

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

A pirate crew keeps finding themselves in need of new ships, not because the old ones get wrecked but because they end up outgrowing them.

Contains: *Breast Expansion, Pirates*

The Buxom Wench

Captain Aurora Scarlett stood on the quarterdeck of *The Ripped Bodice* watching her crew haul sacks and chests of gold from their quarry. It was a Barque bound for Spain with a load of treasure from the New World, and the *Bodice* caught up with them before they reached the open Atlantic. The prize had been well worth the cost in gunpowder and a few lives, but the price exacted by her crew's curse was every bit as heavy. Aurora felt the seams of her own bodice growing tighter as she watched her crew of buxom salt-bitches send the booty down to the hold.

"Cap'n," the Navigator said, "be this wise?"

"What mean ye, Essie?" Captain Scarlett barked.

"Well, Cap'n... The curse, y'see?"

Aurora glanced down at her Navigator. The stocky redhead's own buttons were straining at her bulging chest.

"I see very well, Essie. You just be lettin' me worry about the thrice-damned curse, aye?"

"Aye, aye, Cap'n..."

Aurora looked back down at the deck, where two crewwomen were carrying a particularly large chest of gold coins between them. The taller of the two, a blonde, let out a squeak. Her muslin shirt ripped down the front, letting her head-sized breasts flop out into the salty air. She let go of the trunk, and the other crewwoman stumbled, spilling doubloons all over the deck.

“Argh!” The Captain yelled, “The next one o’ ye bitches spills booty on my deck’ll be on swabbin’ duty ‘till we make port at Tortuga!”

The two women scrambled, scooping the coins back into the chest with cries of “Aye, Cap’n” and “Beggin’ yer pardon, Cap’n.” The blonde’s teats were still out, bouncing in the breeze as she moved.

“And cover yerself up, Tressa!” The Captain called, “If ye want to be givin’ a free show, do it at port, see?”

“Aye, Cap’n. Sorry, Cap’n.”

Tressa pulled the torn ends of her blouse together, tying them in a knot to cover herself.

It took six weeks to reach port, and the ship’s seams-wench was kept plenty busy. The crew and officers of the *Bodice* continued to swell larger and bustier as they sailed. Corsets were re-boned, bodices were let out, and she even resorted to using bits of old sail to enlarge a few blouses.

Captain Scarlett strolled through the ‘tween deck of the empty Galleon. She smiled as she imagined the extra-wide hammocks her crew could string in the massive vessel. The merchant showing her the vessel mopped sweat off his brow, clearly trying to avoid looking at Aurora’s powder-keg-sized breasts.

“If ye don’t mind me asking, Captain...”

“No?”

“This ship be not as fast as yer own. I’m wonderin’ why you do be lookin’ to buy ‘er?”

“Ah,” Aurora grinned. “The *Bodice* be gettin’ a mite... cramped, for me and me crew.”

“Very good, Captain, very good. And the price do be, suitable?”

"Aye, very suitable indeed."

The man put out a calloused hand, which Captain Scarlett accepted, and they shook on the deal.

"Will you be givin' her a new name, Captain?"

"Aye, that I will be," Aurora said. "I be thinkin', *The Buxom Wench* would do just fine."