

# Michael and Jayla

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## Michael & Jayla

Michael Shane sat in his living room on a sunny Saturday watching *Love & Basketball*...or for the most part, he tried to. His attention was divided between the movie and the girl watching it with him. Jayla Evans, the girl he couldn't get off his mind, the female that invaded his dreams. Jayla was enticing physically. Silk caramel skin, full B cup breasts, and a pert backside were great, but the most attractive thing about her was her face. A face surrounded by soft black curls that possessed cat-like green eyes, succulent pink lips, and a smile that could brighten the darkest of days...only thing was she was taken for.

Jayla smiled to herself as she caught Michael's brown eyes looking her way. A long while ago he asked her to be *more* than friends, but she declined, mostly because they'd been friends since high school in 9th grade and now they were both in their twenties and in their second year of community college. Basically, they'd been *just* friends for too long, but that didn't stop her from noticing his physical appeal the way he noticed hers. Milk chocolate skin tone, tight muscles, decent six pack, with a fresh haircut. She had to admit...Michael was handsome as he was sexy. Both suddenly heard a car horn outside.

"Jermaine," Michael asked.

Jayla was about to reply when her cell phone rang.

"Hey baby," She answered. "Yeah, we're on our way out now."

The two friends left Michael's house and were embraced by the sun's warmth. Michael watched with a twinge of jealousy as Jayla hugged and kissed her boyfriend. Michael was being a hypocrite and he knew it. He was jealous of Jermaine and Jayla's relationship when it was Michael, himself, who brought the two of them together. When Jayla shot him down, Michael decided if he couldn't be with

her, he'd make sure she was happy with someone else. Jermaine was a high school friend of his and a fairly nice guy, so he introduced him to Jayla and the rest was history.

Throughout their entire outing Michael felt like a third wheel and it began to become unbearable watching them the lovers kiss. They stopped at a McDonald's for a bite to eat. As the trio ate Michael got up to use the bathroom. After a few minutes Jermaine followed in behind. He found Michael washing his hands.

"Everything cool, Mike," He wanted to know as went to a urinal.

"Yeah," Michael replied with a smile. "By the way you and Jayla are acting...I guess things are going well."

"Yeah, but not in the most important area, Mike," Jermaine started. "Jayla isn't a virgin, but she keep those legs of hers locked up tight."

"She's probably waiting until y'all get serious," Mike told him.

"She may be, but *I'm* not. Mike, this girl name Crystal last night- -"

"What the hell, Jermaine!" Mike snapped, cutting his friend off.

"Mike, chill man...it was a onetime thing. I need some pussy, bro."

"That isn't an excuse! Why would you hurt Jayla like that?"

"So what're you going to do Mike...snitch?"

Michael took a calming breath and gave Jermaine a serious look. "No...'cause I'm not going to hurt her."

Michael than thought inwardly, "Really I'm damned if I tell her and damned if I don't,"

The two men left the restroom to rejoin Jayla.

Three months went by and Jermaine's *onetime* infidelity turned into many illicit acts. Michael couldn't take his friend's actions anymore and after hours of soul searching he decided to tell Jayla...even at the risk of hurting her. Before he could call her, Mike's cell phone went ringing.

“Think of the Devil,” He thought to himself when he saw it was Jayla calling him. Answering, all he heard was his best friend sobbing and pleading for him to come over. She hadn’t to say another word. She needed him, so Mike rushed out his door and after a twenty minute bus ride, he at her apartment building...but he *wouldn’t* tell her about Jermaine. She was too fragile at the moment.

Jayla cried a river on Michael’s shoulder through the night. Not only were the rumored exploits of her boyfriend becoming too much for her to handle, but she’d also had her fill of the tired excuses of his whereabouts and his distance from her overall. Sure Jermaine meant the world to her, but she wasn’t going to play the fool any longer. She wanted revenge. She climbed atop a sleeping Michael, who lay on her couch, placing sweet kisses on his face. The sweetest payback for Jermaine’s actions would be a personal one. Michael began kissing Jayla back, his tongue probing into her mouth making her panties moist...but how could Michael be doing this? What did he have gain, other than the possibility of making love to her and betraying the brotherhood he shared with Jermaine, but he responsible for bringing them together and was somewhat accountable for her misery. Nevertheless, Michael resisted temptation and ignored the desire screaming within. Jayla just wanted to be held and Michael had to oblige her. So, they cuddled and though this boundary probably shouldn’t have been crossed, their bound was made stronger through the night. He was there for her and she was comforted. And as she slept peacefully in his arms, Michael ended the evening with a soft kiss to her forehead.

The next morning, Michael slipped off the couch and went to the McDonald’s up the street to surprise Jayla. He knew what she liked to eat from there. She was surprised when she was awakened by the smell of Sausage and Hotcakes. They sat on the couch and ate breakfast. Jayla wasn’t an emotional wreck like last night. He was about to tell her about her boyfriend when the front door and Jermaine entered the apartment.

“Oh, should I tell her or should you?” Mike said instantly upon seeing Jermaine, who replied,

“What’re you talking about?”

“Yeah, Mike...what are talking about,” Jayla spoke up.

“Come on, Jermaine don’t play stupid,”

Michael turned to his best friend and told her, “He’s been cheating on you, Jayla.”

Before Jayla could respond, Jermaine burst out laughing than said in a serious tone,

“Seriously Mike, you’re that jealous,”

“What?”

“I see the way you look at Jayla. She said *no man*. Get over it.”

Michael couldn't believe how Jermaine turned everything on him. He looked to Jayla, who had her arms crossed, giving him an angry glare.

“How are you going to turn this on me when- -“

“Man, I thought we were tight and you pull this shit. That's foul Mike,”

Michael looked to Jayla again, but she refused to look at him.

“I think you should go, Michael.” She said still not looking at him.

Mike let out a deep sigh and left the apartment.

Two weeks after the confrontation, Jayla wouldn't return Michael's phone calls and they'd pass each other at school Jayla wouldn't say a word and walk pass him. She needed the truth and he was the only one who could give it to her. If she wouldn't talk to him, he'd make her listen. He surprised by showing up at her apartment building.

“What're you doing here?” She asked seeing him.

“I came to talk,” Michael told her.

“And lie some more,” She replied walking past him.

“I didn't lie, Jayla,” Michael followed behind her.

They reached Jayla apartment. As they entered, Michael grabbed her wrist.

“Please listen to me. You think I said those things to hurt you?”

Jayla snatched her wrist out of his hand and replied, “Sounds like something a jealous person would do,”

“I wasn't trying hurt you, girl. I didn't want you to get your heart broken.”

“Well, its hurting Mike,”

“You think I’d hurt you, Jayla...after all we been through? For months I’ve had to listen to Jermaine brag about all these girls he’s been messing with.”

Michael started choking back tears.

"And I’ve been struggling whether to tell you or not,”

Tears were now flowing down Michael’s face.

“I- -I love you, Jayla,”

Jayla’s heart broke, not because of because of Michael had just told her about Jermaine, but because of how Michael looked standing before her. She’d never seen him so passionate about something and this *something* at the moment was her. She wiped the tears from his face. She closed the small gap between them and went to kiss his cheek, but to her shock, Michael’s lips captured hers in a passionate kiss. It was just like the one kiss between them when Jayla needed him two weeks ago. Just like that kiss, this one made her panties moisten. She was saving her sex wait for that *special someone* to come into her life, but in a matter of mere moments she began to feel like that *someone* had always been in her life and he was kissing on her neck at the moment.

“I love you,” Michael whispered in her ear. “I wanna make love to you, Jayla.”

Locked in a passionate kiss, the best friends inched closer toward Jayla’s living room couch. They made it to the couch and Michael climbed on top of Jayla, kissing her.

Jermaine began to creep into Jayla’s mind.

“Um...Mike maybe you should stop kissing me,”

Michael couldn’t stop. He’d dreamed of this on so many lonely nights and now his dreams were staring him in the face.

“I can’t,” He told her before kissing her lips again.

For each kiss Michael gave her, Jayla found herself wanting more. As much as she tries to deny her body what it craved the most...she couldn’t. Within moments, Mike had stripped Jayla naked, while he lay with her in his boxers. She trembled as his hands slid up her calves.

“You feel good,” He said softly.

His fingers traveled up the backside of her thighs as Michael’s lips landed on her stomach, giving it precious kisses, and then his tongue taunted her nipples.

“Michael,” Jayla called his name starting to deny her body again. “I don’t know if- -“

“Shh, shh,” He quieted her with a finger to her lips. “Don’t deny yourself of this. I wanna love you. Do you want me to love you, Jayla?”

She wanted to lie and say, no, but the truth escaped her mouth when she said, “Yeah,”

“Good,” Michael’s face smiled lovingly at her. “Show me what you want.”

At his command, Jayla’s lips covered his like she was giving CPR, but it was both of them breathing life into the other. Before long, Jayla found her legs spread open and Michael them.

“Can I?”

Jayla didn’t say a word. She just shook her head up and down, but had no idea what she was about to feel would send her up a wall.

Michael licked her inner thighs and slowly moved up to her, to his surprise, freshly shaved pussy.

“Oh, oh, ooh,” Jayla moaned.

Michael licked her labia lips gently. He then took his thumb and index finger, opening her up. Jayla’s pussy was as pink as a carnation. Eyeing her beautiful womanhood, Mike took his tongue and licked around her lips before finding her clit.

The sensation was so powerful that Jayla arched her back.

“Oh, oh my goodness,” She whispered, rotating her hips as her best friend drove his tongue deeper into her. “Right there baby. Oh, shit, Mike. Mmmm, don’t stop.”

Michael took his time eating her. He flicked my tongue over her clit as fast as he could. He nibbled and sucked on her clit for what seemed like ten minutes. Jayla moaned and came over and over again on his face.

Climaxing, Jayla was in Heaven. It felt so good. Now all she wanted was Michael inside her and she knew Michael give her what she needed.

Michael removed his boxers and climbed on top of Jayla once again, entering her gently. He started stroking slowly, but as she got used to him, Mike sped up his stroke. Jayla screamed with every thrust of his love stick. The harder he made love to her, the louder she became.

“Love me baby!” Jayla screamed as Mike continued making love to her.

The sex was gentle and passionate just the way they both wanted it.

Michael felt himself ready to cum, but it was feeling too good to stop. They both knew he wasn't wearing any protection and she wasn't on any type of birth control. Love had its hold on them and they couldn't get loose. Part of Michael wanted to stop before he came, but her warm wet pussy felt so good around his dick. Without thinking about it, he released load after load of cum deep into her. After Michael came they both lay motionless and silent on the couch holding each other while the realization of what just happened set in.

Though the fear of possible pregnancy hit Jayla hard, she couldn't help but think of Jermaine. About how much of a cheater he was and whose arms she was in now. It seemed fate may have planned this, maybe her and Michael were destined to be together. Thinking of all this, a large smile went across her face.

“What's on your mind babe? Something got you smiling?” Michael asked holding her tight in his arms.

“Only you, Mike,” She replied kissing his arm.

Soon enough Jayla fell asleep in his arms beautiful and angelic, while Michael cradled her in his arms kissed her forehead and drifted to sleep along with her.