

I want Her so Badly Part 1

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My secret desire for a close friend.

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She is the epitome of sexy; her short black hair, those piercing light green eyes, her thin 5'8 frame with soft subtle curves at her ass and chest. I want to ravish her. She looks over at me and smiles. "Hey, Em, I'm gonna go take a shower, I'll be right back, 'kay?" "All right," I say smiling back. I watch as she walks towards her bathroom, that cute ass swaying. It kills me knowing I can't have her. We are friends, plus I have a boyfriend. But most of all, I'm a girl. But nights like these, when I'm spending the night and we are alone in the house, and all I can think about is how Sam isn't wearing any underwear or bra under those short shorts and thin tank top, I can't stop wanting to make her mine. I hear the water running in her bathroom as I feel heat rise in between my legs. I rub my clit and let out a soft moan as I take in her scent from her bed. I look down at my 36D tits and wonder what hers look like without anything hiding them. Me being 5'2 with short brown hair and brown eyes, I'm the complete opposite of her. I start to massage my breasts through my shirt as I feel tingles run down my body from the thought of her little pink nipples being sucked into my mouth. I needed to see her sexy body, now. I slowly make my way towards her bathroom, careful not to make the wood floor creak beneath my feet. She left the bathroom door open. "Jackpot," I nearly say out loud. I slowly poke my head into her bathroom and immediately want to fuck her. She has a clear shower curtain. I thank her internally for picking it out because I can now see every inch of her. She is rubbing body wash up and down her sexy body as if she knows I'm watching. My hands start to roam my body in the way I wish they were roaming hers. Her soft pink nipples point out and up as she caresses them and rubs them with body wash. Just when I think it can't get any better, her hands start moving towards her lower region. My hands naturally start to rub further down my body in sync with hers. "What is this little tease doing?" I think to myself. If she only knew how badly she was making my pussy throb. Slowly she starts to slide her middle finger into her shaven parted lips as her other hand pinches her already hardening nipple. Soft moans begin to escape her as she fingers herself harder and harder. I can barely stop myself from climbing in the shower and making her mine right then and there. Knowing I need to go back to her bed before I get caught and so something I might regret, I leave the bathroom. Every step away from the sexy scene kills me inside. When I make it to her bed I instantly start fingering myself hoping to gain some relief from my aching pussy. I combine the images I just saw with my own fantasied ones and feel myself already on edge. I am fingering myself as fast as my

body will allow me and I feel myself softly calling out, "Oh God, Sam, ughhhh." "Em, what are you doing?" My eyes shoot open at the familiar voice of the person of my desires. Emily is staring right at me, pinching my nipple, fingers in my dripping pussy. FUCK, I say over and over in my head, she heard me say her name. Our friendship is over. But I can't help but look at her wet body, barely covered by a small towel. "I ..uh....uhmmm," is all I can get out. Sam slowly crawls between my legs with a sly impish smile spreading across her lips. She lets her towel fall to the floor and kisses me on the lips while saying, "It's about time."