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Encounter: Ambrosia (Bones MC)

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Marteeka Karlend

Torpedo's got a few hours to kill before Ambrosia, his "Personal Butler," is due to return. If he'd known a butler looked that sweet and f*able, he'd have hired one a long damned time ago. Now he has to get through the next few hours with visions of Rose in his head. And, oh, what visions they are...**

Ambrosia

Torpedo had a few hours before the little pixie with the unusual golden brown eyes and too prim blue-black hair was supposed to sashay her sweet little ass back into his world. He'd been everywhere, seen women of so many different ethnicities, he couldn't remember them all. Never in all his life had he seen a woman to compare with Ambrosia -- Rose.

Butler? She had to be fucking kidding. She'd asked what he desired during his extended stay in The Breakers Palm Beach penthouse, and the only answer he could come up with was "you." He wanted her. Hard. His cock hadn't relaxed since he'd laid eyes on her. It was a constant ache, needing to sink into her wet heat.

Which brought up a question. Would she be as wet as he was hard right now? God, he hoped so. He had to be more than a decade older than she was. Maybe she wasn't into older men. He dismissed that thought immediately. If she wasn't, he was confident he could change her mind.

Fuck.

The shower beat down on his body, almost cold, because it felt good after the heat of the midday sun. He used a cool shower gel to wash the sweat from his skin. As his hands roamed over his body, the image of little Rose washing him popped into his mind and absolutely wouldn't fucking let go.

He groaned. Her hands would be soft and tentative. She'd want to touch him, but be embarrassed to do so. He could show her what he liked. Hell, he'd just bet she could take over once she got started.

This was fucking nuts! He was in the shower, ready to masturbate to the image of a girl he'd never fucked, never kissed, never even seen naked, and had managed to piss off within ten minutes of meeting. But, God! She was the sexiest woman he'd ever seen. Probably because she was all prim and proper. He'd just bet she'd be a wildcat if she ever cut loose.

Great. Now he was hard as fuck.

With a sigh, Torpedo soaped his dick, stroking up the length. He could almost feel her hands on him! God! He wanted that! Wanted more. Could he coax her to suck him?

OK. He really shouldn't have summoned that image. He could see her knelt before him, her hands gripping his thighs as she swallowed him down. Her mouth would be stretched by his girth and she'd have trouble taking him. But she would.

Closing his eyes, Torpedo could feel her lips on him. Sucking him. *Sucking...* *Sucking...* He groaned, his cock throbbing with every stroke, with every slide. Was that her tongue on him? She'd lick his length over and over, lapping up every drop of pre-come he had to give her. Her lips tightening around his dick would bring him close, so very close. He'd hold off until he wasn't certain he could keep from coming.

But he would. He'd force himself to wait. He'd pull out of her mouth and pick her up. Sit her on the bench in the shower and burry his face between her legs. What would Rose taste like? He'd bet she'd be sweet as honey. *Ambrosia...* Yeah. Her name fit her perfectly. Sweet nectar from her sweet pussy would drive him insane. Fuck, he could practically taste her already! He'd lick and suck and nibble to his heart's content. What he wouldn't give to play with her for a few hours. See how high he could take her, then letting her fall back down without climaxing. When he finally did let her come, she'd be a writhing mass of need in his arms. He'd love every single fucking second of it!

Once she came -- because, really, he was a fucking master at eating pussy -- he'd pick her up and turn her around. He'd hold her up if he had to, but he'd have her brace her hands on the wall and then he'd sink himself into her hot, wet pussy.

He groaned, a long, loud sound that echoed in the oversized bathroom. What he wouldn't give to have little Ambrosia's moans and cries mingling with his! Would she whimper quietly? Would she scream? Torpedo grinned. Oh yeah. He'd make her fucking scream.

Once he was deep inside her, his bare cock bathed in her wet, wet heat, he'd grip her hips and rock into her over and over again. He'd take her slow. Until he couldn't. Then he'd ride her as hard as he needed. Rose's cries would fill the air. She'd fight to stand, to wrap an arm around his neck and bring his mouth to hers. She'd crave his kisses as much as he did hers. All the while, he would power into her body. Wrap an arm around her and fuck her as hard and fast as he could.

When he could take no more, when his body was on fire and about to explode, he'd slide his hand down her belly to her sex. He'd pet her pussy, feeling where they joined before finding her clit. Little circles, using her own moisture, he'd rub her, flick her clit before pinching it lightly.

Ambrosia wouldn't be able to fight off her own orgasm. She'd writhe in his arms, grind against him as she tried desperately to get him just that little bit deeper. Just as she was on the verge, he'd pull her back against him as hard as he could. Go as deep inside her as he could. His orgasm and hers would mingle. Her little cunt would milk him, greedy for his cum. And he'd give it to her. Deep in fucking side her. He'd come inside her until he'd given her everything he had to give.

Without realizing he was actually there, Torpedo threw his head back and roared his release. Spurt after hot spurt shot from his cock across the shower. His balls emptied in anticipation of the scene playing out in his mind.

Gasping for breath, Torpedo rested his arm against the shower wall and tried to get his body back under control. His cock still pulsed and the occasional spurt of sperm fell from the tip.

Fuck! He was in so much fucking trouble he had no idea what he was going to do. He'd just fantasy fucked a girl he'd barely met. A girl who was probably half his age. She definitely had too many problems in her life to deal with the likes of him. Especially in a sexual situation.

He was so fucked.

Then, a slow grin tugged at his lips. Yeah. He was fucked.

If he was lucky...

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