

Parlay by katieD

“Avast! Avast, Cap’n! Yer breakin’ me arm!” the young bosun cried, his face flushed and contorted in pain.

Captain Catherine gave the man a wink, and with a fierce twist of his arm, pinned his wrist to the bar table and spilled his tankard of beer into his lap.

“That’ll teach ye to challenge a member of me crew t’ arm-wrestle when ‘es too drunk t’ stand.” Catherine taunted. She raised her voice to address the crowded bar: “No man on the Dreadhound will refuse a challenge, but make it a fair fight, or ye’ll answer to me.”

The statuesque beauty then turned her attention back to the humbled sailor. “Now give me winnings to me first mate, so ‘e can split yer money to me crew.” She kept her eye on the crowd as she picked up her glass of rum, lest anyone else get the balls to challenge her tonight.

“Well done, m’lady,” came a familiar voice from a dark booth in the corner. “Have I ever told you how turned on I get watchin’ you beat me seamen?”

Captain Catherine turned slowly, a wry grin on her face. “Not me fault yer seamen are as soft and flaccid as their captain,” she sneered, making eye contact with the handsome rogue seated in the corner. “What ye doin’ in Wavemeet? You here t’ crimp a new crew? Or just t’ find another wench t’ bed fer the night?”

“You stop breakin’ me crew’s arms, I wouldn’t have to crimp,” he replied. “As for a wench to bed, the finest one on Zauro is standin’ before me.” He didn’t have to add a leer to emphasize his suggestion, but it was his nature.

Catherine resisted her urge to draw her blade. “Dream on, Lucius. Ye’ll not be gettin’ me back in yer bed again. Y’ fancy yerself a romantic corsair, but we both know yer just another scallywag trying t’ keep yer dingy afloat.”

That prompted a hearty laugh from the powerfully built young captain. His good eye sparkled in the dim light as he drew his long brown hair back from his rugged face. He flashed a wide smile with a remarkable number of teeth for a pirate. He waved to the empty bench across from him in the booth, and against her better judgment, Catherine took a seat.

Captain Lucius signalled the serving girl for fresh drinks before responding. “Cate, you wound me,” he replied with mock sorrow. “Don’t you have fond memories of our kinky nights together? I certainly do.” Captain Lucius took his time looking Catherine over, his good eye squinting as it followed her curves. “In fact I often reflect upon ‘em during lonely nights at sea.”

“All in th’ past, Lucius. I’m not some conscripted navigator submittin’ to the Quartermaster’s dirty demands any more. I’m me own cap’n now an’ I decide who I bed with.” She leaned closer. “An’ if ye try to get yer ropes on me again, I’ll take yer other eye just like I took th’ first.”

Catherine hoped the bravado in her tone covered the fact that she did indeed remember kinky nights with ‘Luscious Lucius,’ or that she was struggling to suppress more cravings now. Lucius was not only easy on the eyes, he was hung like a stud horse and knew how to use his ‘gifts.’

“Speaking of who you bed, Cate, heard you had a stowaway,” Lucius said as the drinks arrived, and he gave the serving girl’s rear a squeeze. “Sweet little blonde thing I saw you on the docks with? An’ from the looks of that goodbye kiss, I’m guessin’ you had quite a rollickin’ voyage.”

“Who I bed is also none o’ yer business, bucko.” Catherine gave him a withering glare.

“Pity she didn’t stow away on my ship,” Lucius continued. He could see that he was getting under Catherine’s skin. He enjoyed getting a rise out of her; it was only fair, as he was experiencing a rise of his own. “If only more o’ the fates voted me way, blondie coulda had a faster an’ rougher ride here with me.”

“See there Lucius, yer problem is yer always rough’fast. Sweet girl like that, ya gotta take yer time and make ‘er last.”

Lucius chuckled. “Blondie should be glad she didn’t sneak on the ship of that salty dog with all th’ strap-on arms. Don’t want to think about all he mighta done with ‘er.” The sudden faraway look on Lucius’ face suggested that was exactly what he was thinking about.

“True ‘nuff,” Catherine said as she took a long draw of her rum. “Bastard makes all yer dirty kinks seem tame.” Now it was her turn to have a faraway look. “Clockwork was th’ only cap’n who’d take on a woman as a first mate, an’ he ‘elped me get me first ship o’ me own. But there was a price t’ be paid, fer sure.” She downed her rum and slammed her glass on the table.

“Nother clap of thunder for ya, love?” Lucius asked, waving in the direction of the serving girl.

“Nah, I’s feelin’ a bit squiffy as is,” Catherine said.

“Excellent. Then will ya be accompanyin’ me back to me cabin under your own accord, Cate, or shall I drag ya back in shackles like old times?” He reached out and gripped her wrist, giving it a squeeze as if he were restraining her.

With a deft move, Catherine’s short curved dagger was in her hand and in Lucius’ face, the tip resting against his eye patch. “Need I remind ya of why ye wear that patch, bucko?”

“Need I remind you how much you enjoyed me hands on you, Cate?” Lucius loosened his grip on Catherine’s arm, but began tracing his fingers up her arm. “I told ya, Cate, you’re th’ finest woman on this island, and I only want th’ finest. So what’ll it be, love? Parlay?”

“Ye really want t’ hear me say it, don’t ya, ya bilge rat?”

“You know I do, Cate.”

Catherine sighed, rolling her eyes. She looked Lucius over, at his handsome grin on his chiseled face. His broad shoulders, and his chest showing in the low cut of his shirt. ‘Eh, why not?’ she asked herself. There were worse ways the night could end.

“Fine. Parlay.”

“There’s me girl.” Lucius stood, and offered his hand to help Catherine to her feet.

Catherine couldn’t suppress a wry grin as she took his hand and pulled herself up. Lucius had played her well, getting her thinking of kinky fun times on a night she’d otherwise be alone.

Lucius slipped his arm around the small of her back, then rested his hand on her shapely rear.

“Hey, now,” Catherine poked a finger into Lucius’ broad chest and stood defiantly before him. “Watch yourself, or I’ll still have yer good eye ‘afore th’ night is through.”

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The soft glow of candlelight illuminated the two young, strong, hard, and naked bodies; an occasional flicker reflected off the sheen of perspiration from their carnal efforts.

Lucius reclined on a bench in his cabin, his hands gripping the waist of the gorgeous creature mounted atop him. Catherine straddled his thighs, her own pressed against his, her heavy breasts resting against his chest.

While his hands roamed freely over her bare flesh, hers could not. Catherine’s wrists were bound and held by a strap that stretched across her lower back, preventing her from reaching him. Her hands could not move backward to relieve the pressure of the strap either, as her wrists were also bound to her ankles.

Still, Catherine didn’t appear to be in any distress. Instead, she used deft movements of her unrestrained knees, hips and shoulders to writhe above him and upon him, taking as much pleasure from his perfect form as he was from hers.

“Been far too long since I’ve had me ropes on you, Cate,” Lucius whispered. “I hope you weren’t serious about takin’ me other eye. But it would be worth it.”

“Shut..up...Lu...cius,” Catherine moaned between short breaths timed to his thrusts. She squeezed her thighs and tugged at the ropes fastening her wrists to her ankles so she could thrust back against him. “Less...talking...more...jolly...rogering...”