

The Girl He Craves by Demiah13

149

Sophie's pov

"You've dreamt of me?" Was all I can murmur out.

You can't blame me, I was still so heavily under his spell of desire that my brain couldn't think of any good responses.

Aiden could do that to people. But for me it's somehow worst. He can literally have me fumbling over my words and sometimes I admit, I have no clue as to what I was saying.

I call it the Aiden effect.

But he'll be c*cky about it if he knew how much he affected me.

Aiden kissed me softly for a few and then pull away. He smirked, eyes dancing.

"Yes you silly girl. I dreamt of you thousands of times. And to feed your little curious mind, they were not innocent dreams." His smirk widened when he noticed that his words had me flushed.

I almost tore my eyes away from his but with his finger now under my chin, tilting my head up, he forces me to keep my gaze directly on his face.

I had a feeling one flicker of mine and he'd do something that would turn me even redder than I am now.

So I kept my gaze on his and draw my lower lip between my teeth.

"Want to know some of the dreams I had of you?" He questioned with a tilt of his head and a sly tilt of his lips.

I nod even though I knew that he might have me blushing even in my toes. His sly smirk had me shivering. He looked like a Cheshire cat. One that got the last milk.

"There was one with you in nothing but lingerie. Red lingerie," His lips quirk, his eyes flashed and then they dip to my chest where he could see the rise and fall of it.

"You were on my bed, calling to me like a vixen." His eyes snap back to mine and they swirled with deep desire.

"Now that was a s*xy dream. Especially with the way you stared at me while I dove into you over and over." He said huskily.

I moaned, arching into him as if he was doing the exact same thing he had just said to me. I swore I could feel him do .exactly that right now.

I tremble.

His eyes dip to my lips that parted on the moan.

“But you know what dream that had me so hard the next morning for you?” He whispered, head dipping again, harsh breath beating against my mouth and tangled with my own air.

“What?” I moaned, getting turned on more by his recalling of his dreams. He grunt. “When you had nothing on. You were completely bare to my gaze. You were f*cking exposed on my bed. Legs open and waiting for me to feast on you before I f*ck you. I remember how glistening your little p*ssy was. Clenching as it noticed my stare. F*ck I can see it playing right in my head again.”

My breathing is so furious right now, my fingertips tingling, my p*ssy tingling. G*d, I’m losing it.

Is that my heart trying to get out of my chest?

Can he hear it beat for him?

Or is it my ears alone that can pick up on the furiously beating o*gan?

Aiden’s fingers now crawl to the waistline of my panties and I gasp as he gave me that heated look that made my toes curl.

This look was devilish.

“But I think I rather the real thing. Right now.” His tongue pushed out of his lips and it swept over the plump bottom.

In a second my drenched panties are ripped away from me. Torn completely.

“Aiden!” I gasped, staring at my torn panties around Aiden’s fingers.

He raised a brow, as if silently telling me that he did nothing wrong.

C*cky impatient blue eyed devil.

“I told you I wanted to eat you. You should’ve been a good girl and moved out of them the moment I said so. Or this,” He span the torn material around his finger, his grin broadening.

“Wouldn’t have happened.”

I want to glare and moan. I can’t f*cking choose which one.

So I do both.

His grin widened, showcasing how pleased he was by my reaction.

“If you don’t want the others to suffer the same fate baby, I do suggest that you either go bare,” He flings the torn material on the floor and I watch helplessly at my once un- torn panty.

What a devil. I should’ve known he was up to no good with that look in his eyes and that grin he sported around.

“Or, take it off when I tell you you’re going to be my next meal.” He grunted, his big hands now clamping my waist and tugging me to the edge of the counter until half my a*s cheeks were hovering.

I gasped, my earlier irritation for what he had done to my panties long forgotten when Aiden’s eyes bore into mine as he slowly started to dip.

My breath gets stuck in my throat, my insides feeling like they were lit on fire. I'm f*cking burning. And Aiden is the only one who can help me quench this fire.

He knows this. That grin that is plastered on his face showed me so.

His eyes leave mine, they drop to that tingling flesh that begged for him. His eyes get darker, smoldering my p*ssy with the look of hunger.

He looked like he was excited to feast on me.

"I'm starving." He muttered, his eyes drowning on my p*ssy.

In response, my p*ssy clenched making him grin wider.

"Looks like my meal is ready to get devoured." His Cheshire cat grin slowly disappear into a serious look of hunger as he gave me no heads up and dipped his mouth to my dripping p*ssy.

I gasped, my hands quickly latching on his hair when his tongue dart out to lick from my slit to my throbbing nub.

"Uh hum," Aiden made a pleasing sound at the back of his throat and the vibration went straight to my p*ssy and all the way to my toes.

I shudder, gripping him tighter.

I think I saw heaven.

"Sweet. So deliciously sweet." He groaned and dipped his tongue into my hole, swirling and then pushed out to tease my lips.

"And all mine!" He growled.