

## Chapter 4 - Want Her In My Bed - Prodeencia

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I started to slip the tip a finger between his lips when he reached out and grabbed my wrist. My heart skipped a bit at the feral look in his eyes and the way he held my wrist so tightly. Without taking his eyes off mine, he sucked in one of my fingers, giving a small groan at the taste of me. He sucked hard, letting his tongue slide up and down my finger before doing the same to the others. My shorts were a pool of wetness by now. The feel of his hot mouth on me, seeing him lick and enjoy the taste of my pussy, and feeling his hard cock against my ass was almost enough to make me cum right there. I'd never been so turned on in my life.

Before my last finger slipped from his mouth, I pressed my lips to his, letting my tongue join his as we licked and sucked my finger clean. I ran my hands over his face, pulling him closer and opened my mouth for him. I could smell and taste my pussy on him, and a secret thrill ran through me knowing that I was slowly marking Jack as mine.

His hands gripped my hips, lifting me up so I could straddle him. I ground my pussy against his cock, moaning at how good it felt. He slid his hands into my shorts, cupping my bare ass while stroking the roof of my mouth with his tongue.

My tits rubbed against his chest, but it wasn't enough. I pulled back and yanked my t-shirt over my head, letting my tits bounce free.

"Fuck, Simone," Jack gasped, running his hands over my breasts before giving my nipples a hard pinch.

When I moaned and arched my hips, he smiled. "You like a little pain?" he asked, squeezing them harder.

"Jack," I whimpered, running my hands up his thick arms.

I'd never felt anything like this. The mix of pain and pleasure was intoxicating, and I felt drunk on it and unable to think straight.

Leaning forward, he ran his tongue along one of my nipples before sucking it into his mouth. He took in as much of my tit as he could while he used his tongue to stroke and tease me. I ran my hands through his thick hair, pulling him closer, never wanting his mouth to leave me. Looking down at him, watching him suck and kiss my tit, had my giddy with happiness.

This was Jack.

My Jack.

Switching to my other tit, he took that one in just as greedily as he'd done the first. I moved my hips faster, feeling my center start to hum with pleasure. I was just about to cum when the shrill sound of the phone ringing filled the house.

"Fuck," he groaned, lifting his head from my chest.

I watched as the desire in his eyes turned to shock. He looked at me straddling his lap, my bare tits still glistening with his spit, and my hips gently rocking against his cock, refusing to stop as if they had a mind of their own.

He grabbed my waist and lifted me off him.

"Fuck, Simone. I'm so sorry," he said, jumping to his feet.

There was a wet stain over his cock from where my pussy had been just seconds before. He was still hard. Even if his brain was telling him one thing, his body was obviously telling him another.

When the phone rang again, he went towards it. Picking it up, he avoided my gaze and said, "Hello?"

I knew it was my parents by the look of horror that briefly flashed across his face. He ran a hand through his hair as he answered their questions.

"Yes, we're both doing fine," and "Nothing really, just ordered a pizza and watching a movie."

He gave a strained laugh at something my dad must've said.

"Sure, yeah, she's right here," he said before handing the phone out for me. He still refused to meet my eyes.

I walked over to him, refusing to cover my tits or bow my head. I held the phone to my ear and said, "Hello?"

I listened to my dad talk about my uncle and how he was doing, but really I was watching Jack. He couldn't keep his eyes off me for long. His gaze started at my pink painted toes, then slowly trailed up my legs, along my shorts with the wet patch over my pussy, my tight stomach, my bare tits with hard, perky nipples, and finally up to my face.

"Yes, Jack's taking very good care of me," I said into the phone, giving Jack a wicked grin.

There was still a war going on behind his eyes, but I hoped I'd be able to tear through that soon. I was so close on the couch! If only my parents hadn't called!

I quickly said my goodbyes and tossed the phone on the couch behind me. Jack's arms were held firmly across his chest which only accentuated his killer biceps. He stared at me as if deciding what in the hell to do with me. I sighed in disappointment when I saw him grit his teeth and knew I'd lost this round.

"Simone," he began, but I held up my hand in frustration, cutting him off.

I would've laughed at his stunned face if I wasn't already so bummed out.

"Just don't, Jack," I said. "I get it. You're not interested."

He took a step towards me but didn't allow himself to get too close.

"That's not it at all, and you know it. I just can't. It's wrong." He scrubbed a hand over his stubbled cheeks. "You're my best friend's daughter." He gave a harsh laugh and added, "How fucked up is that?"

I stuck my chin out stubbornly. "I don't think it's fucked up at all. I've always wanted you, Jack. And you want me too!" I couldn't stop my foot from giving a little stomp, which only made me feel like more of a child. My voice was rising, but I didn't care. I was horny and angry and frustrated beyond belief.

I pointed at the wet stain I'd left on him that clearly showed the outline of the massive erection he was still sporting.

I stepped closer to him, looking up into those blue eyes of his.

"Have fun sleeping tonight, Jack, with the taste and smell of my pussy all over your mouth."

I didn't wait for a response and instead headed for the stairs, calling out over my shoulder, "Excuse me, but I'm going to go finish what you started myself."