Best friends girl

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I have known Rick since we were seven years old. We are completely different people but we have stayed best friends. Rick is smart and ambitious. He is handsome and good with the ladies. I have always envied his charm. He seems to attract women without even trying. I am more of a quiet person. I enjoy being alone with a book or a movie. I have accepted the fact that I will never be cool or part of the "in crowd." Still, Rick and I have always been tight. There is a bond between us that I don't understand but I know exists.

Over the years, Rick's taste in women has been awful. With the wide variety that he had to pick from, I never understood why he chose the ones he did. He always picked the air heads and the bimbos. Fake boobs, too much make-up, and really big hair. That was Rick's type. I don't know, maybe with his ambition he just wanted something that looked good and wasn't a threat to him.

A few years ago, Rick called and said that he had met someone new and wanted the three of us to go out for dinner. We agreed to meet at our favorite Italiam restaurant at 8:00 that night. While I was waiting for them to arrive (Rick is always late) I tried to imagine what this new girlfriend would be like. I thought she would be like the rest - tall, blonde, big boobs, long legs, and no personality. I couldn't have been more wrong.

Rick walked in with a petite, dark-haired, dark-eyed, Asian woman. He introduced her simply as Amy. I was dumbstruck. Amy was beautiful. She couldn't have been any taller than 5'3". She had shoulder length black hair with a few brown highlights. Her eyes were big and brown. She had a tiny little body with full, natural breasts. I could not believe how beautiful she was. She didn't wear any make-up. Her skin was smooth and flawless. I must have starring but I couldn't take my eyes off her.

As we ate, I was repeatedly shocked by what I learned about her. She was a school teacher and she lived at home with her mother. She read and wrote poetry in her spare time. She even went to church every Sunday with her mother. She seemed shy and innocent. This was the kind of girl that you just instinctively try to protect. Amy was not Rick's type of girl. This was my type of girl.

It's difficult to say when I first realized that I was in love with Amy. I just looked up one day and knew. Of course, it was wrong. Rick was my best friend and he loved her. It went against everything I

thought was right. There was no possible way for Amy and me to be together but it was all I could think about. I thought about her laugh. I thought about her smile. And yes, I thought about her soft lips and her perfect body. I couldn't get her out of my mind.

Slowly, Amy and I had grown close. One of our favorite pastimes was for the three of us to go to the local sports bar. Amy and I would talk about books or current events while Rick would catch the highlight reel on the TV. I loved those talks with Amy. She was so smart and funny. I would sit across the table and wonder why someone who was so perfect for me could be so unattainable.

It hurt Amy to think of me being alone. She tried to set me up a few times with her friends but I always turned her down. "I'm still hurting," I would say. Amy thought I was talking about my last disastrous relationship but really I was referring to her. I felt like I could never love anyone else. For me, there was only Amy.

My birthday is in the middle of June. I hate to work on my birthday so I always take a weeks vacation. Of course, Rick and all my other friends had to work so we agreed to have my birthday party on Saturday.

On Thursday, I slept in. I had no plans and no obligations. I took a long hot shower and looked forward to a quiet day alone. I sat on the sofa and turned on the TV. I really just wanted something to distract me from my thoughts of Amy. Lately I had begun to fantasize about her almost constantly. I wanted her so much that it hurt.

The doorbell rang at about 1:00. When I opened the door, Amy was standing there with a huge smile and a bottle of wine in each hand. She looked amazing. She was wearing white, short shorts that showed off her smooth, tan legs. She had on a purple T-shirt that must have been two sizes too small because it revealed every curve of her body. Her hair was pulled back into a ponytail.

"Happy Birthday!" She came bouncing through the door and gave me a big hug. I wanted to just hold on and never let her go. Her breasts were pressing into my chest and I could feel her heart beat. I was too overcome to even say anything. I felt my usual pang of love and guilt. I just wanted her, nothing else, just her.

Amy grabbed my hand and pulled me into the kitchen. She was bubbling over with enthusiasm. As she used the corkscrew to open the wine, she looked at me and said, " I couldn't let you spend your birthday alone. You need to spend your special days with the people you love."

All I could think to say was, "I am now." She smiled at me and handed me a glass of very good Chardonnay. We moved back into the living room and got comfortable on the sofa. I loved being there

alone with her. It seemed to be more intimate then any other time in my life. I was alone with the woman I loved. That was all I cared about.

We were good enough friends that we could relax and enjoy a quiet conversation. She turned the stereo on played one of my favorite jazz CD's. "Rick never wants to listen to any good music," she said. It was a beautiful moment. Nice wine. Nice music. Nice company.

"I wish you would let me fix you up with someone. You need someone special in you life. Someone to take care of you." This was a familar topic between us. I answered int he usual way.

"I'm just not ready. I haven't gotten over the last girl yet." I couldn't help but stare into her eyes when I said that. I wished that somehow she would be able to see that I was talking about her. In some ways I was afraid that she would know, so I added, "Besides, I thought you were going to take care of me."

She laughed, "There are some things that I can't do for you."

I couldn't help it. I looked down at her breasts and said, "That's too bad." We had never flirted like this before. Maybe it was the wine, maybe it was the moment. but I felt that she finally understood that I loved her.

She looked me straight in the eye and answered, "Yes, it is."

We talked for an hour. We finished the wine and opened the second bottle. I was definitely getting drunk. I knew it was dangerous to be alone with Amy but I did'nt care. I got the feeling that Amy had been planning this. That this was what she wanted. In the back of my mind. I thought that something was bothering her and she just wanted to cut loose and forget everything else. I wasn't sure where it was going but I was going to find out.

"Can I show you a family tradition of mine?", she asked. She didn't wait for me to answer. She just came over to where I was and sat on my lap. Her beautiful face was next to mine. I could smell the intoxicating aroma of her skin. I could feel the heat coming off her body. Her big brown eyes starred into mine. She seemed to be searching for something deep in my eyes. All I could think of was how good her body felt next to mine.

I had to say something, so I stammered, "This is a family tradition?"

"In my family, on your birthday, you get one kiss for every year old your are." She kissed me. Her lips were soft and tender. I was in shock. I couldn't believe what was happening. I pulled her tighter into my arms. I wasn't going to ever let her go. If this was a dream then I wasn't ever going to wake up.

My hands roamed over her back. She broke our kiss and looked me in the eye again. I started to apologize but she stopped me. "Don't say you're sorry. I'm not. I've seen how you look at me. I know how you feel. I feel the same way. I just couldn't say so."

I didn't believe it. It couldn't be true. Did Amy really love me? What about Rick? As if she was reading my mind, she said, "Don't worry about Rick. I still love him and I would never hurt him. So you have to understand that I will never leave him. What we do is just between us, OK?"

I wanted to say no. I wanted to say it was wrong. I wanted to say that what we were doing was going to hurt Rick. I wanted to say that we should stop. I said, I said, nothing.

We fell into another kiss. Amy's tongue pushed its way into my mouth. I let my hand slide down her back and grasp her ass. I sqeezed it gently and she moaned into my mouth. I could not believe that I was holding Amy's perfect heart-shaped ass in my hands.

More than anything, I had dreamed of Amy's breasts. Now they were within reach. I used my fingertips to trace the curves of her chest. Amy groaned and squirmed in my lap. I carefully cupped her breast and squeezed. I could feel the hard nipple press into my palm. Amy moved off my lap and stood in front of me. She pulled he T-shirt off and stood there in her white lace bra. She reached behind her back and undid the clasp. When the bra fell away, I moaned. Her breasts were perfect. Not tiny, not huge. They were probably only a B cup but they were perky and flawless. She straddled my lap. With her sitting like that, her breasts were directly in front of my face. I couldn't resist. I took a breast in each hand and squeezed. I sucked her hard nipples. Amy wrapped her arms around my head and held me tight against her chest.

Amy released me for a second so she could pull my shirt off. She pulled her hair out from the ponytail and let it shower down on my face. The sweet smell engulfed me. I coulod feel my heart pound in my chest. I felt dizzy. We started kissing again. My fingers toyed with her stiff nipples. She was so excited that shes started squirming in my lap, grinding her crotch against mine. My cock was as hard as it could get within the the confines of my pants. I was anxious to release it but I didn't want to move too fast and spoil the moment.

But, again, Amy read my mind. She reached down between our two bodiies and gave my cock a aqueeze. I groaned at the intense pleasure. She smiled and told me to stand up. I started to pull my pants down but she said, "Wait. Let me." Amy was on her knees directly in front of me. She reached both hands up as high as she could. She ran her nails down my chest, over my stomach, and stopped at my zipper. She looked me right in the eye and said, "This is my favorite part." She undid the buckle and pulled my pants down to my ankles. I stepped out of my trousers and kicked them to the side. Amy was stroking the bulge in my boxers. "I've been wanting this for a long time," she said.

She pulled my underwear down and released my cock from it's cotton prison.

My cock was as hard as a rock. It stood out proudly. Just the sight of Amy kneeling in front of me with my cock in her hand was almost enough to make me cum. Amy started to stroke my dick, slowly. Her tiny hand made my dick look huge (it's not). She never lost eye contact, not even for a minute. She rubbed my cock against the smooth skin of her cheek. With the tip of her tongue she licked the drop of pre cum that had formed on the end of my cock. "Are you ready?" she asked and I knew she meantt, "Are you ready for a blow job?" I couldn't speak. I nodded and groaned.

She took the head of my dick into her mouth. Amy sucked gently. Her fingertips stroked my balls. "You have a beautiul cock," she said and then she plunged it ito her mouth. I couldn't believe how good it felt. Her lips and tongue were sliding up and down my shaft while her hand continued to stroke me. She worked it slowly at first and then gradually faster and faster. Her big, brown eyes caressed me above he wide spread mouth.

I was dangerously close to exploding. I didn't want to cum before I had a chance to pleasure her so I pulled away from her. I reached down and pulled her to her feet. "Now it's your turn," I said. I kissed her beautiful. soft lips. I let myh hands slide down her body and undo her shorts. I lowered myself and her shorts all the way down until I was on my knees. I felt that I was worshipping my goddess. I slipped my hands under her white cotten panties and pulled them down. Now nothing separated me from heaven.

Her pussy was covered with a thick patch of culry black hairs. It was already glistening wet. Amy lifted one leg and draped it over my shoulder. I could smell the intoxicating must of her pussy. I grabbed her ass with both hands and pulled her to me. When my tongue touched her clit for the first time, she threw back her head and let out a loud moan. I teased her with my tongue. I stroked her clit slowly. in small circles. Amy was getting more and mrore excited. Her whole body was shaking and her moans were getting louder. While I continued to lick her clit, I started to probe the entrance of her pussy. She was very wet and my finger slid all the way in. I started moving my finger in and out of her pussy. A moment latetr she grabbed my head and pressed it hard against her pussy. She had an earthshattering orgasm all over my face.

Amy sank to the floor next to me. Her whole body was shaking. I took her into my arms and held her while she caught her breath. It was a special moment, lying on my living room floor with Amy trembling in my arms. I was in heaven.

Amy reached down and took my dick in her hand. It was rock hard and ready for some action.. I rolled Amy onto her back. Her body was covered in sweat. I wish that I could say that took my time but I was desparate to be inside of her. She looked so beautiful lying there below me. I had to have her.

I kissed her gently as I positioned myself between her legs. I couldn't wait any longer. I pushed my cock up into her wet pussy. Amy and I moaned simultaneously. It felt so good. I started to thrust slowly in and out of her. Each stroke carried me deeper and deeper into her, until my entire cock was inside of her. Amy's nails were digging into my back and she was gasping for air.

We were moving together as one. Every time I would thrust into her, she would lift her pelvis so I could penetrate deep into her. Faster and faster. Deeper and deeeper. I could no longer hold back. I could feel the pressure start doiwn in my balls. I was going to explode. Amy was getting close too. I wanted us to cum at the same time. I pumped my cock into her. I felt Amy's body tense up and she arched her back. I pushed my cock into her, as far as it would go. The muscles of her pussy clenched tightly around my codk. Amy screamed in my ear and wrapped her arms and legss around me. I lost it. My cock spewed into her spasming pussy.

We lay there for a long time, holding each other and trying to catch oiur breath. Amy's body shook from the aftershocks of her orgasm. I never wanted the moment to end. Amy and I kissed gently. We both knew that something special had just taken place.

I was afraid that everything had changed for us. Could we still be friends? What about Rick? The guilt started to eat at me. Only a few minites earlier I was having the best sex of my life and now I was ashamed of myself.

"I have to tell you something," Amy said. My stomach twisted into a knot. "Rick is cheating on me. He's screwing Katie, that girl from the gym." I had known that Rick used to chase after Katie but he had never said anything about scoring with her. He probably didn't tell me because he knew that I liked Amy.

Amy went on, "What we just did, I've wanted for a long time. I've had feelings for you almost since we first met. I would never have done this if Rick wasn't cheating on me buy I'm not sorry it happened. You are a dear, sweet man and I care for you. But, I am in love with Rick and I can't leave him."

"If you love him, why did we just make love? Are you using me to get revenge on Rick?" I was hurt and confused. Was she ggoing to confess to Rick? Would I lose my best friend and her in the same day? Ddid she love me at all?

She smiled that sweet, and innocent smile of hers. "I could have had sex with anyone if alll I wanted was payback. What I wanted, what I really wanted, was to see you look at me that way you do. I wanted to see the love in your eyes. Whenever I feel you looking at me, it makes me feel sexy and loved. I needed that right now."

We ended up talking for hours. About how she felt. About how I fielt. Truthfully, I resented that she was going back to Rick. Also, I resented that Rick would cheat on her. I loved her but she would never be with me. She was Ricks's girl.

We made love again that day and several times after that. Rick never caught on. Later that year, Amy became pregnant and they were married. I was the best man at the wedding. They seem very happy. The baby is three now. He looks a lot like me.