The Ball Is In Your Court Part 2

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I know this one took a while, but I hope it was worth the wait. Being that it took so long, I'm going to act as though time has passed for Sketch and Cameron too. The first installment was how they got together at the beginning of the school year. This installment will be around the time of the holidays.

End of Part 1

"My thoughts exactly, Sketch." Cameron lifted her lips to mine and we shared a slow, unhurried kiss. Not out of passion. That was sated. This was out of love, out of finally being with the person we both wanted, but couldn't have for so long. Together, we fell asleep in each other's arms.

THREE MONTHS LATER

My phone rang as I lay in my bed. Without even looking at the angelic face smiling at me from the screen of my iPhone I knew it was Cameron. Her ringtone was playing. Smiling, I picked up my phone. "Hey, Cameron."

"I'm done, Sketch, I'm finally done." Her voice was a combination of relieved and excited.

"How was the test?"

"Over, and that's all I really care about now."

"Congrats, you're officially done for the semester"

I could hear her smile over the phone. "I'm on my way to your apartment. I'll see you in 20 minutes."

"See you soon babe."

I put my phone down and let my head rest back on my pillow. I still couldn't believe I was with her,

my best friend and the girl I've loved for so long now. I thought back to our first night together and the memories of our relationship played like a montage through my head. Although we were perfect for each other in every way, the start of our relationship as a dating couple was anything but perfect. Well, the first night was, but the first two or three weeks were rocky.

After that initial night of pleasure, Cameron kept seeing fault in everything she did. Her confidence completely left her. She was vulnerable with me, and it scared her to not be in complete control of her relationship. She second-guessed herself, she second-guessed me. Worst of all, it almost cost us everything. She pieced together that I'd slept with Tammy the night before we got together, though I didn't try all that hard to hide it from her. She was the one that pushed me into Tammy's arms that night.

Still, her insecurities were glaring. At first she thought she wasn't pretty enough, then not good enough in bed, then all sorts of crazy things that were not ever close to the truth. In my eyes, she could do no wrong, she was perfect in every way, but I was starting to see some chinks in her perfection. She was insecure, she over thought everything, she needed to be in control of everything in her life. It nearly drove us to break up. We thought that we might have been one of those couples that was just better off being friends. Until we ran into Tammy one night. Ironically, the girl that was almost the indirect cause of ruining our relationship was the one that saved it.

Tammy saw the cracks in our relationship, she saw that Cameron was beating herself up over little things, and simply told us to just shut up. She told us we were perfect for each other, that the little flaws and imperfections that we each had were probably the things we would love the most about each other. And that we could only be happy once we stopped trying so fucking hard. She spoke directly from the heart to both of us, then stopped talking to me and looked at Cameron dead in the eye. I'll never forget her words. "He loves you. He may not have said it, but he feels it. I know it, he knows it, and you know it. So just relax and let him love you," she stopped talking and then started again, emotion clear in the blonde bombshell's voice. "I know I would if I was in your shoes." She hugged Cameron, then walked off.

I won't say everything was perfect after that. It seldom is in a relationship, but ours steadily improved. Cameron let her guard down, and Tammy was right. I realized how much I loved her tiny flaws. I loved her compulsive need to control everything. But I loved it more when she felt secure enough to relinquish her control to me every now and again.

As I was off in my thoughts, I heard a key turn in my door. I looked up and saw her walk into my room, closing the door behind her and locking it. She smiled at me and climbed into my bed and snuggled up against me. "Have you been in bed all day Sketch?"

“Unlike you, I finished my finals three days ago. I didn’t have anything to do today.”

“Well what if I gave you something to do?” She rolled over, rolling her body on top of mine, a move she had perfected in the three months we’d been dating. “Or rather, someone to do?” She leaned her head down and kissed me softly. I returned the kiss back just as softly as she had given it. As it usually did with us, our moment started slow, soft, and peaceful. Soon enough though, it started to blossom into something more passionate. Her hands ran through my hair as my arms wrapped around her back. On a whim, I flipped us both over, surprising her. She drew back from the kiss in shock, allowing me to lift her shirt up over her head. It was rare when I took control from her. She was usually on top in our sex life, not that I complained, but every now and again, I want the control.

Her chest bare, I kissed down her collarbone to her breasts, lightly kissing each nipple, then removing my shirt before returning to her mouth. Happily kissing me again, she tried to roll us back over to gain the upper hand once more, but I stopped her. “No, Cameron. I’m taking control of this.” I saw her trepidation, but erased it as I leaned down to kiss her again. My mouth covered hers as my hands went down to her pants, sliding them down so I could massage her sweet pussy through her panties. “You’re mine right now Cameron. My girlfriend to make love to.” I slid down her body, lowering her panties before tossing them off to join the pile of clothes on the floor next to my bed. “Have I ever told you how beautiful you are?”

She smiled at me. “You could stand to say it – MORE! OH FUCK! MORE!” Instantly her hands were entwined in my hair, pulling me deeper into her pussy as I licked and sucked at her. I gladly listened, driving my tongue as deep as I could, my nose up against her clit. Licking along her outer lips I slid my tongue up to her clit, circling around it before zeroing in on my target. After abandoning all contact for a second to build the desire and anticipation, I flattened my tongue against her clit as I pushed two fingers deep inside her pussy. Cameron detonated into orgasm. Not normally a squirter, she let out several small bursts of juice all over my face, to my delight. Gently I licked her quivering pussy as she came down from orgasm. I lifted my face staring into her eyes as she breathed deeply, her eyes slowly focusing on mine. Multitasking, I removed both my pants and underwear as I was treated to a beautiful smile. “Damn, Sketch! Come here, let me return the favor.”

“No, I’m taking control of this Cameron. You, my sexy little girlfriend, are going to lie back, and relinquish your control.” Again, she submitted. Slowly I climbed on top of her and kissed her gently, sharing her juices with her as my tongue snaked into her mouth. Moaning against my kiss she reached down for my cock and slotted it against her pussy.

“Please Sketch.”

“Patience. I’m in control of this.” I massaged her breasts, gently tweaking her nipples. I ran my cock

along her slit, massaging her clit with the head. Continually, Cameron would thrust upwards at me, trying to take my cock, but I refused her every time. “Remember when I said I was going to make love to you.”

Breathing deeply, wanting my cock inside her, she could only nod and let out a breathy uh-huh.

“Well, I lied.” I paused as I slotted my cock and drove into her supple body, receiving a grunt of pleasure from Cameron. “I’m going to fuck you.”

I leaned down once fully seated in her pussy and kissed her deeply, my cock twitching inside her. Slowly, I drew out until just the head was still inside my girlfriend’s pussy. Then, without warning, I leaned forward, changing my angle and slammed deep inside her. I kept a break neck pace, slamming my cock deep into my angelic girlfriend, watching her turn from the beautiful girl next door to the sexiest wanton slut I could ever imagine. “Take me, take me, take me! Fuck me dammit. Sketch! Fuck me boyfriend, FUCK MEEEE!”

Smiling, I locked my gaze on her heaving tits, grabbing one in each hand and leaning forward more, my body hovering over hers as I continued to slam inside her. Her tits were deliciously firm and soft handholds for me as I continued to take my pleasure from her willing body. Cameron couldn’t stay still though. On each of my thrusts, she drove her hips upwards to me, welcoming me into her hot, tight, wet pussy. My hips crashed against hers, the sound echoing through the room. Our sweaty bodies slipped and slid over the other, but neither of us broke rhythm. My low grunts and her moans filled the room. Cameron would moan, starting softly, then gaining power, going higher and louder until her mouth was open in a silent scream as she was pushed over the edge, her pussy convulsing wildly around my cock. I continued to ram my cock inside her through her orgasm, fucking her harder and faster, loving the fantastically tight pussy that was creaming around me. One last time I thrust deep inside her, my cock bottoming out as I grunted again, jettisoning my cum deep into her pussy. As if my life force itself was being released through my cock, I collapsed, even as I was still cumming, falling off to the side, but keeping my cock buried inside my girlfriend as I continued to cum.

After a few minutes of heavy breathing and panting to regain our breaths, we both came back to earth. Even sweaty with her hair all messed up I couldn’t help but stare at the beauty of my girlfriend. “You’re gorgeous. You know that right?”

“I’m beginning to think it might be true.”

Still tired, I turned towards her and kissed her softly. “Shower? I know I need one.”

“I’ll join you.”

Nothing interesting happened in the shower. We were both fucked out after that performance. There was some groping (mostly by me) as we washed each other, but nothing more than that.

After our afternoon romp, Cameron and I got dressed and called up Tammy to meet us for dinner. Since I fucked her and she gave us that relationship advice, we were pretty close with her. Despite the fact that she was incredibly sexy, she was also sweet and understanding. Well, when she wasn't trying to crawl into bed with us.

With my guy friends, I never discuss my sex life with Cameron. At the most I'll say we had sex, but that's the most detail I'll divulge. It is not the same with women. Tammy and Cameron discussed everything. I swear the girl could have sketched me naked even if we hadn't been together that one time. Often times I tuned out, but for this one, I wanted to know what Cameron though of my impromptu take-charge attitude. Unfortunately, I think Cameron knew that. She didn't want me to hear what was going on.

None to subtly, Cameron said, "I think I'm going to head to the bathroom."

"Oh, I guess I'll join you then."

"You girls should really look into acting careers. You have all the qualifications. Very pretty, but can't act for shit."

With a smile from each of them, and after Cameron blew me a kiss, the two of them were off, likely talking about me. While waiting for the two of them, the waitress came around. I ordered waters all around and sat waiting for the two gossiping women to come out of the bathroom. Finally they emerged, Cameron smiling happily and Tammy sporting a smug look that looked perfectly at home on her seductive face. "Soooo...what did you two talk about?"

"Who says we talked? Maybe I just wanted to slurp all of your cum out of her pussy."

Visions of the taller nymph lifting my girlfriend onto the bathroom counter and tonguing her pussy through until orgasm filled my head. I shook them away. "She's straight Tammy, we've been through that."

"Is she now? Maybe she was, but as of 15 seconds ago, maybe she's a little bicurious." Knowing that Tammy could seduce pretty much anyone, I glanced over at Cameron, seeing if it was true.

"No, Sketch. It didn't happen." She turned to Tammy and took a sip of her water. "Stop filling my

boyfriend’s head with ideas of crazy threesomes that aren’t going to happen.” Again, as expected, my mind went to what that crazy threesome would look like. Me rutting into my girlfriend as she lay on her back, Tammy riding her face, gripping her tits as she moaned out in orgasm. I shook my head to clear the image. Cameron laughed.

“Will you two stop doing that? And stop changing the subject with visions that will never come true. What did you two talk about?”

“Oh, nothing. Just girl stuff.” Cameron’s voice went up about 4 octaves as she said it.

“Mmhmm, sure you did.”

The waitress came by again and we all ordered our food. As Cameron was ordering, Tammy opened her phone to respond to a text. We all ordered our food and settled into a conversation not revolving around fictitious lesbian experiences. Dinner went well for the rest of the time. Tammy kept dropping none too subtle hints that she wanted to bed both of us, Cameron and I kept laughing them off, knowing that she was only half serious and would never try to interfere in our relationship. The food was delicious, and the stares of envy I received were even better. Tammy left after the check was paid, while Cameron and I walked back to my apartment.

“We should probably get packing. Big day tomorrow.”

“I’m so excited to finally meet your parents!” Cameron jumped into my arms and kissed me.

“You keep doing that, and there’s no way we’re gonna get packed.”

“Mmmm, fine. I’ll save it for later then.”

As we finished packing, my phone indicated a text message.

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“Who’re you texting Sktech?”

I responded way too quickly as I texted back > “Oh, just my parents, they’re telling me when to leave

tomorrow.”

“Since when do you smile that much texting your parents. Come on, who is it?”

“My parents!” My phone buzzed again, indicating a new text.

“Not buying it Sketch.” She reached for the phone in my pocket, but I turned out of the way. She wrapped her arms around me, not letting me interfere with her pursuit of my phone, but I shook out of it and read the new text. >

I took my phone out of my pocket, waving it high in the air. “You’re gonna hafta do better than that if you want my phone, gorgeous.” I texted back. >

“I think I have an idea.” She pushed me back onto the bed, climbed up my body and straddled me. Reaching up for my phone, her tits were pressed into my face. I eluded her attempt and held the phone behind her back. Cameron straightened up, causing my hands to fall to my sides and the phone to fall out onto the floor, just as I received a new text. Hearing the clank, Cameron hopped off of me and picked up my phone. Before she had a chance to read it, I lifted her up and pulled her body towards mine. “Let me read it, Sketch.” Her hand moved down her body, then over my cock, rubbing my already hard meat. “Trust me.”

I put her down and let her read the text out loud. “I’m sure you can rope her into something.” She looked up at me. “Have you been planning something?”

I smiled at Tammy’s terminology. “Maybe. Now give me back my phone before you really get in trouble.”

“No, I think I might like this trouble.” She scrolled through the rest of the texts between Tammy and me. “In fact, I might really love it, but not want to admit it.”

“Have you been a bad girl Cameron?”

“Such a naughty…little…slut.” With each pause, she removed an article of clothing, first her shirt then her bra, leaving her topless. “What are you gonna do with me?” She spun around as she asked it, lowering her pants, just her panties showing now. She bent over, as she lost the rest of her clothes, completely naked in front of me, and willing to do anything.

I stripped with her, wanting her so badly. “God, I love you.”

Cameron froze. “What did you say?”

I started to panic. “Ummm, that I love you.”

Together we stood there naked and silent. All traces of the naughty girl were gone. Tears started to flow as she smiled a beautiful smile for me. She lay back on the bed and beckoned me over. Slowly I came over to her and lay next to her. She hugged her body close to mine, and then rolled over on top of me. “Say it again Sketch.”

“I love you, Cameron.”

She kissed me deeply, lovingly. “I love you too, Sketch.” She took me in her hand and slotted me, slowly sinking down until she was fully seated. A low moan escaped her lips as she slowly circled her hips, feeling every inch of me. Leaning forward, she flattened her body against mine and kissed me deeply. Slowly, gently, she started to rock on me. I returned her thrusts just as slowly. Our kiss deepened, became even more passionate. It wasn’t the fiery passion from earlier, but a passion fueled by mutual love. Together we moved. Cameron had a small orgasm, then dismounted and lay next to me. Her fingers lightly stroked me and she beckoned to me again. “Make love to me Sketch. Make me feel like the most desired girl in the world.”

So I did. Slowly I entered my dream girl’s perfect body, our bodies touching as much as they could. My mouth locked against hers as my hands ran up and down her sides. Her hands roamed my back, scratching lightly as I would slowly thrust deep inside her. Her legs wrapped around me, pulling me in closer as she moaned into my mouth. Her hips undulated beneath me, my shaft massaging her clit as I continued to slow and gentle pace. The kiss broke, and I placed my head beside hers, happy to listen to her soft moans as I continued to make love to her. “Yes, just like that baby, nice and slow. I love you so much, more, more.” I attached my lips to her neck, kissing it, nipping it, baring my teeth lightly against her.

“I want us to cum together Cameron. Tell me when you’re close baby, I want to cum with the woman I love.”

“Keep going, Sketch, uh, yes, you feel so good. Almost there, almost there, almost…YES! I’m cumming baby, cum inside me, cum with your girlfriend.” Again I kissed her, her moans filling my mouth as I filled her hot sex with my cum. Together we lay there sweating from our exertion, breathing heavily, and oh so satisfied. I rolled to the side and spooned up against her. I held a soft breast in my hand and nuzzled in against the back of her neck. Letting out a small squeak of enjoyment, she backed closer against me, loving the feel of being held. Silently, we lay together until sleep overcame us. Just before I drifted away, I was dimly aware of Cameron softly saying how much

she loved me. I smiled as I drifted to sleep.

All too soon I awoke from my damn alarm blaring in my ear. Some time over the night, I had rolled onto my back, Cameron had followed and lay her head on my chest, her arm draped over my stomach. Together we opened our eyes and moaned angrily at my alarm. I stroked her hair gently as I turned my phone's alarm off. "Shower, breakfast and then hit the road? We should be at my place in about 4 hours if we hurry."

We got into the shower, helping each other wash off, of course spending the majority of our time groping rather than washing.

"What if your parents don't like me?"

"They'll love you."

"And your sisters?"

"They'll love you."

"But what if they don't."

I held her face softly in my hands. "It doesn't matter, because I love you." I leaned in and softly kissed her. "Trust me. Everyone will love you. I've been talking about you non stop for over a year now, they're gonna be thrilled to meet you."

The rest of the morning went smoothly, although Cameron was still nervous about meeting my family. She wanted to get along with my parents as well as I did with hers. Fortunately, I had met her family before we had started dating. They had come up to see her at school, taken her and a few friends out to dinner. We had really hit it off, and I could tell that Cameron wanted the same for her and my family. She was quiet during the drive, but I could feel the anticipation building. She was almost shaking as we stepped out of my car and into my driveway. I turned to her, "Listen to me. They'll love you just as much as I do. Relax." I kissed her softly on the forehead and slotted my key. I was home.

Do you want a part three? You can meet Sketch's parents and sisters. As of now, I have no plans for what will happen, aside from one sex scene that I've been mulling over. I have no plans for Sketch's mom, dad, or sisters. If you have ideas, please send them to me in a MESSAGE. Other than that, comment and vote. I write for you, tell me what you think.