

Friendship

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Disaster at home, then friendship takes over and leads to better start to a new Day

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Friendship By Sven the Elder© It was one of 'those' days. A bad hair day to end all bad hair days. Looking at the devastation in his driveway, Michael reflected that at least no one had been close by at the time. They would surely have been killed by the falling chimney. The lightning strike itself had been bad enough. The paramedics called by worried neighbours had been quite reassuring: his hearing would come back completely after a few hours. The firemen had covered the holes in the roof with a canvas sheet. The small amount of the chimney breastwork that had fallen through inside the house had missed anything of importance, but it had taken down several ceilings on the way. The torrential rain accompanying the summer storm had done the rest all on its own. Mike's mobile phone vibrated again. It was the garage, confirming his address. "Just find the house with the green cover over the roof, the missing chimney, and the wrecked car in the driveway." He could barely hear the guy over the ringing in his ears. The storm, like all summer storms, had come quickly. His house at the top of the hill had stood for some years, and he was not aware that it had ever been hit during a storm before. This time sure as hell made up for it. Mike went inside and his heart sank as he surveyed the scene in front of him. Water still dripped down the stairwell from upstairs. Burn marks down the wall showed where the lightning bolt had come down the television aerial wire, which led it into the loft space and down to his electricity meter under the stairs. The resulting power surge had probably killed every electrical appliance stone dead. His computer system was in ruins. Fortunately he had backed up his hard drives the previous night. His data might be OK; time would tell, when he had new kit to use. He was startled out of his misery by a call from the front door. At least the garage was quick. He went out to find two men scratching their heads. The driver looked at him and stated the obvious. "Bit of a mess, chief! I reckon we'll just winch the whole lot up onto the transporter and sort it out down at the depot. I think we'd better leave the loan car in the roadway." He absentmindedly picked the odd lump of lighter masonry off the hood. Mike, who had just about been able to make out the one-sided conversation, nodded in agreement. At least the loaner was clean and, judging by its licence plate, reasonably new. He watched the men finish loading the wreckage of his five-week old Porsche and then drive away. Nothing to do now but wait for the insurance man to come and inspect the damage before authorising repair work. Absentmindedly he went in and put the kettle on for a badly needed coffee, and then cursed when he realised the power was off. Feeling

quite helpless, he stood and considered what to do next. Lost in thought and hampered by his hearing loss, he was somewhat startled by a touch on his shoulder. He spun round, shocked for the second time that morning, to find his rather older neighbour standing beside him. She recoiled a little and immediately apologised for frightening him. "Mike, I'm sorry... I mean, I didn't mean to make you jump." He laughed for the first time since the 'bang' and explained why he had not heard her coming. Kate looked round her. "No power?" Mike confirmed the problem. "Right," Kate said, "Decision time is here; stop faffing about, close the door behind you, and come and have a hot drink and something to eat. I insist." And she turned and walked off. Mike decided she was right and, closing the door behind him, followed her across the road. Mike was aware that Kate, close to twice Mike's age, had kept a maternal eye on him since the break-up of his marriage over a year ago. Mike's ex-wife had not even bothered to contest the divorce, preferring to just walk away. In the circumstances of her fairly public adultery, she would not have received much anyway. Mike, a computer software expert, good-looking in a studious sort of way, was the last to realise what was going on. In truth, he had been glad to see her gone. Their marriage, consummated six months before the ceremony, had been a shotgun one, pressed on them by a furious set of parents. Old-fashioned in the extreme, Sally's parents had been most persuasive. He had reluctantly agreed to 'do the right' thing. In the small English community where they had grown up, things like that mattered. On the 'honeymoon' Sally had miscarried. On her return home after a brief sojourn in hospital, she had made it quite plain that the 'marriage' was over; she had never really loved him anyway. Mike buried himself in his work and was successful in his field. He had not even been aware that she was screwing around behind his back, until... well, it hardly mattered now. The fact that he had almost killed the guy when he had hit him had never come to court. The man had refused to press charges and the case had been dropped by the police. Sally moved out the same day. Mike had taken some pleasure from changing the locks and having the new alarm system installed. Now, after the storm, it was all academic anyway. Mike was brought out of his reverie by Kate's hand on his arm. "Jesus, Mike, you are jumpy! Not surprising, really. Must have been quite a shock." Kate prattled on as she handed him a cup of hot sweet tea. "Best after the shock and all you've been through. Now I insist that you pack some clothes in a suitcase and come and stay in our spare suite; it's no trouble, and I won't hear anything else." Under the circumstances, Mike was happy to agree, and moved his important things that were still intact across an hour later. o - O - o As Kate fussed about clearing the supper things away, Mike reflected on the meal he had just eaten. It had been months since an honest to goodness home-cooked meal had graced his lips, and he realised just how unappetising the local take-aways and fast food stores had really been. Helping the older woman tidy up and put things away, Mike was aware of how little he actually knew of his neighbour 'across the way.' He had supposed that she must be over sixty, but now, as they talked, he guessed she was a little younger than that: maybe early to mid-fifties, chatty without being garrulous. He found that she was expert at getting people to talk about themselves. 'A good listener,' his mother would have said. Slightly shocked, Mike realised that Kate and his Mother must be of a similar age. With a slight twinge, Mike also realised that Kate had been -- no, still was -- an attractive woman. Then, remembering the age gap, he mentally slapped himself down and tried to park any untoward

thoughts back in the recesses of his mind. "So you just stay here as long as you need to," Kate finished up, "Oh, and anything you want to bring across for safety while the house is in its present state, you carry on and do it. I'll give you a hand, to hold a torch and so on." And so of course they went across and in the end brought a lot of Mike's papers and computer equipment across. His portable was OK, but at the very least the main PC Monitor was dead, so that would have to wait. He decided he would take it to his hardware engineer in the morning and get him to look at it. As he was tidying things up to make his room presentable, Kate arrived with a coffee. "Now that you know where everything is in the kitchen, you just help yourself if you want anything. Oh, and Mike, that phone over in the corner is a separate line. I had it put in when my daughter lived at home -- it was cheaper; she paid for her own calls that way -- so, if you need it for your computer or anything, just use it. If needs be, we'll settle up later. Now, you've had a hell of a day. I'd have some sleep; I'm going to. Good night, see you in the morning." And like the whirlwind of energy she seemed to be, she was gone. Mike had a shower, drank his coffee, and climbed into bed, naked as usual. Surprisingly quickly, he went to sleep, pondering over the day as he did so. As his tiredness claimed him, he was vaguely aware of the image of Kate's rather sexy rear as she had bent over earlier to put something away... o - O - o "Wake up sleepy head!" The cheery greeting, and the bright sunlight as Kate pulled the curtains open, woke him up with a start. Then he realised where he was. Kate put the cup of tea down on the bedside table and then giggled and put her hand up like a schoolgirl. Mike was more than startled as she leaned across and tapped the tent in the bedclothes that covered his erection. "It's been a long time since I've had the pleasure of inspecting a 'morning glory'." Her reaction and the subsequent events were something Mike would not forget for quite a while. He had forgotten how little a part sex had played in his life of late. He was shy and didn't go out much, and after the divorce he had simply worked harder. When Kate pulled the light bed covers off he was surprisingly unsure of himself and uncertain about what to do. "Jeez, Kate..." he started to say, but it turned into a groan of pleasure as Kate wrapped a hand round his shaft and gently stroked it. The groan turned into an intake of breath as his hips bucked in response to Kate's stroking, followed by "Oh God..." as his long unused penis prepared to deliver the load to end all loads. Kate was quick enough to surmise that Mike had a hair trigger; she leaned forward and took the tip of his organ in her mouth just as the first pulse was delivered. The intensity of Mike's orgasm, heightened as it was by Kate's response and help, left him faltering and almost blacking out. Kate milked the last drops gently from him and cleaned him with her lips. The sensation was so intense it almost hurt. Kate looked him right in the eye and said gently, "Goodness me! That's a sensation we've both missed, judging from the taste of that lot!" She glanced at Mike's half-flaccid penis and slipped out of her housecoat. "I hope there's a little more where that came from." Mike, still stunned by the turn of events, took in the sight of the slim-waisted naked woman in front of him. Kate laughed as she reached forward and gently closed his mouth. "No flies, but I've a few other bits that could do with some attention!" Mike shook his head in disbelief as she climbed onto the bed. Kate had transformed from a mild-mannered, mature woman who reminded him of his mother into a sexually aggressive and very sexy-looking naked woman who seemed to know exactly how she wanted the next few minutes to go. Now on her hands and knees

and astride Mike's legs, Kate leaned forward and kissed him. "I see," she laughed, "I'm going to be made to do all the work, am I? Well, in that case..." She kissed him again and, before he could react, slipped her tongue between his lips. Mike was aware of the slightly tart taste of his semen as she did so. Then she kissed her way down his chest to his groin, where his penis was stiffening again, betraying his real state of mind. Kate swivelled her bottom round and straddled him, facing towards his feet and presenting him with the sight of a be-furred and very ready pussy. Barely giving him time to draw breath, she gently brought it down and sat on his face. Faced with the inevitable and with the aphrodisiac smell and taste now presented to him, Mike buried his mouth and tongue and felt Kate shudder with desire as he did so. As he continued to concentrate on returning the pleasure once more being given to him, he became aware that she had stopped eating him and was keening as she arched her back, pushing harder down onto his face as she came with an intensity that frightened him. She went limp and he caught her, easing her onto the bed as she blacked out. Worried, Mike stroked her face as she returned from the heights of the pleasure she had just experienced. Her eyes flickered open and, much to his relief, she smiled at him. "Dear boy," she said, "it's been too long... far too long since that last happened." As he kneeled over her, she slid her hand along his leg and stroked him gently. His penis jerked and responded quickly, to her touch and to the sight of the naked, attractive woman now lying in his bed. "Now come here, put that thing where it belongs. Screw my brains out!" Mike needed no further encouragement. As Kate steered, he eased forward and slipped gently into her waiting nether lips. Kate bucked her hips up to take him. "No finesse; just fuck me!" she almost yelled into his ear, as she set the rhythm. Within a mere ten or twenty strokes, Mike arched his back and pressed deep, deep into Kate and shuddered as his orgasm hit him. Kate, right with him, screamed her own pleasure as they hung onto each other in shuddering ecstasy. They stayed interlocked until his penis relaxed to the point of gently slipping out. She sighed gently and hung onto him as they both slowly returned from the heights of their pleasure. Gently, she brushed his cheek and kissed him. "Kate..." Mike started to say, but Kate just laid a finger gently on his lips. "Friendship. Help in time of need: that's what friendship is all about. I think we both needed that! "Now, if you've got a moment..." © Sven the Elder Hearing from readers is the only payment I get.