

My Best Friend

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An old friend from bygone days reappears and the reunion turns hot.

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It had been 25 years since I had seen Paul. We grew up together and were best friends through junior year in high school. When we got to senior year we sort of went in separate ways and didn't see each other very much and over the years we had lost touch. When I got his e-mail telling me he was going to be in town for a couple days I was very excited to see him again. Part of our growing up together had included some sexual exploration after we go into high school. At 17, we jacked off together, we jacked off each other and one weekend, we even sucked each other's cocks. It was no big deal at the time and I don't think it scarred either one of us for life. But thinking back on it now, I discovered that I was sporting a raging hard-on. I have been married for 12 years to my wife Becky. She's the love of my life and I couldn't ask for a better woman. She's 5'9" tall with red hair and melt your heart green eyes. She has an amazing body and she is the most sexually uninhibited woman I have every known. To say the least, our sex life is incredible. As I sat there thinking of Paul with a raging hard-on, Becky came into the room. I didn't hear her come in and instead was absently stroking my cock through my shorts. She walked up behind me and bent down to kiss me. She stuck her tongue into my ear when she saw my stiff cock poking out from under the leg of my shorts. "Mmmmm...something has you all hot and bothered baby." she whispered. "Tell me all about it and maybe we can help that stiff cock get some relief." I turned my head and kissed her and paused for a second. I wasn't sure how this would go over but I decided what the hell. "I got an e-mail from a guy I grew up with this morning." I said. "When we were kids, we did everything together and we learned about sex together. I was thinking about a weekend when we were about 17 and we experimented with oral sex. I remembered us giving each other a blowjob and as you can see, my cock still remembers too and it likes what it is remembering." Becky reached down and grabbed my cock and began to stroke it as I spoke. "Anyways, he is going to be in town for a couple of days and wants to get together and catch up on 25 years." Beck slid around and got down between my legs. She took me in her mouth and began to give me an incredible blowjob. She looked up from my cock and said "So you and he sucked each other off. That sounds so hot. Did you two do anything else?" "Not really baby. We were at that age and neither of us wanted to be known as queer so it didn't go farther than that." Becky was stroking my cock and I noticed fingering her pussy too. Apparently the thought of Paul and I was turning her on too. "Did you want to do anything else with him?" she asked. "I kind of

did, but I didn't want to piss him off or anything so I never tried anything else." By now we were both worked up. Becky stood up, took off her panties and climbed onto my hard cock. We started fucking furiously and it didn't take long before I emptied my load into her hot pussy. As we sat and kissed afterwards, she asked me when he was coming. I told her next weekend. She told me she had to go out of town for a couple days and wouldn't be home while he was here. She seemed disappointed, as was I. I really wanted her to meet Paul but it didn't look like it was going to happen. She even suggested that Paul stay at the house rather than waste money on a hotel. I told her I would invite him but I didn't know if he would. Turns out, he was ecstatic at not having to pay for a hotel. On Friday afternoon of the following week she got packed up and headed out the door. She gave me a deep kiss before she left and told me to be good while she was gone. I watched that sex ass sway as she walked to the car. "Damn, I am one lucky guy." was all I could think. Paul was in town for business and I made arrangements to meet him after his business meeting for dinner and drinks and then we'd head back to my house. His meeting was only a short distance from where I live so it worked out very well. I told him of a nice place right near his meetings and we arranged a time to meet. As I sat in the lounge waiting for him, I began to think about our weekend together as teenagers and I discovered, to my chagrin, that I was sporting a stiff cock again. Just then I saw Paul. He came over to me, and put down his bag. I held out my hand to shake his and he smiled and said "After 25 years, a handshake just isn't going to cut it." He walked over and gave me a hug which I returned, feeling embarrassed, as I know he felt my hard-on. Funny thing was I thought I felt his stiff cock against my thigh as we hugged. I just chalked that up to my own perverted mind. I excused myself and took his bag to my car. I had a feeling that it was going to be difficult carrying it later. I came back and sat down. Paul had ordered drinks for us, somehow knowing I love tequila. The waiter brought us each a shot and a beer. We toasted each other and downed the shots. It was time to catch up on 25 years. I found out that he had been married but that he divorced her a few years ago. He came home and found her in bed with another woman. Trying not to sound too rude, I told him he should have hopped into bed with both of them. He laughed and said "I tried but they didn't want me." His wife had gone over to the all girl team. I filled him in on my life including showing him a picture of Becky. He looked at it and told me what a lucky fucker I was to have a woman like that. I told him he had no idea how lucky I was. By now we were about 4 or 5 shots into the evening and I told Paul we had better eat soon or head back to my place as driving was going to be difficult soon. We opted for back to my house and off we went. The short drive was filled with laughter as we reminisced about stuff we had done as kids. Then he looked at me and asked "Do you remember that weekend at your house when your folks were gone?" I looked at him and saw a big smile on his face. "Yes, I do." I said. "I hadn't thought about it in years until I got your e-mail." I smiled back at him. We pulled up to my house and I grabbed his bag and in we went. I showed him his room and I told him to get comfortable while I changed and poured us another shot. When I came into the living room, he was seated on the couch in a pair of athletic shorts and a t-shirt. I stopped for just a second and admired how good he looked and how good of shape he was in. I felt that familiar twinge in my groin that told me I was starting to get hard. I tried to clear my head so my cock would go down and I sat down on

the couch next to him. We toasted each other again and downed the shots. "I have a question for you." he said after a moment or two of silence. "That weekend at your house, did you enjoy it?" I looked at him a little puzzled but said "Actually, I did." "No regrets or anything?" he asked I sat in silence looking down before answering. "The only regret I have is that we didn't do anything else and that it didn't happen again." I looked up and saw him with that same smile again. I glanced down and to my surprise I saw the tip of his cock sticking out from the leg of his shorts. I licked my lips at the sight. I was now sporting a full blown hard-on and I moved my hand to try and hide it. "Funny thing" he said. "I have the same regrets myself." He reached over and put his hand on mine. "It's never too late to make up for lost time" he said. He looked down at my crotch and smiled. "Looks like you're interested in catching up too." He reached over and put his hand on the bulge in my shorts and began to rub it. I moaned and slid a little closer to him. I reached out and began to rub his cock through his shorts as well. He reached is free hand out, put it around my neck and pulled me to him. Our lips met and 25 years of pent up passion began to surface. We kissed each other and rubbed each other's cocks for a few minutes. Our tongues were stabbing at each other like we hadn't been kissed in years. I finally broke the kiss and stood up. Looking him in the eyes, I dropped my shorts and pulled my shirt off. I stood naked in front of him, unashamedly wanting to feel his touch and to touch him myself. He moved closer and took my cock in his hand and began to stroke it very gently. His kissed and licked my cock head swirling his tongue over my cock. "I have dreamed of this for 25 years." he said. He leaned forward and took my cock completely into his hot mouth. He began to suck me with more fervor and passion than I have ever seen. I held his head to my crotch not wanting to let his mouth loose from my cock. I told him I was about to cum thinking he wouldn't want me to cum in his mouth. He sucked harder now and grabbed my ass cheeks to pull me deeper into his mouth. "Oh....god..." I moaned as my cock exploded in his mouth. He kept sucking until I was completely drained and then stood up. Without hesitation, I put my arms around him and kissed him and we swapped my cum back and forth between us. As we kissed, I reach down to pull his cock out of his shorts. He helped me by pushing them down so I could have his cock. I broke the kiss and pulled his shirt off. I took his cock into my hand and began to stroke it. I backed him up to the couch and laid him down as we kissed. His cock felt so good in my hand. I finally broke the kiss and turned to see that cock in my hand. It wasn't a monster, but it was pleasantly big, about 7 ½ inches long and fairly thick. As I stroked it, a drop of precum appeared on the tip. I moved my head down and licked the precum from his cock and then took him completely into my mouth. He moaned in ecstasy as I sucked him. Although I hadn't had a cock in my mouth for 25 years, it seemed totally natural and right to have his cock in my mouth now. I caressed his balls as I sucked him. I felt his nuts tighten and I knew it was my turn to taste cum. He did not disappoint and filled my mouth with his wonderful tasty jizz. I sucked him dry as he had done me and then I moved up and kissed him as he had done and this time we swapped his cum. I lay next to him on the couch as we kissed more. "That was so much better than 25 years ago." he said. "I've had a few men over the years but every time I was with them, I couldn't get the image of you and me out of my head." "Yours is the only cock I have ever had." I said. "But I am beginning to think I missed out on a lot by sticking just with women." He laughed and

said "Well I am primarily a pussy man myself but some times I just want a nice stiff cock to play with." "Well," I said "We have the whole weekend to satisfy our cock cravings. Becky isn't due back until late Sunday night." "You said you regretted we didn't do anything else. What did you mean?" he asked. I blushed a little thinking about my answer. "I wanted you to fuck me Paul. After that weekend, all I could think about was having your cock in my ass and feeling you cum in my ass." Paul kissed me again and said "I wanted to fuck you so bad my balls nearly exploded. Then I wanted you to fuck me." I kissed him again and stood up. I took his hand and led him to my bedroom. I laid him on the bed and reached into the nightstand drawer and pulled out a bottle of lube that Becky and I use. I handed him the bottle as I got into bed next to him. "I've had a dildo in there before, but never a real cock. Please fuck me Paul." I laid down on my back and spread my legs wide for him. Paul applied lube to his cock and to a couple of fingers. He slid the fingers into my ass to lube me and then he put the bottle down. He put his cockhead up to my hole and gently pushed in. I was so excited and drunk that my ass released almost instantly and his cock slid deep inside me. I moaned loudly as he slid in. "Oh god Paul...fuck me please. I want to feel you fill my ass with cum." I looked in his eyes and smiled at him. A lustful grin appeared on his face as he began to fuck me. He grabbed my hips and began to thrust deep into me build up speed with each thrust. I was in heaven. I started talking dirty to him as he fucked me telling him to fuck my ass hard and fuck me like the cum slut bitch I was. I could feel his balls slapping me as he fucked me. I could feel his cock head grow inside me as he was close to cumming. "Fill my ass lover." I yelled as he pounded my butt with that big beautiful cock. "I want to feel that big stiff cock shoot hot cum into my ass baby." I was totally lost in the raw passion. When his cock exploded inside me, I screamed like a little bitch in heat telling him to keep fucking me. We collapsed together and laid there with his cock still buried inside me. After a few minutes we began to caress each other. "That was amazing." I told Paul. "It was better than I ever imagined it could have been." "I totally agree." Paul said as he leaned over and kissed me again. "I think a shower and some food are in order right now. Then we can play some more." I said. We headed to the shower and climbed in together. As I was soaping a rag I felt Paul's arms go around me and pull me to him. I could feel his cock getting hard against my ass as he kissed me on the neck. I turned my head to kiss him back. His hand slid down to my cock and began to stroke it again. I turned to face him and I kissed him back. He took his hand and held our cocks together and we rubbed cocks as we kissed. We both realized how horny we still were and got out of the shower, quickly dried off and headed back to the bedroom. When we got there, Paul sat me on the edge of the bed. He got down between my legs and took my now hard cock in his mouth. He sucked my cock like a pro and had me close to cumming when he pulled his mouth off. He grabbed the bottle of lube and applied it to my throbbing cock. He stood my up and then he laid face down at the edge of the bed. He turned his head and smiled at me. "Now it's my turn." he said. "Stick that beautiful cock in my ass and fuck me lover." I spread his ass cheeks and placed my cockhead at his opening. I held his hips and slid my cock inside him. It was the tightest hole I had ever fucked. I groaned and drove my cock deep into him. He moaned in response telling me to fuck him good. "I want to be your cum slut bitch now baby." He said. That was all it took and I started to fuck him hard and fast. He begged me repeatedly to fill his

ass with cum and I finally gave him the hot load he wanted. He screamed as I shot my load and I kept fucking him till my cock went soft. When we regained our senses we decided that we were both too tired to eat and decided to call it a night. We crawled under the sheets and lay down side by side, spooning. My cock was in the crack of his ass as we went to sleep.