

Forbidden Lovers - Part 1.

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Lexia, Kate and Harry. Three friends, and a dirty secret between two of them.

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/taboo/forbidden-lovers-part-1.aspx>

This is one of my own stories, I've posted it up elsewhere as well. But enjoy!

(Day 1)

I shuffled in my seat uncomfortably as I felt his eyes bore into me; I refused to meet them and satisfy their hunger. I shot them past him and to the person on his right; his girlfriend... my *best* friend. "You look really beautiful tonight." Harry leant his mouth to Kate's ear, his eyes lingering on mine. She giggled, flinging her arms around his neck and pulling him close. I ran my fingers through my hair and swept my fringe off my face. *What had gotten into Harry tonight?* The glances; the snide comments towards me... Harry and Kate hadn't been together long, it had only been a few months; but ever since he and I first met at the tour after party, there had been some sort of undeniable chemistry between us. Both of us were aware of it and neither of us will deny it, but these lustful urges have necessarily been suppressed for obvious reasons.

The conversation ensued as we ate our meals; talking about what we were going to do tonight, swapping jokes. The three of us were here, after an exhausting year, with our exams, grades and applications.

Pushing my half-eaten plate of food aside, I excused myself. The heat didn't go well with my appetite. "I'm off for a shower" I announced. The evening sun was hot and I needed to cool down. "Okay babe" Kate smiled back at me. "We'll be up in a bit to get ready."

I scowled at Harry as his eyes followed my body when I stood up. There was something about the looks he had been giving me all night that really infuriated me; he knew the power he had over me. My body couldn't help but respond to his ravenous eyes, and I quickly turned away as I felt my face flush and heart pound; making my way back to the hotel room.

Closing the door behind me swiftly, I exhaled against it. The room was swimming with the warm dense air and the low sun reached out across the room to my bare legs. Smiling to myself, I continued across the room and on to the balcony. The buildings lay out across the whole horizon,

silhouetted against the sun. It was breathtaking. I began daydreaming about the holiday ahead; I could feel it was going to be good. Suddenly I was brought back to reality by a bashing at the door. Confused, I shouted back.

“Who is it?”

No answer. I walked to the door and spoke out again. “Hello?”

No sooner than having turned the lock, Harry had flung the door open, slamming himself into my body as he pushed my back to the wall.

“What the fuck Harry?” I hissed, trying to push my way out of his snare. He slammed his arms either side of my head taking a deep breath inwards as he dropped his eyes to my feet and ran them up my body. My chest was becoming increasingly tight as the whole weight of his body shifted against mine.

“You swan around in your fucking skimpy hotpants and loose fitting tops, and expect me not to notice? You can’t tease me like that, you little slut.”

He sounded angry, practically spitting the words at my face. My eyes met Harry’s in disbelief, even more shocked when I felt him begin to harden against my thigh. Everything about his body was tense; his biceps protruding each side of my head, his chest rising and falling sharply against mine, his clenched jaw cutting against the air.

“Harry...” I stammered.

His face was now only an inch from mine. His warm breath circulated my face as he lowered his eyes to my lips. I tried to swallow but my mouth was dry. Despite telling myself that I didn’t want this, my body was defying my intentions for the second time that evening. My nipples hardened through my bikini and the thin material of my crop top, and a dull throbbing began between my legs. Harry pressed his lips to mine, lingering them there for a moment; waiting for me to grant his tongue access. My heart drummed against my chest, my mind swarming with so many reasons as to why I should push him away. But I didn’t. I *couldn’t*. All rational thoughts were overridden by the overwhelming urge to feel him deep inside of me. I lapped my tongue at his, inviting him in. His hands eagerly explored the exposed skin around my waist, running along my arms and pinning them either side of my head as he continued to work his tongue inside my mouth. His tongue pressed roughly against mine and I fought for breath as the kiss deepened, feeling completely helpless as he dominated my whole body. He dropped my arms from his tight grip as I ground my thigh into his crotch, sending him into a sudden moment of weakness. I tugged at the low-cut hem of his top, dragging it over his head to expose his tanned torso. We both paused as we locked eye contact; taking in every part of each other. Harry slid his hands up my cropped top and began massaging my breasts, running his thumbs over my nipples through the scarce material of my bikini top. I placed my hands on the small of his back and pulled him in closer.

“God I’ve wanted you for so long” he murmured into my lips as he pressed them with his again. I ran my fingers through his curls, letting him explore the parts of my body that he hadn’t been able to until

now. Catching me unawares, his large hands gripped me by the waist and spun me around from the wall and on to the unforgiving mattress below. I slammed into it, soon followed by Harry's overpowering body. His skin was smooth against mine as we writhed against each other, crotches grinding instinctively. He nipped and sucked at the skin just above my collar bone as he began his way down my body. He released the button of my denim shorts, dragging them down past my ankles. I propped myself up on to my elbows and watched Harry intently as he bit his lip and pulled my lace thong to one side. I flung my head back as Harry's hot breath caught the sensitive skin between my legs. Lingering there for what seemed like forever, I bucked my hips towards him, begging for him to fuck me. I felt Harry's mouth smile into the skin of my inner thigh as he satisfied my needs, flicking his hot wet tongue up and down. I clutched at the sheets as he ran his finger up my thigh, sliding it inside me.

"Does that feel good?" he purred. I smirked. He knew *exactly* what he was doing and how worked up he was making me.

"No, you'll have to do better than that." I teased through laboured breaths.

With that, he began sucking on my clit, sliding another finger into me. *God he was good*. I wrapped my legs around his neck and spurred him in closer, doing my best to stifle my moans in my throat.

"Hello? Are you in there?"

A banging came from the door. Shit, it was Kate. Harry and I both paused for a moment; struggling to accommodate our breathing to the newly silent room.

"I'm just getting changed! What is it?" I called out.

"Okay no problem. Was just wondering whether you'd seen Harry?"

Yeah he's here, right between my legs.

"NooOOOO!" Harry rolled his tongue firmly over my clit again as I tried to answer her, my response lifting volume as he did so.

"Fuck, Harry", I scornfully hissed at him.

"Are you okay in there?" she replied.

"Yep fine, I'm fine!" I tried to compose myself as a sudden dull feeling of guilt cast itself upon me. I felt physically sick as her footsteps distanced down the hall. What had I just let myself do? I pushed Harry from between my legs and stood up frantically.

"Fuck." I exclaimed, traipsing towards the balcony.

"You need to leave."

I gestured towards the door, my back still turned. *What on earth had just happened?*

"No. I need to fuck you." Harry's soothing husky voice was juxtaposed against his commanding tone. He crept his body up behind mine, bunching my loose wavy hair to one side over my shoulder. He ran his tongue across the newly exposed skin, palming my breasts with one hand as he ran the other down my stomach and beneath my underwear. I tilted my jaw back in order to expose the sweetpoint of my neck his willing tongue. I inhaled deeply; taking in the alluring scent of his cologne that was lingering on his warm skin. His erection pressed through his trousers and against my back as his

fingers began tracing circles over my clit again. "You're still so wet" he purred into my ear, pulling me closer. I sucked on my bottom lip, succumbing to his touch.

Suddenly I snapped out of my weakness and was thrown back into the astonishing guilt that had subsided momentarily.

"NO HARRY." I shouted abruptly. "You NEED to leave." I stepped away from him as quickly as I could, leaving him standing there awkwardly.

"Alright" he finally spoke; his tone monotonous. He walked past me to collect his t-shirt that I had so willingly torn from him earlier. I watched intently as his shoulder blades moved under his skin as he leant down. Standing up, I stared at his topless frame; I couldn't help myself. He wasn't particularly muscular; but the skin revealed soft contours around his abdomen, and readily revealed his prominent collarbones. He walked past me, avoiding my gaze. That's when it happened. That's when something inside me snapped; something so uncontrollable and so overwhelmingly powerful surged through the whole of my body as I grabbed him by the shoulders and pushed him to the bed. Before he had a chance to speak, I crashed my lips against his and clawed at his stomach as I ground my crotch into his. Holding his hands above his head, I ran my tongue down his neck, paying particular attention to his exposed jugular. He groaned as I reached my hands down to his trousers, toying with the waistband of his boxers that rode slightly above his trousers. He jolted his hips towards me as I released him from the first of his confines and hissed as I palmed at his boxers, feeling him grow at my touch. I pulled his trousers and boxers down in one swift motion, leaving him there exposed. Clambering my body back up on to his, I removed my thong so that there was nothing between us as I ground my crotch back and forth along his shaft. Reaching my hands behind my back I removed my bra. Harry's hands ran up each side of my body and to my back, pulling me down roughly into him. "Fuck, you're incredible" he exhaled, as I continued to move my body against his. Grabbing my shoulders he spun me round so he was now on top, craning his body above my small frame. He nudged the head of his penis along my clit, driving me crazy.

"I need you now, Harry" I sucked in a sharp intake of breath and shuddered as he worked a particularly sensitive point of my clit. He smirked at my irrepressible desire, and positioned himself at my entrance as I wrapped my legs around his back, bringing him in. I winced as he began to force himself into me.

"Fuck Harry" I cursed; not used to his size. I dug my the pads of my fingers into his arms causing his skin to flush white tones around the intense pressure.

He pressed his finger to my clit as he struggled to push the rest of himself in, being careful not to hurt me. Once in, he readjusted himself, placing his forearms either side of me.

"You're so big."

I nipped at his jaw as he began moving in me; my breathing jagged. The corners of his mouth turned upwards against mine as he began kissing me more intently than before.

"And. You're. So. Fucking. Hot."

He enunciated each word on each thrust. I arched my back as he drove me into new levels of

ecstasy, bringing my body closer to him. Snaking his hands around my back, he brought me up so we were now sat upright. I tightened my legs round him as he thrust deeper inside me, roaming my hands round the entire range of his exposed back. Harry's thrusts were quick and remained deep, rubbing relentlessly against my g-spot. Releasing me, I fell back to the bed breathless; awaiting his next move. Without warning he thrust himself back into me; bringing my legs up against his chest. "Are you gunna come for me?" he hissed into my ear.

I moaned in response, knowing I was close. I slid my hand between us to bring myself to the edge, but Harry's hand quickly grabbed my wrist and held it to my side. Shifting the majority of his weight on to one arm, he began working my clit with his spare. He leant his head down and let his tongue play with mine as my moans echoed throughout the room.

"I'm close, Harry." I managed to choke.

"I can tell." He laughed through shallow breaths, resuming his tongue back in my mouth. With that, I was hurled over the edge as my body crashed upwards towards his, my nails clawing into the skin of his back and toes curling uncontrollably as he continued to fuck me throughout my orgasm. Harry wasn't long after me; spilling himself into my submissive body. He bowed his head towards mine as his final thrusts were reduced to half-hearted pathetic movements. Our tongues continued to massage each other as we came down from our highs, before eventually coming to a halt. We lay there in silence; six months of sexual tension had been released in the last half hour.

"Fuck." Harry said in a tone of disbelief.

"I know."

"That was..."

"Unexpected." I finished.

An air of silence filled the room, allowing us both to collect our thoughts.

"I..."

"I know me too." I quickly cut Harry off. I knew he felt bad about Kate. So did I. I'd never felt so guilty in my whole life. But what just happened then- I just couldn't control it.

"I should probably go." Harry started, getting up from the bed.

My eyes looked at him questioningly as he started to dress himself; his eyes returning the same glance. I slid my top over my head, suddenly feeling more vulnerable than ever before. I watched him as he walked towards the door and shut it behind him, not even giving me a second glance.

What the fuck had we just done?