

The Marks He Leaves

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He commands, she obeys....

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Calloused hands stroke over my ass, a small wicked grin curves my lips and I keep my back to him. The man seems to live with a perpetual hard on. He stands behind me, hands caressing the flares of my hips and down the side of my thighs to the hem of his t-shirt where it rests at mid-thigh. Turning looking over my shoulder, a shiver runs my spine, I love when he wears his uniform. Dress whites. The kitchen lights reflecting of a chest of medals.

Hips grinding forward. Breath hitches. That small movement of his body presses my belly to the counter, trapping me. Fingers curve over the edge of the sink, dishes forgotten as those big, rough hands stoke up my thighs, to my hips then around to lie over the curls at the apex of my thighs. Teeth nip at lobe. Sucking as fingers slip between rounded thighs. I couldn't contain the shudder that rolls over my body. Nails digging into porcelain.

Moans. An arching of neck as those warm lips move down my throat, sucking at my pulse before moving lower to bite at the curve of my shoulder. Rolling hips back. Rubbing over the hard, massive cock riding the cleft of my ass. Fuck, I instantly know where this is going, can tell by the growl that rumbles in his chest. My ass will never be the same. I can't resist the urge to part my thighs, allowing his fingers to stroke over the wet slit between.

Fuck, my head falls back against his chest, riding those probing fingers, dipping inside, slicking his fingers before bringing them back to her ass. Pressing to the tight circle of muscles, a rhythmic pushing of fingers. I inhale sharply, stomach sucking in as two fingertips sink in, there's the pinch then the burn of the stretch. This isn't gentle. It never is. I can tell he wants me now, by the harsh breaths against my ear. 'Bend the fuck over.' The words a mere growl against my ear and suddenly her shirt is removed roughly.

Bending at the waist, goose bumps broke out over my skin as my shirt rose and my bare breasts met the cold edge of the sink. Nipples tightening painfully. The rough brush of hands over my shoulders down my back, then they splay across my lower back, thumbs pushing into the hollow at the base of my spine. I listened to the faint popping of buttons being released, the slide of fabric over hair roughened skin. Turning my head, wanting to watch him as he removes his uniform. 'Eyes forward.' Barely a glance before eyes snap forward. Teeth sink into lower lip.

Shivering. I feel the loss of him as he steps back, hanging his uniform up. I don't have time to protest before breath fans the small of my back. Nipping at my soft skin. Arching my ass up. The hard tip of his tongue moves down the cleft of my ass as hands cup my curves. Separating them. Clenching. His tongue strokes over me, thighs tremble. My head falls forward. Broad sweep of tongue from aching clit back to the clenching ring of my ass. I whimper, start to part my lips and a hard hand comes down on my ass.

Gasping as he pushes again at my ass, shivering. I'm almost begging and he knows it, that's why he straightens his big body, standing behind me. I hear the soft sound of his buckle being released, the rasp of the teeth on his zipper giving. No chance to whimper or ask him to take me, the broad flared head pushes at my ass. I close my eyes, waiting and in one short snap of his hips he pushes inside. A long agonized moan escapes, lips falling slack as the dance begins. I push forward, a slow retreat, another snap of his hips sending him deeper and it continues.

The sting. The burning stretch. Another slap connects with my ass, I tense then relax, allowing him to fully seat. No time to adjust, he thrusts, piston hard snaps of hips. Skin slapping against skin in a brutal rhythm. I lock my knees, lean heavier on the counter, with each thrust my feet lift higher off the ground. My body lying on the counter, the edge cutting into the softness of my thighs. My breasts in the slowly cooling water of the sink.

Breathing impossible. Heart kicking hard against my breastbone. A painful knotting in my lower belly. The pleasure/pain sending me so close to the edge, the pain part keeping me held suspended. I can smell the musk of his skin beneath the scent of his cologne. Sweat mists my skin and his, the connecting of skin louder. Grunting moans and groans echo off the walls and my pussy clenches with the beginning of my release.

His voice is gruff, laced with lust, but the blood roaring in my ears drowns out what he has to say. I feel the quick pulse of him as he swells, stretching my already overstretched ass. He lets out a low growl. He's close. My body is still held in limbo, on the cusp of falling over. I don't see how it was possible but he fucked me harder, driving me into the counter with bruising force. His fingers tighten on my hips, I moan thinking about the fingertip bruises that I will have. Reminders.

My orgasm hits me without warning, a scream pushes my lips wide, my ass a vice like grip around him seconds before I feel the heat of him, his cum filling my ass in hot pulses. He slams forward one last time, sealing his hips to my ass. I throw my head back. Shivering. The waves roll through me with a blissful agony. He collapses on my back, teeth sinking into the flesh of my shoulder. Marking me. He loves to see the marks he leaves. Tracing them at night when we lie in bed, but more than anything he loves that my ass will never be the same.