



Secret Cravings Publishing

Silken Bonds

love as thou wilt

*Cooper
McKenzie*

SILKEN BONDS

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EROTIC ROMANCE

Secret Cravings Publishing
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A Secret Cravings Publishing Book

Erotic Romance

SILKEN BONDS

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Secret Cravings Publishing

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Dedication

To scarf lovers everywhere and my favorite fireman

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“Have you ever tried being restrained?”

Devi Jones looked up from her half finished glass of wine in surprise. She found herself entranced by a pair of intense blue eyes that sparkled with life. Sam, the man she’d been seeing and sleeping with off and on for several months had arrived. He held her heart, though she knew he probably did not realize it.

Blinking, she looked at the rest of his face. Blue eyes dominated his features, overpowering the straight, narrow nose and sexy lips half hidden by a dark brown mustache. Pulling back her focus even further, she took in his short chestnut brown hair—that was so soft she wondered what kind of conditioner he used—strong stubborn jaw and broad shoulders before returning her gaze to his eyes. Their blue warmth mesmerized her and it took her a moment to remember he had asked her a question.

“Excuse me?”

“Have you ever tried being restrained?” He repeated as he slid onto the bench on the opposite side of the booth.

His voice was deeper than usual, which was her hint that he had already started thinking about sex. They always ended up having sex, though only a few times had their passionate need held off until they reached a bed.

“I’m sitting here quietly minding my own business. I think I’m behaving quite properly and anyone who tells you different is a liar.”

As usual the man's dark, sexy chuckle sent warmth shafting through Devi's body to pool low in her belly. Her nipples immediately beaded and her pussy lips dampened. "No, baby, not restraint as in composure, the other kind."

He took a swallow from his bottle of beer before setting it to the side. Leaning closer, his forearms resting on the table, he continued in a lowered voice. "Has any man ever taken your silk scarves and tied them around your wrists and ankles before tying you to a bed? Has anyone ever had you completely immobile and taken full advantage of the situation?"

Devi shivered. Her reaction came as much from the smooth, sexy tone in his voice as the pictures that his words painted. Then she considered his question. Though she'd read about such things in the erotic romance novels she collected, the men she had been with in the past, three of them including one ex-husband, had focused more on their own pleasure than hers.

"Have you?"

"So I'm guessing that means the answer is no." His words were a statement and not a question.

Devi surprised herself by answering honestly with a slow move of her head left to right. "Yes, the answer is no."

Sam's warm smile grew even brighter as he took her hand in his and turned it over to draw circles on her palm. His skin felt cool from holding the beer bottle, but his touch still sent pulsations of electric awareness up her arm. Warmth spread through her entire body and every nerve ending began to tingle with need. She'd never thought about such a thing, but then she'd never thought herself bold enough to have sex in the front seat of her car either. Or on the couch in her living room in the middle of the day.

Did she dare try this new thing Sam was proposing?

"Would you like to try?"

"Why?" was the only response that came to her mind.

"Imagine me touching you all over. Licking, nibbling, sucking on those beautiful girls and there wouldn't be a thing you could do to stop me," he said dropping his eyes to her breasts for a

moment before lifting them to her face once again. "I could aggravate you until you beg me to stop...or demand more."

By this time Devi's panties were damp with her juices, and her nipples were throbbing. It was difficult to keep still when all she wanted was to reach down and stroke her clit without a care about who was in the room. Her mind turned his words into mental pictures. She saw the things he suggested and wanted them.

"Question you have to ask yourself now is do you trust me enough? Whether or not I tie you down I promise I will relax your bones, rid you of any and all stress, and put a happy smile on your beautiful face."

Devi shivered in reaction. "No one but you has ever relaxed my bones before," she admitted softly, remembering how boneless she felt every time he left her. She was usually so relaxed she wobbled when she walked.

"Really? Then the men you've been with in the past were idiots."

He sat back looking as if he had all night for her to make her decision. His expression was one of a confident male who knew she would choose to play his games.

Devi sipped at her wine as she debated the wisdom of what she was considering. Though they'd met here every Wednesday evening for a drink and an hour of conversation and had even spent several evenings sharing the most spectacular sex of her life, what did she really know of the man? Just because he saw beyond her curvy body to the passionately creative heart beneath, could she really trust him to tie her up and then not physically hurt her?

Looking into his eyes her gut screamed that she could trust him, no matter what he wanted to do to her. This seemed to be just an extension of the fantastic sex they'd had in the past, and she had been curious about bondage. Maybe this was her chance to find out what all the excitement was about.

"Would you like to come home with me?" she asked after swallowing the last of her wine.

"Do you have any scarves?"

Thinking of the box on the top shelf of her closet, Devi nodded. She had a diverse

collection, though she rarely wore them.

Sam returned her nod then slid from the booth. Holding out a hand, he helped her to her feet then kept her hand in his. “Your car or mine?” he asked softly as they headed to the front door.

“It was such a beautiful night I walked the two blocks.” Devi waited until they were outside the bar before responding. “Walk me home?” she asked with a grin.

“Lead the way, baby.”

Neither spoke as they crossed the well-lit parking lot. As usual, it was a comfortable silence instead of the nerve wracking, what do I say next, kind. Once they reached the street where the floodlights didn’t reach, Devi slowed. A shiver of fear blasted away the mellow that wrapped around her the same way Sam’s hand engulfed hers.

“Devi? Baby, what’s wrong?”

Though they had been dating for months, Devi had never been able to make demands on a man, to make her wants and wishes known. The men in life had taught her not to ask because that would be the last thing they would give her. Instead, she had learned to be happy with what she got in the way of attention or sex.

Right now, she needed something only Sam could give her. Turning she looked at him through the shadows. “Would you kiss me, please?”

His frown relaxed and his smile was gentle and comforting. Stepping closer he dropped her hand and slid both arms around her back. “My pleasure,” he murmured.

The three-inch heels she wore brought her up so they were nearly the same height. As soon as their lips touched, her fear dissipated like morning fog in the sunlight. She lifted her arms to wrap around his shoulders then pressed deeper into his embrace. Tilting her head farther to the right, she shoved away any lingering doubts as his lips parted over hers.

Their kiss went from a simple brushing of lip on lip to a mating of teeth and tongues in seconds. Though it was exactly what she needed, she still yearned for more. She moaned a soft protest when he pulled his mouth away and shifted his attention to nibbling gently at her earlobe.

She tilted her head to allow him greater access, wondering for only a moment if she should

have waited to start this until they'd reached the privacy of her house. Before she could answer her own question, her worry center shut down. All she could do was feel Sam's muscle-roped body as he held her tight.

Her pussy overflowed with her cream and her entire body softened in preparation for what was to come. Why did this man affect her so strongly? No other man had ever turned her on with just a kiss and a hug. Since their first embrace, Sam had affected her so strongly sometimes her reactions overwhelmed her. Thinking back over their various times together and the sexual adventures they shared still had the ability to send shivers up her spine and hot pulsation through her pelvis.

When he pulled back and pressed his hard cock into her lower belly, she sucked a startled breath. Since the end of her marriage she had not thought of herself as sexy, but Sam showed her differently.

"We have to slow down. Otherwise we'll never make it to your house," he said with a grin and a wink. "And the last thing I want to happen tonight is for us to get arrested for an exuberant public display of affection. Your neighbors would be horrified."

Devi knew he was right, but could not loosen her hold on him. He felt too good in her arms. He fit her like they were two puzzle pieces. His curves fit her hollows and vice versa. She would happily stand here all night if he would keep kissing her and giving her the strong hugs she'd grown addicted to, but she knew he was right.

"Give me a minute," she said, a bit breathless.

"That's about all you have before I drag you into those woods over there," he threatened with another chuckle that sent a shiver of lust down her spine.

Resting her head on his shoulder she closed her eyes and tried to talk her arms into letting him go. Taking a deep breath, she took in the scent of clean laundry and healthy male with a slightly spicy, smoky overtone. It took several more breaths before she could lift her head and pull her arms from around him.

She took a step back, but before she moved too far away, he took her hand in his. Lacing

their fingers together, he lifted them to his mouth and kissed the back of hers. "I need to feel you," he explained when she looked at him in surprise.

She nodded. "I need to touch you, too."

Walking quickly, it only took a few minutes to reach her house where a soft light glowed in the living room. Sam released her hand so she could pull her keys from her pocket and open the door.

Once they were inside, he secured the deadbolt as well as the lock in the knob. He waited as she laid her keys, purse, and briefcase on the small table just inside the door before touching her again.

"Come here, baby," he ordered gently taking her in his arms again.

Devi returned to his embrace with a sigh. Resting her cheek on his shoulder, she hugged him as contentment washed over her, an ease she could never remember feeling with any other man. While she would be willing to stand there all night just hugging him, her body began demanding more. Much, much more.

Lifting her head, she kissed him and it felt as if the last few minutes never happened. When he pulled away and broke the kiss this time, they both moaned. She looked into his eyes, checking his reaction, and found their blue coloring even deeper and darker than before.

"Where are your scarves, baby?" he asked, his voice so low and soft the timbre resonating through her made her quiver in response.

Knowing her bedroom was a mess Devi stepped back and pointed to the club chair next to the door. "Have a seat and I'll get them."

Turning she hurried down the hall to her bedroom. She knew right where they were, but took an extra few seconds to pull the bed together. Then she retrieved the box from her closet. When she returned to the living room, she found him standing before her bookcase, reading book titles.

Her face burned with embarrassment when she realized he focused on the shelf of erotic romances she'd collected over the past two years.

“Um, here they are,” she said, turning over the large shoebox she knew held a couple dozen scarves.

Sam accepted the box then brushed a kiss on her lips. Before she could take it further he moved away and sat in the chair she’d designated. She took a seat at the end of the couch closest to him, wishing she could touch him, but was afraid to. Not that he would reject her, but that her need was growing beyond her control and she might end up tying him to the bed to keep him around.

“When you said you had scarves, you weren’t kidding, were you?” he asked as he pushed his hands deep into the box and sifted through the jumble of silk.

“People keep giving them to me, but I hardly ever wear them,” she explained. “So they go in the box and get forgotten.”

Sam smiled in understanding then focused on untangling the first scarf to pull it out and inspect it.

She couldn’t help smiling as he pulled each scarf from the box. He appeared to know what he was doing as he chose the long rectangular ones. Once it was free of the others, he would run it through his fingers and check each one for length and sturdiness.

“Oooo, red,” he murmured laying it across his lap.

“And a Christmas one.” He sounded as excited as a little boy finding everything he wished for under the tree. The red and gold patterned scarf went on the pile without hesitation.

His next choice was a black and white one that she didn’t recognize. “This is pretty,” he said.

She couldn’t help but giggle as he made comments about each scarf he laid across his lap. A tiny shiver of fear raced through her when he began to pull out the larger square ones and consider them as well.

By the time he finished looking at every scarf in the box he had at least a dozen draped across the impressive bulge pushing at the front of his jeans.

“Are you going to use all those?” Devi asked, suddenly not so sure that she could go through

with being tied down. Especially if he was going to use all the scarves he'd culled from her collection.

He put the rejected scarves back in the box and set it on the coffee table. Then he looked at her and winked with a grin. "Never can tell what I might need to do the job right."

He pulled the red scarf from the pile then held out his other hand palm up towards her. Without instructions, Devi laid her right wrist on his palm. Butterflies danced in her stomach as he tied one end of the length of silk around her wrist. Then he chose the red and gold Christmas scarf and did the same thing to the left.

Then he took the other scarves in one hand and her hand in the other and led her down the hall. Just inside her bedroom door he stopped her and pulled her close for another long, wet, kiss and body rubbing against body embrace. She momentarily forgot why they were there, until he released her and stepped back.

"You might want to take those off," he gestured with the scarves in his hand to her clothes, "unless you'd like me to cut them off of you when they get in my way."

Devi looked down to see what she was wearing. No, she didn't want the deep purple silk blouse ruined. It was her favorite shirt. Without a word, she quickly unbuttoned the blouse and stripped it off, tossing it across the top of the dresser to be dealt with later.

She waited while Sam pulled off his own shirt and dropped it to the floor. Then she waited while he examined the black lace bra she'd worn. It wasn't the most comfortable thing in her wardrobe, but whenever she'd worn it and Sam saw it on her his breathing hitched and his eyes glowed, just like they did now.

"Though I love to see you in this, it has to go, too," he nodded toward the bra as he undid his belt. "I want total access to the girls and that thing will just get in my way."

As her head nodded in understanding, her body began to tremble with the need to touch him, to feel him touching her, to give herself over to whatever he wanted to do with her. While she didn't know as much as she would like about Sam, she did trust him to take good care of her, especially when the clothes came off. He was a giving man who always, always sought her

pleasure first and she knew he would do the same now.

She quickly stripped off her jeans and black satin panties. Once she was naked, she crossed her arms over her middle, trying to keep from giving into nerves. It didn't seem to matter how many times Sam saw her naked, she still got nervous when she dropped her panties to the floor. She still worried that he would look at her, grab his clothes and run screaming from the house never to be heard from again.

Looking at the bed, she frowned. She didn't have a headboard, just a mattress on a frame. "How are you going to do this? There's no headboard."

"You're thinking too hard," he said gently as he crossed the three feet that separated them.

He'd taken off everything but the blue and green pinstriped boxers he wore. When he hugged her this time, it was skin to skin. Their combined body heat caused the temperature in the room to rise several degrees.

"You okay?" he asked softly. He gave her a series of quick flashing kisses and rubbed his hands up and down her back in a move meant to comfort, but had her shifting her hips against his in need.

She nodded, her clamoring fear finally going silent. Yes she was nervous, but she was also excited.

He studied her expression a moment before motioning to the bed. "Lay on your back with your head on the pillow and arms out to your sides."

As she positioned herself on the bed, he laid the scarves on the bed then knelt to one side of the bed. "Perfect," he said taking a scarf from the pile. "Your arm please, baby."

Devi held out her left arm and he attached the scarf in his hand to the one already around her wrist. Disappearing from view, she felt him pull at her wrist, and reappearing a moment later. "Try that."

She pulled on her arm and a trickle of fear raced through her when she realized she could only move the arm about a foot before the restraining silk stopped her. In less than a minute he tied her other arm down, then stood up and looked her over.

“You are in such trouble,” he said with a wicked grin that excited her at the same time it added to her nervousness. She was completely at his mercy and wasn’t sure whether she liked the feeling of giving up so much control or not.

“Have you ever done this before?” she asked as he climbed onto the bed and lay down beside her.

He shook his head. “Nope, but it’s been on my mind since you told me about that story you were reading last week. Now just relax and enjoy.”

Leaning closer, he kissed her. She forgot about her bonds until she went to run her fingers through his hair and couldn’t. Hot need pulsed through her as she tried to lift up and follow when he broke the kiss then moved his attentions beyond her lips.

Kissing his way across her cheek, he began to brush his mustache over the skin at the side of her neck. Devi had never thought of that as an erogenous zone, but the feel of his licking, nibbling and abrading the skin sent waves of electricity straight to her clit. She turned her head to the side with a moan. She pulled at her restraints again the need to touch him stronger than ever.

She shivered when he brushed his way across the front of her neck to apply the same attention to the other side. Devi couldn’t help it and began to shift her hips on the bed as her breath caught with each new sensation.

“Shhh, baby. Relax. We’re going to be here awhile,” he said with his lips against her throat. His low dark tone caused her pussy to clench with anticipation.

“How long?” she panted, already so fired up she wondered if she would leave scorch marks on the bedding.

“Oh baby, I’m just getting started. It’s going to take a long time, especially once I get down to that pretty pussy. I may just camp out there all night. And all you can do is lay here and take it.”

Devi moaned at his implied threat and once again tried to pull free of the silken bonds that held her.

Her initial fear over being tied down morphed into frustration at not being able to return

Sam's caressing touches as he worked his way to her breasts.

Using only his mustache, he set fire to every nerve ending under the skin of her breasts. Left and then right and then back again, he painted random patterns all around each mound until he'd teased every inch except her bead hard nipples. While she moaned and fought with her restraints, he shifted to lie between her legs. His belly pressed against her mons, heating it as he touched the head of his cock to her entrance.

"Doing okay, baby?" He dragged the tip of his tongue around her right areola before opening his mouth and holding it less than an inch from her skin. Then he exhaled.

Devi shivered as she sucked in a quick breath. Then she shifted, trying to push her tit higher to feel more than just hot, damp air on her skin. "Please," she moaned, yanking her arms, hoping that at least one of the knots he tied would fail and she could regain a bit of the control she'd given over to his care.

Sam smiled at her and shifted to the other side, treating her left nipple to the same teasing. It took a moment for Devi to realize the whining sound that filled the silence between them came from her.

A heartbeat later her breathing hitched as he swirled his tongue around her left nipple before taking it between his teeth and nibbling gently. Then he opened his lips and sucked the stiff tip hard. His left hand took possession of her right breast, rolling and massaging the flesh before his fingers began to tweak the stiffened tip in the same rhythm as he suckled.

Devi fought to hang onto her rapidly shredding control. She tried to keep the orgasmic storm gathering low in her pelvis at bay, but then Sam exchanged hand for lips. Her orgasm swelled as he rolled the wet nipple of her left breast between his fingertips while he suckled on the right one. The storm threatened to mow her down like a steamroller. All it would take would be a teeny-tiny bit of attention paid to her clit.

All at once the fight for control left her. She didn't want to hold off. She wanted to come. She needed to come. If only...

Gasping for breath, she bent her legs, planted her hips and began to hump against his belly.

Before she could find that elusive touch, Sam pulled away from her breasts, then lifted his body from hers.

“Nooooo,” she cried softly. Her arms strained at their bonds in an attempt to grab him and hold him where he had been.

He didn’t respond, but he didn’t return either. He inched toward the foot of the bed. As he did, he once again used his mustache to stroke random patterns over her skin as he moved down her body.

He didn’t stop until he reached the apex of her thighs. Only then did he look up, meet her frustrated gaze, and give her a sexy, yet somehow devilish, grin. “You are in so much trouble now.”

Devi silently agreed as he eased her thighs further apart, then went lower until his breath wafted across the wet, wide open tissues of her cunt. She moaned as he extended his tongue and barely touched the flesh there before slowly rising to lick his way through her folds, around her clit to the top of her slit.

Lifting his head he rested his chin on her pelvic bone. “Yep, so much trouble,” he murmured before using his hands to spread her outer lips and expose every inch of her pussy to his blue-eyed gaze.

“So pretty,” he murmured.

After that, Devi lost track of everything except the electrical tingles coming from her clit and the need to get free. Sam licked and nibbled his way up and down from clit to entrance and back again, occasionally brushing the soft bristles of his mustache over her sensitive flesh. The attention drove Devi once again to the edge of orgasm and held her there until he took her knotted clit between his teeth and bit ever so gently.

With that, she flew, her body convulsing, her arms pulling so hard at the scarves that she wondered for only a second if they would ever be able to untie the knots. As she came, Sam dropped and licked at her entrance, fucking her with his tongue, lapping up her cream and keeping the orgasm rolling over and through her until she knew she would go mad.

Finally he rose to kneel between her wide spread thighs with his steel hard cock resting between the puffy lips rubbing lightly on her clit.

“Please,” she begged still pulling at her bonds. “Please untie me.”

Sam looked worried for a moment. “Everything okay?”

She nodded and his expression cleared. “I need to touch you,” she panted.

He reached up and struggled with the knot, finally releasing her right arm. She then reached across her body and untied her left arm as he reached down and tweaked both nipples.

As soon as both hands were free she reached out and ran her hands up his arms, then tried to pull him down so she could feel his skin on hers. He didn’t fight her as he lowered his body over hers. Wrapping her arms around his back, she sighed. Her orgasm edged back enough to allow her to think.

Then she felt his long, thick cock slide over her clit, keeping her from completely relaxing.

“Fuck me,” she demanded in a gentle whisper, kissing the hair at his temple.

Without a word, Sam shifted his hips back and then surged forward, his shaft easily entering and filling her cunt completely. The heat of him inside her wet cavern reignited Devi’s lust and she began to move with him. Though she wanted him closer, she didn’t fight when he pushed back so he once again knelt between her legs.

He lifted her legs and pushed them up so her thighs rested against her body. Then, looking down at her with eyes half closed in passion he began to move in and out with slow, hard thrusts. Devi began to tremble as her body responded, readying itself for yet another orgasm.

His hips moving faster as he slammed into her, Sam bent forward and rested his hands on the bed to either side of her waist. “Come with me, baby,” he growled between clenched teeth.

He thrust twice before holding himself as deep inside as he could manage. His groan filled the silent room as his cock pulsed and throbbed within the confines of her slicked pussy.

Her orgasm sideswiped her as she clenched the muscles of her canal around his spasming shaft. Her entire body jolted and she again reached out to touch him, something she’d never done with anyone else. Touching Sam was an addiction, a near obsession she wasn’t sure she’d ever

want to give up.

“Come here,” she panted softly once again pulling at him to lay over her.

Instead he pulled from her core and shifted to lay beside her, his head propped up on an elbow. His free hand rubbed up and down the centerline of her body from mons to collarbone.

“So, what did you think of being tied down?” he asked with a cocky grin.

“It was okay,” she said as she shifted a little closer, “but I don’t think I like being restrained. It means I can’t touch you.”

Sam chuckled as he leaned over and brushed a kiss on her lips. “That’s the idea, baby. You’re supposed to just lay back and feel.”

Devi shook her head. “You know I’m not like that. I can’t just take without giving back more.”

Sam’s smile softened and he raised his hand to her cheek. “I know, baby. You give too much of yourself sometimes.”

“So did you like it?”

His eyes flashed with white-hot heat. “Like you couldn’t tell. Of course I liked having you spread across the bed and at my mercy. What man wouldn’t want to spend hours driving you crazy?”

Devi glanced away, but didn’t answer. Then a random thought occurred. “So next time I get to tie you down, right?”

She giggled when Sam’s eyes went wide. “I don’t think so,” he said with exaggerated horror. “Now close your eyes and rest a bit. I think we should try again later to see how you like your arms tied straight over your head.”

Devi didn’t argue as Sam lay down on his back and pulled her so her head rested on his chest. In seconds he was asleep, his breathing slow and deep. She tried to sleep, but her mind was racing, trying to come up with a way he would be at her mercy. Rolling over, she looked at the scarf draped over the edge of the bed. Then she looked at Sam’s arm laying just a few inches away.

She smiled as a plan formed. From past experience she knew he would only sleep for a few minutes before he woke again, either ready for more or needing to leave.

Moving as quickly as she could without disturbing him, Devi tied the silk scarf around his wrist. She eased from the bed and walked around to the other side. It took a bit of maneuvering, but she finally rolled Sam onto his back and secured his other wrist. Then she slowly crawled back onto the mattress and cuddled close against his side. Looking at the clock, she decided she would give him five more minutes before she woke him to start their love of silken bonds all over again, only this time in reverse.

Silken Bonds 2

Sam's Turn

Devi Jones watched her lover sleeping peacefully. The silk scarves around his wrists had been his idea. He'd tied her up earlier and had his way, now it was his turn to be securely restrained to her bed. Sam had yet to realize his predicament, but he was now at her mercy just as she'd been at his. It was her turn to play and all he could do was lay back and enjoy.

Though tempted to wake him, Devi held back, allowing him a few more minutes of rest. As she watched his chest rise and fall steadily, her stomach grumbled, protesting the fact that she'd missed dinner. She grinned as she made one of the snap decisions that oftentimes got her into trouble, especially when it came to dealing with Sam.

Climbing from the bed without disturbing the sleeping man, she had to pause a moment with one hand on the wall next to the bed. Her legs were still wobbly from Sam's enthusiastic attention to his captive. While he'd promised to relax away her stress and melt her bones, she hadn't believed he could, but damn if he hadn't done just that.

After a minute of muscles quivering, she thought she could move without falling on her face and pushed away from the wall. Taking several staggering steps, she hurried out of the bedroom and into the kitchen. It was time for a snack and she had all the ingredients for a sinfully sexy one that she hoped Sam would enjoy as much as she planned to.

A few minutes later, Devi returned. She set the dinner plate on the bed halfway between Sam's hip and the edge of the bed and the tall glass of ice tea on the nightstand. Then she tiptoed

around the bed to the other side before sitting down with her hip brushing against Sam's.

Leaning over the still dozing man, she couldn't help but grin as she brushed her half-hard nipples across his chest. "Wakey, wakey, sexy man," she said softly.

She slowly shimmied her shoulders, dragging her nipples through the fur covering his chest. Her breath caught as blood surged into her nipples, pebbling them before her next heartbeat.

"Mmmm, Devi," Sam murmured as she closed the last few inches and kissed his chin. "You okay?"

"I'm fine," she said before brushing her lips left to right and back again over the thick, dark brown mustache that she loved nearly as much as she loved the man.

Sam shifted and then jerked awake when he couldn't move his arms more than a few inches. "Devi, baby, what's going on?"

He turned his head to see one wrist with the red scarf tied around it. Checking his other wrist, he found the red and gold scarf holding it secure. Then he looked back to her. He didn't seem too upset, but Devi kept her guard up just in case.

She'd discovered over the past months that he was more dominant than he claimed. He was also the most giving man; his dominance pushing her to relax her guard and let him pleasure her more than anyone she'd ever met before.

Brushing a palm across his cheek, she kissed him then sucked on his bottom lip for an extended second. Then she lifted her head a few inches.

"I decided since you had so much fun aggravating me it was only fair that I get the same opportunity," she explained with a wink before pulling away and turning to the plate. "I also thought we could use a snack."

Plucking a strawberry off the plate, she slowly lifted it to her lips. Sam's eyes grew round and began glowing deep blue fire as she extended her tongue. She slowly licked her way around the blunted tip that reminded her of the head of his cock.

His breathing stopped when she parted her lips and teeth just enough to suck the strawberry partway into her mouth before biting it in half.

“Mmmm,” she moaned as she held the rest of the fruit to Sam’s lips. “Do you like strawberries?”

“Um,” was all he could manage as he parted his lips, lifted his head from the bed to take her fingertips and the fruit into his mouth.

She sucked a breath when he closed his teeth gently on her fingertips to hold them in place when she tried to pull away. She grinned as he sucked the fruit free of her hold before releasing her. Dropping his head back to the mattress, he let out a hungry sound of his own as he chewed and swallowed.

Devi leaned close and licked at his bottom lip. “Like that, do you?”

“More,” he demanded gently. His deep and dark voice was a sure sign that his arousal was building.

Without acknowledging him, she leaned across his body and brushed one tit against his chest again. They both sucked a breath at the glancing touch. Fire shot through Devi from nipple to pussy and she felt herself growing wet. Sam shifted his hips under her and she felt the tip of his erection brush against her back.

Dipping her middle finger into the bowl on the center of the plate, she met Sam’s gaze as she lifted it to her lips. She stared deep into his intense blue eyes as she closed her lips around her finger and sucked the chocolate sauce from it. His eyes blazed blue fire and she knew he had momentarily forgotten all about the silk scarves holding him prisoner.

“Do you like chocolate, Sam?” she whispered as she dipped her index finger into the bowl.

“Uh huh,” he grunted as he watched her finger come closer and closer to his mouth.

Devi barely brushed over his upper lip and the bottom edge of his mustache before she pulled her finger away. “What were you like as a little boy?”

Sam’s molten gaze cut from her finger to her eyes. He looked surprised by the question. “Huh? You’re asking me that now?”

“Yep,” she said as she pulled her finger away from him and lifted it to her own chest.

She tried not to show her delight as Sam moaned when she brushed the chocolate-covered

finger around her right areola.

“Shorter,” he responded, his eyes shifting back to watch her finger that returned to the bowl of warm chocolate for more. “And without the mustache.”

His voice was low and tight as he jerked at his arms. But they were securely restrained out of the way, keeping him from taking over as he usually did when she had him on his back and loved on him.

Devi’s finger returned to spread more sweet syrup to her nipple until it was completely covered. Only then did she offer Sam her finger. He sucked it deep then closed his teeth on it when she tried to pull away after a few seconds. Her pussy was filling with her juices and she knew that their food play would not last long unless she got on with it.

Though she had dozens more questions about him and his life that she wanted answered, her growing need shoved them right out of her brain, leaving her with nothing but the desire to feel his lips on her body. A quick glance at his groin showed her that he wanted the same thing.

She would ask another question in a minute, but first she would give Sam a treat for answering the question even though it wasn’t exactly what she was looking for. Climbing onto the bed, she swung a leg over his body and straddled him. Leaning down, she licked at his upper lip but backed away when he tried to kiss her. Shifting forward she guided her chocolate-coated breast closer to his open, waiting mouth.

“Please, baby, let me taste that tit,” he pleaded, lifting his head. His arms jerked again, pulling at their silk restraints.

Feeling a moment of pure lust tempered by compassion, Devi lowered herself. She took a breath when Sam’s hot mouth surrounded the peak of her breast then another when his tongue began to trace circles around her nipple, lapping at the chocolate and cleaning it from her skin.

Electricity ran in steady pulses from where he nibbled, licked, and sucked at her skin straight through her body to her sex center, which began demanding more.

Reaching blindly, she grabbed another strawberry. As he continued to play, she bit the strawberry in half then rubbed the juicy uneaten side over her other breast. The cold against her

sensitive skin made the nipple instantly knot tight and demand attention.

“Sam,” she said, her breathing growing short as her arousal began to pile up like a sandbar.

“Hmmm?” he responded without releasing her breast.

When she sat up and pulled the fleshy mound from his mouth, the suction he held made a popping sound. They laughed together as she looked down into the deep blue eyes that haunted her dreams. He stared up at her, his expression tight and hungry.

“Do you like strawberry or chocolate better?” she asked. She shifted so her left nipple brushed across his lower lip.

Instead of answering, Sam latched onto that breast and cleaned it as well. His tongue batting against her beaded nipple just before he closed his teeth around it and nibbled gently.

“Oooo,” Devin moaned, her hips beginning to shift, rubbing her tender clit against his lower belly.

“Release my hands,” he demanded around the half a breast in his mouth.

“Why?” she asked, reaching for another berry and popping it into her mouth whole. Dipping a finger into the warm chocolate, she eased her breast from his hold and swung her leg over his body so she knelt beside his body.

“Because...because...oh hell, just let me up,” he demanded, his voice tight with arousal, not with anger.

“No,” she refused simply.

Taking a small berry, she fed it to him before turning her attention south of his belt line. With her chocolate covered finger, she traced a line from the top of his ball sac up the long, thick length of his cock to the ridge of his glans. She smiled with satisfaction as Sam sucked a breath and canted his hips, silently begging for more when she lifted her finger to her mouth and cleaned the rest of the sauce from it.

“Hmmm, that’s a bit messy,” she observed. Picking up the largest strawberry, she looked into Sam’s eyes. “What do you think about using this as a paintbrush?”

Sam made a strangled sound as she traced the same line up the underside of his cock. Again,

his hips lifted and he pulled at the scarves hard enough to make the bed jump. When she bit the strawberry in half and dipped in chocolate again, his moan turned to a whine.

“What do you think of chocolate and strawberry together?” She asked as she offered him the other half of the berry.

Sam eagerly took it, chewed and swallowed, “Good,” he grunted before growling, “Untie me now, Devi.”

She smiled up at him. “Not quite yet, but soon. Very soon. First though,” she shifted down on the bed and then moved so she straddled his legs with her lips just inches above his balls.

Looking up past the erect and twitching cock, his stomach, and ribs, she met a pair of blue eyes filled with hunger, frustration and anticipation. Keeping her gaze locked with his, she extended her tongue and slowly licked her lips.

In response, Sam’s mouth opened and he began to pant. “Baby, you’re killing me,” he moaned. “Untie me.”

She smiled, but instead of reacting to his rough words, she began to lick her way up his cock, savoring the flavor of man and chocolate as she went.

“Mmmm, delicious.”

When she reached the head of his cock, she licked her way back down and then up again, making sure she cleaned all the sauce from his skin. Licking her lips once again, she used one hand to lift his cock and sucked it into her mouth.

He moaned and tried to push deeper, but with his arms tied and her sitting on his legs, he could not move as much as she knew he wanted. A wordless snarl broke the silence of the room as he gave voice to his frustration.

Devi took as much as she could in then began to bob up and down, slowly sucking, licking and loving his cock as her own body began to demand more. Finally she pulled off his cock and knee-walked up the bed. One hand remained wrapped around the base of his cock to hold it away from his belly.

Without another word, she lifted her body and fit the head of his cock at the entrance to her

cunt. Their moans of need harmonized as she slowly slid down and took him fully inside her on the first stroke.

Checking Sam's expression, she saw that he'd reached the end of his patience. As she continued to ride, she leaned down and kissed him, sharing the chocolate taste that remained in her mouth. As she did, she reached up and pulled at the scarf wrapped around his right wrist, loosening it enough the man could slip his hand free.

Sitting up again, she rested her hands on his chest and with her eyes closed began to ride. She didn't fight him when his upper body shifted and he released his other hand. Being in charge was fun, but she preferred having his hands free and touching her.

When a pair of warm hands slid up the outside of both arms to her shoulders, she opened her eyes and looked at him, pausing as their pelvises pressed together.

"So what did you think of being restrained?"

"Not much," he said. His hands moved across her collarbone, then down the front of her chest until they reached her nipples. Then he began to play, rolling and flicking the tight nubs. "Continue your ride, baby. I'm just going to play with the girls for awhile."

With her attention now divided between what was going on between her legs and what Sam was doing to her tits, Devi had a hard time continuing. Then Sam picked up a strawberry from the plate and bit the tip off it.

"These are really good, where'd you get them?" he asked.

"Black's Farm," she answered, referring to the fresh farm stand about five miles from town that had a wide selection of wonderful fruits and vegetables they grew themselves.

"Uh huh. They do have good food."

Sam squeezed the strawberry until juice appeared along the cut edge. Then he used the liquid to paint a red line down the center of her chest all the way to her belly button. Devi sucked a breath at the cool fruit traced across her skin. A moment later she pulled in another one when Sam used the strawberry to draw a line of still warm chocolate right beside the first line.

"What's it feel like?" Sam asked as he traced a second stripe down the other side of the

strawberry juice line.

“Cold, warm, makes my nipples ache,” Devi admitted as she began to bob harder and faster on his cock.

She moaned when he fed her the strawberry, then picked up another, bit it in half, squeezed it for juice then slid it through the chocolate sauce. Her breath caught when he then swirled the chocolate-strawberry mix across one nipple and then the other before eating the rest himself.

She squeaked in surprise when Sam grabbed her hips, bent his knees and pulled his body upright all in the same motion. Once he was upright, he straightened his legs again.

“Ride me, baby. Let yourself go,” he said as his hands helped guide her up and down, side to side then back and forth on his cock. “Do whatever feels good.”

With that he leaned in and began to lick at the lines of flavor that ran from collarbone to between her breasts. “Lord, you taste delicious,” he murmured as he then kissed his way up her left breast to lap at the candy coating he found there. When the left one was clean, he turned to the right one and gave it the same meticulous attention.

Devi grabbed his shoulders and began to ride even faster and harder as he slid a warm, slicked finger between them and began to play with her clit. “Oh, oh, oh,” she cried as he stroked just the right spot and her orgasm that had been building steadily suddenly exploded over her.

As she vibrated and rode out her release, Sam wrapped both arms around his back, pulled her back and rolled them so that she now once again lay on the mattress.

He pulled his cock from her then licked his way from breasts to bellybutton. His mustache tickled against her sensitive skin and she giggled as he cleaned up the mess he made.

The giggles turned to a long, low moan when he moved even lower and began to lap at her clit.

“Mmmm, chocolate covered woman,” he said, brushing his mustache against her skin as he licked from the entrance to her cunt up between her lower lips to swirl around her clit.

He took his time and soon she was climbing once again towards a climax. Then he moved up and over her, sliding his erection deep. He began to thrust hard and fast. The knowledge that

he was close carried her ever closer to yet another orgasm.

“Come, baby,” he ordered, his voice rough and low. “Come with me now!”

Her orgasm exploded as he thrust twice more then pushed even deeper. The heat of his semen flooded her as the muscles of her pussy tightened and rippled around him.

When they’d both caught their breath, he eased from her and half fell to lay beside her with a happy, satisfied groan. Reaching over her, he grabbed the plate that had miraculously not fallen off the bed or tipped over during their loving. He rested it on his belly before dipping and sharing with her the last few strawberries.

Once they’d finished, he leaned in and gave her a long, deep French kiss before asking, “So, baby, do *you* have any fantasies you’d like to try?”

The End

About The Author

Cooper McKenzie always thought she had been born a hundred years too late, but appreciates air conditioning, computers and other conveniences of modern day living. She enjoys the slower pace of New Bern, North Carolina, as well as the history and small town community found there. In addition to dreaming up her next story, Cooper enjoys reading everything except scary books, singing in her church choir, and needle-weaving.

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