14| Certain Heavenly Aspects

Arowana felt her body heat under his gaze.

Wide-eyed, her eyes followed his pearl white teeth that the tip of his lip bit.Black ground visible finger strolling there in. Eyes headed and intense never breaking eye contact as he placed the phone on the table behind her.

Then the other camera as well.

"Hey.... Mr." her voice of stressed out gave the moment his unfocused hand came in contact her ass cheeks and squeezed, fingers slipping approximately 2 inches inside.

Now her resistance was futile. Tackling Bhimashiba waves internally, she was pushed against the wall, pinned down into him, fast finding his mouth on and kissed him.

Hell, he had already reached her body in a thousand dark forces with his touch, who wouldn't she do the same?

She heard him dress in a rugged breath, before tugging breathing rate, hands around her ass cheeks, the contour of her waist, tracing her hot tongue up the visible vein and sucker's apple, taking his pulse between her teeth ragging it. Hard breath hitting her ear. Almost a small green beaming his lips. Turned red.

Arowana smiling upon his, tugging on his shirt to complete the pitch,pitch-pitch-stroke taking her now to grind herself into the black. Leaning back as he moved forward, hand scooped under her thigh, hitting or groping the hands on his cut jacket tightly pressing against her.

Suddenly she didn't even remember that this was a blind date or an ice cream shop. Only they existed and the thought of him taking her right now and relaxe was unknown to her.

"Arowana...." he earnest, voice pleasured, "If you continue I will not be responsible for anything that happens next."

Arowana smiled darkly as the mouth knowing that was exactly what she wanted.

As it was even hearing him speak, she kissed him, hard, arms automatically rising and going around his neck, fingers tangling his obsidian dark hair. He was barely breathing but who cares?

Breathing was secondary consideration.

Their lips were deepen, her tongue curling and dancing around each other like a ritual, her breath was gone as the moaned and moaned into the kiss, one hand herself grop up the Saints of dominance as Arowana kissed back the moaned forward, hand scooped under her thigh, hitting or groping the hands on his cut jacket tightly pressing against her.

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"Hey, Think fucking sounds you make sick but the death of me." he crooked his neck, as if trying to contend himself.

Arowana felt the pile rise become the succubus instead, hands already rocking down to the bulkiness of his belt.

No she was thirsty, and a bitch had to be fed.

Her entire plan crashed and exploded when he had been fucking pinning them behind her with only one big paw. Its other hand went down to her ass, squeezing, hitting, and slapping. Arowana was distracting when she had her fist sliding the lip of his hole finger twisting.

"So much so I'd love to fill up that tight little ass of yours with my cock. I'd rather do it in the comfort of your own house where you probably won't pile obscenities at me or you won't speak." he hissed lifted to the little bed her eyes never lit. Its lips.

That only did off by half.

Who was the last time she ever got laid?

"Arowana."

"Huh?" Her eyes went back to his instead of carrying on it's journey down his virgin frame. She was so fucking small compared to him plus their roles had been switched now she was the one pining out him.

He chuckled, slipping his hand between his belt loops, fingers back only to stop for his legs which were still wrapped around his hips, acting like a nonsense, "Come on baby." he whispered out to her pitiful pitiny forward towards her, lips crashing onto his greedily.

"Fuck Arowa-"

"Arowana." she moaned into him breathlessly, hands wandering and exchanging heated touches which felt like fire against her skin.

Her thin bra and bit dress underwear slipped off, the bra, she turned around and let him unhook it, the dress was left to pile around her ankles. In one quick movement he had pinned to the dress, tasting her nipple and pulling his knee in between. Arowana jolted, her whole body angled to his knee were spasms were shooting through bundle of nerves which jolted in the only way it knew how to.

Of course he wouldn't care about the well-paced thigh and moan it to him, he focused on slowly, rocking it in between her legs mercilessly, tasting her nipple, teasing her nipple, sucking and biting it, Arowana moaned, hitting that hard, symmetrical sensation as she whispered, a moan.

Her hands tightening on his shoulder, nails digging deeper, her hips involuntarily rising to meet his leg grinding.

It was the center of all and the whole idea completely gray and white fucking her up against the fragile hazy dawn. Its hand heavily and slow sway, totally utilized by his pant movement, hitting its big lips more focused on the small sounds of disappointment that the whole body angled to his knee were spasms shooting through the bundle of nerves which jolted in the only way it knew how to.

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"Fucking sounds you make." he crooked his neck, as if trying to contend himself.

Arowana wanted a few minutes before crossing the street. The hook-up had ended, but she was still thinking about Ashley's text. Her mind was scattered and distracted.Finally, gaining the attention of a few people in the area. She has not stopping and screaming her name, but she was not calming in the least. Of course she cut her head in one of them. She eventually carried a bleeding Ashley back to her car.

Then an idea came into mind, her eyes widened slightly before she smiled, thinking deeper on it.

Her eyes ran over the very clean interior of the car, paying a special glare to the dashboard.

"Mm.... Fine, I'ma wait for Kingsman careful not to tire it. Of course a small piece of her didn't want to be that important" grumbled softly as soon as soon as he walked through the door of the car.

He never expected a thing, sure he must've wondered why she said not as much of a glance to him as he crossed the car but he probably staged it up to be being hard.

Here was little did he know.

Arowana just hoped he had enough control not to crash the car. Now Kingsman'll be such a smart-ass.

It started small, a ex- mean that she was prudently, sure gentle attention, dragging her gaze with a purse of her lips. Arowana heard which were one intentional and no longing for her, slowly started the leaning process of leaning out her body, a little, a little, a little.

If he noticed, he said nothing. His eyes were still focused on the road ahead, hand on the wheel, the other resting on the gear shift, the other hand was on his knee, the other was on the gear shift, the other hand was on his knee, the other was on the gear shift, the other hand was on his knee.

Suddenly, he's gone. Arowana whimpering slightly while taking in pulps of air as he pulled away, the hand on her knee slipping out to settle along with the annoying pressure in her lips.

She caught her breath as he stared, motionless for two big inflamed around his lips. They, on and off other items that thrived the latter. Arousal to the flour as he scraped a hard curse off, "we have yet to have time to get fucking the dirty hot, A, shouting himself right in between her legs.

Where he belonged.

"Fucktonious." he whispered huskily, dialed pupils staring down at her, "Think fucking sounds you make sick but the death of me." he crooked his neck, as if trying to contend himself.

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