

## The South Window

### Warning - ADULT EXCERPT

Allie reached behind her, stroking his thigh. His hands glided down her body, resting on her hips, steering her around to face him. His tender expression welcomed her, unopposed by what was happening. Allie leaned into him, running her tongue over his parted lips, his sweet taste an antecedent of her uncontrollable appetite for him.

"Christ, the things I've wanted to do to you," he said, his words gruff through their parted lips.

His hands eased her dress down, sliding it from her body. Marty draped it over the workbench. Allie's skin became saturated with the balmy night air. She yanked Marty's shirt over his head, her actions desperate, needing to feel his body against hers. What'd been a figment of her imagination was about to become a reality. Her hands slid over his chest. Allie buried her face in the tight crevices, breathing him in, her teeth nipping at his nipple. The salty muskiness of his skin flooded her tongue. His hands moved to her head, steering her lips to his. Their tongues met, sliding together lazily. Her body responded immediately. Her pussy was raining for him, her clit throbbing. Allie pressed her thighs together, her pleasure right under the surface, waiting to be released.

Marty's hands roamed, learning her body. The stroke of his fingers ignited on her skin like live wires. Allie reached into his jeans, feeling his warmth, his intimate scent escaping into the air. His cock throbbed in her hand, his skin smooth and taut.

"Oh fuck," Marty moaned. "That's real nice, Allie," he said, his words a heated wind. His hips moved, thrusting his cock into her hand.

Allie rubbed herself against him, making her wants known. She fought with the rest of his clothing, her hands soaking up the flesh that pulled over his corded muscles. Allie leaned against the workbench, her desire mounting. Marty sank to his knees. Her body trembled from the anticipation of having his mouth on her. He nuzzled her, breathing her in. His tongue edged through her folds, sliding from her clit down into her wet center. Allie gasped, gripping his head.

"Marty! Oh God." He tasted her leisurely. His tongue eased through her pussy gently and slowly, as if savoring his sample. His hands nudged her thighs, spreading her. He was a talented lover, his mouth sucking, his tongue flicking at her clit. Allie's bones were crumbling into a helpless heap. Allie arched into him, giving him what they both wanted. Her body shook. Marty stood, gripping her hips. He lifted her. Allie wrapped her legs around him, pulling his body into hers. Her damp skin slid against his flesh. Marty's hot breaths tunneled into her ear.

“Christ, I want you,” he said, his voice tight with desire. He spun their bodies around, slamming them against the wall. He reached between them, grabbing for his cock. The fingers of his other hand dug into her hip. She felt him at her entrance, nudging his way through. Marty took her lips as he glided inside, filling her with his thick length. His hips ground into hers, stretching her all the way.

“Mm.” Allie felt her eyes roll back, welcoming him, the way his body felt and moved inside of hers.

“Let me look at you.” His breaths heaved. His eyes blazed, his teeth chewing at his lower lip. He thrust into her, splintering her apart. He had created a fault line within her the last few weeks. He now broke her open, their bodies grinding, rubbing, and pressing. Allie raked her nails down the knotted bones of his spine, hanging on. She tilted her hips, needing him deeper. She closed her eyes, relishing him, the absolute pleasure that he was giving her.

“God, you’re so hot.” His mouth bruised hers, his tongue unleashing a custom-made fire that raged between them.

“Fuck me,” Allie whimpered, giving her hidden thoughts life. Her body longed for more, wanting to feel his take root inside of her. “Harder,” she gasped, wanting to ensure it was all real. “Let me really feel you.”