

# **Bound For Pleasure**

**Faye Valentine**

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Aryana was barely awake when her phone started ringing. Of course, with the state of the economy, the loss of her job and a newfound freedom to stay awake all hours of the night even if alone it was two in the afternoon, but she had nevertheless just opened her eyes. Grumbling, she rolled over and grabbed it off the nightstand. Recognizing the number as her friend Bryce, she slid her thumb upward on the screen to answer it. “God, can’t a girl get any sleep?”

“It’s two in the afternoon,” Bryce answered. “Also, if you don’t want calls waking you up then you should turn the ringer off when you go to bed. Anyways, now that you’re awake I need to ask a huge favor.”

“My eyes may be open but I don’t wake up until I’ve had at least half a pot of coffee,” Aryana grumbled as she sat up and put her feet on the carpeted floor. “What’s the favor?”

“You’re not going to like it but please hear me out. With the economy still shit I can’t get any of my models to leave their homes to do shoots. I need to make money as much as the next person and unlike them I don’t qualify for unemployment and I risk going broke if I can’t get something out there soon. Please, Aryana, I know how you feel about what I do but I’m desperate. And I know you’re getting some unemployment so I’m willing to pay you in cash so there’s nothing to report. Will you help a friend out or will I have to start selling stuff off to pay my bills and put food on the table?”

“Um, if you’re at a point where you have to start selling your stuff then how are you going to pay me in cash? Not that I’m saying I’ll do it mind you.”

“I have some cash left and all I need is to get one shoot done and that’ll get me the money to maybe pay you to do a few more.”

“What sort of shoot do you want me to do, Bryce?” Aryana asked even though she already knew what he was going to say. She had met him through her brother and despite their vastly different sexual proclivities – she was a nineteen year old virgin saving herself for the right one, and he a twenty-four year old photographer into everything under the sun, they had become fast and close friends.

“You know what sort of shoots I do, Aryana, do you really need me to spell it out for you?”

“If I’m going to help you out you’re damn straight I want to know what I’m getting myself into and how much I’ll be making for it. Not that I’m agreeing to anything but I’d like to know what you want me to do for you.”

“Well, I had eleven different shoots lined up but all of my models decided to leave me hanging so they could stay home and collect unemployment so I made sure to let unemployment know they were never laid off and they still had fulltime jobs so they’re getting exactly nothing. Anyways, I have a few different bdsm-related shoots as well as some sexual ones.”

“NOPE!” Aryana exclaimed as she ambled out of her bedroom. “I know you think I’m stupid for saving myself but I’m not giving it up for just anyone.”

“We can simulate the sex. As for how much you’ll make, I’ll pay you the going rate for each shoot that you complete.”

“Which is?”

“For what I have lined up? Twelve hundred to four grand.”

“Total or per shoot?”

“Per shoot. If you do all eleven of them exactly as they need to be done then you stand to make thirty-three-five. As in thirty-three grand. Of course I can’t pay you for them right now

which is why I ask you to do a couple and when they sell and you're paid to do a few more. As it stands, I can pay you for the lowest three or the highest one but the highest one will require you to have actual sex."

"And how long will it take them to sell so you can pay me for more?"

"You sure are asking a lot of questions for someone not interested."

"I'm just curious."

"That all depends on how much people like seeing what you do. It could be a few hours, weeks or not at all. Though, unless they're all blind I'd say a few days to a week at most. So, are you just curious or are you willing to help me out? You know I would never ask if I wasn't desperate, but I need to know."

"What would I have to do for the lowest paying two or three?"

"Those will require you to let me put you in various forms of bondage while teaching you the fundamentals of submission. If you agree to do all three you'll make Thirty-nine-seventy-five. It'll pretty much tap my resources but I'm willing to give you every penny I have if you do at least those and then we can go from there."

"Let me wake up and think about it and I'll let you know by the end of the day."

"The sooner the better, Aryana. If you have no interest whatsoever then just tell me now so I can try finding someone else."

"I'll think about it and let you know by the end of the day. I'm sorry, Bryce, but that's the best I can offer right now."

"That's fair. Please let me know the second you make up your mind."

"I will. Now, I need to put a pot of coffee on and then go take a shower so I'm going to hang up now and I'll talk to you later."

"Talk to you later, and thanks for at least thinking about it."

Hanging up, Aryana sat her phone on the kitchen counter and then put on a pot of coffee before sitting at the small table in the corner to think about her friend's plight. She wanted to help him, but there were so many factors to consider and she wanted to thoroughly process each and every one of them before giving him an answer. When in doubt there were two people she knew she could turn to for blunt and honest answers. The first was her mother and the other her best friend since the age of three, Lindsey. But before she called either of them she needed some caffeine, a shower and breakfast.

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As close to her mother as she was with anyone, Aryana knew she could be open and honest about anything without fear of judgement so she was the first person she called after breakfast.

"Hey sweetie," Janine answered the phone when she saw it was her daughter calling.

"Hi mom. You got a minute to talk?"

"Hmm...let me check my schedule. It looks like I can pencil you in for...what's on your mind?"

"I have something sort of serious to talk to you about and I want your honest opinion. You remember my friend Bryce?"

"Sure. What about him?"

"Well, he called me this morning asking if I'd help him with a few of his shoots and I don't know what to tell him. I mean, on the one hand I want to help him out but on the other he's asking me to do some pretty kinky stuff and I don't know if I want to."

"Then don't."

“But he’s offering a lot of money. In cash.”

“I thought he had a bunch of women working for him so why does he need your help?”

“They’ve apparently decided to use the shitty economy and the pandemic to file for unemployment and had to set the record straight. From the sound of it he doesn’t have anyone left and he needs to shoot something before he has to start selling his stuff.”

“How much is he offering to pay?”

“Um, nearly four grand to do three non-sexual bdsm shoots.”

“You want my honest answer?”

“Yes please.”

“If I were twenty years younger I’d do it in a heartbeat. If you’re worried about what people will think should they see you doing that sort of thing just remind them they wouldn’t see it if they weren’t looking for it in the first place.”

“So, you think I should let him put me in bondage and teach me the fundamentals of submission?”

“That’s a decision you’ll have to make for yourself sweetie. All I can say is if our positions were reversed I’d do it in a heartbeat.”

“You ever let dad put you in bondage and teach you how to be submissive?” Aryana asked before her brain could tell her mouth to shut.

“I have,” Janine honestly answered. “I love it when he ties me in the come fuck me position and then takes me like he owns me.”

“MOM!”

“What? You asked.”

“I didn’t expect you to answer. Especially like that. Um, what the heck is the come fuck me position?”

“Ask Bryce,” Janine answered with a slight giggle to her voice.

“I’ll do that. Thanks for being honest with me mom. You’ve certainly given me a lot to think about. Speaking of which, I’m going to go do that right now.”

“Okay sweetie. If you need anything else don’t hesitate to call.”

“I won’t.” Hanging up, Aryana slowly exhaled as she processed what her mother had said about her love of being tied up. Had it been anyone else she would have thought her mother was just telling her what she thought she wanted to hear, but her mother was nothing if not brutally honest and she firmly believed every word of what she said. Pouring herself another cup of coffee, and adding two spoons of sugar and a splash of milk to make it palatable Aryana drank half of it down before dialing her best friend. “Hey girl, you got a minute to talk?”

“What’s up?”

“Um, so, I got a call from Bryce a little bit ago asking me to…”

“Do it.”

“Excuse me? You don’t even know what he wants me to do.”

“Sure I do. I also know that you wouldn’t be calling me unless you were thinking about it so do it.”

“Would you?”

“No, but that’s only because I love my boyfriend. If I were single and the money was good I’d do at least some of it.”

“What’s good money?”

“You’ll have to ask him. Or maybe some of the women that work for him. Or maybe you can consult the almighty Google. So, what does he want you to do exactly?”