

LOVEHONEY®
Erotic Book Club



Rocked

Laurel McLoughlin



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By Laurel McLoughlin

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First Published in 2009
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Cover artwork and book design: **Thru The Blu**

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Rocked

By Laurel McLoughlin

From the window, she noticed a figure moving through the darkness towards the house. She felt her heart beating beneath her breasts – who was there? What to do? There were only moments for her to decide as she looked down at her trembling hands. There was a knocking from downstairs, startling her. Her veins flooding with adrenaline, she moved quickly through the house.

As she reached the door, flushed with fear, she realised that her flimsy nightdress was barely covering her. Hiding behind the door for protection, she turned the handle and craned her face into the open space.

“Hi – really sorry, the car’s broken down and there’s no mobile signal here. Could I please use your phone?”

There was no question - he was handsome. But that’s no reason to trust him, she thought. Her mind was racing, second only to the pace of her ever-quickening heartbeat. Just looking into his eyes stirred something within her, that familiar hardening of her nipples and the pulsing of welcome desire somewhere beneath her stomach. She stepped out from behind the door, opening it wide. Realising how exposed she was, her face turned red.

“Oh, I’m so sorry,” she said, reaching for a hanging coat to cover herself with.

“Why would you be sorry?”

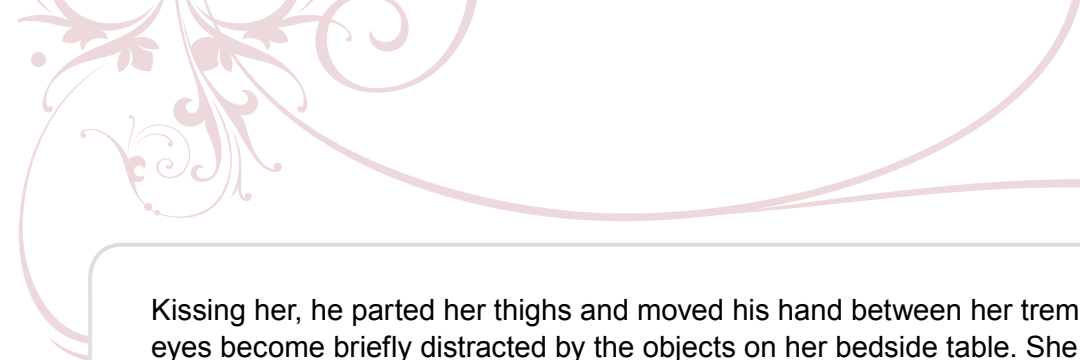
He took the coat from her hands and let it drop to the floor. The fear she felt was incomparable to the longing that was growing inside her. Very soon the shortness of her nightdress would not be able to disguise her moist desire. He moved closer and a tiny sound escaped from her mouth as his hand pushed her hair over her shoulder, settling on her neck.

“Don’t be scared.”

His eyes didn’t leave hers as he bent forward to meet her waiting mouth with his. She trembled with a heady combination of both fear and desire at his touch. His fingers reached beneath the silk to her hardened nipples. Then, without warning, he stepped away.

“Take me upstairs.” He spoke with authority and yet without force, and her response was more than willing as she led the way.

The moon lit the room with an enticing, dark brightness and the air was charged with promise.



Kissing her, he parted her thighs and moved his hand between her trembling legs. She noticed his eyes become briefly distracted by the objects on her bedside table. She wanted him. His fingers slipped easily into her wet pussy and her clit hardened. Every part of her was hot and ready, and she knew that he was going to make her come.

Her wetness covering his hand, he massaged her clit with his thumb, pushing more fingers into her glistening pussy. Through his clothes she could feel an insistent hardness.

“Please, take me,” she gasped as he reached for the bedside table.

She watched him pick up her Vibrating Rock Chick and felt the desperation to be fucked overwhelm her completely. He knelt between her legs and tasted her as he switched on the toy. Holding the vibrator against her clit, he slid his wet thumb inside her bottom and watched her face as she relaxed into the feeling of him stretching her.

“Show me,” he told her, as he stood up. As she watched him become naked in the moonlight, she held the Rock Chick in her right hand, pushing it inside her pussy as the vibrations on her clit sent shivers through her. He watched carefully, feeling his hardness growing. He leaned forward and took out the vibrator, licking it before thrusting himself completely into her ready pussy. She gasped and felt herself tightening around him, knowing it wouldn’t be long before she came. As she tightened around his cock, he withdrew it, looking down at how wet it had become. Guiding the Rock Chick back into her pussy and resting its vibrator on her clit, he lifted her hips slightly and pushed his thumb into her bottom, wet with her juices.

“Trust me,” he whispered, as he kissed her. As his tongue probed her mouth, his hard cock gently pushed into her satisfyingly tight bottom. She was absolutely filled as the stiffness of him inside her pushed the Rock Chick harder into her G-spot, while the vibrator hugged her clit. The combination of feelings was too much as he thrust into her deeper and harder, and she knew that she was going to come. As she let go, her whole body began to tense around his cock and her orgasm began to flood out, coming in waves, harder and harder, wetter and wetter, taking him deeper, tighter, pulsing him to the brink of his orgasm, until they were both coming, gasping, sweating...

And she smiles as she receives a text.

