

## Chapter 3 - Want Her In My Bed - Prodigia

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SIMONE

I can't believe I'd burnt the damn chicken! I was supposed to be proving to Jack that I was mature enough to take care of him, that I was proper wife material, and all I'd done is show him that I can't even do that.

I'm not going to let it get me down, though. He said we could cook a meal together, which just means we'll have to spend a lot of time together in a very tight space. Plus, the pizza just got here, and I'd picked out a scary movie for us to watch after we eat. I was so excited to be spending time with him that I could barely get down a slice of pizza. When he'd eaten his fill, I made us some popcorn and pulled him towards the couch.

"This is supposed to be really scary, and I'm too frightened to watch it alone," I said, snuggling up close to him with the bowl of popcorn.

We started the movie, but I kept stealing glances at Jack. He's what I really wanted to watch. I could see his profile in the dim light and the way his chest rose and fell in a steady rhythm. Leaning in closer, I pressed my thigh against the strong length of his and snuggled my body in closer.

I desperately wanted to throw myself in his lap, but I knew I needed to be a bit more subtle than that. I knew he thought I was off limits, and I didn't want to push him too hard, at least not yet. There was no denying the hard cock I'd felt pressed against my tummy in the kitchen when he'd held me. I knew he wanted me. I just needed to get him to act on it.

Setting the popcorn bowl aside, I grabbed an afghan and draped it over our laps. I curled my legs under me, rested my head on Jack's shoulder, and pretended to watch the movie. I loved the way our bodies fit so well together. He felt so firm and solid next to me.

When the music intensified on the movie, I gave a little squeal and scooted myself onto his lap. Burying my face in his neck, I whispered, "It's too scary, Jack."

He stilled beneath me for a second before his arms wrapped around me. He gave my back a soothing pat that sent shivers straight down my spine and into my pussy. I was so wet, and I worried that I'd be leaving a wet stain on his jeans, but I could feel his cock stiffen beneath me, and there was no way I was moving now.

I sat sideways on him with my legs partly stretched out on the couch and my side leaning against his hard chest with my face still nuzzled in his neck. The smell of him was driving me insane. With one hand, I brought the afghan up so that it fully covered me from the waist down again. I knew it was insane and that I was playing with fire, but if I didn't touch my pussy, I felt like I was going to die.

I wanted to cum while in his lap, surrounded by the feel and smell of him. I thought if I was really careful, I just might be able to get away with it. Very slowly I snaked a hand down to my aching pussy. There was a large wet spot on my shorts. Ignoring that, I let my fingers dance along my slit, sliding them ever so slowly under my shorts. I stifled a sigh when I slid one finger in before letting my lathered finger rub slow circles along my clit.

I tried to steady my breathing and did my best to keep only my fingers moving. So far Jack didn't seem to notice what I was doing. I rubbed faster, wanting to orgasm before I got caught. His hard cock pressed against my ass was really helping me out with that, but it was also pure torture to have him so close but not inside me. I thought about it, though. I thought about me straddling him and his thick cock piercing me, making me a woman. I thought about him cumming deep inside me, filling me with his seed, making me his, claiming me and my womb as his and his alone. The idea of Jack getting me pregnant wasn't a new fantasy, but it was one that I kept buried deep, deep down. He'd never understand if I told him about it.

I was so carried away by my fantasy, that it took a second to realize I had begun rocking my hips against his cock, trying to grind my pussy against him while I stroked my clit. I was so close to cumming. Another second and I'd be there, but Jack's stern voice in my ear pulled me out of it.

"Simone," he said, his voice deeper than usual, and there was an unmistakable edge to it. Not like he was mad, more like he was trying desperately to restrain himself.

My hand stilled immediately. I buried my face so close to his neck that my lips were touching his skin. The temptation was too great. I reached out with my tongue and gave him a slow lick.

God, he tasted good.

He groaned as his cock twitched under my ass.

"What are you doing?" he asked in what sounded like a half growl/half moan. "Did you really think I wouldn't notice you were fingering yourself on my lap?"

"I'm sorry, Jack," I whimpered. I was too embarrassed to look at him. "I can't help it. I just want you so badly."

When I finally got the courage to look up, he was staring at me with a look of such lust and need that I felt another warm gush of fluid hit my fingers.

“Don’t you want me, Jack?”

I slid my hand out of my shorts and brought my fingers to his mouth, rubbing my glistening fingers along his lips.

“Don’t you want to taste me, Jack?”