# A Friend in Need

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Published on Lush Stories on 06 Oct 2010

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http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/a-friend-in-need.aspx

Kim sat across from her friend, Vicky, and listened to her rant about Brian, her husband. She had known both Vicky and Brian for awhile. Being neighbors, they spent a lot of time with Kim and her husband, Jerry. Since Brian worked nights, Vicky often came over on her days off and spent time with Kim.

“God! He's always hounding me, Kim. Why can't he just accept that when I'm not in the mood for sex, then I don't want to be fucked with?” Vicky said, in a huff.

“I don't know, Vic,” Kim mumbled.

Not entirely comfortable with this conversation, she hoped that if she showed disinterest, it would stop her friend from talking about her sex life, or lack of sex life. For the last two years, it had been the same argument, and Kim was pretty sure that Vicky had not let her husband touch her once in the last two years.

“Maybe we should have separate rooms...or separate beds? What do you think?” Vicky continued on, oblivious to her friend's discomfort.

Kim sighed. She felt bad for Brian. He was a good guy and pretty sexy for a 42 year old man. Truth be told, she liked Brian more than Vicky, anyway. He was laid back, and his sense of humor made him fun to be around. Vicky was obsessed with her needs only, a bit selfish.

“Brian working tonight?” Kim asked, trying to get Vicky off the sex subject.

“No. He's pouting, again,” Vicky said, heartlessly.

Sometimes, Kim really disliked her friend. She was able to identify with Brian. She had to literally beg Jerry to touch her. Jerry, going through a mid life crisis, spent much of his time playing with fast cars and young women. He didn't think Kim knew, but she did. She just didn't know what to do about it,

yet.

“Well...I guess I better get home. He'll want dinner,” Vicky sighed, as she got up from the chair and made her way home.

Kim would give anything to have the attention that Brian tried to give his wife. She went inside and made herself a quick sandwich. Knowing that Jerry would not be home until late, she had a lot of time to herself.

She wandered into her bathroom and stared at herself in the mirror. Wondering what was wrong with her, Kim examined her reflection's body. Her face was not bad. Blue eyes that sparkled with light when she was happy stared back at her from behind wire rimmed glasses. Smooth, fair skin contrasted with pretty, pink lips. She traced her full bottom lip with her finger. Licking her lips made them slick and allowed her finger to glide gracefully along the seam of her mouth.

Her gaze moved lower. She had full breasts the size of grapefruits, and just as perky and full, as any twenty year old. Kim cupped her breasts and thought, not bad for a 36 year old. She sighed and got into the shower.

Letting the hot water cascade over her body, she thought to herself, why have I been thinking about Brian so much lately?

She closed her eyes and ran her hands down her belly. Her mind wandered to its newest favorite subject, Brian. Standing at 6 ft, his body was perfect in her eyes. His brown hair was cut short, and his jade green eyes danced when he talked. Brian was not a fan of shaving, so he always had about 3 days of scruff on his face, which gave him a sultry, dangerous look. His hands were big and scarred from his time in the Navy. He walked, not the swagger of the cock sure young men, but with the confidence of a man that had nothing to prove.

Kim felt her body start to buzz. Thinking about him often did that to her. She slid her hand lower to her lightly haired pussy. Her fingers parted the puffy outer lips, searching for the moist folds inside. She lifted her leg and braced it on the side of the tub, which helped to open her slit.

Her slim fingers held her pussy open, as she used her other hand to rub and probe her open hole. Pretty soon, her pussy was wetter than the water coming from the shower head, and her nipples were like stone. Kim's breathing came faster, as her fingers worked her over.

Laying down in the tub, she positioned herself to where the spray from the shower head rained down on her rapidly growing clit. Free to finger her hole, she slid two fingers deep inside. Wiggling them in

her moist velvet glove, she fantasized about Brian's much bigger fingers. Kim's finger were smooth and soft, and she craved the rough texture of a man's touch.

The sharp spray hitting her clit was driving her crazy, and her hips were beginning to buck against her fingers. She was so close and could feel the familiar throbbing waves in her pussy. About to crest the wave, the door to the bathroom opened, and she heard her husband's voice.

As quickly as it came, her orgasm was crushed with the interruption. Jerry, talking on his cell phone, never acknowledged her laying in the tub, just said that he was going out of town and would be back in couple of days. He was in and out of the room in less than two minutes, leaving Kim feeling like she was in a whirlwind.

“Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!” Kim yelled.

It wasn't that he was going out of town. She could handle that. It was that he had interrupted her. He hadn't fucked her in months, and the only way she was keeping it together was through her fantasies. Knowing that if was pointless to try again, she turned off the shower and got out.

Dressing in a thin pair of sleep shorts and a tank top, she decided to sit on the patio for awhile before turning in for the night. Jerry, long gone, never even said goodbye to her, and that stung. Opening the sliding glass door, she stepped out into the balmy, spring night. She left the light off and tried to maneuver her way to the chaise lounge.

In the dimness, she miss the step, twisted her ankle, and tumbled forward. She sat on the ground a moment to catch her breath, thinking about how bad this night was becoming. Kim would have laughed, if she wasn't about to cry.

Attempting to stand up, she quickly realized that her ankle was not going to let her go anywhere. She knew that she couldn't stay out here all night, so she attempted to stand on it, again. Half hopping and half limping, she made it to the step that caused the whole problem.

Brian, watching his cute neighbor, waited to see if she was going to make it up the step before offering help. He found himself watching her a lot lately. She was sensual, from the top of her copper red hair to the tip of her painted toe nails. He watched her lose her balance, but catch herself. It was time to help the lady.

Kim, irritated at her situation, tried once more and lost her balance again. Overcompensating for the fall, she was unable to right herself and was going down again. Expecting to hit the hard ground, she was surprised to feel warm arms wrap around her waist. Startled, she let out a screech and struggled

to get loose.

“Take it easy. It's just me,” Brian said, quickly.

“You scared the hell out me,” Kim laughed.

She was grateful that he had showed up. It was getting a bit chilly outside, and she was not wearing much at all.

“Can you give me a hand getting inside? Seems like I'm clumsy tonight,” she asked.

Instead of letting her lean on him, Brian bent down and hooked his arm under her knees and lifted her up into his arms. Surrounded by his warm arms, she realized that her nipples were not hard from the air, but from his unique scent. He smelled of pine and man, and her hormones were going out of control.

Needing to get control over her bodies reactions, Kim said, “Hey! Put me down. I'm too heavy.”

“Nonsense,” Brian replied, and proceeded to carry her inside.

Kim was not the only one affected by the contact. Brian could smell her rose scented soap and was pretty sure she was not wearing a bra. With each step, he could see her breasts jiggle. He could not help but to stare at her hard nipples, and through her white tank top, it was easy to notice that they were a nice dark color.

Trying not to watch him staring at her body, she was glad when he set her down on her couch. Brian knelt in front of her and lifted her foot to his leg. His warm hands gently rubbed and probed her ankle. Kim was glad she had shaved her legs, because his hands traveled up her calf, as well.

“I think you just strained it,” he said, voice husky.

“Um...yeah,” she replied, equally as husky.

“I guess I better get home. Vicky's waiting,” Brian whispered, his eyes locked with hers.

Kim's insides felt all liquidy and warm. Her pussy was wet and getting wetter by the moment. She wasn't wearing panties, so her thighs were soaked.

He knew how aroused she was. The scent of wet pussy and roses filled the air. He dropped his gaze

to her crotch. Spying the wet spot, he also noticed the wet skin of her inner thighs. Unable to help himself, he ran his finger over her thigh. It felt like wet silk.

Kim felt him touch her in a place that had not had attention in so long. She felt like she was being fried in electricity. Watching him bring his finger to his nose, she felt another gush of fluid, as she watched him smell the scent of her pussy, then lick his finger clean.

Harder than he had ever been, Brian was uncomfortable in the position he was crouched in. His dick was laying against his thigh, but was so hard that he wondered if it would break off from the pressure. She was aware of his agony.

Kim moved her foot along the hard ridge of his cock and listened to the sharp intake of breath that the touch elicited. He gently moved into her touch. Her foot cupped around him, sending tingles with every stroke.

“Brian!” Vicky hollered, loudly.

The spell was broken. Brian stood up, smiled at her, and turned to leave. Kim, bemused, marveled at what just happened. She sat back against the couch and smiled. Her mind in motion; she got to thinking of how to seduce her neighbor's husband.

The next morning Kim called Vicky to ask if she would mind if she borrowed Brian when he woke up. She explained to her friend that she sprained her ankle and needed some help with a chore that Jerry wanted done.

“For sure! It will get him out of my hair for awhile. Keep him as long as you like. I might just go out with some friends,” Vicky said, happily, “I'll tell him to be there as soon as he gets up.”

Kim, not knowing what time he would get up, spent the day trying to find a chore for Brian when he arrived. Getting more and more nervous, she started to doubt the smartness of her idea and was about to call him and cancel, when he knocked on her door.

“Hey...heard you needed some help?” he asked, walking inside.

Kim looked at the man in her hallway. He turned to face her, with his back to the wall. She thought it's now or never and stepped up to him. Even though, he was eight inches taller than she was, Kim placed her hands on his chest and pushed him back against the wall. Standing on her tip toes, she pulled him down to her and brushed his lips with her own.

Brian, stunned at the actions of his neighbor's wife, stood there motionless. Her mouth was warm, and she tasted like peppermint. His cock went from soft to hard as iron in two seconds flat. When her tongue slipped in between his lips to find his, he came to his senses and gently pulled away from her delicious mouth. It was the hardest thing in the world for him to do.

“Kim...what are you doing?” he asked.

Feeling incredibly stupid, she blinked away tears that had formed in her eyes at the subtle rejection. Backing away, she stammered, “I'm sorry. I thought...maybe...last night...um. Excuse me.”

Kim raced up the stairs to her room. Slamming the door shut, she sat on her bed, feeling sorry for herself. There was a soft knock at her door.

“Go away!” she yelled.

Her door opened, and Brian entered. He knelt down in front of her and lifted her chin with his finger. His brilliant green eyes stared into her sapphire blue ones. He leaned forward to kiss her. With the slightest pressure, their lips met.

The spark from their contact set them both on fire. Brian took advantage of the situation when Kim gasped. Pushing his tongue into her mouth, he deepened the kiss. His lust, that had been simmering under the surface, burst free, when she started sucking on his tongue.

In the back of his mind, he knew that he shouldn't be doing this, but it had been almost two years. That iceberg that was his wife had denied him for two years, and he was tired of not feeling the warm, soft skin of a woman. Kim, also, knew that she shouldn't be doing this, but how could something that felt so good be wrong.

With a deep growl, he pushed her back onto the bed. With his planted on either side of her, he leaned over her. Her inner thighs cradled his hips. He could feel the heat of her pussy scorching his cock, and he began to grind against her softness, trying to relieve the ache.

They broke the kiss, breathless. Staring at each other, each saw the need in the other. It was decided. They would relieve each other.

As Brian stood up, he pulled her to her knees on the bed, making her face equal with his. He cupped her face in his hands and kissed her again.

“I can't get enough of your lips,” he said, in between kisses.

Kim wanted to feel his skin. Reaching for his shirt, she pulled it over his head. His hard chest felt alive under her hands. His nipples hardened under her palms, and he groaned at the contact.

“Two can play that game, love,” he murmured, pulling her shirt off her body.

He was surprised to find her without a bra. Her breasts were plump, and as he cupped them in his hands, he couldn't resist burying his face in their perfumed softness. Kim felt his whiskers scratching her delicate skin and loved every minute of it.

She guided his mouth to her nipple and traced his lips with it. His tongue darted out to lick that brown peak, before sucking it fully into his mouth. Her head fell back, as he pulled on her nipple harder and harder. With each suck, it felt like her nipple was directly connected to her clit, and as her nipple grew and hardened, so did her clit.

Not wanting her other breast to be neglected, Brian kneaded the mound, while rolling her nipple between his rough fingers. The pleasure he was giving her was exquisite, but not enough. She covered his hand with hers and moved it lower.

Brian let her move his hand to where she wanted. As it trailed down her body, he savored the satiny feel of her skin. She placed his hand on her panty clad pussy and held it there. Grinding her clit against his fingers, she willed him to move against her.

Not one to ignore a hint, he stiffened his fingers and rubbed circles over the hard nub under his fingers. She was so wet that he could feel the dampness of her pussy through her panties and shorts. Brian's cock was throbbing so hard that he thought it was going to burst. The beast in him was roaring for release.

Pushing her back on the the bed, he yanked her panties and shorts off in one motion. Brian spread her legs open wide and stared at the pink treasure before his eyes. Her pussy was bare, except for a small amount of red hair on her lips. She was very wet, and he could see her juices oozing from her hole.

Never before had he wanted to lick those pearly drops, as they dripped from her slit. Kim's clit was huge. Peeking out from it's protective hood, it pulsed right before his eyes, and he knew that she would cum easily this first time.

Seeing the look in his eyes, Kim said, “Don't make me cum yet. Please. I can only cum once, and I want it to last.”

“Well, baby. Today you will cum multiple times. This I promise,” he purred.

Brian teased the entrance to her pussy with his finger and watched as her pussy darkened and swelled further. Knowing that she was so ripe for stimulation, he eased his finger inside to the knuckle and felt her cunt contract around it.

Kim's body was tense and a sheen of sweat covered her body. Her toes curled to the point of pain. Gasping and moaning, she grabbed her nipples. Twisting and pulling on them, she rode his finger.

Trying his best to keep his control, Brian watched her body flush. Wanting to taste this angel, he plunged another finger inside her wet canal to lubricate it. Using those two lubed fingers, he formed a 'V' around the sides of her growing clit.

Kim felt him slide his tongue over the tip of her clit and just about exploded then. As he licked the sides of her clit, she felt the fingers from his other hand enter her pussy. Bucking his face as he sucked on her clit, she screamed out loud when he found the sensitive area over G spot.

Brian knew that he had found her sweet spot, as a gush of sticky juice sprayed his face. He tapped her clit with his tongue, then wrapped his lips around it and sucked gently, moving his head back and forth. Kim knew she wouldn't last much longer, when he swirled his tongue around her pulsing clit, alternating between fast and slow movements.

Peaking, Kim's body flushed brighter. Losing control, her muscles contracted. Brian watched, as she came apart. Pulling his face from her pussy, he maintained stimulation of her G spot and watched as she came. Every muscle in her body contracted rhythmically, including her tiny, puckered ass hole. Fascinated, he used his thumb to touch her ass, just applying pressure to it set off another round of contractions.

Kim came down from the likes of an orgasmic high that she had never felt before. Her vision blurred, as she tried to focus her eyes on the first man to ever make her cum with his mouth. He looked like he was in pain.

Sitting up, she planted a kiss on his lips, tasting her pussy on his mouth. Kim, feeling mischievous, grabbed his hand and sucked the sticky nectar from his fingers. Brian's eyes widened, then darkened, as his cock hardened more.

“Lay down,” she whispered, “I want to taste you.”

He allowed her to guide him down on his back. Lifting his hips to help her pull his pants and boxers off, he watched, as she stared at his raging erection. His thick, 6 in cock was bobbing.

Kim lightly brushed her fingers over the shaft, and it twitched violently. Wrapping her hand around the shaft, she worked the skin up and down. Brian gasped. Her touch was firm, but gentle, and the first touch, besides his, in such a long time.

She knew how long it had been for him. Not wanting to tease this man, yet, she wrapped her lips around the plum shaped head of his cock. Brian's body stiffened, as he yelled out. Her warm, wet mouth teased and tormented his cock head.

Kim gently sucked his cock, like a lollipop. Her tongue in constant motion, as the power of her mouth drove him wild. He tasted salty, like a man. Working her hand up his shaft to meet the downward motion of her mouth, she increased the pace of her sucking and strokes.

Brian felt frantic. His need constant. Every muscle in his body tight. He began to fuck her face, slowly at first. His release was right there, just within reach.

Kim could feel his need. His cock was hard as steel and leaking copious amounts of pre cum into her mouth. She cupped his balls in her other hand and gently pulled down on them, as she sucked his meaty pole.

Brian's toes curled at the scalding hot wetness of her mouth. He was close. He was going to blow his wad down her throat.

She felt his hands tangle in her hair, as his thrusts became more urgent. His cock a steel pole in her mouth. Jerking and twitching in her mouth, he felt the rush of his own hot fluids, as they traveled up his shaft and raced to exit.

Kim felt the first jet of cum hit the back of her throat, and she gulped it down. He shoved his cock deeper in his mouth, as the next two spurts slide down her throat. She struggled to breathe, as his dick filled her throat, but would sooner die, then to pull away.

Brian released his grasp on her neck, pulling his cock from her mouth. Cradling her head at his hip, he willed his heart to slow down. As he regained control of his body, he pulled her on top of him. He may have just had on hell of an orgasm, but he was still in need and still hard. Kim laughed in astonishment, as she felt the hard pole nudging her belly.

“Again, so soon!” she said.

“I'm over due,” he chuckled.

“What are we going to do about that?” Kim purred into his mouth.

All humor left his eyes, as he rolled her onto her back. His shaft nestled between her wet pussy lips. Brian rolled his hips, grinding himself on her super sensitive clit. He paid close attention to her reactions.

Keeping his actions slow and gentle, he eased her past the uncomfortable sensitivity and back to arousal. It was easy, as she was still swollen and aroused. The head of his cock was still sensitive itself, and each movement sent jolts of electricity down his shaft.

Brian was teasing himself. Rubbing his rigid pole in her wet cunt was torture. He nudged her hole with the blunt tip of his dick. Probing the hole, he suck the wet, sucking sounds. It sounded like her cunt was kissing his dick.

With no warning, he shoved his cock in her slit. Kim arched her back in response, digging her feet into the mattress. Using long, slow strokes, he slammed into her body so hard that her breasts bounced violently. He was afraid that he was hurting her and eased up on the pounding he was giving her.

“Don't stop! Please don't stop!” she begged.

Wrapping her legs around his waist, she used the muscles in her thighs to push and pull his body against her. Brian took the hint and took control back. Putting her legs on his shoulders, he was able to thrust downward.

“God, baby! Your pussy is so tight. Fuck, I missed this,” Brian grated.

“Fuck me, Brian!” Kim rasped.

His cock was delving so deep that it felt like he was tearing her apart. Her pussy rippled around his shaft, fluttering. It felt like he was getting the wettest dick sucking ever. Brian reached down and flicked his thumb across her clit.

Kim was already aroused from earlier, that she went from fine to orgasmic in a few seconds. When he pinched her nub, she ignited and came again. She felt wave after wave flow through her body, starting at her clit and radiating outward. It felt like her whole body was buzzing.

Brian felt her pussy balloon out, then contract. It was too much for him. With a loud roar, he pulled out of her pussy and stroked his cock. Kim watched, as ropes of white cum spurted from the tip and landed on her belly.

After three or four jets coated her chest and abdomen, he collapsed onto her body. His forehead touching hers. Their eyes locked.

“Thank you,” he whispered.

“You're welcome, Brian,” she whispered back.

“Is this a one time thing?” he asked.

“Do you want it to be?” Kim countered.

“No. How open minded are you?” Brian smiled.

“Well...what do you have in mind?” she said, with a sultry grin.