

# Braving the Storm with Maya

By Kal-EI85

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*Sparks fly when my friend Maya and I hang out during a harsh snowstorm.*

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All of the news channels had been warning the city of the heavy snowfall blowing through Pennsylvania with the city of Philadelphia clearly in its path. My neighborhood had been accustomed to receiving the wrath of winter time and we all had excused the news' winter storm warnings having gone through every damn thing that could go wrong during a snow storm. When you live in the Hood, ghetto, or any other name you can come up with for a crime infested, impoverished neighborhood you get used to the worse of things, but the *good* thing is that you can count on your neighbors and friends to lead a helping hand. The snow began falling the night before (Friday), so when I woke up in the morning I wasn't shocked to find cars buried in a mountain of snow along with the streets. After a healthy bowl of oatmeal, I went outside to the *now* slowly falling snow finding most of the teens on my side of the block including my best friend Malik shoveling the sidewalk and cleaning off cars. Malik must have just finished cleaning the front of his house because upon seeing me, he instantly came to my position.

"Morning Jay . . . what's up with you?" He asked, driving his shovel into the snowy ground.

"It's a snowy Saturday and we're doing what we have to, bro." I replied with a smile as we began shoveling the sidewalk in front of my house.

Malik groaned, "I don't even know why we're doing this *now* when the snow isn't going to stop 'till late tonight."

"Plus it's not snowing hard now, but on the news they said it's supposed to get bad in the afternoon." He added.

"I know, but you know how the Hood is; if you're cool people . . . we've got your back and you know *most* of us have got your back, man."

"What are you trying to do after this 'cause all I got to is finish off some homework?" I said wanting to hang out after shoveling.

"Sorry Relle, but my Mom's got a laundry list of chores for me to do. How about tomorrow?"

I let out a light chuckle, "I wish it was today, but I guess tomorrow will have to do."

A good fifteen minutes later, the sidewalk in front of my house, my front steps, and my grandmother's car were clean.

"Thanks for the help, bro." I said as Malik and I finished.

"No problem man. Don't mention it,"

We gave each other parting daps, but I didn't let go of my best friend's hand.

"Hey man, if you have to come back out here today . . . be safe and smart, all right?" I told him deadpan.

"I will," He replied with the same serious. "You do the same, Relle."

I smiled, "Yup," before Malik and I gave each other a brotherly hug then went our separate ways.

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Having done my schoolwork, I sat in the living room, the screeching wind out doing the TV in an unofficial sound competition. I left the TV on and moved to the window, watching the wrath of Father Winter on Philly in full effect as the wind and snow fall began to pick up once again. The wind smacked along the windows and banged on the door. I silently prayed that none of my friend would have to go outside in that snowy hell for anyone to try to brave the storm would have to be stupid or a tad suicidal, but thinking back on the day as a whole I should have been praying for myself. I went into the kitchen, making a quick cup of hot chocolate to enjoy. Sipping it, the drink sent a wave of warmth through my body as I looked on stare out the window at the snowfall that began to slow down again. Heading back into the living room, I was stopped by the lights flickering a bit. At first, I blinked a few times and thought that was the reason for the lights fluttering, standing still with my eyes wide open I found the lights were indeed fluttering on and off. Luckily, after much flickering the lights stayed on. I sat back on living room couch and started looking for something to watch, thinking back about telling Malik not to go out into the storm when my grandmother called my name.

"Jerrell!" I heard her call from behind me.

"Yes," I replied.

My grandmother walked up to the right side of the couch and said, "It's not snowing that bad right now. Can you go to the corner store and get some stuff for the house?"

"Grandma. . ." Was all that came out of my mouth. She was actually asking me to go outside.

"What?" She questioned with a smirk. "It's only down the street and I only have three things for you to get, baby. Please,"

It wasn't snowing hard *at the moment*, but the way the storm was going it was randomly increasing and decreasing in intensity. I really didn't want to go out, but I really didn't have a choice and there was no way I going let my grandmother go out in Hell's eighth circle. Besides, the store was only six blocks away, so the trek wouldn't take that long.

I let out a sigh, "Okay, what am I getting?"

"Bread, Orange Juice, and Butter," Grandma listed off.

I stood up and asked jokingly, "Where's the money?"

Grandma laughed and held out our *Access* card, "Right here."

I smirked taking it from her. Like most people living in the Hood, the plastic card in my hand was money. The *Access* (EBT) card gave many in the neighborhood their basic necessities food-wise. It was the second week of the month and we really hadn't used it that much yet, so it had \$175 still on it. I stuffed the card in my pocket and dressed myself for the weather outdoors. Opening the front door, I was blasted by cold air as I was clad in a baseball cap and a hoodie with a heavy coat over it. I veered back as the air lashed at me and began having a bad feeling about this minor journey, but I was dressed to brave the elements and we really needed the groceries. The wind died down and I shook myself together.

"God, please let this be quick." I prayed as my feet hit the sidewalk.

My destination was six blocks away- -six *long* blocks away covered in snow and slush from previous pedestrian passers-by, but thankfully God answered my prayer and I made it with no hassle though

He reneged on my way back home. I was nowhere near home when the storm intensified again- - actually I just coming out of the store.

"Fuck," I cursed at myself for even being out here.

I got some small coverage from the large sign outside the store, but I couldn't stand there forever and began beating the hard, white road home. That was until a familiar voice called my name- -a sweet voice. It was the voice of my good friend Maya. We'd know each other since we were little and besides my clique of friends (Malik, Janis, and Eva) she had my back the most. She genuinely cared about me and would give her right arm and a leg for me. Plus the way her brown eyes looked at me and how she acted around me, Maya obviously wanted me- -and wanted me *bad*. I never took it there with her due our long standing friendship, but I *did* flirt with her from time to time because I'd be lying if I said Maya wasn't sexy. Turning around, I watched her stroll towards me in a hoodie with a wind-breaker over it, her face was semi-covered by the hoods of both coats and a fluffy scarf though I knew what was hidden underneath. Maya was a caramel skinned delight with shoulder length black hair, a cute face and pretty eyes along with D cup breasts, a slim waist, thick thighs, and a juicy round ass.

Maya and I embraced, but when we disconnected she gave me a shove.

"What're you doing out here, Jerrell?" She questioned with her hands on her hips, concern all through her tone.

I smirked holding up my grocery bags, "What's it look like, girl? Had to grab some stuff for the house,"

I gave her a light shove push, "Why are you out here?"

"I went to your house and you grandma told me you were out."

I rolled my eyes, "Did she also tell you that *she* sent me out here?"

"Same old Grandma. Her memory's starting to slip, but damn." I said inwardly.

"So, why did you come over? For a check-up or are you trying to hang out?" I asked aloud.

Maya chuckled, "To hang out smart one, but let's get indoors before we freeze to death."

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In pleasant weather it would have taken us five minutes to get back to my house, but due to the maelstrom of wind and snow we had to walk through it took us fifteen. We were both a snowy, wet mess when we finally got to the house. How cold we were didn't matter because we'd made it and what awaited us inside was warmth and comfort. Unfortunately, instead of warmth we were greeted with coldness, which didn't make any sense. The lights and TV were still on, so where was the heat?

"Grandma!" I called, taking off my coat.

"Yeah," She answered, her voice coming from the kitchen though she quickly made her presence known in the living room.

"Did the power go out or something?" I quizzed.

"Yeah, it's back on now, but you know it's going to take a minute for the heat to warm up the place."

"Damn," I cursed and turned my head to Maya. "But we've got hot chocolate and a blanket 'till it does."

Maya smiled at me, "Cool."

"So . . . you staying for a while, Maya or did you just come to see about us?" Grandma asked with a sweet smile.

"Mmhm, it's getting pretty bad outside."

"Well, you know you can spend the night if you want."

"Yup, I'll let you know later about staying or not, but for right now I just want to chill with my boy here." Maya replied wrapping an arm around me.

"Oooh, take that coat off, girl." I groaned, jerking away from her after feeling the wetness of her coat on me.

Maya laughed at my reaction, "Don't tell me a little water has you acting girlish, Jay."

"No, but after what we just walked through . . . I don't want anything cold near me."

"I'm headed upstairs for awhile, so . . . what are y'all planning for today?" Grandma asked.

"Nothing," I replied. "Just chilling; food, hot chocolate, TV, and video games."

"All right, *chilling* better be all y'all doing down here, hear me?"

Maya and I knew what my grandma was insinuating and gave each other a quick glance.

"Yeah," We replied in unison.

Grandma gave us a nod, "Good," and headed to her room.

When my grandma was out of sight we broke out into soft laughter.

"Can you believe her, Jay?" Maya asked still laughing. "Like we would ever mess around together,"

I laughed with a smirk, "Yeah, 'cause we would never take it there, right?"

I couldn't help, but notice Maya hesitate with her reply. I watched her head drop though she picked it up quickly and licked her lips. She shed herself of the coats she wore to let me see her voluptuous figure covered by a pink *Baby Phat* t-shirt and jeans. The sight of her made my manhood stir and a thought of sexing Maya crept into my head. There was no doubt thoughts of us together were running through Maya's as my 6'2", 185lbs milk chocolate muscular frame was on full display as the plain blue t-shirt I wore stuck to me from being outside. I smiled to myself as I caught her licking her lips at me, but I didn't call her on it.

After a moment she finally spoke, "Yeah . . . right, so what are we doing first?"

With the heat not in effect, the first thing I suggested was that we eat something to warm us up, so as we sat together on the couch chicken flavored *Ramen* noodles and cherry *Kool-Aid* did the trick while underneath a warm blanket. We watched a few shows on *Cartoon Network* and the movie *Alien vs. Predator*, but the fun didn't really start until Maya asked, "Where's the *PS3* (PlayStation 3) at?"

I smiled at her question. This is way Maya and I were such good friends. It wasn't just because of our wholehearted caring for one another, but also since Maya even though she was a girl, in fact she was also one of the guys. She read comics, liked actions movies, and played video games with the best of them. I brought my game system down from my room and let the fun begin. We played every game I had, but when it came time to play *Mortal Kombat* it brought out our competitive natures or it could have been the heat finally coming on. We were both *great* at the game, always beating our friends at it, but when we played against each other- -well, if two people playing a video game could be described as an *epic confrontation* then this was pretty damn close. . .and amazingly Maya was

beating me sixty percent of the time. Now, not to take away from her prowess at the game, but there was another factor to why she was winning; it was because my head wasn't fully into the game, it was on *her*. Ever since Maya took her coat off my mind was stuck on her and my dick was bricking up wanting some face time with her conchie, plus if I made a move I knew Maya wouldn't dare deny because she'd been wanting me for years now. I didn't hide my frustration after losing to Maya for about the *fifth* straight time. My ego was bruised, but I couldn't help smiling as she did an in place victory dance.

"Yeah, I won . . . oh yeah, I won." She sang while dancing until she noticed my frustration.

"Sorry," She apologized quickly, blushing in embarrassment.

I smiled and put an arm around her, "No. . .it's cool. You *did* win,"

"I *did* . . . so do I get a prize?" She asked jokingly.

I smirked, "Yeah," and leaned in, kissing Maya's lips softly.

I knew exactly what I was starting by kissing her and with my grandmother sleeping upstairs it damn sure wasn't smart, but lust was guiding me and at that moment plainly didn't care.

She blushed pulling away from me, "What are you doing?"

I kissed her again, "Exactly what you want me to, Maya."

Unable to deny what we both know she wanted Maya began to kiss me back. Our kisses were on and off as I removed her shirt, revealing the black bra that covered her supple caramel breasts and showed off her flat stomach. Normally, I wouldn't have even tried something like this, but with my grandmother just a few feet away upstairs, the thrill of getting caught turned me on even more. Removing her bra, I was all over her breasts giving them all the attention they could ever need kissing, caressing, licking, and sucking to my heart's content. This was until Maya's nipples were as hard as diamonds. Seeing I was done with her breasts, Maya lied back as I kissed my way southbound not missing a beat taking off her jeans and panties, placing a soft kiss on her pussy causing a moan to escape from her mouth. Pleasure was written all over Maya's face as I licked and bit her pussy with reckless abandon. I ran my hands up and down her thick thighs while my tongue found solace in the slit of her cream-covered south mouth. Even though neither of us was having second thoughts on the matter, there was no turning back and my only priority was to make Maya cum for the first of *many* times this day. I continued working over her pussy as Maya rubbed and squeezed her nipples, lowly moaning my name.

"Mmmm! Jay . . . keeping licking boy. Lick my pussy until I cum,"

Not having to be told twice, my tongue tantalized and assaulted the love tunnel with every lick. Maya was in total bliss. The years of wanting and waiting were over for her and she was going to enjoy every second with me. When she began fucking my face I knew she about to explode.

"That's it, baby . . . lick it just like that," She moaned. "Ooooooh Relle! I think I'm gonna cum."

"Cum for me, Maya. I wanna taste every last drop." I urged her on, flicking my tongue as fast as it would go across her clit as her orgasmic juices began to flow.

"Yes . . . ooh . . . yes . . . right there . . . ooh I'm cumming, Relle! I'm cumming,"

Maya's orgasm was so strong that her body was trembling. At first, this whole thing was about fucking, but seeing my friend's reactions to me I was seeing just how bad Maya had wanted this. Cum was all over her vaginal lips and inner thighs. Like a kid enjoying his favorite ice cream, I licked up every drop until Maya's pussy was damn near dry. I licked her juices off my lips while standing up, taking off my pants and boxers. Much to Maya's delight, my hard eight inches sprang from my underwear as soon as they came away.

"You sure you want to do this, Maya?" I asked, now on top of her.

Maya kissed me, "I've always been sure, babe."

"Okay," I replied, entering her opening with ease.

"Ahhhhhh!" She cried out as I filled her inside up.

Maya was so warm and tight. It was almost like I was fucking a virgin. Intertwining my fingers with hers, I roughly stroked her middle and she squirmed from each thrust.

Maya's eyes rolled to the back of her head, "Ah huh, please don't stop."

I couldn't do anything else, but smile at the sexual ecstasy written all over her face. I stroked a bit harder, licking and kissing her neck.

I bit her neck teasingly, "You've wanted this a long time, huh?"

Maya's lips quivered, "Umm hmm, you're just what I've dreamed."

I smirked at her statement. I knew Maya was being honest, but *damn* this girl was literally craving for the dick.

"Well, I guess you're dream has come true." I said grinding even harder, rotating my hips in a clockwork motion. "It feels good the way I'm fucking you, doesn't it?"

"Yes!" Maya groaned as I gripped her hands tight and pumped deeper and deeper. "Ooh! Damn, you're going to make me cum again, Jay."

I placed her leg on my shoulder, giving Maya my all and I noticed that I was hitting bottom. The way I was sexing her was driving Maya crazy. She didn't want me to stop and I didn't want to, but we knew our climaxes were coming. Without notice, Maya began to tremble and convulse again.

"Oooh baby, I'm cumming!" She moaned in a hushed whisper as the white cream she was producing was a stark contrast to the brown skin of my cock.

"That's right Maya . . . cum for me again, girl." I ordered, filling her up with my own juices.

Maya wrapped her arms around me tight, "Oh Relle,"

Cumming hard and heavily, I bit my bottom lip so I wouldn't scream. The nut I just busted must have been a large one because I was feeling completely drained. I collapsed into Maya's arms as we both lay in a sweaty, sated heap. The heat was warming up the room, but another kind of *heat* made us melt into each other's arms, savoring what just transpired between us.