

Bonus Epilogue

Jackson



I don't move as Smokey re-enters the bedroom, but through the hazy morning light, I can make out the curves of her silhouette. The ceiling fan wafts the heavenly smell of bacon through the room, and my mouth waters as she approaches the bed, careful not to spill any of the food she lovingly prepared for me.

"Ahem," she clears her throat, nudging me gently with a foot. "Time to wake up, Sleeping Beauty. As promised, your breakfast is served."

Allowing my eyes to open fully, I take my time admiring the view.

She stands before me, beautiful breasts on display swaying just above the steaming platters of food, while down below, a simple black apron hides my perfect pussy from me. Her pink nipples are already hard, and her breathing turns shallow as I drink her in.

"It looks delicious from here," I drawl lazily from my place on the mattress.

"I'm sure it does, but right now it's getting cold, and so am I."

“Well, we can’t have that, now can we?” I sit up, taking the tray from her and placing it on the nightstand. Leaning back into the pillows, I beckon her towards me. “Come on, Smoke Show. I want to eat my breakfast while it’s still hot.”

“You want me to stand here and feed it to you?” There’s an edge of incredulity to her tone, and I can’t help the smile that crawls across my face. It’s not an unappealing image, but right now, I’m hungry for something else.

“Nah, Smokey, I want you to climb up here and do it.” I pat my chest to demonstrate where I want her.

“I don’t understand,” she says, eyebrows drawing together.

Marveling at her innocence even after all we’ve been through, I tug her forward by the apron.

“I want you to sit on my face, Little Smoke Show, and let me eat you like it’s my last meal.”

“Ohhh,” she says, wasting no time climbing on top of me to straddle my head like a good girl. She says it again, albeit with a different inflection, when I duck beneath the apron and swipe my tongue through her already moist center.

“You taste so damn good, Smokey.” I lap at her again, long and slow, savoring her unique flavor. “You taste like *mine*,” I growl before beginning to eat her in earnest.

Her honey flows freely onto my tongue while she writhes above me, and I drink every drop of it down as if I’ve been starving for years.

Because before her, I was.

She rides my face with a wild abandon that she’s only just learning to embrace, and even though I can’t breathe, I don’t ever want her to stop. If I died here, right now, drowned by the force of her release, I would die a happy man.

A whole one.

When she comes, it's a flood, and I weather the storm the only way I know how...Greedily. Because she tastes like a sin even as she saves me.

In the aftermath, she tries to roll off of me, but gripping her thighs, I roll with her, keeping my face planted in her pussy the whole way. Her legs tremble as I continue to work her clit, ringing every last drop of pleasure from her I can.

"Jackson!" She keens, and I'm unsure if she is begging me to stop, or continue.

Far from satisfied, I unseal my mouth from her wet flesh and, keeping her body folded in half beneath me, reposition myself between her thighs.

"You're mine," I tell her again, sheathing myself inside her in one smooth motion.

"Yours!" She echoes, her inner walls flexing and contracting, milking my cock with those exquisite muscles of hers. At her declaration, my thrusts become savage, slamming into her like I'm attempting to brand her with my dick from the inside out. When she comes again, she screams my name while her pussy ripples around me, spasming until I join her with a roar.

I come so hard I nearly black out from the force of it.

When it's over, I spend a minute or two still inside her, relishing the warmth of her body cradling mine, reluctant to let go of the physical connection we share.

"If this is what you meant by breakfast in bed, I didn't have to get up so early," Smokey grumps from beneath me, prompting me to lift myself up on my elbows to look down at her.

"Haven't you ever heard of *second* breakfast?" I quip as my spent shaft slips from her warm, wet haven.

Before she can move, I place my hands firmly on her thighs, spreading her open as I sit up onto my knees to appreciate the way our mingled release drips from her slit.

Biting my lip, mesmerized by the sight, I don't even notice my hand moving until a finger traces through the wetness glazing over her puckered hole, collecting it and pushing it all back inside her tight channel. She hisses in surprise as her muscles contract, sucking my finger further into her body.

"I can't stay physically inside you the way I wish I could, so I need you to hold onto every drop I give you, okay baby?" It's barely more than a whisper as I worship at the altar before me, but I hear her throat work just before she responds.

"Yes sir."

My dick jumps at her instantaneous obedience, but the smell of the food finally wars with the fog of love and lust clouding my mind. Besides, I can't let all my girl's hard work go to waste, now can I?

As we lie in bed together, laughing and taking turns feeding each other bites of the decadent breakfast Smokey made, I'm blessed by a vision of us like this in the future. It's still just Smokey and I laying in each other's arms, happy and in love. There's no more ache in my chest from missing what I think I can't have...What I thought I didn't deserve.

Smokey smiles, dangling a strip of crispy bacon in front of my face, pulling my thoughts back to the present.

Everything I could ever want is already right here in front of me.