The Freebie List Comes Back to Haunt Me

By gemstory

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We had a list of people we could have sex with if we got the chance, who thought it might come true

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We have been together for almost a decade and have always had a great friendship and relationship both inside and outside of the bedroom. Many years ago, we saw the Friends episode where Ross and Rachel had their list of people they could sleep with and not get into trouble. We joked about it for a while but then went back to the show.

A few weeks later, we went to the bar and after a few too many drinks, we decided it would be fun to make our own list. After a lot of drunken negotiations, we put our own list together of four celebrities and one person on our respective list and did a pinkie promise that the list was final and couldn't change. We thought it was funny who was on the list and didn't think much about it again.

Fast forward, ten months later.

I come home from work Friday and we have plans to go out with a few friends. After a great dinner, we head out to get a few drinks. As the evening winds down, the other couple went to the bar to get another drink and we sit in the booth alone and ask, "So what's going on this weekend?"

You smile a bit and say, "I've wanted to talk to you about this, but have been nervous. I got an email this morning from John from college. He is traveling for work and is coming into town this weekend and asked if I wanted to join him for drinks, dinner or sightseeing."

It took a second for it to hit me, but then remember John from college. You brought him into our friendship but he was always closer with you because you knew him much longer. You said you two never dated, but I know you flirted over the years.

After a second of thinking, I respond, "Well, I guess it's okay, I already planned to host poker tomorrow night."

You giggle and say, "That's great because I already said yes," and you laugh and give me a kiss on

the cheek.

The friends come back from the bar with a few more drinks and we finish the night. As they are driving us home, your hand starts playing with my fly and my crotch, teasing me in the back of the car. You can tell I'm flustered because I normally don't like to do stuff like this in front of people. You see I’m conflicted as I like what you’re doing, but nervous they will see us from the front seat.

It doesn’t take long, but my cock is hard in your hand and then you lean in and whisper, "By the way, in case you forgot, John is the one regular guy that's on my freebie list."

Your hand goes harder on me up and down, driving me to the edge as we pull up to be dropped off. I am very flustered and then see the dome light on the car come on and I have to quickly put everything away. We thank them for drive home and scurry into the house.

As we get inside the house, I start kissing you and you can tell I'm super horny. Before I know it, you have my pants down and pushed me to the sofa. A second later, you take off your pants and undies and climb on top and straddle me.

Tonight, there isn't much foreplay as you take me inside you and work your magic, bringing me to orgasm very quickly. I try to help take care of you and you give me a kiss and say, "That's okay. I'm really tired, but Ididn'twant to be a tease, get you all horny in the car and fall asleep on you.” We head to the bedroom and start to get ready to call it a night.

As we're getting ready to go asleep, you lean in, kiss my ear and say, "Thinking of John on my list must have gotten you very horny, you came so fast tonight."

I look at you and say “What was that? What do you mean?”

A sly smile appears and you say “Nothing honey, just noticed how quickly you came, but I’m tired.” I try and talk about it but you just roll over and go to sleep.

As the next morning rolls around, you're still asleep as I wake and get dressed to go golfing with the guys. The round takes a while and we hit the bar on the way back. It's a good thing I'm not driving, as I drank too much after the round. I normally get home around two, but today it’s almost six. When I get home, I come up to shower and see you in the bathroom in your robe.

“Sorry I’m later than normal,” I say as I start to undress.

You look at me in the mirror and say, “No biggie, just get in the shower,you'vebeen out all day.”

“Thanks honey, Ishouldn'thave stayed at the bar so long, I have to get the basement ready for poker. At least guys are easy, just some beer and bags of chips. Not like you girls,” I laugh.

While you are doing your hair, I go to the closet and get a pair jeans and shirt. As I get dressed, I feel you come up behind me and playfully start playing with my butt. A few seconds later, your hand reaches around and unzips my pants. I moan as I feel your hand start to rub my growing erection against my boxers.

You push me against the bed in a single motion as you sit beside me and continue to rub me. Your hand against the fabric is a different feeling than I’m used to. As you lean down to torment me, your cleavage is popping out of your top. You see me look and ask, "Do you think John will be checking these out tonight a lot like you are?" as you keep rubbing me.

I open my eyes but before I can respond, you add, "Back in college, he used to drool over a top like this," as you keep rubbing my erection. "It so hot to know a guy wants you, and it's the perfect situation, you agreed to John being on my freebie list," you chuckle.

"But..." I start to say.

Before I can finish, you say, "No buts, we agreed," as you continue teasing my cock, harder and faster. "He will like this top a lot I think, I wonder if he's gonna try to fuck me." You see me look at you as you say that, in shock.You'vealways been a tease and a flirt but I never heard you say something like that.

A second later, you look at me and say "Do you think I should tell him he's on the list and he gets to fuck me with no strings attached?"

You see my mind race and as you asked the question, my cock throbs and you rub faster and faster. "No, you wouldn't," I say.

You give me the wickedest grin, "Well, I'm not sure if I will or not, but it's great to know I have the opportunity."

Then you lean down closer and start to rub me faster and faster, the boxers against my skin. I say, "Wait, take down the boxers, you’re gonna make me come in them if you keep this up."

Leaning down, you pump harder and say "Maybe when I get home, I will blindfold you, put you on your knees and have you go down on me. Then I’m make you guess ifI'vebeen a good girl or not."

You have me to the edge, nibble on my ear and pump faster until I can't take it anymore and I come hard in my boxers.

"God honey, I can't believe you did that, now I have to shower and change again," I say.

You kiss me hard and then say "No, I want you to stay like this all night. I want you to think of me while I'm out with John, while you're here playing poker, I think it's so hot."

"Come on, you're joking, I'm a mess and sticky down there," I plead.

"I know and it's hot as hell," and you smile as you see the first car pull into the driveway. It’s one of the guys for poker and I get dressed and go down and let him in. For the next 30 minutes, we are in the basement playing the game and then you summon me upstairs.

As I make it around the corner, I see John and you standing there and say, "Just wanted to say have fun playing poker sweetie." As you're about to leave you say, "Be right there John, forgot my keys," and you come back in the house.

You give me a kiss and put your hand on my crotch and add "I hope it's so sticky there, and maybe when I get home, I'll be all sticky too and you can clean me out." You see I want to say something but you leave before I have the chance.

I head back to the basement to the game. After about an hour, the phone buzzes and a text from you tells me to look at Facebook. I log in and see a new picture you post of you and John and the restaurant with the caption, "So great to get together with one of my dearest and closest friends, he'll always be at the top of my list."

I get flustered reading it but go back to poker. My mind is racing from the drinks at the golf course and now new ones at the poker table. An hour later, another buzz and I look down and it's a picture text and it's just showing your cleavage with the note, "I've caught John looking all night, it's so sexy."

I'm surprised how you're blatantly teasing me. I try and text you back a few times but you don't respond to mine. The poker party breaks up around midnight and I'm pretty drunk so I just go upstairs and fall asleep.

Suddenly, I'm awoken as I feel your hands on my chest and your mouth on my nipples. You know the best way to turn me on as you start to pinch and bite my nipples. I feel your hand go down to my cock and push down my boxers and get it hard. Then before I realize it, you get on top of me and start

riding me.

I feel the movement and rhythm pick up pace very quickly. I'm still a little groggy but loving the sensation as you pump me harder and faster until I can't take it anymore and I climax hard inside you.

I finally start to wake up but before I can catch my breath, you move up the bed and quickly get over my face. "Eat me now," you command as you get in position.

"Honey, please," I beg.

You smile knowing I'm not a huge fan of going down on you after I finish inside you. You smile and say, "Well, you were sticky all night at poker, I'm not going to bed like that," and you lower yourself with your pussy covering my mouth. It's so wet and you reach back and pinch my nipple playfully and command, "Lick it good."

I start to lick you and you hear a little moan as you know it's not my favorite thing. But knowing I do it to please you makes you buck wilder and push harder. You lean back a little and look down and say, "Well, I wasn't sure if I wanted you to lick me after my date with John, so I decided I better fuck you and have you come inside me. That way you won't know if I did John or not."

You see a look of fear in my eye and you add, "Well, how many comes do you think you taste?" And you grind me harder and harder.

After a second, you say, "Open up wide," and you push harder and hear me gag a little as you know a big glob of come has just hit my mouth.

After that, you ride my face so hard, using my nose against your clit and my tongue to probe inside you. I can barely breathe and my face is covered in wetness as you buck your hips more and you climax very hard. I haven't felt you climax from oral like that in years and you fall against the headboard and let the spasms fuel your body. After a minute or so, you roll over beside me.

I look at you and ask, "Did you do anything?"

You smile and say, "Yes, we went to dinner and had drinks, it was great."

"No, honey, you know that's not what I meant, did you...." I try to ask.

You kiss my cheek and playfully say, "A lady never kisses and tells." A second later you add, "Or fucks and tells," and you giggle with your drunken laugh.

I start to get up to go take a shower you hold my arm and ask, "Please don't. I was so hot all night knowing you were sitting there playing poker with your sticky boxers. And I will be hot tonight knowing you taste all of that come all night."

"Honey please," I ask again.

You lean over and kiss me and say, "For me honey, please."

You give me a kiss and we fall asleep. The morning comes and I get up and shower and see the dried come on my face. We go about our normal chores and around 11 you say "Oh shit, I have to get ready, I'm gonna be late."

"Late for what?" I ask.

"I told you last night, John asked me to take him sightseeing today. It's his last day in town, I couldn't say no. I have to be a good hostess, he'd do the same for me if I was in California," you innocently add.

"Again?" I ask.

"Honey, come on, we've known John for years and last night was great, I had a blast," you comment. And then playfully continue "You didn't seem to mind when I fucked your brains out and had you clean my pussy afterwards."

I look at you and say, “Did you do anything with John?” as you see me nervous.

You give me a kiss and say, “We had a great night, but Ididn'tfuck him if that’s what you’re asking.” You add, “But I was so wet and horny all night knowing that was going through your mind.”

You see I’m relieved and then playfully add, “But he’s still on the list, so I can if I want.”

You see me turn beet red as you head upstairs and hop in the shower. After I hear the water turn off, you yell down "Sweetie, I need your help."

I come upstairs and you're starting to get ready and you say "I'm running late, can you pick out an outfit for me to wear?"

I'm surprised you ask that and ask, "What do you want?"

"Well, you know what turns a guy on, I want John to be impressed I'm on his arm," you playfully request.

I look up surprised, "Wait, you want me to pick out a sexy outfit for you to wear to go out with another guy?"

You smile and say "Duh, yes. Be a dear. And he's not just a guy, he's the guy on my list, I want him to want me." You see me looked stunned and you try to entice me with "And if you pick out a sexy outfit, you'll get a great reward this week, pick a good one."

You know I always have some fantasies I enjoy playing and your reward comment usually means I get to do some things I love to do but don’t the opportunity that often. You add, "Hurry, I need to get ready."

I head out and you come out from the bathroom naked and see I have some things on the bed. You smile seeing I picked them out and reach down and pick up the bra and say, "Be a dear and help me get dressed."

Again, you see a look of utter surprise as you request that. You entice me more, "Come on honey, I think it's sexy for you to dress me to go out with John, I promise I'll make it worth your while," as you playfully twirl your bra.

You see I'm still stunned and don't move and then add a little sternly, "Or, if you don't want to, I might have to let John have his way with me and make you wait a month."

I really don’t think you’d do anything and figure you’re just messing with my head. You give the wicked grin as I take the bra and put it over your arms and shoulders and then place a breast in one cup and then the other breast in the other and start to fasten it. You giggle seeing me fumble a little bit as I'm used to taking it off, but not putting it on. I finally get it attached and adjust it.

You smile as you see I'm squirming a little bit and grab the favorite sweater you wear that is tight in all the right places. You have me kiss your cleavage as I put it on and adjust it. You reach down and pick up the panties and hand them to me. I look at you and you just smile and say "This is very sexy, good choice."

I drop to my knees, take the panties and you stop me a second and sit on the edge of the bed. "Lick me before you put them on," you order and I lean in and start to lick your pussy. You purr as I start to lick and then pull my hair a little and make me look up as you look me in the eyes and say, "I want

you to remember what this pussy tastes like all day, and try to remember what it tastes like when I get home after."

You see my eyes open bigger as I ask, "What do you mean, do you mean you would hook up with John?"

You hold my head and say "Well, we will see what happens but the good news is that I have the option to hook up with him if I want, he's on my list."

You hear me plead, "God no, no, that's not fair, it was a joke years ago."

You pull my head back a little and say "Well, we had a deal and if you want to back out, then you won't get sex from me for a long, long time." You pull my head in again and say "Taste it closely." My mind is racing a million miles a minute. I don’t think you’d do it but your comments put doubt in my head.

I start licking you and your pussy starts to get wetter and wetter. You start to get close and I move to your clit like you like and you are close to coming and then push my head back and command, "That's enough, I don't want to be worn out before going out with John, now get my panties now."

I am completely shocked because in all of the yearsI'veknown you, I don’t remember a single time you ever wanted to stop before an orgasm. In fact, you usually get upset if I do it to you as way to tease and torment you.

I take the panties and you lift one foot in, then the other and you watch me pull them up. As I get them up, I see your pussy is soaked. Usually when you're like this, I'm taking them off and taking care of you, but now I'm putting them on. I put them in place and lean in and kiss your pussy through your panties.

You stop me and say, "God this is so hot, you dressing me to go out, but I need to hurry up, don't want to be late for John," and then you take your pants and put them on and get your shoes. You stand in front of me and adjust your top, and your cleavage is spilling out of the top.

As you adjust your hair, you say, "Grab your keys, you're gonna drop me off at John's hotel."

You see the look of concern as I take you in the car and I'm shocked that John picked the hotel closest to our place. You squeeze my knee and add, "I told John it might be easier if he was closer to us, that way we'd have more time to catch up."

As we get there, you smile and say "Can you walk me up and drop me off? It's room 354." We walk in, get in the elevator and go knock on the door. John opens it and I notice his eyes go straight to your chest then up to your eyes.

You walk in and give him a big hug and say "Last night was great, looking forward to showing you around today. The city is one of the places you should check off your list," and you look at me with a wicked smile and do a quick wink.

You look at John and say, "Do you mind dropping me off when you're done with me?" and he says sure.

You give me a kiss on the cheek and say, "Have fun doing your work, John will take good care of me."

I head out and back to the house and the hours pass by so slowly. Throughout the day, you torment with updates to Facebook with you sightseeing and texts with subtle and not so subtle thoughts.

I get a text saying, "We're on our way back, John wants to get a drink at the hotel before dropping me off." I look at the text and it says ten after six.

Then the time passes, it goes past seven, then eight, then nine. I text a few times asking if everything is okay. The one at seven say, "Yes, great."

The one at eight said, "having a blast"

And the last one at nine didn't get a response for about forty minutes and then came back, "On my way home, be downstairs."

I hear you coming in the door and you have a big smile and you give me a big kiss. You say, "God that was a fun day, I missed John." And then you reach in your purse and pull out a blindfold and put it over my eyes.

"What are you doing?" I ask.

You say, "I told you yesterday," as you put it over my eyes and then push my shoulders to put me on my knees. I go down and you undo your pants and pull down your panties. You lean in and whisper, "Thanks for giving me this weekend, now I want you to lick my pussy and guess if I've been a good girl or if I've crossed John off my list."

You can tell I'm tense, but you guide my head in and say, "Do it for me." And I lean in and give your pussy a long lick and my mind races as I feel the wetness on my tongue. You add, "I was so wet all day and night thinking of this."

You guide my head in further and tell me to take a big lick and my mind races, did she or didn't she.....