

## Attagirl

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# Attagirl

by [Bitch\\_Sensei](#)

## Summary

Arthur gets annoyed after a mission turns south and the boys get set up. And what better way to let off some steam than to throat fuck the girl who's pining for you?

(It's a trick question, there's no other way \*wink\*)

## Notes

So basically, I stayed awake all night to write this and blah-dy blah. This is purely self indulgent, because I just want Arthur to fuck me. I won't sugar coat it. Arthur if you are out there and like ugly girls, call me. Cool, anyway, I hope you enjoy it? I know I did in my imagination. Also this is my first fic thing, so pls don't hate me coz I tried. Also there might be mistakes. Idk. Will probably do this again because I have a pretty dirty imagination and Arthur is in my head a lot lately. So... cheers.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

You'd been waiting for them to get back for a while, growing increasingly worried as time ticked by. Mary-Beth had picked up on your worry, coming over to you beside the fire to grasp your hand.

"Don't worry about it, (Y/N). They'll be back soon, you know them." Her smooth voice and warm touch meant to make you feel better, to comfort you.

You turned to look at her, where she now sat beside you on the log. Her sympathetic smile lit up by the warm glow of the fire. You offered her a tight smile back, only meeting her eyes for a second as you covered her hand with your own. You gave her hand a squeeze as you turned back towards the fire, your heart throbbing slightly.

She knew why you were so fidgety, she'd been the one that you'd confided in, telling her that you were sweet on Arthur. You hadn't told anyone else in the camp, but you knew better than that. It was obvious, the way you looked at him. The way you'd follow him around like a lost puppy, always trying to offer him help in some way. You had even started helping Pearson with cooking, doing anything that you could to make Arthur notice you.

That's when you heard the sound of horses riding over the bridge, the boys making their way back into Shady Belle, you stood up quickly, trying to restrain yourself from running to them. Mary-Beth's hand, that still remained on your arm gave you a slight tug, grounding you to where you stood. You gave her an almost pleading look until you heard voices. Angry ones.

"That is the last time I listen to you and your goddamn ideas, Bill!" It was Arthur, his voice raised as he marched around the house.

"How could I have known it was a set up?" Bill cried back, trying to defend himself as he followed Arthur. "Least we got some money for the camp for once, thought that was what you cared about!"

Arthur stopped dead in his tracks and turned on Bill, pressing a finger to his chest. "I care about the safety of this camp and now I ain't so sure that exists no more. Now that we got law from all over huntin' us down!" The loud boom of his voice making you flinch slightly.

"We got law from all over on us anyway, Arthur, what difference does one more town make!" Bill snarled back, squaring up to Arthur.

"It makes all the difference! You really don't see how much danger you put us in?! You actually care 'bout the women and children of this camp?!" Arthur continued to bare his teeth at Bill, forcing him to step back as he leaned into him closer.

You had already started making your way towards them, ignoring Mary-Beth as she tried to pull you back. Before you could reach them though, Dutch had stepped out of the side door of the house, his sleep clearly having been interrupted.

"What in tarnation is going on out here?!" He cried, pushing himself out of the door frame and heading straight towards the pair.

“What’s going on is this dumbass’ got his priorities all messed up!” Arthur barked, barely sparing Dutch a glance as he continued to glare at Bill.

You watched from the side as Dutch tore the pair apart, shoving them, knowing full well that this could turn into a scrap. Other members of the camp now joined you in watching, wondering what all the commotion was about.

“The pair of you better end this now, people are trying to get some sleep here!” The older man growled, his voice breaking with anger, giving the pair a stern look.

“Dutch, you don’t understand! You didn’t see what kinda mess he got us into!” Arthur yelled, turning his glare towards Dutch as his arms raised in exasperation.

“That’s enough, Arthur! Where I can’t agree nor disagree on whether he got you all into a mess, you can’t just barge in here at this time and start a commotion!” By this time, Charles and John had joined the group, both looking slightly beat up, but overall fine. “Go rest and we’ll talk about it in the morning, like adults!”

“But-“

“I said, enough!” Dutch ended the conversation, finality in his voice. He stared at Arthur for a couple more seconds, making his message clear, before marching off back inside.

The pair stood there awkwardly for a little while, until Bill backed off first with a grunt, stalking towards his tent. Both Charles and John also headed towards their tents, looking less annoyed, but not too pleased either. When Arthur was alone, you decided to head towards him.

You heard curse under his breath as you stepped up beside him, ducking your head to look at his face, delicately touching his shoulder with your finger tips. His brows were knitted and jaw clenched.

“You alright?” You said hesitantly as he continued to look at the ground, his chest still heaving. “I was worried ‘bout’cha.”

When he didn’t respond you tried to give his shoulder a slight squeeze, hoping that he’d at least acknowledge your presence.

“Arthur? I’m askin’ if you’re okay,” you tried again, your other hand reaching up to touch his cheek. “That scratch don’t look too good-“

Arthur’s hand had shot up, grasping hold of your wrist in a painful grip. You flinched, holding your breath as he looked down at you, his anger now directed towards none other than yourself. You gulped as his eyes pierced your own, daring to tug your wrist out of his hold, but not succeeding. The large man stared down at you like a predator, his gaze comparable to the way a wolf would look at an unguarded white-tail rabbit.

Having made his mind up, he began tugging you towards the house, heading for the same door that had been slammed behind Dutch. The poor door was slammed open once again and

left open as Arthur yanked you through it and into the “dining room”. You tried to call out to him, asking him what he was doing as he dragged you up the stairs to, you assumed, his sleeping quarters. You tried to tug against him as he pulled you across the landing. Your heart jumped as you realised what was going on, Arthur kicking his door open and tugging you round so you were in front of him.

He shut the door when you were both through, releasing you from his inescapable grip and locking you in. You backed away from him, looking up at him in astonishment as he removed his hat slowly. He walked towards you, making you take a few more steps deeper into his room, before setting his hat down over the map on his table. Looking at him now, you wouldn't ever have expected him to have been as angry as he had been. His whole exterior now looked calm as he removes his bandolier and gun holsters.

“Just what in God's name are you doin'?” You asked in bafflement, your hands brushing your sides as you stared at the man.

Arthur sighed, continuing to remove his accessories, still not looking at you. You grew more concerned at the second as he took his sweet time, before he finally turned to you.

“What I should'a done a long time ago,” his voice gruff as he slowly headed towards you.

He backed you up into his bedroom until your calves met the side of his bed, your breath leaving your parted lips shakily as you were cornered.

“What d'you mean-“ you found yourself interrupted by your own gasp as Arthur reached out, yanking you towards him by your upper arm.

Your body was now flush against his as a hand swept gently over your side, the other squeezing your hip and pulling you closer. Your hands shot up, landing on Arthur's shoulders, a quiet moan escaping your lips when you felt lips press against your neck. Arthur's lips and nose stroked your neck so delicately, both hands now holding your waist. When he retracted his lips from your neck and turned to look you in the eye you were baffled, your bottom lip trembled and your eyes fluttered. You couldn't believe the situation you had gotten yourself in.

Arthur's teal-blue eyes touched your very soul as they gazed into your own, appearing darker as they flicked down to your lips and then shut. You stared at his dark eyelashes as they fluttered down, taking in every feature of the man's face as they came in closer. Every crease, every hair, every freckle and every beautifully chiseled feature on his gorgeous face. Until you felt his dry, yet surprisingly soft lips press against your own.

You were stunned, until you felt his lips move slightly, opening and closing, sweetly coaxing your own into moving against them. Squeezing your eyes shut, eyebrows upturned, giving into the pleasure and tasting the man you had been longing for. You felt his calloused hand gently slide up your neck, snugly fitting itself in your hair, thumb stroking your cheek. You moaned quietly, feeling his lips smile against you and feeling yourself throb all over.

Having never kissed a man before, besides a slight peck, you didn't really know what to do, your hands bunching up in his shirt over his chest. You could smell his breath as he breathed

out through his nose, you quickly learning to do the same so you didn't suffocate. It was minty but you could also smell a hint of cigarettes and something distinctively Arthur. He sank his hand deeper into your hair, cradling the back of your head, deepening the kiss. And then his tongue entered your mouth, your knees buckling.

His free hand wrapped around your waist, pulling you into him as he groaned, earning a whimper back. Your tongues twirled, tasting one another, before sinking back into the warm cavern of your joined mouths. Arthur tasted like tobacco and mint, and something sweet yet spicy. So, basically, heaven. You felt yourself getting increasingly wet between your thighs, feeling Arthur's own excitement growing against your stomach. And then Arthur's mouth started moving urgently, like he remembered the anger he felt earlier and he was done being gently with you.

He retracted both hands from your body suddenly, taking a step back; your weight falling down onto the sturdy mattress below you. You landed with an oof, trying to gather yourself until Arthur's hands took hold of your blouse, barely waiting a second before tearing it open, your low cut chemise now on display. You gasped as your buttons popped open and flew across the room, bringing your hands up to try and cover yourself. Arthur wasn't happy with that though, slapping your hands out of the way before tugging the blouse out from under your skirt and pulling the chemise out with it.

After discarding the torn garment over his shoulder, he yanked you back upwards by the forearms, pulling you into a standing position. You fell against his chest once again, gripping his large biceps as his hands worked around the back of you to undo your skirt, actually caring enough to unclasp the button correctly before unzipping it. Your skirt fell to the ground, bunching up around your feet and revealing your long, smooth legs to him. You yelped, pressing yourself against him so he couldn't look down at your now naked self.

A fierce blush now dusted over your nose and cheeks and you felt your ears grow hot. You felt more embarrassed than you had ever felt, standing there almost completely naked, flush up against a fully clothed man. Your cheek pressed against his chest, Arthur gazed down, past your flushed shoulder and down at your ass which you didn't think he could see in your position. He hummed with satisfaction, hands coming up to cup your ass roughly, making you moan in his ear.

This time you pushed against his chest, meeting his eyes as you panted. He smirked down at you, unknowingly touching you in ways that you had only ever dreamt of being touched. Except, this felt wrong. You wanted your first time to be with a man that you loved, who loved you back and whom you were married to. In your own cozy little cabin in the woods. Separate from the whole world. And this only ticked one of those boxes. You loved Arthur and you had for a long time, but that didn't make up for the rest of your own vows.

After a long pause, Arthur tried to pull you back against him, but you held. His brows furrowed slightly as you continued to push against his chest, not letting the moment cloud your senses.

"Wait, Arthur, stop," you uttered, looking down at your feet. "W-we can't do this."

You felt kinda dirty as you stood there, mostly unclothed with a man to whom you weren't married and probably never would be. You were raised in a house where sex before marriage was blasphemy. And if your mother and father could see you right now, god forbid...

Arthur hummed, almost chuckled, before leaning down. He gave your neck a chaste kiss as he tucked your hair behind your flushed ear and whispered.

"And you think you have a choice?" The words reverberated in your head, your heart jumping in your chest. "I know you want it anyway."

You wondered, 'what?' Until you were pulled against him and reminded how strong this man really was. A hand shot out to rest under your jaw, pulling your face into another kiss, lips clashing with yours. It was like bipolar, the way he kept switching back and forth between being rough and gentle with you. This time when you kissed, however, he was a lot more rough. Arthur pulled away slightly, biting your lips. Not enough to break the skin, but enough to hurt, causing you to yelp and retract once again.

To your surprise, Arthur let you. You fell to your ass again and before you could get your bearings, a hand dipped into your hair, roughly pulling out your hair clip and allowing your long hair to fall over your shoulders. You then heard a clinking sound and look up to find Arthur's crotch. He was half way through removing his belt as he stepped forward, not allowing you to move from where you sat. You shot your eyes up to meet his again, feeling your eyes grow wet with worry.

When you met eyes with him, your heart jumped once again. Arthur's eyes were cold as he smirked down at you, finally removing his belt and tossing it to the floor. You shook your head up at him, crawling backwards on the small bed until you hit the wall. You hit a dead end and you had, the second you entered the room. Arthur just continued to unbutton his trousers, placing a knee on the bed between your thighs. You both knew that even if you tried to run now, no good would come of it.

When you next looked down, the tears that had gathered in your eyes finally escaped and rolled down your delicate cheeks. Arthur had taken out his manhood and was stroking it, right before your eyes. When he sank his hands in your hair, you let out a sob, protesting against him and bringing up a hand to push him away. He caught it easily, now holding a fistful of your hair and your wrist in a vicelike grip. He pulled you by the hair towards him.

"I'm sure you don't need me tellin' ya what to do," Arthur said with a sigh when you just stared at his cock, not doing what you knew he wanted you to do.

You looked up at him, lip trembling and new tears forming. Seeing no shift in his expression, you gave in. Looking down at the large member in front of you, you barely knew where to start. You started by placing your wet lips against the tip, kissing the large head and giving it a small lick. The way that Arthur hummed above you gave you an idea that you were doing it right.

Although you had nothing to compare it to, you could tell that Arthur was big. Far bigger than you had expected and far bigger than you thought you could fit inside your mouth, but you were eager enough to try. Instead of licking the tip, you decided to start to licking from

the base of Arthur's shaft and going all the way up, covering his entire dick with your saliva. Once you'd done this, you gave in to the tugging at your scalp and placed your mouth over the tip, taking the whole thing in your mouth.

Arthur groaned above you, hips stuttering slightly, urging you to take in more. The reactions that you were pulling out of him caused your mouth, amongst other things, to water and you let yourself sink down further on Arthur's cock. He moaned some more, finally releasing your wrist and bringing his other hand up to your cheek. He stroked your cheek gently and against your own will, you leaned into his touch, letting his fingers pet your cheek as you bobbed your head on his dick.

Placing your hands on his inner thighs, you found it easier to keep him in your mouth, going down further and taking in at least half of him. You swallowed, backing off of the cock so you could take a breather. Saliva and precum kept you connected to the cock in strings as you panted, raising a hand to give Arthur a couple strokes, your hand moving easily over the shaft with the added lubricant.

When you sunk back onto the cock, Arthur moaned again, muttering, "Attagirl." You felt your pussy throb, moaning around him as you took him deeper than before. You felt him hit the back of your throat, making you gag. As you tried to pull off of him, however, Arthur had better plans. With both hands now in your hair, he directed you into an easier position for his cock to guide down your throat. Holding you in place, Arthur gave a test thrust into the tight and wet channel of your throat.

Your hands gripped onto his thighs as he started to fuck your throat, feeling your throat convulse around his cock and he must've felt it too. He moaned, long and deep, making you impossibly more wet. You moaned back, trying your hardest not to choke on him. But that was when he pulled out. You gulped down a breath of air, coughing into your hand with spit and come all around your mouth and dripping from your chin. You felt the sticky substance coat your throat, attempting to swallow the goodness down.

He looked down and chuckled, giving you a moment to collect yourself as he undressed. You watched as he removed his clothes, your eyes scanning over the beautiful muscles and tanned skin that stretched over Arthur's body. You gazed over his broad chest, his prominent collar bones, his muscular abdomen, down to his v-line, your gaze stopping at the cock that you had down your throat and would happily take again.

Your thoughts were so clouded by the beautiful man before you and his sex, you didn't know what to make of it. You had been so scared before, but now you wanted nothing more than to climb all over the man and let him fuck you senseless. It was a good thing that that is what Arthur Morgan fully intended to do. After he had stepped out his clothes and boots, leaving them spread out on the floor along with your own, he crawled down onto the bed in front of you, directing you to sit on the bed longways.

Staying where he was, he started to undress you completely, unlacing your boots and removing them gently. The whole time you couldn't stop staring at his face. You once again took in every feature. His smooth lips, the little scar hidden in his beard, the freckles that dusted over his beautifully sculpted nose, the creases around his nose and eyes. You also noticed the way his brows furrowed when he got stuck when trying to undo your boots, his



lip going up slightly on one corner. You thought he looked so cute getting angry over such a little thing, you couldn't stop the laugh that bubbled out of your throat.

His head shot up as he slowly pulled your boot off, he raised a brow at you, looking awful confused. You laughed happily again, and now he looked down right scared. Soon you couldn't stop the giggles that were bursting out of you, covering your mouth, trying to stifle them. You could tell Arthur was starting to feel embarrassed now.

"Hell are you laughin' at?" He snapped, throwing your second boot on the floor as he stared at your quaking form.

When you didn't give him a response, too busy trying to stop yourself from laughing like a mad woman, Arthur launched himself at you, kneeling between your thighs and gripping your wrists. Realising how close Arthur was to you, you gasped, his face mere inches from your own.

"I said, the hell are you laughin' at?" The man grumbled, looking more embarrassed than angry.

You noticed the slight blush that covered his cheeks and started to feel his second hand embarrassment, feeling your face heat up the same as his, if not more. Realising he wanted an answer you chirped, unsure of what to say.

"Um.. I was just thinkin' 'bout how... cute you are..." you mumbled, looking away from him, but you could see his shocked response in your peripheral vision.

"Cute?" Arthur repeated, face looking confused and turning away slightly.

You sat there blushing for a second, arms going limp under Arthur's hold. When you next looked up, you jumped, Arthur's face now even closer.

"You think I'm cute?" Arthur repeated his head tilting as he continued to look at you with a brow raised.

You felt your heart throb as the big wolf looked like a little confused pup, boy was he cute. You nodded back at him, smiling slightly as you swooned, happy to be the little rabbit that this wolf wanted to feast on. God, were you sweet on him. His hands loosened allowing movement, so you took your hands away, slowly lifting them to Arthur's face.

You continued the eye contact as you stroked his cheeks and his beard, holding his face in your hands. His confused face turned into a neutral one as he tried to read you. You knew that Arthur was much smarter than he let off, knowing he knew full well what you felt about him. You assumed he just didn't believe it.

"I know you know how I feel 'bout you, Arthur." You said, somehow keeping eye contact as your cheeks flushed again.

His expression didn't change, which made you feel even more embarrassed, turning away slightly and taking your hands off him. You weren't surprised with the way he reacted, or

rather didn't react.

But what did surprise you was how his large, rough hands caught your own, gently taking them back and placing them on his cheeks again.

"I know," Arthur said, his voice steady, near enough making your heart burst.

That was enough to send you flying into him, pressing your lips against his and sitting on his lap. Arthur sat back on his haunches, catching you and pulling you against him. You wrapped your legs around him, kissing him passionately, tongues colliding as you smooshed your face against his. His beard scratched your face in a pleasing way as you kissed him. You didn't know whether to laugh or cry, but you figured that kissing the man in question was the best way to feel better in this situation. In any situation.

As you kissed him, he hummed into your mouth, his hands finding your chemise as he smoothed them down your back. Taking a hold of the soft material, he tugged on it. You pulled away, raising your arms and allowing him to tug it off over your head. After tossing it onto the floor, he looked down and marvelled at your breasts, perfectly sized and proportioned. He held you as he sat back properly, so that you could sit comfortably in his lap, before cupping your breasts in his hands. He groaned as he got a perfect handful of each breast, grinding up into the wet patch of your drawers. You moaned as he started perfectly rubbing against your pussy.

You felt Arthur's arms wrap around your torso as his head dipped down to your chest. You sighed as he pressed pleasant kisses to the tops of your breasts and cleavage, he looked up to catch your gaze as his kisses dipped lower and lower, your hands lacing in his smooth, chocolate locks. That's when his tongue came out and flicked over one of your peaked nipples, you gasped, bucking against his still hard cock. You never knew how sensitive your nipples could be, until this point.

He took your nipple into his mouth, sucking it none too gently. Throwing your head back, you moaned, pulling him against you. Arthur hollowed out his cheeks, sucking your breasts fiercely, his eyes closed as he seemed to enjoy himself. You continuously moaned, humping against his crotch as he gave the other nipple the same treatment, relishing in the response he was getting from you.

When he released your breasts, he sighed, looking over your shaking figure. He'd given you so much pleasure already, you couldn't imagine what would happen next. Leaning forward and letting you fall back onto the mattress gently, Arthur kneeled before you, his hands coming down to caress your thighs. Your hands gripped onto the pillow above your head as Arthur lowered himself down your body, fingers gliding over your drawers.

He hooked his fingers under your drawers and ever so slowly pulled them off, groaning when he revealed your pussy, a small nest of curls poking out of the drawers. It had been a while since Arthur had last held a woman like this so he was intending to take his sweet time in the act and relish in everything that you had to offer him. When he'd finally pulled the drawers down and off of your soft legs, Arthur massaged your thighs slightly until you were bold enough to let him spread your legs apart.

He hissed as he looked down at your virgin pussy, your wetness glistening in the bright, moon lit room. You were practically dripping and feeling embarrassed about it, covering your face with your hands. Arthur stroked your forearm, pulling it away from your face.

“Ain’t nothin’ to be ashamed of, darlin’.” Arthur said, the tone of his voice almost sounded proud.

Knowing that you had impressed the man, you felt yourself beam, only wanting him to be happy. Only wanting his praise. You shifted your arms slowly, bringing them to your sides and gripping the bed sheet. He must have seen how you’d reacted to his words as he’d smirked. Arthur was a very observant man, you noted. When you looked back down at him, his gaze was no longer at your face, but your ladyhood. He seemed so taken in by the sight, his hands petting your inner thighs gently, edging closer and closer.

When his fingertips finally met your pussy, you cried out, his fingers immediately growing wet.

“Look at’chu, so goddamn wet for me,” Arthur spoke, letting his fingers dance around your hole, not quite pushing in yet.

Before he proceeded any further in touching you, he raised his hand to his mouth and licked your wetness clean off. You both groaned, him at the taste and you at the sight. Arthur made his mind up then, sinking down lower on the bed and lifting your legs to place over his shoulders. Blowing gently at you, you mumbled telling him to stop being a tease to which he chuckled.

“Fine,” he uttered before burying his face into your cunt.

You cried out loudly, convulsing off the bed, before slamming your hand over your mouth. You’d completely forgotten about your situation, forgetting that the whole camp might hear you, but goddamn, it felt good. You whimpered and groaned as Arthur’s mouth covered your vulva, sucking and licking so perfectly. He started fucking you with his tongue, it feeling surprisingly long down there.

You were flabbergasted, you never expected in a million years that the day would come where Arthur Morgan would eat you out. But here he was, between you down there and giving you head like a zombie. You tried ever so hard to cry out his name as quietly as possible. Arthur knew exactly what he was doing to you and he loved it. Every slight twitch, every buck, every moan and every droplet of your honey. He loved it all. After what felt like a lifetime, leaving your chest heaving and eyes rolling back in your skull, you finally felt one of Arthur’s long, slender fingers sink inside of you.

You cried out, getting up on your elbows. You couldn’t help it, you were still scared, you’d never felt this before. Arthur got up then, your thighs landing on top of his as he came up to kiss you. He probably didn’t realise how obscene this was considering how his face had just been inside your pussy, but it turned you on so much. Tasting yourself on his lips and on his tongue, you held Arthur’s face in your hands as he began thrusting his finger inside you.

It made you moan, yet you couldn't help but feel tired of it. You needed more, you needed Arthur's cock inside of you and you needed it now. Whether he understood what you were saying through your eyes or if we felt the same, or both, Arthur pulled his hand away from your pussy and shimmied up the bed slightly.

You wrapped your arms around his shoulders as he hiked your legs around his waist, pressing a gentle kiss on your lips before he lined his cock up to your hole. Making eye contact as he did so, Arthur sunk into your tight pussy, getting just the head in before you winced, crying out with pain and pleasure. He looked down to see a tiny bit of blood bellow you and putting the pieces together. It finally hit him then and he felt real bad.

"You ain't never done this before?" He asked he paused in his tracks.

You felt yourself blush as you shook your head up at him, trying to keep his gaze.

He closed his eyes, his eyebrows knitting together, a defeated look on his face. He cursed under his breath, trying to find a way to apologise, but you shushed him. He looked up at you, looking guilty, with puppy dogs eyes and all, but you just smiled. You placed a gentle kiss on his lips.

"You don't know how happy I am right now, Arthur," You said, looking down at the man with adoration in your eyes, which he returned. "But, I am very happy."

Arthur leaned down and kissed you, trying to keep himself from smiling as he sunk in a little deeper this time. This time, it didn't hurt as much and you moaned so sweetly.

"Goddamn, (Y/N)," You could feel Arthur's cock throbbing in your tight walls, his hips twitching as he tried so hard not to shove it all inside at once. "So goddamn tight."

After letting you adjust again, he delved in a little bit deeper, almost all the way inside you. You whimpered, pussy clenching around him as he groaned. After a couple seconds he couldn't take any more, thrusting inside completely, his hips slapping against your ass.

You each moaned, heads tilting back. Arthur's cock twitched and your pussy throbbed, you each felt at bliss. That was until Arthur started moving, thrusting inside of you at a slow pace. This time Arthur had to cover your mouth, your cries of pleasure getting too loud, as much as he would like to hear it.

"Yeah... that's my girl," Arthur said as he watched where he entered you, thankful of how sensitive you were because he knew he wouldn't be able to last long.

Hearing the words leave his mouth, you felt something flutter inside your belly, placing your hand over Arthur's that still remained over your mouth.

"I hope you're close, coz I ain't gon' last much longer." Arthur whispered in your ear, making you moan beneath his hand.

You nodded his hand, giving him the green light he needed. All of a sudden, he sped up, fucking you like you wanted. Obscene sounds could be heard around the room as his cock

squelched in your pussy, skin slapping skin. You were sure that someone could probably hear you, but that just added to the pleasure. Releasing your mouth, whispering in your ear to do it yourself, Arthur hooked his arms around your thighs from underneath and pressed his chest against yours, fucking into you faster than you could imagine.

You felt something building up inside your womb, feeling more and more pleasure by the second, practically screaming beneath your hand. You knew Arthur felt the same, his thrusts getting more erratic and moans in your ear getting louder and sweeter. For the last couple seconds, Arthur's hips slammed into you faster than you thought they could, his fingers bruising your waist and thighs, his cock reaching deeper than you ever could've imagined.

That's when you felt something build up inside you, until you felt it burst, Arthur's hips slamming in at the same time, his cock impossibly deep. You felt your pussy flutter around cock as he came so deep inside you. To keep yourself from screaming, you bit into Arthur's shoulder, adding to his intense orgasm and sating your own. He grunted and breathed erratically in your ear. He thrust a tiny bit after, riding out each of your orgasms before collapsing on top of you.

Arthur was heavy, but you were happy to be crushed by him, holding him to you with your limbs wrapped around him in a sweaty hug. He held you too, your chests heaving against each other. Finally Arthur rolled off of you, the bed slightly big enough for you to lay beside each other. Basking in the afterglow, you sighed heavily, with Arthur doing the same in response, making you giggle. When you'd finally collected yourself, you watched Arthur reach over to the table and grab his pack of Premium Cigarettes, grasping the book of matches beside them and lighting himself a cigarette.

He lay back beside you pulling you into him as he smoked, each of you coming down from your high. You watched as his lips wrapped around his cigarette as he inhaled, turning you on somehow. You stopped drawing circles into his chest and climbed on top of him, straddling his hips and snatching the cigarette from his fingers. You took a drag of it, letting the smoke flow from your mouth as you looked down at him seductively. He cocked a brow at you, chuckling, raising his hands and placing them on your hips, one hand spanking your bare ass on the way.

"Ooh, do that again," you joked, giggling as you continued to smoke his cigarette.

"Oh, God, what've I done to ya', (Y/N)." Arthur said, pinching the bridge of his nose in fake exasperation, seeing him smile from underneath his wrist, but you felt the way his manhood twitched back to life against your ass.

You laughed, stubbing out his cigarette and reaching over to grab his hat, placing it on top of your head.

"C'mon, cowboy, you know you want to," said, grinding against his cock and pulling his wrist away so he could get a look at you. And he liked what he saw, surprisingly so.

His cock was half hard again now as he gripped the back of your neck, pulling you down to whisper in your ear.

“And you know I want to, (Y/N),” he said, mouthing the side of your throat as he thrust up against your pussy.

“My girl.” He purred into your ear, the pair of you losing it again to your own and one another’s pleasure.

## End Notes

Let me know if you like it. Or if you don't like it. Or whatever you want.  
Want more? Tell me. Want less? Go ahead and tell me, my dudes. Ty for reading \*kisses\*  
Anyway, g'bye~.

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