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LONG STORY CATEGORY

Pleasure Bound

by Lexy Lenox

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Pleasure Bound

Lexy Lenox

I perched on the window seat and looked down on the urban streetscape from my first floor vantage point. It was mid-morning and my birthday, although the weather was certainly nothing to celebrate.

The day had dawned grey and dreary (I know, because I'd been up since the crack, anticipating the arrival of the present I'd ordered myself from LoveHoney) and had gone quickly downhill from there - but not even the darkening skies and persistent rain could dampen my spirits once I'd taken delivery of my extremely naughty, yet ever-so-discreet package.

I hadn't been this excited about a birthday since mine were still in single figures, when I'd leap from my bed the instant my eyes opened and launch myself at my soundly sleeping parents, jumping all over them until they roused and lavished well deserved love and attention and presents on me.

Much to my parents' relief, those days are gone. I'm a big girl now, with a place of my own and the excitement I feel this morning is tinged with a certain anxiousness. Sadly, there'd been nobody to pester when I woke as the only person I would consider jumping all over in bed these days - my lover, Max - was out of the country on business.

It was for him I now watched and waited, trying not to fidget as I scanned the steady stream of cars passing below, their tyres swishing through the puddles. Jet-setter that he was, Max had literally just stepped off a flight back into one London airport and was picking me up en-route to another, to whisk me away for a long, hot, birthday-treat weekend. What a star.

Having been up for hours, I was packed and more than ready, with nothing left to do except check my watch every two minutes, which only served to make the time drag and increase my nervous tension. My gaze was drawn away from the window to the suitcase sitting beside the door. I chewed at my lower lip as I considered what lay packed within, the wisdom of my plan and the possible consequences. I knew very well that I was playing a risky game, putting my relationship with Max on the line, but I really had no other choice.

We'd been together a long time and had reached the point of no return. I knew Max was looking for more commitment but if we were to have any hope of a happy long-term future together, we really needed to get something sorted out.

Although I love him with all my heart and fancy him like mad – how could I not when the man is a walking wet dream? – Max is in no way easy. He is successful and powerful and wealthy, and he didn't get that way without being tough and ruthless and, well, extremely bossy. Now, I know that in the pages of romance novels, falling in love with alpha heroes works out nicely every time for those headstrong females, but I dare any non-fictional woman, no matter how feisty (and I'm no slouch myself when it comes to it, let me assure you) to try it in real life. It's like swimming against a rip-tide, a constant battle to save yourself being swept away by an immensely strong force; exhausting - exhilarating - and completely overwhelming.

As much as I wanted to spend the rest of my life with Max, I couldn't, wouldn't do it at the risk of drowning, of losing myself in him. And in truth he wouldn't want that either. He's no despotic control freak, not intentionally overbearing, he just came wired with a naturally dominant personality.

So, while I do love him thoroughly for himself and am not looking to change a single hair on his head, I do need some assurance that I'm not getting in over my head. What I'm after is a compromise, a small sacrifice on his part that proves I have a chance in hell of at least treading water. The trouble is I'm not sure Max is all that familiar with the word 'compromise'. Perhaps I should have packed the dictionary?

Too late. There he was! I jumped to my feet as a dark-green Jaguar came sliding to a halt right outside. Grabbing my bags and locking the apartment door behind me, I rushed with unseemly haste down the stairs (well, he had been away for a whole week) and flung the front-door open just as Max, collar turned up and rain drops clinging to his dark hair, was reaching for the console to buzz my bell. His gorgeous smile splitting wide when he saw me.

I grinned soppily back at him (I know, I have no pride) but before I could say anything, he stepped towards me, cradling my head between his hands as he pushed me back inside the building. He kicked the door shut behind him without taking his eyes from mine, then pulled me to him as he leant back against the door and kissed me soundly.

'I missed you,' he breathed when he came up for air. 'Happy Birthday.'
Poor me had to suffer another mind-numbing kiss before being hustled out through the rain and into the waiting car. Paul, the chauffer, opened the rear door for us, took my case from Max as he slid in beside me and deposited it in the boot before easing the car back into the flow of traffic.

We spent the car journey catching up and wallowing in smugness at the prospect of three sunny days in Morocco. From experience I knew the nights would be pretty steamy too.

My stomach gave a flip as my mind wandered yet again to the secret contents of my suitcase. Was I about to spoil everything with my little plan? The plan I was too cowardly to tell Max about until we were cruising at 30,000 feet lest he try to make a run for it.

God, I hoped this worked. I crossed my fingers.

God! I hoped Customs didn't decide to search my baggage. I crossed my toes as well.

Soon we were winging our way through the skies, sipping Champagne in our business class seats and it was time for me to 'fess up. I downed my drink for Dutch courage, turned to Max and told him exactly what I needed. It took everything I had to look him straight in the eye as I said I wanted to strip him naked, tie him up, deny him every ounce of physical control while I took my pleasure in any way I saw fit. I wanted his absolute surrender, wanted him helpless, willing, mine to command.

I was glad we had the row of seats to ourselves, because my face was flaming as I whispered the words. I was equally glad, however, of the presence of the other passengers nearby as I watched Max's relaxed, happy features stiffen into stone and then turn thunderous. He definitely didn't like what he was hearing, but then, I knew I was asking a lot of him and hadn't expected him to be thrilled. After all, we were dealing with the big boss here, the chairman of the board, the team captain, the head boy. And so far he'd had a lifetime of being exactly where he was happiest – firmly in charge. It was a wonder he hadn't already stormed the cockpit to wrest control of the plane from the pilot.

He tried to argue, of course, fearing subjugation, humiliation, weakness... but I made him shut-up and listen till the end, making sure he understood this was about deeper things like trust and love, and letting me have my own way for once, damn it.

Having said my piece, I quaffed another glass of Champagne to celebrate surviving the ordeal and steady my nerves. Max glared out of the small window at the angry flashes of lightning in the distant clouds, his own anger bristling and crackling with much the same intensity. We continued the flight in silence.

A warm and sultry dusk had settled over Marrakech by the time we landed. As our driver sped us away from the lights of the city and into the countryside, I had him turn off the air-conditioning and lower the windows to let in the fresh breeze. The feel of it blowing through my hair was wonderful, as were the rich, earthy scents of the land that filled the car, wrapping us in exotic magic.

I could sense Max unwind a little as he breathed it in. He reached to take my hand but even though it was now pitch black beyond the beam of our headlights, he kept his attention focused on the dark landscape. I sat quietly, letting him stew. He'd work it out in his own time and let me know when he was ready.

We drove until we reached the very edge of the desert, where an ancient Kasbah sits atop a solitary hill. There is nothing around it for miles, except the slowly encroaching sand dunes on one side and a swathe of lush vegetation clinging to the banks of a meandering river on the other. During the day, the views from the Kasbah were spectacular and far reaching. Tonight it was the old fort itself that became the focus of the landscape for miles, glowing like a star with the light of hundreds of lanterns hanging from its faded yellow walls and strung from the palms growing tall and straight within the terraced grounds. It was breathtakingly beautiful and, best of all, we had it all to ourselves for the weekend - just Max and me and a small army of staff to see to our every possible need.

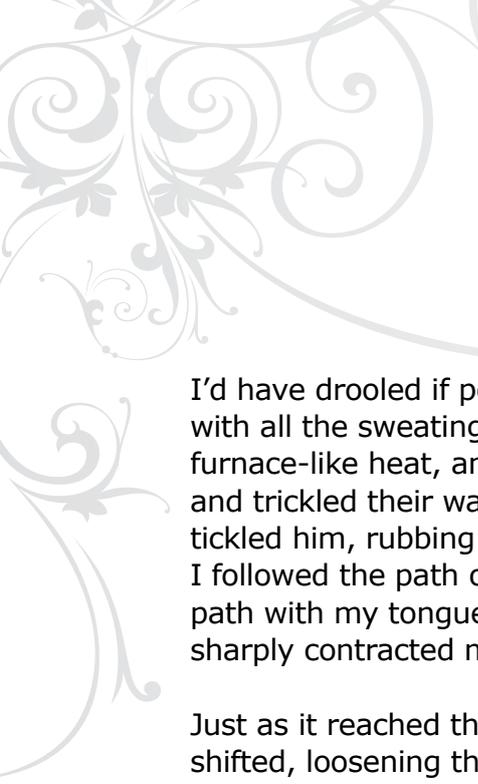
As we neared the outer wall, a wiry man in white robes and a red Fez appeared to open a heavy set of wooden gates. He sent us a toothless grin as the car swept past and up a curving drive to the mosaic-tiled entrance. By the time we stepped out, the massive gates had been swung closed again, locking out the rest of the world.

A petite, black-eyed woman named Aliz greeted us and led us inside to a cluster of low, cushioned couches set beside a bubbling fountain. There we were refreshed from our arduous journey with traditional sweet mint tea while another white robed man, his soft leather slippers scuffing on the floor, disappeared deeper into the building with our luggage.

Once we had revived sufficiently to stand, Aliz led us back outside and into another part of the building which housed the hammam, a stone-walled steamroom, where we were invited to strip off and cleanse the dirt of the road from our weary travellers' limbs. I was far from dirty or weary, but being a when-in-Rome kind of girl always keen to partake of local customs and traditions, I accepted with alacrity. And besides, it was a chance to get my still smouldering lover out of all his clothes, and I'd never knowingly pass up an opportunity like that.

I was scrubbed and glowing and working up a good sweat by lying naked across one of the marble benches by the time Max appeared, pristine white towel slung low around his hips. He didn't remove it as he sat on the bench opposite me and waved Aliz and her soaps and scourers away before leaning back and closing his eyes.

I took the opportunity to ogle him despite his seemingly prudish behaviour, which I understood to be part of my punishment. He might use that dratted towel to deny me the best view, but there was still plenty of him to see in the dimly lit room. His broad shoulders, smooth chest and long hard legs were enough to get me salivating.



I'd have drooled if possible, but there simply wasn't enough moisture left in my body with all the sweating I was doing. It wasn't long before Max was sweating too in the furnace-like heat, and I watched, mesmerized as the beads gathered on his torso and trickled their way lazily southward. Now and then Max would swipe at one as it tickled him, rubbing it into his glistening skin and sending my temperature soaring. I followed the path of one particularly juicy droplet, fantasizing about following its path with my tongue instead of just my eyes - the salty taste, the hot, hot skin, the sharply contracted muscles as I swirled around and dipped into his belly button...

Just as it reached the edge of the towel and was about to get soaked up, Max shifted, loosening the tuck. His capable hands looked dark against the white as he pushed the ends wide, leaving him naked and brazenly sprawled. My eyes flicked up to his, which were now open and watching me watch him. One dark eyebrow raised just a fraction. He was playing with me, the dog.

Fine by me - I was game. I dropped my gaze back to that lucky little drop as it wended its way down the taut skin of his groin to disappear into the thatch of dark hair. I kept a good eye out for its reappearance, conducting a thorough visual search of the area, but alas it was never to be seen again. Died and gone to heaven I don't doubt.

For all his apparent disdain, Max seemed to appreciate the attention, rising swiftly to half-mast so I smiled at him and stroked my hand invitingly up the slick skin of my stomach to the centre of my chest. There was a further stirring between his thighs as he watched the movement but then he stood and without a word strolled casually away.

His game continued for quite some time and it wasn't until much later that Max finally broached the subject. We'd bathed in the silkily oiled waters of the sunken pool, then dressed in the loose fitting linen robes provided and dined as finely as princes on a candlelit roof terrace. Reclining among a veritable mountain of cushions we picked at the platter of plump, ripe fruits set on the low petal-strewn table between us.

'What if I can't?' Max frowned at me. 'I mean, really can't?' The doubt in his eyes was genuine. He was really struggling with this.

'Then we enjoy the weekend,' I replied. 'Enjoy what we've got, while we've got it. But unless you can give me this, we can't go further.'

His jaw tightened visibly, then he stood abruptly and held his hand out to mine. I let him lead me silently to our suite, my heart thumping with trepidation and desire. He stopped just inside the bedroom door and released my hand.

'Show me,' he demanded.

I did. Scooping up my case, I placed it on the bed, unlocked it and rummaged for the items I'd secreted between the layers of clothes. Hands shaking a little, I laid them out, one by one on the heavy silk bedspread. Sturdy leather wrist and ankle cuffs - a length of rope - a leather blindfold.

I removed my bag and headed for the dressing-room to unpack and give him some space. Out of the corner of my eye I saw him approach the bed with about as much enthusiasm as a condemned man on his way to the gallows. He stood there looking for a short while then picked up a cuff, turning it this way and that to examine it. The stainless steel buckle fastening flashed in the glow of the lantern-light. If he was looking for a weakness, he'd be disappointed - I'd chosen the Deluxe Leather Bondage Kit as much for its quality as its black good looks.

Max was a thorough sort of guy and I knew this inspection could take some time so I retreated into the bathroom and changed into my little satin negligee. The cool material whispered against my skin, soft and sensitized from the earlier pampering. I brushed my shoulder length hair until it shone and grabbed the little bottle of love oil from my toiletry bag - because one thing was for sure - I was so turned on that there was no way I could deny myself the pleasure of Max's body tonight, whatever choice he made.

I nearly swooned at the sight that greeted me in the bedroom and had to grab the doorframe for support. My dream birthday present, standing there naked except for the thick black cuffs wrapped around his wrists. Chin up, fists bunched, eyes glaring defiance at me - he looked glorious.

'No blindfold,' he growled, his body radiating so much tension it was almost an audible hum within the room.

Oooo, this was costing him dear, but how could I have doubted him? The man had a backbone made of titanium and had probably never refused a challenge in his life. OK, he seemed to be having trouble with the absolute surrender part of the deal and he hadn't got the relinquishing control bit quite right either, but then, hey, who's perfect? At least I could take the fact that he was in the cuffs voluntarily as a sign of his willingness. Sort of.

'No blindfold,' I agreed. Why hide those gorgeous baby-blues? I walked over to him and poked a finger against his rock-hard chest, careful not to break my nail. 'But that's the only concession you get. Remember, this is about me being in charge for once.'

He grabbed my finger and sucked it deep into his mouth, then bent low, his lips almost touching mine (which I fear were gaping, trout-like, in reaction to the finger-sucking).

'Once and only,' he vowed. 'So make sure you enjoy yourself.'

'I'd rather enjoy you.' I ran the tip of my tongue across the tight seam of his lips but pulled away quickly when I felt them soften and part. I danced away from his reaching hands and caught up the length of rope from the bed. I had spotted a large, straight-backed wood chair perfect for my needs and started dragging it away from the wall into the centre of the room.

'What are you doing?' I could hear the frown in Max's voice.

I huffed and puffed until I had the chair positioned right where I wanted it. 'There,' I blew the hair out of my face. 'Take a seat.'

Max didn't move. 'I thought you wanted to tie me up.'

My gaze swept up and down his very fine form. 'Mmm, I most certainly do. I'm going to tie you to this chair.'

The frown deepened. 'I thought you meant to tie me to the bed.' I shrugged at his misconception. 'I'd prefer the bed,' he said, getting stubborn before we'd even started.

'Well, tough. You don't get to choose. Quit stalling and sit down.' I maybe let the teeniest bit of pity creep into my voice. 'Unless you're not up to it.'

It worked like a dream. Goaded, Max was in the chair in seconds and I wasted no time in kneeling down and tying his wrist cuffs - firmly - one to each of the sturdy rear chair-legs. Instinctively he flexed his muscles and pulled against the bonds, but his arms remained firmly anchored at his sides. Comfortable yet secure.

I circled the chair slowly, letting the fingers of one hand drift lightly across his shoulders as I passed behind him and decided it was time to wipe the glower from his handsome face. Coming to a halt directly in front of him, I used my knee to push his thighs apart so I could step between them. I speared both my hands into his thick hair and tilted his head up for a kiss. It started well. I paced it long and sweet, but Max just couldn't help himself and it wasn't long before he was fighting to claim command of the kiss, his tongue thrusting deep as all the while he strained to get free. I broke away to remind him of the rules but as I pulled back Max wrapped those lethal legs tight around my hips, trapping me against him with considerable strength.

Before I had a chance to squeak, he captured the tip of my breast in his mouth, sucking hard through the satin and scraping his teeth over my nipple.

I squirmed against him for a moment, lost in the sensation, trying to remember whether the point was to get closer to him or further away. I managed to free myself via a number of judiciously placed pinches. Hands on hips, I glared at him. 'No more touching.'

His eyes, alight with a wicked gleam, dropped to my chest, which was heaving from the effort of my struggles. He blew against the damp patch his mouth had left over my breast, grinning when my nipple beaded even tighter. 'OK,' he conceded. I sighed. It was going to be a long night.

Max didn't try to touch me as I knelt at his feet to cuff his ankles and tie them to the front legs of the chair, but boy, he continued to use his mouth and the silver tongue within it to devastating effect. He'd always been an adventurous, creative lover and now he bombarded me with graphic and explicit details of all the delights I was missing out on by tying him up. Needless to say he was an articulate and eloquent speaker and by the time I'd finished with my girl-guide knots, I was so weak-kneed I could barely stumble to my feet.

I was well aware that things were not going as planned and that for every inch Max was giving, he was trying to take back a mile. I was also aware, as I don't think he was just at that point, that I now had full advantage of the situation. And I intended to use it. I ducked into the dressing-room and Max's frown came back when I emerged with a long silk scarf in my hands.

'I said no blindfold.'

'Oh, this isn't for your eyes,' I assured him as I knotted the scarf several times. 'This is for that dirty mouth of yours.'

He opened said mouth to protest, as I knew he would, but I was quick enough to get the makeshift gag between his teeth first, the knots pressing against his tongue and preventing speech. I tied it quickly and backed away, letting the worst of his rage pass. For someone who couldn't speak, Max was managing to be pretty vocal and the deadly, laser-eyed looks he flashed me promised terrible retribution.

I almost lost my nerve at that point, but steeled myself, figuring that if he considered I'd already gone too far and I was going to have to pay the cost anyway, I may as well get my money's worth. My gaze roamed over that big body that was now mine, all mine, as I tried to decide where to start; Max's frenzy had left him hot and hard all over and I was thoroughly spoilt for choice.

I didn't say a word to him, just approached slowly and put my mouth on his skin. I was careful to keep the rest of my body away from him allowing only the contact of my lips, teeth and tongue. It wasn't easy, my fingers tingled with the need to touch him, but beyond using them once to grip his hair and force his head back so I could give my full oral attention to his neck and throat, I managed to keep them to myself. For a while, Max played the perfect prisoner then misbehaved enough that I had to call another halt to the proceedings and use up quite a bit of the excess rope, tying his thighs wide to stop his sneaky manoeuvres to trap me. The sight of him thus bound and spread for my attentions was enough to make me wet.

Picking up right where I'd left off, I savoured and explored him at will, losing track of time as the long, lovely minutes ran together. I covered every inch of him, slowly stoking both our fires. Winding him tighter and tighter, teasing but never satisfying, until even the light brush of my hair falling across his skin had him shuddering and hissing behind his gag.

It was a heady pleasure to have him helpless, unable to do anything but accept the gentle, merciless torture I dished out. And dish it out I did, until his moans were torn from deep in his chest and he shook his head roughly in denial, signalling that he was unable to take any more. But I kept him balanced on the edge and made him do just that; take more and more and more until he was desperate for relief.

He wasn't the only one. I circled the chair, shedding my negligee as I went and came up behind Max. I leaned into him, pushing my bare breasts against the back of his shoulders as I ran my hands down over his chest and stomach and along the top of each thigh.

I reversed the direction, scoring my nails slowly up the sensitive skin of his inner thighs and wrapped both my hands around the base of his cock. He was hugely engorged, standing straight up against his flat belly and throbbed heavily when I tightened my grip and gave one firm, smooth pull all the way to the tip.

The tendons in his neck stood out and I nuzzled my lips close to his ear. 'I'm going to ride you now.'

It took quite some discipline not to throw myself right on him and thrash about like a rodeo-rider shouting Yeehaw! Instead, I draped my legs over his spread thighs and leaned into him, sliding my skin down over his as I took his length, inch by earth-shattering inch, inside me. I rose up and pushed back down, slow and rhythmic but he filled me so completely, touching all the right places that I started coming almost instantly.

I continued to slide up and down him with as much control as I could manage stretching the moment as wave upon wave of sweet, languid pleasure swamped me. My inner muscles clutched Max tight and his breath caught as I felt him jerk. He looked into my eyes as he trembled and came apart deep inside me and held him until he stilled.

Gently, I untied the gag and kissed him with tender passion until, unbelievably, I felt him begin to stir within me. The kiss changed and I pulled back sharply when he nipped my lip.

'Untie me now,' he growled, meaning it.

I set to, not wanting to prolong his torture after he'd done so very well. I started with his wrists so that he could help with the rest of the restraints. Before the last piece of rope hit the floor, Max was out of the chair and upon me, bulldozing me backwards until I fell on the bed. He paused only to spread my legs, then followed me down and rammed himself in to the hilt, turning my surprised squeal into a gasp of ecstasy.

He gave me no quarter, showed me no mercy as he reclaimed his mastery and his wild passion ignited an answering frenzy in me. He was in no mood to share, however and flipped me over onto my front, slamming into me from behind. His hands slid under the front of my shoulders and effortlessly pulled me up with him as he reared back onto his knees. I felt his heart pound against my back as he plastered me against his chest, all the while driving into me.

One hand circled my throat, holding me arched against his shoulder - the other speared straight into the dripping wetness between my thighs and pressed hard. Just like that, I exploded - impaled on the full length of him and writhing helplessly in his ruthless grip. I cried his name over and over until with a final surge he thrust hard, roaring in my ear as he came, hot and hard and deeper than ever.

We collapsed in a heap, gasping like marathon runners until Max stirred, finding enough energy to tuck us under the sheets. He wrapped himself around me, murmuring words of love against my ear as I drifted off.

We slept late the next morning and woke to a subtle but definite change in our relationship. When Max asked me to marry him, I said yes without a doubt. Our lovemaking that night went on until the early hours, tender, loving and sexy-as-hell.

All too soon it was time to return to reality. On our final morning I came out of the bathroom to find Max retrieving the bondage kit from where I'd hidden it in a draw. 'Decided you like a bit of bondage after all?' I teased.



He glanced over his shoulder at me. 'Where's the blindfold?'

'Ooooh, and the blindfold, too! I thought you liked to see what you were doing.'
He stalked gracefull toward me, blue eyes pinning me with wicked intent.

'Don't worry, I'll get to see exactly what I'm doing. It'll be you who's in the dark, sweetheart.'
He ran the back of his fingers lightly down my cheek. 'Blind, bound and helpless - let's see how you like it.'

It's a good thing he was standing so close. I had to grab him for support, or I'd have ended up on the floor as my knees buckled.