

Rob Meets Marcey, part two.

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By : **TrueLust**

Part two? PART TWO! PART TWO! PART TWO! PART TWO!

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Rob's hand found it's way to Marcey's breast, and felt the goose flesh rise on her. Marcey bit down on her lip in order to keep quiet. Rob's mouth alternated between her neck and ear, damn it was driving her mad. Rob's big hands cupped both of Marcey's breast, and kneaded them. Marcey's knees clung together, and her feet were laid out side ways. Rob whispered the things he wanted todo to her, and Marcey melted. She was in exstasty, and wanted another dose. She pulled Rob's hand to the front of her jeans and forced her legs to spread. Rob, not missing a beat with his mouth's job, unbuttoned her jeans, and pulled the zipper down. His hands slipped into her damp panties, and she voiced her approval in an incoherent sentence: "Oh-my-Rob-Jesus-Don't-AH!-Ya-" Rob's wiser hands circled Marcey's sweet spot, and she rocked her hips with his hands. Rob wanted to flip her over, and fuck the shit out of her, but was afraid he'd scare her off. The buldge in his pants wasn't gonna wait forever, though. After several more minutes of her squirming, he slowly laid her down. He pulled off his shorts, and climbed on top of Marcey. His mouth met hers, and he shoved his tongue down her throat. He sucked so hard on her tongue, it hurt. His mouth moved lower to her collar bone, and then lower to the valley between her breast. His tongue followed the valley, and traced it's way to her peaked nipples. He bit down on one, and Marcey moaned out loud. "Take off my pants." She was panting and begging, with a need so desperate it made her ache. Rob got her jeans off, about three minutes later, and he lifted up her legs. Marcey slowly opened them as he made his way up between her thighs. He kissed a trail from the side of her right knee, to where the fabric of her panties meet the inside of her thigh. Then the same with the left. Marcey quivered every time his mouth got never her pussy, and couldn't stand it. Rob unzipped the tube top, that was still clinging to Marcey's hips, and threw it to the floor with her jeans. "The only thing keeping me from your wonderful body, is a small piece of fabric." Rob tore off her pink cheekies, and Marcey sat up. "Hey! Those are my-" She stopped when Rob barried his face between her legs. She laid back down, with half lidded eyes, and sighed. It was quiet, except for the sounds from Rob's tongue. Marcey's hands went straight to his head when he bit on her clit. Her body jerked, and she cried out. "You like that?" Rob was genuinely confused, but continued. Small moans flowed out the open door, and Marcey feared someone would hear. She held in most of her pleasure, but that only made him try harder. She was so close, and she could feel the wet spot they were making in his bed. When two fingers joined his mouth, Marcey couldn't take it. She tried to tell him, but all that came out was: "Ah-mmm-cuuuhh." Marcey felt him smile, and he made a big show of 'cleaning her up'. She was shaking, and holding onto the head board's bars. The sight was beautiful, and he laid on her chest, letting her recover from her orgasm. 'Pink Velvet, he calls it? How odd.' She thought, as Rob whispered sweet words into her ears. Right in the middle of his sentence, she got on her side. He sat up, to only be pushed back down, by her. She put herself on him, infront of his boxer-clad buldge, and scooted up until she felt the fabric on her pussy. She took off his boxers, and put them on the floor with the rest of the clothes. She turned around to face him, and leaned down to kiss him. "Are you.." "Gonna to ride you? Yeah." She winked at him, and ended with a smirk. She lifted herself onto him, and slowly barried him in her, inch by delicious inch. His hands went to her hips, and his thumb slid over Marcey' tattoo. "Bite me, eh?" She smiled, and rocked back and forth on him. Leaning forward on him, to get a better angle, he was starring at her face. Her eyes were closed, and her lips were parted. He kissed her, and grabbed her hand. She pushed on his hands, and he pushed back. She was trying so hard to get him off, and all he did was hold her hand. She quicked her pace, and focused on an angle that satisfied him. His hand still held hers, but didn't push. He closed is eyes, and thrustud up when she rode down. "Turn around." Was all he manage, before he put her on all fours. He kneeled behind Marcey, and shoved himself in her. He held her hips, and she leaned up. Both on their knees, both breathing heavily. It wasn't until he was literally pounding into her, that her phone rang. She ignore it, and was going to tell him to keep going, but he grunted, and ground his chin in her shoulder. He came so hard, he saw stars. He held her for a minute, then fell against the pillows. She checked her phone, and almost threw it. "Shit, it was my mom." Rob could only nod, but she knew he was worried too. "I'll tell her I went to the pool, you'll vouch for me right?" Marcey held the phone with her chin and shoulder, while she got dressed. "Yeah?"

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