Derek and Amy

By kalira

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Derek and Amy enjoy some time alone.

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We're holed up in a nice little hotel room in the middle of nowhere. No one around here knows us and no one will bother us. Tonight's all about us. Once we get settled in I send him off to take a shower.

Now that I'm sure he's busy it's time to get to work. Digging out my bag I lay out the outfit I've had prepared for a long time. The panties are black silk, as soft as butter. There's a black garter belt to go over them to help keep up the black stockings. The garters are ones that I've had my eye on for a while, black with shocking blue ribbons. I can't wait to see them on him. Beside them I lay out the dress. It's a sparkly red number reminiscent of Jessica Rabbit. I set out the sparkly silver shoes for him just as I hear the water shut off.

Retreating to a chair in the corner of the room I settle down to watch him dress. It's such a turn on watching him roll those stockings over his legs, sliding into the clothes and another personality at the same time.

When she's finished she stands up and looks at me. Normally I'm the submissive one, but tonight, tonight I want her to be my little slut.

"Dance for me..." I say, without bothering to move. There's no music, but then there doesn't need to be. I watch her hips sway and wiggle as she turns around and around, showing me everything she has to offer.

"Such a good girl." I can almost her her purr at the praise. When she stops for a second to look up at me I can't stand it anymore, I just have to get my hands on her. Reaching out I grab her hand and drag her down into my lap.

She feels so perfect in my lap. I can run my hand under the slit in her skirt, just skimming the top of her garters. Her skin is so smooth here, almost as smooth as those panties I love seeing her in. Using my free hand I drag her mouth down to mine as her arms wrap around my neck. Her tongue is so talented, slipping between my lips only to run away again. Her lips are so soft, I could kiss her all day

and never tire of it. I want more than kissing right now though.

Trailing my kisses away from her mouth I nibble on her neck and then her ear before whispering to her. "Be a good little slut and eat me out." Almost as soon as I can let go of her she's slithering out of my lap and kneeling on the ground between my legs to do exactly that. Her tongue that's so talented in my mouth is even more so here, making me cry out the second it touches my clit.

My girl knows me so well, her fingers have found their way inside me in just the right rhythm to send me spiraling over the edge crying out her name. Before I know it she's taking over. In one movement more graceful than I could ever accomplish she's in front of me, dragging aside her skirt and panties and shoving her hard cock into my mouth and down my throat. After a few minutes we're both moaning and squirming, but she knows we aren't done yet.

Before I know what's happened she's stood me up and bent me over the bed. Sliding my skirt up and my own panties aside she swiftly buries her hard cock in my cunt, making me lose any coherent thought I had left. All I want now is for her to fuck me senseless.

I'm leaning over the edge of the bed with my hands planted in front of me to keep me standing and all I can think about is how good her cock feels inside me. Before I can buck back against her she wraps one strong arm around my hips and pins me to her. She leans over me, planting her free hand firmly beside mine, effectively pinning me so all I can do is stand there and take what she gives me.

I can't think anymore. I'm panting and moaning and all of my awareness is on her. Her cock inside me. Her hands on my body. Her breath on the back of my neck. I want to squirm. I want her to pound into me and make me cum. She has other ideas though.

"Don't Move." she growls into my ear before nibbling her way down my earlobe and neck.

It's so hard not to move, not to squirm but I do my best. As her mouth teases my throat the hand that was on my hips starts to let up the pressure. I give one small buck of my hips causing her to tighten her grip and growl a reminder in my ear to be a good girl.

I realize she's never taken me like this before. I've always been her slut, but it's always been more intimate than this. There's something about having her behind me, not being able to look into her eyes that makes me feel like I have no control at all. I'll do anything to make her happy, to feel her pleasure like she's giving me mine.

After a moment her arm lets up around my waist again. This time I manage not to move. She reaches around and unbuttons the blouse I'm wearing, exposing my skin to her. Gently, slowly she teases me.

Her fingers trail across my stomach, up over my breasts, so lightly I can barely feel it. Slowly she starts moving in me again, sliding in and out, keeping me on that heightened edge of pleasure.

As her fingers slide down my legs and over my thighs I start shaking. She picks up the pace as her fingers come closer to my pussy. She starts slamming into me and my arms want to buckle under me. I scream out her name as her fingers brush over my clit. Seconds later she bites down on my shoulder and I can feel her explode in me. It feels so good that I roll from one orgasm into the next before collapsing on the bed, her still inside me, wrapped around me.

She pulls a blanket over us and we both drift off into a peaceful sleep, only to wake up a few hours later with her moving inside me again.