

My Friend Corey

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Published on Lush Stories on 05 Feb 2010

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/my-friend-corey.aspx>

Corey and I have been best friends for as long as I can remember. He was in my third grade class. All of the kids mad fun of him for being the new kid. I was the only one that wanted to be his friend. He was two months older than me. As we got older and our bodies developed, we began to notice each other in ways we hadn't before. I would tease him by walking around in revealing clothes, and he would tease me also. Corey and I never had anything very romantic between us, for neither of us had ever thought of each other in that way. Or at least I hadn't. Not until that night. Corey had dark brown hair and brown eyes. He was 6'3" and had a good build. I had long bleach blonde hair and bright blue eyes. I was 5' with fairly small boobs and a tiny waist. Even though my breasts were small I caught Corey looking at them often. But we'd make a joke about it so it wouldn't be weird. He would come over every day, for he lived in the house next to mine. He hardly ever had a girlfriend, but I had many boyfriends. Most of them didn't like Corey because he was my best friend and if I had to I would choose him over them. I think Corey didn't have a lot of girlfriends because he was very shy. He was quiet almost always unless it was just me and him. He was even quiet around his family of four brothers and one sister. Corey didn't like his family very much, so most nights he slept over at my house sleeping with me in my bed. The nights he had to stay at his house we spent talking on the phone until early hours. Corey and I had a lot in common. We both liked the same type of music, we both loved blueberry Poptarts, we both loved to go on long walks, and so many other things. But we also were different in a lot of ways. I loved my family and hung out with them a lot, I was loud and loved attention, he liked action movies, I liked chick flicks. I only had one brother, Alex, but he didn't live with us. I loved hanging out with Corey. He was so great to me. I remember in ninth grade he got in a fight with Mark Smith for touching my ass. And the summer before tenth grade he drove to all the way to Allison James' house at three in the morning to pick me up and take me home because I was drunk from her party. And later that night he held my hair for me while I threw up in his car. He never got mad at me, ever. Even when I messed up bad. And I loved him for that. It was Friday, May 30th. Our last day of high school. When the summer was over we would go off to college. We were both going to Washington College, in Maryland. It wasn't far from where we lived in Delaware. Corey was spending the night, like always. It was very hot, so I was only wearing a tank top and panties. Corey was just in his boxers. We were laying in my bed when I complained, "Corey I'm hot. Will you turn the fan on?" He looked down at me. "Sure." He got up and turned on the switch to the ceiling fan. Then he went over to the rotating fan by my bed and turned it on as well. He laid back down with me. I

smiled at him, "Thank you." And I gave him a kiss on the cheek. We watched the end of Made of Honor, my favorite movie. "That is so sweet. I wish somebody would love me that much." I said when it ended. Corey smirked. I jumped off the bed. I pulled out the Notebook, and did a silly little dance while I put it in, pretending to be sexy. He smiled at me. I hit play and walked back over to the bed. I jumped on top of him. "Woah!" He yelled. I'd caught him by surprise by jumping on him. I giggled. "Hi." I looked up at him and smiled. He grabbed me and pushed me on top of the bed. He sat on top of me and started to tickle me. I giggled and squealed and told him to stop but he didn't. "Corey!... Please!.... Your gonna make me.... Agh!" He finally stopped. I tried to catch my breath. "Your not funny." I said with a smile. "Then why does it seem like you enjoy it so much? Huh? Your laughing and smiling." He smiled big at me as he said this. I stuck my tongue out at him. "Oh you know what that means? I'm going to have to tickle you again." I squirmed under him. "No! Please!" I cried out. He began to tickle me again. And secretly I did like it. When he stopped he fell, exhausted, next to me. We both laughed until it hurt. When we stopped laughing he looked me in the eyes. I saw lust in his eyes. I then realized that I had feelings for him. I reached up to him and kissed his lips. They were so warm and soft. He kissed me back. I wanted him. I wanted him bad. I got on top of him and stuck my tongue deep in his mouth. He stopped kissing me for a second. "I love you Kaitlyn. I have for a long time. I've wanted this for so long." I replied by kissing him again. I slowly started grinding on him. I could feel his hard cock. I stopped kissing him. I got off of his lap and pulled down his boxers. I rubbed him softly at first and then got harder. He moaned with pleasure. After a few minutes of jerking him off I grabbed him and took him in my mouth. He was at least a good 8 inches, and he was thick too. I massaged the bottom of his shaft while blowing him. He moaned softly as he came deep in my mouth. After he settled down he grabbed me and pulled me up with him. "Your turn." He said quietly. He kissed my lips passionately. Then he kissed my neck and my shoulder. He pulled off my tank top. He kissed my small breasts and began to suck on my right nipple as he massaged the other. I moaned softly. After a few minutes of that he continued. He kissed my belly down, down, down. He kissed my panty line and I giggled. He slowly slipped off my panties. He kissed my smooth shaved pussy. He kissed the lips. He gently teased me with the tip of his tongue. I moaned. My breathing was going fast and so was my heart beat. He stuck his tongue deep inside of me which made me moan loudly. "Corey." I whispered as I played with his hair. "Fuck me Corey. Please baby please. I need you." I said quietly. He looked me in the eyes. "Are you sure?" He sounded worried. "Yes please just fuck me Corey." He came up to me. He kissed me hard. He slid the head of his dick up and down my cunt, teasing me. "Just put it in me Corey!" I wanted it so bad. Gently he slid into me slowly. I moaned. "Yeah, yeah. Please. Give it to me Corey. I love you." With that he fucked me hard. We kept going for a long time. He kissed me hard and slid his cock into me hard one last time. He came inside of me. I felt at least eight shots hit me. He fell beside me. I kissed him hard. "Thank you so much Corey. I love you. I never want you to leave me." He held me in his arms. "I love you too, Kaitlyn. I really really do. And don't worry. I'll never leave you baby." He kissed the top of my head and we fell asleep. When I woke up I was cold. Corey was asleep. I could feel his boner on my leg. I kissed him on his lips. I thought about what had happened a few hours ago. It made me wet to think about his

fuck. He was so great. I knew he'd had sex before but I didn't know he was this great. He must have had a lot of practice. That thought made me sad. Distracting me, Corey made a noise beside me. It sounded like a moan. He said my name. "Kaitlyn." And then I heard him moan again. He was having a wet dream. That made me really horny. Slowly and carefully I got on top of him. I kissed him hard. His eyes fluttered open. "Kaitlyn." He said. And he kissed me. We made out for a few minutes. I slid my wet pussy on to his rock hard cock and started to ride him. We both moaned. It felt so good. We fucked for longer than the first time. This time we both came. I collapsed into his arms. He kissed me again and again. We stayed up all night kissing and loving. And every night after that we did the same.