Shut Up and Fuck Me

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Her intentions were clear when she uttered just one command....

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Fingertips caress over the stubble covered line of his jaw, stroking over the full curve of his lower lip, they begin to part and I shake my head. The sharp edge of his teeth catches the tip of my finger, rolling his tongue around it. He grins as I lean up, biting his bottom lip sucking it into my mouth as I pull my finger away, tracing the side of his neck then move along the collar of his shirt.

'Take it off.' Stepping back until my back touches the wall, crossing my arms under my breasts and I watch him. Large hands come up, picking apart buttons, looking down then up, his grin becoming wider. Arching a brow, nodding towards him. 'Not fast enough.' Fingers knot on either side of the buttons and jerks. The hair on his chest tapers into a thin line between his muscled abs then flares back out under his navel disappearing into the low slung waistband of his faded jeans.

Fingers play over the sash of my robe, letting the silk knot slide free. Pussy already clenching. Thighs move together, taking in the slickness between them. Gaze going to the thick ridge behind his zipper, my tongue comes out to slowly lick along my top lip. My mouth waters, I already know what he feels like gliding across my tongue, the thick head stretching the back of my throat, but this isn't about him, and this is about me getting fucked.

He closes the distance between us, my breasts crushed against those lightly furred abs, the hair tickling my already hard, aching nipples. Slightly calloused palms cupped my breasts, rough thumbs stroke over nipples. Head falling back against the wall at the slow grind of his forward. Those sexy lips begin to part again and that will not do. 'Shut up and fuck me.' My voice is low and husky and his fingers release the button on his jeans, tongue licks over lips again as that zipper eases down slowly.

The silk caresses oversensitive skin as I shift my hips, denim slips down slim hips, bunching at the tops of his thickly muscled thighs. His thick cock heavily veined and uncut, reaching out my hand I trace those veins from base to tip, my fingertip slipping beneath the foreskin, caressing the smooth

head. Moaning. His hips thrust forward. He growls. I love that rumble deep in his chest. His body presses to mine as hands strokes over the full curves of my ass. My hands go to his chest as he lifts me, my legs going around his waist.

Hard lips slam down on mine, tongue pushing inside and stroking over mine, I suck hard at his tongue. Back pushed hard to wall as a hand roughly pushes between us. I felt the stretch of his tip at my tight clenching pussy. Both hands go to my wrists, pinning them above my head. Rolling my hips down sliding down the wide span of his cock. I swallow hard as hips flex and he rams into me with one almost cruel thrust. My back sliding up the wall, then down. Lips never leaving mine as he fucks me with brutal piston snaps of his hips.

Labored breaths. Hearts pounding. My heels digging at the soft denim on the backs of his thighs. The wet sex sounds of cock cleaving into pussy. Growls. Moans. The sounds muffled by blood rushing in her ears. Chest hair abrades nipples, making them pull even tighter. He swells, I can feel the stretch, the burn of the possession of his too large but too perfect cock. Ripping my lips from his I gasp for breath, his head lowers, taking a nipple into his mouth, biting down roughly.

Rolls and arches of hips barely keeping up with the movements of his. He fucks me. Doesn't slow, doesn't tease, he takes me closer with each stroke over the spasming of my pussy around him. Teeth bite down harder. I tighten. I part my lips as the orgasm roars through me. Out of control. I tremble between him and the wall. He pushes past the point of comfort, taking his pleasure. My ass slams back against the wall with each thrust.

Screams. A masculine shout. Heat fills me. Wetness flows from my pussy, his and mine. Calloused hands tighten with bruising strength around my wrists and with one last snap of his hips he pins me to the wall. His hot breath teasing between my breasts, sending a chill over my skin. His head rises, a hard kiss to my lips. Pull back just enough for his eyes to meet mine and I smile. 'I love when you just shut up and fuck me.'