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All characters in this story are over 18 years old, and all sexual contact is consensual.

Also, this Story contains sexually explicit scenes as well as language. Please do not read this story if you are under 18 years old or uncomfortable with sexually explicit content.

Nightmare Neighbors Part 1

The side of her fist hits his door rapidly. He still might not hear, though. The base of his booming rock music is making the door shake. Just like the floor of her apartment above him. That fucking asshole.

"Hei. Turn that down."

She yells and hits the door again when it finally swings open. There he is. Satan himself. Looking like a fucking Greek god. He wouldn't be so pretty anymore if she kept hammering, exchanging the door for his nose.

"Turn that godforsaken noise off!"

He smirks, crosses his arms over his chest, and leans against the doorframe, the asshole.

"Sucks, hm? When neighbors are loud and inconsiderate. And no, flashing your tits won't make me turn it down either."

Gasping in outrage, she fumbles with the tie around her bathrobe. She was just about to get into the shower when this ruckus began.

Holding her bathrobe close, she glares up at him. Fury and embarrassment for standing in the corridor half-naked make her cheeks burn red.

"Turn it down, or I'm calling the police."

"Oh, please do. Then I can tell them all about the fucking zoo that lives at your place. Maybe animal control can take those barking whining mutts away."

"They are dogs. They can't help it. What's your excuse for behaving like a fucking animal?"

"They can't help it? They can't... How about training them to shut the fuck up?"

"You shut the fuck up and turn down the music."

"No."

No? No? That... That... asshole.

"Turn down the music, or I will."

"Yeah? I dare you!"

Dare her? Well, he doesn't know who he is messing with. He barely ends the sentence when she pushes past him into his apartment. The layout is the same as hers, so she runs down the entryway straight into his living room.

He is yelling and hot on her heels the whole way. Not that she can hear a thing he says, with the fucking music so loud.

Where is that sound system? Like, really! Who the hell owns a Soundsystem in an apartment building anyway, if you aren't plotting to be a nightmare neighbor? She knew he was the worst. She has an Alexa, that's more than enough for apartment living.

Spotting the offending device, she stomps over when he catches up and grips her upper arm. His hand is huge and strong. He is so close she can even understand a few words that are spewing from his furious lips.

"You waltz into my apartment and have the nerve..." She is not listening, however. It's not like you can hear yourself think with his awful music anyway. Rock. He would listen to that. She would endure it if it were Taylor Swift, but this is just offensive. She reaches for the Soundsystem. Determined to find the button that would make it shut up. "Don't fucking touch my... Hei!"

The next thing she knows is her back hitting the wall next to the hated device, which finally quieted between two songs.

"Don't manhandle me."

"Don't touch my shit. Better yet. Get out!"

"Not before you turn that screeching, thumping, mockery of music off for good." she pokes him in the chest.

"Ouch. What the hell? Are these claws?"

"They are called acrylic nails, you Neanderthal." her last words are drowned out again, so she pokes him again.

He looks furious, and when she tries to do it a third time, he catches her wrist in a lightning-fast movement and pulls her hand over her head. How dare he. She tries to pull her hand down, but he manacles it to the wall.

The outrage!

She pokes him with her other hand. Harder.

"Hei."

Her other hand joins the first above her head. Seething in anger, she wants to yell at him again when she realizes how close he is. She can feel his body heat as he is looming over her. His head is bent down, his eyes sparking with anger and... and...

His lips crash into hers.

Oh. Oh. Yes.

His lips are hot and firm, his tongue pushing into her mouth. This is not a pleasant first kiss. There is nothing sweet or gentle about it. Their mouths are open, their noses knocking together. It's more tongue-fighting and biting than kissing. But fuck is it hot.

She gets his lower lip between her teeth, bites down, and sucks it into her mouth.

He shackles both of her wrists in one of his hands so he has one free to hold her jaw. She gasps and lets go of his lip. His strong fingers hold her face as he retakes her mouth. Oh fuck.

She pulls on her hands, wanting them free to grope and pull at whatever she can reach of him, but he holds them up effortlessly.

Even though she hates that he has the upper hand, she loves the outcome. The kiss is deeper. His tongue is in her mouth, twisting with hers. This is so fucking hot.

He is so strong and so large, and he smells so fucking good.

She pants into his mouth. Her lips are wet and swollen from the intense make-out.

Pushing away from the wall, she tries to get more contact with his body, and oh god, yes. Her belly nearly gets skewered on his rock-hard cock. They both moan into each other's mouths when he pushes his dick harder against her.

Oh fuck. She wants him. Desperately.

As if he can read her mind, he breaks the kiss and, breathing heavily, looks down at her. The question is clear in his eyes. Does she want this? Well, he can't ask her out loud over the noise, which makes her angry again. And desperate.

Fuck yes! She telepathically yells at him.

They move as one.

He lets go of her wrists and flings open her robe. Her freed hands pull the back of his shirt over his head and toss it away. Then his hands are on her ass, lifting her while she opens her legs, and he presses her against the wall again.

Oh. Fuck!

His pants-covered dick rocks against her core. His chest presses against her bare tits, and his mouth crashes on hers again.

Her legs wind around his waist, opening her up more and making his ridge slide between her wet folds. Oh god. She is soaking his pants.

Her bare feet try to push them down over his ass. She wants his dick. Bare. And in her! Now!

One of his hands leaves her ass, and finally, his cock is free. Her arms are around his neck, her finger in his hair... when she freezes.

His dick. Pressed between them... It's... It's... Big. Holy shit. She feels the hot flesh reach from her core, over her clit, her lower belly up to her navel.

Of course, he would have a dick like this. No wonder he is such an asshole. She doesn't know if she should be annoyed that a man with such a rotten personality gets those looks and a dick like that or if she should thank the heavens.

The latter, she decides, when he starts moving his erection up and down her slit. Coating himself in her juice and rubbing over her clit simultaneously.

His lips leave her mouth and kiss a trail to her ear.

"Still sure you want this."

His breath on her ear makes her shudder.

"Fuck. Yes! Do it!"

"Demanding as ever."

He bites her earlobe, making her gasp, when he positions his lubed-up dick and pushes in.

She screams. She can't help it.

Fuck.

What the hell is he doing with her body? How does that feel so good?

He flexes his hips, pounding in further, and sucks her earlobe in his mouth.

The Audacity.

She could come right then, with his dick only halfway inside her.

Pulling out and pushing in again, she can feel him so deep. Oh fuck. Oh. God. Yes. Her pussy is gushing around him. Making it easy for him to slide out and hammer back in again.

He is not pulling his punches. All the fury and aggression they felt translates perfectly into hard fucking. He is pounding her against the wall.

She is so into it her brain short-circuits. She is pulling his hair, clawing at his back, and her legs are pulling him in and urging him on.

"Harder. Harder. Yes. Fuck. Like this."

Oh fuck. Her head bangs against the wall as he bangs her. The absurd thought makes her giggle and then moan. Her Legs tighten around his waist to keep her weight up as their bodies collide with every thrust. He is so deep.

His mouth lands on her shoulder. And again, not for a sweet kiss. He bites her. The fucking animal.

Screaming again, she scratches his back like a wildcat while bouncing on his dick.

Harder. Faster. More. More... Oh fuck.

He lifts her ass from the wall, changing the angle and thrusting even deeper. All she can do is hold on while he wildly pounds into her. Making her climb towards a cliff that scares her.

Can one die from coming too hard? Because she just might.

Especially when he nibbles a trail from her shoulder to her tit and, again, bites her.

"You fucking animal." another pause between songs allows her words to holler through the room. He answers with another bite and then sucking, which makes black and white spots appear in her vision before her eyes roll back in her head, and she detonates.

Holy fuck.

The orgasm starts in her pussy, races thru her clit, and ignites every nerve-ending in her body. She seizes up. Her body becomes as stiff as a board before she starts to shake violently.

She is pretty sure she screams unintelligible things as well. But who the fuck could tell, with the fucking music and the mind-altering orgasm rocking her world.

When the life-changing experience finally ends, she is limp as a noodle, which is a problem because, with all the tension gone from her body and her head somehow resting on his shoulder, he can't hold her up anymore. Hitching her up, he carries her away from the wall and to his sofa.

"You aren't giving up yet, are you? Even your non-stop barking dogs have more stamina."

She is blissed out from coming so hard, but he has to open his mouth and ruin it. She is about to think up some scathing retort when he lets go of her, and her upper body tumbles on the couch cushions. However, somehow, his dick is still balls-deep in her.

"You called me an animal. I'll show you an animal." were the last words she understood before he lifted one of her legs over his shoulder and started thrusting into her, and the music drowned out the slapping sounds of their bodies. Again.

Oh fuck.

She feels so sensitive after coming. His hard thrusts are a curious mixture of pleasure and pain.

He pushes in deep, picking up pace.

God, is he growing inside of her? How is that possible? Looking up at him, his gaze is fixed on her bouncing tits.

He likes that, does he? Pressing them together, she plays with her nipples, and he growls. Not that she can hear it. She feels his chest under her lifted leg move. She would like to listen to it, though. Or anything else but that music. Gripping a throw pillow, she chucks it through the room in the direction of the sound system and feels a quick slap on her ass in retaliation. She squeaks and glares at him with an open mouth. He smacked her ass. The Beast.

The second and sadly last pillow sails towards his head and, to her everlasting regret, misses completely. He still smacks her again in retaliation.

She would be furious if his thumb wouldn't rub her clit right then. After the first touch, she isn't much of anything anymore. Just a ball of lust and arousal, and oh god, he fucks her even faster.

Her head tosses as if she needs an exorcism. Fuck.

She can feel him in her belly.

Another break in the music and his words became audible.

"How the fuck are you calling me loud when you scream like a banshee."

"Fuck you."

"Exactly."

He rubs her clit faster, and she loses control over her body again. Shaking and screaming, she tumbles headfirst into another massive orgasm.

She feels him growl again, and then his dick twitches in her, and his thrusting studders and stops while he is gripped in his own release.

They are both breathing as if they ran a marathon. He is still deep in her, but she can feel him soften slowly.

Oh god.

What the hell did he do to her?

Her mind is scrambled.

She flinches when he pulls out of her, his dick followed by a stream of their combined cum, that runs down her crack. In an unexpectedly sweet gesture, he kisses her calf before carefully lowering her leg.

He stumbles away, and seconds later, the music stops, and a wet towel cleans her up.

The sudden quietness and his gentle gestures make the situation suddenly feel intimate. Like this might have been more than the best and hardest fuck she ever had.

"Are you on birth control?" he asks.

Oh right. Fuck. They didn't even use a condom.

"I have an IUD."

"Good. I'm clean, so no need to worry."

He reassured her. That is actually really nice. Maybe he isn't just an asshole neighbor.

Which is when the barking of her dogs begins. Well, it is kind of loud hearing it from his apartment. But any understanding disappears when he groans angrily.

"You see? That's what I have to live with. Train your fucking dogs, or give them to someone who will."

"Oh fuck you!"

"Anytime Princess!"