!!"*

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*Sweet Merlin, such power!*To have the most feared schoolmaster reduced to whimpering pleas because of me, to feel him arching and shuddering in pleasure under my fingertips... I stroke my palm from nipple to pelvis, feeling the contour of each muscle, each rib, the tickle of sparse black hairs, and the heat radiating from the reddening marks of my flail.

...More?

No, he has been good, begging and pleading so sweetly. I must reward him properly. Bending over him, bound to his own bed, I inhale his musky warmth, lapping delicately at his savoury, masculine flesh.

"Oh, goddess...yes!"

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{Lotm}

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*"A-HA!" NSS chortled in glee at the resultant chaos as the volley skimmed 'cross the bow of theSS Hermione. The curvaceous captain of the defending ship was gesturing wildly and grabbed the nearest spyglass to peer back balefully at her nemesis. Captain NSS refused to get her feathers ruffled by a few scurvy sailors rushing to load the cannons. Nay! Verily she could only gloat, for while it was true that the privateer could boast of attributes much shapelier and more desirable than the pirateess, Captain NSS could most certainly claim that she was in possession of a (much) larger spyglass. Smugly, she called out to her first mate, "Hard alee!"*

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Her breath stirs me, in sweet circles it embraces me. Silk of tongue, playing upon my hardness. What have I done to deserve this?

Burning flesh calmed by soothing hands. My tortured body reaches out of its own accord, twisting in its confines.

A coldness enclosing, tightening, forcing me to strain toward her touch, making me harder, begging wordlessly for more.

Oh, that mouth that never could quit! I fervently pray it will not stop now! Pulsing, rippling, drawing me closer. If only she would let me...if only she would deign me this one great pleasure...

"Goddess, please release me."

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{NSS}

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*"What the...? She's running away?" Confusion creased the brow of the Privateer of Pornography (letters of marque and reprisal courtesy the Weasley Twins). Lotm trained her spyglass on the course of the Severus, seeing it angling out of reach. "Load port cannon #2! Fire when ready!"*

**BANG!**

*It was a beautiful shot, arcing high over the water...until it struck a low-drifting cloud. Defying physics, the cloud bowed inward sharply, then sprang out abruptly, spitting back the volley before it could reach its intended target.*

*"What the...! INCOMING!!" Everyone hit the deck, except for the pool-boy, who was busy bringing the captain a fresh double-Dutch chocolate milkshake. The incoming weight smashed the glass in his hand, scattering precious frozen milk product all over the hastily cleaned deck. "Dammit. Helmsman, give chase! By Merlin, we'll chase this femme fiend all the way to Email Bay if we have to, in order to get a clear shot! ...Oh, for goodness sake, don't blubber over spilled milkshake! Get me some fries instead; I'm feeling salty. And reload that cannon ball!"*

*Bodies scrambling to obey, Lotm watched the helmsman spinning the rudder up at the wheelhouse, and the crew hauling on the sheets, changing the angles of the sails so that they could get out of open waters and perhaps beach the other woman on an internet reef. "FIRE!"*

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Was it cruel of me to bind him like that, trembling on the edge of climax? Perhaps. No crueler than the smaller ring he'd bound onto my finger, coated in an aphrodisiac, driving me mad with lust on our wedding night. For all the man complained of 'foolish wand-waving', he was all too good at Transfiguring certain objects into phalluses...

Time to show him he is not the only one with certain skills. From the nightstand, I extract a square of origami paper. Within moments, it is folded and enchanted. Smirking wickedly, I lower the realistic quim into plundering range...

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{Lotm}

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*The SS Severus did a lazy circle around the flailing SS Hermione. Captain NSS let the girth of the weighty spyglass rest in her palm as she gazed nonchalantly over the water. It felt so good to let the smooth bronze slip through her fingers. The pirates watched as the brazen buccaneer shot her cannon and had to stifle her laughter...this was no time for a bathroom break...as the cannonball careened back into the deck of the SS Hermione.*

*My, but her sailors were in a frenzy. Did she keep them that way on purpose, the pirates wondered. Ah, to fire or not to fire, that was the question. Captain NSS's slaves hung on her every movement, ready to perform at the whip of a sail.*

*"Send another volley her way, boys," she hummed as Captain Lotm packed a cannonball in for another shot. The pirates chuckled to herself. After all, not only was her spyglass bigger, but so were her balls\*.*

*[\*Author's Note: All cannon balls deployed in this war are a regulation 100-words; no more, no less. NSS's are just bigger than Lotm's...]*

*[\*The Other Author's Note: That's right. And don't you forget it, my dear.]*

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Ah, sweet torture to feel her around me yet forbidden to touch her, condemned to watch from my satiny prison. I want to embrace her. I want to dive into her wetness and never surface. I never want to breathe again.

Through my hazy desire, her eyes glow with every restricted move. Lust swims around my brain, contorting the remnants of my sanity. I live for her, only her. I live for this.

Her pleasure becomes my suffering as she writhes next to me. I stab upward, plunging into the passion-pregnant paper, bound by magic, as it brings her closer...

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{NSS}

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*"Ha! A hit! She didn't think I could calculate what her exact escape vector might be! That'll teach her to try and pirate my prose! ...What's this? AHH!!" Diving below the gunwale, she watched as the return fire from those phallic cannons ripped a hole in her jib. "Darn it! That's going to take our velocity down half a knot...tighten up those sheets, crew, and I don't mean the ones on my beds! She's not getting away with this!...And those balls had better be regulation 100-word size, while she's at it!"*

*[Author's Note: Lotm uses Can(n)on Brand cannon balls...now with 10% real canon in them!]*

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Damn. I forgot this spell, this Aputamousei of mine, linked my own flesh and blood to every Transfigured crease and fold. Though I can only feel it at the entrance to my body, I can feel his thick length gliding into me as I press the realistic paper down; I can feel the metal ring warming to the same burning heat as his skin as it brushes against my nether lips.

I need. I need, too. Climbing onto the bed, I kneel next to him and straddle his face. His groan of appreciation draws my lips down to his flesh...

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{Lotm}

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*How dare she put a hole through the mainsail! Various methods of punishment race through the mind of the mighty pirates.*

*"Ready about!" Captain NSS turns her spyglass away from the milkshake-loving marauder and steers the mighty SS Severus hard, heading straight toward the privateer. Her minions whip themselves in a frenzy running to and fro, unsure of how to handle this new development.*

*Chortling, the pirates motions with a flick of a wrist at her first mate to raise the Jolly Roger...er, Sneering Sharkster.*

*"Take no prisoners!" she shouts over the creaking masts and heaving sails. She would have victory; she was sure of it.*

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So sweet, the nectar of my budding wife! Hermione's juices flood my face and slicken my shaft simultaneously. Twin rings burn hot into my flesh as she smolders over me, allowing me to double her pleasure.

Overwhelmed, she pulls away though I cry out for her not to go. I beg, "Goddess, sit on my face and tell me you love me!"

Break, sweet goddess! Let me revel in your succulent flesh! If only I could join her in ecstasy but magicked toys hinder my completion. Yes, wife, scream for me!

The syllables spill off her tongue, "I love you!"

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{NSS}

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*THWACK! Lotm stared in amazement as one of the cannon balls smashed the endmost stool at the middeck bar. Her eyes narrowed into outraged little slits. Bits of mahogany, naugahyde and cushion-stuffing lay torn and smashed upon her deck. Worse, the culprit looked like she was trying to get her ship up to ramming speed...and the winds were almost in her favour. "...Ooh!! Give me the next cannon ball! This one's personal! Get below decks and ship your oars at the sound of the next shot, full speed ahead!"*

*Drawing her wand as bodies scrambled below decks, Lotm whipped up an Aspisarridere enchantment to decorate her next volley, and loaded the aft-most middeck starboard cannon with her own hands. Priming the powder, she lit the fuse with a flick of her wand, and grinned fiercely at the incoming invader, with its sexy naked Potions Master figurehead symbolically chained to the underside of the SS Severus' bowsprit.*

*BANG! The oars dipped as the bright yellow ball with the stark black pair of dots and curving black line sailed towards the enemy. The paddle blades splashed into the waves; before the smoke could clear from the deck, the SS Hermione shot forward as two rows of long, spindly galley oars dipped down from the gun ports, hitting the water a second time in excellent synchronization for such a hastily timed play. From somewhere under the foredeck, the deep throbbing of a cauldron-sized drum measured the strokes as backs and arms added impetus to the wind already swelling the 'Mione's sails...*

*It would be a close call to see which would move faster: her ship in its escape, or her rival's ship in its attack.*

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Pureblooded as he was, Severus had *no* idea his pleading demand was a Muggle jest. I do love his sense of humor, inadvertent or snarky. But the man was just too damned talented with that tongue; I moaned in surrender as bliss shuddered through my veins.

I couldn't take any more. Wrenching myself from his face, I scrambled around, yanking off the origami substitute so that I could replace it with reality. Sinking down until I felt metal, I squeezed once, twice, thrice internally, dissolving it magically, allowing him his climax...and gasped,

"...I didn't take my contraceptive brew!"

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{Lotm}

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*[The Other Author's Note: Oof! That Can(n)on Brand cannon ball hit me right in the stomach!]*

*"Oh, you must be joking!" ...I mean, really! What in bloody blazes is this? A yellow ball with two circles and a curved...wait a minute, that looks like a... My deck shall not be sullied with such nonsense! Perhaps I should paint blossoming flowers on my cannon balls. Maybe that would distract her long enough so I can pull up alongside and board.*

*The SS Severus raced smoothly on magically manned oars after the ship manned by Captain Lotm's laboring lackeys. Captain NSS was taking immense pleasure in the pursuit, determined to see it to the end.*

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Those words did nothing to diminish the hardness between my legs. My blood boiled, demanding more!

"Untie me, wicked goddess, and let me lick you clean." But she would not untie my binds. An evil glint sparkled in my eye. She thought she would upset me by such trivial news as a missed potion, but I have never been one to be trifled with.

If she was not going to untie me then I was going to take my pleasure again. Upward, I thrust my hips, pushing my seed closer to its goal. Yes! Her gasps only fueled my urgency.

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{NSS}

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*A lotus blossom...? Does she really think she can distract me with images of Zen transcendentalism? Captain Lotm rolled her eyes in a pained look worthy of her prisoner. I'd better think of something truly heinous to hit her with, to get her to end her pursuit. I mean, if a Smiley cannonball doesn't squick the woman...*

*As her pool boy came back to her, a wicked grin bared her teeth to the sea breeze. "Bo'sun!"*

*"Aye, Cap'n?"*

*"Break open the potions cabinet, and prepare the crew for a boarding party! ...Just in case my next volley doesn't do her in."*

*"More of the same potion, Cap'n?"*

*Lotm grinned evilly. The smirk would've done a Potions Master proud, in fact, and probably would have frightened several Death Eaters, too. "No. The other potion..."*

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*He's not objecting? He's not protesting? He's...he's thrusting **harder**? He **wants** to impregnate me? My eyes rolled back in my head as realization merged with sensation. I cried out in my climax, riding his bound, bucking body. He knew how much I wanted a child, and the bastard had to pick *now* of all times to give me one? I was counting on him restraining himself as part of his punishment, dammit!*

*Oh, god, he loves me!*

Never had I experienced a more powerful orgasm. Gasping, "...*Finite Incantatem!*" I collapsed on his chest, sobbing as his arms embraced me.

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{Lotm}

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*Damn and blast! Did she even bother aiming that can(n)on before shooting it? She destroyed a perfectly good fisheye stew that had been brewing for days. It is going to take me ages to unfuse that molten ball from my cauldron.*

*No bother. We pull up alongside theSS Hermione. My tawny, nearly nude servants are sneering at her pool boy, the nearest male to the railing. Ten of him don't measure up to one of my boys. Funny, he kind of looks like Draco Malfoy...*

*"Prepare to board, men!" I shout over the din of thrashing sails. "And be careful. This privateer has been known to have a trick or two up her wand."*

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The most wonderful sound I ever heard in my life was my wife speaking the words, "I do." Nothing can compare to the feelings that flooded my heart that day...the day she made me hers despite my flaws and my failings. Every time she shares her body with me, the floodgates open and I am reminded of her vows all over again.

How else could I repay her for such a gift? The promise of a child created out of our love.

I hold her shaking body in my arms, smooth her frantic curls and whisper, "I love you."

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{NSS}

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*"Quaff potions!" I screamed, and most of the crew...save for the pool-boy, who does indeed look remarkably like Draco Malfoy, if you could ever convince Draco Malfoy to wear a metallic gold Speedo...down their vials of antidote. Bodies ripple, shirts flutter and bulge, muscles shrink and curves blossom...having downed the antidote to my own special brew of Sailor's Polyjuice, my mostly female crew scream like Amazonian warriors from the Xena TV series (no, this is NOT a crossover fic!). Raucously roaring, they rip off their sailor's garb to reveal brightly coloured string bikinis, grab gaily coloured ribbons from their weapons chests, and launch themselves at the stunned, gaping males on the SS Severus, boarding and binding each and every gent they can catch to the masts, rails and riggings, smothering them with kisses. After all, they haven't seen real men for several weeks, now!*

*While I stand on the deck, I smirk at the carnal carnage my crew creates...twisted little privateer, aren't I...?*

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The passion this wizard inspires is truly magical. I groan and slump off his body, flopping onto my back. Then sigh happily and stretch my arms over my head, pointing my toes for good measure.

*"Argenfula."*

Silver ribbons shoot out of the air, snagging my wrists and ankles, splaying my legs as Severus smirks, twisting onto his side. I moan again, this time out of renewed arousal, feeling moisture seeping from my depths. It's always like this. He gives me an inch of power and pleasure, then takes a whole yard.

*"Quid pro quo, my dear," he purrs.*

*"Yes, Master!"*

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{Lotm}

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*Captain NSS and Captain Lotm lounge in matching poolside recliners, the dappled shade of palm trees keeping their swimsuit-clad bodies from overheating as the wind sweeps in from the Bay. "...Mm!" NSS exclaims. "This is a good milkshake!"*

*"Dutch-processed chocolate, that's the secret," Lotm replies. "You do realize we cannot go to Tortuga to celebrate the end of our little battle for at least a month, now."*

*"...What?! Why ever not?" NSS demands, sitting up and scowling down at the other witch.*

*"Because," Lotm drawls with a pained look, "if we show our faces around any of the others, they're going to demand a bloody sequel!"*

*"...Oh, dear. I hadn't thought of that." Subsiding back into her lounge, NSS sighs regretfully. "But, what are we going to do for the next month?"*

*"Well...and this doesn't get you out of buying me that round of drinks...we've got other cargo we can always deliver, as a diversionary tactic. And..."*

*"And...?" the pirateess prompted the privateer.*

*"...And the pool boy does look remarkably like a deliciously dishy Draco, doesn't he?"*

*They both eyed the platinum-haired, gold-Speedo-clad nineteen-year-old as he mixed up another milkshake refill for the ladies. Growing aware of their scrutiny, he smiled shyly. Sexily, too.*

*"Oh, yeah. Tortuga can definitely wait!"*