


# Chapter Niner



*The Princess & Her Pirate*




The large wooden ship sweltered and swayed back as it slid across the ocean . Bettina's normally split ended frizzy but still erogenous hair had been ravaged by the salty sea foam sprayed air and resembled a wet chinchilla draped sexually across her giant Indian forehead. “Ruff ruff, baby” thought the negro hanging from the tree. Running tab drew the strong twine rope around the plump mast hoisting the sail higher and higher like a swollen penis like member becoming engorged in a underage prostitute's mouth. Why were bettina and running tab on a ship? Fuck you, that’s why..

The very autumn skinned Jennifer Crusie, a best-selling romance author and member of the RWA committee that wrote the official definition, said the central-love-story aspect of the definition means:

The main plot of the romance must concern two people falling in love and struggling to make the relationship work.

The conflict in the book centers on the love story.

The climax in the book resolves the love story.




"A writer is welcome to as many subplots as she likes as long as the relationship conflict is the main story," said Crusie as she played with her nipples.

Running tab looked at Jennifer Cruise in her hand made wooden cage that dangled precariously over the bow of the ship. "See that Jennifer?" mocked mighty sailor chief running tab, "Those sharks are thirsty for your blood!" Then he laughed an inhuman laugh that chilled every nerve in Jennifer Cruise's beaten starved body. "Woo there nelly!" said the negro in the tree.

"Why isn't this relationship working?" Bettina said as she fondled doorknob. "I'm feeling this is all conflict and you know how I like my climax." Bettina cried as she inserted the door knob into her mouth. "I feel like this is subplot after subplot" Bettina dribbled as she swallowed the doorknob. Just then there was a knock at the door.

Running tab looked around suspiciously, and realizing that they were on a ship quickly ignored the whole door knocking thing. But no, there it



was again, another knock, not unlike a door.


"Boy oh boy I sure hope some chink whore stowed away in the galley!"

Thought running tab as he fingered his anus. "I have all this wood to make her a spice rack!"

Then there was another door style knock and running tab came as he pulled his finger out from deep within his warm ass hood, licking them, cautiously. In the distance running tab could now vaguely make out a ship firing cannon balls at them. "I smell a gang rape coming" squirted the parrot resting on Running Tabs erect pee pee.

"Me too", cackled Running Tab, lamenting that he probably shouldn't have taken all those sleep pills. Too tired to resist he ate a granola bar. You know what granola does to Indians? Me neither.

"Fly! Ms Stacy Lefton-Zick and see what is going on with the ship!" Said the rowdy sailor boy Running Tab to the parrot shaking his phallus with a urinal powered force.




The parrot flew off taking chunks of delicious fleshy penis skin with it.

The bird looked like a green angel as it flew across the sky, streaks of red from it's tail feathers caught the sunlight and made baby porpoises cry.

Wow that was like a super special description. I will now list email addresses and subjects in my junk mail: Bush and Workman write Fw: Tiberious Erectus, Melissa\_ass says wet wet boobs erotica, DD\_Amba proclaims pussy tits, and HerbErectus1 says B:ett:erTh:anVi:ag:ra!

Jennifer cruise began to slowly chew through the bars of her cage, she knew not what sadistic schemes running tab had in mind for her, but she knew her neck couldn't stand any more bruises. Her ass had been pummelled night after night, and since her teeth had been knocked out she had only been able to drink man juice. Life had been hell as a captor, and fearing living another moon rising she chewed furiously, so that she may plunge herself into her shark infested death.

“Subplot!” Shrieked Bettina as she fucked her wet dirty vagina with a kitchen knife. Knowing full well pantsy posy that she was going to have a pirate train run on her in a mere couple of merely minutes. Jennifer




Cruise is probably related to Jodi cleer, this bitch from texas who likes to eat live kittens. Oh what the hell here we go, "CHIMICHUNGA!" yelled the Indian Chink after she burrowed out from under the boat. "Chigy chiongy fiddle and fossey."

Lets just really mix this up and introduce a new character. Then I want you to try to summarize.

"Who want a free drink?" bellowed the black sailor as he parasailed onto the ship that Scott Peterson used to kill his wife.

Running tab slit his throat and died. How had his parrot missed the pirate's boat? Running tab thought as he bled to death gurgling from his throat. "Chinky chink fried rice" screamed the chink as she finally broke through the hull of the ship, unfortunately for the stupid worthless chink the hull of the ship is underwater and she drowned. The ship began to slowly sink, as the large black sailor climbed up the side of the ship dancing a jig to a pirate song long forgotten.




“I didn't even know what a hull was.” proclaimed the negro in the tree.

Candor is a fun word but if you don't keep your eye on it, it turns on you.

The pirate jumped aboard the ship with a jump that would have made a kangaroo ooze pus from it's pouch. “Where's my joey?” The kangaroo would say. The black sailor was a large man shaped like a bloated body, thrown overboard from a very small boat, washing ashore several months later in the same place Scott Peterson had been fishing. His golden nose ring shone in the sun-light like a golden nose ring shining in the sunlight. "I'm one of Al's friends" said the pirate removing his peg-cock from his pants.

Did you know you can shit and vomit at the same time? Its true. And messy. Ok here we go.


You see many years ago the pirate had had his pirate penis bitten off by a guppy. The pirate had an usual fascination with sticking his dick in fish mouths, and that guppy was bipolar from being raped by it's dad and uncles on Christmas when it was four so it did the only thing it could... Bite. Hard. I cant do this...please god save me from the



hell that is ensuing. I think I was poisoned by the deli people, the chinks are after me. It was the pickle. We cant ever go back. It was the pickel,.. You didn't eat the pickle I did. I had it on bread and put some mayonaise on it. It was a delightful midnight snack. Much better than that time I had onion, boiled egg, peanubutter, seasoning salt, garlic salt, pepper, regular salt, and chilli powder.

"Let me buy you a drink" said the pirate as he tapped on the rail with his peg-member. This may be the most confusing chapter ever, the fat man said while he ate a bacon cheeseburger. He didn't care because he was getting off on the fact that there was way to much secret sauce in the mix. Mayonaise catsup and relish. Bettina was a slut for free drinks. She loved to get drunk and defend the pope. Her long neck was no match for Peppercorn the Leach.

The large pirate swayed back and forth like a toothpick in a potato. His spiced rum drinking had obviously reached obscene levels. The evil pirate was trying his darndest to get a game of spin his eye going and yelling "Give me a kiss" as he deep throated a bottle of rum, sucking hard as the




booze sloshed down his throat like an empanada diving through an empty stomach at diarrhea time.

“Tibly toop wipple!” Screamed the worms oozing from Running Tab’s mouth. It was a worm party and all of the worms had brought along an entrée. Donny Heald the king of the worms had brought along a three bean salad. Marci Prendergrast the queen worm had made a delightful ambrosia salad. You see, this was the worm's picnic, and Running Tab's mouth was like the biggest greenest field in the world. Everyone hated Mekalaka the worm because he smelled like curry. No one likes a curry worm.

"Argh" said the pirate as he inserted his peg penis into a hole in the ship, which was still, if we forgot to mention, sinking slowly. So very slowly was that ship driving its sharp mast into the accepting forboating sea. The sea didn't care. She was just worried that the ship may think the sea was fat, and didn't want to tell the ship that this was not the sea's first time.

LETS KILL CELINE DION! LETS KILL CELINE DION! All of the sudden, Celine Dion died.




The dark sea undulated and gasped as the stern of the boat dove forcefully into its virgin waters. "What's going on!?! " screamed Bettina as she removed several long discharged handkerchiefs from her vagina "I am so confused! This makes no sense. I thought Running Tab was dead, and now there are singing and dancing worms inside of his mouth! And why is that pirate fucking our ship!?!"

"This love has taken its toll on me" sang the worms as the pirate continued to fuck the ship.

So the ship is fucking the sea. The pirate is fucking the ship. Bettina was drunk? What happened to Scott Peterson? Or the rebel pirates? Wasn't the chink involved in all this. Ok, with accordance to Romance Rules, here we go:

Just as the last negro was drowned mostly because Running Tab was stepping on their black crying faces. Running Tab heard the screams of his lover. She was hanging only by her long, tangled hair to the last pole of the ship that wasn't already in the sea's vagina. Running Tab must save



her. (Romance novel, speaking) He then picked every worm out of his mouth, even the stubborn Samadhi Patterson and formed a worm rope.

"Fear not sweet bitchy Bettina" gurgled running tab from the hole he had slit in his throat. He hurled his worm rope around the mast and swung like a faggy romantic hero coming to the rescue of his distressed cunt bitch whore. This ought to sell a few copies. Thought the writers: Herorism: fat bitches love: that.

The pirate plunged into the sea with his peg penis still furiously penetrating the ship. Lucky that pirate had his feeding tube removed several weeks ago and died quickly. To the pirate's parents dismay. To the elation of Running Tab who was now swinging Indian Jones style gripping tightly, seductively to his worm rope, lightly tickling Marzipan the worm of Easter. Running Tab swooped close enough to Bettina, grabbed that hoe by her frigid unkempt hair and put her on his shouldors. "I can see the whole world from here" cooed Bettina as she farted softly into Running Tabs overly sensitive ear.

The two lovers held tightly onto each other tight as they swung on their worm rope into the sunset and into their destiny.

Cottage cheese.

Is that the end of the novel?

Fuck you. You're not getting out of it that easily.

