

Chapter 5 - Want Her In My Bed - Prodeencia

Chapter 5

JACK

What in the motherfucking hell just happened?

I watched Simone's sweet ass disappear up the stairs,

wondering where the hell this defiant young woman had come from. She'd been all giggles and innocence earlier, but here she was cutting off my sentences and storming off to go pleasure herself.

Part of me was turned on, and the other part of me wanted to gag her and spank the living hell out of her to teach her a lesson, so, yeah, the other half of me was just as turned on. The idea of taking Simone over my knee for a spanking had me nearly groaning with need. I tried very hard to not imagine what she was doing at this very minute upstairs.

And that adorable foot stomp? God, I'd never wanted to fuck someone so badly in my life.

The sweet taste of her pussy was still on my tongue, and it was all too easy to remember what it had felt like to suck on those perfect tits. When she'd started fingering herself on my lap, I'd thought my cock was going to explode. She was more of a little minx than I'd originally thought. This little girl was playing with fire, and if she wasn't careful, she was going to get exactly what she was begging for.

If her dad hadn't called when he did, I'd have been balls deep in his daughter.

Fuck, man! I berated myself. What the fuck was I thinking? This was Rob's daughter, the girl I'd watched grow up. That was the problem, though. She was all grown up now, and she was the sexiest most beautiful woman I'd ever seen.

Trying to get my mind off her, I went around picking up the mess we'd left from supper. I avoided looking at the spot on the couch where we'd just been and instead grabbed the popcorn bowl and went to put the leftover pizza in the fridge.

When I finally trudged upstairs, I only allowed myself a quick glance at Simone's shut door as I walked past to the bathroom. I didn't want to be surrounded by her things—the bras, the thongs, the scents—everything just reminded me of her and what I couldn't have, but in my hurry to get downstairs earlier, I'd left my dirty clothes on the floor. I'd

caused enough trouble tonight. I wasn't about to make her clean up my mess on top if it all.

My hand froze near my black t-shirt. There was an unmistakable sheen to it, a white stain that made my breath catch in my throat.

No, she wouldn't dare!

I brought the shirt to my face, giving it a long sniff. I recognized the smell immediately. The memory of it made my mouth tingle as I also remembered the taste of her. It was Simone's smell. Her pussy.

My pussy.

No, I stopped myself. I couldn't think like that, but I knew it was pointless. I already thought of her as mine. I just couldn't act on it.

I ran my fingers over the stain she'd left me. She must've come in here to finish herself off and used my shirt to help herself out. Then, she'd left it here for me to find. Fuck, I liked her style. I was again torn between wanting to fuck her and wanting to punish her for teasing me like this.

Both, I decided. I really, really wanted to do both.

Gripping the shirt in my hand, I left and went to my bedroom, well, my best friend's bedroom, where I'd spend the rest of the night fantasizing about disciplining and fucking his sweet, little daughter.

After several hours of tossing and turning, I'd finally managed to fall into an exhausted sleep. I'd kept the used t-shirt close to me like some fucking obsessed lover. The thought of not being able to smell her was too painful. I was completely addicted to Simone, and I needed my fix close.

I was having the best dream. Simone was in bed with me. I kissed her deeply, balancing my weight on my forearms to keep from squishing the small, naked body beneath me. She opened her mouth to me, meeting my hunger with her own. It was just like on the couch earlier. She tasted the same, smelled the same, it felt so fucking real, but my tired brain told me to stop analyzing everything and just enjoy this gift of a dream.

Her tits pressing against my chest were begging for some attention. I kissed a line down her neck, letting my tongue dance along her collarbone, before sliding down to her hard nipple. I teased her with my tongue, loving the way she moaned and whimpered beneath me. I opened my mouth wide, taking in as much of her perky tit as I could, latching on tightly so I could suck and lick as much of her as possible.

She arched her hips up to me, and I felt the sloppy wetness of her pussy against my chest. Unable to resist the idea of putting my mouth on her sweet cunt, I kissed my way down and buried my face in her beautiful little pussy. I gripped her thighs hard, tugging them as wide as I could, fully exposing her to me.

I heard a feral groan and some part of my brain registered that it must have come from me, while the other part of my brain finally woke up and alerted me to the fact that this was not a dream. Simone's sweet, pink, smooth little pussy was really just inches from my face. Simone must have turned on the hallway light because I could easily see every delicious inch of her. I had her thighs spread so wide that her pussy had opened enough for me to see her pink inner lips and the way her clit had swelled up as if begging for me to suck it. She was completely coated in her juices. Every part of her glistened, and I watched in fascination as she gushed out even more. It slid down to puddle beneath her perfect tight little asshole.

"Fuck, Simone," I whispered against her pussy. "I thought I was dreaming."

She reached down and ran her fingers in my hair.

"This is no dream, Jack. I'm really here, and I need you so badly. Please eat my pussy, Jack," she begged, arching her hips even more, practically shoving her pussy in my face.

I wanted to do the right thing and say no, to force her to go back to her bedroom and lock the door so this couldn't happen again. I wanted to do all that, but instead, I lowered my face to my best friend's daughter's pussy while on his bed and licked a line up her tight little slit.

The taste of her filled my mouth, and it was like the sweetest nectar. I could happily live on nothing except Simone. Gently nudging my tongue between her lips, I fucked her the only way I could. Plunging my tongue into her, I groaned as her pussy immediately squeezed me back. I would've given anything to know how that would feel against my dick.

She moaned and whimpered, digging her hands into my scalp even more as I slid my tongue up to her clit. I tongued the hard, swollen nub before latching onto it with my whole mouth. I kissed and sucked her sensitive clit while slowly sliding a finger up to her tight little pussy. She was so tight, I had to run the length of my finger along her slit to lubricate it first. I could feel her pussy lips trying to grasp me, pull me in, and when my finger was soaked, I slid the tip in.

She tensed a bit, but then slowly relaxed as I twirled my finger, gently pushing my way in until I had my whole finger inside her. Her pussy gripped me tightly as I slowly finger fucked her. I turned all my attention back to her clit, sucking and kissing her while I hooked my finger so I could hit both of her most sensitive spots at the same time.

Her breathing was fast and ragged, and her hips were moving in a fast rhythm against me. She moaned, and when I glanced up at her, I was rewarded with the beautiful sight of her playing with her own tits. She kneaded and squeezed them, pinching her hard nipples as she writhed beneath me.

“Oh, fuck, Jack!” she gasped as she came with a scream.

I held her tightly as she bucked and arched her hips even more. Her tight little body writhed beneath me as she whimpered and moaned. I gently ran my tongue over her clit, letting her body come down gently from the orgasm that had just racked her body, but I didn't let up with my finger. I stroked and rubbed the wall of her pussy as if I were trying to rub her clit from the inside, focusing all my energy on her G-spot. Her tight cunt spasmed around my finger.

She moaned again. “What's happening to me, Jack?”