

What Are Old Friends For?

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She blew in like an aggravated F5 tornado, shouted, "Don't you dare say a thing," slammed the door shut and slung her purse across the room. It ricocheted away from my bottom-weary couch, cleared off the end table, then teetered briefly at the edge before following the displaced debris onto the floor. Only the reading lamp survived, leaning drunkenly against the wall, shade tilted at a precarious angle, light flickering, as if wondering what the hell just happened. Jennifer Lee Cummings, my life-long friend and sometime lover, saw none of this. By then her t-shirt was half off, covering her head. When her face emerged, she glared at me with tear-swollen, bloodshot eyes, yelled, "If you say 'I told you so,' I swear to God I'll kick you in the nuts," and threw the shirt in my direction. Words being unasked for and possibly even dangerous, I leaned away from the flying object and nodded. Besides, I already knew the story. We'd talked for hours the night before. In between crying jags, she told me all about how her marriage, which I'd warned her against, had fallen apart. So I settled for enjoying the view. Now topless, she struggled to unbutton tight, recalcitrant jeans had sent her gravity-defying breast jiggling in a attention grabbing manner. I'd seen those marvelous melons many times in the past, but not since our 'final and forever' last time together a year ago. That had been a few days before her wedding. A night filled with epic sex tinged with mixed emotions. We were achingly horny for one another. Nothing new about that. The difference was Jenny being almost giddy with romantic love while I worried her future husband, a shy, low-energy brainy nerd just wasn't the right man for her. That time, she'd come in calmly, closed the front door, and as usual, hung her purse on the door knob so she wouldn't forget it when leaving. By the time we met in the middle of the room, the silky blouse we both loved to feel was thrown open, revealing those delicious breasts and once again I found myself kissing the first lips I'd ever kissed. That kiss marked the beginning and end of foreplay. Sometime later, we lay together amid my rumpled sheets, wordlessly savoring the afterglow from our love making. When our breathing began calming down, she looked into my eyes. "Tell me the truth. Do you ever wish we'd been able to fall in love?" "Yep. It'd be nice having your best friend and lover as your spouse. But, maybe, I guess, knowing each other so long and so very, very personally, that wasn't in the cards. Besides, you always wanted a brainy, cuddly non-jock, and that just ain't me babe." She nodded. "And you always lusted for the short, skinny cheerleader-types." "Guilty as charged. I'm just glad we're still friends, even if the lovers part is ending." "Me, too. But I really do love Ricky. Besides, why get married if your already planning to cheat?" "Beats me. I'm just glad Ricky wanted to wait until after the wedding to consummate the deal. Though, like I've said before, how any

guy not dead or gay can pass on getting you into the sack is beyond me. And, to be honest, it still worries me that the two of you might not have the same sex drives. Face it gal, when it comes to sex, you can be a bit overwhelming.” A grunt of triumph snapped me back to the present, I watched as she shoved both jeans and panties to the floor, then angrily kicked them and her sandals aside. The tall, full-figured, toned and very nude body now standing defiantly before me, hands on hips, exuded an earthy, almost primal sexuality alpha males found irresistible and Betas terrifying. Jenny wasn't beautiful, not really. Her face, framed by a crown of short dark-blond hair, was saved from being plain by large blue eyes and a mouth that could break into a warm, soul-stirring smile, but could also purse into a scowl no one ever forgot or wanted to face again. Without warning, that proud, erect body sagged and her expression melted from belligerent anger to one of overwhelming sadness. In a resigned, indifferent voice she asked, “So how do I look?” “Better than ever,” was my honest reply. “Bullshit. I've gained weight.” “It all must have gone to your boobs. I swear they're finer than ever.” “No such luck. It all went to my butt,” she said, reaching around and slapping at the ample object of her displeasure. She pointed toward the drink in my hand. “Is that for me?” “As ordered. A double ‘Gorilla Killer. The cheapest 151 proof rum available along with a splash of Diet Coke and some ice.” “Good.” She stepped closer, took the glass and drained half. After shuddering and catching her breath, she gave me a quick kiss, finished off the glass and handed it back. “Thanks. I'll need a lot more of those, of course. But now let me check on the other thing I need from you. After that, all I want is to get drunk and screwed into forgetfulness.” “Glad to help,” I said. “After all, what are old friends for?” We were standing in the doorway to the kitchen. By the time I set the glass down and turned back, Jenny had begun tugging on the only thing I'd been wearing, my gym shorts, while talking to its stiff occupant. “Oh, Rowdy, at least you're happy to see me,” she crooned in a low, little girl voice. “Just please make Jenny happy like you used to and I'm all yours.” Rowdy, the name she'd given a much smaller version of him way back when, made no objections. Before their reunion could continue, I leaned back against the counter, spread my legs and pulled her against me. “Truth be told, we've both missed you.” She smiled and leaned closer. The moment our lips touched, the flickering lightbulb in the living room flared brightly and, with a sizzling pop, went out. It distracted Jenny enough to make her pause, glance toward the now dark lamp, and then look at me with a quizzical expression, as if asking what the hell just happened. Maybe it was our long separation, or having her back in my arms, or maybe I'd finally seen ‘the light’ of good sense. I'll never know. But for whatever reason, I'd just realized how much I'd missed my best friend and that, with all the certainty I could muster, I never wanted her to leave me again. Before she could get to work on Rowdy, I pulled her back to me, wrapped her in my arms and kissed her for a long, long time. When our lips parted, she gave her head a small shake, smiled at me and said, “Wow. I'd forgotten how good a kisser you can be when you put your mind to it.” “The pleasure was all mine,” I said, but without returning her smile. “The last time you were here, when you walked out the door, I felt empty, alone and like, well, like I'd just lost my best friend. And do you know when I stopped feeling like that?” She bit her lower lip. “No.” “It was just now, when you charged in, destroying property and yelling threats.” “Sorry about that.” “No problem. The thing is, I don't want you ever leaving again. At least, not without me. ‘Cause, you

see, strange as this may sound, I've just fallen in love with my best friend." For what seemed like hours, she silently gazed into my eyes. Then she smiled, nodded, whispered, "Me too," and pulled my face down to hers for a kiss that, in many ways, has never stopped.