Caught Red-Handed
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Katy never thought she would actually get his attention...or his tongue


Katy heard the door slam and knew that her brother was home from football practice. "Katy! Where are you," James called, "I was wondering if you could make us dinner?" Us? Katy wondered. She walked downstairs in her pajamas, a tight black low cut tank top and some short purple shorts that showed off her long tan legs and the curve of her ass, unaware they had company. "Um, sure, what do you...." She cut off at the sight of Jett, her brother's long time best friend and her long time crush.

"Hey, Katy," he drawled in that sexy raspy voice of his, "you look good, babe." She swallowed and tried to be immune to his looks and voice. Unfortunately, she had fallen as much under his spell as any red blooded female. He was absolutely edible with his messy black hair, bright blue eyes, and lickable dimples. "Thanks Jett, you don't look too bad yourself," she said, sending him a smile. He winked and went up to her brother's room to get changed. "Is he spending the night?" she asked, hoping she would sound casual. "Um, yeah," James called from the fridge. "So about dinner..." She slapped the back of his head playfully. "I've got it. Go take a shower or something, you smell like boy." He chuckled and started upstairs. "Thanks, Katy." All through dinner, Katy sent Jett long heated glances. Glances he returned with a wolfish smile or a wink. Once, she felt his foot traveling up her calf, but when she looked up, he was looking at James, laughing at some story. Must have been an accident. After the boys had gone to bed, Katy went to her room and stripped out of everything except for her black lacy demi bra. She sat down on her bed, legs spread, knees bent, head against the wall, and let her hand travel across her chest. She ran a coarse finger over one of her nipples, and groaned at the contact. Her skin was extra sensitive from being around Jett all night. She ran her finger over the generous curve of her breast to pinch her other nipple, biting her lip and groaning. Her other hand made it's way down her stomach to her freshly shaven pussy. She played lightly around the lips, which were already soaking wet. She ran her nail up and down her slit, not allowing herself to touch her aching clit. "God," she mumbled lightly. She finally let herself rub a slow circle over her clit and it caused her to buck her hips. "Jett," she whispered. "Does that mean I can help?" a hoarse voice came from in front of her. Her eyes shot open to see Jett standing at the foot of her bed, no shirt to cover his glorious chest and abs, and a tent in the front of his sweat pants. "What-" "Please, don't stop on my account," he said, that raspy voice even hoarser than usual as he stared down at her glistening pussy. Emboldened, she bit her lip and rubbed another slow circle, moaning at the
contact. Jett took a deep breath before climbing onto the bed. "What are you doing?" she asked in a trembling voice. "Helping," he muttered. He knelt down until his face was right in front of her pussy. "Here's what's going to happen, babe. I'm going to eat you until you can't see straight, then you're going to sit on my face until you come. Got it?" Katy might have nodded, but then his tongue was licking at her and all thought fled her mind. He took one long leisurely lick first, drinking her in like honey. "Mm, you taste good," he groaned. He spread her with his fingers and stuck his long tongue into her, fucking her with it. "Jett," she whimpered, trying to buck her hips. "No," he said, bringing his forearm across her stomach to stop movements. She clenched her fingers into the bed sheets and arched her back when he brought his attention to her clit. He pursed his lips and brought the small bud into his mouth, sucking lightly. He nibbled on it, then hardened his tongue to flick it a couple times. "Uh, uh, Jett, fuck, Jett," she groaned. He opened his mouth wide and started making out with her pussy. His teeth scraped against her lips as his tongue went back and forth between fucking her and flicking at her clit. He brought a finger up and curled it inside her until he found that spot that made her vision go hazy. He pressed on it and started really working her clit. His tongue was moving so fast against it that it was practically a blur. He brought her right to the edge then stopped, earning a moan of protest. He flopped next to her on his back and grinned sexily at her. "Come on, babe, sit on my face." She quickly swung a leg over his face and positioned herself over his outstretched tongue. She braced her hands against the wall in front of her and started grinding against his tongue, which he moved inside of her like a mini cock. His nose pressed against her clit and the closer she came, the more frantically she moved. Jett grabbed her ass and started directing her movements, moving her hips in time with his tongue. "Jett, Jett, I'm gunna...fuck, I'm gunna," she felt everything inside of her tense up, and when Jett took her clit between his lips and suckled hard, she came violently. She had to bit her lip hard to keep from screaming as she bounced on top of Jett's face. He drank it all in and kept his tongue going against her clit to help her ride out the orgasm. When she was spent, she collapsed next to him, both of them grinning. Once she had caught her breath, she looked over at him. "Now it's your turn."