

Friends and Lovers

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“I have given you all I can, but you're not holding up your end of the bargain.”

Nearly speechless, Madelyn Jensen looked at her boyfriend of nearly a year. He wasn't kidding. “My end of the bargain?”

“You're supposed to be my girlfriend, but whenever Ryder Caufield calls, you jump.”

“Ryder and I own a business together, Scott. Why shouldn't I talk to him?”

Throwing his hands up, Scott began pacing. “You're in love with him, Madelyn. I can't play second fiddle anymore. I kept thinking you'd move past it, but no matter how much I want to I can't deal with it- with him.”

She was ready to deny everything, but what he was saying might have more than a grain of truth to it.

“Of course I love Ryder. He's my best friend, my partner.”

“Uh-huh,” he tossed back sarcastically.

“He and I have never...” She trailed off as her mind began to play images of what she'd never done with Ryder.

“I never said you cheated, I said you were in love with the man. I see you with him, hear you with him... I'm not doing it anymore.” With that, he walked out of her house, not even bothering to slam the door behind him.

She stood in her foyer for a long time after Scott walked out. Was she in love with Ryder? Honestly, maybe she was.

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“Do you think I'm in love with Ryder?” Madelyn didn't bother with pleasantries when her twin sister answered the phone. She could always count on Rosalyn for a straight answer. What she didn't expect was Roz's raucous laughter at the question.

After catching her breath, Roz answered, “Of course you are. You have been for ten years. Why are you just now asking the question?”

“I... Scott walked out an hour ago because of it.”

“I imagine it was hard to date you.” She paused for so long, Madelyn pulled her phone from her ear to insure they were still connected. Finally, Rosalyn continued, “How many boyfriends have you had in the last ten years?”

This time it was Madelyn's turn to be quiet for a long time, eventually answering, “If you count Matt, four.”

“I don't know if I would count Matt. You were dating him when you met Ryder. Hell, didn't you meet him with Matt's dick in your mouth?”

Now, there was a story she wished she'd never told Roz. Madelyn had been dating Matt Keene for two weeks before she agreed to go back to his dorm room. She had been on her knees for less than five minutes when Ryder came home. As soon as he walked in, Matt had exploded in her mouth. At the time, she hadn't thought much about it, but as she continued to date Matt, she discovered his penchant for exhibitionism. She had been fucked in almost every public area on campus by the end of their relationship. Over the course of the semester, she learned Matt wasn't happy if he wasn't performing in one capacity or another and she wasn't exciting enough. The next semester she had found herself in a business accounting class with Ryder. Before long, they had fallen into an easy friendship. Now, she didn't know what to do to move it to a different level.

“Yes, sis. You'll never let me live that down, but he never brings it up.”

“I wonder if he wishes it had been him you were sucking off. If you're really honest with yourself, do you wish that too?”

“Damn Roz, why did you ask that question that way?”

“Well, c'mon, Mad. Answer the question. You know I am obligated as your older sister to ask that question. The man is fine. You know that and I know it too.”

“Ahh, yes. Those two minutes you have on me make all the difference, my wise and sage sister.”

Fighting through a mean fit of giggles, Rosalyn pressed on. “Answer me, Mad. When you see Ryder, what's the first thought in your head? Does your heart speed up, and your body get warm? Or do you just think 'best friend'?”

Madelyn pulled the phone from her ear again. Was Roz in her head? Twins were purported to have a close to telepathic connection, and even though Roz was in California, she had nailed Madelyn's reaction. Taking a deep breath, she answered, “Yes. God, I have wanted him since day one. He gets me, Roz. He knows me, he listens to me.”

“And you are so in love with him, you can't see straight. So.... Why are you talking to me instead of going to him?” Rosalyn pressed.

“What the hell am I supposed to do? Walk up to him and declare my undying love? Seduce him?”

“Yes.”

“Yes? Yes to what?”

“You should seduce him. Men respond to sex better than declarations of undying love, just look at Gray and me.”

“You barely knew Gray when you started fucking his brains out.”

“It worked, didn't it?”

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Oblivious to Madelyn's plotting, Ryder spent the following Friday as he would any other, managing

Mimosa. It had been a good day, but with Month End came reports and sales tax duties. Reporting, trending and the requisite spreadsheets were right up his alley, but taxes were Mad's job. Just where was she? Pushing the thought aside, he turned his attention to the tickets, noting what was ordered and on what day at what time. With spring finally upon them, he noticed fresh fruits were getting a lot of play as well as surprisingly, Eggs Benedict.

As he was highlighting the interesting parts of the report, he heard a noise and looked up. Holy shit! Madelyn was here and she was wearing only a black satin bra with a matching thong and stilettos. Her hair hung loose to her shoulders, and she had accented her sea green eyes with shimmer and lashes. Breathless and instantly hard, all he could do was gape.

This was it. The time to make it or break it. She sauntered across to room to lean against his desk. "I'm tired of fighting this, Ryder."

"Fighting?"

"I want you. I have for years," she declared.

He stared at the auburn-haired beauty determined to seduce him. It wouldn't take much. Like her, he'd been fighting the attraction, but never imagined she felt the same way. "You can have me, but what happened to Scott?" She might be his ideal woman, but he wasn't going to take her if she belonged to someone else.

She stared at this man, the man she had only just realized she'd been in love with for most of her adult life. He had long ago tossed his blazer into her desk chair, then rolled the sleeves of his French blue shirt accentuating the muscles in his arms. His chocolate hair was in disarray, she knew it was because he'd raked his fingers through it as he went over reports. With a smile, she answered, "He broke up with me. Told me he was tired of playing second fiddle to the man I was really in love with." As she said it, she moved close enough to place her hand on his chest.

"The man you're really in love with, huh? And he thought that was me?" He wanted to hear her say it.

Unable to keep her hands off him any longer, she slid into his lap facing him. As she framed his face in

her hands, she captured his lips in a scorching kiss, tongues tangling. When she reluctantly broke the kiss, she stared into his pale blue eyes, admitting, "I'm in love with you."

He slid his hand up to cradle her head and kissed her thoroughly, enjoying the feel of her on his lap. Between kisses, he told her what she had been waiting to hear for what now seemed like forever, "I love you too, Madelyn."

She ground against his cock as she tore at his dress shirt. When she pulled the tails free from his waistband, she ran her hands across the hard muscles of his chest, reveling in the strength there. Breathless from the feel of him, she asked the obvious question, "Why the hell did we wait so long?"

Instead of answering her, he pulled her into another tumultuous kiss, tossing his shirt on the floor with one hand while the other tore the bra off her body. Once her breasts were bared, he took time with her nipples, rolling them into hard peaks as he dipped his hand beneath her thong, sliding two fingers into her hot, tight channel his thumb massaging her clit, all the while ravaging her mouth.

Ryder was touching her, and it was almost too much. She rode his fingers until she came with a cry. "I need you." She told him as she ripped open his slacks. He was rock hard and huge, and she couldn't wait to have him. She wrapped her hand around his length, sliding her hands over the velvety softness over steel.

It was more than he could take. "I'm sorry," he told her, as he removed her hand. "The first time will be fast. We'll make up for it later." With that sentiment, he shifted her thong and surged inside. She moved over him with abandon, loving how he filled her. This was passion, she thought as she rode him, shoving his cock into her again and again, stretching her perfectly.

This was his fantasy, Madelyn riding him, kissing him, milking his cock when she came. He warned her he wouldn't last long, and he hadn't lied. As soon as Madelyn shattered again, he followed her.

She collapsed against him, marveling in the connection and the fact they had never admitted to the attraction or the love before now. "Marry me," she whispered against his neck.

Surprised, he whispered back, "Do you mean it?"

“I do.”

He kissed her before he replied, “As soon as possible; we've wasted enough time.”