

Chapter 2 - Want Her In My Bed - Prodigia

Chapter 2

JACK

Holy fucking hell.

How in the fuck was I supposed to get through the week with Simone prancing around like that? When Rob had asked me to come and stay at his house for the week to keep an eye on his daughter, I knew it wasn't a good idea. I should've said no, made up some dumb excuse, but the temptation to spend so much time alone with Simone was too great. I'd agreed and now I was standing in my best friend's bedroom, willing my hard-on for his daughter to go away so that I could leave the room and go downstairs.

I'd never had a single impure thought about Simone until recently. Now all of them were impure. My head was constantly bombarded with images of me fucking her, her beautiful pouty mouth around my cock, my mouth all over her tight little pussy. It was driving me insane. I've always loved her and been protective of her, but now things were on a whole different level. I felt possessive of her in a way that shocked me. I knew it could never happen, though. I could never have my best friend's daughter.

She was forbidden fruit. I'd just have to learn to live on a diet that didn't include Simone.

I ignored the pain in my chest at the idea of it. It didn't stop my cock from growing to a painful size, though, when I remembered how great her tits had looked in that tight white t-shirt and the way I could see the bottom of her sweet ass in those shorts.

A cold shower. That's what I needed.

I grabbed a change of clothes from my duffel and was about to use the master bath, but as much as I needed a cold shower, the idea of actually standing under ice cold water didn't appeal to me. Instead, I went into the hall bathroom. I groaned when I saw all of Simone's things littering the counter. The whole bathroom smelled of her delicious floral scent, and my cock pulsed in my jeans at the smell of her.

I tried my best to ignore everything, but when I saw her lacy bras and thongs hanging to dry, I nearly lost it. Running my hands over the seethrough fabric, I knew I'd be jerking myself off in the shower. There was no other way I'd survive this week. A constant, torturous masturbation fest is what the next seven days had in store for me.

I quickly undressed and stepped under the hot water. Fuck a cold shower. I wanted and needed some warmth. Immediately, I grabbed my dick and started pumping myself in a fast rhythm. I imagined Simone in the shower with me, her small hand around my big

cock, the hungry look in her eyes while I force fed the length of me into her pretty mouth. Simone on her hands and knees, begging me to fuck her, her tight pussy wrapped around my dick.

My hand moves faster at the images, and right as I'm about to cum, a vivid image of Simone stroking her large pregnant belly floats through my head, making me blow my wad with enough force to take my breath away. I watch as long braids of cum disappear down the drain, wondering what in the fuck just happened.

Simone pregnant? Where the fuck did that come from?

I couldn't deny that the idea aroused the hell out of me. Filling that tight belly with my seed, creating a life within her, claiming her body and her womb—all of that was hot as fuck to me. But it was also insane. She'd never want that. She was so young. And, most importantly, I reminded myself, completely off limits.

I forced the images of a pregnant Simone from my mind and stepped out of the shower. Willing myself to ignore the lacy lingerie and the scent of her perfume that still seemed to fill the bathroom even though she wasn't there, I dressed and hurried downstairs.

When I walked into the kitchen, I was greeted by the smell of something burning and Simone bent over the oven with her shorty shorts hiked up so far I could see pale ass cheeks and a cameltoe that had my mouth watering. It was so tight that her bare pussy was poking out on either side. Juicy, plump pussy lips that were begging to be sucked. My mouth watered at the idea of it, and my cock immediately sprang back to life. So much for my shower plan.

When she stood and turned to me, I noticed that she'd been crying. Her bottom lip quivered, and two trails of tears slid down her sweet face. She stood there, twisting the potholder in her hand with a sexy embarrassed flush rising up her face.

"Hey, what's the matter?" I asked, reaching out to her.

She immediately ran into my arms. Her small body shook against mine as I rubbed circles along her back. I was helpless to stop my cock from growing at the feel of Simone in my arms, crying and vulnerable. I only hoped that by some miracle she wouldn't notice it.

"What's wrong?" I asked again, reaching down to tilt her face up to mine. Her large chocolate brown eyes still threatened to overflow, but at least the tears seemed to have stopped for now.

She gave a small snuffle and said, "I burnt our supper." The words came out as a whimper, and when a fresh stream of tears started, I gently wiped them away with my thumb.

“That’s okay,” I said, trying to reassure her. “I can just order us a pizza or something.

Her small body still tremored slightly against mine. Her tits felt so good pressed against my chest, and I’d swear I could feel her hard nipples through both our shirts. She sucked on her bottom lip, making my dick give a painful lurch as if trying to jump out of my pants and straight into her pussy.

“I just wanted to show you that I could cook a meal for you,” she finally admitted in a whisper.

“Is that what this is about?”

I smiled down at her, touched that she’d tried to go through so much trouble for me. She was trying to cook me a good meal, and here I was with my only thought being how fast can I get my dick out and bend her over the counter. She’d be shocked and disgusted if she knew. I’m such a fucking perv.

“Simone,” I said, tucking a strand of her long hair behind her ear, “I don’t care that you burnt one meal. I’m just touched that you tried at all. Maybe we can cook a meal together tomorrow night. Would you like that?”

She smiled one of her brilliant smiles, the one that always made my heart melt, and nodded her head.

“Great,” I said, giving her a smile of my own. “I’ll order a pizza for tonight, though. I’m not sure whatever you had in the oven can be saved.” I gave her a wink and was rewarded with a small laugh.

She stepped back, and I had to resist sighing at the loss of her body against mine. The tears were gone now, but I could still see signs she’d been crying. Tear stains streaked her cheeks which were still a bit red, and her eyes still held a glossy sheen to them. Why the fuck did that turn me on? I wanted to see that exact same look on her face after I’d given her a good spanking, that’s why.

Giving another one of those girly jumps that made her tits bounce in a hypnotizing way, she smiled and said, “Great! I’ll go find us a movie to watch!” and ran from the room.