

# Breaking Free of the Friend Zone

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*They've been friends for long enough*

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I took a deep breath, knowing I was about to either ruin the best thing that ever happened to me, or make it ten million times better. I looked up into the car mirror again, still startled at my reflection. My rash decision to shave still hasn't settled in. My once shoulder length hair was short and close to my scalp. I shaved my beard and even trimmed my eyebrows. And that's only mentioning what I cut above the waist. I just wanted to feel brand new, like it would heighten my chances or something. Probably not. I'm probably about to fuck everything up. I took another deep breath, adjusted my slightly hard dick in my jeans so it didn't bulge, and stepped out of the car. When she opened the door she screamed. Her arms flung around my neck and she dragged me down- probably the tiniest bear hug ever to exist. I could feel my grin, big and goofy at her response. "Oh my God! What have you done?!" she shrieked, holding my face in her small hands. I didn't answer right away. Standing over her, so close to her face, I looked into her eyes and was lost. "Darren!" she shrieked again, shaking my face. "What does it look like I did?" I asked, laughing. I pulled her hands off my face. I wouldn't be able to think straight otherwise. I stood to my full height, towering over her and smiled. My shirt was a bit tighter than usual to show off my months of light weight lifting. My muscles weren't bulging, but my body was lean and tight. I liked how she looked at me, as if she hadn't realized it before. Her gaze traveled down my body, to my jeans hanging off my waist, down to my shoes, and back up to my face. "What the hell?" she muttered, her eyebrows knitting softly over her disbelieving eyes. "You're gone two days and you come back like this?" she asks, putting inflection on the last word. "I just saw you Wednesday! You look so nice!" "Don't sound so fucking surprised" I said, pushing past her into the living room. "Hi guys" I said, greeting her parents. They sat on the couch watching Opra, Mr. Summers rubbing Mrs. Summers' feet. "Hey Darren." Her mom turned to smile at me, faced the tv, then quickly whipped her head back around. I grinned again. "Well, don't you look put together?" Mr. Summers said, smiling up at me. He patted Mrs. Summers on the leg, and put her feet down. "I think we should go pick up Rudy now" he said, standing up. "I'm not going by myself" he added as he saw Mrs. Summers hadn't gotten up. "I might fall asleep, driving all the way across town." "You're the one who insisted that he go to that God forsaken place" she pouted, dragging herself off the couch. "We won't be long" she said, giving me a significant look. I was so glad Mr. Summers didn't see it; he was already on his way out the door. "Lauren?" she said, getting her

daughter's attention. She was still looking at me, though. "Did you hear what I said?" "Contrary to popular belief, I'm actually not deaf" she said, earning her a smack on the arm as Mrs. Summers left the house, pulling the door closed behind her. The silence after their departure was heavy. I walked into the kitchen and opened the fridge, taking out ingredients to make a couple sandwiches. "So. How are you and the asshat?" I asked, making conversation. She smacked my arm and flopped down onto a kitchen stool. "The asshat has left the building." Her and her boyfriend had been falling apart for weeks now. She told me a couple months ago that she was ready to lose it with him, only to find out the night before that he'd cheated on her with his friend's girlfriend. They'd been trying to work it out, but to my deep satisfaction, she said it just wouldn't work. I remember feeling a pang of annoyance at the time when she said ' why can't I find a trustworthy boy like you ?' ' I AM A BOY LIKE ME !' I wanted to shout. But as usual, I kept my mouth shut and let her cry into my t-shirt. Not anymore though. I woke up this morning determined for this to be the day that something changes. I finished my sandwiches and put them on a plate with some chips. She followed me into the living room and we plopped onto the couch. She immediately started flipping channels and stopped on Adventure Time. I rolled my eyes at her choice, and dug into my lunch. "What kind of twenty year old comes home from college to sit around watching cartoons?" "The best kind" she said, grabbing a sandwich. "And don't you judge me, boy. You think I don't know you still watch Pokemon? You brought the cards to your dorm! You think under your mattress is a good hiding spot?" she poked my ribs, over and over, trying to annoy me. I grabbed her hand and was pleased when she pretended to wince and pull away from me. It was the way she did it, as if my touch was unbearable. I watched her snuggle into the couch and get lost in the cartoon. I ate slowly, thinking about how to begin. "How's Amy?" she asked, turning to face me. "How the fuck should I know?" I asked, looking back at her. Amy's some girl she insists I would be perfect for. She's a gossipy girl who couldn't pull her head out of her own ass for long enough to realize I didn't give a shit. We went on two dates and I never called her again. "Well, la-di-da Mr. too-good-for-Amy." "I just have my mind in other places." "Are those places warm and moist?" she asked, deepening her voice. She laughed, but I didn't. I continued looking at her and she stopped, turning away to face the tv again. I smiled inwardly- I was making her nervous. I placed the empty plate onto the coffee table and turned my body to completely face her. She didn't look at me until I grabbed the remote and turned off the tv. "Hey!" she shouted, grabbing for the remote. I pulled it back away from her reach and she launched herself at me. We fought for a moment, her shimmying up my body trying to grab the remote, me extending my arm to keep it away from her. We fell on the floor and she climbed up my body, wrapping her legs around me to keep me still. I didn't fight anymore. I stayed still, reveling in the feeling of her legs around my waist. When she realized I wasn't fighting anymore, she looked down at me, her expression fathomless. She pulled away, about to unwrap herself, but I stopped her. "Darren..." she said, looking away from me. I dropped the remote so I could hold her with both arms "what are you—" I kissed her, full on the mouth. She jerked her head back and looked at me with disbelief. Something inside me fell into place, and I didn't take offence to her reaction. I pulled her to me once again and kissed her, parting my lips and roughly shoving my tongue into her mouth. She gasped around me and I pulled her still closer. When she

responded, it was as if her body melted into me. She wrapped her arms around my head and let out a soft little moan that shook me to my core. I groaned in response and my body naturally pushed up towards her, rubbing my hard cock against her. She gasped again and quickly pulled away. "Darren-stop." I looked up at her, surprised by the urgency in her voice. She stood and stepped back. I stood as well, towering over her again as I took a step towards her. "What's wrong?" "I don't know. It just seems off." "Why? Because I didn't fuck another girl before I came over here?" I shocked both of us. I hadn't realized I was angry. "Don't be a dick, Darren." "But isn't that what you want? Isn't that what gets you off? Aren't those the only kind of boys that get your pussy wet?" She looked at me, hurt, and turned away. She walked down the hallway towards her room. I heard the door slam a minute later and my anger fell away, leaving me empty and deflated. "Fuck" I muttered, making my way after her. I could hear her ipod player pumping behind the door- something I knew she did when she didn't want her parents hearing her cry. I knocked and jiggled the handle, surprised to find it wasn't locked. She lay on her bed, face down in her pillows. Her body was turned to the side and her knees were pulled up to her chest. The sight of her made guilt rock through me. I never thought I'd be the one to make her feel this way. "Can I come in?" she ignored me, so I came in anyway. "I'm sorry" I said, sitting on the edge of her bed. "I just... I see you go through these dudes, all of them complete assholes, and I'm here the whole time, watching you cry over them. What the fuck do you think that makes me feel like? I feel like I treat you like you're my world- because you are. Don't you see that? You're my fucking world, Lauren." To my horror, I felt hot tears prickling in the back of my eyes. It was like a tightening sensation, robbing me of breath. I've never cried in front of her before. Well, not since we were kids. Mortified, I turned away. Her hand found my cheek as she pulled herself up onto her knees beside me. "Darren, that's not fair. You can't ignore me for years, and then when I move on, you act like I wasn't the one pining after you." "What?" I asked, ignoring my embarrassment and looking her in the eyes. "Remember freshman year? When I wanted to go to homecoming and I asked you who you were taking. You said you wouldn't go even if someone paid you. So I went with Alisha, and who do I see there? You, with that tall girl. I figured you just said that because you didn't want me thinking you'd go with me. I liked you for so long, Darren. I couldn't just keep hinting things to you and having you ignore them. Then finally when I move on, you act like I'm some kind of slut. I mean really, what the fuck is that?" I just looked at her. Really? That's what she calls hinting? I've had a fucking hardon for this girl since I could get hardons. "You had no tits." "What?" "Freshman year. I didn't like you because you had no tits." She looked at me for a while, stunned, until she realized I was kidding. She smacked my chest, repeatedly cursing at me. I fell back onto the bed, laughing at her anger. "You fucking asshole" she said, punching me a final time. I pulled her closer and held her on top of me. She looked away, and I could tell it was because she was blushing. I slid one hand to the small of her back, and the other tugged her chin up to look at me. She looked worried, and I knew why. "I'm scared" she whispered. "Why?" "I don't know. I don't want things to change." "I do." "Why?" "Because I felt like I couldn't go another day without telling you this shit, it's been eating away at me. I don't want you with anyone else. I feel like you're mine, and I want it to be that way. I don't want anyone else." "You've been watching too many Opra reruns with my parents, haven't you?" I looked at her. I

knew how she was when she couldn't deal with her emotions. She made light of it and poked fun at me. I didn't smile. She flopped her head down onto my chest to hide her face again. I pulled her back up and looked at her, waiting. Finally she looked away and closed her eyes. "Don't be scared baby" I said, caressing her face. The words flowed through my lips, as if I spoke to her this way all the time. I leaned forward a bit and gave her the option to lean in as well. Finally our lips met. It was even better than the first kiss. I flipped her over and rested myself on top of her. Her warm wet mouth felt heavenly against mine. Suddenly we were on fire. Her hands found their way to the hem of my shirt, tugging it up and over my head. I plunged my hands under her shirt and squeezed her chest. She gasped at how rough my hands were being, and then moaned. I felt so charged up. I pulled her shirt off as well, and then her pants down. I quickly got rid of my pants and boxers, settling in between her legs. Her kisses were frantic, darting her warm little tongue around my mouth, feeling me all over. Her hands were on my back, roaming as if she wanted to memorize the planes on my body. I shuddered at her touch, caressing her firm tits, feeling her nipples harden under my touch. She was covered in brown little freckles, each dotting her cheeks, chest, shoulders and arms, but not her breasts. I thought it was interesting. Every time I imagined her naked, I thought she'd have them there too. I was pleased she didn't. They were beautiful, but her creamy skin looked nice without them as well. I took one of her nipples in my mouth, sucking softly. She moaned again and my cock twitched, pushing up against her. I showered her breasts with attention, sucking one and caressing the other, then switching. I felt her hips rocking under me as she squirmed in pleasure. I was so turned on that I could do that to her. I slid a hand up her leg and made my way to the apex of her thighs. The warmth radiating from her was so inviting. I traced my fingers down her slit and she shuddered. I hadn't even taken her panties off yet. I continued doing this until I could feel the moisture dampening her undies. Finally I moved them aside and slid in my fingers, parting the warm wet flesh there to touch her deeper. She was thick down there. She wasn't a super skinny girl, but she was pretty fit. Down there, however, she had a puckered, chubby, almost hairless mound. As one finger moved against her, I closed my palm over her to grasp her entire vulva. She began to giggle, pulling her legs closed "What the heck are you doing?" "You're so fat down here" I said, keeping my hands between her clasped thighs. She gasped and slapped my chest, trying to pull away. "No, I'm not being mean... I like it." She stopped laughing and trying to pull away, but she cast her eyes down, embarrassed. "It feels nice" I added, flexing my hand around her again. She moaned, so I did it again, touching her softly. My fingers found the tiny hole at the bottom of her wet little slit. She jumped as I rubbed it, closing her eyes and tilting her head back. I worked it inside her, reveling in the tightness of her body. She wrapped her arms around her chest and shuddered again. When I was able to get my finger deeper inside of her, I slowly pumped it in and out, watching her face. Her eyebrows were knit together; her lips were slightly parted as she panted through her kiss-swollen lips. What really struck me was the smell. She smelled so inviting and sweet, heavy and intoxicating. I found myself lowering off the bed to kneel in front of her, inhaling deeply between her legs. I stopped only for a moment to pull her undies off completely. She lay there before me, naked and soaking wet. I looked at my finger and saw it was just as wet, and smelled of her. I brought it to my lips and sucked, surprised at the taste. She

raised her eyes brows at me, watching me lick my finger clean. "Why, Mr. Jackson. Aren't you a man of many tastes?" I could tell she was putting on a front. She was turned on and trying to play it down. "No, not many tastes. Just this one" I said, leaning closer to her. She sighed when I kissed her mound, pushing her hips up to me. I parted her thick flesh and ran my tongue up and down her slit. I could see her hands grabbing the sheets, pulling at them slowly. The sight was so erotic- I loved that I could do that to her. The unfamiliar action came surprisingly natural to me. It was like kissing, and the longer I did it, the more confident I felt. Her sighs became moans, propelling me to lick, suck and nibble with even more confidence. Soon she was arching her back, pulling the short hairs on my head, muttering little oaths. I couldn't believe I was about to make Lauren Summers cum. I slid my finger into her again and focused on sucking and licking her hard little clit. I pumped my finger faster and soon she was bucking her hips, moaning and pushing my head away. I let her, but kept my fingers moving slowly inside of her. I watched her as she squeezed her eyes close and tightened her arms around her body as if she had to hold herself from falling apart. When she calmed, I climbed back onto the bed and pulled her to me. "I want you so bad" I said, kissing her neck and chest. "I want you too." Her voice sounded tired, as if she was sleepy. I looked at her face and smiled, watching as she basked in the afterglow of her orgasm. I lay on my back and pulled her onto my chest. I she could feel how hard I was and looked down. She quickly looked back up at me, a look of horror on her face. "What's wrong?" I asked, alarmed. "Where do you think you're going to put that??" she asked, gesturing at my dick. "Right here" I said, rubbing her chubby little mound again. "The fuck you are" she said, pulling away from me. I laughed, knowing she was joking, but still really scared. I pinned her to the bed, locking her legs beneath mind and holding her hands above her head. I was so turned on. Her fear calmed me, allowing me to think clearly as I rocked my hips against hers, rubbing my cock along her still soaking slit. She squirmed beneath me, softly moaning. She dislodged one of her hands and reached down, taking my cock into her hands. She squeezed and I shut my eyes, loving the feeling of someone else's hand on me. "You're thick too Darren" she cooed, softly tugging. I groaned and leaned my forehead onto hers. She continued this way, tugging on me and rubbing her thumb over the top of my cock, sending sharp jabs of pleasure to my balls. Suddenly I felt a rush, and yanked her hands away. "What's wrong?" she asked, looking up into my face. "You're going to make me blow my load on your stomach" I said, blatantly. "Thats okay. Then maybe you won't want to put this thing inside me" she said, grabbing me again. I smiled at her, and kissed her nose and cheeks as she continued to jerk me off. My hips bucked and I knew I was there. Cumming from her hands was so much different than cumming from my own. My hips bucked and I buried my face in her hair on the pillow. I could feel hot cum shooting out of me and onto her between our bodies. She kept gently tugging, milking my cock for all it was worth. I had to still her hand, the sensation growing a bit overwhelming. When I could pull off of her, the thick sticky cum stretched out between us from our stomachs and chests. "Eeeeww" she giggled as the strings finally separated, and I sat back onto my feet. She ran a finger through the mess along her stomach and looked at me, smiling. Then she brought her hand to her lips, closed her eyes, and sucked. The erotic action was ruined as she pulled a face, wiping her hand down her tongue. "Blegh!" she said, opening her eyes. I laughed, not

completely surprised. I've tasted it once, out of morbid curiosity. It isn't exactly gourmet. I got off the bed and grabbed her towel, wiping the copious amount of cum off my chest and stomach. I walked back over to her and cleaned her up as well, as she lay on her back, watching me work. I leaned down and pecked her on the mouth when I finished. "I love you." She smiled and tilted her head at me, looking me in the face. A moment later she parted her lips and said "of course you do. I'm fucking awesome.' I glowered at her, tossed the towel on the floor and pinned her down again. "No, you're a pain in the ass. I said I love you." "I love you too" she said, suddenly. I thought I would have to torture it out of her, but she said it softly, lovingly, and it weakened my intensity. I kissed her, long and gentle, growing hard again. "You really don't want to?" I asked, rubbing my once again raging hard cock against her. She moaned and rubbed against me too. "I'm scared you'll hurt me Darren." "I won't hurt you baby. But if I do, I'll stop. We can try again later. We have time, baby. No rush. We have forever." "Forever?" she asked, giggling again "you're such a girl." "You want me to show you how I can be a man?" I asked, threateningly. She shut up then. I grinned and pushed my lips against hers, using my knees to part her silky thighs. She began panting again, her breathing getting rough with desire and fear. I grabbed a hold of my dick and ran the smooth tip down her moist slit. She moaned into my mouth as I parted her heated flesh and again rubbed against her, massaging her clit with my cock. I positioned myself over her tiny little hole and began kissing her face and neck, trying to push into her. I had to try harder, realizing that the soft way I was doing it would never get me anywhere. She was wincing, but didn't tell me to stop. When I finally got the tip of my cock into her she whimpered and closed her eyes tight. I let go and used my hips to push into her. She kept her knees up to her chest, her toes flexing and stretching with every movement I made. The exquisite tightness around me made me want to cum again. I was so happy I'd already cum, otherwise I don't know if I'd be able to hold on for this. I could tell she needed me to go slow, but I would never be able to go deeper this way. I rolled onto my back, never leaving her body. When she was above me, looking down at me with pleasure and pain in her eyes, I knew I had to just do it. I held onto her waist and with one fluid movement, I yanked her down and thrust my hips up, breaking through the flesh separating us. She screamed. I looked up at her eyes, wide and weary. Aside from being worried that I'd hurt her, I was being tugged and massaged as her body got used to my invading cock. I had to use every ounce of strength not to move inside her. I could feel the muscles of her wall squeezing, relaxing, and then squeezing again, trying to make room for me. "Oh Darren" she finally said, laying down on my chest. "Oh God." I took that as a cue to continue. Gingly, I held her waist and pulled her up, and then thrust as I pulled her back down. She let out a sound that was half way between a moan and a sob. I paused after each thrust, waiting for her reactions. She wrapped her arms around my neck and rested her head on my shoulder as I continued to pump into her. I groan, loving the feel of her soaking wet vice like grip. I could feel the growling vibrating in my chest as I pumped into her. She mewled softly, relaxing on top of me. She unwrapped one arm from around me and reached back behind her. I didn't know what she was doing until I felt her hand on my cock, stopping my hips from thrusting too deep inside her. She held the base of my dick, and every time I thrust up, I slid through her fist and into her body, never fully burying myself into her. When she felt I got the message, she let

go of my dick and began gently caressing my balls. It felt so good, having her touch me like that, that I didn't even mind that half my dick wasn't in her. When she brought her hand back the shock of red made me stop. I pulled her up and looked closer. Her palm had red on it, and when I looked down, I saw it was from here she was touching my dick. "Oh shit" I muttered, continuing to fuck her. She'd bled onto me, on my thighs and a little on the bed. The sight didn't turn me off. If anything it was so hot I lost myself, thrusting roughly up and causing her to cry out. "I'm sorry baby" I said, calming down so I wouldn't hurt her. "No, do it again" her voice was pleading, urgent and erotic. "Like this?" I asked, thrusting up and forward again. "Yes!" she cried "yes, baby do it again." I thrust up and forward, feeling my dick hit something firm inside her. A few more thrusts and I was ready to spill. Suddenly her nails dug into my shoulders as she cried out again, her body convulsing, tightening around me. Air hissed through my teeth as I held onto her hips, trying to stop her from jerking my dick, but I couldn't, and her motions made me spill into her, shooting warm thick cum deep into her. She was moaning long, breathy laments as she held me tight. We came together, and it was the most amazing feeling in the world. Her body fell onto me, and with a pop I slid out of her. I didn't mean to. Her body kind of pushed me out. I wanted to stay inside her forever. I could feel the moisture on me and put my hands to her wet body and felt as my cum seeped out of her, playing with it and rubbing it around. She cooed softly, wilting on top of me. I pulled her to my side so we could lie down next to each other. "Darren" she moaned, her eyes closed. "Yea babe?" I asked, closing my eyes as well. "Oh Darren" she said again, and I realized she was just saying my name, no intention of saying much else, or not being able to. I kissed her, deep and slow, feeling her soft, exhausted response. Suddenly she shot up, her eyes frantic and afraid. "OH SHIT!" she shrieked, jumping out of bed and pulling me by my hair. "What?- what??" I practically screamed trying to make her look at me. She grabbed the towel I tossed aside earlier and rubbed herself between her legs to get rid of our cum. It would have been a funny sight if she wasn't scaring the shit out of me. Suddenly I heard it too- doors slamming and voices. I looked out the window and saw her parents and little brother walking up the driveway. "Ohfuck,ohfuck,ohfuck" I muttered, pulling my boxers and jeans up at the same time. I yanked my shirt over my head as Lauren tried to fix her hair, gave up, and put it up in a ponytail. We rushed down stairs, falling onto the couch as her family rounded the corner into the living room. The TV was off, so we had to pretend we were just talking. "Hey Darren!" Rudy exclaimed, jumping onto my lap. "Hey man" I said, shifting him so he sat between Lauren and I. Her mother glanced at me, hearing the uncomfortable strain in my voice. She let it go though, and I spent the afternoon watching cartoons with my girlfriend and her little brother, knowing that this morning I never thought everything would end so well.