

# Tie Me Up, Tie Me Down

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"I don't believe this."

"You're not listening to me."

"Sure I am. You just said you can't go to my mother's."

"No, that's not what I --"

"Yes, you did! I asked you if you could come to my mother's next weekend and you said you'd have to see! That means no."

Yep. She was off again. God knows he loved the woman, but when she got like this she didn't hear a damn word he said.

"Okay, yes, I said I'd have to see, but I *also* said --"

"Jesus!" Stephanie threw the tent pole she was holding, glaring down at him as he untied the tarp from the tree they'd used as one side of their lean-to. "Why is it whenever it's something you want to do, fine -- but when it's something I want, it's always "we'll see"! God damn it, Harris, is one night at my mother's too much of a commitment for you?"

Harris sighed, staring blankly at the rope in his hands. Obviously, she sure as hell hadn't heard him say "Marry me", either. And she *wouldn't* hear it until...

He looked at the rope again, and grinned.

"What is it with men, anyway? It's always what you want, when you want it, and I hate camping, and -- Harris! What the *fuck*!"

Seizing her wrists, Harris dragged them around the tree, knotting them

quickly together. Stephanie might hate camping, but he loved it -- and he was damn good with knots. Now she stood, her arms stretched in front of her, embracing the tall cedar, her chin swiveled to one side as she glared at him. "Oh, very funny. Untie me."

"No."

"What?"

Harris grinned. "Hey, like you said, with guys its always what they want, when they want it, right? Be careful what you wish for."

Damn, this was turning him on! Stephanie was struggling now, writhing against the tree as she tugged at the rope. Her gyrations worked her white tank top up over her brown back, exposing the top curve of her ass.

*Harris, old boy, I think you've got yourself an opportunity, here.* Crossing to stand behind her, he reached around her belly, unsnapped her shorts, and dragged them downward. Stephanie shrieked.

He slapped her naked bottom sharply, and her shriek turned into a gasp.

He pressed himself close against her, rubbing his hardon across her jiggling bottom. "You never hear what I say, you know that? What I said was maybe. I'm not sure if I can get next weekend off. And I said something else, too..."

He ran his hands up her warm belly, finding the full, firm breasts he loved to suck and tease so much. Closing his fingers around her nipples, he gave them a sharp tweak.

Her breath was coming faster now, he realized. *My God, is this turning her on?* Her struggles had stopped and -- yes, she was actually arching her ass against him. Harris groaned lightly as he pressed his balls against her, then fumbled at the snap of his jeans and unzipped them quickly. "This time," he murmured, "you are going to stay right there until I'm done with you."

Sliding his jeans down, he took his cock in his hand and rubbed it back and forth over her exposed asscheeks. She quivered, her face turned away from

him, leaning against the tree. "Spread them," he ordered. When she didn't move, he spanked her again.

Gasping, she spread her feet apart, baring her sex, and Harris could see the wetness gleaming there already. Grinning, he trailed his finger through it, feeling her tremble, knowing the unaccustomed restraint was making her hornier than she'd ever been.

*I'm glad I found out about this before we got married,* he thought. "You like that?" When she didn't answer, he smacked her ass sharply, enjoying the pinkness of her asscheeks. "Answer me."

"Yes, Harris."

"You want me to fuck you."

"Yes."

"You want me to tie you up and do whatever I want to you."

Her soft moan was answer enough. He couldn't hold back any more. Grabbing her ass, he spread her cheeks and slid, with one swift thrust, into the warm, wet cradle of her cunt. She moaned again, and he felt his balls contract, already on the verge of spilling his seed into her.

"What do you want?"

He could see her jaw move as she bit her lip. "I want you to fuck me, Harris. I want you to fuck me fast and hard."

Groaning, he pulled his hips back, slammed into her again, forcing her tight against the tree. She cried out, and arched back to meet him. Again, he sank home, his hips slapping against her ass as sharply as his hand had. Rearing back, he fucked her hard, plunging in and out of her with a fury he'd never felt before, a need to *take* her, to plunge into her, to mark her with his come.

She was whimpering, her exposed ass tilted up toward him. Slicking one finger through her sodden folds, he forced it roughly into her back hole, and felt the muscle clench around him as she came. Her cunt clamped his cock, squeezing it almost painfully as he rammed into her with both cock and finger,

once, twice, a third time...

Then his juices were spurting out to meet hers, her cream flowing freely as she shuddered and bucked below him, forcing his finger deeper inside her, milking his shaft for every last drop...

Finally, he slumped against her, panting. After a moment he heard her ask, very meekly, "What was the other thing you asked me, Harris?"

He chuckled. "Before, I asked. Now I'm telling you." He pumped his hips slightly, making her tremble with aftershocks. "Marry me."

"Yes, Harris."

**The End**

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