

Letting you go.

By Jessdhh

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Enjoy!!!

All those stupid, sad, desperate love songs were playing in my head and I was getting sick of it, very sick. I hate those songs, but, because of what you've done to me, I guess I need to be reminded of the fact that it doesn't happen only to me. Those love songs were the symbol of that. You hurt me so bad I can't even cry. And the funny part is, you don't even realize it.

I know it's stupid to fall for your best friend, but I didn't choose to, I didn't even wanted to, for I knew and still know you're as straight as they come. Sometimes you even seem a little homophobe. But the fact is, I fell as deep as possible. You made me feel save and exited at the same time. The hug we shared every time we saw each other was the happiest moment of my week. To enclose your body with mine, to burry my nose in your hair. Stupid, Stupid, Stupid. When your boyfriend broke up with you, I let you cry on my shoulder. I never expected you to back again, but you did. And again you broke up, and again you cried on my shoulder and again you went back. I was amazed, how, for Gods sake, could you go back to that fucked up asshole, who had told you so bluntly your parents were not good enough. I wonder, how can you be good enough if your parents, who made you, aren't? Must be my naivety.

Now it's time to put myself over it, for it has been about six months of feeling depressed. I need to go on. So I decided to go out tonight. I wasn't really feeling for it, but I was not going to sit here whining any longer either.

When I arrived at the club, I realized I was kinda early. Okay, good opportunity to check out the arriving crowd and to drink in a little already. So I took a stool at the bar and ordered a double tequila. Those I downed quickly and I ordered another one. Soon I got into a rhythm of ordering a double and scanning the crowd. Fair is fair, I was getting myself drunk, very drunk.

Somewhere in the middle of the night I woke up in a room I didn't know, next to a girl I didn't know. My head felt like it was gonna burst into a thousand little pieces. First I had to find the bathroom. I tried to get up, but that was making the pain in my head only worse. I grumbled, trying to hold back a curse. Finally I managed to get my legs under my

body and I walked to the door carefully. Then there was a little closet I didn't notice and off course I smashed my foot against it. 'Fuck' I screamed. Naturally, this woke the girl in whose bed I had been sleeping. She turned on the light and asked what was wrong. Still with my back to her I asked where to find the bathroom. 'Second door on the left in the hallway.'

'Thanks' I said, searching my aching head to figure out where I had heard that voice before. When I returned to the bedroom the lights were still on and I was stunned realizing whose bed I had shared. 'Mickey,' was all I could say. 'You okay?' she asked. 'Could use some aspirin.' She got up to get it for me. 'Try to get some more sleep, we'll talk in the morning,' she said.

Yeah right, like I was ever going to get some sleep lying next to your sister. Who was very different in character, but very alike in how she looked. And smelled. Apparently the alcohol still wasn't out of my system, for I fell asleep again pretty soon, especially considering the circumstances.

When I awoke for the second time it was by the smell of coffee. I still had a headache but not half as bad as it had been. I got up and followed my nose to the kitchen. 'Morning sleepyhead,' Mickey greeted me. 'Hey.' 'Want some breakfast?' 'No, just some coffee will do.' Silent we sat opposite each other at her kitchen table. 'So, are you gonna tell me what happened?' 'Why, you don't remember? You were lying passed out at the bar, and, I, wanting to have you in my bed for years, decided to take advantage of that,' she said with a big grin on her face. 'I can't imagine you had much fun with that, me being drunk the way I was.'

'True, but you never know what may come from it.' My good lord, I'm sitting here with the biggest hang over ever and my ex best friends sister is flirting with me? I needed some time to process that. 'Why?' was all I asked. 'Since you were so totally in love with Jay, you never realized what was right in front of you Jess.' I looked into her eyes and saw she was serious now. I was totally speechless. 'I need to go home Mick, I need to think about this.' 'I understand that Jess, but please, when you have figured it out, call me.'

She walked me to the door. I turned to her to say goodbye, not realizing how close she stood behind me. I looked into her eyes, which were grey, unlike Jay's green ones. 'Please let me have this at least,' she said before she kissed me.

Needless to say I was walking home very confused. All kinds of thoughts were running through my head. I was trying to reconstruct what happened the other night, hoping to figure out if I had noticed Michelle before I woke up next to her. Not being able to remember, I wondered how I could have missed that Mickey was gay and that she had grown so beautiful? I knew her since we were little kids. But most confusing was

remembering her kiss. It was unlike any kiss I had experienced in the past. It was the soft kiss of someone who cares for you deeply but it also was the hot kiss filled with desire and promise.

I was wondering, could I fall for her, after having been in love with her sister for such a long time? What would Jay's reaction be? Most certainly too early to think about consequences now. What I did know was that I had to figure out a way to thank her for how she took care of me and I also knew that I wanted to see her again. Well, I guess I could make a combination of those. And so I came up with a plan.

I sent her a card which contained just two lines: 'I'll pick you up Friday night at eight. Be ready. J.' In the few days which followed I had time to plan things with care. I had to make clear several things within my plans. First, I was very grateful for her taking care of me. Second, whatever she had in mind for us, I was interested.

So I rang her bell Friday at eight exactly. And she opened up the door immediately. She was wearing a black dress, which was a perfect match to her black hair. Her grey eyes were smiling at me. I had some trouble finding the words to tell her how beautiful she looked. She spoke first: 'Hey gorgeous, are you gonna take me on our date or are you going to ravish me right here on my doorstep?' This off course triggered a smile and I offered her my hand. We were going, but I first had to kiss this amazing woman.

While kissing her softly on the lips, no tongue involved yet, I realized I could get used to kissing Mickey on a regular basis. However, this was not the time to think about this. I was going to take her on a date which I hoped she would appreciate as much as I had appreciated her taking care of me.

While we were driving she kept asking me where we would be going. Like I was going to tell. While my hand was on the gearshift, she put hers over mine and started stroking it. 'Please?' was all she said. Although it was difficult, I managed to keep my secret.

When we got to our destination, I parked the car and walked around it to open the door for her. 'Why are we at the airport?' 'You'll see, you're not afraid of flying are you?'

So I took her to one of the most romantic cities of Europe. Not Paris, not Venice, I chose one much closer to where I was: Brussels. A city which I had loved since the first time I had been there. I loved the atmosphere of the old city. A big pro was that I knew a little restaurant of where the food was great. Fact was that I wanted to take her somewhere out of the Dutch scene where everyone knows everyone. Although I hadn't noticed Mickey there before.

'Why did you take me here?' she asked. 'Because I wanted to show you how grateful I am for you taking care of me the way you did. I probably would have ended up somewhere on the streets robbed of all my personal

stuff if you hadn't. I still don't remember what happened, except for waking up next to you. I still wonder why you did it.'

'I guess I figured it was my last chance.' 'Last chance for what?' I asked. 'For letting you know what I've felt for you for such a long time and what I'm still feeling. I wasn't joking you know.'

I was speechless. 'After I realized I was gay, I pretty quickly figured out I was head over heels in love with you. Off course you were the only gay person I knew and I also realized pretty soon you loved Jay as much as I loved you. You never told her, did you?'

'No, I knew that she was as straight as possible and I valued the friendship we had. Off course that all changed when she met Mark. During the rare times we spoke since then, she made it very clear he was a homophobe and didn't appreciate us hanging out together. She gave up our friendship for him, while I was willing to give everything up for it. It hurt me badly and it still does. But how did you know I loved Jay?'

'It was easy to see from the way you looked at her, from the way you smiled when she walked into the room, from the way you closed your eyes when you two embraced.'

'And now I'm sitting here with you, her sister. What do you expect of this?'

'I don't know. I certainly don't want you to feel like you owe me anything just because I took care of you while you were drunk, or because I loved you while you loved my sister.'

'I guess you know me good enough to know that such a thing is not my style. I do what I do because it feels right. It feels good sitting here with you, looking in your eyes, listening to your talking. And the way you kiss me makes me tingle inside. So bad I want to do it again.'

While saying that I had put my hand over hers. I was looking in her eyes and quietly bending my head forward. I wanted to feel those lips on mine again. And I wanted to feel her tongue this time. She also put her head forward and our lips met again. I let the tip of my tongue slide against hers. She opened them and let her tongue sneak inside my mouth. They caressed each other and I felt the butterflies in my stomach start to fly again.

When we broke our kiss I stood to pay for our dinner. Before I walked to the desk I whispered in her ear what I wanted for desert. When I had finished she was ready to go. I took her hand and walked her to the door. A cab was waiting for us and I directed the driver to the apartment I had in this beautiful city.

The ride we spent quiet, holding hands, looking into the others eyes. While I was searching my pockets for my key she already was behind me,

encircling my waist, her lips in my neck. 'Do you want to go inside or are you going to take me right on my doorstep?'

'Doesn't matter, as long as I can have you.'

Finally I managed to open the door. We went inside. I turned around and pushed her up against the door. We kissed, hard, deep, longingly. Our tongues were fighting for dominance. I wanted to get her out of that dress, no matter how good she looked in it. So I put my hands behind her back trying to find the zipper. Slowly I slid her dress back to her feet. Meanwhile she was trying to get my blouse out of my pants, just as much wanting to feel skin as I did.

I let her go for a moment to get rid of my jacket, but not breaking our kiss. She opened the buttons of my blouse one by one. My hands were stroking her breasts while she was kissing my neck. I stayed away from her nipples for now, I wanted to take my time with her, to let her know how much I was enjoying the feeling.

Her hands went to my back to get my black lace bra off. Her lips went down to my breasts and while I had been trying to avoid hers, she went straight for my nipples. She took them in her mouth, sucking gently at first, then biting, increasing pressure ever so slightly. I was in heaven, she made me feel so good, I cannot find the words to describe it.

My hands were stroking her hair, while hers were fighting with the zipper of my pants. Meanwhile she had gone down with her mouth, stopping at my bellybutton, licking it. Not for long though, because, as soon as she had my pants and panties down she went down even further.

She licked my lips, sitting on her knees now, while I was leaning against the door. She put her tongue in my pussy, avoiding my clit. She went straight for the source of my wetness and put her tongue in deeply. Of course I was enjoying the feeling, but now I was really close and I couldn't wait for her to lick my little clitoris.

'Please baby, I need it, now, lick my clit.' She took out her tongue and I suddenly felt empty. But not for long, for she replaced it with some fingers. I couldn't hold still anymore and was moving my hips as if I was being fucked by some cock. When she put her lips around my lips I couldn't take it anymore. 'Mick, Mick, Mickyyyyyy, oh yes, baby, ehhhh, hmm, hmm, yessssssss.' My pussy was contracting around her fingers, which were covered in her wetness, my breathing was ragged and I slid down along the door exhausted. I kissed Micky and took her in my arms.

When my legs regained the capacity to carry my body again, I stood and offered Micky my hand to take her to my bedroom.

Although, I had hoped for this, I hadn't been 100 % certain that this

would happen. Nonetheless I had made sure to be prepared, just in case. So, with just one touch of the remote, the perfect music was playing. Curtains were already closed and the light was set in a dim shade, so we could see each other, but not in reflecting light. I took her in my arms again, lips to lips, breasts to breasts, legs to legs. I looked into those eyes, seeing a smile behind them, a smile not of fun, but a smile of happiness and comfort. I felt that this wasn't going to be the last night we would spend together. I kissed her again, again feeling that tingle, again wondering about the perfect match our lips made. My hands were buried in her soft, strong, black mane. I stroked her tongue with mine, inviting it into my mouth, so I could suck on it. Then I had to break the kiss, because I was losing my breath, and I noticed she was too. My body urged me to push her onto the bed and bury my face in her pussy, but this was about her, so my mind told my body to hold back, to make clear to her I had been worthy of desire. I pushed her on the bed softly and slowly, so she was lying on her back. I let my eyes wonder over her body. It was so beautiful, not like a models, but all parts were in perfect balance with the others. She was a human being, not just a bag of bones. I crawled over her, on hands and knees and kissed her just beside her mouth, letting my lips travel along her jaw. My nose caught a little of the scent of her hair. It smelled like a fresh, cool apple in summer. Needless to say I loved it. My lips went lower, to her neck. Just there on the border between neck and shoulder, I allowed my tongue to come into play. This caused a little moan from her. My hands were stroking her stomach. Her skin was very warm, almost like she had been burned by the sun. I took my lips away from her neck to blow on that hot skin, circling around her navel. And I went up, up to her breasts, which, as I said, were in perfect balance. I couldn't wait any longer, I took one of her pretty nipples in my mouth and sucked on it. When Micky softly moaned my name, I decided to make things a little rougher, so I bit the nipple. She pressed her fingers in my scalp, through my short hair. Then I went to her other nipple which received the same treatment. I licked under her breasts, resuming my way down again. This time, when I came to her navel, I let my tongue slide in, while my hands were stroking her thighs by now. 'Jess, please,' she said between her breaths.

'Please what?' I asked.

'Please go down on me.'

That she didn't need to ask me twice. I let my tongue out of her navel, continuing my journey downward. I loved the fact that her pussy was completely shaven, like my own. She was so wet, her juices were glistening on the outer lips of her vagina. I let my tongue slide over it, just to have a taste, and just to excite her even more. She tasted so very good, I knew that I would want to taste her again in the near future, even if I wasn't finished with her this time.

With my fingers, I held her lips apart and waited a moment, just to have a look. I was going to love this. Apparently I was going to slow for her again, for she said my name again in that same pleading way as

before. I stretched out my tongue and gave her what she needed, starting at her hole, up to her clit. I circled it before taking it between my lips and sucking on it. And once again I gave her a little bite.

Meanwhile, two of my fingers had found the way to her pussy and they were making their way in. She was tight, but not so tight that they wouldn't fit in. Slowly they moved in and out. Now her moaning had changed into groaning. I increased my tempo a little more every time, while still sucking her clit. I knew she was coming close, so I added another finger.

Suddenly her inner walls started to contract around my fingers, while she was screaming. My fingers were still going in and out and knowing how I did love feeling full during orgasm, I added my fourth finger. While her hips were bucking up and down, I tried my best to keep my lips sealed to her clit. To get even more effect, I bit her again.

She kept coming and coming. I loved watching her face in that utter excitement, her eyes closed, her mouth wide open trying to get some breath in and at the same time trying to get out the screams of release. The skin of her neck was shiny with her sweat. What a sight...

'Stop,' she managed to bring out. 'No more.' So, I let go of her clit, but I left my fingers where they were, still now, waiting till she would stop contracting. With my fingers still buried in her pussy, I let her calm down. When she found her breath again, I carefully took my fingers out. Two of them I pushed in her mouth, while I took the others in mine. When my fingers were clean, I just took my hand away, turning from cleaning my hand to kissing her deeply.

I laid down on my back, pulling her against me. She placed one of her legs between mine, so I could feel her wetness on my hip. 'God baby, if I had known things were going to be so good between us, I would have told you sooner,' she said.

'It wouldn't have mattered, for I was still too preoccupied with your sister at the time, but I am very happy you finally decided to tell me.'

In the weeks that followed, we saw each other regularly at first, but soon we saw each other daily. I came to realize that Micky was very different in character from Jay. Jay had always been the centre of attention, always doing the crazy stuff to get people to notice her. Or, at least she had been until she met Mark. Now, she considered such actions beneath her class. I guess Jay used to be a person who functioned best in a group. Micky liked to party and liked to be with her friends, but she could also be content being alone or just being with one other person. Silence didn't make her uncomfortable. She was just as happy watching a movie at home as going out.

It was a Sunday afternoon, the weather was great and Micky and I were in

the park. I was lying on my stomach, next to her, watching her face. She was lying on her back, watching the sky, telling me what forms the few little clouds in the air were having. 'Hey, Mick,' I suddenly heard a few meters behind me. I recognized that voice immediately, it was Jay's. Micky got up and greeted her sister, while I was burying my face in the grass, not knowing if I was ready for this confrontation. But the inevitable happened when I heard Jay ask; 'So, who's your date?'

Knowing that Micky probably would have some trouble answering, I just turned around. The look on Jays face changed from neutral, to surprised, to complete anger. She turned her heals and walked away. 'God, she'll be so angry with me for seducing her best friend' Micky said.

'No, she'll be angry with me, for seducing her innocent baby sister into the trap of Lesbianism.'

'Yeah, right, me her innocent baby sister. She knows better than that. Besides, she knows very well I'm gay.'

'Well, whatever she may think, I think it's best to give her some time to calm down.'

The next day in Jess' apartment:

It didn't even occur to you that I might have feelings for her did you, Jay?'

'Even if you have feelings for her, you're not gonna convince me that you don't have a second agenda.'

'Like what? Yes, I have been in love with you for a long time, but I already knew from the beginning that I wouldn't have a chance. I never risked our friendship, because I didn't want to lose you. However, none of that matters, for I still did lose you in the end. It took a while, but now I can live with it. I've moved on and got reacquainted with Mickey and she and I hit it off greatly.'

'So you are saying you are completely over me?'

'Yes I am.'

'Even when I do this?' And with that she grabbed my shirt, pulling me towards her, pressing her lips on mine. I resisted, pushing her away, filled with anger.

'You fucked up self centered bitch. You really think I would go for this? God, and then to imagine that I loved you and respected you once. What do you want from me?'

With that she started to cry. I didn't know if this was another one of her tricks, knowing that she knew I couldn't stand seeing her cry. If

it was, it worked, for I still couldn't bare to see it and I took her in my arms. It took a few moments for her to calm down. Then I felt her lips brushing across my neck.

'Jay, stop that. You're engaged and I am involved with your sister. And even if we weren't, this is a bad idea.'

'I know, but I can't help it. I want you.'

'Jay, you've had your share of chances. Now you're too late. Go.'

'But...'

'No buts, go.'

'I love you Jess.'

'Then it is best for you to leave me alone.'

'Okay, I'll go, but I'll never forget you Jess.'

'Just go.'

And then, finally she left. I spent the entire day just doing nothing. I couldn't concentrate at anything. What happened with Jay kept playing in my mind on and on. Was I going to tell Mickey? I guess I had no choice, for by now we were in a stadium she would notice something was wrong.

However, when she came that evening, things were made very easy for me. She took me in her arms, kissed me and said: 'I love you.'

'I love you too baby.'

'I know.'

'What do you mean, I know?'

'I spoke to my sister on the phone this afternoon. She told me what she did and how sorry she is.'

'You do realize that if she wants to apologize, she needs to come herself, don't you?'

'I do, and she will.'

'So, where were we?'

She smiled and she kissed me again. I had become addicted to the feeling of her lips on mine. I let my hand wander over her back. When she let go of my lips, she started kissing my neck. By now she knew exactly which spots to touch. My arousal was growing and becoming visible by my hardening nipples. Mickeys hands opened the buttons of my blouse, her

lips making a trail downwards. Then I stopped her to take her to my bedroom, which soon would become our bedroom. There she put me on the bed, lying on my back. I know she loved the view she was having. Me dressed in an open, dark red blouse with a bra in the same color and black leather pants, my eyes dark with desire for her and her alone. She came closer to me, and put her hands on my belt while her lips were sucking a nipple through the bra. I asked her to take it off, which she did very happily. She kissed me again shortly, before turning her attention to my nipples again. She encircled them time and again with her tongue. The feeling was making me crazy. At that moment I would have done whatever she asked me, if she would just continue what she was doing. She however, had other plans. She left my nipples to focus on my belly. She licked it all over before taking my pants off. Then it was her time to look surprised, I had no panties on. My pussy must have been covered in wetness, for I was aching with desire for her to have her way with me. And that was exactly what she had. She started licking at my outer lips, just slowly, making me even more wet and even more crazy. Then she parted them and licked my inner lips, but still avoiding my clit and my vagina. She kept this up for hours it seemed. By the time I was ready to beg her to take me, she suddenly stabbed her tongue deep inside me. My back came up from the bed, arched, trying to get as much inside me as possible. When she let go I felt empty for a moment, but she replaced her tongue with her fingers. Her lips formed a circle around my clit and she started sucking. I knew I didn't have much left. When her fingers found my g-spot inside me, I was lost. I screamed her name while I was cumming. But she didn't let go and within seconds I came again, and again. Then I begged her to let go of me, for I could take no more.

She gave me a few moments to calm down before crawling over me. She lay upon me, one leg between mine. She looked deep into my eyes when she asked: 'Would you do something for me?'

'Whatever you asked my love.'

'Will you please really fuck me tonight?'

I didn't know for sure if I had understood what she was asking, so I replied by asking: 'You want me to do what?'

'I want you to put on the strap-on you keep hidden in your closet and fuck me with it.'

'Are you sure?'

'Very sure.'

With that I kissed her and got out of bed to get the desired toy. I put it on and looked into her eyes. I laid on top of her and kissed her again, soon to go down to her lovely breasts. My fingers had already gone to her pussy, feeling an incredible wetness there. I knew she was ready, now I only had to get ready myself. So my lips replaced my

fingers and I started licking her, all over at first, then around her clit. When I looked up, I saw she wanted this very badly. I crawled up her body again. I looked into her eyes. 'Ready?' Her nodding was the only encouragement I needed. I lifted my hips and guided the dildo to her lips with my hands. When she smiled I let it sink deep into her. The look on her face changed into one of ultimate pleasure. I kissed her, before taking the dildo almost out again and started fucking her in a slow but steady rhythm. My lips went around a nipple again. It didn't take long before I noticed her coming close, so I pulled out and laid down on my back. 'Ride me.' She smiled, straddled me and took the cock between her lips. And she started riding. Up and down she went. I had one hand on a nipple, the other was working her clitoris. Faster and faster she went. Sweat was glistening on her forehead. She was panting and moaning. Suddenly she screamed my name: 'Jessssssssssssssssssssssssssssssss' as she came. While her body was contracting around the dick she held still, her head back, her hair tickling around my knees. She collapsed on my chest, trying to get her breath. 'I love you,' she said.

'I love you too,' was all I could answer.

A few days later Jay called. She wanted to come over. Considering her honesty to Mickey, and the fact that she used to be my best friend once, I decided to let her have her word. She explained to me that she was very sorry, that seeing me with Mickey had made her so jealous because it made her realize what she could have had. Her relationship with Mark was a disaster. They didn't have anything in common except for the desire to please their parents, they had communication problems and he was a very lousy lover. By now she had dumped him and decided to find her own path. She was very honest and told me she wanted to explore her bi-side, since she actually did have feelings for me.

I told her that if she needed to talk, if she wanted to go out in the gay-scene, if she had any questions at all that she always was welcome with me and Mickey, but she did have to realize that her sister and I were a couple, very deeply in love with each other and that she had to respect that. She promised to do so, so a few weekends later we all went out together and we had a great time. Considering her gorgeous looks, Jay soon was very popular in the scene, but having been on the wrong path before, she decided to take her time and waited for the right person to come along. She now lives with a gorgeous brunette, who's eyes are the same icy blue as mine.