

# Want Her In My Bed - Prodencia

## Chapter 1

SIMONE

One week after my 18th birthday, I got the best gift of my life. My uncle fell and broke his leg. I know. I know. It makes me sound like a total ass. I'm not happy that my uncle got hurt, but I am happy that my parents decided to leave for a week to go and help him, and I'm really happy that they don't trust me to be alone at the house yet.

They asked Jack if he could come and stay at our house for the week, and he'd said yes.

Jack is my dad's best friend. He practically helped raise me. I have so many memories of Jack from when I was little. He'd always been there for me, protected me, helped me with anything I needed. He was the absolute best.

But then my feelings started changing. It started a couple of years ago. I began noticing his rock-hard body, the strong line of his jaw, the cute dimple that appeared in his left cheek anytime he laughed or smiled, and his eyes. Holy shit, his piercing blue eyes that looked so damn good with his black hair. I'd noticed recently that there was a tiny bit of gray coming through, but I didn't care. I just thought it made him look sexier.

I'd been saving myself for Jack, and this week I was finally going to get him to make me a woman. His woman.

I'd been shamelessly flirting with him for a while now, but so far, he'd refused to take the bait. But I was 18 now, and he was going to be all mine for a whole week. I was willing to do whatever it took to have Jack. The poor guy didn't stand a chance.

My parents had already left a few hours ago, and when I heard an engine in the drive, I squealed in happiness and peeked out the window. I watched as Jack got out of his black jeep. Just the sight of him gave me butterflies in my tummy, but that's not all he did to me. Looking at his broad, muscular shoulders and chest, the black t-shirt that barely contained his biceps, and the jeans that made his ass look so fucking delicious made my nipples harden instantly. I felt the familiar slickness between my thighs that I always felt when Jack was around. How was it possible for him to have this powerful of an effect on me?

I watched him grab a duffel bag from the back of his jeep, sling it over his broad shoulder, and head for the door. Nervously, I looked down at the skimpy outfit I was wearing. I'd put on my shorty shorts, a tight t-shirt with no bra, and I'd painted my toes a pretty pink. I'd kept my long blonde hair down because he'd said once that he loved the

way it curled a tiny bit at the ends. Sure, it was just a passing comment, and, yes, it had been a while ago, but it still counts, damn it!

I knew Jack had a key, so I waited at the top of the stairs until I heard the door click shut and the heavy sound of his boots in the entryway. Giving my hair one more toss, I ran down the stairs yelling his name.

“Jack!” I hollered as I came rushing down the stairs. His eyes widened as he took in the sight of my bare legs and bouncing tits. I flashed him a wide smile and jumped into his arms for a hug, wrapping my legs around his waist. I pressed myself against his hard, muscled body and breathed in his familiar scent. He always wore the most delicious smelling cologne, but underneath, it was all Jack, and I loved it.

He laughed, gently setting me down before pulling me away from him. I groaned in protest and gave him a pout.

“Hey,” he said, laying a finger under my chin to tilt my face up to his.

“You’re getting a little big to be doing that, aren’t you, Simone?”

“Jack!” I pouted, “didn’t you miss me?”

He smiled, showing me that sexy dimple. “Of course I missed you, kiddo.”

He gave my arm a quick squeeze before he picked up his duffel bag and headed to our downstairs spare room.

I could barely contain my wicked grin as I ran to catch up to him.

Tugging on his forearm, I pulled him back towards the stairs.

“That’s not where you’re staying, silly.”

“I’m not?”

“Of course not,” I said as if it were obvious. “Mom and Dad aren’t going to make you sleep on that uncomfortable futon for a week. They told me to tell you to stay in their room.”

I held onto his arm as we walked up the stairs, leading him to the bedroom right across the hall from mine. Walking in, I threw myself on the bed, rubbing my hand over the top blanket.

“See? Much more comfortable. I washed the bedding and got everything ready for you.”

I could see the hunger in his eyes as he watched me laying on the bed, but instead of joining me, he gave his head a sharp shake and quickly looked away.

“I don’t mind staying in the guest room. Maybe it would be better if I were downstairs.”

“No, Jack. It’s what they wanted. Besides,” I said, rolling onto my tummy and kicking my feet, “I’ll feel a lot safer knowing you’re so close to me.”

He scrubbed a hand over his face and sighed.

I gave a happy squeal when he said, “Okay, I’ll stay in here then.”

“Perfect,” I said, jumping off the bed. “I’ll go and start supper!”

I walked a few steps and stopped, “Oh, I forgot to tell you that they’re having trouble with the hot water in the master bath, so you’ll have to shower with me.”

I laughed when his blue eyes got even wider. “I mean use my shower. I hope you don’t mind.”

I didn’t wait for him to answer, and instead gave a little excited jump because I liked seeing him watch my tits and then headed downstairs for the next phase of my plan.