

Begging for Release - Part II

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She was given her release. But now he's back for more...

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Rose sighed as she put the clean glass onto the drying rack and returned to the sink to scrub at another dish. Sometimes being a single, independent woman can be a real bore. It's the same old thing, day in and day out; getting up at 6am, going to her dead-end telemarketing job every week day, coming home at 7pm and going to bed. It gets a little repetitive and, to quote a Wise Man, "Insanity is doing the same thing again and again and expecting a different outcome". Rose was sick of it. To think, just a year ago she was living the high-life, taking risks that no normal 17-year-old girl would dream of, and damning the consequences. Of course, there were consequences. There always are. When you knock on death's door long enough, eventually someone answers. For Rose, that someone was the infamous bank robber, Mr Richard DeVeal. There's not a day that goes by that Rose doesn't think about their previous "encounter". And there's not a night that goes by when she doesn't fantasize what she and one of his henchmen, Vince, did together in that mansion. It was one of the most explosive sexual experiences that Rose had ever had. And afterwards, it was Vince who had helped her escape from the DeVeal Mansion and live to tell the tale. He saved her life that night. Standing there, reminiscing the adventure and sweet, hot sex she shared with that man, Rose's temperature started to rise. Dirty thoughts swam across her mind and the memory of Vince's 8 inches of manhood pushing inside her led to wetness of the nether regions. "OK, it's a Saturday night, and I'll be damned if I'm not going to have a little fun right now." She said to herself. After putting the dish on the side and emptying the sink, Rose made her way to her bedroom. She lived alone in a small, detached house, so there was no way she'd be caught. Thinking of Vince's hands and not her own, she pulled up the hem of her light summer dress and proceeded to explore inside her panties, massaging her sensitive clit. "Ohhhh", She sighed, "Vince..." It wasn't a minute later when she heard a bumping noise. Pausing, Rose strained to identify the sound. Hearing nothing she continued working on her puffed lips. CRASH! Rose stopped. That definitely came from the front room. Hesitantly, she removed her hand and sat up on the bed. Someone was in the house. It sounded like they were alone, but Rose was still scared. Had her past come back to haunt her? With extreme caution Rose stood and went to her bedroom door, which was slightly ajar. She peeked into the hallway. No one there. She opened the door, and flinched when it creaked. But nothing happened. Rose slowly made her way down the corridor to scope out the kitchen. It was empty. She flicked on

the light. Silence. The room was as she left it. Feeling relieved, Rose went to stand in the middle of the room. "Wow, I've got to relax more," she said to herself. "I can help you with that." Rose screamed and tried to spin around, but strong arms grabbed her from behind and she was crushed against her attacker's body. "Rose, Rose calm down", whispered a familiar voice. "Don't you remember me?" His grip on her gradually relaxed as she did. Her eyes widening with disbelief, Rose turned to face him in his embrace. She looked up and saw the face that, a few minutes ago, she had been fantasizing about. "Vince", she breathed, "it's you. What are you doing here? How did you get in? Where have you been? What about-". Her flow of questions was cut off by a forcefully, powerfully kiss. It was full of passion and desire, just like their first kiss. It was so hot, all of her worries and doubts were burnt away as she melted against him. Eventually, it was Vince that broke the kiss. "Well, after a life of crime and danger, you pick up a few tricks. But that's all behind me now, Babe. I used to run from the cops. Now I work for them. As a consultant. I'm living in an apartment not far from here. But that doesn't matter. What matters is that I'm here, with you, because I haven't stopped thinking about you since the night we spent together." It was all a lot to take in. "Let's sit down," Rose suggested. She led him to the loveseat in the lounge and they settled next to each other. Vince took her hand. She didn't object. "Why is it that you show up now, after a year of silence?" She asked. "I wasn't going to show up at all. I thought it might endanger you, given my more than shady past, but I'm so close with the police now, I'm protected enough to see you without the risk of harm coming to you. I couldn't bear it if you were hurt". His eyes were open and sincere; he was telling the truth. Rose was so stirred with loving emotions she wanted to kiss him all over and let him have her any way he wanted. Instead, she asked him, "What did you do after that night in the mansion?" Vince grimaced and looked away. "Understand that for the safety of both of us, there is little I can tell you about the past year. But there was a lot of struggle, danger and violence. Only my memories of you and our time together kept me from falling back into the criminal underworld". That was it. Rose lost the last shred of self-control she had left. With swiftness and strength she didn't even know she had, Rose maneuvered herself so that she was on top of her lover, her knees either side of his hips, her hands clutching his head. She was kissing him so vigorously and dominantly, he was taken quite by surprise. But he quickly collected himself and kissed her back, forcing his tongue past her lips and tasting her mouth. His hands moved to her thighs and began rhythmically pulling her onto him. His cock hardened rapidly and pushed against his jeans. Rose could feel his large erection straight through her panties, as her dress was hitched up around her waist. Her own excitement became apparent when her underwear rapidly dampened and her nipples grew rock hard. She thanked the heavens for deciding not to wear a bra with the dress. Reaching up, Vince untied the strings at the back of Rose's neck, allowing the top of the dress to slide down. He grasped her huge supple tits in his strong hands and gently squeezed. In response, Rose reached down and unzipped his trousers, pulling them and his pants down to reveal a huge, hard, 8 inch cock oozing precum. Sliding down, Rose licked it away. She liked the taste. A lot. Locking her eyes on Vince's, she took his shaft in her hand and rubbed up and down. Her tongue joined in and licked from his balls to his head and back again. Then she kissed his foreskin and, wrapping her lips around it, filled her mouth with his cock.

She sucked his dick, covering it with her saliva, slowly at first. But soon her head was bobbing up and down as she forced his length further into her throat. Vince's moans grew louder and louder until finally he couldn't take it anymore. His cum filled her mouth and her throat, spilling past her lips and onto her chest. He left her mouth and shot her face with his sticky juices. Rose gasped, licked her lips and smiled. "Was that good?" She said innocently. "Fuck yeah Babe. Now let me return the favor." He picked her up and threw her onto the couch. She spread her sexy legs invitingly. Feeling confident, Vince knelt before her and licked up her smooth inner thigh. His hands rubbed her lips through the thin cotton material of her panties. Slowly, his fingers pulled at the material until it ripped off, revealing her moist pink pussy. He kissed her tenderly, nuzzling her, caressing her sensitive womanhood with his mouth. Then he let his tongue enter her vagina. Rose shrieked and arched her back, pushing his long tongue deeper into her until it could go no further. Then, while he licked and sucked on her engorged clit, Vince slid a finger into her tight wet hole, exploring every part of her. Rose was close to her orgasm; Vince knew. Stretching her even more, he added another finger. Natural lubricant was pouring out of her pussy, her breathing was fast and labored. Vince found her spot and stroked it hard. At the same time, his teeth nipped her swollen bud. It pushed Rose right over the edge. She screamed as the orgasm racked her body and gushed into Vince's waiting mouth. Her juice was sweeter than sugar and so fucking hot. He removed his tongue and fingers, but continued to rub her pussy until the aftershocks slowed. "Bedroom?" He asked. "Past the kitchen, down the hall," Rose breathed. Vince wrapped her arms around his neck, picked her up and carried her to the bedroom. In his huskiest voice, Vince murmured, "Time for round three." When they got into the bedroom Vince planted Rose on the bed so that she was face down on her hands and knees, her round ass pointing at him. He keeled between her legs and slapped her ass and pussy with his cock. Once again, it was rock solid. He pressed it to her puffy lips, rubbed her opening with his dick head. Rose moaned and pleaded, "Fuck me Vince. I need you in me NOW!". Vince was only too happy to comply. He shoved his throbbing dick into her tight wet hole and she screamed with pleasure. His tempo picked up and he reached for her tits, cupping and squeezing them, pulling the nipples and pinching her tender skin. Rose rocked to his rhythm and his balls slapped her pussy, adding to the ecstasy. Vince's strong hands were really squeezing her huge tits. She screamed and cried out his name, begging him for more. She reached to her pussy and rubbed her lips hard and fast. Then Vince took his thumb and squeezed it into his lover's ass. The stimulation was too much for Rose; she howled and came with heated intensity, drenching Vince's firm member. He, too, shook with orgasmic ecstasy, shooting semen into Rose and leaking over her ass and pussy. He rubbed her tits and pussy until he was completely softened, then pulled out of her and they collapsed onto the bed. Exhausted, the last thing each of them saw was a face full of radiating love, before simultaneously, they passed out.