# It Was Yoda

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**hey, wait a minute, stop the pressed, yall fucked up if yall didn't ask to use my imagination! u can read, but if u want to use it, ask first! <br /><br />hey, thanks, and have a good day!**

*Nothing more to say, he's my best friend..*

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151 proof and a best friend just don't mix.

First of all, we have been flirting like crazy for over a year. He knows that I want him. On Valentine's Day 2011, he stayed overnight while my friends went to a hotel (his parents). Oh, he's 21 and I am 33. That night, we laid in bed together, watching television, and talked about everything. He showed me that night just how much erotic fun pressure points are. But while he was tickling me, I screamed out "Stop, Sco...Yoda. Uncle!" Scott being my boyfriend, sorta, at the time. That killed the mood in that room quickly. I walked out of the bedroom and went to my own. I changed from jammie pants to shorts. I was so soaked by Yoda's touch it wasn't funny. I dreamed of him that night hard core. I have wanted him since the very first time I met him. I cannot help but flirt with him. We would have late night conversations about relationships. We talked about dating each other, how good we would be together. But neither of us wanted to ruin a great friendship.

Tonight might mean the end of our friendship as I know it.

He was drunk, I had only had a couple of shots. I shouldn't have let it go any farther than him pulling up my shirt. I should have known better. But I have wanted to taste his kisses for a long time now, so I figured it would stop at that. But it didn't. He allowed me to pull him down and kiss him. Bite his neck and growl. I gripped his waistband of his jeans and looked at him.

"Go ahead," he said softly.

I unbuckled his jeans. Slid his jeans and boxers down, freeing his cock. It was a gorgeous red. Not thick, but long and perfect. He gripped my hair and rammed his cock down my throat. Gagging me. I loved it. The taste of his cock was just as exciting as his kisses. His moans were just as awesome.

He rubbed my pussy through my jammie pants. God, I wanted him so badly! Even when he quickly pulled away, tucked himself back in, and sat in the chair; I wished that he would come into my room later tonight and finish the dance. Thankfully, he passed out. Now that I have calmed down, I hope that he doesn't remember tonight.

He is my best friend! I can still taste his cock in my mouth, his hands on my pussy and in my hair. Still feel his lips on mine. God, I need to so work him out of my system completely! Even now, I am sitting on the love seat, behind him, and across from his dad (my friend) and want to cry. Cry because I was not trashed and should have stopped. Should never had let him start anything. And sure as hell shouldn't have kissed him. Cry because I have no clue if I will still have my best friend in the morning. My cheeks are still red, I feel the blood in them, from almost getting caught with Yoda. But it wouldn't have stopped me, it did Yoda though. I have had his dad before and that was one of his reasons for saying that he just wants my friendship. Yes, a part of me wishes like hell that Duck was not here at all. To see just how far Yoda and I would have gone. And would I have regretted it in the morning....Possibly.

After all...He's Yoda and my best friend.....