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# WICKED

Gail Roarke



Bound by  
Convention

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*By*

*Gail Roarke*

## **Bound by Convention by Gail Roarke**

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### **Bound by Convention**

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## **Dedication**

To my lovely and talented partner, my first reader and cheerleader, whose love and support have given me the opportunity to pursue my dreams.

"I don't have time for this crap!" Leah said. "I have a date!" She drove her fingers into the metallic forehead of another of Doctor Otaku's robot minions and wrenched the robot's head from its neck.

"I have you now, Iron Maiden!"

Leah Wright—known to the world as the superheroine Iron Maiden—paused in mid-scuffle to gape. "What?" Doctor Otaku's robots continued to try to overwhelm her with numbers. Doctor Otaku himself thrust a glowing green crystal toward Leah with a triumphant grin. A hand grabbed at Leah; she casually knocked it away. "What are you talking about?"

"The...the crystal," Doctor Otaku said, his triumphant smile slowly dimming. He shook it at her as if that would make it work, make it do—whatever it was he thought it would accomplish.

Leah thrust her hand into the torso of another robotic minion and tore out the robot's power core in a shower of sparks. Glancing at Doctor Otaku, Leah sighed. "What about the rock?" she asked.

"It's deadly to you," Doctor Otaku insisted. "It saps your powers?"

Leah laughed despite her annoyance. "Are you kidding?"

She destroyed another robot, and then another. Doctor Otaku surveyed the destruction. Leah could see him doing the math before he turned and fled. He slammed through a fire door, and she could hear his footsteps as he descended the metal staircase outside before the door closed.

Leah attempted to follow, and the remaining robots swarmed her. She took out her frustrations on them. The last five robots held her up for

no more than thirty seconds.

Leah flew through the doorway—through the fire door—and up, scanning the area for Doctor Otaku. This had gone on long enough. He'd been annoying her for days with his obsessive sexual interest, but now he'd escalated to threatening innocent people to draw her into one lame trap after another. She'd wondered why. Now she suspected he'd been trying to discover a weakness he could exploit.

Why he thought some green crystal would have any effect was beyond her, unless he'd seriously jumped the tracks and thought it was kryptonite—and she was Kryptonian. It was flattering in a way; she was strong, invulnerable, and she could fly. Powerful, yes, but nowhere near as insanely powerful as Superman was portrayed to be in the comics.

Leah caught a glimpse of Otaku slipping through a fire door into a nearby warehouse. A quick circuit of the building showed only two other doors, both fire doors, and a loading dock. No windows. Was this another silly trap?

She landed outside the door Doctor Otaku had used. Locked, of course, and booby-trapped. A killing jolt of electricity arced to her hand as she grabbed the doorknob. It didn't hurt her, though it tickled slightly. Leah wrenched the door open. The interior of the building was dark.

Leah walked into the warehouse. "Come out, come out, wherever you are!" she called, peering around and trying to make out the various shapes that filled the floor space. One in particular...it couldn't be what it looked like—could it? Leah lifted off the floor to drift toward it. It was—it looked like something out of an industrial bondage catalog. It was an X-shaped restraint...table, Leah supposed was the best word for it. It appeared to be constructed out of I-beams with massive shackles welded onto all four ends of the beams.

Leah approached it curiously. It wasn't level, one end was raised so the whole thing stood canted about thirty degrees from horizontal. It rested on four heavy metal legs. Heavy hydraulic legs. Leah crouched to look underneath. Yes, the whole assembly looked capable of being raised or lowered hydraulically, and the surface could be tilted more than ninety degrees from its current position, until the frame was completely vertical.

"I don't like the look of this," Leah muttered. The thing was just the right size to hold her if she were lying spread-eagled on top of it. She was beginning to get an idea of what Doctor Otaku hoped to achieve with his repeated attempts to defeat her. He didn't want to kill her, or not immediately. "He was hoping to capture me! Jesus Christ!"

"Indeed," Doctor Otaku said behind Leah. She spun in place. He was standing there with some kind of remote control in his hand. A shadow stirred behind him, and a figure moved closer, close enough for Leah to make it out.

"Oh my god!" Leah said.

It was another of Doctor Otaku's goddamn robots. Not the mechanical men she'd just been fighting but one of the rarer android forms. It was designed to look like her. Well, not exactly. Leah struggled to keep from laughing, but only managed to produce a very unladylike snorting noise.

"Let me introduce you to Iron Maiden, version 2.0," Doctor Otaku announced proudly. "When you've fallen to my machinations, the world will never notice because she will take your place!"

Leah couldn't help it. She burst out laughing. The robot was...a parody of her, a parody that could only have come from the mind of a man with no experience of real women. Leah laughed harder, her eyes tearing up. Doctor Otaku looked surprised, then annoyed. That just made it funnier, and Leah laughed all the harder. She shook with laughter, often silently as she struggled to catch her breath. She wiped her eyes repeatedly. It went on for a good five minutes before she finally calmed down.

She thought later that Doctor Otaku might have sicced the robot on her while she was laughing at him, but he didn't. "Oh...thank you," Leah said sincerely. "I haven't laughed that hard in—years, I guess. You, uh—you were kidding, right? About that thing replacing me?"

"No." Doctor Otaku's answer was clipped, his tone icy.

"But it—I mean...look at it!" Leah said. She would never claim she wasn't stacked, or that she didn't have a great figure. But Jesus Christ—that thing made her look anorexic! The exaggerated hourglass

figure had a wasp waist that couldn't be as big around as her neck. And the boobs! Ordinarily Leah hated that word, but in this case it fit perfectly! They were the size of basketballs at least. Maybe if someone drew a pornographic caricature of her it might look like that....

"Look," Leah said, "your crush on me was amusing at first. And it's even flattering in a sick, sad kind of way—that you'd put this much effort into all this—" She gestured at the warehouse and its contents. "But you just had to go too far, didn't you? Threatening innocent people just to get my attention?"

"And it worked!" Doctor Otaku crowed. The Iron Maiden android strutted forward, planting itself between Leah and Doctor Otaku.

"Yeah," Leah said flatly. "It worked. You've got my attention. Congratulations. Now I have to send you to jail."

"No, you will become my prisoner," Otaku announced, drawing himself up to his full five feet of height. "My...willing prisoner soon enough," he added with a leer. "And my android substitute will take your place."

"Do you ever watch American animation?" Leah asked, advancing on the android. It took up a fighting posture.

"No," Otaku said with a sneer.

"I thought not," Leah said. She drove her fist through the android's head. Milky white hydraulic fluid and pale bits of android gore splattered the floor behind it. The android convulsed for a long moment, then went limp. "It's a pity. You should have."

Doctor Otaku looked stricken. "W-why?" he asked. Leah walked over and plucked the remote control from his hand and tossed it aside.

"There's a conversation about *monologuing* you really ought to have seen," Leah told him. She grabbed him by the wrist and began moving toward the door. "C'mon, you've got a date with the police."

\* \* \* \* \*

Leah stood balanced on the balls of her feet, fingers spread and hands resting lightly on the round table that dominated the "living room"

area of the hotel suite. Victor Kruger—Denver's newest superhero, the Black Knight—maintained a similar posture on the other side of the table. They were both naked and wet.

Damp footprints were visible on the carpeted floor. In the bathroom, the shower was still running. Leah was breathing heavily, from excitement rather than exertion.

Victor feinted to his left. Leah ducked to her left with a squeak, then back to the right when Victor switched directions. She noticed his gaze drop to her breasts for a moment, drawn by their movement as she maneuvered to keep the table between them.

Victor looked up to meet her eyes. "You're just making this harder on yourself," he told her. He did a very good stern face.

Leah didn't try to hide her own smile. "I think you mean I'm making it harder on you," she said.

"Don't say I didn't warn you," Victor said. He grabbed the edge of the table and flipped it aside. It flew through the air to smash against the wall, leaving an ugly gouge there. The ruined table dropped to the floor and fell over close enough to the wall now that Leah couldn't edge around it.

Victor advanced a step. Leah shrieked and fled. She ran toward the bed with Victor in hot pursuit. She leaped up and took two bouncing steps across the mattress, arms flailing for balance—she was deliberately not using her flight—to land more heavily than intended on the floor for a dash to the bathroom.

Leah ran into the bathroom and whirled to slam the door shut. Victor was there and grabbed the door, wedging himself in the doorway. The wood splintered as they struggled to control it. Victor grabbed for Leah's wrist. Leah backpedaled, laughing and yelling for help—but not so loudly that anyone in the hallway would actually hear her.

Victor pushed the door open and now he was in the bathroom with her. Leah retreated to the shower, drawing the curtain between them—as if that would save her. Victor flung it aside. Leah backed through the spray of the shower, turning aside and covering her breasts with her arms, continuing her cries for help.

Victor pounced, seizing Leah and pulling her arms down by her sides before pushing her up against the cold, damp tiles. His body was warm against her buttocks and back when he pushed himself up against her. His breath tickled her ear. "I've got you now," he crowed.

Leah laughed delightedly at Victor's unknowing echo of Doctor Otaku's words from earlier that day. Coming from Victor, they produced an entirely different and welcome reaction. She had a sudden vivid memory of the heavy-duty bondage frame in Otaku's warehouse. The thought of lying bound and helpless under *Victor's* gaze was surprisingly exciting.

Victor's hands slid between Leah's body and the wall of the shower. He pulled her closer. One hand slid down to finger her. The other hand moved upward to fondle her breasts roughly and pluck at her nipples. Leah gasped and struggled a little, but not so much that Victor couldn't continue teasing her.

Leah muttered a protest when the hand between her legs retreated. A moment later the spray from the shower shut off. The other hand pulled away. Leah began fondling herself. If Victor wasn't going to—

Victor grabbed her arms and pulled them down to her sides again. "We'll have none of that, young lady!" he said.

Once more Leah found herself spun in place and pushed against the wall with Victor pressing against her body. The tiles were cold against her back and ass. Victor was very hard. Leah looked up at him, towering more than a foot over her height. His eyes were stern, but there was a twinkle deep inside them. His smile promised pleasures that made her catch her breath.

Victor never took his eyes off of hers as he grabbed a wrist in each hand and drew Leah's arms up until they were extended over her head. He lifted her effortlessly until they were eye to eye. He crossed her wrists and held them with one hand. Leah's breath was coming fast and shallow, the excitement building again.

Victor nudged at her legs with a knee. Leah obediently spread them. She felt his free hand touch her thigh, then slide up to caress her clit for a moment. She was wet and slippery, and she shivered as Victor slid

one and then two fingers into her.

He thrust his fingers into her repeatedly, brushing his thumb across her clit as he did. The sensations were rapidly building toward a climax when he stopped. Leah made a noise of protest.

"Hush," Victor said. He crouched slightly, shifted his hips a little—and then pushed into her. Leah groaned. Victor drew back slowly, nearly pulling his cock out completely before just as slowly pushing back in. Then again, a little faster, and then faster still until he was hammering Leah against the wall of the shower.

Her toes curled, and she was on the verge of coming when Victor leaned in to nip her earlobe and tell her, "I bought some rope...." That was all it took. The excitement of the chase, of being taken up against the wall, the sensations of Victor fucking her so expertly, the thought that he was prepared to tie her up...

Leah came, crying out loudly. Victor released her wrists and dropped his arms to grab Leah's ass. Leah clutched at Victor's shoulders, wrapping her legs around him. Victor kept right on fucking her through a second orgasm before withdrawing. He was hard and throbbing and nowhere near finished.

Victor lowered Leah to the floor. She forced her weary legs to hold her, straightening up and taking a step away from the wall. Victor gave Leah a slap on the rump as she moved past him. "Get to bed," he told her. "I want to watch those lovely breasts bounce while you do all the work for a while...."

Leah hurried out of the bathroom and back to the bedroom, eager for more. When Victor joined her, she grabbed him with both hands and tossed him onto the bed. Victor bounced, laughed, and stretched out in the center of the mattress. Leah launched herself after him.

Leah pounced on Victor, straddling his hips. She raised her arms overhead and began moving against him, rocking and rolling her hips or shimmying the way she'd learned in belly dancing class. She watched him watching her breasts as she moved. Leah teased him, sliding over, along, across, and around Victor's hard cock, never quite in position for him to penetrate her.

It was at least as tortuous for her as it was for Victor. She wanted very badly to impale herself on him, wanted to fuck him hard and fast. She didn't. Not yet. That wasn't how this game was played.

Victor reached for her hips, eyes wild. Leah slapped his hands aside. "Hands off!" She shook a finger at him. "This was what you wanted, wasn't it?" she asked sweetly.

"You're killing me here, woman," Victor growled.

Leah grinned, feeling victorious. She leaned forward, lifting her hips and putting her weight on her hands. She shifted position just a little, just enough to feel the head of Victor's cock part the swollen lips of her pussy. Victor wasn't the only one who groaned in pleasure as she settled down again, taking the length of him by slow degrees until she'd completely engulfed him.

Leah remained motionless for a moment, eyes closed as she enjoyed the sensation of fullness. She pulled away, shivering at the slippery friction of withdrawal before reversing to take him into her again. Leah opened her eyes. She found Victor watching her intently, gaining pleasure from the sight of her.

She began to ride Victor, fucking him with gradually increasing speed and force. Leah's orgasm was approaching, the pleasurable tension building. She felt Victor's hands briefly caress her breasts before sliding around to the small of her back and the back of her head. He pulled Leah down into a passionate kiss. She returned the kiss with equal fervor, rocking her hips faster and harder all the while.

Victor began to buck beneath her, thrusting his hips to match Leah's rhythm. Leah clung to him, arms and legs trembling with tension. They broke the kiss now, each gulping for air. Victor's hands clutched at Leah. He threw his head back and roared, arching his back as he came.

Leah felt it happen. The feel of Victor's cock throbbing and spurting inside her, the thrill of knowing she'd given him such pleasure, combined with her own ecstatic sensations pushed her over the edge and into her own orgasm. Leah shuddered, limbs thrashing as she lost control of her body for a few moments.

When it was over, Leah sprawled bonelessly on top of Victor as she

recovered her breath. She could feel her heartbeat racing. With one ear pressed to Victor's chest, she could hear his too. His hands roamed her body idly, caressing her fondly. They didn't speak. Leah was content to enjoy the moment in silence and so was Victor.

"Hey," Leah said, poking Victor gently in the side when his breathing at last began to sound a bit too regular. "Don't go to sleep. You still owe me dinner."

"I'm not," Victor said. Leah could hear his grin. "And you're the one who flew in through the window and stripped off all your clothes. I was planning to meet you downstairs in the restaurant like a civilized person."

Leah rolled off of Victor and propped herself up on one elbow. "I needed a shower," she said. "I was covered in robot oil and android goo. Is it my fault that you can't control yourself when you see a gorgeous naked woman?"

Victor raked her with his eyes. "With a body like that? Yes—yes, it is."

Leah smiled, pleased by the compliment. "Thank you. You're still gonna have to buy me dessert, though."

\* \* \* \* \*

"So Otaku really thought he could tie you up and work his wicked will upon your body?" Victor asked. Despite looking like a kid barely out of his teens, Victor was ninety years old. He'd lived a full life and grown old before Leah was born. It showed in his occasionally old-fashioned manners and speech, and his poise. He wore his suit with an aplomb no real twenty-year-old could match. The accidental exposure to an otherworldly energy source which had given him his renewed youth and durability hadn't changed that.

"Apparently," Leah said. She ate a bite of cheesecake. The rich texture of the cheesecake, the crumbly graham cracker crust and the tang of the raspberry sauce were delicious. She closed her eyes for a moment and made a yummy sound, well aware that Victor was watching avidly. If

she played up her enjoyment a tiny bit, it was only because they both got such pleasure out of it.

Victor wasn't eating dessert. He was a big man, and a man of healthy appetites, as Leah was pleased to know from personal experience, but he didn't care much for desserts. He really enjoyed watching Leah enjoying hers though. And the anticipation before they returned to the room didn't hurt either.

"I've heard of worse ideas," Victor said with a wicked grin.

Leah looked up, surprised—and a little aroused. "You're into that sort of thing?"

Victor's grin broadened. "I'll try anything once. More importantly, though, I think *you'd* like it. You certainly enjoyed it when I restrained your wrists, and just the mention of having rope handy...well!"

Leah felt her face warm in a blush. She ate another bite of cheesecake, buying time while she struggled with her reaction. She couldn't deny that it had turned her on incredibly when Victor had immobilized her wrists while he played with her body. She could have broken away any time she liked, but just the idea had been exciting beyond belief.

"I did," Leah admitted. She met Victor's gaze briefly, then looked away. "But it's not like you could really bind me. I'm stronger than you are—and even if I weren't, I'm strong enough to break anything you'd use to tie me down."

When Leah finally looked up, Victor met her gaze and shook his head sadly. "Oh ye of little faith," he said. "You underestimate me. It's just a small matter of leverage."

Leah put down her fork and focused her attention on Victor. "Leverage?" she asked.

Victor nodded. He smirked. "Are you game?" His eyes were dancing, daring her to take up the gauntlet.

Leah was getting excited just thinking about it. Her nipples stiffened, and she felt herself growing wet. She had no idea what Victor meant by leverage, but she knew from experience that he was a clever and inventive lover. Whatever he had in mind, Leah had no doubt that she'd

enjoy it.

Besides, she couldn't resist a challenge from Victor.

"Absolutely," Leah said. "Bring it."

Victor's slow smile was full of promise. "Excellent." He looked around and signaled for the maitre d'.

When the man arrived, Victor had him bend close and then whispered instructions to him. Involved instructions, Leah judged, by how long it took. She felt her face warm again, wondering what Victor was telling him. When the maitre d' straightened at last, he never glanced at Leah. He just nodded and said, "Right away, Mr. Kruger," before walking away.

Victor turned his attention to Leah again. "The wheels are in motion. It may take a little while to arrange everything, so please—take your time with dessert." Victor summoned their waitress and asked for coffee, then settled back to watch Leah finish her cheesecake.

Leah ate slowly, savoring the sweetness and the textures of the cheesecake, drawing out the pleasure it gave both of them. Neither Leah nor Victor spoke of what was to come. Leah confessed to writing for a living and told Victor about her latest novel. He shared some of his experiences as a truly young man in Italy during World War II.

Victor paid the bill. The waitress who brought his change caught Victor's eye and glanced toward the maitre d'. Leah saw the maitre d' nod slightly to Victor. Leah's pulse picked up as she wondered what Victor had in mind.

"Shall we?" Victor asked Leah, standing and offering his arm.

"Yes, let's," Leah replied.

As they exited the restaurant arm in arm, the maitre d' handed Victor a small black plastic bag. Victor took it. "And the other item?" Victor asked.

*Other item?* Leah wondered.

"Will be sent to your room presently," the maitre d' said.

"Thank you," Victor said. He shook the man's hand. Leah caught a glimpse of money changing hands.

\* \* \* \* \*

The walk through the lobby to the elevators felt like walking across a stage. Every glance seemed freighted with knowledge, as if everyone in the room knew what Leah was going to be doing. Excitement and embarrassment in equal measure left her feeling giddy. She hadn't felt like this since she was a blushing virgin. It was a relief when she and Victor were alone in the elevator.

Victor glanced at her as the elevator rose. He said nothing. Leah followed his example. If Victor wasn't going to explain, she wouldn't ask questions.

She followed Victor down the corridor. Victor unlocked the door and ushered her inside. Victor let the door swing closed. The moment it latched shut Victor turned, tossed the plastic bag onto the bed, and snatched Leah off her feet. He pulled her tight against his body and kissed her hard.

Leah could feel him getting hard. She smiled against his mouth, pleased to know that he was as excited as she was. She returned the kiss, exploring his mouth with her tongue and his ass with her hands.

Victor lowered Leah slowly until her feet touched the floor again. He edged forward, backing her up against the wall as he continued to kiss her. His hands came to rest on Leah's shoulders, then slid down her arms to capture her wrists. Leah trembled at the realization that fantasy was about to become reality.

Victor slowly raised Leah's arms until they were outstretched to her sides. He broke the kiss now, moving his head to press his lips against Leah's neck. His tongue flicked out. Leah shivered at its touch. "Know what's in the bag?" Victor asked softly.

"N-no," Leah said.

Victor nuzzled Leah's ear, then pressed his lips to it. "Rope," he breathed. Leah shivered again, uncertain whether it was because his breath tickled or at the thought of being tied up. Maybe both.

Victor drew Leah's arms slowly up overhead, then took both wrists in his left hand. His right hand came to rest on her outer thigh. Victor's

fingertips caressed the skin there, gliding around to her inner thigh and then up beneath the hem of her black cocktail dress to tease her through the sheer fabric of her panties.

Leah shivered, excited both by Victor's touch and by his words. It was slightly embarrassing and intensely arousing to know that he could feel how thoroughly she'd soaked her panties. She wriggled a little, excited by the feel of his hand restraining her wrists.

"You've told me something like that before," she said softly. "Why should I believe you now?"

Victor's reply was to remove his hand from between her legs. "I guess I'll just have to show you." He stepped back, pulling Leah away from the wall. With a touch to one shoulder, he had her turn around, though he maintained his hold on her wrists.

A moment later Leah felt a tug on the neck of her dress and then the zipper slid down. Her dress sagged open. Victor released her wrists. "Lower your arms," he ordered. Leah did as she was told. Victor brushed the straps of her dress off her shoulders, then peeled it off of her.

The dress fell around her feet. Victor briskly unclasped her bra and removed that, taking a moment to reach around and cup both breasts in his hands. He fondled them for a moment, roughly, frankly for his own pleasure rather than hers—and Leah loved it.

Crouching suddenly and releasing her breasts, Victor stripped off her panties. Dropping them on top of her dress, Victor stood again and turned Leah again to face him with a touch on her shoulders. His eyes raked her again, and Leah grinned, more turned on than ever.

"Get on the bed," Victor told her. Leah licked her lips and strutted toward the bed, intensely aware of Victor's eyes following her. She reached the bed and leaned on it, lifting one foot to remove her shoe.

"I didn't tell you to take those off," Victor growled.

Leah obediently lowered her foot and climbed onto the bed. She stretched out on her back in the middle of it. She watched Victor walk over to pick up the plastic bag and produce a long coil of nylon rope. The sight of it—and the knowledge of its intended purpose—brought her nipples to diamond-hard points, and she feared she would soak the

bedspread beneath her before Victor ever touched her.

Victor walked over to look down at her from the side of the bed. He waved one end of the rope at her. "Now do you believe me?"

Leah could hardly talk. She swallowed hard. "Yes," she said.

Victor smiled and produced a pocket knife. He began measuring out lengths of the rope and cutting them. They fell onto the bed by Leah. When he had cut the entire rope into sections, Victor put the knife away and leaned over to kiss Leah softly once. Then he straightened up again.

"Give me your arm," Victor said. Leah extended her left arm. Victor took it in one hand and looked at her intently. "Your safe word is *uncle*. Got it?"

Leah shivered. She'd lost her voice entirely for the moment so she just nodded. Victor smiled approvingly and then wrapped the first rope around her wrist. He worked quickly—and silently. He added a second and a third rope as well. When her left wrist was firmly bound to the headboard, Victor walked around the bed and bound her right wrist in similar fashion.

Leah tested her bonds. Even three lengths of rope weren't enough to hold her if she exerted even a fraction of her strength. There had to be more to Victor's scheme than this. Victor smiled an evil smile, as if reading her thoughts. Then he looked over to his left, at the door. He looked at Leah again, and she realized he hadn't made a move to undress himself.

"We need one thing more," Victor said.

"What?"

"I'll be back," Victor said. And then the bastard walked into the bathroom and emerged again, holding the ice bucket.

"Victor?" Leah said. He didn't even look at her. "Victor!"

Victor glanced at Leah. "Back in a minute," he said as he opened the door and left the room. The door swung slowly closed, and Leah heard it latch.

"Oh. You. Bastard," Leah breathed. She could snap the ropes effortlessly. Even if Victor had used steel manacles, it wouldn't present a problem. Victor knew that—so there had to be more to this game. But what? If she freed herself, she'd lose their unspoken game. Was that it?

Leah didn't think so.

Leah forced herself to remain still. Whatever Victor was up to, she would wait and see. She could be patient. Besides, she'd never been so simultaneously angry, frustrated and turned on in her life.

After some endless interval that really couldn't have been more than five minutes, Leah heard the lock thunk. She felt a frisson of fear. Anybody could walk through that door! She throttled the urge to tug at her wrists. Victor had tied her down very thoroughly, but it wouldn't take much to part the rope bindings.

Victor stepped into the room empty-handed. He glanced at Leah, smiled, and moved aside as a stranger entered, holding the ice bucket carefully in both hands. "Just put it over there," Victor said to the man, indicating the bedside table.

The stranger looked up—and stared at Leah, lying naked and bound in front of him. Leah stared back, shocked and unable to think for a moment. What did Victor think he was doing bringing a stranger into the room this way? The stranger hesitated for only an instant before doing as he was told.

He was young, blond and tanned. A polo shirt and pressed jeans displayed a well-developed physique. He glanced sidelong at Leah as he put the overfull ice bucket down. Several cubes slipped off the pile and bounced onto the table and floor.

"Miss me?" Victor asked. Leah gaped, her gaze shifting between Victor and the stranger. She'd regained her mental balance now, and her initial shock transmuted into determination to best Victor at his own game—whatever it was. Victor saw it in her face and grinned. He turned to the stranger. "Barry, this is Leah. Leah, Barry.

"He's here to watch," Victor said to Leah. "If you like, you can think of him as a...referee."

Leah felt her eyes widen as she stared at Victor. Victor's purpose was suddenly clear to her. Barry didn't know who she was—but if she tore herself free, he'd know she was more than human. She was simultaneously angry at Victor and impressed with his cunning. Where physical force couldn't restrain her, he'd found another way to check her

strength.

"You bastard!" Leah said.

Victor just grinned more widely. He walked over the desk and picked up the chair. He placed it close to and facing the bed. "Barry, why don't you sit right here? Best seat in the house, guaranteed!"

Leah saw Barry glance at her again, then look at Victor uncertainly. "I don't know..." he said. He looked at Leah again, eyes roaming hungrily. Leah could see color in his cheeks and a bulge in his jeans. She saw that he'd like to watch, but didn't want to get involved in a real disagreement. She couldn't blame him—but she wanted him to stay.

Now that she understood Barry's presence, Leah was even more turned on. Her one previous experience of public sex had been fantastically exciting—before it had been interrupted. Sharing a bed with her partner and another couple had been the most exciting thing she'd ever done. She'd never known before that night that she had an exhibitionist kink. She'd told Victor about it, and obviously, he'd remembered.

Leah tried to speak, cleared her throat and tried again. "Go ahead, Barry," she said.

Barry's eyes locked with hers, full of surprise and desire. "Sit," Leah repeated. "You might as well. I've got no secrets from you now." Leah shifted her gaze to Victor. That was a lie, as they both knew, but she'd given Barry leave to stay.

Leah sensed Barry sit down, though her attention was focused on Victor. "Not that you're going to see much. Not after what you've done," she told Victor with a scowl. She was immensely turned on but still determined to contest Victor all the way—especially after the way he'd walked out after tying her up.

Victor smiled and responded by removing his suit jacket. He laid it over the back of an overstuffed chair.

"Forget it," Leah snapped, giving Victor her best glare. "I can't believe you did this!"

Victor moved to the foot of the bed and then stood there, looking at her. His eyes roamed all over Leah's body. She could almost feel the tracks

they left on her skin. She desperately wanted to finger herself—and couldn't. She began rubbing her thighs together instead. It was a poor substitute, but the moment Victor touched her, she was gonna come.

Victor removed his tie, then unbuttoned and removed his shirt. He slipped out of his shoes and leaned over to pull off his socks. He didn't say a word. His gaze shifted to Leah's crotch, and she knew he could see how ready she was despite her words.

"I said forget it!" Leah repeated. "I don't want to fuck you now." Her pulse was thudding in her ears, and she felt like she'd explode if he so much as touched her.

Victor remained silent. He unbuckled and unzipped his pants, pulled them off and then carefully hung his suit in the closet without acknowledging Leah's complaints. He turned to look at Leah again, then stripped off his briefs in a single move and kicked them aside. He was hard and throbbing and more than ready himself, she noticed.

Leah glared at him. "Get the hell away from me!" Leah said heatedly. Victor continued his silent treatment, moving around to the foot of the bed, where he knelt between Leah's knees.

Victor reached out to brush two fingers along the lips of her pussy from back to front. He brought his fingers to his mouth, slowly, staring into her eyes the whole time. He put them into his mouth and licked them clean. Leah shuddered with excitement, watching him.

"I told you I don't want to fuck you now!" Leah said again. Victor's superior smile told her he was fully aware that she had let Barry stay, that she hadn't used her safe word, that he was kneeling well within reach of her feet and the sharp edged heels she wore, but she wasn't using them. Victor's gaze dropped for a moment before he met Leah's eyes again. He knew that she had in fact spread her legs and raised her knees, opening herself up for him.

Victor leaned over Leah. She could feel the heat and weight of his penis pressing against her lower lips. The slightest movement on Victor's part would have him inside her. "I know what you said," Victor told her. "But what you want doesn't matter. You're all tied up."

And he thrust himself into her, driving himself as deep as he

possibly could in a single sudden movement. No foreplay, no finesse. None was needed. Leah shrieked and thrashed in unexpected bliss, the thrill of surrendering control for once mingling with the pure physical pleasure of it all.

"Oh yeah," Victor moaned, his mouth close to her ear. Leah cried out and thrashed. She kicked her legs frantically, then wrapped them around Victor's hips, the heels of her pumps digging into his flesh. She thrust herself at him repeatedly, clenching her inner muscles, clasping him, drawing out her pleasure.

Leah's orgasm passed, and she went limp, gasping for air. Victor remained still for a minute, then pushed himself up to his knees. Remaining engaged, he straddled one of Leah's legs and lifted the other to rest her ankle on his shoulder. The position spread her wide, and a single smoking glance told Leah that he knew exactly what effect he expected it to have on her.

Victor plunged into her, deep hard thrusts followed by short, shallow ones, varying his pace as he worked Leah into a frenzy. He clutched Leah's leg to his chest with one hand and caressed her clit with the other. The pleasure and the tension rose until Leah shuddered through another orgasm, calling Victor's name. Victor stopped moving abruptly.

Leah opened her eyes to see him remaining utterly still, a look of rapture on his face. Leah smiled slowly, recognizing just how close Victor was to coming. She clamped down with her vaginal muscles, clasping his cock once, twice—and Victor pushed himself back, pulling away. He pulled out abruptly with a strangled sound.

Victor knelt between Leah's legs for a moment, head thrown back, teeth gritted. One hand clasped the base of his throbbing cock. He visibly teetered on the brink of orgasm for several seconds before slowly relaxing.

Leah laughed happily, delighted to have scored a point in their ongoing game. Victor opened his eyes and speared Leah with his gaze. "I think you need to cool off," he said.

"Me!" Leah cried. "I think you're confused."

Victor ignored her objections. He leaned across Leah to reach for the ice bucket. Leah turned her head to see Barry watching with wide

eyes. He'd been caressing himself through his jeans; now he stopped, looking away, embarrassed to be caught at it.

Leah smiled. "It's okay," she said. Her gaze dropped to his crotch for a moment. "You can let it out if you want."

Victor shocked Leah with an icy touch, drawing her attention away from Barry. Victor drew an ice cube between her breasts and then along the slope of each to circle her nipples. Leah writhed, trying and failing to escape the touch of the ice. She had to take care not to snap the ropes, pinned as she was by Barry's gaze.

Victor leaned against her, using his weight to hold her down while he tormented her with the ice cube. A drop of icy water ran down her breast and along her side, and Leah yelped and wriggled away from the ticklish sensation. Victor's lips and tongue felt fiery by contrast when he leaned in to suck on a frigid nipple.

Leah moaned and arched her back, feeling pleasure arc between the nipple and her clit like an electric shock. "Oh god, Victor—fuck me," she pleaded. "Please...."

His reply was to start working the ice down along her belly, pausing to toy with her navel. Leah shrieked and bucked against Victor, meeting his gaze and seeing there the smug awareness that only Barry's presence restrained her. Victor used his weight again to hold her still and tormented her with the ice, letting the melted ice water collect in her navel.

When Victor sat up, Leah thought he was done—until he plucked another cube from the bucket and grinned at her. "No!" Leah gasped. "Enough!"

"I'll tell you when it's enough," Victor said.

Victor resumed tracing a path down toward her pussy with the ice cube before concentrating his attentions there. He alternately teased her clit with the ice and used his mouth to warm it again, reducing Leah to incoherent pleas for mercy even as he pushed her toward another orgasm. It was all Leah could do to hold still and not snap her bonds or break the bed frame as Victor teased and tormented her.

When he ran the ice along the lips of her pussy and then slid it

inside for a moment while using his tongue on her clit, Leah came again. She thrashed and pulled at her bound wrists for an instant, unable to resist, gasping with the intensity of the sensations Victor provoked in her. Leah felt the nylon stretch slightly and heard the ropes creak as the material began to tear. She forced herself to stop pulling.

Leah was still reeling from her orgasm when Victor tossed the ice cube away with a flick of the wrist. "That ice is cold," he said conversationally. Leah twitched when she felt his fingers slip inside her. "Ahh, that's better," Victor said, a laugh in his voice. As he began gently moving his fingers, Victor shifted position to straddle Leah so his hard cock dangled above her mouth.

By craning her neck, Leah could just wrap her lips around the head. She did, trying her best to take more of him into her mouth as Victor used his fingers and mouth on her. Leah wanted to grab him by the ass and pull him down so she could deep throat him; she wanted to make him come the way he'd made her come.

She couldn't. Victor was in control—and he made sure she knew it. He fingered and ate her to one painfully delayed orgasm after another, never letting her suck him for more than a few moments at a time. The harder she tried, the more he teased her by changing position to keep that beautiful hard penis just out of reach. He tormented her for what seemed hours.

The most recent in a seemingly endless series of orgasms left Leah sweaty, trembling and utterly limp. Victor hissed and drew away suddenly when she managed to lick the underside of his cock. With a sudden movement, he turned to kneel beside her head, his face burning with desire.

Victor straddled her again, facing her this time. He was on the ragged edge of his own endurance after all this teasing. Leah lifted her head, mouth open, eyes locked with his. Victor leaned forward and thrust his cock into her mouth with a deep groan of pleasure.

He clutched at the headboard, leaned forward and fucked Leah's mouth. It was a desperate, frenzied act, lasting only a few moments. Victor shuddered and went rigid, her name on his lips for a change as he

emptied himself into her. Leah watched him intently as she swallowed his seed, sucking and licking at him all the while, eagerly marking every sign of the pleasure he was experiencing.

Leah smiled, thoroughly pleased with herself. She continued to use her lips and tongue on Victor's cock as he knelt above her, slumped against the headboard, breathing heavily. He made tiny sounds of pleasure occasionally. She could feel his erection fading, his cock deflating. Victor groaned and pulled away. Leah lifted her head to give him a final parting lick before he backed away and carefully rearranged his limbs to lie down beside her.

Leah met Victor's eyes and sighed. "God, that was wonderful," she said.

"We're not done yet," Victor said. "Not by a damn sight."

He leaned in to kiss her on the mouth, very thoroughly. One hand fondled her breasts, then glided down across her stomach to toy with her pubic hair and, very gently, caress her swollen labia. Leah closed her eyes to concentrate on the sensations, parting her legs and writhing slowly.

When Victor's hand withdrew, Leah opened her eyes. She watched him sit up and begin unknotting the ropes around her right wrist. She caught a glimpse of Barry, and realized that in her ecstasy, she'd forgotten about him.

Barry sat naked on the chair, having discarded his clothing sometime during Leah's endless bliss. He was breathing deeply, eyes glazed with pleasure, fist wrapped around his cock. The purple head of his cock appeared and vanished as he slowly stroked himself. Semen was splattered all over his hand and belly. Leah smiled to herself and closed her eyes again, limp and sated.

Victor had untied one wrist and moved to work on the other. Once Leah was unbound, Victor gently pulled her up to a sitting position and slipped around behind her. He began to massage her shoulders and arms. "Oh god," Leah moaned. "That feels so nice...."

One of the drawbacks to her strength was that few people were strong enough to massage her effectively—and Victor was the only one she knew intimately enough to ask. He worked the muscles of her neck,

shoulder and back. "Better than the sex?" Victor asked softly, his mouth by her ear.

"Hell no," Leah said sincerely. "But nice all the same."

Victor didn't reply but simply continued massaging Leah. Leah happily accepted it, her gaze frequently straying to Barry. His presence in the room provided an extra thrill for Leah. She felt unspeakably naughty knowing he'd watched her having sex, watched her come over and over again, and been so turned on by it that he'd jerked off.

Barry had continued to stroke himself. His cock was getting hard again, Leah noticed. He was shorter than Victor, but considerably thicker. Barry saw Leah watching him and grinned at her, no longer embarrassed. Leah idly considered inviting him onto the bed.

More than idly, if she were honest with herself. Leah felt a brief shiver of excitement at the thought, but as aroused as she was, Leah decided against it. Victor was in charge tonight. If he decided to invite Barry to...participate more fully, Leah would happily enjoy his attentions. If not, it's not as if she wasn't having plenty of fun already, now was it?

Leah soon became aware that Barry wasn't the only one still aroused. She could feel Victor getting hard, his cock poking her from behind. Leah reached around behind her back to tease Victor a little. She wrapped her hand around him and stroked him slowly.

Victor made a soft sound of pleasure. His fingers lost their rhythm on her shoulders. Leah caressed the head of Victor's cock with her thumb, evoking a groan. He slipped his hands around her body to cup Leah's breasts, and he began fondling them. Leah grinned, liking how this was proceeding.

Leah turned on her side facing Barry and squirmed down the bed a little. Switching hands, Leah began to stroke Victor more vigorously, leaning down to take the head of his cock in her mouth. Victor groaned again and spread his legs a little, leaning back against the headboard.

"You just lie back and enjoy it," Leah said to Victor. After all the pleasure Victor had given her tonight, Leah wanted to return the favor. She was aware of the show she was giving Barry, but that was secondary.

"No," Victor said suddenly. He touched Leah's face, drawing her

attention. "That's not what I want."

"What *do* you want, lover?" Leah asked, eager to please.

Victor reached over and held up a length of rope. "Are you ready for more?" Leah grinned and nodded her head eagerly, her body quivering. She felt flushed from the tips of her toes to the roots of her hair. "Good—turn around and lie down, on your stomach," Victor commanded. Leah did. Victor grabbed her wrists and pulled her arms behind her back. He tied her wrists at the small of her back, then grasped her hips and pulled them up.

Leah found herself kneeling on the bed, her breasts and head pressed into the mattress. She had her head turned to one side so she could breathe. She felt Victor shift position on the bed and then jumped at the unexpected touch of his tongue between her legs. Her sweat-damp hair had fallen across her face, blinding her. She could feel Victor's hands clutching her thighs, his face pressed between her legs, his tongue flicking across her clit and lapping up her juices.

She wiggled her hips a little, trying to guide Victor's attentions. He responded by tightening his grip on her thighs, holding her motionless. Leah moaned a little in frustration—and pleasure. She felt utterly helpless, a plaything for Victor with no say in his use of her body. It had been a very long time since she'd let go so completely. As gloriously enjoyable as the physical sensations were, the thrill of surrendering control made it better still.

When Leah felt Victor back away, releasing his hold on her, she whimpered a little. Victor smacked her unexpectedly, sharply on the ass. Leah yelped.

"None of that now," he told Leah. She felt the mattress flex as he changed position behind her. "You just kneel there. This is for my pleasure now." He pushed his hard cock into her without warning. Leah gasped at the sudden intrusion, then tried to rock her hips.

Victor grabbed hold of her hips. "Hold still," he instructed her again. "I told you, I'm using your body for my pleasure now. Don't make me tie you spread-eagled to the bed."

Leah bit her lip, groaning at the thought, desperate to ride him to

still another orgasm—she was close already—but she did as she was told.

And then Victor did exactly as he'd threatened. He fucked her with no concern for her desires—except to frustrate them. He varied his thrusts constantly, changing depth, angle, tempo and force. He paused frequently, talking constantly about how much pleasure he was getting from using her body, taking frequent breaks to calm himself so he didn't come too soon and put an end to his enjoyment.

Leah knew damn well that he was stopping as often as not to prevent her from coming. It didn't matter. By the time he began to hint that he was nearly ready to finish, she was soaked with sweat, her nipples rigid from the constant friction against the bedspread beneath her, and lightheaded with the need to finally reach the climax Victor had been denying her for so long.

Victor released his hold on her hips and leaned forward. He seized Leah's shoulders and pulled her upright so she was kneeling before him. He grabbed a handful of her hair and tipped her head back, brushing hair out of her face so he could see her eyes. "Are you ready?" he asked, giving her a hard thrust of his hips to punctuate the question.

"Oh...god, yes," Leah panted. "Bite...me," she added softly, hardly daring to believe she'd said it.

"What?"

"Please," she said. "When I...when you—bite me. Hard." She didn't explain. She wasn't sure she could explain in her current state.

Victor didn't answer, leaving Leah to wonder if he understood, or whether he was willing to comply. He kept one hand tangled in her hair and wrapped the other around her beneath her breasts. And he thrust his hips maniacally, forcefully.

Leah felt Victor's body tense, heard him grunt sharply, felt his cock inside her pussy, already hard, grow harder and larger still. Leah tightened her grip on him. Victor shuddered, groaned, and came. His grip on her hair and around her torso grew tighter. The feel of Victor coming inside her pushed Leah over the edge into her own orgasm.

She drew a desperate breath to cry out her joy—she couldn't possibly experience any more pleasure—and then Victor's teeth closed on

the muscle of her shoulder just at the base of her neck. He bit her sharply and hard. Not even Victor was strong enough to pierce her skin with his bite, but the sharp pain turned her cry into a scream as the mingled pleasure and pain took her into a whole different realm of ecstasy.

Leah came to her senses lying face down on the bed. She felt overheated, and her heart was pounding. She heard giggling, and it took a moment to realize it was her. She felt giddy, drunk on the cocktail of endorphins in her bloodstream, her limbs heavy with fatigue.

She heard Victor conversing quietly with Barry, heard him pay Barry for his time and close the door. She heard him lock the door. Leah's hair had fallen over her face again, obscuring her view. Leah blew out a puff of air to briefly clear her face and looked up in time to see Victor return to bed. He was naked and damp, flushed with arousal, his cock slowly softening. He was gorgeous.

Victor's hand brushed the hair out of Leah's face. She glanced up sidelong to meet his eyes. "How you doin', babe?" Victor asked.

Leah giggled again before drawing a shaky breath. "I'm good," she said, knowing she couldn't possibly communicate the depth of her feelings on the subject. "I'm,"—she had to draw another breath—"really good." Her cheeks were starting to ache from the never-ending smile.

Victor smiled. "Glad to hear it. I know I had fun, and I'm pretty sure Barry did too. He's gone, by the way."

"I heard," Leah said.

Victor nodded. He reached for the ropes binding Leah's wrists.

"Don't bother," Leah said. The nylon ropes parted with loud snaps as Leah separated her wrists. She sat up beside Victor, who picked her up and placed her on his lap.

"So," Victor said, "what did you think of your adventure in bondage?"

Leah looked down, momentarily shy. Then she raised her head to meet Victor's eyes. She smiled. "Tastes like more."

The End

### **Author Bio**

Gail Roarke grew up reading genre fiction of all sorts—science fiction, fantasy, comics, pulps—and decided early on that she wanted to write it. She's been writing ever since, though for a long time she wrote solely for her own entertainment. Eventually that palled, and she started writing and submitting stories with the intent to be published. It came as something of a shock to her when she realized that what she was writing consistently was as much erotica as it was genre fiction. But as long as she's having fun, why not?