

What is this

A female friend was visiting me. She was staying in my guest room, and asked me to wake her up around 9. I knocked on the door and quickly walked in.

"Wake up, sleepy" I stopped speaking. She hadn't mentioned that she sleeps in the nude. The sheet was only covering her from the waist down. I looked away as I began again: "Wake up, sleepyhead! It's your nine o'clock call!"

Her eyes fluttered open. She smiled and stretched languidly. "Mmm, thanks. I slept really well." She noticed that my eyes were flitting nervously from my feet to her eyes (and only her eyes). "Are you embarrassed by nudity?" she said, almost laughing. "You don't seem the type."

"If I looked I'd stare," I explained. "And gentlemen don't stare without being invited."

"You can look, silly."

My hungry eyes took in her breasts. They looked so appealingly soft, subtle, inviting. Eventually, my eyes wandered down to the sheet covering her lower body. My voice was deeper as I said, "Move the sheet."

"No!" she said, giggling.

My face flushed with embarrassment. I suddenly felt like a boy caught masturbating by his sister. I tried to brush off the feeling, jokingly saying, "Tease! Okay, anyway, the coffee is in the kitchen. I'll be in the living room."

I still felt a little chagrined as I sipped my coffee on the couch. She was just a friend, and she was seriously involved with someone else. We had flirted, but we both flirted with everyone, so that didn't mean anything. Before she arrived, I had resolved to treat her like just a friend, and now I felt silly for getting horny and then misinterpreting what she said.

I heard her bare feet pad down the stairs. She was so small she barely made an indentation on the couch as she sat down. I smelled her sweet perfume, and the subtle but intoxicating pheromones of her body. She hadn't brought her coffee or her clothes.

She gave me an uncertain and slightly apologetic look, like she knew she had embarrassed me. She scooted down so that her hips were jutting out a bit. "Is this what you wanted to see?" she whispered gently.

"Yes," I nodded. Her pussy was shaved bare, its lips slightly open, with just a hint of wetness within. I put my coffee down and reached over, caressing her bare shoulder with just the tips of my fingers. Her skin was so soft it made me ache. She leaned a little closer so I could reach more easily. Finally, she smiled again and said, "You're not this gentle in the stories you write."

"Sometimes someone makes me want to be gentle."

She nodded. "We can be gentle."

I leaned over and we kissed. Our moist lips gently hugged each other. When we broke the kiss, I found that our hands were cupping each other's faces. I looked into her beautiful eyes. So deep, so much there, do many sad things, but still so much love and joy. I wondered how she is so strong, when so much less makes me so weak. But it was a passing thought as she kissed me again, quickly, softly, affectionately on the lips, cheeks, chin, even the nose. We pulled each other into a hug. She pressed her small, naked body against my clothes. I became aware of the twitching in her hips. I pushed her back just slightly and we kissed again, more passionately. Our tongues rubbed gently against each other with long, slow, gentle slides. Her legs opened in anxious welcoming as my hand reached down. I found her wetness and slipped a finger between the folds of her pussy. She breathed in suddenly and tensed with pleasure. My finger was slow but insistent. I caressed her clit, fingered her hole, and enjoyed the slippery cream of her desire. Her delicate hand stroked my face as she looked into my eyes. I brought my fingers up to my face to taste her. She started to lick them too, and soon our faces were right next to each other, tongues darting over fingers, lips seizing fingers, and tongues pushing between lips. I started to put my hand back between her legs, but in between kissing me she moaned, "I need you. I need your dick." I nodded and leaned back. She helped me as I undid and slid off my pants, jockey shorts, shirt, and slippers. I lay back on the couch, my hard cock and tight balls aching for her. I gently pulled her on top so she could ride me, but she stopped with her mouth by my cock and started licking and sucking. Her mouth was very expert,

and her lust made her voracious. Soon we were both sighing and moaning in pleasure. She resisted when I tried to pull her mouth away, but I said, "I want to cum inside you." She smiled as she straddled me and my dick slipped into her.

As she rode up and down on my dick, taking me deep inside her, she kept looking into my eyes. The intimacy became overwhelming. I looked away and closed my eyes. I told myself, "Just sex. Her pussy is wet for dick. You're hard, that's all it is, just friends fucking." But I felt her hand softly turn my face toward her. Her deep eyes seemed to look right inside me.

"You can care about more than one person, you know. And you can care a lot about someone who belongs to someone else. It's okay." Quickly and unconvincingly, I said, "I know." She smiled. "No. You don't. Not yet. But I'll help you know."

Her hips rose and fell, like the swelling of the sea, as she fucked me hard. My hands caressed her soft back and her beautiful ass. It made me happy to see the look on her face, knowing how much pleasure my dick was giving her. I wanted to please her like this all day.

"Tell me what this is," she said, while still gracefully taking me in, her cream now running down around my balls and filling the room with a wonderful musky scent. "Tell me what you honestly think this is. Don't lie to please me."

My instinct was to lie. But those eyes made it so hard. I said what I believed, or what I thought I believed. "This is sex, just sex between friends."

She smiled. "No. This is making love."

My cock felt so good inside her sweet pussy. Her small, soft body felt so wonderful next to mine. But the emotional feelings were more intense than the physical ones.

"What is this?" she asked again.

"No." I tried to close my eyes. I tried to fight away the tears.

"What is this?" Her voice was a lover's gentle whisper now. It was the voice of someone who knows you better than yourself.

A tear ran down the side of my face as I said, "This is making love."

She nodded. Her hips began to move faster. "It's so good. You make my pussy feel so good, my darling. Yes, oh my God, yes!" She held my gaze almost throughout her entire orgasm. And even though she was almost spent, she watched me as I came inside her. I've always loved shooting my cum deep inside a woman. But this was different. It felt more like a gift than it ever had before.

She slumped onto my chest as her breathing gradually slowed. I caressed her hair. And as I caressed her, I tried to believe that there could be that much room for love in one heart.

About the Author

Alex, the writer, and Ally his wife are the principles of The Sexual Adventures of Alex & Ally. They began after a successful battle with breast cancer. Alex and Ally had lengthily discussions about their future. They knew from life's experience that it could all end tomorrow. Together, they set plans to accomplish numerous goals. In addition to the obvious, live each day to it's fullest, and grab all the gusto you can, they set a number of activities that they had to experience. There were people and places to see all over the world and experiences they'd not even mentioned before. One of the non-mentionable was the concept of multiple partner sex. They talked about it non-stop every day for over a year before stumbling into their first encounter with a long time family friend. That accidental encounter taught them that consensual sex was nothing more than a sport. Multiple partner sex was totally fun and with absolutely no guilt. In addition to be the most pleasurable sensation on earth, it was free! The recollections of their real encounters make up the series of The Sexual Adventures of Alex & Ally. It all began with a friend, And if you can't fuck your friends, who can you fuck?"