Starting Over

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Reuiniting with an old friend, at the end of the world.

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I couldn't tell you what day it was, or even the month with any certainty. All I know is tonight seemed a lot colder than it had been. I pulled the blanket tighter around my body, and put another log on the campfire. Shit. I only had a couple logs left, and it felt like the night had just started. I'm going to have to go search for some more firewood soon. The only problem is once that chill gets into your bones, it's so much harder to get motivated to do anything, especially anything that takes you away from the warmth and comfort of the fire. I can wait a little bit longer. Staring into the flickering flames, my mind started to wander. How long had we been out here, anyway? It's funny the things you don't think you'll need until you need them. If I had only grabbed a calendar...

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Last year was a rough one for me. It started off with getting divorced. I was lucky that it wasn't a messy divorce, but I still lost almost everything. I spent most of the year trying to get back on my feet. Dating wasn't easy either. Adult post-divorce dating is a whole different beast, and even then, I had been off the market so long, I was severely out of practice. A couple dates here and there, nothing really panned out. The closest I came to a real relationship left for Washington a couple months ago. So when December rolled around, I was definitely in the mood for some stress relief.

Everybody was talking about December 21st. Something about the Mayan calendar ending. I never really paid much attention to it. The Gregorian calendar ends every December 31st, and nobody seems to raise a fuss about that. But, I figured, it was as good of a reason for a party as any, so I started texting some friends to make plans.

“Hey butthead”

“Hey onion breath,” Samantha replied a few minutes later. We had been best friends for pretty much our entire adult lives, but hadn't grown out of our juvenile names for each other.

“I'm thinking about having a party next Friday, what with the world ending and all. You and Ryan want

to come over?” I asked.

“Sounds fun! Let me just check with him first, and I'll let you know.”

I invited a few other friends, but was secretly relieved when most of them said they couldn't make it. My apartment was small anyway, any more than a handful of people and it would be too crowded. That's not exactly what I was looking for when I'm trying to plan something to relieve stress.

A couple hours later, my phone buzzed with Sam's reply. “He's off work that day, so we'll be there! Oh, and can Jenn come too?”

“Of course! The more the merrier!”

Jennifer.

Jennifer was a 5'6”, gorgeous blond haired beauty. She was one of Sam's closest friends, and I always had a little bit of a crush on her. We hadn't talked in a while, but I mentally slapped myself for not thinking of inviting her. When Jenn and I first met, I was already married. She and I became great friends; if we weren't talking about baseball, we were competing against each other in the gym or on the track. Watching her in her gym clothes during those friendly competitions probably didn't help me with getting over my crush on her either. There were more than a few times that I caught myself checking out her petite toned body, and had to remind myself I was married and look away. It definitely didn't help that I caught her looking a few times too. Our conversations started to change; a compliment thrown in after a workout, a flirty comment here and there. But one of us always managed to pull us back from the brink when we were going a little too far.

After the divorce though, Jenn and drifted apart. The three of us had grown to be such good friends, but it was kind of awkward to think of taking it our relationship to the next step. Soon she started dating some douche-baggy guy, and we started talking less and less.

It had been a while since we had talked, but when Sam mentioned that Jenn was coming, all those old feelings and mental snapshots came back in a flash. By the time the night of the party rolled around, I was having a hard time not imagining Jenn and all those times we worked out; her tight gym shorts, that toned stomach, or those perky breasts hidden underneath her top. She always wore these loose workout shirts that ended above her midriff. Even though I knew she was wearing a sports bra underneath it, the animal part of my brain was always hoping for a quick flash.

The knock on my door broke me out of my daydream. I fumbled with the growing erection in my jeans, trying to make myself presentable before opening the door.

“Hey stink face!” Sam said with a smile, walking up to me and giving me a big hug. Life had kept us from hanging out as much as we would have liked, so I wrapped my arms around her and hugged her back. Ryan was standing behind her, blocking the rest of my view, but I heard Jenn coming up the stairs. When she appeared next to Ryan, my jaw dropped. I had forgotten how beautiful she was. She always had a way of looking incredibly sexy, but still refined and elegant at the same time. Wearing blue jeans, a white blouse, and a cream colored leather jacket, she looked more amazing than she did in my imagination.

And that smile. Oh God, that smile.

I instinctively reached out and shook Ryan's hand, but never took my eyes off her. After Ryan walked past me into the apartment, Jenn did this cute little hop before rushing up to me and wrapping her arms around me. I hugged her tight, loving the feeling of her body close to mine. I breathed in deeply, relishing the smell of her perfume. I had to let go quickly, though, before she felt exactly how much I was enjoying it.

The party was a blast, and definitely the stress relief I needed. The four of us laughed and reminisced about old times. Over dinner, we drank a toast to the end of the world. Jenn and I caught each other stealing glances across the table. As the night went on and the drinks grew stronger, the glances lingered longer. When I was refilling everybody's drinks, I swore I saw her bite her bottom lip as she looked up at me.

“Wow. These drinks are starting to go to my head,” I said to the group, “I'm gonna go outside for some fresh air.”

“That sounds awesome! We'll go too!” Sam replied.

The four of us walked out onto the patio, enjoying the crisp December air. It had just rained earlier in the day, but the clouds were gone now, and the sky was clear and bright and the moon shone brightly above us. The rain had put a chill in the air, and Sam and Ryan snuggled up with each other on my left. Jenn was standing on my right, and shivered slightly when a small breeze blew through the patio. Before I realized what I was doing, I put my arm around her and pulled her close to keep her warm. The four of us looked up at the sky, silently looking at the stars. I couldn't help but think about the gorgeous woman snuggled up next to me.

“Maybe this next year will be better after all,” I thought silently to myself, as Jenn snuggled up closer to me.

After a while, I looked down at my watch. 11:47.

“Well, I guess we survived the end of the world!” I said with a laugh.

I had barely finished speaking, when the sky grew bright. Waves of green and orange streaked through the sky. We looked up in awe as the waves grew brighter and faster. A crackling sound filled the air, followed by the smell of ozone. Just then, the power went out. From our vantage point on the patio, we could see the blackout roll through the city. Just as quickly as it started, it was over. It was deathly silent. You couldn't even hear the cars on the freeway behind us.

“What the fuck was that?” Ryan spoke first.

“I'm not sure,” I replied, “It looked like the aurora borealis or something.”

“The what?” asked Sam.

“The aurora borealis. It's this thing up north where radiation hits the atmosphere and causes lights like that. I always wanted to go see it.”

“Does it knock out the power too?”

“I don't think so,” I said.

The neighbors started coming out of their apartments, checking to see if everybody's power was out. “Well, I guess the party's over,” said Ryan, “We should probably head home.”

Our eyes were starting to adjust to the moonlight, but we still stumbled back into the apartment, feeling our way around. The three of them collected their belongings as best as they could, and then headed for the door. Ryan opened the door and started heading toward the car.

“Thanks for dinner,” Sam said, as she walked up and gave me a hug. “We need to do this more often.”

“Yes we do,” I replied, “Thanks for coming.”

Sam walked down the stairs, leaving Jenn and I alone.

“Thanks,” she said, reaching out to give me a hug as well. “I had a good time. I guess I forgot how much I missed talking to you.”

“I've missed it too, Jenn. Call me when you get home?”

“Of course,” she replied, and stretched up to give me a peck on the cheek.

I was trying to gather the strength to release her from the hug, when Ryan and Sam came back up the stairs in a panic.

“The car won't start,” he said.

“What's wrong with it?”

“I don't know. It's like the battery is dead or something. I turned the key, and nothing.”

Ryan and I walked back down to the car, but after a few minutes came back up.

“The car won't start. There's a few other people out there trying to start their cars too, but nothing's working. Maybe whatever knocked out the power did something to the car too,” Ryan said.

“Well, we're not going to get much done tonight,” I said. “You guys spend the night here. Tomorrow we'll try to figure out what's going on.” I grabbed a few extra pillows and blankets from my closet, and put them on the couch.

“I'll sleep out here,” I said. “You three can fight over who gets the bed.”

“I'll sleep out here on the other couch,” Jenn piped up first, speaking to Sam. “You and Ryan take the bed, the two of you won't be able to fit on the couch anyway.” Sam was pretty freaked out by this point anyway, and didn't put up much of a resistance. She and Ryan headed off to the bedroom, closing the door behind them. Since the heater wasn't working either, I handed Jenn the warmer of the two blankets and a pillow, and laid down on the couch.

I must have been exhausted, because I passed out pretty quickly. It seemed like I had hardly fallen asleep, before I was woken up by the sound of breaking glass outside. I stood up with a start, but fell back sitting on the couch, still groggy from the night before. Another broken window, this time closer, cleared my head pretty fast. I walked over to the window, and looked outside. It was just starting to get light outside, but I could clearly see a large group of people making their way through the apartment complex. They walked up to an apartment a few doors down from me, broke through the glass patio door, and went inside. A few moments later one of the guys came out with a set of keys, trying to find the car they belonged to. The group caught up to him when he located the car, only to

find that it wasn't working either. Frustrated, the group moved on to the next apartment and smashed through the window. A scream pierced the air as the group entered an apparently occupied apartment. Less than a minute later, the group walked out, with another set of keys.

By this time, Ryan and Sam had come out of the bedroom, and Jenn was sitting up on the couch. The sound of screams and broken glass continued, some distant, some closer.

“We have to get out of here!” I said, running to my room. Part joke, part preparation, I had a zombie survival 72 hour bug out bag stowed away in my closet. I returned with the bag and some camping supplies I had stored away as well. “Grab what you can,” I ordered, “we need to get out of town.”

We packed up as much as we could stuff into what backpacks and duffel bags I had lying around, and snuck out the front door, avoiding the looting mob, and headed toward the city limits.

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The sound of rustling coming from the tent brought me back to the present. We had made it out of the city, and had set up camp in a secluded part of the forest. The fire had almost gone out, so I put the last logs on it and stoked it back to life. In the flickering firelight, I saw Jenn come out of the tent, rubbing her eyes.

“Hey you,” she said.

“Morning Sunshine.”

“You must be going crazy. It's not morning yet. Are you planning on staying out here in the cold until it is?”

“I was just tending the fire,” I replied, pulling the blanket closed as a night breeze blew it open. “Besides, I only had two sleeping bags, not really much room in there for me.”

Jenn shivered as the cold breeze blew across her face. “You can't stay out here like this every night, you know. You'll freeze. Come inside the tent. We'll make room. 'Desperate times', or however it goes.”

The cold had really started to set in, and I really didn't feel like searching for firewood, so I followed her into the tent. Sam and Ryan were sleeping soundly in one of the sleeping bags. Jenn crawled back into the second one. “Are you just going to stand there?” she asked, holding the sleeping bag open. “Get in here before I freeze. Just don't get any ideas, mister.”

It was a tight squeeze, trying to fit the two of us into a sleeping bag made for one. She turned to face away from me to make room, allowing me to slip in behind her. I didn't realize how cold I had been, until I felt the heat from her body next to mine. I rotated around so I was facing her, and fell asleep with the smell of her hair in my face.

I awoke to the sounds of the birds chirping nearby. I laid there with my eyes closed, still tired. Surely this had all just been a bad dream. “I'll open my eyes, and be back home,” I thought to myself. Jenn snuggling up against me in the sleeping bag brought me back to reality, and I opened my eyes. Sam and Ryan must have already woken up, because the tent was empty except for Jenn and me. She was still sleeping peacefully, although some time in the night my arm ended up wrapped around her waist, and her arm was holding it there. Apparently, my cock hadn't gotten the memo on the apocalypse yet, because as she scooted back against me in her sleep, it started to stiffen up, pressing between her clothed ass cheeks. I tried to move my hips away from her, but the sleeping bag was too small, and I couldn't move. I became very aware of her body next to mine and the swell of her breasts against my forearm. She was still asleep, but eventually she was going to wake up and I'd have some explaining to do. Shit.

What do they always say to think of in those situations? Baseball? I tried to focus on baseball, thinking of watching games when I was younger. So many good memories of baseball. I remember this one time, the four of us went to a Phillies game. The Phillies. Jenn had a Phillies jersey. I can still remember the way she looked in it too. Her hair was pulled up in a pony tail, the jersey accentuated all her firm curves. All I could think about at the time was her wearing nothing but that jersey. Fuck. This wasn't helping at all. The world is ending around me, and I'm trapped in a sleeping bag with a gorgeous woman, my dick hard against her ass, and all I can think of is her half naked in a Phillies jersey.

Baseball obviously wasn't working. Golden Girls? Wasn't that the other one you were supposed to think about? What did they look like anyway?

Before I could picture the show in my mind, Jenn stirred next to me. Her ass reflexively ground harder against my dick. She must have felt it, because she tensed up, and her breathing changed. Panic set in, trying to figure out how I was going to explain it, but then she relaxed, pulled my arm tighter around her, and snuggled her body up against mine.

“Good morning,” she whispered.

“Morning,” I croaked, still unsure what was going on.

Somehow, she managed to turn around in the sleeping bag and faced toward me. My cock pressed hard against her stomach, as she looked up at me, with a sparkle in her eyes.

“Have a good dream?” she asked playfully.

“Uh, I don't know. Don't really remember.”

Jenn giggled, then scooted up and gave me a quick kiss on the lips, before reaching behind me and unzipped the sleeping bag. She rolled over on top of me, pausing for a moment with a little shudder when my erection pressed against her legs, then climbed out of the bag quickly and stood up. I watched entranced at she yawned and stretched above me, her perky breasts jutting out and stretching hard against the fabric of her shirt. She looked down at me, catching me staring at her chest, and flashed me a smile before opening up the tent and walking outside. I stayed in the tent for a minute until my erection subsided, then joined the group.

I don't know how many days it had been since we left. It had probably been about a month though. The air was still chilly, but our spirits had lifted. It seemed like forever ago that we had grabbed what we could and left, but as we sat around the campfire laughing and eating breakfast, it was the farthest thing from our mind. We had found a nice little campsite, nice and secluded, with a clean stream nearby. It even had an abandoned supermarket within a couple hour's walk, so we were good on food for a while. After dinner, Ryan and I went out to collect more firewood, and the women went down to the stream to get more water. They seemed to take lot longer than usual, and came back giggling. It was good to see them laugh again. Things did seem to be a lot more relaxed now than they were.

Night came quickly, and found us sitting around the campfire, quietly eating. Jenn came up and sat next to me, scooting her makeshift seat right next to mine. She leaned on my shoulder as we watched the flames flicker in the night. When we finished dinner, I collected the plates and went to go wash them. Sam and Ryan headed off to the tent to go to sleep, leaving me and Jenn alone. She walked up next to me, wrapping her arms around me. Tonight wasn't as cold as last night, but there was still a chill in the air.

“Need help with those?” she asked.

“No. I'm almost done. Thank you though.”

After a moment of silence, I continued. “Look, about this morning..”

“Shhh,” she said, cutting me off, “Don't worry about it. I kind of liked it anyway. It's been so crazy recently. It was nice to have something else to think about.”

I finished drying the last dish, and we returned to our seats by the fire. She grabbed a blanket, and wrapped it around us, moving in close to me. We laughed when we heard snoring coming from the tent. I couldn't help but look at her, with the light from the fire dancing across her face, and that amazing smile shining brightly. She turned to look up at me, then stretched up and gave me a quick kiss. We sat there looking at each other for what seemed an eternity, before I leaned down and returned the kiss. Her mouth opened up against mine, and her tongue darted out against my lips. I turned around to face her, grabbed her tightly in my arms, and kissed her passionately. My hands slipped down to the small of her back, pulling her close, as I started to kiss my way along her jawline. A slight moan escaped her lips as she leaned back, opening her neck up to me. The blanket fell away from us as I nibbled on her ear momentarily before trailing kisses down her neck.

Jenn got up quickly, grabbed the blanket off the ground, and laid it out by the fire. She grabbed me by the hand, pulling me towards her, as she laid down on the blanket. I laid down next to her, my hand on her stomach, and continued kissing her neck. I slipped my hand up under her shirt, pulling the hem up with it, exposing her stomach. My kisses skipped down to her waist, then worked their way back up her side, kissing the newly exposed skin as I continued to pull her shirt up. Apparently frustrated with how long I was taking to undress her, she grabbed the hem of her shirt and pulled it up and over her head, then threw it somewhere into the darkness.

My hand slid up onto her right breast, still covered by her bra, as I kissed my way along the bottom curve of her left. Her nipples had hardened in the night air, and poked out hard against the fabric. I reached behind her with my other hand, unclasping her bra, and threw it in the direction of her shirt. She shivered as the cold air blew across her nipples. My hands returned to her breasts, massaging them gently and feeling the hardness of her nipple against my palms. I lowered my face and took her right nipple into my mouth, sucking on it hungrily, as my free hand worked it's way across her stomach and between her legs. My fingers pressed firmly against her mound, and I could feel the moist heat coming through the fabric of her jeans.

Her hands, which had been holding my head tight against her chest, quickly traveled down my body, grabbing my shirt by the hem, and pulling it off. It too joined the pile of clothes somewhere out of sight. She fumbled slightly with my belt, then undid my jeans and slipped her hands inside. A quick shudder went through my body as I felt her cold hands slip underneath the waistband of my boxers, and grabbed hold of my rapidly growing cock. She started stroking me slowly, as I continued to kiss and nibble on her breast.

I followed her cue, and moved my hand up to undo her jeans, pushing them down her legs, before returning my hand to the wet heat between her legs. Her juices had started to soak through her underwear, and feeling her wetness on my hand was more than I could stand. I got up quickly, pulled

her jeans off, then knelt down between her legs. I started kissing my way up her leg, stopping just when I reached the crease of where her legs met her body, then moving to the other leg and doing the same. When I reached the hem of her panties, I kissed my way up the edge, slipping my tongue underneath the fabric. The smell and taste of her juices drove me wild, and I pulled her panties aside. She must have shaved when she went down to the stream earlier, because her pussy was smooth and clean. My tongue licked it's way up the entire length of her slit, tasting her sweet juices. I flicked my tongue quickly across her clit, before moving back down, and slipping my tongue inside her. She moaned as she bucked her hips up against my face, while grabbing my head and pushing it down at the same time. I flicked my tongue across her slit, sucking her pussy lips into my mouth, then moving back up and licking the tiny nub at the top. I put my fingers into my mouth, wetting them before slipping them inside her. My tongue continued it's assault on her clit, matching it's movements to those of my fingers curled up inside her.

“Oh.. oh god.. right there,” she moaned, as I continued to work my fingers against her G spot.

One of her hands stayed behind to hold my tongue firmly against her pussy as the other roamed up her body, massaging her breast to the rhythm of my fingers. It didn't take long before I could feel her tighten up against my fingers, and her moaning grew louder.

“Oh god yess..... yes..... fuck yess..... keep going...”

I continued to pump my fingers inside of her, and sucked hard on her clit, sending her over the edge. She bucked underneath me as the waves of the orgasm crashed through her body, before falling down on the blanket, exhausted. I gave her pussy one last kiss, before I climbed up her body and kissed her. She moaned into my mouth, tasting herself on my lips as our tongued danced against each other.

I couldn't help but lean back and look at this beautiful woman which I had lusted over for so long, half naked, glowing in the combination of the firelight and her orgasm. I leaned back down, kissing her on the lips, this time not with passion, but long buried love.

She wrapped her arms around me, pulling me close, and then rolled over on top of me. She started kissing her way down my neck and across my chest, stopping just below my belly button. Her hands reached up and grabbed the waistband of my boxers, pulling them and my jeans off my legs. Her hands slid up my legs up to my chest, as her body followed catlike behind them, until her mouth reached the base of cock. She kissed her way up the shaft, as her fingernails dug slightly into my chest. I ran my fingers through her hair as the warmth of her mouth surrounded the head of my cock, slowly taking me in deeper. I could feel her tongue sliding along the underside of my shaft as she slid her hand back down my chest and wrapped her fingers around the base of my dick. She stroked it

slowly at first, matching her movements with her mouth.

My hips bucked up reflexively as she continued sucking. It had been too long for both of us, and if you add all that old pent up sexual tension on top of it, I wasn't going to last very long. I moaned as her tongue flicked around the head of my penis, and warned her that I was going to cum soon. That only caused her to stroke me faster, sucking me even farther into her mouth. I could feel it building up inside me quickly, then waves of pleasure as I pumped my seed into her waiting mouth. When she felt the warmth of my cum on the back of her through, she sucked even harder, making sure to get every drop.

I'm not old, but I'm no spring chicken either. When my erection didn't go down after she had finished, I wasn't about to not take advantage of it. I pulled her up on top of me, pulled her panties to one side, and rubbed the head of my cock, still slippery with her saliva, along the length of her slit. She ground her hips against me, then reached back, grabbed my shaft, and aimed it toward her waiting pussy. She lowered her body down on my cock slowly, and we both moaned in unison and my cock filled her up. She paused when I was completely inside of her, enjoying the sensation, before she began rocking her hips back and forth.

“Oh God,” she moaned, “If I had known your cock felt this good I would have fucked you years ago.”

I looked up at this amazing beauty as she gyrated her hips. Her slightly disheveled hair glowed like a flame, back lit by the still burning campfire. Her body was still as amazing as I remembered, if not more so. Her breasts weren't large, but they fit her body perfectly, and were capped by two small and now rock hard nipples. My hands slid up her sides to those amazing breasts, my thumb and forefinger along the line where the swell of her breast met her chest, as she continued to rock against me. I massaged them gently at first, her nipples digging into the palms of my hand. She threw her head back, hair glowing in the fire, and increased her tempo.

It wasn't long before I felt that familiar pressure building up inside me, and judging from her increased moans, she wasn't far behind me. I started thrusting my hips up in tempo with her gyrations, going deeper with each thrust. Her hands had found their way back to my chest, her fingernails still digging into my flesh as her hips slammed into mine.

“Yes.... yessss.. fuck me... yesss... OH GOD YESSS,” she nearly screamed, as her body tensed, twitching as the orgasm rocked through her body. Her pussy throbbed against my cock, which was all it took to set me off, and with one final thrust, my cum erupted deep inside her.

She collapsed into my arms, the both of us panting heavily. I pulled the edge of the blanket over the both of us, as we laid there blissfully watching the campfire flicker in the night. It didn't take long

before her breathing changed as she drifted off to sleep in my arms.

I leaned down, kissed her softly on the top of her head, before whispering softly into her ear, “I guess we survived the end of the world after all.”