Closure

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A trip to the mall brings unexpected results for two former lovers.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-stories/closure.aspx

This story contain adult themes only.

“She's hot.”

Noah Townsend turned around abruptly into the smiling face of a taller man with wild sandy blond hair that fell casually in face. He was looking at a shirt on the rack in front of them.

“The girl you’ve been staring at for the last 20 minutes. She's hot.”

Noah felt his face getting hot as an awkward smile rolled across his face. He rubbed his large rough hand over his freshly shaved head. Suddenly he felt exposed. He clenched his jaw before he answered. Noah had been flanked by his two friends, Lane and Lane's wife Michelle. As soon as the blond stranger called Noah out, they distanced themselves from him. Noah saw them pretending to look at jeans several racks away from him.

He shook his head in disgust.

Pussies.

“She's my ex.” Noah said clearing his throat not realizing he had been so obvious. The mall wasn’t very busy but busy enough to keep him camouflaged among the other shoppers, he thought.

He had tried his best to look nonchalant as he followed the girl and her friend through several stores. Now he had been watching the two go through racks of clothes as they chirped happily with each other and he watched like a vulture from the men’s dept.

Noah hadn’t recognized her at first. They had all piled into Lane's car, ready to head home, when the

Ex had parked right in front of them in a black and orange Mini Cooper.

Noah was remarking to himself how hot she was when she smiled; that wide cheerful smile that spread across her face and he sat stunned remembering her; but too afraid to say hello. Before he knew it though, he was out of the car, Lane and Michelle right with him, following her. She hadn't noticed them and he had done little to call attention to himself yet.

"Her name's Bree." Noah continued almostapologeticallyto the man as if trying to explain himself.

"Really? That's pretty."

"Yeah."

"Well she's hot." The man said, a wicked smile curling on his lips, raking his eyes over the girl.

Noah felt himself tighten with jealousy. But he had no right to be. It had been sometime since the two of them had been together. But seeing her now, he was very sorry about that.

Time had been very kind to her. She looked exactly the same only better. What she should be about 27 or 28 now, but she looked five years younger at least. She had always been cute but now she was glowing, beautiful.

He couldn't say exactly the same for himself. He had always looked older than what he was, the late nights partying and smoking hadn't helped either. But he could still hold his own. His current girlfriend didn't complain.

"Fuck yeah she is. And she's still great fuck so I should have a really good evening." Noah said, marking his territory and trying to show off his familiarity with a girl, he hadn't talked to in four plus years.

"Oh, really?" The man looked at him incredulously with his eyebrow cocked. "So she's hot in bed?"

"Yeah, she loves it doggy style. Wiggling that fat ass of hers or riding on top of me while her big titties jiggled. She is fucking fantastic. And that pussy is hot and tight. Like a glove. And she's a fucking nympho; she wants it all the time." Noah used the present tense purposely to let the handsome blond guy know that he still had access to that ass.

Noah scanned the girl from head to toe as he had done several dozen times so far. She was wearing a simple sensual clinging dress, made out of cotton that lovingly hugged the contours of her huge

breasts, the valley of her flat stomach and the mouthwatering curves of her small waist and round ass. The dress was pink and white stripes. And her lean brown legs looked inviting as they disappeared under the fabric.

He pictured his hands gliding up the girls legs under her dress, to their warm wet apex.

She had rarely worn dresses when they were together. Only on special occasions and when she did, he loved it. She was ‘healthier’ back then though. It bothered her more than him. But she was much thinner now, and it only accented her curves and her ample breasts.

He had loved eating her pussy and feeling her squirm and respond to his tongue. For an instant, he saw himself between her legs again, lapping at her wet sensitive flesh. He shuddered with delight as his dick stirred restlessly in his jeans.

Her hair was long, curly and pulled back in delicious accumulations of curls. She always had shoulder length or shorter hair when they were together, and did everything in her power to keep it straight. She had tried to grow it out too, but to no avail.

Now it was long, curly and blonde! Blonde. That’s why he barely recognized her. And it looked spectacular on her, set against her honey brown skin that was clear and beaming. She was a sight. More beautiful than she’d ever been. For the first time in a long time, he was regretting what had happened between them.

Noah licked his lips again. His eyes’ scanning his ex’s body. She was giggling about something. Her breasts jiggled as she did. His cock stirred as he remembered her in bed with him, on all fours, slick with sweat. Her round ass wagging at him as he plowed into her, that cute little birthmark on her ass cheek. He tried to remember her scent, her taste. And cursed himself, when it didn’t easily come back to him. He wondered if she tasted the same.

She was always a good fuck, even at the end. Especially at the end.

*Fuck!*He thought. He wanted her, badly now. His dick began to grow between his legs remembering her warmth.

For an instant, he saw them in his mind exchanging smiles, reminiscing over dinner and then fucking for old time’s sake.

That’s how he wanted to end the day. Fucking her one more time.

He clenched his teeth again. He had to stop doing this. She wouldn’t have anything to do with him. The thought of her slapping his face or kicking him in the nuts made him wince.

But now seeing her, it was like the first time he had seen her, only better.

“I bet she doesn’t have any kids either?” Michelle voice twanged as she rejoined Noah; she was looking hungrily at the blonde-headed man as the two were looking at Bree.

Michelle took note of the blonde’s full lips and jade green eyes. His strong jaw and scruffypaleblonde stubble. The man had an understated confidence in his features, in his whole demeanor and Michelle like it. A lot.

Michelle was a small woman with a body like a thin twelve year old girl, she was about 5’4” in her early 30’s, she had bright blue eyes the color of ice and small bow like lips, that curled up impishly at the corners when she was happy. She was wearing a blue tank top that accentuated her small pert breast and black shorts, not to Lane's liking. Her fine long mousy brown hair was pulled back in a pony tall.

“Hmm?” The blond man said looking around at the two new comers.

“Oh. This is my friend’s wife.”

“Oh. I'm not your friend, schmuck?” Michelle huffed crossly.

“Yes, you’re my friend,” Noah replied already exasperated. “This is Michelle and her husband Lane.”

Lane sidled up slowly. He walked like he had no particular place to go and all day to get there. His hair was jet black and greasy looking and was across his head like a greasy mop. He brushed his unruly bangs from his face.

“Hey.” He waved to the blond man.

“Hey.”

“Ah, my names Noah.”

“I'm Keyes.” The blond said. “Why did you say that?” Keyes addressed Michelle now. “About no kids.”

“Her breasts still look like they’re in good shape.” Michelle grabbed her own breasts A cups boldly,

that had borne the brunt of 3 boys.

“Hmm.”

“I used to love sucking her titties. She’s got nice hard little nipples, like eraser heads. It was nice.” Noah said thinking out loud, as his mouth watered.

“Why she is your ex...?” Keyes asked. “If you don’t mind me asking?”

Noah did mind. He clinched his jaw but before he realized it, he answered.

“She wasn’t what I wanted at the time. She definitely didn’t look the way she does now.” He licked his lips absently. The blonde man narrowed his eyes.

“I bet she's what you want now.” Keyes chuckled as he picked up another shirt.

“It wouldn’t be so bad.” Noah said letting himself fantasize again. “But...”

“But what?”

Noah hesitated looking up at the potential competition, who was a good four inches taller that his 6’ frame. The man was lean but muscular, he was wearing a kelly green t-shirt that fit him well and accentuated his lean muscled arms. His chest was board and it was clear he was in shape. He was wearing black jeans that hung low on his lean hips and flip flops.

Noah wasn’t made of dough though, he was in shape. He had stopped smoking the year before and had actually started using his gym membership. But the man standing next to him had a casual confidence like he didn’t do a damn thing to be in such great shape.

The man looked down at Noah, and smiled sheepishly.

“Sorry, if I'm asking too many questions?”

“No. That’s no problem. In answer to your question, we didn’t exactly leave on the best terms.”

“Hmm?”

“He cheated on her.” Michelle chimed in.

Noah groaned.

“Yeah, I cheated on her.” Noah looked at the tall blonde man, who had to be at least the same age as he was or a bit younger.

The man looked back at him, just a pleasant understanding smile. Nothing critical in his look.

Inside Noah relaxed.

“Oh. It’s hard coming back from that.” Keyes said.

“I mean she forgave me afterwards. In fact, it was kinda cool because she was she beggin to stay with me. And even when I said forget it, she was still trying to be my friend.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, and we did have sex a few times after we broke up.” Noah puffed out his chest arrogantly.

“I just went over to her place whenever I wanted some and she bent over and let me fuck the shit out of her, panting and moaning the whole time.”

The muscles in Keyes jaw tightened, but he had such a pleasant look on his face that the three standing around didn’t notice.

“Oh, you got it like that huh?” Keyes responded blankly, though he didn’t look at Noah.

Noah stood a little taller as he smirked, satisfied with his prowess. She *was* head over heels for him. And as much as he had hurt her, she was still open to being in contact with him. He was the one that had cut all ties.

“Well, I don’t want to brag.” Noah flippantly, as he smirked, looking back at the girl, his dick swelled as he looked at her; and he tried to adjust himself inconspicuously.

She had totally been into him and with a little effort; he could get her back in bed.

He looked up grinning at Keyes, who cocked his eyebrow and smiled.

“Go for it then.”

“What?”

“Go for it man, I don’t see a ring on her finger.”

Noah had taken notice of that as well.

“You should go and just say hello.” Keyes continued in a taunting tone.

“Do you think so?”

“I told him to just go ahead and do it. I don’t want to be in the mall all day following her.” Michelle twangy voice whined.

“You’re just jealous cause she’s hot now.” Lane chimed in lazily looking at Bree as she disappeared into the changing rooms again.

Keyes nodded Noah on.

Noah was feeling quite confident now, but he looked back at his new friend and wanted to make sure he was long gone before he made his move. Less competition that way.

“I’ll wait until she's done shopping.”

“Hmm.”

The four people stood in silence, the watered down pop music over the intercom filled the air as Noah continued to stare at the girl.

“Why did you cheat?” Keyes asked so all of a sudden that it took Noah off guard.

“Ah..You know how it is. I didn’t want to be tied down.”

Keyes nodded without looking at Noah.

“He fucked some girl at a fourth of July party one of our friends threw, ‘cause he was drunk and mad.” Michelle chuckled as she interjected again.

“Poor Bree was so scared when he didn’t come home that night. She had thought he was in a car accident. Shewas texting him everythirtyminutes. It didn’t even dawn on her that he was cheating on

her.”

“Lucky you.” Keyes responded plainly.

“I did luck out on that.” Noah began. “ But we’d been dating off and on for like three years. We were living together at that point and I felt like she was thinking about marriage. And I definitely didn’t want to get married, not to her, not to anyone at that point. All I could think about was pussy, you know.”

“Yeah.” Keyes said with a half-smile as he looked over his shoulder at Noah and gave him such a peculiar look, suddenly Noah felt guilty.

“I mean, it wasn’t just that,” Noah continued not wanting the conversation to end, and wanting to justify himself in some way.

“She wasn’t perfect either. She didn’t have a car so she relied on me for taking her around and that got annoying. She really didn’t hang out with any of her friends.”

Noah left out the part that he didn’t like her friends anddidn'twant them at the house he sharedwithher.

“She was really clingy too, always wanting to be with me, always wondering where I was going; who I was with.”

“I wonder why.” Keyes said under his breath.

“Hmm?”

“Nothing, go ahead.” Keyes said walking around the rack shuffling through some shirts as Noah followed him. “So the Fourth of July thing was the first time you cheated?”

“No. See, I used to do promos for a local radio station, so there would be hot girls there and I’d hook up before or after the promo and go home.”

“And she couldn’t tell.”

“Well you see what I’d do,” Noah began with a smile thinking of how clever he thought he was at the time. “I would take a shower telling her that you know, the bar we were at was all smoky and dirty and I wanted to clean up before I got in bed with her.”

“You had it all figured out huh? You didn’t get any baby’s mommas from all that shit, did you?”

“Oh no.” Noah said with a relieved chuckle. “I kept a box of condoms in my car under the driver’s seat, and I never let her drive my car. So when I went out I would have some in my pocket at the venue incase anything popped off. I wasn’t ready for marriage*or*kids. Not even with her.”

Noah’s voice was distant now. Thinking back to a time when he and Bree had talked about the having children together. The thought of what their now 5 or 6 year old child would look like crossed his mind.

“Why’d you stay with her if you cheated so much? Did you even love her?” Keyes’ voice was hollow now.

“Yeah I loved her.” Noah said indignantly as he glared at the man to whom he was spilling his guts. Keyes had moved to another rack. Noah absently followed him.

Noah had loved her, at some point. His attraction for her was instant, as it was with most girls he saw. And the longer he knew her the more he had loved her. But he wasn’t ready to settle down and he had wanted to leave his options open.

He had told her once, all the types of girls he had wanted to fuck. She was just one of many on his list. Love didn’t overwrite that list.

Noah stood silent next to the man as he looked back at his ex; it looked like she was making a call on cell while her friend modeled for her. Disappointment spread across her face as she put her phone away and pouted.

He remembered that pout. He had loved that pout and they ways he made her smile afterwards.

She said something to her friend before she headed back to the dressing room.

Wow! She had changed quite a bit and for the better it seemed. His dick lurched in his jeans thinking about the chance to be with her again.

She had loved him, he reassured himself; in fact, in the beginning she had pursued him for several weeks before she gave up and he had gone after her. Granted that was after he was stood up by another girl he was trying to see at the time.

He began to wonder if he shouldn’t go at least say hello and gauge things.

He looked back at the blond man who was shuffling through another rack of shirts, his back was to the girls in women’s dept. Michelle had edged up next to him offering her advice on his fashion choice.

Noah looked back at the girl that was once head over heels for him. She always made him feel like he was the center of the universe.

“Forget it; she was always too good for you.” Lane said teasingly as a goofy grin spread across his face.

“Shut the fuck up man.” Noah chuckled slapping him in the crotch.

Noah rubbed his head again. This was turning into a very confusing afternoon and something told him to cut his losses and head home. But hope and his throbbing dick urged him on.

“Do you have a girl?” Noah asked pretending to look at shirts waiting for the girls to come out of the dressing room.

“Who me? Yeah." Keyes said lighting up, but he quickly reigned in his joyous response.

“You have a girlfriend?” Michelle puckered.

“Yeah.”

“Ooooh.” Noah smirked, hearing the self-satisfied tone in the man's voice. “Is she the ‘***one***’ ?”

“Yep.” Keyes said matter factly unable to hide his smile.

“Really?” Noah said with a raised eyebrow, glad to hear the guy was off the market. “How did you know she was the ‘one’?”

“I knew when I heard her laugh.” Keyes said stopping and looking out into space replaying the encounter in his mind.

“I was in some book store, passing time while I was waiting to meet some friends for a movie. Walking through the aisles, bored as hell, and I heard this laugh. And it was like everything in me lit up and I k**new**it was ‘her’. I hadn't even seen her yet, but right then it’s like a got an image of her in my mind, turned the corner and there she was laughing at some book she was reading. And I was

done.”

“I bet she’s hot?”

“Yep, she's the most beautiful girl**I’ve**ever see.”

“C’mon, really?”

“Yeah, I mean it’s not like I don’t recognize other beautiful girls,” Keyes winked a Michelle who blushed fiercely.

“But for me, my girl is the**most**beautiful, cause she has everything I love, in just the right proportions. She smart and talented. She has her own car.” He said cocking his eyebrow at Noah.

“Shehasher own career and friends. Though it’s my pleasure to take care of her, she doesn’t need me to.

“She strong and happy. She makes me happy, and we don’t even have to do anything. Plus in bed or where ever we end up fucking, she’s a sex goddess.”

“A sex goddess huh?” Lane said seeming to perk up.

“She knows how to please me, just how to roll those hips or lick me, kiss me or touch me. Plus she knows how to please herself, which always end up pleasing us both.

“And she’s insatiable.” Keyes pauses thinking of something exploits he and his girlfriend had taken part in. A delicious smile lingered on his lips, and Michelle licked her own.

“She’s playful, too, though she likes it rough most times. Mmmm. She loves it when, I chase her, thrown her down. I hold her wrists, pounding intoherand making her take it. Ohhh. That’s heaven."

Michelle, her nipples hard, her panties wet, licked her lips again imagining Keyes fucking her. She saw the bulge in his pants grow and she wanted a piece of it. But she looked over her shoulder at her husband who was smiling sheepishly at her.

"She likes being spanked sometimes too. And I'llsmackthat ass until its red and hot." Keyes said almost panting now. His cock was at full attention now, but hedidn'tcare.

“Oh. She especially likes fucking outside.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, she loves that. We have a nice sized yard and it’s not like we would be seen. It’s not as if either one of us would care if we were seen. But that’s one thing that’s all ours. Fucking outdoors.

“I never did it before her and I did *a lot* of shit. And she said no other guy she dated was brave enough to do it.”

Keyes paused again to replay some scene.

“We have the kind of sex, that when we cum, it’s like the universe makes sense for those few moments, you know.”

“Oh yeah,” Lane said coming up behind Michelle and snaking his arms around her waist. “We’ve done that a few times.”

“So are you guys gonna get married?” Michelle asked.

“***I*** want to.” Keyes said with a sigh.

“*You*want to?” Noah asked incredulously.

“Yeah.”

“What, is she pregnant?” Noah chuckled.

Keyes turned his head, his green eyes narrow slits of darkness as his gaze bore a hole into Noah.

“Ah, I was just joking, dude.” Noah waved his hands in defeat. “It’s just that you’re a good looking guy. I would think you could have any girl you want.”

“I have her… I mean I did my partying and all that shit. But it got boring. And maybe I'm weird but I feel I’ve always been looking for her.”

“You mean a girl like her.”

“No, I mean*her*.”

“Oh.“ Noah was at a loss for words. But he was in awe. This guy was amazing. He had only been talking to him for a short while but he already liked him.

“And*she*doesn’t want to get married?”

“She thinks it’ll change us. Change what we have; change our dynamic. We’re pretty awesome when we’re together. And I don’t say ‘awesome’ at all, if I can help it.

“But she just makes me feel like I can do anything. And when I’m with her most of the time, I can. I can’t imagine life without her now, and of course, I don’t like thinking about it before she was with me.

"Anyway, we just have this vibe when we’re together, even when we're not together. It’s fucking amazing. She’s like my best friend, my little sister and best lover I've ever had all rolled into one. But she just thinks marriage would somehow ruin that.”

“You should be happy.”

“Hmm. I told you, I'm weird. I*wanna*get married. I used to imagine it when I was little, having that one special person that I could grow with and love.”

“You did?” Michelle said taken aback.

“Yeah, but,… she says she never thought about getting married when she was little. Or her ‘big day’. She was a tomboy, and she never thought about being the princess; she wanted to be the prince.” Keyes laughed, still lost in thought as he continued absently.

“I want the wedding though. I want to see her in that ball gown. I want her to have my name and all that but…It’s not like I'm gonna leave her if shedoesn'twant it. So we’ll do it her way for a while.”

“For a while?”

“Yeah, I told her that I’d keep asking her every so often until she says yes. Even if we’re over 100 or whatever.” A contented smile rolled across Keyes mouth.

“You should go talk to her.” Keyes said coming back to the current situation.

“What?”

“Your ex, go talk to her. You know you want to.”

Noah looked back over to the dressing rooms. His heart skipped a beat for a moment, as the girl hadn't come back out yet. He relaxed seeing the friend come out and call to Bree.

"You're gonna hate yourself if you don't." Keyes said pulling out his phone and tapping away on the screen.

"It was nice meeting you all." Keyes continued as he headed out of the store.

"Hey, where you going? You can't leave after all that." Michelle said.

"I have business to take care of and so do you, Noah. " Keyes said nodding back at the girls that were disappearing deeper into the store.

"Yeah, but… Hey we should hang out, get some beers sometime or something. I'm here in town for the next couple of days," Noah said.

He hated to admit it, but he had a man crush. And this guy Keyes was just too cool.

"Let me give you my number."

Keyes smiled.

"Tell me how it goes." Keyes had said as he left after exchanging info.

Noah sighed, he was sad to see him go. He seemed like he was pretty cool and he was interested to see this wonder woman who had stolen his heart.

Noah went back on the stake out heading further into to the store to see where his Ex had gone.

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"Are you gonna do this or not, schmuck?" Michelle asked as the three stood in the food court watching the girls contemplate lunch.

Noah looked over at her scowling. He couldn't rush this. A good fuck was at stake or at the least maybe a hand job if he played it right. He kept playing in his mind how much she had been in love with him. How much she had wanted him.

No matter what, he'd know within the first few minutes if he'd have her either way.

Michelle huffed again as Noah cut her dirty look before taking a deep breath and heading towards the two girls. Michelle and Lane were right on his tail, neither one wanted to miss what may happen.

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Bree was looking at her phone, scrolling through her messages. No calls, only a lone text that read.

Something came up; I won't be there for lunch.

"It's not like him not to call at least." Bree said as she and her friend stood idly in front of the gourmet chicken kiosk.

"Maybe there was a meeting." Desia, Bree's best friend and shopping companion said. Desia was a bit shorter than Bree and her naturally blonde hair cascaded around her shoulders like a veil.

Desia had a body like a doll, a very sexy doll. Her full C cups stood proudly, a nice compliment to Bree's D cups. She was wearing a cute form fitting polka dot dresswitha red belt at the waist and platform red heels.

"I guess." Bree pouted. "I wanted him to see my new dress."

"Why? You're gonna stay in it all of five minutes if he does."

"I know," Bree said with a mischievous smile rolling her hips slightly.

Desia whispered stepping closer to Bree. "I think that guy has been following us. I saw him when we were leaving that last store."

"What? Do you have another stalker?" Bree said teasing looking over her shoulder, when suddenly she froze, turning to face Desia eyes wide and horrified.

"What?"

"Remember # 3? That's him."

Bree had taken to numbering her boyfriends as opposed to saying their names, and Noah Townsend was number three.

“What? Really?” Desia said looking back at the man in question. “Were you drinking when you dated him cause he is so not –“

“I know, it was a bad time for me. I mean he was *kinda* cute.” She glanced back over her shoulder before looking back at Desia.

“Where did that go?” Desia asked in a repelled tone.

“I told you my brother hated him.” Bree said with a hollow smile.

“I can see why? Oh, he’s coming over here.”

“Shit.” Bree said taking a breath and squaring her shoulders. Her whole body was on edge. She instantly felt the need to run, but her pride and the four inch heels she was wearing stopped her. So she stood her ground.

Noah maneuvered himself slowly through the crowd towards the two girls.

“Hey.” His voice cracked. He hadn’t been this nervous in a long while.

Bree stared in her friend’s eyes for courage as she put a smile on her face and turned.

“Hey.” Bree responded brightly. She held her plastic smile seeing Lane and Michelle in tow. "Oh, shit."

“Remember me?”

“How could I forget?”

“How are you?”

“Hey Bree,” Lane and Michelle said.

“Hi,” she replied with a slight wave. “I'm doing well.”

“I can see that. You look fucking great. I love the hair. Blonde huh?”

“Yeah, I just thought it would be fun.” Bree said beginning to fidget.

“It’s sexy as hell. And it’s so long. I love it.”

Like I give a fuck what you love.

“Thanks.” She felt her cheeks burning.

Bree looked up into the still sparking blue eyes of the man she once thought she loved, and couldn’t remember why she dated him; why she had let him mean so much to her..

She was more irritated than anything now that he was bringing these things up in her, making her remember.

He had actually come up to her like they were old friends. And once again, he was benefitting from her ample kindness, because everything in her was screaming for her to kick him in the nuts.

“Oh, this is my friend Desia, Desia this is Noah and that’s Lane and Michelle.”

“Hi, Desia.”

Polite handshakes broke out amongst the small group and awkward silence quickly grew.

“Were you following us?” Desia asked bluntly. “I thought I saw you in one of the stores we were shopping in.”

*Actually, I was in all of them,*Noah said to himself smiling sheepishly.

“Ah.”

“You were, weren’t you?”

Bree looked at him suspiciously.

“Well I saw you, and at first I didn’t recognize you because you look so different. Then I thought you may not want to talk to me.” He replied quickly.

“Now why would that be?” Bree asked sarcastically smirking at him as the lunch time crowd swirled

around them. The need to go off on him was building in her.

“Cause I fucked up.”

“Oh, so you admit it?”

“I admitted it before.”

“No, before you were so fucking callous and matter a fact about it like it was no big deal and I should just get over it.” Her voice was icier that and had intended.

“Yeah, I fucked up. I shouldn’t have cheated on you. And I truly am sorry.”

“Truly sorry, that’s new.”

“You can keep busting my balls, I deserve it.”

“You do.”

Bree looked him over. She felt the memories of her relationship with this man, building in her about to explode.. Everything she had ever wanted to say to the asshole was lining up in her mind. A big part of her had been over the whole thing, but still that small part that wanted vindication, that wanted him to know how unsympathetic and heartless he was, was still there.

What a fool she felt like begging after him. How the whole ordeal made her mistrust herself and everyone around her. That part of her wanted him to pay and cry. Cry at least half as much as she did. And it was ready to seize its chance to be heard.

“Did you even really care that you did that to me? That it hurt me so much?” She said without meaning to.

“Yes. I did care, but it hurt to think about it. It hurt torealizethat I was a fucking bastard. So it was easier for me**not**to think about it. Not think about you.”

Bree stared at him, shock by his painful honesty.

He wasn’t perfect, she wasn’t either.

“Hmph.” She shook her head smiling a little.

She was more happy now than she had ever been in her entire life; with friends that loved and accepted her as she was; remembering that now, even that small vengeful part of her said*“Fuck it. He’s not worth it.”*

She smiled to herself, as her whole body relaxed.

She looked him overagain, with kinder eyes. Hewasn't so different now than she remembered him either. He was in shape, his clothes fit well. Hewaswearing a yellow polostyleshirt,jeans and a clean pair of nice sneakers. And he was clean shaven. Just the way she had always liked to see him.

He still had an air of awkwardness about him, like a freshman boy that had a growth spurt and didn’t know how to carry himself yet. It was a bit charming.

But she couldn’t for the life of her remember what she had seen in him; it didn’t matter anymore though.

As much as it had hurt and as much as she didn’t like admitting it, he had done her a favor. It was a hard lesson, but one she had learned.

“C’mon, c’mon were all friends here.” Michelle interrupted seeing Noah floundering.

Bree’s face darkened immediately, her body stiffened all over again, as she glared at the girl, ready to kick*her*in the nuts, though she was doing her best to bite her tongue.

FRIENDS! FRIENDS!?

Rage grew in Bree like it hadn’t in a long time. Bree had wanted to be friends with them. All three of them. She had thought they were*so*cool. But Noah, Lane and Michelle were a threesome long before she met them and Bree had never been in on the joke. Now this bitch was saying they were all friends?!

That word had true meaning for Bree now and this bitch was just throwing it around so casually. Bree felt blood fill her mouth as her teeth bite into her tongue.

“Well, I heard that you guys knew that he was cheating on Bree and didn’t tell her. You kept getting in her face like nothing was wrong even though you knew he was sleeping with some bitch. So I can hardly call you her friends.” Desia said coolly.

Lane’s eyes widened, his jaw became tight. He had been one of the main culprits of that indiscretion. Michelle scrambled for her thoughts.

Bree closed her eyes, while a contented smile spread on her face as Desia finished her statement, and she relaxed.

Now that’s a friend. Someone who will look out for you even when you won’t, or can't do it for yourself.

“I love you,” Bree whispered looking at her Desia.

“I know.” Des said with a warm wink.

The bewildered married couple looked nervously at each other and then Noah, whose shoulders sunk in defeat; and at then Bree.

“Well, Noah’s our first priority so we felt we had a duty to him not to rat him out.” Michelle barked back indignantly not willing to back down to the smirking blonde whose steely smug gaze hadn’t wavered or shown a hint of apology for being so blunt.

“That’s understandable and I would expect nothing less than that for*your*friend, but I’m just saying you’re not*all*friends. You three are friends and I'm her friend. You all look out for each other and we look out for each other.”

Bree had a warm proud smile on her face. Where her good and non-confrontational nature would let people slide, Desia had no mechanism like that. And this was one of the times Bree was glad for it.

“Well,” Noah scrambled seeing things falling apart. “Maybe we can be friends now.”

“I don’t know that I want friends like you.” Desia continued sweetly as Bree giggled. "Or that I want my friend to have 'friends' like you."

“We better get going anyway.” Bree said looking around.

“Please don’t go.” Noah pleaded reaching for Bree but was stopped by the sharp glares of both girls.

The girl was very hot when she was angry and Noah was trying to salvage what he could.

Nothing was better than angry sex. And the thought of her taking her rage out on him sexually was a

wonderful idea.

“Do you hate me?” Noah asked in an almost helpless tone putting his hand safely by his side.

“Nope, not really.” Bree answered truthfully. “I don’t think we’re gonna be best friends anytime soon…”

We don’t have to be best friends I just want you to suck my dick. Noah said to himself looking at Bree’s full lips as she talked, though he realized the prospect was fading faster than chalk in rain.

“But, I don’t hate you.” She continued.

“That’s good to know. Well, can I buy you guy’s lunch?”

“I don’t know*can*you?” Desia said mockingly and giggling as Bree shook her head.

"You're on fire today, Des."

"I know."

“Huh?” Noah said not getting it at first. “Oh,*may*I buy you all lunch?”

“Well, we were waiting for..” Bree began.

“Yes, you can buy us lunch.” Desia said, her stomach growling.

xxx

Small talk was rampant as the five sat at two food court tables that had been pushed together. Desia and Bree sat side by side with Noah sitting directly in front of her, Michelle was sitting in front of Desia and Lane was at the head of the table.

In the excruciating (Bree thought) 45 minutes, thus far Bree had found out that Noah lived in Texas and was off for the weekend and visiting Lane and Michelle (he failed to mention he had a live in girlfriend.)

He had been working as a welder making great money with great benefits and he was Dj-ing in clubs most weekends. His face lit up like a little kid when he talked about his music.

Bree always like that and she smiled.

Bree revealed she had her own budding online business selling her artwork and merchandise, drawing, writing her own manga and getting a bit of a following.

Desia worked with her doing what little PR there was currently and keeping the mostly flighty, disorganized girl focused and on track..

Noah couldn't take his eyes off Bree as she talked. Her skin was flawless, her eyes wide, beautiful and brown as ever. Her clingy jersey dress was low cut and her huge breasts were practically spilling out in front of him. He was imaging himself sucking on her nipples again, rolling the hard nubs around in his mouth, her straddling his lap as he pumped his fingers in and out of sopping wet cunt.

Pale blonde ringlets of her hair fell haphazardly from the big poufy ponytail. Her lips …. He couldn't help remembering how they felt around his dick, her pink wet tongue playing over his flesh.

He had to have this girl. His dick was wildly throbbing now, as he closed his mouth realizing he had been panting. He looked over at Desia who smirked at him.

"What?" Bree said feeling uncomfortable noticing Noah staring at her.

"What? Ah, nothing, you just look so good."

"I didn't look good before?"

"No, you did. It's just you look a million times better."

"Makes you a little sick how hot she is now." Desia said mockingly.

Noah chuckled nervously. Even if Bree let him off, Noah knew he was going to have to make great strides to get on Desia's good side.

"Why didn't you dress more like this when we were together?"

"You wouldn't have been able to handle it?" Bree said with a cocky smile.

"I would have tried. Hey, remember when you had your hair up in pigtails and you were dressed just like a school girl."

“Oh yeah.” Bree said sheepishly, as her jaw tightened.

“Really?” Lane said perking up.

“You had you pussy shaved, and you lifted that skirt up slowly, to tease me. Wait hat did you do. Yeah you were like ‘Hey mister, I’m not wearing any underwear.’ FUCK! I went crazy.”

“Noah! I don’t want to talk about this.”

“That was soooo hot. That was one of the hottest things you ever did for me. Are you still shaved? ”

“What?!” Bree shouted. “Ok, we gotta go.”

“No. Don’t go yet.” Noah said reaching for her hand that was on the table, but Bree moved it to her lap before he made contact.

“We were supposed to meet my boyfriend for lunch anyway; I need to see what's going on with him.” Bree said looking at her phone again.

Desia was the only one of the two to catch Noah’s completely sunken and crushed expression as she continued to nurse her soda.

*He really thought he had a chance with her.*Desia smiled smugly as she thought to herself.

She and Bree had been very candid with each other, when they talked about anything. Bree had a lot of things she had wanted to express about past relationships so Desia really *did* know all about Noah.

Bree didn’t give a one sided view either, as if he was the devil that had taken advantage of her; She had actually spoken very highly of him for the most part, and she had laid bare her own shortcomings in the ‘whole debacle’ as she had called it. So Desia knew she got a pretty fair assessment of each side.

*But the asshole really thought he had a chance with her,*she said again.*Like she wouldn’t or couldn’t find someone better.*

“Ah, you have a boyfriend?”

“Yeah.” Bree’s smile stretched uncontrollably cross her face. Noah noted it wasn’t a gloating smile either but rather a proud gleeful one.

Fuck, I should have known.

“How long have you guys been dating?”

“About four years.” Bree was still beaming as Noah’s mood sunk more and more.

“That smile, you must like him a lot.”

“Yeah but its more than that. He-“ Bree stopped and looked at her audience that she was about to gush to; about to tell them how in love she was. More in love than she had ever been with Noah.

“We better get going.” She said trying to contain herself and looking at Desia so they could make their escape.

Desia didn’t move.

“So,” Noah began. “Tell me about this boyfriend?”

“Nope.” Bree said her face radiated again at the thought of him.

“Why not? He obviously makes you happy?”

Bree still had a shit eating grin on her face.

“What? You don’t think I can handle it?”

Bree shrugged like a little kid and avoided Noah’s gaze.

“C’mon.”

Noah was more than a little curious now to hear about this unknown cockblocker, but the more he asked the more Bree resisted.

Finally, completely frustrated.

“That’s what I always hated about you!” Noah snapped.

“What?”

“You used to do this all the time with me,” Noah said.

“What?”

“You shut down. When we’d talk sometimes, you'd shut down. When we went dancing, especially. You'd shut down.

"I'd see howmuchfun you werehaving; how you werepracticallybursting at the seams to cut loose,justletgo. But*no!*You'd shut down.

"When we were having sex. I mean really raw wild sex, I could feel you stiffen up, shut down, like you didn’t want me see you. Feel you. Like you**couldn't**or***wouldn't***share yourself with me.”

Bree’s eyes widened in panicked realization.

That was all true.

Bree felt her jaws tighten and her tears well in her eyes.

Desia sat quietly as her friend struggled with herself.

Bree's head held low; tears streaming down her face.

“I'm sorry.” Bree said quietly.

“What?”

“I'm sorry.” Her throat was tight as she sobbed and looked up at Noah as he handed her a napkin.

“You’re right.” She said wiping her eyes. “I wasn’t’ myself with you. Not my real self, not the person I wanted to be, not the person I am right now. Idon'tknow why but I didn’t think you’d understand me, or accept me. I thought you would laugh at me. And I’d be alone. It wasn’t fair to you or me.."

"Youdidn'teven give me a chance."

"I was too scared..." She shrugged like a child as her voice trailed off into soft sobs.

There was a distance that was there with Noah from the beginning of her relationship. She could

never really let herself go around him, express herself around him.

When she got ready to something inside her side “No, that’s enough.”

The distance continued to grow. And she couldn’t bring herself to close it. Most times, she couldn't even define it. But she couldn’t bring herself to leave either.

And subconsciously it caused strife between the two of them long before it manifested as poor self-esteem or cheating.

The four sat in silence as Bree sobbed uncontrollably for several minutes.

The depressed scene was broken with the loud honk of Bree blowing her nose, followed by a smile and a giggle from her. She felt relieved now.

“Sorry, I was a bit snotty.” She giggled again.

“Too say the least.” Desia said wiping her eyes.

Desia never liked to see her friend upset, but this was one thing she had to let her get through andherjob as herfriendwas to be right where she was. By her side.

Something had shifted in his own perception, too. Noah realized that he*hadn't*really known the girl he had been so physically close to for so many years. And that made his heart ache.

Though she hadn't said much of anything else yet, he could finally see,*feel*who she was. And he had never been anywhere near her that wholetimebefore.

As much as shecaredfor him, as good as she made him feel in the good times, shehadnever really loved him. How could she when shecouldn'teven really beherselfwith him.

He felt a lump in his throat as hefoughtback tears.

“I’m sorry, Noah.”

“For what? You didn’t do anything?”

“That’s why. For wasting your time, wasting my time; being so stupid and scared.”

“You didn’t waste my time.” He grabbed for her hand and she let him take it. “We had fun together. It wasn’t all good but it wasn’t all bad either, right?”

“Right.” She saidwitha teary eyed smile.

xxx

Noah sat in the backseat of Lane’s car looking out the open window, thinking about Bree. She had finally opened up about her boyfriend.

How it was love at first sight, though before that she thought that sort of thing was just in movies or make believe.

“But when I saw him it was like, ‘Oh there you are’. Like you know, we had been friends forever and then we were supposed to meet up that day.

“There’s no hesitation with him, I’m just all out me and he loves me. Weirdness and all. He can tell if I’m faking it and he’ll call me on it. I love that.

“He wants to get married, but I'm like ‘Nah.’ I mean, I guess I eventually will marry him seeing how I'm not going anywhere anyway. Ijustdon'tsee the point in it. In marriage that is.”

Noah smiled seeing Bree’s face in his mind. She was like a new person. She was even more beautiful and happier than he had ever seen her. He was actually happy that she was happy.

He sighed taking out his phone and texting his girlfriend that he missed her. And he did.

“I need a drink.” Noah said from the backseat.

“Say please.” Lane’s lazy droning voice had a smile in it.

“Please take us to a bar.”

“Sure.”

“Hey schmuck, why don’t you call Keyes and tell him to meet us. I liked that guy.” Michelle said.

“I'm sure you did.”

“Not like that.. not like that honey." she reassured her husband. “But I'm not gonna lie, he was hot.”

Lane groaned as he focused on the road.

“Hey, Keyes man. It’s me, Noah. We met this afternoon at the mall."

*"I remember you."*Keyes said on the other end of the cell phone.

"We’re going to have some drinks. Wanna join up?”

“I'm hanging out with my girl and some friends.”

“Bring ‘em along.” Noah said, he needed some cheering up and the more the merrier.

“*You sure?”*

“Yeah.”

“So how was it with your ex?”

“It turned out ok. Not the way I wanted.” Noah rubbed his dick as he looked out the window. “But she’s happy and I'm happy so it’s all good. But I could still use a drink.”

…..

“Are you sure you told him the right place?” Michelle said as she looked out over the growing crowd.

It was 6:12 pm. Noah had told Keyes to meet them at 6.

The warm mid-spring evening had all the open air cafes and bars already busy. House music was thumping in the air and Noah was bobbing his head sipping on his second beer.

“I told him,” Noah said watching the girls on an outdoor dance floor.

Noah’s eyes widened as his eyes focused on a curvy body wiggling and grooving to the music. He recognized that body. He took a huge swig of beer and headed to the dance floor.

“Hey.”

Bree turned, startled, toward the voice in her ear only to see Noah standing in front of her.

“Hey, what are you doing here?” She smiled.

“Just having some drinks. How about you?”

“Dancing.” She wiggled her eyebrows and then her hips and raised her arms as the tempo thumped on.

Noah stood back for a moment watching. She had changed clothes; she was wearing a red dress with a plunging V neck line. The dress was clinging to all her curves perfectly though the fabric was flowy.She was barefoot as she danced and her large hoop earrings were manic disarrays of flashing silver as she moved.

“Barefoot huh?’

“I'm not good at dancing in heels yet?”

His cock stirring to life again as her body moved sensually to the music, he only got glimpses of her letting go when she danced before, but now she was moving with joyful abandon.Andit was sexy as hell. The back and forth of his libido could barely take anymore as he began to dance with his ex-girlfriend.

She smiled up at him before rolling her head wildly to the music letting her long wild blond curls fly.

“I wish you would have danced like this when we were together.”

“So do I.” She said smiling up at him.

The funky house beats kept them moving and the two danced like crazy as if trying to make up for lost time.

“So do you think we can ever be friends? I mean real friends.” Noah asked.

“I don’t know.”

“That’s honest.” He said, the wind coming from his sails a little while he was watching her move.

“But we can see what happens.” She looked up at him between shaking her head and waving her

arms, smiling as she said it.

“Cool.”

During a lull in the song Noah looked back towards his table and Keyes was there talking to Lane and Michelle.

Michelle was flipping her hair and leaning into whatever Keyes was saying as he was looking out at the dance floor, with a self-satisfied look on his face.

“Hey, how about a break?” Noah said into Bree’s ear as she was still dancing.

“Huh?”

“How about a break, let’s get a drink. I want you to meet this guy.”

“Ok,” she said smiling still bobbing to the beat as they headed back to the throng of outside tables that were all filled upwithpatrons.

Keyes stood up as they approached and Bree squealed.

“Hey, baby.” She said throwing up her arms and putting them around Keyes neck. “I’m sorry, I'm sweaty.”

“You know I love you sweaty.” He said pulling her close to him and kissing her neck, never taking his eyes off the shocked and dumbfounded Noah.

“Oh, Noah this is my boyfriend Keyes." Bree said making the introductions, grinning from ear to ear. "Keyes this is Noah. I told you I saw him at the mall today.”

“Yeah, we met.” Keyes said with a smirk on his face.

“What, really? When?”

“Earlier.”

Bree looked at Noah.

“I didn’t know he was your boyfriend.”

“I didn’t tell you his name.” Bree asked perplexed.

“No.” Noah sighed.

“That’s your girlfriend.” Michelle said in the background while Lane was chuckling heartily at the whole scene.

“Yeah.” Keyes grinned.

“There you are?” Desia said coming up through the crowd with a handsome blond headed guy in tow.

“What the hell? What are they doing here?” Desia continued seeing Noah, Lane and Michelle.

“They invited us for drinks.” Keyes said.

“I want water.” Bree said wiping her brow.

Keyes and Bree nuzzled and hugged each other while she still swayed to the music.

Noah’s face was bright red as he remembered everything had said about Bree that afternoon. He was ready to disappear.

“Baby, I need some money for water, please.” Bree chirped to Keyes as she slipped her hand in his pocket and pulled out his wallet.

“Get me some, too,” he said before kissing her deeply, his thick tongue sinking in her willing mouth, one hand on the back of her neck the other at the small of her back.

“I love you.”

“I love you, too.” She hissed as her panties floodedwithwarmth and her nipples hardened while staring in his bright green eyes before Desia pulled her away.

“***She's***your girlfriend?!” Noah reiterated angrily.

“Yep.”

“Did you even know who I was at first?”Noahcontinued loudly not carrying who heard him.

“HEY ! I***am*** gonna notice a guy that’s following my girlfriend through the mall, asshole!” Keyes shouted furiously finally able to give Noah a piece of his mind.

Keyes had gotten a full run down of everything from Bree when she got home and was totally surprised when Noah called him. It was just like his girl to forget to relay little details like names in the course of her heart-to-heart.

“She hadn't thrown all the pictures of you away. Most of them, not all. And I had seen what you looked like. After a couple of minutes of watching *you* following *her*, I recognized you. ”

Noah was beginning to hate this guy. He was just too cool.

“So you just let me stand there and spout off like a jackass?”

“I had nothing to do with that.”

That hurt.

“Why didn’t you just tell me she was your girlfriend?”

“I figured it would be better to hear it from her. But to tell you the truth.” Keyes learned in. A cocky smile on his lips and his green eyes twinkling now.

“I wanted you to say something stupid. I wanted you to fuck up. And you didn’t disappoint.”

Noah sank in his own humiliation.

“I didn’t make you say all that shit.”

“What if she had wanted to be with me?” Noah blurted.

“HA! There was***no***possibility of that. I'vealwaysknownhow she feltaboutyou. Soyourlittle daydream about fucking heragainwas a joke!" Keyes replied with utter disgust.

Those around them began towhisperand stare.

"It was all Icoulddo not the laugh in your damn face!”

He was right, Noah never had a chance.

The two men stood toe to toe for several minutes. Before Keyes cocked his eyebrow and smiled.

“You all are cool now, right?”

Noah nodded begrudgingly.

“She needed that talk just as much as you did, and *she's* the only one I care about. Believe me. It wouldn’t have been the same if I had done what *I* wanted to do, which was to kick your fuckin ass! And the more you talked shit, man, the more I wanted to bash your skull in!”

Keyes took a deep breath and sat down.

“It also wouldn’t have helped if I had told you everything I knew she was feeling about you and that whole situation." Keyes continued a bit calmer now.

"It’s better you heard it from her.”

Noah was still a bit numb.

“But I have to thank you for a couple of things.”

“Oh yeah, what?” Noah said with a hollow laugh.

“First, she feels better. Second, the look on your face was fucking priceless.” Keyes continued and he broke out in a boisterous laugh.

You’re welcome.

“Suck it up and let me get you a drink.” Keyes waved at the bartender ordering a round.

xxx

Noah watched Keyes and Bree dance as he sat back and nursed another vodka and Red Bull.

As he had watched them talk and interact that evening jealousy loomed, then faded.

They did have a vibe, just this 'something' that radiated through eachthem, between them.

Anyone could feel it.

He could feel it.

If hedidn'tknowbetter he wouldhavethoughttheyhadbeen childhood friends.

Noah smiled in spite of himself.

“So this is what closure feels like,” he said, pulling out his phone.

“Hey baby, I'm coming home in the morning. Yeah I know. I ended up taking care of some unexpected business here and I'm just ready to come home...”

x

~end