

The Girl He Craves by Demiah13

Chapter 148

“You don’t want daddy to wait now, do you?” His teeth clamped my earlobe as he place the plate back in the sink.

His words had me moaning and I tilt my head back, my eyes closing. His words alone had me practically purring in his hold.

With one hand on my waist, Aiden pulls me back while he backs away. The other hand he took the plate out of my hold, he uses it to tease on my thigh. My thighs clench as Aiden’s fingers crawl up.

My core is already dripping with anticipation and the same essence he wants on his tongue.

I’m shivering at the thought of his hot mouth on me again.

“You’re wet aren’t you?” His husky tone kissed my eardrums, just as his hot breath kissed my skin.

His fingers inched upwards until they tickled under his huge shirt I still had on.

His fingers found between my thighs, making my breath hitch and my body tremble in his hold.

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He groans when he feels the wetness on my panties. I was drenched. I knew I was. I could practically feel my panties stick to my wet c*nt like a second skin.

“Aiden,” I breathed out his name like a trembling plea as his fingers brushed along my panties featherly.

He sucked in a breath and one of my hands clutch the one he had on my waist.

He’s breathing roughly in my ear, his breath beating against my eardrums.

His fingers for a few just trace over my panties, lathering his pads with my sticky wetness.

“How long have you been so wet baby?” He hums in my ear, breathing down roughly like a silent appraisal.

My core clench, my slit drip with more wetness. I’m also breathing roughly, my mind hazy.

Dishes long forgotten as I surrender myself to him.

“I bet you were wet the moment I told you I want to taste you.” He grunted, teeth playfully biting my earlobe.

His fingertips stop just at my entrance and he teasingly pumps his fingers in, despite the material in the way.

“You’re so wet mama bear,” He groaned and then turns me

around.

His mouth land on mine quickly, his tongue dipping in. His hand grip one of my breasts and his body pushes me to the edge of the counter.

He's groaning in my mouth, tongue swirling around my tongue.

He gives my breast a firm squeeze and my nipples bead under his hot palm.

I moaned, tilting my head up so his tongue could go in deeper. I tip toed when his hand cupped between my thighs and his finger probs between my lips through my soaked

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panties.

"My Sophie," He moaned on my mouth, both of his hands now latching themselves on my waist then snake down to my hips.

They curled around the hump of my a*s and in one swift move gripped my bottom and lifted me onto the countertop.

I gasped as he hunched up the huge shirt so now the cold surface of the countertop bit into my round flesh.

Somehow the feeling of the cool surface on my heated skin sent a shockwave feeling from my a*s to my core and finally settled in my nub. It tingled as if the cold had somehow awakened it.

I shudder as Aiden's hands land on my thigh, his fingertips biting into my soft skin. I opened my legs like a newly budded flower and Aiden magneted his lower half between my legs, his hardening c*ck brutally teasing me over my panties.

He groaned, the blue in his eyes swirling with unrestrained fired longing as he peered into me.

I let out a shaky breath while his blue eyes make me drown myself in them. It's like my entire body is wrapped inside the currents of his eyes and he's pulling me deeper and deeper.

Usually one would want to get away and swim to the surface. But not me.

I want to get pulled further down in the ocean, I want the current to drag me under so I can see the depths of his soul.

I want to be able to read him more clearly, feel him more and love him more.

I want him to drown me in his feelings so I'd never resurface again.

I shudder as his stare burn even more into my soul until he latches on it and tug me to his. I don't need to search for his soul anymore, he bared it to me.

One of his hand move off my thigh and lift to my face. His thumb trace my cheek and then feathered over to my bottom lip.

He brushed over the plumpness, his eyes darkening as they followed his movements.

"You're so beautiful Sophie. I still can't believe you are here." He whispered in awe, his eyes flickering up to mine.

They pierce through me and my stomach rage with butterflies.

My lips tug into a soft shy smile that made him grin.

My stomach clench and wetness pooled between my thighs.

His hand leaves my lips to curl behind my head and he pulls me flush to him, our nose brushing.

He playfully and slowly rubbed our noses together, making my breath hitch by just how sweet of a gesture it is.

“But then when I touch you, feel you, taste you, I know that this can’t be a dream. And you know how I know it’s not?” He breathed on my lips, his head tilting so now his nose was on my cheek and his lips were brushing against my lips.

“How?” I shuddered when he pressed closer.

“Because you taste so divine Sophie. You taste better. I’ve had many dreams of you, all felt real. But nothing comes close to how you taste and feel when we’re not in my dreams.” He whispered.

“One more thing,” He murmured, pressing impossibly closer to me. “When I’m inside you, I come alive. Every pulse in my being roars to life. There’s no fabrication of it. This is real, my body tells me so. And it has never lied before.”