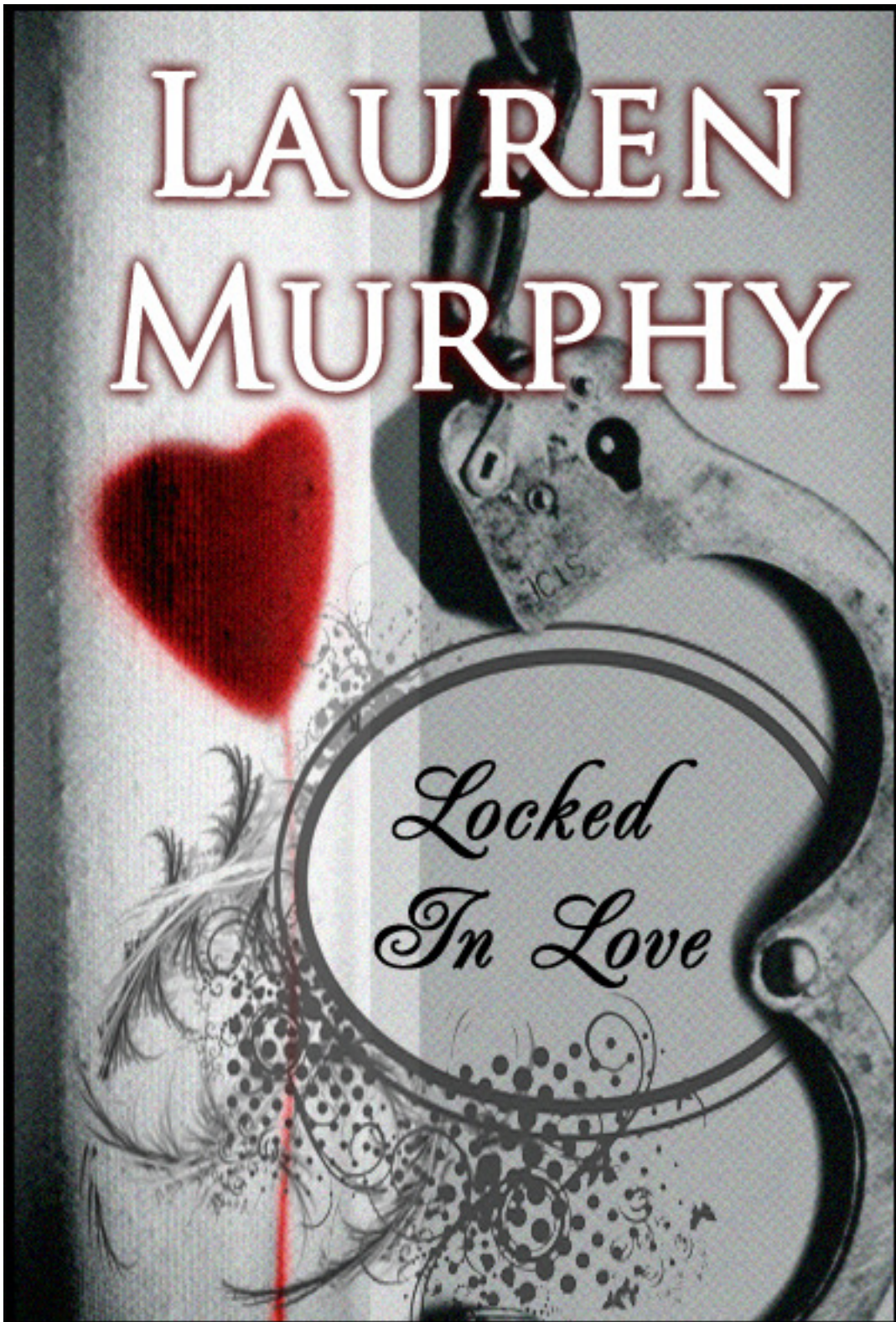


LOCKED IN LOVE

Lauren Murphy

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BY

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Sexual frustration ate, at Blade like a flesh eating wound. Sure he and Dena had sex but not the kind he needed, the kind he craved. It was...vanilla, sweet and somewhat boring. Vanilla only belonged in ice-cream and even then he'd pass it over if he had the option of cookies and cream. He glanced down at the heart shaped carton of chocolate sitting in the passenger seat of his black Beamer. Next to it, a bouquet of flowers and a jewelry box. A sapphire necklace lay inside waiting to be strung across her beautiful brown neck. February 14 marked Valentines Day and also the special occasion of their one year anniversary.

He didn't know how much more of the same he could take. The spontaneity had been killed from their relationship by missionary sex and Dena's endless planning. The woman planned everything down to the color socks she wore. Not necessarily a bad thing, but not always a good thing either.

She planned their dates, which were all the same. Dinner, movie...vanilla sex. Somehow during all the monotony he'd managed to fall for her. The dimple engraved in her left cheek and her sweet gracious smile warmed him like the rays from the sun. The sweet caress of her voice and the sincerity in her words held great power over his mind and heart. Not to mention the way she looked in a dress. She could stop traffic faster than an accident. Her chestnut brown

complexion, slanted eyes and curvaceous hips had made his mouth water when they first met.

She had an ass like a woman in a rap music video.

“Oh shit.” Lost in thought he missed his damn turn. He revved the engine and went down the next street to make a quick U and get back on track. He glanced back at the box of chocolates and sighed.

In the beginning they seemed so compatible. He liked comedy and so did she. He liked anime, so did she. He liked sex, so did she. Later on he realized he should’ve gotten the details on the kind of sex she liked. Missionary, that’s all she ever wanted to do. A man could only do it that way for so long before he started to itch for something more.

Her house appeared in sight and he pulled into the drive way. They’d made plans to move together in June, once the weather got better. The bitter cold of February did not appeal to him. If he’d be forced to lift furniture he didn’t want to do it while he froze his balls off. A harsh sigh escaped his lips as he exited the car.

Something’s gotta give.

Gravel crunched under his black leather shoes as he approached the door. The moon illuminated the driveway casting a silvery glow over the ground. He opened the door and the scent of lavender invaded his senses. The lights were dim and soft music played in the background creating a sensual mood over the house. Very unexpected and very unlike Dena.

Interesting.

He followed the music to Dena’s room to find her standing next to the bed wearing a sheer negligee. Her curves stretched the silken material just right causing his cock to harden

instantly. A seductive smile spread across her full lips and the air whooshed out of his lungs as if he'd been punched.

"I'm glad you're finally here," her sweet voice purred around him in tendrils of blatant lust.

"What's going on?" He knew he shouldn't question the first occurrence of spontaneity but he had to know.

"Well," she began sliding a graceful hand down the side of her body. "I've been thinking. There are certain things you've been asking of me. I've decided that it hasn't been fair to cheat you of something you desire so much. Something that means so much to you. So here we are."

She pulled out a glistening pair of black metal handcuffs and dangled them on her index finger.

Oh this just got better and better.

A chill zinged down his flesh and landed right in his groin.

"You do realize what you're asking for, don't you?"

She flashed a wavering smile before answering. "Yes."

"Once we start there is no turning back."

A visible shudder went through her body as she nodded her understanding. "O—okay."

He didn't need any more encouragement. Though he could see hesitation in her eyes he also saw fire, lust. "Good."

With practiced calm, he descended upon her. Need overtook him making his body heat with untamed desire. Anticipation filled him with each step. It had been too long since he felt the

thrill of being in control. Of gazing into a woman's eyes as he took her higher than she'd ever been before and he intended to take great pleasure in doing so this evening. Tonight belonged to him. He needed this and oh yes he would bet his right arm she'd love every single thing he did to her. He'd make sure of it.

Her eyes widened as he came to a halt in front of her. They were so close he could smell the soft scent of vanilla and jasmine, a fragrance she made herself. She wanted it but uncertainty still lingered in her beautiful brown eyes. He'd be sure to rid her of that with haste. Before long she'd be writhing under his touch begging him to slide his cock deep inside her.

"I like these," he said grabbing and opening the handcuffs. He clamped one side around her right wrist, binding her to the bed post in the same movement. "I've waited for this for so long. And I think you've been holding back on me."

"No I—"

"I didn't say you were allowed to speak. Only when I tell you." he whispered against the curve of her ear.

At first it looked as if she would brave a response, but thought better of it. He eased her down to the bed and slid on top of her. Slight shivers graced her body, so small he would have missed them had he not been touching her. Her breathing seemed forced, erratic. The heated look in her eyes told him everything he needed to know. He would see to it that this would be an experience she would remember with fondness. After tonight there would be no turning back. Their relationship would either climb to new heights or end forever. The latter left a bitter taste

in his mouth but he couldn't turn back now. He wouldn't. She wanted it, and he craved the honor of showing her how much.

A small whimper drew his attention back to the matter at hand. The cuffs jiggled against the bed post.

“I hope you're not having second thoughts.”

A gasp flew from her lips as she met his gaze with startled eyes. “No, I—”

“It wasn't a question and you're still not allowed to speak. If you keep it up I'll be forced to silence you. And I promise you'll like it.”

Her eyes slid closed and she bit her lip in response. She arched beneath him as her body trembled. Even though they only did it missionary style she still managed to be a wild cat. She played the bottom better than any woman he'd been with. But he'd always needed more. Vivid images of their bodies' intertwined while she floated under his spell made heat lance through his entire body. When he looked at her he saw fire and fierceness. The idea of taming her to his will, sexually, made his cock strain against his pants. Screw this, he couldn't wait any longer.

“Are you ready?”

Her mouth opened but not words came out. She somehow managed to shiver and pant at the same time. God her skin was so hot it could've been covered in flames. He felt as if he could catch fire just by touching her.

His hand snaked down the soft curves of her breasts and hips until he reached her thighs, which were clamped together like a vice. He could sense her nervousness but it wouldn't last long.

“I guess I’ll have to find out for myself,” he said leaning down, allowing his breath to graze the shell of her ear. He felt more shivers as he continued.

His heart sped up as he buried his face in the silken skin of her graceful neck. He pressed his lips to the warm flesh, directly behind her ear and she moaned and pressed her legs even tighter. God, the heat between them made it hard not to just jump in and take her, but no. He’d been denied this for far too long and he’d found that his control had diminished. But he intended to change that, starting tonight. His tongue circled around the sweet, sensitive soft tissue at the base of her ear, drawing out quiet, breathy moans, leaving her writhing beneath him.

Yeah, she wants it.

Her legs fell open, giving his hand full access to her sex. He lifted the thin material of her gown to find wet, glistening flesh. A groan sounded in his throat at the thought of how wet she already was for him.

“Oh, yeah,” he said before delving between her slick folds. “Your pussy is all wet and I’ve only just begun.”

She gasped, as an alarmed expression crossed her face. As if she didn’t expect to like it as much as she did. “I—”

“You insist on disobeying me and I don’t like it.” Lust threatened to overpower him but the threat of losing control went even deeper. He would not and could not fail. Not at this. “Turn over so I can discipline you.”

“What? I don—”

“Either you cooperate or I’ll be forced to do it myself. And I’ll enjoy doing it.”

With that she worked around the cuffs to scramble on to her knees and placed her free hand on the headboard. She craned her neck to look back at his face, trying to look defiant but failing miserably. He'd turned the tables on her and taken all the power. Now, he'd become the seducer and she his prey. Her lids were lowered and filled with heated desire. The smooth brown skin covering her perfect ass glistened with the scented oil she massaged into her body every morning. God, he'd never seen anything more perfect. He reached out to enjoy the feel of the supple skin against his hands before he gave it a slap that made his hand sting.

A sharp gasp escaped her lips, mixed with a low moan.

"Yeah, you like that," he said, delivering another smack that caused her whole ass to jiggle. He fought to suppress a groan as the site made his cock to jerk in his pants, begging to be sheathed by her sweet sex. "You don't have to hide it from me. You wanted it, remember? Enjoy it."

She whimpered from the impact of yet another smack delivered to her glorious ass. Dizziness washed over him as he struggled with his desire to slip inside her. He had to remain in control; he'd waited to long for this; he couldn't blow it now. If only he couldn't see her shimmering wetness, holding back wouldn't be so difficult. But no, he couldn't give in, not yet. He wanted her to ask him for it first.

"You're so wet I know you want this inside you," he said unzipping his pants and pulling out his swollen cock. "Turn around and take a look."

When she didn't he gave her flesh another smack. The look of the faint pink welts on her skin damn near made him come in his hands, but somehow he managed to hold on.

“Do it Dena.”

She clutched her bottom lip between her teeth and turned once again to look behind her. Her eyes moved slowly down to see his hand slide up and down his hard shaft. Quiet pants filled the room as she took in the view.

“Oh shit,” she moaned.

A faint sheen of sweat covered her luscious body and her limbs shook as if they wouldn't be able to hold her for long. Her lips parted as she struggled to breathe and her eyes slanted with intense desire. He'd never seen her more turned on during the entire year they'd been together. If he could get her to let go they'd be a match made in heaven.

“There's no need to fight it. You wanted this remember? Just let go.”

A groan hit the air as her head fell back and her eyes slid closed.

“Yeah, that's it.” He didn't know how he'd managed to keep from plunging into her inviting warmth, but he did, despite the way her moist flesh clenched with every slap he delivered. He could see her rising higher with every movement, every word and he hadn't even entered her yet. The option of waiting lost all appeal. He couldn't slow down with her soaring so high already. Hell, he didn't want to linger any longer than he had to and he knew she didn't either.

“Tell me you want me inside you. And I'm yours.” He slid in closer and positioned his cock directly at her opening. “Tell me,” he whispered as he began to stroke her with the tip of his shaft.

“Ooooh,” she moaned, rotating her hips against his every movement. Her body told him she wanted him, but she hadn’t said the words he wanted to hear.

“Say it,” he demanded, striking her red-tinged bottom as he continued to slide his cock around her sex. Damn, he hoped she gave in before he did.

“I—I don’t know if I can,” she whined, grinding against him, begging him to fill her from behind. The way he teased her may have been unfair, but he had to take the necessary steps to get the job done.

“Yes you can. It’s just you and me here. No one else can hear you.” *Yet*, he thought with a wry grin. He planned for her screams of pleasure to reach new heights by the end of the night.

“Pleeeeeeease,” she begged on a long shaky breath.

“Please what?” God, could she just say it already? She wasn’t the only one being tortured here.

“You already know what,” she said with a whimper.

“Stop being difficult,” he said, suppressing a moan as he slid only the tip inside her. “I can do this forever.” If only that were the truth.

“No, please don’t do this to me.”

“You’re doing it to yourself. This could have ended moments ago. All you have to do is say it.” *Please say it.*

“I can’t,” she cried.

“You can,” he replied taking the head out and circling around her opening once again.

“Just say it. For me.”

“Oh God, I’m dying.”

Me too.

He gritted his teeth with the effort of holding back. At this rate his pearly whites weren’t going to have any enamel left.

“Please...” she mumbled the last part so low he couldn’t catch it.

“What did you say?”

“Ooh, please I need...” The plea trailed off into a moan, which reverberated against his ears, sent warm shivers down his spine and made his cock jerk hard.

“Say it,” he demanded giving her ass another solid smack.

“You,” she cried, writhing against him. “I need you inside me. Now! Please.”

Thank God!

Less than a moment after the words left her lips he thrust deep inside her. He squeezed his eyes shut at the pleasure enveloping him from her tight sheath. Jolts of pleasure assaulted his body as he pounded into her mercilessly again and again.

Tonight his Dena resembled a fiery goddess, hell-bent on driving him to the edge. He delivered each stroke harder and deeper than the last and she still screamed for more. She rocked against him as if her life depended on it and her tight sex clamped down on his shaft with every thrust. The way she cried his name over and over sent hot shivers coursing down his back. He’d never imagined it could be like this, never even risked the hope. Seeing her lost, completely under his spell and the added view of the black metal cuffs surrounding her wrist made his heart thunder in his chest.

Damn, no matter what he did his control continued to slip and nothing could be done about it. Her wild reactions to his every shift and movement sent chills racing down his spine. It had been way too long since he'd been in this position. His cock pulsed with every movement of their bodies and his mind snapped. All thoughts of holding back flew from his mind.

He grabbed her small waist and thrust even deeper, wringing a strangled cry from her lips. Shit, why did she have to sound so good? The combination of the musical cries coming from her lips and the feel of her tight wetness overwhelmed every sense. He was no longer aware of them being two separate entities, but one perfect being connected by the most intense pleasure imaginable.

Damn, he really needed her to come first. He reached around and tickled her clit with his middle finger, enjoying the way her body twitched with every flick of his hand.

“Oh God,” she cried as her walls finally clenched his shaft in a convulsing orgasm.

Oh shit.

A groan slid past his lips. His head fell back and his eyes pinched shut as her snug flesh milked his cock. The world exploded behind closed lids as he erupted inside of her. He could feel the sensation all the way from his toes to his head. The experience compared to none. Nothing else had ever made him feel as fulfilled as he did at that moment. He hoped like hell she'd be up for doing this again. He couldn't see himself just living on missionary alone after what they just shared.

They both collapsed, sated and breathless. Blade wanted to say something but what? After a few more moments of silence he couldn't take it anymore.

“Dena?”

Nothing. He watched her shoulders rise and fall with her silent breaths.

“Dena,” he whispered again, working around the cuffs on her right wrist to turn her on her back so she could face him.

Her face showed no expression so he couldn't be sure how she felt. Damn it he needed something.

“I can't believe that just happened.” Her voice quivered as she spoke.

Shit.

Blade never felt so lost before. Maybe he'd gotten a bit rough with her. Perhaps gone overboard, but it just came natural to him. He wanted her to be able to adjust to it more than anything. Maybe he could compromise. He could deal with missionary...bullshit! It reminded him of watching paint dry.

“I know I started this whole thing, but the way it felt really took me by surprise.” she said, wriggling the cuffs that still bound her to the bed.

Perhaps he should take the cuffs off. Maybe she just needed some room to breath. He reached up to undo them but she grabbed his hand before he could. Surprise filled him followed by a bit of hope.

“But,” she said with a crooked little smile. “I really, really liked it.”

“Huh?” He could feel a stupid grin spreading across his face.

She giggled before she responded. “I've been denying something that's apparently been inside me all along. I'm glad we did this.”

His body sagged with relief. There had been a fifty, fifty chance things were going to go the other way. He loved Dena and leaving her would have been murder but he couldn't see how he could have spent the rest of his life pretending to be someone else. Vanilla was going bye, bye.

“Good,” he said pulling her closer. “There’s plenty more where that came from.”

“God, I hope so.”

“Oh there is,” he said, pulling open the other set of cuffs hidden under his pillow. He clamped them on, binding her free wrist to the bed leaving her helplessly on her back. The way her eyes clouded so quickly with lust had him hard in an instant.

“Where did those come from?”

“I had my own plans for tonight but you beat me too it.”

Her husky laughter filled the heated room. “I think surprises just became my new favorite things.”

“That’s good to hear.” He felt a mischievous grin grow across his face before he claimed her lips in a scorching kiss.

AUTHOR BIO

Born and raised in Chicago, IL, affectionately known as Chi-Town, Lauren Murphy has developed the wit and the knowledge needed in order to survive every day life. She began her writing career in high school colorfully illustrating her views and experiences on paper. Her love for writing blossomed deep inside of her. Moving to Nashville to attend college, she surprised everyone by earning a degree in mathematics. It has been often said that she is in fact two separate halves of one person. Although she can be very analytical one moment, she is a hopeless dreamer the next. Lauren has labored long and hard to become a published author, and continues to diligently work at perfecting her craft. Her greatest desire is to share her passion with others.

To learn more about LAUREN MURPHY, visit her online at <http://mslaurenmurphy.blogspot.com/>

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