

Friends and Lovers
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He was asleep on the couch. Her couch. Crashing at her place overnight, as he had so many nights before.

Her friend. Her buddy.

The man she wanted more than she'd ever wanted anyone in her life.

She couldn't sleep, tossing and turning and thinking of him lying not thirty feet away from her on the other side of her bedroom wall. He had stayed over countless times, what was it about tonight that had her squirming beneath the sheets, unable to ignore the warmth between her legs?

It had been an average night with friends over, nothing special. He'd thrown a few meaningful glances her way, or at least that's what she'd thought she'd seen. He'd stood a little too close to her at the door when bidding their other friends goodnight. And when he had, God...the subtle, masculine scent of him, the warmth of his body so close to hers....maybe he'd actually seen the little shiver of sexual awareness that had rippled through her then.

Whatever it was, she was suffering now. His smile, his voice, his deep, infectious laugh...so what if he had been her friend since college, so what if he could be a bit of a doofus at times....okay, a lot of the time....so what if

they were both single now and feeling that familiar itch, that longing, that uncomfortable awareness of being without someone just a bit too long....

Fuck...

They had talked about this. Once. They had agreed; getting involved wasn't the right thing to do....look how many friendships were ruined by sex. And it would be 'just sex', right?

Right.

Neither of them were looking for love. Neither of them wanted to get serious, it would only be sex, and that just wouldn't be worth risking their friendship over.

They were friends. Period.

Nothing to see here, folks. Move along.

She threw back the duvet and swung her legs over the side of the bed, wiggling her toes nervously as she bit her lip. She didn't want to use her vibrator, not with him just on the other side of the wall. What if he heard her? And somehow even just the thought of pleasuring herself seemed....well, not wrong but just....so unappealing. He was right there....so close....so touchably close....stroking herself to a quiet little orgasm seemed like such pale consolation.

She needed a drink, that's what she needed. Not *that* kind of drink - although God knew she wasn't far from it. She needed a cool glass of water from the pitcher in the fridge....and maybe some splashed on her face for good measure. Then she could come back to bed and read. Or

listen to some music. Or... something. She had an early start in the morning, she had to find some way to get some sleep.

If she was really quiet, she could slip right past him and he'd never even know she'd been out of her room.

She creaked open her bedroom door and listened for the sound of his quiet snoring. Sure enough, the soft sounds of sleep drifted towards her and she straightened, relaxing a little. Great. He was sleeping just fine. He wasn't tossing and turning thinking about *her*...

She slipped out into the chilly living room, and shivered involuntary. She'd set the thermostat low in the living room to save energy, completely forgetting to turn it up for his sake, so while her bedroom was toasty warm, the living room was cold and still. Guiltily she cast her eyes over his sleeping form, sprawled inelegantly over the couch with one hand thrown over his eyes and one leg up over the back of the sofa. He wore only a t-shirt and boxers, and lying there without so much as an afghan to cover himself with, he looked vulnerable somehow, and uncomfortable.

And incredibly, almost achingly sexy

Her eyes roamed over him in blatant appreciation. He wasn't a muscle-bound freak, he was just a nicely filled-out man, broad shouldered, solid, with muscles in all the right places. She let her eyes slide down his legs, to where the swell of his thigh muscle peeked out from beneath the hem of his shorts. He'd never win Mr. Universe, but he

was undeniably, utterly male. His stubbled jaw caught her eye, and she let her gaze linger on the lips she'd imagined kissing so many times...too many times, in fact. So often that sometimes she imagined the fantasy as if it were memory. So delicious, so sensual and hot....

Only he wasn't hot. She dragged herself back to reality, frowning as she looked down at him. He was cold.

She went back to the bedroom and pulled an extra blanket off the closet shelf, and carried it back to lay across his sleeping form. He stirred slightly as she draped it over him, and his eyelids fluttered open.

"Hmmm..." he mumbled thickly, his voice hoarse and low. "Good morning."

"It's not morning, it's two a.m.," she whispered. "I was just getting you a blanket. Go back to sleep."

"Mmmmm..." he said, cuddling it around him.

He pulled his leg down off the couch and straightened himself out, stretching languidly, shuddering, like a cat. She loved watching the way his muscles tensed and relaxed. She loved watching him do anything, in fact.

"It's so cold," she said by way of an unasked-for explanation, and looked away from his body. His eyes were still closed so she could have looked a little longer, but didn't want to risk it.

"Cold?" he murmured. "Just a second." He pushed aside the blanket and reached for her, tugging her down towards him.

She gasped and lost her footing, sitting down hard on the couch beside him. He pulled her down and enveloped her in his arms, pulling her tight against his chest.

He flipped the blanket over top of both of them.
“There. I'll keep you warm.”

A sleepy duskiness coloured his voice, and something in the intimacy of it, the familiarity of it, made her heart flutter rebelliously in her chest. He smelled so damn good, like a mixture of soap and the sweet warm scent of a clean cotton shirt. He drew her in closer, moulding his body against hers, and God help her, she let him. She settled in more comfortably beside him, her leg thrown over his, her arm stretched across his chest.

“I was saying *you* must be cold,” she whispered. “Not telling you *I* was.”

“I know.”

They lay there, entwined, quiet, saying nothing more. She rested her head against his chest and could feel more than hear the lazy beat of his heart, and the quiet, smooth passage of his breath. His hand languidly caressed her arm, the rhythm growing slower as he drifted back to sleep. Sleep threatened to claim her, too, so she stirred, trying to disentangle from him. She'd have to be near her alarm clock or she'd never get up in time.

“No, don't go,” he murmured as she tried to move. He held her tighter.

“I have to,” she whispered. “I have to get some sleep, I have to get up in a few hours.”

“Stay.”

“I can't.”

He was gradually coming awake, slowly becoming more oriented. He shifted position slightly so that he was more on his side, looking down at her as he rested his head on his bent elbow. He stretched his other arm across her and pulled her closer, gently caressing her back.

“Stay,” he said again. His voice was clearer now. He was fully awake. Still slightly dazed from sleep, but awake.

She hesitated, letting her gaze roam over his face. Finally she whispered, “We talked about this, remember?”

“I know. I'm sorry. I just...I want you to stay.”

In the dim moonlight spilling in through the French doors his features were muted, but his eyes...his eyes were large and dark, taking her in with a mixture of hope and trepidation. He moistened his lips, his eyes growing even larger as they roamed over her face and she could feel the pace of his heart pick up and his breathing increase.

His gaze moved down to her lips and his brow creased in an expression that could have been longing, or frustration, or both. He raised his eyes slowly to meet hers, the haze of desire stealing slowly into his gaze.

How on earth was she supposed to resist such a sensual, beautiful, soulful man? *Stay*? How could she not?

“Please,” he whispered. “Stay.”

Her resolve was crumbling as she felt her chest tighten. She looked into his eyes and barely managed to whisper the words. "Make me."

And so he did.

He lowered his head slowly and kissed her, brushing her lips softly, sensuously, as if in no particular hurry. As if he had all the time in the world to savour her, to taste her, to send pleasure rippling through her with every touch of his lips. He murmured softly as he gently nipped at her bottom lip, teasing her, biting and then kissing-better the lips he was bruising.

She could feel the pleasure he was taking in kissing her, the slow - tortuously slow - pleasure he was enjoying for himself and teasing out of her as he lingered on her mouth. His hand slid along her jaw, tilting her face up to him, his thumb caressing her cheek as he kissed her. He broke the kiss and looked down at her in wonder, his eyes glittering in the dim light, then brought her face up to his and kissed her again.

She opened her mouth to him and his tongue slipped in to tangle sensuously with hers. He angled his head from one side to the other, exploring her mouth and pressing kisses along the edges of her lips. She kissed his cheeks, his chin, his light stubble gently grazing her lips and making them all the more sensitive. When she found his lips again, their soft warmth was intoxicating and she deepened the kiss, teasing his tongue with her own.

She kissed him back sensually, with equal possessiveness and enjoyment, and knew that her response was emboldening him.

He tensed and pressed against her, his kiss growing firmer and more insistent. His mouth moved over hers expertly, wringing pleasure from her in breaths that came faster and little cries that escaped into the quiet of the room. Her soft moans made him tense even more, and she could feel his arousal along the length of her leg, hard and urgent like the rest of his body.

They were both warm now, and he threw back the blanket before settling back down on top of her, returning to the slow, rhythmic dance of kissing, teasing, and tasting that was just about driving her mad.

She slipped her hands up over her head, thinking to wrap them around him, but he found them and clasped her wrists together with his left hand and kept them there, holding her down with gentle pressure as he bent to kiss her more deeply. The sensation of being held by him, of being pinned down, gently, but with no doubt as to his strength, rushed through her in unfamiliar torrents of excitement. He entwined his fingers in hers, easing up on the pressure, dipping his head between her upraised arms to kiss her deeply, slowly, torturously.

As his tongue tangled with hers the fingers of his right hand trailed up the side of her body, stopping at the swell of her breast. He ran his hand over her gently, tentatively, feeling the weight of it beneath him and

groaning softly. He slipped his hand inside her robe and cupped her bare flesh, his warm hand gently squeezing, caressing, as he groaned again and grew even harder. His thumb circled over her nipple and she gasped, arching against him at the sudden sting of pleasure. He pushed aside the robe further, revealing her breast with its tight pink nipple, unbearably aroused by his touch.

“You are so beautiful,” he whispered, gazing at her breast. He lowered his lips to her nipple and gently kissed it, his tongue tasting and savouring it the way he had just been savouring her mouth.

The wet warmth of his mouth on her sensitive flesh made her ache with a tension and desire she had never felt before. When his tongue swirled around her nipple languidly, when he took the sensitive bud into his mouth and suckled softly, she felt the exquisite torture of it flow down through her body to her very core. How could this feel so damn good? Just the lightest brush of his lips, his tongue, his teeth on her nipple and she felt almost ready to come.

His free hand slid around to the small of her back and he lifted her gently, sliding her further down the couch and farther under him. She was completely beneath him now, and completely held by him, one strong hand gently pressing her wrists into the sofa cushions and the other splayed across her back while he bent his head and kissed and sucked and teased her breast. She almost couldn't bear

the sensation as her nipple grew harder, more tender, and the pleasure started to liquify between her legs.

“Oh yes...” she breathed. She arched again, wanting him to release her from his mouth and yet hoping that he never would. "Oh my God, that feels so good...."

He let go of her wrists and brought his hand down to her other breast, pushing aside her robe to free her completely. He caressed her, sensuously feeling the roundness of her, and trailed his lips across the rising swell, kissing and tasting and smiling at the way her soft flesh moved under his tongue. He gently grasped her breast and brought her nipple up to his mouth, which grew hard and exquisitely tender under his tongue. His fingers continued to tease her other nipple, the one still stinging from the feel of his mouth on it, still aching to feel it again.

She arched into him, sinking her hand into his hair and pressing him to her breast. The pleasure of his mouth and hands on her was making her weak, making her shiver with pleasure and need, all down the length of her and in between her legs. She could feel herself growing wet and ready for him, the pleasure so intense, so unlike anything she'd ever felt before.

She heard herself moaning softly, whimpering, making sounds she had never made before, all but dizzy with desire and sensation. With every little sound she made he groaned, or his erection surged against her, or he fell onto her breasts again with increased hunger. Her

response to him was as intoxicating to him as his mouth was to her - she could feel it in his every movement, his every ragged breath.

"I need you," she pleaded softly. "Please."

He rose over her, bracing his arms on either side of her. His eyes blazed with heat as he looked down at her, at her eyes, her mouth, her breasts. He took her mouth expertly, hungrily, kissing her fiercely with a dominance that thrilled her.

He moved to trail hot kisses down her neck, licking the sensitive skin near her collarbone, barely skimming her with his tongue as if wanting the merest taste. She gripped his shoulders, and turned her head to the side, aching at the sensation of his mouth on her, kissing, licking, tasting. She moaned at the feel of his tongue on her neck and the gentle pressure of his lips pressing kisses against her skin. She needed to feel him, to taste his salty sweet skin, his maleness, *him*.

As if he could read her thoughts he lifted up from her to pull his shirt over his head and let it fall to the floor. She reached up and ran her hands over his chest, and as he fell on her again his mouth found hers hungrily and his hand slid into her hair, gripping the top of her head possessively as they kissed.

She had never felt so possessed, so taken, so overwhelmed by a man. She broke the kiss and sought his neck, his shoulder, his tense muscles straining as he held himself above her. She branded her own hot trail of kisses

into his skin, felt him strain against her at the sensation. She loved the taste of him, so male and wonderful beneath her lips.

“Baby...” His voice was hoarse, breathless. For one brief moment uncertainty flashed in his eyes and he looked as though he wanted to say something. But when her lips found his again he lost the thought and succumbed to the kiss, slanting over her mouth, teasing her tongue with his.

She ran her hands down his back to the waistband of his boxers, and dipped her hands beneath the elastic to roam over his flesh. He tensed at her touch and she felt him suck in a breath as she moved her hands around to the front.

He was hard and urgent, and she curled her fingers around him as she gripped his ass with her other hand. He groaned softly and kissed her even more deeply, surging against her with an almost desperate urgency. She began to stroke him, her fingers gently gliding up and down his smooth shaft until he suddenly let out a groan and broke away, stopping her hand with his own.

“*Fuck,*” he said breathlessly, heat blazing in his eyes. “I can’t...”

Alarm flared in her. “What’s wrong?”

“I won’t last long...”

“Oh, is that all?” She gently pushed his hand away and began to stroke again.

He moaned, closing his eyes briefly, enjoying the pleasure. "If you keep doing that...."

"What?" she prompted, nibbling on his lower lip as she stroked.

"I'll have to fuck you."

"Good."

She took his lips again and they fell into a rhythmic kiss, as if they had been kissing each other forever. He moaned softly into her mouth as she stroked him, as she kissed him and made soft noises of her own.

He broke the kiss, his breathing sharp and shallow, and gazed down at her, pressing his forehead to hers.

"Are you sure about this?" His voice was quiet, urgent, almost desperate.

"Yes," she breathed, pushing his boxers down with her free hand. He lifted up his hips to help her and shrugged out of them, kicking them to the floor.

"I didn't mean for this to happen, at least not tonight," he said, his breath jagged and quiet as she continued to stroke him. "I've wanted you for so long, but....but...."

"I know," she murmured, kissing his neck as her hand slid over him again and again.

His body was rigid with tension and she tried to relax him with her mouth, her whispers, the feel of her body. But she knew he wouldn't relax as long as she was stroking him. She paused and he relaxed slightly, but his eyes still blazed and his breath still came unevenly.

“Are you *sure*?” he asked again, his eyes showing fear through the haze of desire. Heat blazed between them, and she felt such a desperate need in him that she wanted to soothe him, comfort him. But doing so with words seemed the wrong thing to do.

“Mmm hmmm,” she murmured instead, kissing his jaw, his neck, the sensitive skin beneath his ear.

He groaned softly as she ran her fingers over his shaft, teasing, tempting, letting her fingernails trail along the sensitive skin below. She cupped him and squeezed gently as he groaned louder, pleasure that sounded almost painful. She laughed softly, kissing along his collarbone, his shoulder, his neck.

“You know how I feel about you...” he managed, his voice little more than a breath. “Don't you? That I...that —”

“Shhhh,” she said, coming back to meet his eyes.

He looked so afraid, so vulnerable, and yet so filled with desire. She knew, then, everything she needed to know. And every word he needed to hear.

“Please...baby....it's okay. We can talk later. Right now...please...just shut up and fuck me.”

His fear melted into a smile so warm, so open, so full of relief that he almost looked ready to cry. He took her mouth again, arching over her as he claimed her. Where before his kisses had been searching and sensuous, now they seemed driven by pure desire. He ground his lips on hers masterfully, taking what he wanted, what he needed.

She could feel the raw need in him, the need for acceptance, the need to let pure passion overcome his fear. Every meeting of their lips sent another jolt through her, every taste of his tongue made her desperate for more, and she knew he was reeling from the same powerful sensations that she was.

She could feel him starting to let go, to abandon himself to her, to enjoy making her abandon herself to him. Here was the lust she had always hoped was there, the powerful sexuality always just below the surface, the desire she had hoped and prayed he felt for her. It was here, pressed against her, an urgent cock and a hard, warm body, roaming lips and soft, male moans of pleasure and need. A careful heart revealing itself to hers.

She moved beneath him, pressing her hips against him to ease the heat that radiated from between her legs. The ache was exquisite, her need growing more urgent as she felt his cock surge and strengthen.

She felt his hand on her knee and then slowly, so damn slowly, he began to trail his fingers up along the inside of her thighs, which parted so easily at his gentle persuasion.

His touch was electric, yet soft and sensual, and wherever his fingers played she felt a fiery tingle that made her shiver. Finally his fingers trailed delicately over her soft curls, teasing her, tantalizing her, until she cried out softly, silently begging him to touch her most sensitive place.

With a smile that she could feel more than see, his fingers slipped into her slick warmth and she cried out again, a spasm of pleasure overwhelming her. He silenced her cry with his mouth, his tongue tangling with hers while his fingers slipped deeply inside her and stroked, as languidly and rhythmically as she was stroking him.

“Oh God....” she cried, writhing at the pleasure of his fingers sliding slowly in and out of her, then pulling out to trail up higher and caress her folds. When his fingers danced over her clit she arched her back, her breath leaving her in a gasp. The electricity of his touch, so gentle and sensuous, sent spasms of pleasure rippling through her.

He didn't hurry the pace, just stroked her with an even, sensual rhythm as he kissed her. He was holding her, his arm surrounding her, pressing his body to hers, his mouth never far from her lips, her neck, her ear, his eyes never far from hers. She had never felt so close to someone, so protected in his arms, so cherished and adored.

His fingers dipped down to enter her again and his thumb continued the slow, exquisite torture above. Just when she thought she'd go over the edge he'd pull away, pause, caress a different part of her and send her on the upward spiral again and again, or slide his fingers into her over and over while his thumb swirled and caressed and rubbed, driving her mad with an aching desire.

He smiled down at her, nipped at her lips, pressed his forehead to hers and trailed kisses down her eyelids, her cheeks, until claiming her mouth again, his tongue mimicking the sweet, sensuous motion of his fingers and thumb.

He grew rock hard in her hand as she moaned with each breath, as she came closer and closer to the edge. She could feel him restraining himself, wanting only to pleasure her, anticipating her climax. But it wasn't she wanted. On a ragged breath she stopped his hand.

"I want you," she said urgently. "Please, baby..fuck me."

He gazed at her, teetering on a moment of indecision. His chest rose and fell sharply with his laboured breath, and he brought a trembling hand up to her hip and gripped her, holding her, moving to settle between her legs and pausing at her entrance. He looked down at her with such uncertainty it made her heart ache.

"Please, I want you inside me." Her voice dropped to a whisper so urgent she hardly recognized it herself.

"Please don't make me beg."

And whatever strength he had left vanished.

"*Baby...*" He moved forward and slid into her, a breathless throaty sound of pure male pleasure escaping his lips. "Oh my God...."

He paused for a moment, looking down at her with heavy-lidded desire, visibly enjoying the new sensation of being so deep inside her. She was slick and hot, more than

ready for him, and as her body adjusted to him, to the exquisite, aching stretch he was causing, she squirmed beneath him on a moan of primal pleasure. He pulled out slowly, torturously, and slid himself in again, filling her completely.

She closed her eyes and moaned, gripping his ass as he lifted her hips up to him, angling her so he could fill her more deeply. He began to thrust, slowly, rhythmically, his hips moving sensuously, making her muscles tighten around him as he plunged into her again and again, their movements coming so easily, so naturally, so deliciously slowly.

She lifted her legs to wrap them around him, loving the way it tilted her back so that his every thrust felt deeper, felt like it was reaching new depths of pleasure in her.

He ran his hand possessively along her leg, pausing to look down at their joined bodies as he thrust into her. He raised himself up, his arms braced on either side of her to keep his weight off her, and moved so he could thrust more freely, more quickly, building the tempo. He pressed his lips to her forehead gently as he drove into her, his breath ragged, panting, hers matching his intensity and need.

She could feel him getting close, nearing the edge of his own release, and he slowed, lowering his head to nuzzle her neck as the rhythm of his hips paused, and then resumed again, more slowly this time, building again,

savouring her body the way his lips had savoured her mouth, the way his tongue had devoured her breasts. His arm slid around her back again, holding her, lifting her up to him as he took her breast in his mouth and teased it with his tongue. His mouth was hungrier this time, sucking her nipple, flicking his tongue over it with such abandon that she felt it in her core. His passion was growing, and she could sense that his desire to be slow and tender with her was losing the battle against his raw primitive need.

She gripped him, lost in the dizzying sensations he was causing in her. His mouth on her, his hand roaming over her, gripping her ass as he thrust into her in a relentless rhythm. She was limp in his embrace, held in place for him to possess, to plunder, to pleasure. She had never been held like that before, and the primal intensity of it, the feeling of being so completely owned by his desire, overwhelmed her. She was his, completely, her body as loose as a rag doll in his arms.

She gripped his straining arms as he sent pleasure coursing through her, gripping her as he thrust and withdrew, plunged and pulled out, drove into her over and over again in breathless ecstasy.

Waves of pleasure grew stronger and stronger in her, pushing her towards the ultimate pleasure, building with increasing urgency as his rhythm grew faster and harder.

He groaned as he kissed her neck, her collarbone, her breast, and drove himself into her with such need. She

gripped his buttocks, feeling the powerful muscles contracting with each thrust, drawing him deeper into her.

When he tore away from her lips and looked down into her eyes she felt the waves rise, growing stronger and higher and faster until with a shattered cry she came, trembling as the pleasure spasmed through her.

His eyes never left hers as he thrust into her, groaning from the exquisite pleasure of her spasming pussy. She was so incredibly tight, gripping his cock as she came, milking him as he struggled to last just a moment longer, lost in the heaven of her hot, wet heat. Her cries of pleasure echoed throughout the darkened room and when she whispered his name on a soft, sweet whimper he found his own release, jetting into her over and over again as he cried out in an agony of pleasure and a torrent, a chorus, of her name.

Finally, finally, his hips slowed and he lowered his head and kissed her gently, sensuously, as softly as he had when he had first pulled her down to him. Then he lowered his head to her neck and let himself rest there, lying against her, his heart thundering, his breath ragged and heavy.

She lowered her legs from around his waist and wrapped her arms around him instead, cradling him to her. She rested her head against the top of his and felt her own breath slowing, her own heartbeat returning to normal. His cock was still hard inside her and he shuddered as she clenched around him.

“God, you're incredible.” He exhaled a long, deep breath

He rose up and kissed her, shuddering with each aftershock as his cock surged inside her. She could feel her inner muscles clenching around him, not releasing him yet, teasing the last drops of pleasure from him.

He lay his head down against her again, breathing out a sigh that was both release and contentment as the last tremors rippled through him.

She loved this feeling, this sensation of his body trembling with the afterglow of pleasure, pleasure she had given him, just as her body was tingling from the intense pleasure he had given her.

He held her to him, sliding out of her slowly, and shifted slightly so that she fit against him perfectly, settling into the warmth and comfort of his arms encircling her.

“Incredible,” he whispered again, pressing his lips to her temple and leaving them there for a long minute before letting go.

“I’m so glad you stayed over,” she said quietly, kissing the soft skin of his neck.

He stilled for a moment, and she looked up at him, trying to read whatever might be revealed in his eyes. In the darkness they were inscrutable, until he leaned closer and bumped her cheek with his nose before lightly pressing his lips to hers for a sweet, soulful kiss.

“So does this mean we're not friends anymore?” he asked, in between luscious nips at her lips.

“I’d say this makes us best friends,” she said sleepily, unable to resist his slow, savouring kisses.

She felt his smile as he kissed her languidly, with deliberate slowness, each kiss deepening into something more intimate than the last. Finally his lips stilled and she felt him fall asleep beside her, his breathing soft and slow.

She wanted to stay awake, to freeze this moment in time, to make it last. She wished she could lay there forever, tucked in beside him, their bodies curled together. But even as she tried to stay awake, gently caressing the arm that draped over her protectively, she gradually succumbed to a peaceful, contented sleep.