

**Rackety Kate
and
The Pirates
by
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With the kind assistance of the Newsletter Readers of the deniserossetti newsgroup.

<http://groups.yahoo.com/group/deniserossetti>

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Chapter 11

A Calendar of Choices

The story so far:

Kate and Jack make love in the hot pool, but Kate manages to hold her own, (so to speak). "No one steals my heart and soul," she tells him. "Not even a pirate." But something's moving, out there in the jungle...

"Well, hell," said Jack. He turned to look over his shoulder and the flex of his hips made his hardness shift deep inside Kate. She gasped.

Then she squeaked with dismay.

The fronds were parting and pirates were stepping out of the jungle, one by one, a calendar of buccaneer beefcake. In the lead was the giant Duka, the sun gleaming off the gleaming chocolate expanse of his splendid chest. The First Mate was followed by Peter, his blond hair thick and shiny, peering over the top of his spectacles like some sexy professor.

Oh yeah, mama, whispered Tess. She and Ess were sitting on a tree branch, their mouths hanging open, their wings beating the air in time with Kate's agitated pulse.

"We was wonderin', Cap'n," murmured another man, a gorgeous oriental specimen, his almond eyes dark and intense over high, slashing cheekbones and a straight blade of a nose. He had a small goatee, neatly trimmed. "Where ye'd got to."

"Aye." Duka draped a huge arm over the man's lean shoulders, making him stagger for an instant before he recovered. "And now we know." The First Mate winked. "Not that we're surprised." He glanced at the rest of the calendar. "Are we, lads?"

All up, there was four month's worth of magnificent male flesh, including Harley, the poster boy for bikers who preferred boats. And Jack.

Holy shit.

Hunching down, Kate tried to conceal herself behind Jack's body, but he laughed and nuzzled her hair. "They don't bother me, pretty Kate." God, he'd stiffened inside her! Despite herself, she bore down on his delicious hardness, her flesh rippling.

"Pervert!" she hissed, wriggling the slightest bit.

Jack grinned, unrepentant, and her stupid heart did giddy-ups.

Kate released her death grip on his shoulders to put her hands to her burning cheeks. "Don't you have any inhibitions at all?" she snapped.

"Not a one." He paused and his brows drew down. "Pity though..."

"Pity? What's a pity?"

Jack gave a theatrical sigh, his eyes dancing, which meant his chest expanded, brushing against her nipples. Kate bit her lip to keep the moan from escaping. "We need to dry you off. Dammit all to hell, you feel so hot and tight and bloody gorgeous and I'm going to have to pull out." As he spoke, he began to ease away, his satin-steel cock slipping reluctantly over her slick tissues.

"No." Kate grabbed his hips and clenched her thighs, shivering with sensation. "Don't. They'll see." She swallowed. "See all of me."

He throbbed inside her like a second heart. "Darlin' girl." He dropped a kiss on her nose, another on her panting mouth. "I told you." Although he beamed with apparently simple pleasure and his eyes were guileless, his teeth shone very white. Sharp.

Kate had to lick her lips. Someone growled, but she couldn't tell who. "Told me what?"

"You're mine, sweetheart." He rocked back into her, punctuating each word with a short thrust. "Body. Heart. And Soul."

Out of the corner of her eye, she could see pirates kicking off their boots. A shirt sailed through the air and landed in a billow of white on the branch next to the Hormone Harlots. Their eyes as wide as dolls' house dinner plates, they didn't even flinch.

"No," she said, her voice thin with desperation. Her brain whirred with the same exhilaration she felt on the worst days in court, when the cases looked blackest, everything lost for her clients. "Wait, wait...Tom gave me a choice." She stuck her chin in the air, meeting Jack's tiger gaze full on. "He sacrificed himself so I could choose."

A pair of big brown feet walked into her line of vision. Duka squatted on the edge of the pool, wearing only his breeches. The fabric stretched over his massive thighs, creaking under the strain. "So he did, Mistress Kate, and he'll pay the price. He'll be up for auction tonight." Warm chocolate eyes stared with interest at her body, moving with frank appreciation to where she and Jack were joined. "I'd say you've already made your decision anyway." A thick forefinger brushed a strand of hair away from her open mouth. "That's clear enough."

Kate blurted the first thing that came into her head. A delaying tactic, a distraction. "Where's the Duchess?"

"Sleeping," rumbled Duka. A surprisingly sweet smile bloomed across his rugged face. "She's all wore out, the poor little darlin'"

"Ah," said Jack on a note of discovery. "So you couldn't wait then."

Duka looked insulted. "I have excellent control," he said. "Unlike some I could mention." He looked pointedly at the junction of their bodies. "It was mostly temper." He grinned suddenly. "And another spanking, just a tickle really. She settled like a lamb once I found the padded cuffs."

Jack's cock twitched inside Kate and this time, she couldn't prevent the whimper.

"Duka." Jack spoke though gritted teeth. "Shut up the yammering and just take her." A last fleeting press of his beautiful mouth and he pulled back, sliding away into the deep water.

Duka bent, grasped Kate under the arms and lifted her out of the pool so easily it felt like levitation. Before she could do more than gasp, Peter stepped forward with a huge towel and wrapped her up from head to heels. All he was wearing were the spectacles perched on his cute nose. He was as lean and hard and golden as she'd imagined, his hair flowing loose on his shoulders, spectacular as a Hollywood starlet.

Kate tore her gaze away from a sturdy cock, springing nicely out of a sparse sandy bush, only to see Jack haul himself out of the water at the far end of the pool. The roll of muscle in the smooth golden skin of his back, the fabulous flex of his taut buttocks captured her entire attention. He moved like a dancer, all lithe, efficient grace. Her stomach clenched. God, like a master swordsman, a great cat.

The glade was silent, save for the burble of the water and the leaves playing tag with the wind. Unhurriedly, Jack reached out and snagged a towel from a pile waiting on a rock. Every movement slow and graceful, he turned and faced them all across the pool. But he didn't wrap the towel around his loins, even though he was still achingly, beautifully hard, his lightly-furred scrotum drawn up tight and full between his thighs. Instead, he dried his face and beard. Over the top of the towel, that predatory gaze surveyed Kate and the pirates arrayed behind her.

"Oh God," someone groaned. Kate glanced around. Harley's green eyes were fixed on Jack and they were full of heat.

"I wish he wouldn't do that," whispered Peter.

"Do what?" she whispered back, almost too mesmerized to speak.

"Call without words," said the oriental man. "Lead, demand. Give us so little when we want so much."

"Speak for yourself, Chan," growled Duka. The way he looked at his captain was hot with challenge rather than lust. "It's a question of mastery." His tone softened. "But Jack's the best master I've ever seen. And the truest friend."

"D-do you..." Does he..." stammered Kate.

"Sometimes." It was Chan who answered, and as he shifted to lean on Harley's shoulder, Kate noticed his smooth brown back was the canvas for a magnificent tattoo of a tiger, prowling from the upper curve of his buttocks all the way to his shoulder, its tail curling around his waist. "If he permits it. If we're lucky." He sighed. "Everyone wants Cap'n Jack. It's like magic."

Jack raised his arms to pass the towel across the back of his shoulders and as he did so, the smooth skin of his upper arms swelled with muscle. The tufts of hair in his armpits were brown. Their softness affected Kate strangely. She had the strangest urge to rub her nose there, breathe the clean musky swell of just-washed man. She was undoubtedly insane. Her breath caught. *Insane*, living in a fantasy world while the nurses kept her meds topped up.

Tap, tap, FUMBLE, tap. The sound came from just above her head. It sounded faintly reproving. The pirates ignored it, but Kate cocked her head, the Hormone Harlots mirroring her action.

Fake nails, said Ess, her pink-glossed lips pursed in disapproval. *So common. No wonder she can't type straight.*

Get the hell out of my head, Rossetti, thought Kate viciously. *You've done enough damage. I'm no pushover, not like Alice.*

When she glanced at Jack, his brow was creased as he stared across the pool at Ess. The pirates were still gazing at their Captain's body, emitting testosterone flavoured lust in delicious, heady waves. Oh Lord! Kate couldn't help the sigh. Even clean out of her ever-lovin' mind, she had an incredible imagination.

Tap, tap, CLATTER, THUMP! A gust of wind blew out of nowhere and tumbled the Hormone Harlots end over end in the air. Righting herself with an irritated flap, Ess muttered something unladylike under her breath. Tess just glared at the sky and gave it the finger.

Kate grinned. *Gotcha.* So Rossetti thought it was her own precious imagination running the show? Kate had news for her!

Only... She bit her lip. She didn't want to wake up, no matter how cosy the padded cell. This was way too much fun, dream or no dream. But she wasn't sure - of how much she could take, of what was best. Damn. What next?

She didn't realize she'd spoken aloud until Jack smiled and wrapped the towel around his hips. Not that that was any help, because she had such a vivid memory of what was beneath it. He sauntered around the pool until he and Kate were breast to breast, Peter standing close behind her, his hands rubbing soft nubby fabric gently across her ribs. She was enveloped by male body heat.

"What next?" Jack raised a brow. "I admit I don't have any inhibitions, Kate, but never let it be said I lack discrimination." His tiger gaze moved from her to Peter and she turned in time to see the younger man flush. Peter's hands stilled on her flesh. Jack went on, "Beauty is beauty and pleasure is pleasure." He cupped her chin in his hard fingers, but wrapped his other hand around Peter's neck, pulling the young man's naked warmth hard against Kate's spine. "And what's mine is mine."

Over Jack's shoulder, Kate could see the twin peaks, the Sweet Sisters - Pain and Pleasure. Their voluptuous curves were clothed in green verdant growth and wreathed in a pink fluffy mist, shot with gold. The magic Mist of Sweet Sisters Isle.

Oh God, oh god, oh -

A huge light bulb went on over Kate's head. There was one thing she hadn't tried!

Yes! Forget the crazy Rossetti woman, her readers were the ones with sense. They'd look after her. They'd certainly taken care of Alice. Kate's friend must be working on the 2.5 kids right this minute - with the gorgeous Will.

"What next?" she muttered, gazing at the sky. "What bloody next?"

Looks like I don't get a say - it's all up to you, my friends! What should happen next?

A. We do the three asterisks thing and cut to the auction that night. Kate can have an afternoon nap. She deserves a rest, after all.

B. The pirates disappear, leaving Kate with Jack, so she can take her pleasure with him in any way she wants.

C. Jack calls for volunteers to pleasure Kate.

D. Jack calls for volunteers to pleasure him AND Kate.



CHAPTER 12

Pairs of Possibilities

The story so far:

Four of Jack's pirate band step out of the jungle - big Duka, blond Peter, the brooding Harley and a gorgeous oriental specimen, Chan. The air positively vibrates with challenge and testosterone. Kate's feeling pretty challenged herself until she remembers that Rossetti's readers are the ones with sense...

Chan changed his stance, slipping his arms around Harley's lean waist from behind. He rested his chin on the other man's shoulder and slid one hand under the waistband of his breeches. Harley inhaled sharply, but he didn't take his eyes from Jack. Neither did Chan.

Or Duka.

Come to think of it, all three of them were staring across the clearing. Kate could almost swear she heard the air sizzle.

Silly, murmured Ess. They're looking at you, sweetie. They want you.

Not just me, thought Kate, achingly aware of Jack's hard, warm body mere inches away, one hand on her shoulder, the other gripping Peter's nape. The younger man's breath came in light, shallow gusts, the heat of his cock pressed against her buttock, leaving a small, damp kiss on her flesh.

The silence was absolute, save for the liquid lapping of the pool and the breeze playing in the trees.



Harley's voice came in a grating whisper. "Cap'n...damn you. I'm dyin'!" He reached down to unlace his breeches and with an impatient huff, Chan shoved them down so they pooled at his feet. Then he wrapped a hand around Harley's cock and pulled up hard.

They both groaned and Kate wasn't sure she hadn't as well. Harley rose on his toes and his eyelids fell half shut with pleasure. "Cap'n," he said hoarsely. "She's fuckin' gorgeous. Let us have her. Christ, let us have you."

Jack tossed his towel aside. With his usual grace, he took Kate from Peter, stepping into her back and pressing her spine against his muscled chest. Gently, he cradled her breasts in his elegant hands, rasping her proud nipples. *Displaying* her. "Aye," he said, his voice husky. "She's a rare beauty is my Kate. Soft and wet and hot, and so tight your cock will think you've died and gone to heaven. Feast your eyes, lads."

Duka growled like a bear, deep in his huge chest. "Ye'll let us fuck her?"

The crude force of the words sent tingles of appalled desire flickering right through Kate. Drowning in the giddy waves, she barely heard Ess give a little shriek of outrage and Tess snap out a curse.

With a beating rush of silvery wings, Tess descended on Jack, tugging at his hair with furious little fingers, giving his ear a good kick with one tiny biker boot. *Get real, bastard!* she yelled. *This is the twenty-first century. We're not your bloody property, not-*

"Stop that!" Jack released Kate and batted at Tess. Shrieking imprecations, Tess darted in and tweaked his eyebrow.

The pirates watched Jack's hands flailing in the air, their mouths falling open. Chan stopped his languid massage of Harley's cock.

"Uh, Jack? Are you all right? Does that mean no?" rumbled Duka, his brow furrowed.

"Get off, you little harpy!" growled Jack, clapping a hand to the abused brow.

Peter drew Kate more firmly into his arms. "Jack, how can you say that?" His lithe body trembled where their flesh touched, but he held firm. "Kate's no harpy."

Oh, you brave, sweet darling, thought Kate. *You're first.*

Ess fluttered down to grab her sister and haul her away to a tree branch.

"You don't see them?"

"See who, Cap'n?" asked Chan. Once again, his fist tightened slowly on Harley and the dark pirate grunted his pleasure.

Jack shot the Hormone Harlots a dismembering glare. "Never mind." He ran a hand through his ruffled hair and shot Kate a considering glance. "Kate has her own magic, it seems."

Kate snuggled further into Peter's embrace. Her heart beat a mad tattoo, the pulse maddeningly intense in the folds of her sex, behind her clit. She glanced up at the sky, hearing the echo of crazy Rossetti's *tap, tap, tap* in her mind. "Yes, I do," she said, as calmly as she could manage, "because this is only a dream and what's more, it's *my* dream - not yours, Jack Cavanagh."

Duka gave a great shout of laughter. "Got ye there, Cap'n. She's not yours to give, not like my sweet little Duchess."

Jack's tiger eyes narrowed. "Don't be so sure, my friend." He stroked Kate's cheek and his voice dropped, wrapping her in velvet seduction. "We're sharing this dream, pretty Kate. Together."

He thought for a moment, surveying his men, one by one. "So I think we each get a choice." His feral grin was a challenge she couldn't resist. Kate's blood bubbled. "I'm sure we can accommodate each other. You go first. We're all at your disposal..." The grin became positively blinding. "...as you see."

He waved a graceful hand and Kate swallowed hard. Only Chan and Duka wore anything at all, and that was only breeches. Five of the most beautiful men she'd ever seen, could hope to see. All hard and ready.

For her.

Her brain reeled with erotic possibilities.

Go on, whispered Ess. You know what you want. Do it. Take the chance.

Jack kissed her temple, his beard a silky brush. "Yes," he murmured. "Do it, sweetheart. Tell me."

"I want...I want..." Kate wet her lips. She met the gold-shot hazel of Jack's eyes, and said in a single breath, "Let me see them take you, make you helpless with pleasure."

Jack froze. Someone exclaimed, but all her attention was on Jack, so she couldn't tell who had spoken.

Slowly, Jack relaxed. His elegant lips quirked. "How strange," he said. "That's exactly what I was going to suggest for you. You *are* a challenge, pretty Kate."

No sound, save for the gentle burble of the water. Eventually, Duka stirred. "There's four of us, Jack," he said. "We all volunteer. Two pairs, right, lads?"

There were enthusiastic growls of assent.

The silence fell again.

Kate reached back to find a firm, hair-dusted thigh. Peter purred with pleasure. "I choose Peter," she said.

Jack's jaw bunched. "Why? Because he's so pretty?"

Oooh, whispered Ess. Jealous are we?

Kate twisted in Peter's arms to plant a kiss on his smooth cheek. "Because he's brave and good."

Peter's fair skin flushed. "Aye," he said simply. "I'd be honored."

Jack's expression became purely evil. "Then you'll have to take Duka as well." A sinfully rich chuckle.

"What?" Kate's loins clenched with delighted panic. In horrified fascination, she glanced at Duka's straining breeches, at the outline of his huge organ, clearly delineated beneath the fabric. "No!"

"Aye, Kate. We'd kill each other fighting to be top, Duka and I."

"'Tis true." Duka nodded. He winked, his sooty lashes absurdly long against the dark bronze of his cheek. "I love ye, Jack, but not like that."

"Which leaves me..." Jack stared across the pool at Chan and Harley.

Harley reached down and loosened Chan's fingers. He stood with his legs spread, hands on his hips, his grin spiced with pure bad boy devilment. His cock reared out of a dark, glossy bush. Holding Jack's gaze, he swiped a finger across the rosy head. Then he put it in his mouth and licked.

Jack hissed.

"We'll rise to the, ah, occasion," said Chan. He stepped back to strip off his breeches, revealing the rest of his lean torso, all hairless golden skin and muscle.

Kate caught her breath. Was that more ink? She peered. Yes it was!

Chan's groin was as smooth and golden and hairless as the rest of him. Cradling his stiffness in one hand, he sauntered around the pool until he was almost nose-to-nose with Jack.

"I've seen it before," said Jack coolly. "Your dragon."

"Aye, I know." Chan pulled his cock away from his body, revealing the tattooed dragon coiled around it from root to tip. "But never close enough to count the scales." He smiled into Jack's eyes, but although the smile was one of male challenge, it was also a surprisingly sweet expression, full of genuine affection.

Duka and Harley crowded in behind him, grinning with fierce anticipation. So much testosterone, Kate began to feel faint, every nerve in her body centred drippingly between her thighs, in her tight, aching breasts.

Jack reached out and grabbed her behind the neck as she were a puppy. Almost savagely, he jerked her into his chest. "No matter what happens," he growled. "You're mine, Kate."

Kate dug her fingers into his arm. "No matter what happens," she said. "You're mine, Jack."

For the space of half a dozen heartbeats, they stared at one another. No one moved.

Finally, Jack said, so low, she could barely hear him. "So it appears, pretty Kate." He gathered the pirates with his hard gaze. "Well then. Who's going to start?"

Well, we all know what's going to end up where. More or less. *grin* But the logistics - ah, there's the question. How do you want to do this?

- A. Jack, Chan and Harley start
- B. Kate, Duka and Peter start
- C. Everyone begins together



CHAPTER 13

Calling the Shots

The story so far:

*Kate's on the verge of her first orgy. Five beautiful men – the permutations and combinations are endless... *sigh**

Jack stared across the clearing, a challenge in his tiger eyes. "So," he said. "You're giving the orders, are you Kate?"

Achingly conscious of Duka's heat and bulk at her back, Peter's hand on her waist, Kate shook her head. "No," she husked. She glanced at Harley's bad boy grin, Chan's calm, focused expression. Something bubbled inside her, something very like mischief – intertwined with joy.

Slowly, she leaned back against Duka's massive chest. "I'm going to leave it to Harley and Chan." Ostentatiously, she let her gaze linger on three hard shafts, bobbing delightfully against three cobbled bellies. "All I want is to see them drive you clean out of your mind."

Harley chuckled, a low, wicked sound that made her sex throb with longing. He ran his palm from the point of Jack's shoulder down over the flat slabs of his pectorals, over a tight brown nipple and down to his navel. There he stopped, his fingertips a hairsbreadth away from the rosy head of Jack's cock. Kate watched, fascinated, as every muscle in Jack's magnificent body went rigid.

"I think we can manage that," said Harley. "How long do you think you can hold out, Cap'n?"

"Long enough," snarled Jack, spots of colour flying on his cheekbones. "Damn you."

Duka leaned forward to nuzzle the side of Kate's neck. "C'mon, darlin'," he rumbled. "Over here."

From overhead, came a long roll of thunder. *Oh hell, Rossetti, thought Kate. Don't do this to me. Not rain, not now!* But when she glanced up, it was a pink-shot cloud that was drifting down the mountain, wisps of it tangling with the treetops. The air sparkled with tiny motes of iridescence and Kate's skin tingled.

"The magic of Sweet Sisters Isle," said Duka with a dark chuckle. "You're done for, Jack, my friend."

Jack growled, but Chan leaned forward to nip his shoulder and Jack clamped his lips shut. With slow relish, Chan licked the spot he had bitten and Jack pulled in a slow breath.

Oh yeah, mama, whispered Tess, almost falling off her tree in the effort to see. *Bring it on.*

The tree behind Jack creaked. Before Kate's astonished eyes, it bent to lower a branch, horizontal to the ground. As her mouth fell open, the ground rippled. A luxuriant pelt of grass sprang up, spreading like a wave. It kissed the soles of her feet, her toes, her ankles with cool fresh softness. The small white faces of daisies pushed through it with cheerful insistence.

Harley and Chin grabbed a wrist each and raised Jack's arms. "Here you go, Cap'n," murmured Chan, wrapping Jack's fingers around the helpful branch. "Don't let go now." Then he turned his head and nipped the underside of Jack's arm. Jack's knuckles went white with the strength of his grip.

Somehow the posture made him look delightfully vulnerable, despite the braced, muscled thighs, the feet planted solidly in the grass. Kate's knees turned to water. The soft auburn tufts under his arms affected her strangely, made her want to nuzzle and lick. She squeezed her eyes shut. Geez, she must be mad!

No, you're not, said Ess softly, her wings waving gently behind her. *Or if you are, we are too.*

Chan and Harley exchanged a glance across Jack's chest. "Ready?" asked Chan.

The emerald in Jack's ear winked a deep lambent green. Kate saw his throat move as he swallowed, though his face remained calm.

"Aye, but we're not," said Duka and Kate jerked around to stare into his twinkling eyes. Such a deep, sinful brown.

Jack's mouth tipped up at the corners. "Still dressed, Duka? Shy, are you?"

"No," said Duka unperturbed. "I have something in mind for later."

Involuntarily, Kate glanced down. Duka's breeches were bulked out with a magnificently rude bulge. God, she'd never been a size queen, but the man was enormous. Her empty sheath contracted with longing and a healthy dose of trepidation.

Duka shot out a huge brown hand and grabbed Peter by the blond tail of hair that hung down his back. "Over here, laddie." He tugged the man toward a tree with a smooth satiny trunk and pushed him down. "Kate needs somewhere to sit."

Peter gasped, his clear blue eyes going wide behind the spectacles. "Oh yes," he breathed. He slid down with his back braced against the tree, his legs spread so that his stiff shaft reared up against his flat stomach, his balls showcased below, drawn up all round tight and hard.

Holding out his arms, he favoured Kate with a smile of such sweetness that her head reeled. "Please, Kate," he said. "Use me however you want."

"Nuh-uh." Duka curled long fingers around Kate's arm and lead her over. Gently, he turned her so her back was to Peter. She thought she heard a low moan. "You got that wrong, lad. It's however I want."

The only movement in the glade was the dance of the leaves in the trees, the thick grass flirting with the breeze.

Duka cupped Kate's face in his big brown hands. Then he leaned down and kissed her. Endlessly, softly, with plenty of tongue, taking his time, savouring her mouth with little flicks and wet swipes. When her legs went out from under her, he caught her up in his arms, lifting her clean off the ground. On the very periphery of her consciousness, she heard Jack grind out a curse.

"Hold onto me, darlin'. And remember to bend your knees," murmured Duka. "Peter?"

"Go ahead."

Kate's mouth fell open as Duka lowered her slowly over Peter's body, sinking down with her, holding with effortless strength. When she felt the first brush of Peter's warm cock against her inner thigh, she gurgled.

Over Duka's broad shoulder, her gaze tangled with Jack's blazing eyes and she couldn't look away, not even when Peter burrowed through the sopping lips of her eager sex and notched his burning cock head inside the small grasping mouth of her body.

"God," he gasped, his breath gusting hot on her spine. "Oh Kate, you feel..." The rest was lost in a groan as Duka let her down another few inches.

By the time Kate was settled, Peter buried as deep inside her as he could go, she was whimpering with sensation, unable to keep the sounds from escaping. The angle wasn't one she'd experienced before, cramming her so full of heat and hardness, she thought she could feel Peter throbbing at her womb.

"There," said Duka with considerable satisfaction. "That's what they call a grandstand seat. Comfortable?"

"No-o. I want... I need to..."

Duka grinned. "Of course you do. So does Peter. But you can't, either of you."

"This all right?" asked Peter. Slyly, he slid his palms up over Kate's ribs to her breasts. With his thumbs, he rasped her nipples, intensifying the tingle until it was completely maddening. When he leaned forward to nuzzle the side of her neck, a gush of moisture trickled out of her and she wriggled, blushing.

Peter grunted with alarm and Duka said, "Only thing is, darlin', you don't want to bend too far forward or you could hurt our boy. Better sit still, hmm?" An evil smile curved his lush mouth.

Smug bastard. Well of course, she wouldn't hurt Peter, he was a sweetheart. Kate exchanged a glance with Tess. The Hormone Harlot pumped a small fist. *Go for it*, she mouthed.

Kate tilted her head, taking in the erotic tableau of Jack, Chan and Harley, laying her own hands over Peter's on her breasts, clenching internally on his gorgeous hardness. "What about you, Duka?" She nodded at the breeches. "Got something to hide?"

Calmly, Duka winked. "You'll see." He shifted his stare to Jack, standing beneath his tree, tense with waiting. "Later."

Duka sank down beside Kate and spread his huge palm over her belly. Her clit jumped.

"Now," said Harley. "For God's sake, now!"

Chan nodded.

Two pairs of hard hands slid over Jack's body with a brutal certainty that was totally male, flicking and pinching his nipples, rubbing his belly, furrowing into his pubic curls.

Jack sank his teeth into his bottom lip, but he didn't make a sound.

"Great arse," muttered Harley, slipping to his knees to nip one taut buttock.

"Oh yeah," agreed Chan, doing likewise. "Open up, Cap'n." He slapped the side of Jack's thigh.

Still in silence, Jack shifted his feet so that the heavy swing of his balls was visible. His cock had risen, impossibly hard, impossibly beautiful, with its broad heart-shaped head, all smooth and rosy and dense, the satin skin below stretched over the steely core.

Kate's heart slammed in her chest, hard, heavy beats that rang through her body and made her shudder. The blood throbbed beneath her skin, rising to where Duka had spread his warm palm, tingling where Peter's chest pressed against her back and his thumbs tormented her swollen nipples. Deep inside, he was wedged hard and high, pulsing like a second heart.

It was all amazing, but she couldn't take her eyes from the three men before her. Gasping for breath, she wondered what they would do next.

Well, it doesn't take a rocket scientist to work it out. *chuckle* We've got the beginnings of a great little orgy going here, let's not interrupt the flow. No vote this month.



CHAPTER 14

A Battle of Wills

The story so far:

We left Kate mid-orgy, with Jack and his four pirates. Everyone has a part to play – Duka is providing some sanity, Peter the seating and Chan and Harley the tortures of the damned for Jack.

Jack's tiger gaze, fierce and golden, captured Kate's. "Is this what you want, pretty Kate?" His breath hitched as Harley leaned in to nuzzle his hip. "Is it?"

Kate quivered, feeling Peter throbbing high and hard inside her like a second heartbeat, his lips feathering over her shoulder, his breath hurried and hot. "Nngh," she said. "Y-yes."

Jack stood before her like an offering to some pagan goddess, the whole line of his body a taut harmony of bone and muscle and tawny skin. Kate's gaze traveled from his knuckles, white with strain, where his fists were wrapped around the tree branch above his head, to the sculpted planes of his heaving chest. She loved the diagonal notches where his cobbled belly intersected with his hips, his magnificent thighs, strong and graceful and dusted lightly with golden hair, the shining honey-brown of his pubic thatch. It didn't seem possible for him to get any harder, but he did, swelling another amazing half-inch as she watched.

What Chan and Harley were doing was so erotic she couldn't think straight – nipping, and mouthing and nibbling, everywhere save where Jack obviously wanted it the most, if the helpless roll of his hips was any indication.

And yet, he made no sound, save for harsh panting, his eyes fixed on Kate's, so that she was devoured by his gaze. She couldn't fathom why it should be, but she was as much prey as if he'd been a tiger in truth and she something small and quivering, trapped beneath his heavy paw.

Kate struggled, drowning, conscious of the small voices of Ess and Tess, tiny cheerleaders. "C'mon, Katie, you can do it, you can do it!"

The slow movement of Duka's huge palm, rubbing circles on her belly was somehow soothing. It gave her strength, confidence.

"Go on," she said to Harley and Chan, able to achieve no more than a tortured whisper. "For God's sake, go on!"

Harley trailed a considering finger the length of Jack's shaft. It rose under his touch like a trained beast.

"Wait," croaked Jack. "One condition." His scorching gaze rose from where Kate and Peter were joined, traveled to her tight, trembling breasts and up to her face. It left a tingle as sharp as a trail of sparks in its wake.

"You're not to look away, Kate. You want this, you watch it – all of it."

Tethered by his gaze, Kate nodded, speechless.

"Chan? Harley?" Jack didn't turn his head.

"Aye, Cap'n?"

"No kisses on the mouth. That's for Kate."

Chan chuckled and nipped Jack's earlobe, the one without the earring. "And apart from that?"

Jack squeezed his eyes shut for a moment. "Anything," he said, opening them again. "Anything at all."

"Lean back, darlin'" rumbled Duka in Kate's ear. "Drive him mad."

Slowly, Kate did as she was bid, snuggling her head into the curve of Peter's strong shoulder as he wrapped his arms around her waist from behind and kissed her under the ear. Casually, Duka reached out to tweak an aching nipple and Kate hissed with the pain-pleasure of it. Automatically, she clamped down on Peter's heated, satin length, feeling herself grow wetter, more succulent and slippery. Peter groaned.

So did Jack.

"Down, but don't let go." Chan pressed his hands to Jack's shoulders so that he went to his knees, the branch helpfully lowering itself as well. Harley kneeled too, reaching forward to suck and nip Jack's nipples. When he drew back, they were peaked hard, mouthwateringly rosy.

Chan busied himself kissing down Jack's spine, all the way to the cleft of his taut buttocks. Kate couldn't see precisely what he was doing, but his progress was clear to read on Jack's face. A ruddy wave raced up over his neck and cheeks and his stomach jerked, his cock bobbing in Harley's face.

With a happy growl, Harley leaned forward, extended his tongue and licked delicately all around the broad head, for all the world like a cat with an ice-cream. Jack grunted as if he'd been gut-punched and the branch creaked with the strength of his grip.

"Mmm," said Harley. He wrapped his fingers around Jack's base and pulled.

Kate lost her breath, suspecting what was coming next, half-hoping and half-dreading it. Peter made a strangled sound and his cock jerked solidly inside her. But when she slid a seeking hand down over the small swell of her stomach, Duka's big fingers trapped it and held it still.

"No touchin'," he ordered in his deep velvet bass. "That's for me." Gently, he transferred her desperate grip to Peter's muscled thighs. With exquisite precision, he placed the pad of his forefinger over her quivering clit.

Despite herself, Kate mewled and shook. Jack and Peter cursed.

"Sshh," said Duka. "You can't break yet."

Chan straightened, reaching over Jack's shoulder toward a luxuriant vine laden with blossoms of deep, fleshy pink.

Jack's flush receded, leaving him as pale as Kate as ever seen him. Then it returned, deeper than ever. "Damn you, Chan," he grated.

Chan plunged one hand down the throat of a flower, withdrawing fingers dripping with what looked like honey. Not looking at all inscrutable, he gave a wicked grin, full of lusty anticipation. "You said *anything*, Cap'n."

Jack pressed his lips into a thin line, glaring at Kate almost as if he hated her.

Chan knocked Jack's legs further apart with a hard knee. He pressed himself into the other man's spine and his hand disappeared. Abruptly, the breath whistled out through Jack's teeth and his hips jerked, his chest rising and falling as if he'd been running.

Chan bit his shoulder. "God, you're tight," he murmured. His brow creased as his shoulder moved. "You've done this before, haven't you?"

"Aye, damn you. Just not - aargh! - often."

Kate squinted, trying to concentrate through the insistent drum beat of the pulse between her legs. She could have sworn a nimbus of sparkling pink motes surrounded the three men. "The magic of Sweet Sisters Isle," purred Duka. "Makes all things possible." He sealed a hot, wet mouth over her nipple in a long, pulling suck. Came up for air. "Pleasurable."

Chan had established a rhythm now. Jack's body was rocking with it, sweat gleaming on his neck and chest, and when the other man added a corkscrew twist to each stroke of his fingers, he began to gasp, harsh, panting breaths like an animal.

But he didn't take his eyes from Kate's.

Without warning, Harley leaned forward, fisted the base of Jack's cock and fed the rest into his mouth. His cheeks hollowed as he sucked.

Jack made a thin, whining noise through gritted teeth and the muscles in his abdomen convulsed.

But he didn't take his eyes from Kate's.

Kate tried to thrust against Duka's finger. Shushing her, he rubbed a gentle circle, but it wasn't enough, not nearly enough. God, she was going to die! Sobbing, she bore down hard on Peter's delicious thickness, writhing and grinding. Peter moaned, hot and moist against her throat.

Jack bared his teeth in a savage grin. "Can't take it, pretty Kate?"

Behind him, Chan said, "Breathe out, Cap'n." Jack's eyes went wide and the tendons in his neck grew taut. He took his underlip so firmly between his teeth that the flesh went white.

Chan's hips moved, shoving slowly forward. His eyes slitted with pleasure. "Fuck, that's good."

"Mm, mm," echoed Harley, his mouth full.

Jack was utterly silent, every muscle in his body tense with pleasure and pain. But his burning gaze never left Kate's. Chan deepened the angle, crooning in his throat, and Harley kept up with the rhythm, taking Jack further down his hot throat with every thrust.

Kate could see the excruciating rapture of the double pleasuring on Jack's face, his stubborn will fighting it every step of the way. She could only imagine what it felt like. But he was losing the battle, the climax gathering like a storm rolling over the horizon, unstoppable, a primeval force of Nature.

The only problem was – it was rolling over her too. All she needed was the lightest press of a touch, the merest feather, and she'd go off so hard she feared she might actually die. Hell, for all she knew, she was dead already and this was some weird X-rated heaven. Her whole body was one gigantic throb of longing.

Please, she thought, *oh, please*. But the words refused to come out of her mouth, not with Jack racing toward dissolution so erotically right in front of her. She wouldn't beg for her satisfaction – would she?

God, how could she stand it? In his arrogance, he already thought he owned her body. Ruefully, she admitted she'd given him every reason to believe so, the way she'd come apart in his arms. But if he even so much as suspected he owned her soul, she'd be lost forever. And yet, and yet, he'd given her this – his surrender – simply because she'd asked it of him.

Ess's voice whispered in her ear, *But you want to be lost, don't you, Katie? Lost in him.*

Yeah, chimed in Tess. *You want it real bad – and so do we.*

Kate's head whirled, even as she writhed. Oh lord, what was she going to do?

Who's going to win this erotic battle of wills? Who will hang on long enough to outlast the other? Only two choices.

A. Jack

B. Kate



CHAPTER 15

The Significance of Surrender

The story so far:

Kate and Jack are locked in a battle of wills, mid-orgy. Who will give way first? And how will surrender change the balance of power?

"Not yet, darlin'" whispered Duka's dark voice in Kate's ear. "Don't disappoint the readers."

"Nngh," whimpered Kate, writhing. If only she could shut her eyes, block out the erotic scene in front of her. But she couldn't, because she'd promised Jack she'd watch his torture. Every twitch of his smooth muscled chest, every drop of sweat that coursed down his neck, or made his strong thighs gleam.

His cheeks were flushed with a deep ruddy hue and the emerald in his ear flashed a dark beautiful green as he tossed his head, groaning. Harley was deep-throating him now, his nose pressing hard into Jack's pubic curls, the knuckles of his free hand whitening as his fingers dug into Jack's impossibly taut ass.

Over Jack's square shoulder, Kate could see Chan, working himself ruthlessly toward what promised to be a shattering climax. He was giving Jack no quarter, thrusting hard and long, his hips smacking into his captain's buttocks in a smooth rhythm that had to be nailing Jack's prostate on every pass. God, what did that feel like?

Chan's dark almond eyes slitted shut with pleasure. "Jesus," he moaned. "So good, so fuckin' good."

Jack made a thin, whining sound between his teeth and his knuckles shone white where he was gripping the branch above his head. But from across the clearing, his tiger stare was fixed on Kate, so fierce, so savagely possessive, she could swear she felt the weight of it burning the tender skin of her breasts, directly over her thundering heart.

He'd kept his side of their bargain of wills. She could do no less. But oh, lord, Peter felt delicious inside her, hot and hard and high, spasms rippling his length at shorter and shorter intervals. He was moaning in her ear, deep, formless, masculine pleas. Begging.

But Duka's huge arm around her waist kept her steady. Unashamed, she clung to it with both hands, desperate for an anchor.

"Christ!" Abruptly, Jack released the branch. Reaching back, he dug his fingers into Chan's golden buttock, jamming him deep inside. "Stop, you bastards! Stop!" Chan shuddered to a halt, panting. Jack sank his other hand into Harley's glossy black curls

and gripped hard. Harley chuckled, deep in his throat, and Jack jerked and trembled, biting his lip.

He lifted his heated gaze, glaring across the glade, almost as if he wanted to take Kate by the arms and shake the life out of her. "You're mine, Kate. Do you hear? Mine!"

The force of his will was so palpable, she had to wait through several breaths before she could form a coherent sentence. "That's my choice, Jack. Mine alone."

"Good girl," rumbled Duka in her ear. "Take him down a peg or two. Make him suffer, the cocky shit." He raised his voice. "Jack, lad, you've met your match."

Jack's lips pulled back from his teeth. "Aye, and perhaps it's the magic of Sweet Sisters Isle."

Tess swooped down in a blur of silvery wings and kicked at Jack's head with one tiny biker boot. *Bastard!* She shrieked. *Arrogant pig!*

Jack swore and flinched back, making Harley choke, while Chan clutched his captain's trim waist and groaned aloud.

Ess dragged Tess away with a firm grip on one wing, scolding under her breath.

The puzzled expression on Duka's face was a classic, reminding Kate that only she and Jack could see the Hormone Harlots. Sure, it might be funny, but oh hell, Tess was right. Captain Jack Cavanagh *was* arrogant, blessed with more power and charisma than should be legal in any dimension, even one created by that crazy Rossetti. No wonder he was a pirate.

Kate pulled in a gigantic breath, drawing on the bloody-mindedness enhanced by a hundred courtroom battles. If Jack wanted an adversary, he'd got one!

"Chan," she said. "Harley. Look at me."

Chan rested his chin on Jack's shoulder and stared, panting. Slowly, Harley released Jack's cock with a lingering, affectionate swipe of the tongue. He turned his head, licking his lips. "Aye, sweetheart?"

"Make him come. For me."

An instant's silence. Chan and Harley exchanged a glance. Jack rasped, "No, I'm ordering you, don't—"

Ignoring him, they moved simultaneously, Chan rocking higher and faster into Jack's body, Harley bending forward and swallowing him whole.

Jack groaned and bucked, his whole body shuddering helplessly, his eyes going wide and gold, still fixed on Kate.



Holding off the flooding waves of pleasure, she gritted her teeth and tethered him with her gaze. "If I'm yours, then you're mine," she said, her voice low and tight. "*Aren't you?*"

"Fuck!" A ruddy tide suffused Jack's face. He writhed between the working bodies of Chan and Harley. His hands clenched in Harley's hair and the muscles of his stomach rippled.

"*Aren't you?*" repeated Kate, drowning in those golden eyes, in the mesmerizing dark pull of masculine pleasure.

"Yes! Aargh!" Harley's throat began to move convulsively as he swallowed. Chan grunted as if he'd been gut-punched and froze, plastered against Jack's back, his face contorted with ecstasy.

"Can't..." whimpered Peter, straining beneath Kate. "Oh, God."

The long, helpless spasms inside her were more than Kate could take. Duka pressed his broad thumb against her clit and she was gone too, following Jack, hearing his helpless groan. "Yours, pretty Kate. God! All yours."

The orgasm was so powerful, dark spots formed before her eyes. "Let go, darlin'," murmured Duka's bass baritone. "I've got you."

Gratefully, Kate let the pleasure take her. Screaming, she fell into the dark.

No vote this month! We'll let poor Kate catch her breath. ;-)