

## DICK THRUSTER AND THE PASSION PIRATES

By Angela Knight

Dick Thruster's little egg of a patrol ship floated in the endless night of space, parked behind an asteroid in the perfect spot to catch anybody violating the laws of physics. Or any other kind of law, for that matter. Dick Thruster was a CosCop --a Cosmic Cop--and that was his job: apprehending the wicked. Like dealers in Deltan Fuck Dust. And people going Faster Than Light in a No FTL zone.

What he was actually doing, though, was sitting in his pilot's chair with one big hand wrapped around his cock, rhythmically yanking while he intently studied the latest issue of Star Sluts.

His gaze was particularly drawn to a centerfold beauty who was doing ingenious things with what looked like an industrial power tool. She was a redhead--Dick's favorite flavor.

Dick may have been a CosCop, but sometimes his attention to duty wandered.

Like all CosCops, Dick was big--well over six feet--and so thickly muscled as to be just slightly hulking. He wore his blond hair cut regulation-short, which made his head look a bit square, what with his regulation CosCop lantern jaw. His eyes, in the regulation shade of steel blue, were perpetually narrowed in the regulation heroic squint he'd had to practice in front of a mirror. (The CosCops brass were a bit fanatical about regulating: they had approved measurements for just about everything, up to and including the size of your cock. Dick had come dangerously close to flunking out on that one: the examining officer had used the word "horse"--with considerable distaste when discussing Dick's phallic dimensions. Dick, when discussing the officer with his mates, had used the words "pencil dick".)

At the moment, Dick's schlong was demonstrating every inch of its formidable length as it contemplated that ingenious Star Slut redhead with its one tearing eye. Man, I'd like to bust HER, it said, in the tiny dick voice nobody else could hear.

Handcuff 'er and administer a strip search, probe a couple of body cavities...

"Forget it. I wouldn't even think of doing a thing like that," said Dick. Dick often talked to his cock. Dick had been out in space a little too long. "It's a violation of the public trust."

Public trust? Hey, that's one I've never tried, said Dick's cock, intrigued. Like every other penis in the history of sex, Dick's cock was amoral.

"Forget it," Dick interrupted, flipping the page. God, she was a creative sort, that redhead. "I'm not violating anybody's anything."

That'sfor damn sure, you schmuck, said Dick's cock. That's why it's been six months since we've had any. Hell, last week alone you passed up three evil and voluptuous speeders. I keep telling you, they do the crime, they can do ME, butnooo ,you'd rather jack off 'til I get calluses. And you call ME aputz ...

Dick's elbow hit the bulkhead again, and he winced. A CosCop , he thought, at least deserved room enough to jerk off in. Not to mention better mail service, so you could get your subscription to Star Sluts something less than a year la...

"WA-OOOOGHA!!!" shrieked the ship's computer, sounding remarkably like a foghorn being gangbanged. "WE'RE UNDER ATTACK, DICK!"

Dick's big hand jerked convulsively and froze on his prick. "By who?!"

"WHOM, DICK."

"Whom, goddamnit!"

"YOU NEEDN'T SWEAR, DICK. AND JUDGING BY THE SHIP'S NONSTANDARD MARKINGS..." The computer threw an image on the bridge's tiny viewscreen, an image of a menacing cylinder with a bulbous, arrow-shaped head. It looked a lot like the destroyer he'd served on in the Starforce , but somebody had painted a naked male on the hull in the spot usually reserved for naked girls. "IT WOULD SEEM TO BE PIRATES."

"Nggahh!" said Dick. "Shields up!"

"TOO LATE. WE'VE BEEN BOARDED. A TRANSMAT BEAM JUST DEPOSITED THREE INVADING..."

A huge metal paw close over Dick's shoulder. He jerked around. Hulking over him was a menacing figure in black combat armor, its shoulders twice as broad as Dick's--which was saying something. It reached down another huge paw and wrapped it around the restraining straps that held his muscled body in the pilot's chair. Those straps were stronger than a marine's breath, but the pirate snapped them like wet rigatoni and started hauling Dick's 220 pounds out of his chair. Dick jerked out of his astonished terror and smashed a fist into the pirate's mirrored face plate .

Damn near breaking his hand.

That was bright, Dick's cock observed.

"Shut up!" Dick screamed, just before a big fist sent him bye-bye .

When Dick came to, he was no longer aboard his patrol ship, judging from the lack of dirty sock smell. Which, by elimination, meant he must be on the pirate ship, probably in the transmat chamber, if that big gaudy panel he saw in the corner was any indication. That was bad enough, but to make matters worse, there were 300 pounds of combat armor pinning his legs, and another 300 on each arm. None of which bothered him as much as the fact that he was stark naked. And nowhere nearly as much as the three mirrored face plates looking down on him with something less than the spirit of brotherhood.

"Uh, hello," said Dick, deciding to be diplomatic.

"Goodie.He's conscious. We can start," growled one of the pirates. His combat suit microphone distorted his voice in a way guaranteed to send shivers of terror down the backs of helpless victims.

Like Dick, much as it galled him to admit it. He might be a badass in his own right--hewasn't one of the Galaxy's Finest for nothing--but when it came to fighting off three guys in combat armor, he might as well be Veronica Virgin at the Annual Convention of Vicious Mercenaries. One of those suits amplified aguy's strength twenty times, simultaneously protecting him so well that a direct shot from a tank wouldn't do much more than knock him on his ass.

Andonce he got up, he could peel the tank like a tin foil banana.

As for what he could do to a nakedCosCop ...

"Y'know," said the pirate sitting on Dick's right arm, "I haven't seen anything that looked this good since we left Earth," It was hard to tell, but it looked like his face plate was directed toward Dick's cock, which by now was as limp as month-old celery. Dick thought about the naked man on the pirate ship's hull, and decided he definitelydidn't like the way this conversation was going.

yeep, whimpered Dick's cock, which didn't like it either.

Dick,you're the galactic hero--do something heroic.Or , hell, do something stupid. Just DO SOMETHING!

Dick promptly started considering which of theCosCop regulationcliches to use.

That was NOT what I had in mind.

"Shut up," he thought. "Cliches,cliches ... "Let's see, there was, "You'll never get away with this" (Naahh. They would.) "My brotherCosCops will hunt you down like the rabid dogs you are"?(Hah! Nobody ever bought that one.) "You can run, but you can't hide"?(Boy, he wishedthey'd run.Far away.And he would never, ever look for...)

"Let's fuck him," said the one on his left. Dick's steel blue eyes lost their heroic squint and went round as baseballs.

"Me first!"

"Hey!"

"I caught him!"

"But you went first the last time, damnit..."

"Don't I even get dinner and a movie?" Dick whimpered.

"Look, we don't have time to argue," said the one on his left. "If the Captain finds out about this, we're all fucked."

The pirate on his right jumped up. Dick instantly reached for theguy's boot with his freed hand, hoping to trip him, but the man on his left grabbed his wrist and pinned it over his head. Dick bucked against the floor, but there was absolutely no way he could budge 600 pounds of combat armor. The one that was

standing popped the seals on his suit, and they released with a whoosh.

"Look what you've gotten us into," Dick thought furiously at his cock as the pirate began the complicated process of pulling off his armor.

Me?

"Yes, you! You and your goddamn Miss April. If you hadn't been so goddamn overheated, I'd have been watching out for goddamn pirates, and we wouldn't be pinned down waiting to get reamed up the..."

Tits, said Dick's cock.

Huh? Dick looked over at the pirate. And instead of hairy chest, he saw two of the prettiest breasts he'd ever seen in his life. They were as rounded and white as the curve of an egg, and topped by two luscious--and very hard--fat cherry nipples. As Dick watched, the rest of the armor dropped away to reveal long, long legs and graceful arms and lush hips and a thick blonde bush. The helmet went last, and when it thudded on the deck, he saw green eyes set a face every bit as lovely as the rest of the lady pirate.

I have died, said Dick's cock, and gone to cock heaven.

"Hey, that's better," said the pirate on his feet, watching in approval as Dick's cock sat up and took notice.

"But not good enough. You ask me, I think he needs a good tongue lashing," the blonde announced, and pounced on him. A moment later, her pink mouth had slurped in his schlong.

Wet, Dick's cock moaned, Wet and Hot. Oh, watch those teeth... Ahhh. That tongue, God, that loooong tongue, bet she can lick her own hairline... Oh, yeaahhh, that's right.

Wanna get married? Oh, God, suck, you bitch! If she ever wants to give up her life of crime, she could always find work as a vacuum pump...

"Better cut that out, Jance," advised one of the armored pirates, listening to Dick's ecstatic groans. The blonde was rimming the head of his cock with her tongue. "He's about to come."

"Oh, don't be such a poop, Di," Jance replied, lifting her head. Dick whimpered in deprived lust. "Do you know how long it's been since I've had a cock in my mouth?"

"Almost as long as it's been since I have," growled Di. "Get to it before the Captain catches us. She'll want to hog him, the greedy bitch... Jesus, this guy's hung like a Clydesdale. Hurry up, goddamnit, I want my turn."

"Alright, alright!" She let go and started to climb on top of him. Dick eyed her tits with longing, aching to get his fingers on those nipples.

"Let go of my hands," he said, then blinked at the way his voice rasped. "I'll be good."

Very, very good, added Dick's cock.

"We can't do that," the blonde told him, running her long hands over the muscle swells of his chest.

"Why not?" he asked, biting on a groan.

"Because we're pirates," explained Di.

"Yeah," the other one added. "They'd drum us out of the union."

"Oh."

The blonde had pulled his cock up to trace it around the lips of her cunt. She was incredibly creamy. She closed her eyes and threw back her head with a long, sexy groan, then aimed him into her and began to sink, her weight driving his cock in past her clamping cunt muscles. At last her lush ass was resting on his hips, and Jance rolled her head with an ecstatic shudder.

"God, it feels so good!!!" Dick, doing some shuddering of his own, couldn't agree more.

She began to move, raising herself slowly, then sinking back down. Dick's cock nosed in and out of her pussy with each slow jog, caressed by cream and heat and tight muscles. "Di, Di, Di," Jance gasped.

"What, Jance?"

"He's big, Di."

"That's it," said Di, letting go of his wrists and jumping to her feet. Her gloved hands began fumbling with the release for the armor seals. Armor began to drop away, thudding on the floor as Dick watched with glazed interest. She looked quite brown...

"Hey, what the hell are you doing, Di?" demanded the pirate on his feet. "We're supposed to keep him pinned, remember?"

"I am going to pin him," Di announced, wriggling out of the last of her armor, her cocoa skin gleaming in the light from the overheads. Her breasts were huge. "In fact, I'm gonna completely immobilize his face."

Dick barely had time to grin as she straddled his head and started to crouch. Suddenly she paused, and arched her back to get her enormous tits out of the way so she could look down at him. "Are we fierce pirates?" Di demanded, narrowing her big brown eyes at him.

"Oh yeah," Dick squeaked, his own eyes crossing a bit. Jance had speeded up and was now bouncing vigorously on his cock. "Most ferocious pussy I've ever seen."

"That's right. And don't you forget it, either." She settled down over his face. Her springy bush tickled his nose as he sent his tongue up to investigate her cunt. It was hot, pleasantly musky, and damn near as wet already as the one presently sliding along his cock.

"Man," said a disgusted voice from the general direction of his feet. "Fuck duty." And he heard the distant thuds of armor beginning to hit the deck. Two minutes later, long fingers closed over one of his wrists to guide his hand to something furry and soft. He started investigating, discovering wet velvet pussy folds.

Dick stretched his hand out further to search for creamy depths while he licked vigorously at the cunt over his head and hunched at the one spread across his hips.

Boy, this gives a whole new meaning to the phrase "moveable feast," noted his cock over the chorus of moans, male and female.

Dick's endurance wasn't what it should be, after his long dry spell. But fortunately, the pirates had been deprived for even longer, so they came as quickly as he did. For a moment he had the wonderful sensation of being overwhelmed by wet, shivering orgasmic pussy...but then his attention wandered when the fireworks went off in his balls.

When he came out of it, he was at the bottom of a luscious pile of limp women. "Well," Dick thought, "I've been in tighter spots."

Not lately, said his cock, who should know.

"Hey, the night is young," he said aloud, eyeing the third pirate. Red haired--at both ends.

"It sure is," Di told him. "And you ain't spending it sleeping, either. This is an all-girl crew, son--and there are twenty of us. And since most of us haven't had any cock in months..."

"Twenty?" Dick squeaked.

Twenty, sighed Dick's cock. I dooove a challenge!