From Friends To Lovers

By kinkitten

Published on Lush Stories on 16 May 2013

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/love-stories/from-friends-to-lovers-1.aspx

She was having a serious case of déjà vu. This was the third time she had been in this situation.

“Just wait there and I’ll get you some coffee,” she told Andy as she pushed him to sit on the couch.

“I don’ need any coffee, I’m fiiine,” he slurred.

“Oh yes you do,” she called back from the kitchen, “you're way too fucking drunk.”

“You know me sooo well, Jenny,” he slurred again, “why can’t I find someone like you?”

“Because you like skinny blondes,” she called back laughingly.

“Noooo I like yooou.” He stumbled into the kitchen and tried to hug her.

“No you don’t, that’s just the alcohol talking,” she retorted as she untangled herself from his arms.

This happened every time another one of his skinny-assed girlfriends dumped or cheated on him. He would always come crying to his best friend, Jenny- the only reliable woman in his life. She was getting sick of it already, she had her own life and was really tired of having to pick up the pieces of his failed relationships all the time. He was a nice guy who was a complete mess when it came to relationships; he always chose the wrong kind of girl. He wasn’t bad looking but he was very insecure about his looks and so he was flattered by any good looking girl who so much as looked his way.

Jenny and Andy had been friends since junior high and back then she had had a crush on him but he was not interested (he was crushing on the lead cheerleader). He told Jenny he only saw her as a friend and didn’t want to ruin their friendship. Jenny was what you’d call an “ugly duckling” back then but she was a strong girl and so she took the rejection in her stride, staying only friends and nothing more.

The years were kind to Jenny and during senior year in high school she started blossoming into a sexy, curvy head turner. When all the other boys started noticing her Andy did as well, but it was too

late. He had closed the door and Jenny wasn't opening it again.

In college they were still close friends. Jenny was doing what most students do and having fun while getting her degree in literature. Andy was growing more and more interested in computers, working on some software she didn't understand. She was thrilled for him when he sold his software and made a few millions. He had hoped that the money would make her look at him in a different light but it didn't.

And then his troubles started. The most popular girl in their year started flirting with him; she was thin, blond, tall- basically the model type. All thoughts of Jenny were immediately gone from his mind. He was completely wrapped up in his new model girlfriend, hanging on her every word and fulfilling her every whim, basically spoiling her rotten. That lasted until he walked in on her fucking some other guy. That was the first time he had ended up crying on Jenny's couch.

This time was the third time and she was starting to get fed up. She had to call off a date with a cute new guy she had recently met, when Andy showed up on her doorstep.

Jenny led Andy back into the living room and handed him his cup of coffee. She sat down next to him on the couch and he put his head on her shoulder and sighed.

"What happened this time?" she asked and patted his head.

"I don't know, I thought everything was going great, I was giving her everything she asked for," he answered quietly.

"You should be choosing better girls Andy, and not just blond bimbos," she said.

"Well I did try to," he mumbled under his breath.

They sat together in silence as he sipped his coffee and watched some stupid TV shows, the silence feeling comforting and natural. He finished his coffee and put the cup down; he felt sad, a little lonely and very very sorry for himself. He lay down on the couch and put his head in Jenny's lap. She absentmindedly started playing with his hair. It felt so right to him to be with her like this, so safe and warm and familiar. He suddenly thought of what would have happened if he had not rejected her all that time ago, what his life would look like, and a tear rolled down his cheek.

"It'll be fine," she said as she wiped the tear away, "you will find the right girl."

"I think I've already found her but I fucked that up," he answered looking up into her eyes.

“Well maybe she wasn’t the right one or you would have fought harder,” she said soothingly.

He looked up at her trying to figure out what she meant, trying to figure out whether she had some other meaning behind her innocent sounding remark. She seemed totally calm and unconcerned. He felt a pang inside. She looked down at him and patted his cheek like he was a little boy and he suddenly felt that he couldn’t continue this way anymore, he had to do something.

He sat up suddenly and took her face in his hands, looking into her eyes for just a second before pressing his lips to hers. She was thrown completely off course and her body reacted way before her brain kicked in, her lips parting and letting his tongue into her mouth, kissing him back for a few moments before suddenly pushing him away.

“What the hell?!” she screamed angrily at him.

“You must know, you must realize by now what I feel for you,” he answered urgently.

“Hey you were the one who said we were better as friends, that we shouldn’t complicate things,” she threw at him angrily.

“Well I was wrong, I was a complete and utter fool and I’ve been kicking myself for it ever since,” he half yelled.

She looked at him hard and long, trying to figure out whether it was the alcohol and heartbreak talking or whether he really meant it. It felt like forever to him as he waited for her to respond; this was the moment that would determine his future. When she leaned in towards him indicating he could kiss her he felt elated, he threw his arms around her and held her to him like she was a precious jewel.

“I have wanted you for so long,” he murmured in her ear, “but I didn’t think you’d ever give me another chance.”

She moved her head and bit playfully on his lower lip before covering his mouth with hers. They kissed passionately for a long time, relishing in the feeling of being together. He pulled her up to sit in his lap and she felt his hard cock under her, a sensation which made her stomach tingle. She ground her hips against him and felt his cock twitch under her in response.

“Mmm I like that,” she whispered in his ear.

“So do I,” he breathed out as he stood up, lifting her with him.

He carried her to her bedroom, laying her on the bed and climbing in next to her. They started slowly exploring each other's bodies, relishing in the closeness of a truly beloved person, feeling like everything that came before had just been a prelude to being together.

She slipped her hands under his T-shirt and pulled it off of him. He undid the buttons on her shirt and revealed inch by inch her pale white skin and her supple breasts held in a white lacey bra. He breathed in sharply as he looked at her bare skin; it looked so soft and inviting that he couldn't resist burying his face between her breasts.

She reached back and undid her bra, slipping it off. As soon as her breasts were revealed to him he took a nipple into his mouth and sucked on it hungrily. As he sucked on her nipples he fumbled with her pants, unbuttoning them and pulling them off along with her panties.

"Oh god," he moaned as he brushed his fingers against her smooth, soft pussy. She giggled in response and spread her legs a little, letting his fingers touch her moist outer pussy lips.

"Feels good?" she asked him teasingly as she watched his lust filled eyes.

"God, you are so wet… I want you so much," he groaned in response.

She pulled him to her and kissed him hard, hungry tongues dancing together. She unzipped his jeans and he pushed them off with his socks. He rolled her on top of him, his fingers digging into the skin of her back. He could feel her moisture seeping through the fabric of his boxer briefs and it drove him crazy.

She lifted herself up and let him slide his boxers down to release his rock hard, throbbing cock. He positioned it and she sank down onto him slowly. The feeling of her wet walls slowly engulfing his cock was like heaven to him. The feeling of him penetrating her most private place felt so right, like the missing puzzle piece. They looked into each other's eyes in an intense, piercing gaze, minds and bodies connected in a special way.

They moved against each other, slow and intense, taking their time, in no hurry to finish. Hands roamed over bodies in a slow, intimate, familiar way as they made love for the first time.

"I love you," he whispered, looking into her eyes.

"I love you too." She smiled happily and leaned over him to kiss him.

He put his arms around her as they kissed, pressing her to him so hard, as though trying to keep a part of her with him forever.

“Oww, that hurts.” She giggled.

He loosened his grip a little and laughed. “I don’t want to let you escape again.”

“Don’t worry baby, I’m not going anywhere,” she answered reassuringly, looking deep into his eyes. “I won’t hurt you.”

He held her to him again and rolled over so that he was now on top of her, slowly moving in and out of her in deep passionate strokes. She moaned in pleasure, loving the feeling of his weight on top of her, the intense closeness. She wrapped her legs around his body, pushing him deeper into her at the same time as her hands wrapped around his neck. She clenched her inner muscles and felt him shudder in response. He buried his face in her neck, nibbling her soft skin, grazing her ear with his teeth.

They both felt this was different, so unlike anything they had experienced before. Neither was in a hurry to cum though both were very aroused; as though each point of contact between them was a small simmering flame. He lifted off her and rolled over again so that she was on top of him, then he sat up with her straddling him and slowly moving up and down. He kissed her shoulders, covering her skin with tiny bites, his kisses moving down to her breasts. He licked and nibbled each hard little nipple, causing her skin to cover with goose bumps.

“Have you loved me all of this time?” he asked as he lifted his face from her breasts.

“Yes,” she answered, admitting it for the first time even to herself.

He started moving his hips harder against her, feeling his arousal and need suddenly grow with her admission of love. She picked up her pace as well, feeling his eagerness. He held her ass cheeks, one in each palm, helping her move on top of him and squeezing her supple flesh with forceful desire. The low burning flames turning into a raging fire of want and need. She too could feel her body tensing in preparation for an explosion of passion. She dug her nails into the skin of his shoulders, using them to help her thrusts become faster and harder.

“Oh god.” He moaned. “You don’t know how many times I’ve cum imagining this moment.”

“Oh, darling.” She groaned in response, clenching her inner muscles around him again.

The increase of pressure made him dizzy, suddenly he was desperate to cum. He started thrusting hard against her, the sound of their bodies slapping together filling the room. He grabbed her nipple with his lips and bit down on it a little causing her to scream. Her body tensed as a wave of pleasure engulfed her. She came hard, her body shaking on top of him, her pussy milking his cock and gushing over it.

The physical sensations of her cumming over him were incredible, but the knowledge that this was the girl had loved and wanted so long was even better. He couldn't hold back his orgasm any longer, he groaned loudly as he buried his cock as deep as possible in her and emptied ropes of cum into her. He held on to her tightly as they both came, both moaning and screaming in ecstasy.

As they relaxed from the intense orgasms they had both had, he held her tightly to him, his soft cock still inside her, her head resting comfortably on his shoulder. Both felt the glow of satisfaction and the incredible intimacy of pleasure shared with a beloved person.

"From now on I'm yours," he whispered in her ear as he lay her down on the sheets and cuddled in next to her.