

More Than All the Treasure

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a story of a girl named Raven who is whisked away by pirates. She soon learns a new trade away from her abusive father. But what happens when he finds her?

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PROLOGUE

Raven ran down the moonlit street, her jet black hair flying all over the place. Her white dress ripped open in the back where a whip had claimed her many times. There were many deep wounds some old and some new. The new ones from that very night bled small crimson streams that flowed down to her waist. Raven picked up speed often stumbling along the way because tears blurred her vision. Never again would she return to her abusive father, never. She had been hurt by him for the last time.

Raven tripped and fell landing in a muddy puddle. This turned her dress from white and red to brown. But Raven got up quickly and didn't bother to fix her petty coat, which was getting too heavy for its own good. When she finally got to the wharf she tripped and fell again this time in front of a tavern.

"Wha' we got here?" asked a heavily drunken voice.

"Loo's to me like a mud flowr." said another voice laughing.

Raven looked up to see two scurvy looking men both in very dirty tan breeches, worn cream crew shirts and tattered old cloaks. Raven didn't bother to use proper English because she knew the pirates would only bother her more.

"Get away from me ye bloody pirates." she said angrily lifting herself off the ground.

"Ooo. She a feisty one aint she." said the drunken pirate

"We can get a lot o' money offa this one. Look at 'er back. She be a slave." said the second pirate

"Aye she be a pretty slave then." said the drunken pirate while he caressed her arm

"Get ye bloody 'ands offa me." said Raven

"We could always sell 'er off to the slave traders." said the second pirate ignoring Raven

"Or we can give 'er to the Cap'n and e'll think o summat." said the drunken pirate

"Tha' sounds like a mighty good plan to me mate." said the second pirate "Let's get 'er back to the Blood Keel."

Raven gasped as one of the pirates lifted her up and put her on his shoulder. She cursed and ranted and threatened for them to put her down but there was no avail.

"How can so many fowl words come out of a pretty thing as ye poppet." laughed the drunken pirate as he carried Raven up the gang plank of a large ship.

2 - Welcome Aboard the Blood Keel

CHAPTER 1: Welcome Aboard the Blood Keel

Raven struggled with the pirate as he brought her up the stairs to the main deck. He knocked upon a door and a rough voice answered,

"Wadda ye want?"

"Cap'n?" asked the pirate

"I already said wha'?"

"Me and Zech brought ye summat that may be o' value."

"Come in." answered the Captain

The drunken pirate holding Raven burst into the cabin swaying back and forth. The captain looked up in surprise at the beautiful girl in Ralph's hands.

"Well let 'er go." said the captain

Ralph put Raven down and she spun around to look at the captain. He was very tall and well built. He wore a jacket that was threadbare, at one point it may have been nice but now it was so past worn it looked like it would unravel on the spot. He also wore worn tan breeches and black boots. His blonde hair was concealed under a large tattered hat. Raven looked at his eyes they were gray, cold and restless like the sea during a storm. The captain looked Raven up and down and circled around her. Then he stopped and looked into her angry emerald eyes.

"Do ye know who I am?" he asked

Raven shook her head no.

"I be the Captain of this ship. Captain Lyon."

Raven stared at the captain with hatred burning in her eyes.

"Ye will be addressing me as Captain nothing else understood?"

"Yes Cap'n." said Raven

"Now what to do with ye. Ye may have these whip marks on ye back but tha' dress tha' ye be wearin' is too nice for a slave girl. Wha's yur name poppet?"

"Raven." she answered solemnly

"Ah I see." said Lyon. The captain looked up to see Ralph still at his door way. "Get out ye scurvy scum. An' don't bother me till mornin'."

Ralph hurried out the door and closed it behind him.

"Now what to do wit ye." said Captain Lyon "We can always just sell ye off to slavery but I could use ye here with me."

Raven looked at Lyon ominously. "I'll be doin' nothin' of thee sort cap'n."

Lyon looked at Raven and laughed. "This be my ship and as long as ye on it you will be doin' as I bid Miss Raven or else ye be off to the slaver traders 'ere in Cuba. Now time to find a place for ye to get some shuteye."

Raven looked at the Captain. She didn't really like him, not the least bit.

"Come on Miss Raven I'll show ye to yur quarters."

Raven nodded and followed the Captain out of his cabin. Raven sighed; at least she wouldn't have to sleep in his cabin. She followed him down some stairs below deck. On the first right there was a door Lyon opened it and shoved Raven inside the dingy room.

"'ere is where ye will be staying." he laughed "Welcome aboard the Blood Keel." at that he slammed the door

Raven wheeled around to open the door but it was locked.

"Bloody Pirates." she cursed

Raven looked around. Her quarters wasn't all too bad. Her room was painted a crimson red. The bed was a little lumpy and the blankets were tossed about but they were clean enough. The only thing that really bothered her was the heavy smell of alcohol and smoke. Raven opened a porthole to let the sea air in. She remembered the chamomile oil she had in her pocket and she took it out and sprinkled some her and there. When she was done the room smelt a lot better. There was still faint traces of smoke and alcohol but for the most part it smelt like the salty sea and chamomile.

Raven then removed he petty coat and threw it in a corner. She didn't dare take her dress off but she went up to her door and banged and kicked on it until someone came.

"Wadda ye want?" said a familiar voice

It was Zech.

"Can ye bring me summat to clean me wounds?" asked Raven

"Yeah wadda ye need Miss Raven?"

"Some hot water and clean rags." she called through the closed door

"Ok I'll do me best fur ye."

Zech came back minutes later. He unlocked the door and handed Raven a basin of hot water and some torn white rags. Raven thanked him and he left the room.

~Well at least I get a bit of respect.~ she thought to herself

Raven carefully removed her dress and soaked the rags in the hot water. Then she tenderly wiped her back wincing at both the heat of the water and the pain. By the time she was done the rag she was using was sodden with blood. Raven took another rag and proceeded to wipe the dirt off of her body. When she was done she placed the rags in the basin and took her chamomile oil out and rubbed it on her dry skin. Her back wasn't bleeding as muck so she slipped on her slightly wet dress and ran her fingers through her hair. Then she settled down in bed and fell asleep.

~Raven woke up in a room with white walls and she was in a bed with white covers. She was at home.in her room.

"Oh no." she said aloud

A man walked into her room. It was her father, Jonathan Vega. He smiled cruelly,

"Ah so my little flower is home. You're going to pay for running away last night."

John pulled a whip out from behind his back He came up to Raven ready to lash her across the back like he had many times before and then....~

"NO!" cried Raven as she flung awake.

She looked around nervously and saw she was still in the crimson room. She sighed audibly and noticed the sea chest on the floor near the door. She got up and traveled over to it.

"What's this?" she asked herself

Raven opened the chest to see a pair of breeches and a crew shirt. They were a little big but they were and improvement on her dress for the most part. Raven undressed and pulled the clothes on they were a little big but she took some lace from her dress and made a belt. Then she put her hair up with a strip of the last clean rag that was on the table. A knock was sounded on her door.

"What?" spat Raven

"The Cap'n wants to see ye." said a voice

"Well I cant see 'im if I be locked in 'ere." said Raven crossly. But she was answered by a reassuring click and the door was pulled open.

"I'll take ye to the Cap'n." he said

Raven looked at him. It was the Ralph the drunken pirate from the other night. She looked around to see that there was no land anywhere to be seen. She guessed that they had sailed away from Cuba that night. All around the blood colored boat she saw sparkling blue waters that seemed to stretch forever the scene was breath taking. But then she remembered what kind of boat she was on. She was stuck with dirty smelly sick men, pirates.

"Bloody pirates." Raven muttered to herself

"Wha' was tha' poppet?" asked Ralph

"Nothin'." said Raven crossly

Raven followed Ralph up the stairs to the Captain's quarters. Ralph knocked on the door and a voice answered,

"Enter."

Both Raven and Ralph went in to see the captain sitting at a table with food spread out on it. He snapped his head to Ralph's direction,

"Get out ye mangy dog." he spat at Ralph

Ralph nodded and headed out of the room as fast as his feet could carry him. Then the captain looked over to Raven. His eyes traveled over her body.

"Sit!" he said breaking the silence.

Raven jumped and obeyed sitting in a heavily cushioned chair. "So me pet."

Raven glared at the captain at the name of pet.

". You found the clothes."

"Yes if I hadn't I wouldn't be here now would I?" said Raven crossly

"No need to be cross Miss Raven." said Lyon "Well anyway today ye start your new job!"

"And what, may I ask, will that be?"

"Ye get to scrub me beautiful ship from top to bottom!"

"Oh great." said Raven her voice dripping with sarcasm.

"And you'll start right now!" said the captain looking at Raven. There was some type of expression dancing in his eyes. It was an expression Raven hoped she wouldn't have to see again as she left the captain's cabin.

A scary looking old man with a limp came up to raven she left closed the door to the captain's cabin. He shoved a mop and bucket into her hands,

"Get ta work miss." he growled

Raven sighed and went up to the helm of the ship and she began to mop the red wood of the ship. She looked to the horizon to see that the sun had just risen.

~Wow it must be pretty early. ~ she thought

Raven continued to swab the deck all day. Around noon the captain came up to her, casting a shadow across her body. Raven went on working though completely ignoring him. She wanted to pretend he didn't even exist.

"Miss Raven. Ye should take a break now. I don't want to ta work yeself ta death." He said chuckling

"Go ta me cabin and the cool 'ill bring ye summat ta eat."

Raven didn't answer but she glared. Captain Lyon just looked at her and laughed.

~When will he learn.~ thought Raven ~Ye cant keep a Raven caged.~

Raven walked into the captain's cabin. This time she got a good look at it. The walls were a dark crimson color, kind of like the color or blood. The bed was pretty big and sat at the far end of the room. In the middle of the room was a long table. Raven sat at it. A skinny young man entered the room bearing a tray with food on it.

"ere ye go miss." he said kindly

"Thank you.umm I'm sorry but I don't know your name."

"Oh me name is Darien."

"Oh thank you Darien." said Raven

Daren left the room and left Raven to eat. Raven ate the food quickly. She couldn't remember the last time she had a decent meal. Her father had starved her many times. He only fed her when he felt like it and he didn't feel like it very often.

The food wasn't too bad. Raven ate some type of soup with meat and vegetables in it and some soft warm bread. There was also a small flask of amber looking liquid. It was rum. Raven liked rum. It took away the pain sometimes. She used to steal it from her father and drink it after he gave her a good lashing. She would get so drunk that she would pass out and wake up the next morning hung over. Raven grimaced as she remembered her nightmare of a past. Then she picked the rum up.

"bottoms up!" she said as she drained the whole flask

She winced as the fiery amber liquid ran down her throat. She hadn't drunken rum in a while. The alcohol spread warmth though her body and she got up.

Captain Lyon noticed Raven walking a tad different as she came out of his cabin. He smiled to himself, "Rum."

Raven looked up at the helm to see the Captain looking at her. She shot a glazed glare and got back to work.

Around sunset Raven had finished her work and she slinked off to her room to get some rest. When Raven hit the pillow she immediately fell asleep.

"Umm. Miss Raven?" asked a voice at the door. There was a timid knock "Miss Raven is you awake?" Raven jumped at the sound of a louder knock.

"I am now!" she exclaimed angrily "Who in bloody 'ell is it?"

"Umm I'm sorry miss Raven. It's me Darien." said the voice timidly

Raven immediately dropped her tone.

"Oh sorry Darien." she said "Come on in."

Darien entered holding a package.

"The Captain would like ye to join 'im fer dinner." he said

"Oh really tell 'im I'm not coming'." said Raven

"Miss Raven he said if that be the case that ye'd have to work tomorrow with no food in ye stummik."

Darien blushed

Raven look at him horror painted on her face. She knew if she didn't eat she'd probably pass out.

"Then I guess I 'ave no choice but ta join 'im." said Raven

"Oh and Miss Raven?" asked Darien "He'd like ye ta wear this."

Darien held out the package to Raven. She looked at it curiously and took it from him. Raven sat down on her bed and carefully opened the package. She gasped at what was inside. There was a crimson and black colored dress. Raven held it up to herself and got a good look at it. There was a low square black lace neck line. The sleeves were very long they flared out longer than the length of her arm. At the end of the sleeves and at the hem of the dress there was also black lace. Raven liked the dress a lot. She just didn't like the color. It reminded her of blood.

Raven looked around for Darien but he had disappeared. She was slightly sad because she wanted to say thank you to the young boy. Raven quickly pulled on the dress and laced up the black strings in the back. She then ran her fingers through her hair quickly and hurried off to the Captains cabin.