The Night to Come--Part I

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Just friends? Or so much more?

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---Note: First story, first chapter. Comments and rates appreciated. Definitely more story than sex **at the moment**. Enjoy.--

The woman of my dreams--literally--sat next to me in Psychology. Patricia, my best friend, is beautiful, sexy, funny, and is seriously the hottest girl I know. She was also laughing at me as we stood in the auditorium after school one Friday...

"Katelyn, what's wrong with you?" she asked me, after I'd given a scream that sounded like a half-strangled animal.

"You're not gonna believe how unbelievably turned on I am," I admitted sullenly.

"When are you not?" she laughed again.

Patricia and I were so close, our friends joked that we were married, which was why I felt no shame in admitting my situation to her. Fortunately, we were alone in the auditorium.

Screaming in the auditorium after school was what a lot of the student in Drama Workshop or Drama Club did to relax. Curtis--our moronic drama coach--encouraged it during class. Patricia and I agreed that the real motivation behind the encouragement was not really to "help us relax", but to hear some interesting sounds come from young, relatively attractive bodies.

"Jerk," I muttered. "I gotta take care of this somehow, right now. I won't be able to function if I don't." I moved toward our left, to the backstage door.

"You need help?"she asked. I didn't take her seriously. She and I had already gone over the fact that she and I would never happen. Never touch, except a hug and an occasional ass-slap.

"If you're up for it," I joked, and opened the door. I sat on the stairs as far away from the door as I could and unzipped my jeans, looking forward to giving my throbbing clit the attention it needed.

I heard the door's infernal squeak and just barely prevented myself from shoving my hand down my pants. Patricia walked into the room. I tried not to scream in frustration. "What's up?" I asked, hoping she'd get the hint and get the fuck out of the room.

She just stared at me with scorching brown eyes. After a while I offered, "Okay, you can use this side, I'll take the other one. I don't mind the mess that the idiots leave half as much as you do." I stood and walked down the stairs.

I didn't get to the door.
Something pushed me up against the wall, and before I knew it, lips were against mine. Smooth and soft, but the kiss was rough. I wrenched my eyes open--they'd closed in defense to the shove--to see an impossible sight. Patricia was holding my wrists against the wall, pushing her body against mine. She kissed me again, not releasing my limbs.
"What's going on? Are you drunk?"I asked when I could breathe again.
Patricia released my wrists and stepped away from me. "I *did* offer to help, didn't I?"
"Again, what's going on?"
She sighed and started pacing, "Okay, what I tell you will *not* reach anyone else's ears, you got me?"
I rolled my eyes involuntarily, "Duh."
"I want to have sex with you," she stated simply.
I just stared, unable to celebrate the way I'd dreamed I would.
Thankfully, she continued. "I want to experience something you've said you can do to yourself. I want to be able to feel that good. And since neither of us is in a relationship, I figure you're the safe and best choice. I know I won't regret it." She pressed her body against mine, our lips teasingly close. "I want to do this with you."
"Don't you have to work?" I said. *Fuck, I'm such an idiot.*
"Shit. Do you not want this?" she asked.
"More than anything," I reassured her. "Listen, my parents are going up to Maine to have dinner with my grandparents tonight. They're staying over at a cottage or some shit for the weekend. Come over tonight, if you want."
She nodded. And I did something I never thought I'd ever be able to do. I wrapped my arms around her waist, gently switching positions and pressed her up against the wall. I gently massaged the back of her neck. I felt her pulse beat wildly, and she leaned toward me. Our lips met, she was more timid this time as I kissed her, trying to memorize the way our bodies were meshed together, the way our lips moved, in case she decided not to come over tonight.
We both broke the kiss. "I'll be over tonight," she promised. "At eight."
"Good."
We disentangled ourselves and went to get our backpacks. Before we left we kissed again, not deeply, but still enough to make me want to forget about work and beg her to stay.
"See you tonight," she whispered, and disappeared out the door.
I went to work, planning on the night to come.
[Part 2 coming soon]