Anamaria Explains It All

by the_dala

Summary

Will needs an education in some of the finer aspects of piracy. Anamaria, compassionate soul that she is, takes it upon herself to provide one.

Notes


Note from April 2017: the trailers for "PotC: Dead Men Tell No Tales" have caused me to have unexpected feels, so it seemed like a good time to get back to archiving my old Pirates fic.

Should’ve known things would turn out funny when I saw the moon that night. Round and heavy and this bright rich color, not quite orange, more like the flesh of a peach with its darker pits and pockets. See a moon like that, you know to hold your purse tight and keep an eye out for the crazies. I guess I didn’t think much on it ‘cause we were long at sea, where you’re mostly looking out for storm clouds or the low haze that means no wind. There’s all kinds of sailor's superstitions ‘bout the moon, but though Joshamee’d call me a fool, I’ve never put much stock in them.

Guess I forgot whose ship this is and the manner of crew he’s got hanging about, me included.

Day starts off easy enough, a fair breeze up from the south. Jack’s been meandering through the
western Caribbean for a few weeks now, taking it easy on account of the boy coming aboard. He’s
leery of scaring the lad off, plus the swag we picked up from Isla de Muerte’s kept us well stocked.
We’ve even got provisions fit for a king – it’s pork for dinner that night, a whole one with a red
apple stuffed in its mouth that Jack claims and devours with great relish. I notice that the boy’s
picking at his food, moving it around on his plate without eating much. And he’s staring at the
captain.

Will gets up to leave just as Jack’s finishing and they bump into each other at the galley door, due to
the Pearl rising on a bit of swell. Catching himself from a stumble, Jack pats Will on the shoulder. At
his touch the boy freezes, turns red as a boiled lobster, and stammers an apology that Jack doesn’t
seem to catch as he hustles past.

Well now, I think to myself, that’s a mite interesting. ‘Course we’ve all seen the captain eyeing his
new addition’s shapely arse, but this is the first time I’ve been witness to any sign of reaction from
Turner. He looks after Jack like his guts’re all twisted up inside, kinda grimacing, and I wince in
sympathy.

After I finish my own supper I seek him out, as he’s on watch.

“Evenin’, William.” He gives me a wary look and I make a note to step careful. I maybe wasn’t so
sweet to him when first we met, but who can blame a girl? I was still sore at Jack. Only the promise
of a ship keeps me mostly civil, most days.

It comes to me now, as I see Will gazing out to sea with some heavy thought wrinkling his brow, that
a happy captain is a generous captain. P’raps if I can push the boy into his bed, I’ve reason to hope
I’ll get my due that much quicker.

“So,” I say, propping myself up ‘gainst the rail, “how long’ve you been dreaming of our Captain
Sparrow doin’ wicked things to your willing self?”

His eyes go wide and his body jerks like he’s gonna heave. “I’m not – I don’t –”

I smirk at him. “No good denying it, ‘s plain as the nose on your face. You want ‘im, and why not?”
Shrugging, I cross my arms over my chest. “He’s handsome enough, and trust me, he’d not turn you
away.”

Will blushes near as deep as before and turns his face from me. His knuckles are white, he’s gripping
the wood so hard. I’m half scorn and half pity for him now. Still he says nothing, so I press further,
playing to his considerable pride.

“Can’t go on much longer like this, Will. Sooner or later it’ll start affecting your work – your mind
always on one thing, your body tortured by its lack.”

At that he glances up, alarmed. “Do you really think so?”

I nod solemnly, fighting the urge to snicker. I could probably tell him his knob’ll dry up and fall off
and he’d believe me, but I’m not that cruel. Usually. “Anyway,” I continue, “’s easy to remedy. Go
find Jack, get yourself good and fucked, and forget about it.”

“I wouldn’t...” He cuts himself off quickly, ducking his head again, looking ashamed. Ah, so that’s
how it is.

“You wouldn’t want to forget?” I suggest quietly. Will purses his lips and avoids my eyes. I tilt my
head, considering. Don’t think Jack’s the type to hold true, but you never know til you try, and
anyone can see he’s awful fond of the boy. Hasn’t come sniffing me out like he did the last few times
Will takes a deep breath, giving me a shy glance. “And I – I’d feel so stupid, Anamaria, so...inadequate. I wouldn’t know what to do.”

“Never been with a man before?” He shuffles his feet, staring down at ‘em like they’ve the answers to his troubles, and it hits me. Not like it’s surprising, under the circumstances, but still – he’s a man, after all, and he’s a fine one, and I find it hard to believe he’s turned no strumpet’s head yet. “Never been with anyone, I take it.”

He winces like I’ve struck him. “I would be much obliged if you weren’t free with that information.”

“I can keep a secret, boy,” I snap, before remembering that I’m on a mission here, so I gentle my tone. “That’s your biggest concern, then? Bein’ virgin?”

“Shhh!” Will hisses, looking about to make sure no one’s heard. Poor lamb, he really does need a proper seeing-to. He hunches over the side, running his hands through his mop of brown curls. Never seen hair so fine on a man before, and rarely such delicate features. Without the trimmings, he could pass as quite the pretty lass.

S’ppose you could say I like my men pretty, near as much as my women. Then, too, I like sticking it to one Captain Jack Sparrow. Most of all, I like being free to sail my own course. And well...why not?

I put a hand to his broad shoulder, admiring blacksmith muscles anew. “Come t’ my cabin after you’re off and we’ll see what can be done.” Will’s eyebrows rise, curious-like, but I slink away afore he can question me.

’Tis long after dark when he comes to me, knocking politely on the door and waiting till I let him in. Though it’s not much, it’s left all to me. Gods forbid the men should doubt I’m worth any one of their ilk, but damned if I have to bed down amongst their unwashed selves.

“What did you have in mind?” He whispers like somebody’s lurking in the shadows, twitchy and nerve-struck.

I grin. He’ll settle down soon enough. “Take off your clothes.”

Will’s back goes ramrod-straight. “What?”

“You’re lackin’ in the fine arts of the flesh,” I tell him matter-of-factly, “and you’re too shamed by the fact to get your desired swain to remedy it. I may not be a man, but having lain with my share, I oughta be able to conjure up the right advice.

He stares at me, jaw agape. “Surely you can’t be serious?”

“Will.” I stalk the few steps between us, backing him up to the door. “You saying you desire men only?” I put my hands on my hips and thrust my chest out at him, not missing the way his glance goes down my open collar. “You saying there’s something wrong with my body?”

“N-no,” he stammers, going pink again. This close, I can feel the heat coming off him, and if I press just a bit – aye, there’s no denying his interest.

“Ana –” he starts to say, before my mouth descends on his. After a moment’s shock, his arms go ‘round me and his lips part for my tongue. Good boy.
Very good boy, in fact. Least he knows how to kiss, so’s I don’t have to start at the very beginning. It’s a nice kiss, but a bit tame. If this is how he kissed that cheeky rich girl, no wonder he’s now sailing with us.

He pulls back abruptly, gasping and raising a hand to his mouth. “You – you bit me!”

“So,” I purr, licking at his swelling lip, “bite me back.”

Boy doesn’t possess quite that much nerve, but he does unwind a bit. It’s not long before we’ve got him obeying my earlier command, and when he’s stripped naked, I step back to consider the sight.

The blush spreads lower and his hands flutter, wanting to cover the flag sprung up ‘tween his legs. Don’t know what he’s got to be shy about; he’s of a good size, better than I would’ve expected. The rest of him’s pale and unmarked, completely smooth except for the sprinkling of hair dipping below his belly. Perfect, if you go in for that sort of thing. At the moment, I’m thinking I really, really do.

“Well, you ain’t ugly,” I assure him.

“Thank you, I think.” A bit easier for the praise, Will shifts from foot to foot, his chin jutting out as proud as his flushed cock. Jack’ll probably drop to his knees straight away, and I’m sore tempted to do the same. But first things first.

“Now, if I was you and it was Jack standing there bare as the day he was born, what would you do?”

Will bites his lip. “I – I suppose I would touch him.”

“Show me.”

Brow furrowed, he reaches for me, but I shake my head. “On yourself.”

You’d think he wouldn’t have enough blood left, but he blushes again. At my impatient tut, he folds his hands over his hipbones, fingers creeping inward.

“Stroke ‘im,” I murmur, and he does, closing his eyes as he closes one hand over his cock and runs lightly up and down. And clearly, virgin or no, he knows this much, so we should really be moving on, but I can’t help lingering a bit. “Harder.”

Will’s breath hitches as he complies, squeezing tighter and rubbing a thumb over the dark head. I find myself gasping along with him, at the way his strong legs tense, the sweat beading his brow, his eyes half-lidded with the pleasure he’s brought himself. It’s a pretty show, but we’ve business to attend.

“C’mere,” I tell him, cocking my head at the hammock behind me. One hand still gripping himself, Will staggers over, making as if to kiss me, and I shove him down. He splutters indignantly, then goes quiet as I sit astride him. “Now, Will, I’m gonna suck you, and I want you t’ pay attention –” I snap my fingers in his face as his eyes glaze over. “– because this is something Jack’s ‘specially fond of. Think you can do that?”

“Yes,” he pants, pushing against my weight, straining for contact. I slide down his legs, watching panic and lust fight in his eyes, and take him in my mouth. His hips lift and he like to chokes me, he’s so eager. I push him down and glare up at his flushed face.

“Be nice,” I chide. “Man likes it rough, but let’s not be gagging ‘im right off, hey?”
Will nods frantically, chagrined. “I’m sorry.”

“I accept. Now, nice and easy, start out just like this...” I lap at him like a cat, stroking his hard length with the flat of my tongue, dancing over the weeping slit. He’ll not last long, from the looks of it. His cry’s muffled by a fist stuffed into his mouth. Oh, we’ll have to work on that – Jack’ll want to hear him scream.

He’s very courteous now, free hand gripping the bedsheets ‘stead of going for my hair like they usually do. I’m grateful, for though Jack don’t mind being tugged at, it gets my back up and I’m as like to scratch a man as keep at him. Will shakes with the effort of holding himself still, so as a reward I take him deeper. Just for a moment, though – have to make sure he’s being a good study. He whimpers when I ease off, and I smile.

“See how I did that? Try lotsa differ’nt things, then get a rhythm going, and keep your throat loose.”

Chest heaving, Will can’t speak, but he nods, his big brown eyes fixed on me with a wordless plea. I push my hair back and unlace my shirt, giving him a taste of what a maddening tease Sparrow can be. To his credit, the boy’s as patient as he can be with his cock hard so’s it must pain him; he only shifts restlessly beneath me.

“All right,” I say, bending over him again, “now I’m gonna add a hand in.” He remains propped on his elbows, watching himself disappear between my lips, squirming as I stroke below and around his balls. I’m not going for the back door yet, as I’m sure that’s an honor Sparrow would prefer to keep for himself, and he’ll know better what to do. Don’t have time for it anyway – ‘fore I can even give him a good hard suck, Will’s throwing his head back and groaning as his cock throbs in my mouth. When he’s done I reach for an empty mug I left on the floor, spitting his seed into it. Never did like the taste, though he eats his fruit so he’s not so bitter as most.

Will flops down, his eyes closed as he tries to get his wind back. I sit up, peeling the rest of my clothing off, noting the wetness between my thighs I wasn’t aware of til now. Can’t be helped – he’s just as lovely as I thought he’d be, though he is at present sadly spent.

After he’s recovered enough to breathe mostly normal, he gazes up with me with a soft mouth and shining eyes. “Thank you,” he whispers, like I’ve just set him free from a death sentence. Guess when you’re a healthy, easily aroused, desperate youth, your first tumble might feel much the same.

“It was...” I pause and pat his stomach affectionately. “Well, not my pleasure precisely, but clearly it was yours.”

Will takes my hand, large fingers curving over mine. “Oh,” he says, somewhat sheepish, “I hadn’t thought about – about you. Would you like me to – I mean I know I’m not exactly, ah, prepared at the moment...”

I snort. He’ll be ready again faster than Jack can down a bottle of rum, ‘specially now I’m stretching myself out atop him. Strictly speaking, this is where the similarities between me and Sparrow in bed will end, but what’s the harm in teaching him to please a woman as well? No telling when one man’ll run out on the other, after all, and I’d love to see the look on Jack’s face when he finds himself cuckolded by a man twenty years his junior.

Besides, I enjoyed that, much more’n I thought I would, and I’m aching for a little release myself. So I take his capable hands and slide them down my body. Will touches me gently, curiously, then with more gusto as I whisper in his ear all the things he’s doing right. He may be long away from his previous line of work, but it seems the blacksmith can still stoke a fire.
He kisses me very deliberately, seeking out the taste of himself on my tongue. Whether it’s that or me moving with him or just bloody nature herself, he starts to harden on my thigh, and I smile against his lips.

“Shhh,” I whisper, because he gets very annoyed and clutches me when I move away. I’m not going far, just lifting up so’s I can sling a leg over him. “Next lesson,” I say, holding myself just above him so he can feel the heat of me, “may not be as important as the first, but there’s always a chance Jack’ll let you bugger ‘im if you ask prettily, and the basic technique’s the same.”

“But perhaps,” Will replies, his voice strained, “I don’t have to pay quite as close attention on this round?”

I grin and kiss the furrow ’twixt his brows. “No, William, you just enjoy yourself while I enjoy myself, how does ‘at sound?” His reply is lost in a moan as, my weight supported by his hands on my hips, I ease myself down and he slides in, easy as a blade into its own fitted sheath.

Oh, that’s good. Seems Will thinks so too, for he grips me tight and thrusts into me, sweat pouring off his lean body. I’m glad to see him take a bit more initiative, and also to see him last a bit longer – he doesn’t come till I’m collapsed against his chest, sated and sighing and feeling him shudder and burst inside me.

We lie side by side for a moment before his arm starts to drift towards me. It saddens me to see that he’s one of them that like to hold you close at the end. I may be a woman, but I’m not a damned rag doll.

I sit up and lean over, hunting for my discarded clothes. When I glance at him, Will’s face is forlorn. “Shall I...go now?”

Christ, I can’t take that abandoned puppy look directed at me. Makes me feel like the worst kind of whore. When I don’t say anything, Will continues in a rush, “I don’t – I’m not trying to – nothing’s changed between us, I just wouldn’t want to go to Jack, right after...this. And my own bunk –” He makes a face. “The other men would know.”

I chuckle and let my trousers slide to the floor. “Bet you’re right. Stay, then – just for the night, mind,” I warn, jabbing a nail into his ribs.

“Understood,” he says, relaxing and beaming at me. Too bright a smile for such a starless night – too bright for this life, maybe. But, I think, just the right sort of bright to draw Jack out when he’s taken within the darkness of his own mind.

I’ll give him up to the captain tomorrow, the sooner the better, ‘fore he starts to either grate or grow on me. But tonight he’s mine, and I want the satisfaction of hearing my name from his lips instead of a wordless cry. And a part of me wants Jack to hear it as well.

I leave Will passed out in the hammock when I rise, snoring away, and I don’t see him again till noon. He gives me a nod and another of those smiles, the rest of his attention being reserved for Jack, who never seems to notice he’s being stalked. By nightfall Will’s built up his confidence and he goes tapping on Jack’s cabin door. I just happen to be walking by, of course. I’ve got a vested interest in this boy now; I’d be sorry to see all my hard work gone to shit.

Jack pokes his head out, frowning, but his face clears when he sets eyes on Will. “Something you wanted, lad?”

“You could say that,” says Will, and his voice is this low rumbling promise that makes my breath...
draw short even at this distance. All's I can see as he shoves Jack inside is the captain’s face over his shoulder, dark eyes wide, mouth hanging open in surprise. Then Will kicks the door shut.

Heading aft for mid watch some hours later, I come upon Jack standing in the doorway. The cabin’s dark and quiet beyond his silhouette. I pause in front of him and he offers his bottle of rum. His face is stretched in a grin, aye, but it’s not that of proud conquest as I would’ve expected. He looks simply content.

I take a swig from the bottle, my eyes flicking over his shoulder. In the gleam of moonlight, I can just barely make out Will sprawled on the grand bed, fast asleep.

Jack follows my gaze and his smile softens even more. “He’s somethin’, our young Mr. Turner.”

“That he is,” I agree, treading carefully through the layers of his tone. Jack’s friendly, but that ‘our’ definitely sounds more like ‘my.’ Seems to go both ways, too, judging by the marks left on the captain’s torso. He’s fine to look upon as well, I’m reminded now, as beautiful in his way as the boy, darker and sharper-edged. I’ve come to curse many lovers over the years, but I never regretted the nights I spent in his arms, no more’n I’ll regret introducing Will to sweet sin for his benefit, for Jack’s, and for my own.

I wish them well together. I wish for greater things for myself.

“In the morning,” says Jack, “what say we go ship-hunting?”

“Aye aye, captain,” I reply, handing his drink back. “A worthy vessel, this time. I won’t accept no leaky boat.”

He spreads his arms wide, the picture of sincerity. “Why Ana, I’m insulted that you’d even suggest such a thing. We’ll find you a nice little brig, p’raps, like the poor departed Interceptor –”

A sleepy sound interrupts him, and thank the devil for I don’t have time to listen to the fool prattle on. He bids me goodnight and turns, shutting the door. If I press my ear to the wood, I can just hear him murmuring, “Hush, love, back to sleep.”

I leave them in peace and whistle off to my watch, ships and fittings and sails flitting through my head.

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