



The Ties
that Bind

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The Ties That Bind

“You can’t do this!” Maya said, pulling and tugging on the bindings that held her.

“I can. You won’t listen to me. This is the only way.” Chad was tightening the last soft straps into place. “This is the first time in six years you haven’t listened.”

“I heard you. You said “Having kids is like asking for an instant lobotomy” You know I want to have kids. You lied to me. I thought you were thinking about it seriously.” She yanked harder, bucking against the restraints.

“I am thinking about it seriously.” His tone was sexy and gritty. Maya stilled for a moment and stared into his blue eyes. He’d stripped her naked and stood over her in a pair of boxer briefs. Though he’d been determined, she hadn’t felt scared. Part of her thought she must be perverted. She enjoyed being manhandled and stripped, then tied to their bed. What did that say about her mental condition?

“Only the making babies part. The rest of it leaves you cold.” Trying to throw the cold reality over herself, she struggled against the feelings of heat.

Six years and they were still hot for each other. Then Maya had to bring up children. She wanted them. He was reluctant.

But Maya had done something she realized now was childish and unhealthy. She shut him out. Ice was warmer than she had been lately. This was the result. Chad swooped in one night after getting home from work and tied her up.

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He wasn't angry. She could tell. He was hurt. Somehow, Maya had hurt him. Regret began to nibble at her conscience. If only she could take back the last few days. Ignoring him, freezing him out were her only weapons against the hot sex they always had.

Now, she was naked, tied to a four poster bed, and he was staring at her with those sexy blue eyes. His light brown hair was slightly messed up from the struggle to get her into her current position. She hadn't gone willingly. Down one of his forearms was a long scratch from one of her fingernails.

"Nothing about you leaves me cold, Maya." He straddled her, with his knees on the bed. She shivered.

"How can you do this?" She pleaded, knowing she would give in.

His eyes met hers, completely serious for a moment, "Because you weren't listening. I figured if I tied you up, you had to listen to what I had to say."

She searched his face. "So this isn't about sex?"

The slow smile that crossed his face made her wet. "Oh it's about that too. I plan on doing really bad things to you. Tying you up was such a turn on." His hand crept up her thigh. "But getting you to hear me is more important."

Then, he kissed her. It wasn't the exciting, frantic kisses they usually had. The kiss was like sweet molasses, dripping slowly with excruciating heat. She felt the bulge in his briefs stroking against her wet pussy.

He stopped. She whimpered in protest.

"Now, you'll listen to me, Maya Foster. I come from a long line of alcoholics, drug addicts and losers. You're the first good thing that's happened to my family in generations. When you started talking about kids, I started thinking about what kind of legacy was I passing on to some poor kid. Sure I want to have kids with you, but I want to think about it. I tried to tell you that."

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His hands were now on either side of her face holding him over her. She couldn't meet his eyes. One of his hands came up and pulled her chin up to face him. "I know that your parents divorced because of this, but I'm not your father and you're sure as hell not your mother." His blue gaze was intense. Tears filled her eyes.

"What did you expect me to think? You didn't even want to discuss it." A tear fell from her eye and fell to the pillow.

"You're right. That was my fault, Maya. I realized it the next day. I wanted to talk to you, but you gave me the cold shoulder." He adjusted his body until he rubbed against her. "That's why you're tied up right now."

"I know. I was so afraid, Chad. My Dad left because Mom wanted to have another baby." She relaxed her body against him, trying to hide the tears that were gathering again.

As he bent down to kiss her tears away, his voice was soft. "I know that honey. That's another reason you're tied up. I figured that walking away was easier. Sticking it out is harder." He kissed her lips. "And speaking of 'harder'...."

"Well, there's nothing I can do about it." She was pouting as she indicated the straps securing her wrists to the bed.

His hands stroked the sides of her body, brushing her breasts. "Sure there is, honey. Just lay back and enjoy it."

As relaxed as he had been, now he was almost frantic. He stroked her breasts and his mouth traveled down her neck. She arched her back as he rolled each nipple between his fingers.

"God, Maya. I love your body. I want to touch every single inch of it."

"I can't stop you."

He looked up and grinned at her. "No, you can't. I'm going to make you cum so many times, you'll be begging me to fuck you with my cock."

She was almost there now. The straps chafing her wrists, his mouth moving over her body and his sure hands bringing her nipples to hard peaks was enough to want his cock slamming into her. "Then do it."

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His smile was deliciously wicked. "I'm going to bring in reinforcements."

Before she could ask him what he meant, he opened a drawer in the bedside table and whipped out a very large dildo. As long as they'd been married, they never used toys. The thought both alarmed and excited her.

"I've been waiting all week for this." He muttered. She heard the click of a button and the buzz of a vibrator. With one more sexy smile, he began to work the vibrating Dildo over her clit. It shook her to the core. Arching her back, she tried to move harder against it.

"You want it harder, Maya?" He lifted it partially away from her clit, leaving just the faintest trace of sensation. She cried out in protest. "Beg me. Tell me what you want and maybe I'll do it." His mouth sucked on her earlobe. "Beg me."

"Please Chad. Make me cum. Rub that thing hard over me." She was beyond caring about anything.

As he pressed the dildo harder into her clit, she arched and moaned. Her orgasm was hard and quick. While she was strained in her release, he slammed the dildo in her slick channel and held it there. The orgasm went on and on. He started to rotate it around and around, rubbing the entrance to her womb until she shattered again. Every muscle in her body strained as she felt her wetness squeeze out around the dildo. Chad bent down and licked away the dripping on her thigh. Taking out the vibrator, he started stroking her with his tongue. As he flicked her nub over and over, she twisted and thrashed against the bonds that held her. She was whimpering and crying as he pulled her over the edge again and again. Her stomach muscles were clenched and her pussy felt soaked and pulsating.

Even now, he wasn't finished torturing her. He took his mouth off her and just when she thought he would slam his cock inside her and end her torment, he reached into the night stand drawer and pulled out some lube. She stared at his erect penis. God, she wanted him to nail her now. Right now.

"Do you want some of that, baby?" He held the bottle of lube in his hand, but was searching her face. She must have looked desperate.

"Yes. I want you to fuck me hard." She begged.

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Instead of doing as she asked, he straddled her chest. “Suck me, Maya. Do that magic you do with that mouth of yours.”

He thrust in her mouth and she hummed with pleasure as she licked him from base to tip and then sucked as hard as she could. The feeling of his cock in her mouth and his ass rubbing her breasts was almost unbearable. His moans made her clench with need and she was dripping wet when he pulled out of her mouth.

“You are perfect at that you know.” He put the lube on the dildo and she noticed his hands shook. He put a pillow under her hips and met her eyes. “I’ve wanted to do this for a long time. Now that I have you tied up, I’m going to do it.”

His mouth was back on her clit and she was arching in desperation when she felt the dildo easing into her ass. With the lube and his tongue, she didn’t feel the pain. It felt so good. Then, he bit her and she screamed as she came hard and felt the dildo moving faster in her ass.

“You want me to cum in your ass, Maya? Do you want to feel my hot cum streaming inside you?” She thrashed against the bed begging him to fuck her. “Open those brown eyes and look at me.” She did and saw something there she didn’t expect. There was the lust she always saw. There was love too. Something else was stirring and it moved her like no words ever could. “I’m not going to fuck you in the ass. Do you know why?” She shook her head. “I’m going to slam into that pussy of yours and make you cum at the same time. That’s the best way I’ve heard to get a woman pregnant.”

Her gasp of surprised was lost as he claimed her lips and slammed his cock inside her over and over. The feel of him deeper inside than she ever remembered had her moving her hips up to meet every thrust. He broke their kiss and he was breathing heavily. She could feel his pulsating vein inside her and she knew he was close. When she thought he might go without her, he reached down and pinched and pulled at her clit. “Give it to me. Milk me dry.” And with no warning she convulsed around him hard and he shouted her name as he released his hot stream inside her. She continued to spasm for several minutes and he kept moving against her, letting her muscles take every last drop.

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His forehead met hers and their harsh breaths mingled with the smell of hot sex. “If that doesn’t get you pregnant, we’ll have to keep trying, you know.” He told her.

She kissed his neck and face. “I love you Chad Foster.”

His hands buried in her hair, he kissed her gently. “I love you too, Maya.”

The End