

Warning: This story is rated ADULT and contains material that may not be suitable for younger readers.

PLAYFUL PUNISHMENT

"Okay, that's it," Alonzo growled and he lunged for Julia. Laughing, she tried to jump out of reach. She wasn't quick enough and he grabbed her arm, pulling her to his chest. "You know what this means, don't you?" he whispered seductively. "I did warn you not to push me..."

The smile faded from Julia's face and her eyes widened. "You wouldn't really—" she began but her words ended in a surprised yelp when he sat down on the bed and pulled her onto his lap. He tossed her over on her stomach and, using one arm to keep her steady, brought the other down hard against her bottom, without warning. "Ow!" Julia yelled when his open hand connected with her buttocks. "That hurt."

Her trousers softened the sting but it still made her flesh tingle. Again he brought his hand down and Julia bucked, kicking her legs to get free. Alonzo chortled and laid his hand on her buttocks that were already beginning to feel hot.

"Don't move," he said. "You'll only earn yourself more." Julia didn't listen and continued to squirm. "Okay," Alonzo sighed. "Don't say I didn't warn you."

The hand that rested on her bottom moved, slipped beneath her stomach and his thigh, and undid the buttons of her jeans. Before Julia realized what happened, her pants were pulled down around her ankles, effectively immobilizing her legs.

"Hey!" she protested.

Alonzo stroked the back of her legs, starting at her calves, along her knees and up her thighs. His fingers slid along the edge of her panties, brushing against the crotch. A shiver ran along Julia's spine and she sighed, already forgetting her hurting fanny. Not for long though. Unexpectedly, he brought his hand down hard again, atop her panties. Julia squealed in surprise and pain.

"Hmm," Alonzo clucked, dissatisfied. With a quick gesture, her panties followed her trousers and she lay naked from the waist down. Julia had never felt so exposed in her life. Blood was pounding in her ears, both from the fact that her head was hanging down, as from sheer embarrassment.

"Lonzo?" she tried uncertainly. Her only reply was another smack, this time on her bare

skin. It resounded loudly in the room. A sob escaped her and she could feel the imprint of his hand and fingers on her bottom. She could also feel the glow spread inward and mingle with the familiar heat that was building low in her belly. To her horror, she realized she was getting wet with desire.

His hand touched her again and she twitched, anticipating the sting. But this time, the pain didn't come. Instead, he stroked her lightly, his fingers cool against the hot skin. He bent his head forward and blew a breath across her behind. The cool air touched her moistness and she shivered.

Alonzo chuckled again. With one finger he traced the red outline of his hand on her skin, followed the crack between her pale cheeks and pushed his hand between her legs. Julia moaned and involuntarily spread her legs, giving him better access. "I knew you would enjoy this," he whispered when his fingers came in contact with her warm opening. Teasingly, he slipped a finger in and out and Julia moaned again.

He prodded and stroked the folds of her womanhood, gentle at first but quickening the pace gradually, until she thought she could no longer hold out. Soft moans escaped from her lips and Julia had stopped struggling to get free a long time ago.

Then, completely unannounced, he pulled his hand back and brought it down across her buttocks with a loud smack once again. It was so unexpected that Julia almost screamed. The pain from her tortured skin mingled with the pleasure in her groin until she no longer could discern which was which.

He flipped her over and laid her on her back on the bed. The sheets were cool against her skin. She looked up at him, eyes dark with unfulfilled desire. She was incapable of moving, held by his gaze.

Slowly, he pulled his belt through the loops of his pants and Julia's eyes widened in dismay. "What..." she began but he placed a finger against her lips.

"Do you trust me, Julia?" he asked softly.

She nodded. "Yes."

"Do you trust me enough to know I would never hurt you? Would never do anything that you don't want?"

"Yes," she breathed again, a little frightened and thoroughly aroused. She had no idea what he was aiming at.

"Okay," Alonzo said. "Now is the time to demonstrate that trust. And remember, you can always stop me. All you have to do is tell me and I'll stop right away with whatever I'm doing and I'll release you." While he was talking, he had pulled her wrists together and wrapped the belt around them, tight but not painfully so. He lifted her arms over her head and tied the other end of the belt to the headboard of the bed. Julia moved to look at her bonds. It was frightening and exhilarating at the same time, to surrender, to hand over control over her body and her actions so completely.

He looked down at her, smiling fondly and Julia no longer felt frightened. Yes, she did trust him. All that was left, was exhilaration.

He slipped his hand underneath her shirt and briefly caressed her flat stomach. Julia shivered again. "Patience, mi querida," Alonzo said softly, "patience."

His hand slid out from the shirt, brushed against the soft down between her legs and trailed along her long limbs until he reached the pants that were still wrapped around her ankles. He pulled them off altogether and for a moment her legs were free.

Using her own belt on her left ankle and the pant legs on the right, he tied her securely to the bedposts. His gaze traveled across her body and a slow smile spread over his features. Julia swallowed. She now lay fully exposed to his view, immobilized by the bonds and helpless. He could do whatever he pleased. Julia closed her eyes and took a deep, shuddering breath.

"Open your eyes," Alonzo commanded and she quickly obeyed. "I want to be able to see your eyes," he said. "You've no idea of the stories they tell." Julia blushed.

He got up off the bed and opened the window. Nonplussed, Julia followed him with her eyes. From outside, she could hear the sounds of a regular Sunday afternoon in New Pacifica drift in. Children laughing, neighbors gossiping, the roar of a passing ATV. A sea breeze drifted in through the window and caressed her skin with its coolness, raising the small hairs on her arms.

Alonzo smiled when he returned. "Mi querida, you better keep quiet," he whispered mischievously. "Unless you want the neighbors to enjoy along with you?" Her eyes widened in horror.

"Please..." she pleaded. He shook his head. Julia knew it would be a struggle for her to keep quiet, to not cry out during their lovemaking.

She glared at Alonzo and tugged on her bonds but her dark look didn't faze him. "You're so beautiful when you're mad," he grinned. He leaned over until his lips brushed against

her mouth in a gentle kiss, which quickly deepened when his tongue urged her lips to part. Biting her lower lip lightly, he let go and continued to kiss her on her chin, jaw, down her throat, nipping and sucking gently until he reached the top button of her shirt.

With slow movements he undid her blouse button by button, his lips never leaving her skin. Julia quivered beneath his touch. Finally, he pushed the blouse aside and exposed her breasts to his view. Her nipples had hardened already and stood proudly in the center of their little island of darker skin.

Alonzo hissed between his teeth. "You are the most beautiful woman on the planet," he told her softly, looking into her blue eyes.

He cupped her breasts in his hands, lightly stroking the skin with his thumbs, then rolled her nipples between his fingers. Pain and pleasure shot straight to the nerve centers in her brain and Julia moaned involuntarily. Her head whipped around at the open window and a laugh escaped Alonzo.

"How are you going to explain that?" he teased.

He bent down to suckle on her left nipple and Julia whimpered, trying hard to keep any further sounds of pleasure from escaping her. His mouth continued down her belly, nibbling on her skin, until he reached the soft, blond hairs that covered her womanhood.

Julia bucked her hips in a reflex when his tongue flicked across her clitoris and she bit her lips to suppress another moan. His mouth worked its magic on her, sucking and licking, tongue darting in and out of her moist opening until, once again, she was on the brink of orgasm. She was biting down hard, clamping her teeth together to keep quiet but when she felt her muscles begin to contract, she couldn't stop soft whimpers from coming out.

Just as she was about to go over the edge, Alonzo pulled back. She lifted her head to look at him, desperate and frustrated tears in her eyes. He smiled and leaned forward to kiss her. She could taste her own juices on his lips. "Be right back," he said and left the room.

Julia groaned in frustration. She was so close to her release, so close to the ultimate pleasure, and he had denied her a second time. She squirmed on the bed. With her hands and legs securely bound, lying on her back, there wasn't anything she could do but wait until he allowed her the relieve she craved so much. She glanced again at the open window, listening to the sounds that came in. She had to admit, there was certain naughtiness in having the window open. She imagined all those people passing by, totally unaware of what was happening a few feet over their heads.

She heard the door open and lifted her head from the pillow to see Alonzo come in. He had something in his hands but she couldn't make out what. "Sorry to keep you waiting," he said. "Had a Gear call to make."

She glared at him. He had left her just shy of release, bound to the bed, to make a call??

He chuckled. "I was kidding. I brought a few things to make this more... interesting." At this point, Julia didn't care about interesting. All she cared about was being allowed to find reprieve and get rid of that irritating itch between her legs.

His hand moved and Julia inhaled sharply when something cold and wet touched the inside of her thigh. He glided the object along her leg, creating ripples of goose bumps on her skin, until he reached the top. He pressed the ice-cube –it had to be an ice-cube, Julia decided- briefly against her clitoris. Not long enough to do harm, but long enough to make her moan and squirm around on the bed to escape the ache of its coldness.

Sliding the ice-cube across her stomach, he left a trail of cold water drops. Her nipples hardened even further, if that were possible, at the touch of the ice. He circled her right nipple until it throbbed with cold, then leaned down to close his mouth, so warm in contrast, around it, and sucked hard. "Oow!" Julia moaned, not caring any longer who might hear her.

Alonzo moved and began to work on the other breast. She was writhing beneath his touch now, desperate to get away and at the same time desperate for more. Once the small ice-cube had totally melted, his hand followed its wet path back down to the warm folds between her legs. His fingers slipped in, and back out, in a teasingly slow gesture.

"Please," Julia begged, her eyes closing again with the oncoming orgasm. "Please."

"Open your eyes," he told her firmly and she obeyed immediately, afraid he might deny her once more. "Look at me." Her eyes met his and she saw her passion reflected in their smoldering depths.

His fingers stroked her in earnest now, in and out in an increasing rhythm. Silently, Julia prayed he would finish it this time.

Abruptly pressing his thumb against her clitoris and rubbing the sensitive nub, he did. Her hips bucked wildly, rubbing her sore buttocks against the sheets, when she shuddered uncontrollably with the strongest, most violent orgasm she had ever experienced. "Aaalonzoo," she cried, her eyes going out of focus and glazing over.

Outside, on the street, people stopped and looked up at the open window.

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