

Christmas Cookies



Yule Tied
MARTEEKA KARLAND

Changeling Press

Christmas Cookies: Yule Tied

Marteeka Karland

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Marteeka Karland

Ilyia has worked for Da'Main and Son Shipping on the planet Solum for over a year. During that time, she has admired the handsome and sexy as sin "Son". While she thinks him totally fuckable, she's a little leery of the rumors she's heard about his sexual play. Specifically, she doesn't like the idea of being bound and helpless before any man, including the hunky Dalion De'Main.

Dalion could give a damn if Ilyia is tied and helpless beneath him, as long as she's beneath him -- or over him, or beside him -- but he has a feeling the voluptuous vixen protests bondage just a little too much for it to be believable.

Oh well. It's a dirty job, but someone has to do it...

Chapter One

Dalion De'Main stretched languidly, his cock jutting out proudly from the nest of dark curls at his groin. This was the life. His family's estate was so fucking huge, he could walk all day and never see a soul unless he combed for someone.

Right now, he was taking advantage of the solitude by sunbathing in the light of Solum's twin suns. It should have been unbearably hot, but the nebula surrounding the beautiful world acted as a buffer for the suns' radiation. Instead of baking under intense heat, Solum's temperature hovered around the eighty degree mark in the summer, and could drop to around thirty in the winter occasionally, though snow was a rarity.

Now, it was a chilly fifty degrees, but Dalion enjoyed the cooler weather. As long as there wasn't frigid wind, he was usually fine. Steam rose from the hot pool and warmth blanketed him from time to time as a gentle breeze stirred the air.

He sighed contentedly and dropped his hand to his semi-hard cock. It only took a few lazy strokes to make him fully hard. Gods! It didn't matter how relaxed he tried to get, he was still in a constant state of arousal. His father had hired a sister of the wife of Daxon Sha'Gar to be the general shipping manager of their company, Damain and Son Shipping. The girl was hotter than the nebula during an ion storm. Ilyia definitely knew what she was doing -- the company had almost doubled its profits in the six months she'd been with them -- but she was a thorn in Dalion's side. As well as the sexiest woman he'd ever seen.

Her hair was as black as the ebony diamonds mined on Solarus V, and almost seemed to glow, it was so shiny. It was completely straight and hung gently down her back to brush her rounded ass when she walked.

Gods! Why did he have to think of her ass? It was curvy and seemed made for gripping during a hard sexual ride. Her ass haunted his dreams day and night. It was

so bad, he found himself reaching out to grab it as she passed his desk almost every day. If he ever *did* grab it before he could stop himself, he'd just bet Ilyia would see to it he didn't walk straight for a month. He'd thought about trying to reason with his father and get him to fire her, but explaining that his reasoning was because he wasn't sure how much longer he could keep his hands off her didn't seem like a valid reason for termination.

His problem was, she seem impervious to his charms. Oh, he'd asked her out many times, but she always refused politely without offering a reason.

Now, he sat on the reclined chair and jerked himself off, thinking about that magnificent ass naked and gripping it tight as he pounded into her cunt from behind. No woman could have an ass that fine without it being just right to grip during a hard ride.

His cock strained for release. He continued to stroke himself slowly, enjoying the sensations, imagining it was Ilyia's snug ass he was pumping into so very slowly. That's how he'd do it. Slowly. He'd want to enjoy every sensation and draw out their pleasure.

He pictured all that shiny, black hair brushing his belly just above his cock as she threw her head back in ecstasy when he pushed into her. In his mind, she sat on his lap, straddling his legs, facing away from him. He'd grab the cheeks of her ass in both hands and fuck her for all he was worth.

Wasn't he supposed to go slowly?

With that thought, he exploded. Thick, sticky cum splattered across his chest, then his abdomen. He groaned and rode out the spasms gripping his lower body, not bothering to muffle his satisfaction. Thinking about Ilyia always got him off in the most enjoyable way.

"Best sex you've had in a while? Maybe I should just go back to my residence. Looks like you need to be alone."

Dalion closed his eyes and groaned. The object of his affliction had invaded his perfect fantasy. "This place is the size of a small country, Ilyia. Why, in all that space, did you have to pick *this* pool?"

She raised an eyebrow, but didn't bat an eyelash. "I could ask you the same question given the fact that, as an employee of your father's shipping company, this is the only pool I have access to in this 'small country'."

Ilyia hesitated before huffing a short sigh and shrugging out of her wrap, revealing a black, one-piece swimsuit as dark and shiny as her hair, which was wrapped in a thick bun at the back of her neck. Sinking into the warm water, she parted the pink and purple mists rising from the pool. Dalion watched her glide through the water in easy strokes.

He wished she'd get out of the pool so he could get another look at her body. She had the most mouth-watering curves he'd ever seen on a woman. From the moment he saw her, he'd loved her curvy ass, but she always wore baggy clothing. He'd never gotten a good look at the rest of her. The brief glance he got now suggested a narrow waist and wonderfully large breasts. She was his greatest wet dream come to life.

Again, he groaned and rose from his chair, not bothering to cover himself, and joined her in the pool. Instead of swimming the length or breadth of the area, he simply stretched his arms out across the edge -- resting his back against the side -- and watched her.

After a few careful passes, she began to swim with more vigor, obviously exercising. Just watching her made Dalion's own muscles ache. Thirty minutes later, she stopped at the edge on the opposite end where he watched and clung to the side, breathing hard.

Dalion debated his next move. He could simply stay where he was and be content to watch her, or he could do something he'd wanted to do since he first saw her. Never being one to play it safe, Dalion pushed off the side and glided over to Ilyia and framed her body with his arms. His chest pressed against her back, and he felt her stiffen.

"You look good enough to eat," he whispered next to her ear. "I think I'm glad I chose this pool today." He ground his stiffening cock against her ass. Oh, sweet stars! *That's* where he wanted to be.

She pushed back a little, putting him off balance and back a couple of steps in the water, and turned to face him. "I'm not here to be another trophy on your wall, Dalion. Your father hired me to do a job, and it wasn't to be your sex slave."

"I didn't ask you to be." He grinned. He just loved pushing her buttons. This wasn't the first time they'd had this conversation. "But just out of curiosity, what would it take for you to be at my sexual beck and call?" The look on her face was priceless. She looked so offended he couldn't help but grin.

"I beg your pardon?"

"I'll tell you what." He moved back to her, pinning her between his body and the pool's edge. "The Yule celebration starts tonight. You stay with me over the holiday. If I can't convince you to sleep with me at least once, I'll never approach you again."

She narrowed her eyes. "It was never a question of if I wanted to have sex with you. What woman wouldn't? It's your *taste* in sex that I don't particularly care for."

Now, that shocked him. "How could you possibly know what I prefer in bed if you haven't slept with me?"

"Dalion, you've slept with enough women to populate this entire estate a couple of times over. Several of them talk. Your preference to have your women bound and helpless is what I'm opposed to. I have no interest in it."

He raised an eyebrow. "Spend Yule with me. If you don't like anything I do, you leave and never see me again. I'll avoid you no matter what."

"You're insane."

She tried to push past him, but he enfolded her in his arms, the way he'd longed to for almost a year. He looked into her soft brown eyes for a moment before his mouth descended on hers. Sweet stars! He ached to have her. Everything about her inflamed him, but this one taste of her sweet essence affected him more than he ever thought possible.

He coaxed her to play with his tongue as he sucked and gently nipped at her lips. When she finally sighed and let him suck her tongue into his mouth, he intensified the kiss. Wrapping her in his arms, he licked the inside of her mouth as thoroughly as he

could. He'd never enjoyed a kiss more. Her whimpers were music to his ears, and when she hooked one leg around his hip he almost came right there. As it was, he pressed his now aching hard cock into the apex of her thighs and rubbed up and down, mimicking the act of fucking her. He'd *definitely* like to be fucking her.

But something was missing. Her hair was still captive at the back of her neck. When he made love to her, he wanted all that hair floating around them like a black rain after a magnetic storm. With a few deft movements of his fingers, he freed her tresses and tangled his fingers in them. He pulled her head back, angling his mouth over hers more to his liking. She was an elixir he couldn't get enough of.

"Let go, Ilyia. Let me show you wonders you never thought possible." For a moment, he thought she might pull away from him. Then she sighed and relaxed into his embrace. Pressing her more solidly against the side of the pool, he restricted her movements. It was an experiment. He had no need for her to be truly helpless. It was his experience that people who protested too much against something like bondage secretly wanted to experience it.

She broke his kiss for a brief moment and looked into his eyes as if trying to decide what to do. She probably thought she knew his intentions, and if he knew her at all, he'd just bet she didn't think it "proper." But given the way her eyes widened slightly and her breathing quickened, Dalion would bet it excited her beyond reason. Her whimpers and moans confirmed his suspicions, and it inflamed him.

He was about to try to figure out how to get that hellish bathing suit from her voluptuous curves when she began to struggle, pushing him away.

Her breath came in little gasps, and her fair cheeks were stained with a lovely blush. Without a word, she spun around and pushed herself out of the pool with her arms. Water streamed from her body, and her nipples stabbed the material of her swimsuit. Dalion felt like he was a starving man who'd sat down before a banquet table, only to have every scrap of food carted off before he could get a single bite.

He sank under the water with a groan. When he surfaced, Ilyia had wrapped her robe around her securely. She looked at him, her eyes wide and her lips kiss-swollen.

She looked like she wanted to say something, but couldn't speak. So Dalion spoke to her.

"Do we have a deal?" His voice trembled more than he'd like, but in the end, he thought his inability to hide her obvious effect on him made up her mind.

She didn't say anything, only nodded and touched her mouth with her fingertips.

"The Yule celebration begins tonight. Meet me in the Great Hall."

Again, she nodded, then turned and walked briskly to her residence building. This was going to be a Yule neither of them would forget.

Chapter Two

Ilyia fled the pool to her own sanctuary. What in the surrounding nebula had she just agreed to? There was no doubt she wanted to fuck Dalion. In fact, she'd been secretly obsessed with him since the first time she'd met him. It was just that she wasn't very experienced sexually. She was very much afraid he was way out of her league. She wasn't an innocent, by any means, but the kind of kinky sex he was reputed to provide wasn't something she could see herself doing.

But gods, the thought excited her beyond her wildest dreams.

She squashed the thought immediately. *If* she ever decided to try something like that, it definitely wouldn't be with Dalion De'Main. He was too much of a... a...

Man.

To her mind, there had never been a man to compare with him. When she'd first met him, he'd been a lean, trim man. After the wedding of Kamar and Leah Sha'gar a year ago, he had transformed his body dramatically. Now, he was heavily muscled and wonderfully powerful-looking. The kind of man she fantasized about every night of her life.

The kind of man who could consume her if she got a taste of him.

If she were smart, she'd pack her bags, leave this place, and catch the first transport back to Earth. If she were smart.

Instead, she went to the bathroom and rinsed her face with cool water, trying to fight off a wave of nausea. She knew she would do whatever he asked, and it terrified her. Which was totally crazy. She wasn't a weak-willed lamb -- she was a strong, intelligent woman. But Dalion was everything she'd ever wanted in a man both physically and personally. He was always courteous, generous to the people around him, and just an all-around nice guy. Well, except where his sexual appetite was

concerned. It was those rumors that terrified her. The only reason she agreed to this arrangement was because she wanted him so badly.

She might not be able to handle Dalion De'Main, but she'd damned sure give it her best shot. She might even enjoy herself in the process.

With that thought firmly in her mind, she made her preparations for the evening. If she had any luck, she could convince herself she was going to have fun before she had to meet Dalion.

Chapter Three

Dalion chuckled to himself every time he thought of the smart, uptight, extraordinarily sexy Ilyia tied to his bed writhing in pleasure underneath him. Bondage wasn't exactly his favorite thing, but he suspected Ilyia had a wild streak she was itching to try out. Well, he was just the man for the job.

The Yule celebration was a big event for the employees of De'Main and Son Shipping. Every employee was invited to the estate for a party lasting well into the night. Dalion always ended up with a willing woman or two in his bed, and this year would be no different.

He was more excited, though. For some reason, bedding Ilyia seemed the most erotic thing he'd ever contemplated doing and he had absolutely no idea why. He'd always thought she had a body to die for. She was voluptuous and full-figured, where most of the women on Solum were slim and lean. Her onyx hair set her apart from every other woman on the planet, though. Sometimes, when the light hit it the right way, it reminded him of a spectacular star field.

Damn. Just thinking about her made him hard.

Tonight. He tried to remind himself to stay calm. He'd have her soon enough, and she didn't need to know exactly how badly he wanted her. She saw him as a cool, collected womanizer. As unflattering as that was, at this point, he'd rather she see him as that than an overeager lover who couldn't hold off long enough to satisfy her.

He was so lost in thought, he almost missed her entrance. And immediately, all his resolve was incinerated like space debris in the nebula. She was stunning. Wearing a black, strappy dress that showed ample cleavage, cinched her tiny waist, and clung to her ass lovingly she glided down the steps and across the room. The dress stopped well above her knees, and her legs seemed to go on forever. She wore spike-heeled sandals

that buckled with several straps halfway up her calves. The toned, sexy turn to her legs was almost more than Dalion could bear. She smiled as she greeted people she knew, her silky hair floating around her like a curtain.

It all had him standing there with his mouth open in shock. When she walked up to a lean, handsome pilot and kissed him full on the mouth, Dalion decided two things. One, it was time to gather his Yule Time present, and two, he was definitely firing that damned pilot.

With a growl that got him several startled looks, Dalion made his way to Ilyia and grabbed her arm. Tugging her away from her would-be suitor, he pulled her against him and kissed her. It wasn't the experimental, coaxing kiss he'd given her in the pool, but a kiss meant to show ownership. She was his and no one had better dispute it.

"What the blue hell do you think you're doing?" she hissed at him.

"You're mine for the entire Yule celebration. Remember?" He didn't look at her, but began to drag her in the direction of his private residence. "Starting right now."

"But I haven't spoken to everyone yet!" she protested and tried to wrench her arm out of his grasp. "Dalion, let me go!"

He gave an exasperated sigh and simply scooped her up into his arms, making the task of getting her to his bed much more swift. Ilyia continued to struggle, but once he had gotten her to his bedroom, he dumped her into the middle of his bed and quickly began shedding his clothes.

"Strip," he commanded harshly. He really didn't mean to come on so strong, but if he didn't get inside her soon, he was afraid he might go out of his mind. He'd thought he was so calm and in control in the pool. He hadn't pushed her when she'd left him, and he had left everything completely up to her. Apparently, that was the limit of his control.

What caught him so off guard -- what he refused to deal with at the moment -- was the possessiveness that now gripped him. There was absolutely no way he would

even consider her being with anyone other than himself. She was his. The sooner she realized that, the better off he'd be.

Surprisingly, she complied with his barked order. She watched him carefully, as if afraid he'd pounce on her. Which was exactly what he intended to do.

When she had removed the last of her clothing, except her shoes, he lunged at her, covering her body with his and pinning her to his bed. He sought out her mouth, needing the contact, needing her.

She cried out and dug her fingers into his hair, and he almost lost himself. Then he remembered. He gently pulled her hands from his head and pinned them above her head with one big hand. His body was pressed intimately against hers. Reluctantly, he broke their kiss and fumbled with the ties he'd prepared at the head of the bed.

"Oh, no, my beauty. You're not controlling this -- I am."

She blinked at him. "What?"

"It's for your own good." He grinned.

"Dalion, I don't know..."

"I promised you you'd like everything I did, Ilyia. I always keep my promises. Do you trust me?"

She looked nervous, but she didn't struggle. Ilyia allowed him to tie her wrists with the soft rope. She was tied, but not helpless. Dalion left her legs free. It was more to give her a taste of what he could do if she wanted him to.

"Look, Ilyia --" he licked the shell of her ear and blazed a trail down her throat to her collarbone, "-- if you want me to let you loose, all you have to do is say so. No questions asked, no code words, just say you want free and I'll do it."

Her eyes were big, her pupils slightly dilated with the adrenaline pumping through her. She was excited; he'd bet his life on it. Without taking his eyes from her, he slowly slid a hand down her body to stroke her cunt.

Wet.

Very wet.

He grinned.

"Told you you'd like it."

Dalion continued to stroke her gently until she relaxed and sighed. Once he was sure she was comfortable, he explored her body again. She tensed and whimpered slightly when he dipped his tongue into her navel, and he chuckled.

"Told you you'd like it," he whispered again before dipping his mouth to her cunt and drinking deeply of her essence. Her cries were lost in the sudden ringing in his ears. She was as intoxicating as any drug to him. There was no way he'd ever get enough of her. He'd known it would be that way. There had always been something about Ilyia that had called to him. And it wasn't just her exquisite femininity. She was intelligent, funny, and hardworking. She knew his family's business as well as he did. Dalion's father, Tamron, had treated her like one of the family since he'd hired her. It was as if she'd belonged with him and his family since the day she'd arrived.

He wasn't sure exactly how he was going to do it, but he knew at that moment he had to have Ilyia with him. Forever.

Dalion continued to explore her pussy, licking around the lips and her opening. He plunged two fingers inside her, and she arched against him. Her legs came around his head and held him to her. She screamed when he sucked her clit and continued to push his fingers into her over and over again. He felt her tense and knew she was about to come. He almost held her back -- he wanted her first orgasm to be with his cock deep inside her pussy -- but there was simply no way he could deny her anything. Least of all this.

Adding a third finger, Dalion latched onto her clit and sucked. Ilyia's body stiffened just before she began thrashing and bucking. Her screams echoed throughout the room and blended with the music of the festivities outside in the distance.

When she began to relax, Dalion pulled his fingers from her cunt and crawled up her body to rest on top of her. He braced his weight on his forearms and looked intently at her face, waiting for her orgasm to fade before he entered her.

She opened her eyes and settled her legs around his hips, pulling him inside. Neither said a word when he entered her. She thrust her pelvis to meet him and sighed contentedly.

"See?" Dalion wanted to sound smug, but in truth, he was just as affected as she'd been. "I told you a little bondage could be fun."

"Well, I confess this wasn't exactly what I was expecting. I thought there would be whips and chains. At the very least, a bit of Earthen leather. I know Marie always talks about how much she loves it when Daxon dresses in the stuff. And I've heard more than one of your women comment on how fine your ass looks all hugged up."

Dalion began to move. "In my lifetime, I've experienced almost every sexual fetish and extreme practice there is, Ilyia. But none of them could compare to the pleasure I've experienced with you thus far." When a big smile lit up her face, he was lost. The woman had been worming her way into his heart from the day he'd met her. Now, he knew there was no way he could ever let her go. He just hoped she felt the same way. "As to the chains? Well, if I thought chains would hold your heart to me, I'd have them out in a second. As it is, you're the one who's got me in chains."

She opened her mouth, most likely to respond, but Dalion captured it with his and kissed her hungrily as he began moving inside her. He put everything he felt into his kiss. A year's worth of wanting and needing. He couldn't lose her. Not now. Not ever.

Ilyia urged him to move inside her by pressing her heels into his back and ass in time with his thrusts. Dalion wrapped his arms around her and held her tightly as he fucked her for all he was worth. He grunted with each surge forward, every stroke more intense than the last. He wanted to come. Holding back was next to impossible. Dalion knew he'd only last a few more seconds. He'd waited for a year to be in this position, but now that he was, he wanted her to take the fall with him. He tore his lips from hers.

"That's it, Ilyia. Enjoy this. Take your pleasure in my need of your body. Come for me."

She whimpered and shook her head. "I want you to come with me."

Dalion would have smiled, but he was afraid it would be more of a snarl. It was taking all his strength of body and mind to fight off his orgasm while still trying to give her the pleasure she deserved.

"I don't think you have to worry about that. It's all I can do to hold myself back. Come, and you'll take me with you. It's all up to you, my sweet." He kissed her once again. "My pleasure is in your hands."

Ilyia smiled at him. He wasn't sure, but he could have sworn there were tears in her eyes. His thrusting picked up a new, more intense rhythm, and her smile was replaced by a look of passion so intense, Dalion was able to muster his reserve strength and hold onto his control the last few seconds.

Ilyia's breathing became erratic, and deep. "Now, Dalion! I'm coming now!" Her screams were almost as loud as his shouts and grunts as he exploded deep inside her. Together, they drowned out the sounds of the festivities in the main courtyard. Spasm after spasm gripped him, and his orgasm seemed to go on forever. He wanted it to go on forever. He wanted *hers* to go on forever. Once this was over, he was terribly afraid she'd never let him do it again.

When they both stilled, when it was over, Dalion rolled off her. He fumbled with the ties at her wrist, freeing her but only for a brief moment. He settled into the bed and pulled her against his body. She was breathing just as hard as he was as she rested on his shoulder, a little smile on her face.

"Wow," she breathed.

"Yeah." Dalion kissed her temple and tightened his hold on her. "That it was."

They laughed lightly. Together. The way he knew it should be.

"Ilyia, I --"

Anything else he was going to say was interrupted by a sharp knock at the door.

"Dalion? Are you in there?" Daxion, his friend and business partner, rapped at the door sharply.

Dalion growled. "Yes."

A pause. "Is everything all right in there?"

"Yes! For star's sake, just go away!" He felt the flush creeping up his neck.

"If you don't want people to show up, Dalion, I suggest you don't make so much damned noise." That was his father's voice.

Ilyia looked at him with a mixture of amusement and mortification. "Do you think he knows I'm in here with you?"

Dalion rolled his eyes. "Well, he knows *someone* is in here with me. I rarely make those kinds of sounds alone, and *never* in the pitch you did."

"Come on, Dalion." Tamron again. "Bring your friend and join the party. I won't take no for an answer."

"Shit," Dalion muttered under his breath even as he got up and started to dress. "I should have waited until tonight like I'd planned."

"Are you going?" Ilyia asked, pulling the sheet over her breasts.

"No." He looked at her and grinned. "*We're* going. No way I'm going out there by myself."

She winced. "I really hadn't planned on announcing this to the world. You go on. I'll come late."

He looked at her over his shoulder, unable to help the chuckle. "Damned straight, you'll come later. Several times, if I do it right. But now, we have to get back to the party. The senior staff always hands out presents."

"That's not exactly what I meant." Ilyia rolled her eyes. "If we go back at different times, no one will know I was here with you."

For some reason, her remark cut through him like a laser sword. He wanted everyone to know she was with him. Mainly because he intended to keep her. "Why would it matter if people thought we were doing the horizontal space walk? We're grown adults."

"Because..." She trailed off, looking down at her lap. "Because I don't want to be another trophy for you."

Dalion stopped what he was doing and looked at Ilyia. "Trophy? Is that what you think I want?"

"I used to think so, but I'm no innocent, Dalion. I know you were just as affected as I was. I don't know exactly what you want, but I know you didn't make love with me simply for sex. You can get that anywhere. Unfortunately, others *will* think that's all you wanted. Hell." She threw up her hands in exasperation and got out of the bed. "They'll probably think you were *my* trophy, as well."

Dalion couldn't help himself. "Me? A trophy fuck?" He couldn't stop the belly laugh. "Oh, I like the sound of that."

"Fine. We go together." Ilyia rolled her eyes as she finished dressing and grinned. She took his arm and pulled him toward the door. "But if anyone asks, *I* tied *you* up."

Marteeka Karland

Marteeka is an ordinary woman with an overactive imagination. Thank God for a computer, or tape recorder, or pen and paper... whatever she can create a story with! Her husband sometimes thinks she's nuts and asks her every time she gets frustrated with her latest deadline, "Is it really worth all this?" And every time, she answers, "*Hell Yes!*"

Apart from writing, Marteeka's alter ego has worked in the Emergency Room for more years than she'll admit. She has a loving husband, who still chuckles when he tells a buddy exactly what that Goddess of Water T-shirt is all about, and a son who is blissfully ignorant to anything other than he's not allowed to "push buttons" on Mommy's computer.

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