

# Innocent

**By Trufreak89**

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*Ashley daydreams about her naïve little Ohio girl. (SoN fanfic. Femslash - Spashley)*

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**Chapter 1 - 1/1**

**2**

# 1 - 1/1

**Title:** Innocent

**Summary:** Ashley daydreams about her nave little Ohio girl.

**Disclaimer:** Don t own South of Nowhere or any of the characters.

**Rating:** R (Sexual Themes)

**A/N:** First South of Nowhere fanfic so may be a little OOC. Set before episode six Girl s guide to dating .

*You ll just hurt her.* That nagging little voice is back in your head. You think it might be a conscience, but you re not sure. It s been a long time since you cared enough about someone else to feel guilty. *You ll screw up and she ll hate you and leave& just like everyone always does.* It s odd, your conscience sounds like Spencer. Maybe that s symbolic, or maybe you ve finally lost it.

Your thoughts drift off on to the perky and cheerful Ohio girl. You want her. God you want her badly. *But you ll never get her.* You imagine running your hands through her hair as you kiss her fiercely while gently pushing her down on your bed. *It s all about sex. Spencer wants more than that, do you really think you can give her it?*

You imagine whispering in her ear, pinning her down and teasing her until her innocent little eyes are begging for you. *She doesn t want you.* But you want her. That used to be enough for you to get any girl you wanted. Even Madison. You smirk at the memory of the cheerleader writhing and moaning up against her locker, her back slamming off it again and again. But you **want** Spencer.

*You don t deserve Spencer.* You re getting really sick of this new conscience thing. Why does it always have to be right?

But when has it ever stopped you before? Your thoughts drift away from the movie you weren t really watching anyway and back on to innocent little Spencer.

Dragging your fingers up and down her thigh as she lies on the backseat of your car, waiting for you to stop torturing her, but you won t for a while. She s got to learn how it feels to be tortured by what she can t have. *She doesn t want it.* The nagging voice only spurs you on and you dip your head to lay a trail of lazy kisses along her exposed stomach and down towards her skirt. Her breath hitches as you pull her skirt down, slower than you thought you could ever do. You want to tear every piece of clothing off of her

perfect body and claim it as yours. *But you can't.*

She groans and stretches as your hands brush against her panties and suddenly you're in your room. She's lying stretched out and exposed on your bed, and you want her so badly.

The room is dark and lit by a few candles here and there, just enough light to see her beautiful body and the way she's pouting, begging for more. Begging for you. *Like that would ever happen.*

She tries to sit up to kiss you, but you push her back down, you're in control. *Just like you always have to be.* Pinning her arms above her head you can't resist kissing her. She has soft lips that taste like her cherry lipbalm and you could die in her kiss and not care, because you have her. Not Aiden or Kelly or any of the other losers who drool over her. *Admit it you're the number one drooling loser.*

You bite her lip just hard enough to make her cry out but not hard enough to make it bleed. She doesn't object. You pull back and she just lies there looking up at you with wide childlike eyes and swollen lips. You can't hold out much longer. The temptation to take her rough and hard washes over you but you resist it. This has to be just right. *You're gonna screw up Ash.* She just lies there and smiles sweetly, waiting for you to make your move. Temptation personified. *She's Eve&you're the serpent.*

You slide your tee over your head, never breaking eye contact with the girl who is practically panting on your bed. Next come your jeans, sliding down your slender legs, followed by Spencer's hungry gaze. Finally you're lying on her, skin to skin. You feel like you're on fire everywhere she's pressed against you.

Your hands travel playfully up her stomach and over her breasts. She moans and you have to fight to keep your cool. Kissing her softly you let your left hand settle on her breast and the other on her thigh, stroking both ever so lightly. She tries to rub against you but you push her down and grin as you continue your slow torture. You're not quite sure who you're torturing at this point though. You unhook her bra and toss it carelessly on to your floor. She pauses, self-conscious of her body and it makes you smile. She's too damn cute. *She's above you!* The voice tries to stop you as you remove your own bra, Spencer's attention glues to your chest. No. She's under me. Begging for me. The nagging voice doesn't argue anymore.

You yelp in surprise as little nave Spencer rolls you over and straddles you. A wicked smirk on her face as she bends down and nips and sucks at your neck. You moan and let your roaming hands wander to her thighs. Your hand rubs against her crotch and she stops what she's doing to look down in to your eyes. You're waiting for her approval and she knows it. She bites her lip and nods. You cradle her cheek with one hand, all the time looking straight in to her eyes, and your other hand pushes aside what little clothing's left in your way. Your fingers creep down and closer to what you want and she moans at the contact, staring at you, begging for you&

Ashley? Ash? You snap back to reality and realise your best friend has been trying to get your attention. Your mouth's dry and your crotch is wet and as you stare blankly at her all you can think about

is what it would be like to **really** have her lying beneath you, writhing and getting off track again Ashley.

You ok? She rests her hand on your leg and you almost scream. You nod and force a smile. Fine. You look at the clock, it's past ten and Spencer was supposed to be home an hour ago. It's pretty late. You choke out.

Yeah. She yawns and rubs her tired eyes. She's adorable and you just want to hold her tight and never let go. Can I stay over?

You continue to stare silently as your lust filled mind and horny body process what she's asking. You need to take care of your little problem, but you can't turn down those big bright eyes so you nod and smile. No problem. She smiles and settles down with her head in your lap to finish watching the movie.

It's official Spencer Carlin is trying to kill you.

End.