

Final Fantasies



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FINAL FANTASIES V-1

SHIVERED TIMBERS

"This is a pirate cave," Bartz whispered, voice tinged with fear and excitement. "That's a pirate ship. I think the only ride they'd be interested in would be a keelhaul for all three of us!"

"Do you even know what keelhauling is?" Lenna whispered back.

"It's when someone is dragged along the bottom of a ship, along the water's edge," Galuf said. The old man wasn't looking at either of them, was perched over the rocky outcrop they were using as cover.

"What do you think we should do?" Lenna asked. "We still need to get to the wind shrine. Do we know which pirate crew this is?"

"Captain Faris Schewrwiz, I think?" Bartz said. The others looked at him. "A water background with a standard skull and bones on the front. Different pirates fly different colors."

"Good to know. Galuf, what do you think?"

"Well, you can't ask a favor from a pirate," Galuf grinned. "But we can sneak aboard and steal their ship. It's not wrong to steal from a thief, yeah? Unless anyone has a better plan?"

She looked at Bartz and the boy shrugged.

"Alright," she frowned, "let's do it."

It was a tricky thing, to get aboard a pirate ship. The boat's name, the Farifa, was burned into the side near the front. The sails all looked intact and the boat in good repair, but she didn't know the first thing about sailing.

"Do either of you know how to sail?" Lenna asked.

"I do," Galuf frowned, "though I do not know how."

"I've sailed," Bartz said, eyes shining, "though nothing so big as this."

"You can be captain, okay?" Lenna said, and the boy smiled wide. She caught Galuf's eye, hoping he would understand, and she thought that he did. She trusted his age and experience to see them through this.

An aging amnesiac and a hopeful child, she thought, smiling rueful at herself. Though the latter could be me or Bartz.

Quick and quiet, they moved along the docks, ignoring the leering pirate drinking songs as they snuck aboard. From there, they stayed low to the deck, undoing the ropes that kept the boat landlocked.

"We're about ready to cast-off?" Bartz asked, and Galuf nodded.

"Let's go," the old man said. "We're ready to set sail."

The slithering steel of a dozen swords being drawn echoed around them, a dozen pirates emerging all around them. The pretty pink-haired pirate captain, Faris Scherwiz, sauntered towards them. Behind him came his first mate, the leering Bian Likke.

"Trying to steal my ship, are you?" Faris grinned. He was younger than Lenna would have thought, beautiful rather than handsome. Long hair pulled back into a loose ponytail, eyes bright like the sea. He looked a romantic's idea of what a pirate captain would be brought to life, casual arrogance and cruel lips. He hadn't even drawn his sword, one hand in a pocket and the other dangling loose. "You've got a lot of brass... or maybe you're just lacking in brains."

"I wager it's the latter," Bian growled, spitting out a half-finished cigarillo.

"Grandpa, I suggest you and your kids surrender," Faris said. "You give us no trouble and we'll ransom you back to whatever backwater you crawled out of. Give us a reason to, any reason to, and we'll either kill you or sell you as slaves the next time we make port. What's it going to be, hmmm?"

"Wait!" Lenna said, stepping forward. "I am Princess Lenna of Tycoon! Please, allow us the use of your vessel. I must get to the Wind Shrine – my father the King is in danger!!"

The ship fell silent and then Faris laughed.

"The Princess of Tycoon, here on my ship?" Faris shook his head, looked back at his crew. "I'm sure we can fetch a tasty sum for this one. Keelhaul or kill the other two." He crossed his arms over his chest as his men moved forward, frowning as he stared at Lenna, at the pendant she wore.

The last thing Lenna saw before she lost consciousness was a similar pendant worn by the pirate captain.



Keelhaul is such a tame word. Lenna thought it sounded pleasant. It rolled off the tongue. *Keelhaul*.

The reality was abhorrent.

Her wrists were tied tightly together, a long line of rope going back onto the ship. She had been pushed over the side, left in the water up to her shoulders. Bartz and Galuf had been pushed over the other side, leaving her all alone. She had a train on her hips that was pulling her down, her soaked clothing so much heavier than she would have thought. She believed that was going to be the worst of her troubles.

She was wrong.

When the boat started to move it tugged her out of the water, up to her hips. Her train was torn off by the current and she thought her shoulders would follow, her arms aching as every socket – wrist, elbow, shoulder – was stretched to the limit. She screamed in pain and the waves battered her, flooding her mouth, choking her. She was shivering, choking, drowning, in agony. Salt water stung her eyes and stung the bruises that resulted from slamming into the side of the boat by speed and surf.

She couldn't see. She could barely breathe. The only things she was aware of became the pain, the cold, the wet. Everything else was driven out of her mind by the pain, the cold, the wet. Anything beyond those three elements was a fever dream with no basis in reality.

Lenna thought she heard Bartz and then Galuf screaming from up above for a time. Then there was more pressure on her shoulder, her bum bouncing off the side of the boat as she was hauled up, up, up, and thrown on the deck. She landed rough on her belly, pushed up while sputtering sea water. Her arms didn't work properly. Nothing worked properly.

Soaked to the bone and numb.

Warm hands pulled what was left of her clothing off her. Warm hands. Her body acted on instinct, pressing into the warmth. There was very little left of her mind, exhaustion and cold ruling her as thoroughly as the pirates. She was passed around, clutching into them, letting them use her as they willed, letting them fill her with their warm cocks and warm seed, letting them touch grope fuck her.

Being raped seemed better than the cold.

She reached for them when they pulled out of her, pulled them onto and in her, anything for another little taste of warmth. She hugged them, kissed them, bouncing her ass off their laps and their cocks, the trauma of cold giving way to the comfort of passion as she was thrust into one orgasm after another, her body too

tired to register the horror of what was happening to her.

Princess Lenna Charlotte Tycoon snuggled on the chest of Bian in the aftermath, sniffing, heat letting her feel the thousand small scrapes and bruises covering her body. She pressed against him, holding onto her rapist for a sense of heat, sobbing soft. Before being keelhauled she would never have thought she could be reduced to this. Now, she would have stayed her forever to avoid another keelhauling.

The Captain clapped her hands and the pirates helped her stand. They checked the bindings around her wrists, brought her to the edge, the railing, and Lenna began to cry.

"Please," she sobbed, "Please no. I'll do anything. You can rape me again. Please, please, everyone..."

"We will, princess, don't you worry," Bian growled.

"Besides, this is the best way to get you clean," Captain Faris said, and shoved her overboard.



She was only barely aware of the world when they pulled her up again. The Captain himself pulled her up, forcing her and only her down the gangplank to the dock and beyond. She leaned against him, wanting heat, and gasped when she felt something no man she knew had.

"You're a..." she stopped, working the taste of saltwater out of her mouth.

"Would you want to be the sole woman surrounded by pirates?" Captain Faris asked, glancing around them. "You've seen how that goes."

"Then... then why...?"

"You stole my boat," Faris growled. "And normally, I'd do more about it, but that pendant you're wearing..."

"You have the same one," Lenna said, starring at the Captain's throat, then lower, to the wrapping around her chest.

"Where did you get yours?" Faris whispered.

"My father... my father gave it to me."

"So did mine."

Lenna stumbled, stared. She'd heard whispers of the older child lost at sea, the daughter that was supposed to have drowned when she was only five years old. Lenna's older sister was supposed to be called Sarisa, but to a child with a lisp, a child who was still figuring out how to speak...

"Sarisa," Lenna said, staring, feeling herself shiver all over. She'd never said her sister's name aloud before. "Sarisa, Farifa, Faris. Faris. Faris?"

"Not now," Faris said, pulling Lenna along. "I cut your boys free and left them a boat, made it look like basic wear and tear. Couldn't risk it with you. We'll get you out, get you up to the Wind Shrine, and you can contact father and-"

"But you, you've got to," Lenna paused, shaking. "Sarisa, Father is missing."

"My name is-", Faris began, then stopped, looking down at her sister. "What do you mean he's missing?"

"He's missing," Lenna said.

"That's a shame," Bian said, emerging from the shadows with a few other pirates. "A real shame. Hey, you think we can still get that ransom if there's no one to ransom her to, Captain?"

“Stand down,” Faris said, stepping in front of Lenna. “There are other kingdoms and places we can contact. We can turn this into a bidding war and walk away wealthy enough to start our own kingdom.”

“Huh,” Bian said, stepping closer. “And what’s this about you being a royal?”

“It’s bullshit,” Faris said, but now that Lenna knew what to look for it was impossible not to see the curve of her hip, the tightness of the Captain’s ass. She wondered if Bian saw it, too. “Captain Faris Scherwiz is all I ever wanted to be.”

“Good, Captain, cuz we’d hate to lose you,” Bian said. “Don’t know what we’d do without you.”

Another couple of pirates jumped from out of the shadows behind Lenna, tackling Faris and wrestling her to the ground.

“So we won’t,” Bian said, walking over and stepping on the back of Faris’ head as she struggled to free herself. “We’re gonna keep you and the princess here til we’re done with you.”



Faris had seen it happen many times, but never expected it to happen to her.

She was held down, struggling and screaming, as her clothes were cut from her body. Her mutinous men pulled her boots off, her pants, her jacket and shirt, her underwear and binder. They slapped her ass and groped her, then let her stand. She growled, naked and revealed in front of them, hands curled into fists.

“I’ll kill the first one of you that touches me,” she said, and they backed off, smiling. She could see herself through their eyes, a feral animal, pretty and in need of taming.

They formed a circle around her, a perfect circle, and then there was a break and corridor of leering, jeering men. She wasn’t sure where Lenna was and couldn’t worry about that now.

“You know the game, Captain,” Bian shouted. He was standing above everyone, looking down on her.

She did – walk the line. The men would reach out and do what they wanted. All she had to do was make it past the end under her own power to walk free.

“I do,” she roared, and she could see the fear in the men around her. They’d seen her fight. They knew what she was capable of. “And I swear to all of you here, now – the first man to touch me will die.”

She kept eye contact as she walked down the corridor of pirates, all of them waiting for their moment, all of them thinking better of it. She kept a steady pace as she walked past them, smiling cruel as they backed down, as every last one of them thought better about challenging her.

Faris heard one of them try to come at her once she walked past and she spun, twisting from the hip and driving her fist into the man’s throat. He stumbled back a few feet, eyes wide, hands grasping at nothing as he fell back, gurgled, and died.

“Whose next?” she hissed, slowing moving her head. The men backed down. She took a step forward. Another. Another. Tromping down the line towards her out.

Towards the end another man tried to grab her and she struck him, too, killing him, then standing up to see Bian coming at her. She smiled at him, ready to kill him, too, but he stopped just outside of her reach and threw sand in her eyes. She cried out, taken by surprise as her vision was lost.

She felt them take her at the knees, bringing her down. She heard their ragged breathing, felt their drool on the back of her thighs and her ass, dribbling along her spine. She felt them grab her arms and pulled them away from her body, felt them flip her over, felt them grab her and kick her legs open.

"You got a pretty fuckin' body here, Captain." Bian whispered the words in her ear, licked her cheek. She could feel him on top of her, feel his prick brushing against her. "Don't know why I never noticed it before."

Her answer turned into a scream as he penetrated her, as the men took turns penetrating her. She was passed around, cleaned out, passed around again. When she was left limp and ragged the men started using her mouth, started drowning her in their seed. Some part of her wished for death, then, but they cleaned her out and kept going, kept going, kept going.

And when it was over they chained her up beside her sister, gave them rags to wear and slop to eat. They were leashed, used as food and sex service, pulled down and taken by whatever man had an inkling to take them.

This was the fate of the Tycoon sisters, princesses lost.



What was left of Cos Levi pitied them, reached out try and save them, but tendrils of Chaos opened and pulled her back, pulled her close, nuzzled her.

BIAN LIKKE SHOULD LOOK FAMILIAR TO YOU

HIS BODY

HIS SHIP

YOU KILLED HIS DESCENDANT AND STOLE THAT SAME SHIP

YOU PILOTE THE FARIFA

AFTER KILLING CAPTAIN LIKKE

PERHAPS

YOU CAN TAKE COMFORT

IN THAT