How Quiet Can You Be?

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Two friend can't wait to take the next step on a coach ride through the Alps

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“I’m so bored,” Penny whined.

“Read your book,” I said. I adjusted my folded up coat against the window and closed my eyes again. Outside the mountains rolled by in the darkness as the coach wound its way through them to the ski resort.

“I finished it.”

“Then, I don’t know, try to sleep or something.”

“I can’t sleep, Johnny, I’m too wired. I can’t read, can’t watch the scenery out the window and you won’t talk to me.”

I sighed. “Pen, keep your voice down. Everyone else is asleep.”

I should have forked out the extra cash for us to fly; this journey was taking forever and the coach was cramped and uncomfortable.

“Fine.”

She flicked back her soft waves of blond hair and rested her head on my shoulder. My pulse quickened. Penny had been my best friend for so long. I wanted more, but I was afraid it would ruin our friendship if I tried to take things further. I gently inhaled her scent, closing my eyes as it flooded my senses. To me she smelled like home, or maybe somewhere you remember being really content.

She fidgeted, squirming in her seat, then slipped her arm under mine and hugged it so my hand

rested on her thigh.

“How much longer?” she asked.

Good question! How much longer could I do this? “About an hour,” I said.

My hand on her leg felt tense and tingly. Things used to be so easy between us. We’d touch and flirt like close friends do, but then my feelings for her got complicated. Her boyfriend at the time being the thing that made them complicated. She wasn’t with him any more, hadn’t been for months, but I still felt that awkwardness of not knowing how to be with her.

Penny fidgeted again and huffed.

“What is the matter?” I asked.

“Stupid underwires are digging in,” she muttered. “One sec.”

She sat forward and reached behind her back to unhook her bra. Then she shoved her hands up her sleeves, did something mysterious, and her bra magically emerged from her sleeve. She rubbed the undersides of her breasts, lifting them so they pressed against the thin fabric of her t-shirt.

“Oh, that’s so much better,” she said.

I stifled a groan and quickly shoved my coat across my lap so she wouldn’t see the growing bulge there.

Too obvious. She noticed me move it and a little smile flashed across her lips. I pressed my forehead to the glass and stared out into the darkness, stomach churning.

“Johnny?”

“What, Pen?” I asked, voice wavering. I silently cursed myself.

She slid her hand into my lap and pressed her palm to my stiff cock. I gasped.

“Shh, everyone’s sleeping, remember.”

“Pen, what are you ”

She pressed her finger to my lips. “Shh.” Her eyes met mine, bright and shining, and my breath caught in my throat.

She rubbed me through my trousers and I softly banged my head back against the headrest. God that felt so good. Penny shifted closer and kissed my neck. She brought her lips up to my ear and whispered, “I was going to wait till we got to the chalet, but I can’t wait any longer. Don’t make me wait any longer, Johnny.” She squeezed me harder and I shook my head.

“Pen I ”

“Why do you think I agreed to come on this trip?” she whispered. Her hand moved up and she unbuttoned my trousers and slowly drew down the zip of my fly.

“I thought we were just… to have a laugh… oh, Penny,” I gasped.

“Shh, if you can’t keep quiet, I’ll have to stop.” She slid her hand into my shorts and gripped me gently. “Can you keep quiet?”

I nodded.

As she rubbed me with smooth strokes, she put her other hand up to my chin and turned me towards her. Her lips brushed against mine, soft and delicate and then harder. I parted my lips against hers and tasted the sweetness of her tongue. There was just a hint of mint from her expired gum.

“How quiet can you be, Johnny?” she whispered against my lips.

“Why?”

She pulled her hand away, and removed my coat from my lap, exposing my hard, swollen cock. I glanced up, but no one could see unless they were trying to. Penny lowered her head into my lap and gently licked my tip. I shoved my fist in my mouth and bit down to keep from crying out. Little by little she moistened every part of me and then drew me, agonisingly slowly, into her mouth. Deeper, deeper, until my cock hit the barrier of her throat. She held me there for a moment and I let myself breath. Then she pushed down, forcing my cock hard against the back of her throat, squeezing with her lips and her tongue. I groaned; I couldn’t help it.

I softly gripped a handful of her hair to pull her back. “Pen, stop. That’s too good. Pen?”

She drew back until her pouting lips were just kissing my tip and then sucked me back in.

“Oh God.” My eyes rolled back.

She pulled back again and turned her head to look up at me, still kissing and licking me while she made eye contact. My cock twitched as I watched her. She reached up and put her fingers to my lips. Then she took me back into her mouth, as far as she could and then that little fraction more that turned it from good to oh my God.

I kissed the fingers she pressed to my lips and nibbled them as she tortured me in more ways that I could count. She went heart racingly fast and then bone achingly slow. Sucked me in deep and then teased my tip with her tongue. Gripped my shaft with her hand and then let me twitch and jump freely. Hard then soft. Fast then slow. Rough then gentle. Teasing, sucking, squeezing, taunting.

“Oh fuck me,” I gasped as I came. I threw my head back against the seat as I convulsed and shot my load into her mouth. She drank it all down, sucking every drop I had for her. I panted, my heart pounded in my chest and sweat beaded on my forehead.

Penny lifted her head and wiped her mouth on the back of her hand. Her cheeks were flushed, her lips swollen and pink. I slid my hand into her hair, cupped the back of her head and pulled her into a deep kiss. This wasn’t just a stupid crush on my friend, this was real.

“I always knew you’d taste good, Johnny,” she whispered, staring into my eyes.

“I’m in love with you Penny,” I said. “I can’t just ”

“Took you long enough. Now, get your hand in my pants, I dying over here.”

Her face broke into the most glorious grin and all my anxiety drained away. Being her lover wouldn’t ruin our friendship. Being friends would just make being lovers even better. I turned her in her seat so she had her back to my chest and hugged her close. I kissed her neck, softly nibbling, and she sighed.

“Now, now. Quiet Pen, or I won’t give you what you want.”

She bit her lip and pressed back into me. I tingled with anticipation at the thought of touching her. I was already imagining what was going to happen when we got to our destination. I gently cupped her breasts through her t-shirt, feeling her tight nipples through the thin fabric. She rested her head back against my shoulder and kissed my jaw.

I unbuttoned her jeans and slowly slid my hand into her pants. I parted the hot, swollen, soaking wet, lips of her pussy and drew my finger through her slit. She arched her back, gasping, and I shushed her.

I teased her, slowly exploring and savouring the moment until she thumped my leg in frustration.

“You just love making me wait, don’t you,” she whispered.

“Sorry Pen, am I going too slow for you?” I whispered. I felt her muscles contract and she inhaled sharply. “You like me saying that?”

She nodded.

“Does it make you feel naughty, doing this here? I wonder how many of them are really asleep, and how many are listening to me fingering you.”

She flooded with more wetness and I circled her clit with my fingertips. A little moan escaped her lips.

“Shh. How quiet can you be, Penny? Can you keep it in if I do this?” I slid my fingers inside her and hooked them up to massage her g-spot.

She grabbed my knee, digging her fingers in, and lifted her hips to my hand.

“I can’t wait to make love to you,” I whispered in her ear. “Are you looking forward to having me inside you?”

She nodded, the muscles of her pussy clenching around my fingers. I tickled her clit with my thumb as I worked my fingers inside her.

“Come for me, Pen. Come hard,” I whispered against her neck.

She gasped, lifted her hips up and I felt her spasms as she came. I kept my fingers inside her, gently extracting delicious shudders from her.

She sighed, sagged back against me and twisted so I could place a soft kiss on her lips.

“Why did we wait so long?” she asked, looking into my eyes.

“What does it matter now?”

“Yeah, you’re right. I love you Johnny, I’ve loved you for so long.”

I kissed her again, long and slow, and slowly withdrew my hand.

As we sat quietly resting together I heard a soft gasp and a rapid beating sound from a couple of seats back. Penny looked up at me and we both stifled a giggle.

“I blame you,” I said.

“You were the one who couldn’t keep quiet.”

“Yeah, but only because you were giving me the best blow job of my life. And you were no better, miss talk dirty to me.”

She grinned at me and I kissed her. I felt like laughing with joy. I got to have my best friend as my lover; did it get any better than that?

Our groupie grunted a couple of times and then fell silent. Nice to know he enjoyed the show.

“Still bored?” I asked.

“Sleepy now. Can I use you as a pillow?” I put my arm out for her and she curled up against my side.

“Use me for anything you like,” I whispered, stroking her hair.

I watched the dark scenery roll past outside as she relaxed in my arms. No way were we going to be doing any actual skiing on this trip now!