Katrina, Part One

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A drunken night out turns into sex with my best friend... who happens to be my boss!

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The most amazing part, in my mind, might be that we made it home alive--although the sex comes in close second. After a night of hardcore whiskey abuse, Katrina and I had somehow navigated my 2001 Chevy Trailblazer through thirty-three miles of pouring rain up the dirt-road to her house. Parked thirty feet from the door, we sat in silence, considering the storm.

“Not worth it,” I muttered, nestling into the upholstery.

She shook me a bit harder than necessary. “Come on, my bed’s too cold for just one person.”

Katrina often spoke this way to me, despite the fact that we were not intimate. She was the type of woman who liked to get men riled up, sliding her hands across their thighs and pressing her breasts against them on the dance floor-- whispering seductively in their ears that she had to get back to her girlfriend.

Katrina was my mind-blowingly, heart-stoppingly beautiful, lesbian boss and best friend of three years. The strange relationship afforded her the power to drag me bar-hopping after three doubles. All it afforded me was a raging hard-on.

Despite the platonic nature of our friendship, I found myself in her bed almost constantly between our respective relationships. Neither one of us particularly enjoyed sleeping alone, and I couldn’t resist the chance to press my body firmly against hers, even if the affection flowed one way.

She wore a loose-fitting 49ers jersey that evening: the dual threat that both exposed her perfectly tanned legs and just barely concealed the more exciting areas of her body. She leaned forward, quite literally diving into bed next to me, and for one moment the v-neck swooped low enough to reveal one brown nipple.

“Did you steal my pillow?”

“No, it bounced off the side.”

As she turned around, her jersey rose, and so did I: beneath a thin layer of jersey mesh, my forbidden dream girl was completely naked.

Katrina’s body was warm in my arms. I thought about documents piling up on my desk. I thought about which bills I would pay tomorrow and which ones could wait another two weeks. I thought about everything except the simple fact that two pieces of cloth were all that kept me from sliding between her legs, into the folds of her womanhood. Nor did I imagine groping her breasts through the jersey, one hand reaching inside--rolling the nubs of her chest gently between my thumb and forefinger.

I was so busy not thinking that I hadn’t realized I’d begun to feverishly turn about.

“Hey,” She pulled me to her, my nose a finger’s breadth from hers, “No tossing around tonight. I have an early meeting tomorrow..”

“Probably should have thought of that before we hit the third bar.” I flopped side to side and she let out a drunken giggle.”

“Seriously!” She tried to hold me still, but my body had already begun to contort so strongly that she ended up on top of me, legs far spread to either side.

Her dark hair fell past my face, creating a tiny room that enclosed our faces. I looked into her eyes, and realized my zipper was down. Her heat radiated between my legs. I imagined I could feel steam building, condensing, dripping across the girth of the ever-growing erection threatening to leap out of my pants.

I wasn’t imagining. She was wet.

“I’m... a little drunk.” She whispered.

“Yeah,” I managed, “me too.”

Words were no longer necessary. Our bodies became fluid, and in one motion she got up, I shed my pants, and she sat back down. Our lips met first, then our tongues, and my dick slid back and forth between her labia. I could feel my head tickling her clitoris as I swung upward, and as she met my thrusts her wetness reached the place where my balls met the base of my shaft.

We picked up the pace, her back arching away from me as she pressed her dripping pussy closer

and closer, engulfing my dick into her without penetration. I guessed that one or both of us was close, so I stopped suddenly and rolled her onto her back.

For a moment, she looked hurt, and I knew in an instant she had almost come. “We’ll get there,” I whispered into her ear, “but first I want to taste every part of your sexy body.”

After removing what was left of our clothes, we came together for one more deep, passionate kiss which I broke only to place a smaller one on the nape of her neck. From there, I ran my tongue down her tender flesh, trailing towards her right breast. Miniature goose pimples raced across her skin as I ground my tongue along the outside of her areola, almost--but never quite--reaching her sensitive nipple.

Her hand on the back of my head urged me forward. At first I resisted, merely grazing the erect surface of her tit, but soon I gave in, balancing forceful sucking with lighter pressure. Occasionally I would take her gently between my teeth, eliciting quick gasps of excitement. With my right hand, I mimicked the momentum of my mouth, creating a similar yet unique experience for the left side of her body.

Electricity built between us, and I knew it was time to focus my efforts on brining her to a climax. Shifting lower in the bed, I found myself staring at a veritable flood of sexual excitement. Placing a soft kiss less than an inch above her slit, I prepared to tease around her aching pussy before finally granting her release. Katrina had other plans. Before I could turn my head to consider her thighs, they suddenly clamped against my ears.

“Fuck me,” she commanded, grabbing a fistful of my hair. “Fuck me with your tongue.”

The sudden change of power overtook me. Like a man stranded in the desert, I feverishly lapped at the juices flowing between her soft, brown lips. As I continued orally caressing her labia, her grip on my hair relaxed. Lovingly she traced down my ear, under my chin, and with one finger urged me forward to her most sensitive spot.

First, a tiny kiss. Next, I encircled her clit with the tip of my tongue, then zigged and zagged across it. Large strokes. Small strokes. Like a twister, my tongue whipped tiny, forceful circles and large, playful ones.

“Yes! Right there!” Suddenly, her screams ceased and her hand seized another fist full of my hair. I continued to bully her drenched pussy until she came down from her first orgasm.
“Most women I’ve been with are either too forceful or too sweet,” she smiled as I returned to meet her eyes. “Your style was a pleasant new experience.”

My lips practically touching her ear, I whispered seductively, “I’ve got another one for you.”

Her expression betrayed a certain nervousness, but she didn’t protest as I moved her into a sitting position. My chest at her back, I planted kisses along her neck as she stroked my pulsating cock back to its full eight inches.

“It’s so different from my toys,” she quietly observed. “It’s so warm and alive.”

Together, we positioned our bodies to truly become one for the first time. I hesitated for one moment, allowing her to observe the momentous occasion “Katrina... you’re losing your virginity all over again.”

She was tight--tighter than any woman I’d had before--but so wet that I had no trouble sinking into her. I gave her time to get used to the new sensation before, still inside her, I moved her onto her knees.

Burying myself to the hilt, I proceeded work myself almost completely out before diving back in. A few repetitions, then I picked up the pace. The steady slapping of my balls against her ass complimented the rhythm of the still pouring rain and thunder of the outside world, creating the ultimate song of drunken lust.

“Fuck me harder,” she commanded, but I ignored her. Truth be told, I was worried about how long I could last at a faster pace. “Faster, faster!” She begged, but realizing that I would not comply she broke free of our embrace, throwing me on my back and impaling herself again upon my now soaked dick.

She tried to grin evilly at me as she reshaped our pace to a furious hump, but as one hard thrust after another hit her g-spot, she could only close her eyes and moan.

I knew that I was close again, so I rolled her onto her back. After a few more strokes, I began to pull fully out.

“No.” She commanded, wrapping her legs around my waist to pull me back “I want to feel everything.”

The furry of my seed surging into her sent her over the edge. The walls of her pussy clamped down hard around me, milking everything from my balls as she came one last time.

I don’t know how long we lay there, holding one another, still connected at the groin, but I had just started to get hard again when the front door slammed shut. We heard footsteps crossing toward the

stairs.

“Shit.” Suddenly she was quite sober. “It’s Nicky.”