

Chapter 123

67 - Kennedy

Hold the phone. "How is that possible?" I sit up to my knees, rubbing my stomach again. He has to be lying. There's no way what I felt was fake or in my head.

He growls again. "Kennedy..."

"What? You can't be an asshole for weeks and not expect me to be curious when you do decide to talk to me."

He closes his eyes and takes a breath. "Can we just go back to sleep and talk about this tomorrow?"

"Not a chance. How is it possible you're a virgin? I know what I felt and I know what happened to me."

"I have no problem answering questions. Although some of my answers might not be what you want to hear. But, please..."

"Then what the hell is wrong with you?" I am almost yelling again. I just don't understand. "Why won't you look at me?" I move closer to him. I want to reach out and touch his cheek, no matter how mad he's made me. The urge to have contact is overwhelming. But I sit here waiting. 1

"Do you have any idea what I have wanted to do to you since that night out on the balcony? Now you are here, next to me, half naked... wanting to talk. No, I can't look at you. I know I won't be able to control myself if I do. I very much enjoy the sight of you kneeling next to me and if I look, I will touch and if I touch I will not be able to stop myself from doing something I am not ready for."

This is still about him and how he feels, jackass. Well two can play that



game. I know he's hyper aware of me right now. The evidence is tenting his shorts. He can smell me, feel each movement, but I am hoping to give him a taste of his own medicine. 1

I lift up and straddle his legs, just behind his massive erection. I am close enough that I can feel his pulse in my cl*t. He sucks in a breath and doesn't let it out. I reach forward placing a hand on the headboard on either side of his head and lean into his ear.

"You really should learn to control your urges. They seem to get you into trouble." I tilt my hips ever so slightly and he whimpers. "Don't you move a muscle. You are going to sit here and take everything I give you like a good boy. Aren't you?" Another tilt and responding whimper.

Something about this control, this power over him feels so good. Good enough that I grind my swollen nub into him and let out a small moan at the shock of pleasure coursing through me. 1

"Kennedy, please..."

"Aren't you?" I ask again, getting so close to his ear that my lips brush it as I speak and I can see goosebumps erupt down his neck. This time he nods. "I am in charge of this game now." I rock my hips against him again and ghost my nose down his throat and across one collar bone. He shivers. At least he reacts the same to me as I do him. I might be able to get off just dry humping him here. Maybe I will, and then leave him hanging. 1

"I'm so close. You always have me so worked up." I'm letting my body take over now and my brain is slowly entering the land of the stupid. I can't let him come. I am going to edge the sh*t out of him tonight. He can see what it feels like to be so s*xually frustrated.

"Will you come for me, Kennedy?" He rasps out between panting.



breaths.

"Maybe." I grind harder and I am vibrating. I don't have much longer. I lick up the side of his neck and kiss him on the sweet spot behind the ear, which earns me a groan. 

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