

Let Me Lie

Neo Kenny

Toby had been the one to see the ship, as usual. His keen eye pressed to the spyglass able to spot far off ships with ease.

"They're flying the Empire colours, Captain!" He called down.

Jacob nodded to Ax, and soon the *Blade* was headed towards this ship.

Race turned to Cass, a bloodthirsty grin on her beautiful face, and without seeing his first mate's expression he spoke to Cass.

"Cass, please remind my first mate that we are to plunder this ship, not kill everyone aboard."

Cass grinned at her friend and laughed as Race made a gesture out of reach of Jacob's eyeline.

Focusing back on her own job, as the other ship came into sight, Cass raised a hand, her eye pressed to her own spyglass, looking at the crew and captain of the ship. She was factoring in everything she saw, as the job required.

Cass was the one who made the call of when the *Blade* raised their pirating colours. Too soon, their prey would flee, and too late, their prey would panic and fight back.

Raising a hand, Cass muttered to herself, then when she judged the moment perfect, she sharply cut her hand through the air, and within seconds their flag was raised.

Everyone watched her to see what her reaction to the other ship's movement would be and relaxed as Cass smiled.

Soon, under Ax's steady hand, the two ships were pulled up next to each other, their hulls practically touching.

The decks of the ships were rife with movement, crew from the *Blade* going over to the Empire ship, the crew of that ship surrendered, their Captain subdued.

Cass had the other ship's crew corralled on the deck, Race smiled at them all, her lips pulled back from her lips, daring them to attack any of her crew.

Marco and a few crew members went below decks to see what supplies this ship was carrying, and came back up a few minutes later, grinning.

"A good haul, Captain," He said to Jacob, who was standing confidently on the deck of the Empire ship, an imposing figure.

The rest of the transaction went smoothly, and they sent the other ship on their way with only the supplies needed to get back to land.

The crew of the *Blade* rode the high of their success the rest of the day.

Race was in the middle of yelling at her idiot cousin for not staying behind on the ship, when Toby's call came through the wooden door they were behind.

"Empire ships! 3 of them, from the west!"

Immediately stopping their argument, the two cousins ran onto the deck.



The next few hours seemed to fly by, Cass reflected later. The crew were no green blooded folk to danger, but something about that time was hard to follow.

In no time at all, after a harsh fight, the crew were in chains and on their way to be hung for their crimes.

The men and women had been separated on different ships carrying them back to the mainland, leaving Race and Cass, as well as a few other crew members, including one non-gendered person who had been identified as a women shoved into one cell, and Jacob, Marco, Toby, and Ax, on one boat, and the rest of the men on the third.

Cass guessed that the Empire men thought that the men wouldn't plan an escape and leave their women behind. That was their mistake, she thought. Her and Race didn't need men to free them, they could save themselves just fine.

Usually Marco was the creator of plans, his mind for strategy was unparalleled in the crew, but they'd all pitched in from time to time.

On the trip back to the mainland, the two women were both gagged, but they knew each other well enough to have entire conversations with just their facial expressions and body language.

By the time the ships hit land, they had a plan worked out.

Biding their time, they allowed themselves to be led to their cells, not getting even a glimpse of the men of their crew.

The two women were shoved into the same cell, with a warning to not cause any trouble, or else they'd see the hanging block sooner than planned.

Cass nodded, her face even, and Race bared her teeth at their jailer.

"You ever think that we're getting to old for this?" Race said, once they were alone, even the cells next to them empty.

"Y'know, I had been thinking that. Time to settle down. Take our wages and make an honest go of it?" Cass said.

"Maybe," Race said, her clever fingers finding the lock pick inside her breast binding, where none of their captors had been brave enough to look.

"Come on, as if you could ever leave this life, you love it too much. You need it, my love."

"You know me so well," Race said, a fond look on her face, handing the pick to Cass, who'd had need to the skill more often, so was more practised.

Soon enough, the lock was open, and they were sneaking to where the men were, easily knocking out several jail staff on their way.

Finding the men was easy, they could hear Marco yelling from ways off, and as they rounded the corner to see their crewmate arguing with their jailer.

Easily, in unison the two women flew into action, throwing the pick to Marco, and beginning the fight.

Wiping blood off her knuckle, Race grinned at the men who'd freed themselves in the meantime.

"Well, boys, what would you do without us?" She said.

"Thank you," Jacob said, on the way out, "Knew we could count on you."



Race and Cass shared a grin, and held hands as they exited the jail, in search of their future together with each other and their family.