



KING AND I

A Tabby Tucker short story

Lovers or Friends? The line many of us have crossed in hopes of finding a lover in our best friend. Two college students fall under the spell of love; crossing the thin line. What will happen of Tabby's relationship with King when she wants King to be more than a friend.

Sasha Jeffrie

Dedicated To:

TKP

Thank you for the lessons, the love, ups, downs and sexy memories. I love you and always will!

“True love stories never have endings.”

-Richard Bach

KING AND I

My husband, King and I have been married for about 14 years! Sometimes it amazes me that we have been together this long. I couldn't picture doing this thing called life without him. We started off as friends and ended up lovers. It happened quickly, reminding me of the Mary J Blige song “Seven Days.” From one kiss the night in his dorm room; this man has been able to make me mad and orgasm all on the same day.

The first time we made love was very interesting because for me it was just seeing what the hype around campus was all about. After years of telling me that I needed to stop messing with clown ass dudes and mess with something “real”; I finally took heed to his claims. The only problem, King was a player and had every girl on campus wanted him. I couldn't take him seriously. We were best friends, so I knew about the late night creeps, the women that fought over him, the chicks he messed with that had boyfriends, and all the other demons in his closet. I

was no angel either, but I damn sure wasn't pushing up on him, trying to have a committed relationship. I knew my place.

Even though King was a hoe and maybe I have some hoe-ish ways, we never had sex! I had moments I would be in his dorm room, showered and naked in a t-shirt, sleeping all in his bed, and nothing! Not saying I wanted something to happen, but that's just how much of a friend he was to me. We respected our friendship. Until my meter for fuck boy tolerance hit its capacity, and I was ready for a change. King's sweet nothings finally stuck, asking myself, why not?

I just got locked out of Charlie's house. I was supposed to be staying with him so that I can handle some business but needed a place to crash. Not wanting to get a hotel, or drive back home, I stayed with an old fling. Everything was all good; I got some good sex and free meals. Then this man decides to be out all night with his Sigma brothers and left my ass hanging looking dumb. I couldn't wait to get to Charlie to fuck him up, but now I needed a place to stay. My plan B was King. King thought it was the funniest thing ever, especially because he had offered his place first, but I insisted on staying with Charlie. I had a thing for frat boys; they did something to my soul watching them around campus. King allowed me to stay with him, with one price, I had to listen to him talk shit all night. Asshole! I never heard the end of it.

After a few more laughs, some Mario Kart ass whooping, and food, I was ready to shower and sleep. I took a hot shower using King's body wash. I threw on some clean undergarments with one of King's white tees' and basketball shorts. Comfortably, I lay in his bed and prepared to shut down. King walked in, making unnecessary noise. I give him the look of death, quickly calming his hyper ass down. I threw him a pillow and blanket; our regular routine

with him lying on the floor. I turned away from him, facing the wall to get some rest for my big day. Charlie was going to get a piece of my mind for locking me out.

About 3 hours in my sleep, I woke up with my mind racing. I glanced over to see if King was sleeping only to find him looking through his phone. I shook my head, watching him, admiring him, and letting my thoughts wonder of the possibilities.

I started thinking about why the woman did such immoral things to be with him. Besides his quick wit, charming smile, smooth skin, pretty teeth, funny jokes, great taste in clothing and music... No! He was an asshole, liar, and player and could not be trusted! These girls were losing their minds and religion over some guy who could care less if he remembered your name.

I rolled my eyes; as if to be able to see from the back of his head, King yelled out, "Go to sleep Tabby!"

I jumped up, "How did you know I was up?"

"Because I know you. Plus I didn't hear the killer bear behind me, so I just knew the bear has awoken!"

I threw a pillow aiming for his head, making him drop his phone. I rolled over laughing at his appalled expression on his face.

"Why are you up anyway?" he said, lifting up on his elbow with his phone back in his hand.

"I'm not sure. But I can't sleep now," I lifted up on my elbow as well facing him. Looking into that deep soul catching eyes. I never looked at him like that before. King was sexy, please don't get me wrong, I just wasn't about to fall for the most obvious walking red flag. King and I would have to stay friends, I knew too much about him.

We laid there saying nothing.

"Why do these girls lose their minds over you?" I said, breaking the space between us.

"You know, I'm not sure. But the shit is funny." He laughed out loud looking up at the ceiling as if to be looking for an answer.

"A damn shame. When will you quit playing with these girls and just settle down?"

King rolled over to face me again, "When you stop playing."

I blushed; showing the redness on my face. I didn't know why that statement made me smile. Maybe it was the genuineness in his voice; like he meant what he said. Sure, King has said this time and time before but never in this "but not for real" tone.

"Boy quit playing. I can't take you seriously. With all those women on you...No, I couldn't," I said now turning towards the ceiling. I didn't want him to see me at all. I was lying, but I needed him to believe me.

"Why won't you come find out what got all these girls going crazy?" King said in his sly sexy voice.

I laughed so hard that I lifted up on my elbow. I told him it was never going to happen and I rolled over to go back to sleep. I heard him roll over and what sounded like his phone being unlocked. I tried to close my eyes and drift off to sleep but I couldn't. Could it be his dick? Was his dick game that good? I was lost in my wondering thoughts, mind racing. I had enough, and I wanted to find out. I rolled back over, and when I did, I was met with King's face in my personal zone; he was so close I could feel the hairs on my arms rise. I looked at him and grabbed his head to kiss him.

Like a dam breaking, our emotions for each other released. We kissed so deep and passionate, you would have thought we were old lovers reuniting. I let his hand explore my body, his touch now different than it has ever been. There was some love, care, and warmth in

his touch now. I lifted up completely, but he pushed me down and joined me in the bed. Still kissing, he adjusted himself on top of me. I opened my legs so he could relax there until we were ready for the next move.

I made the first move by grabbing his dick and stroking it. Only having boxers on, it was easy to take his tool out of his boxer's hole and play with my new friend. This was my first time ever touching or seeing his dick. Excited about the new piece of meat, I let my hands roam all over his tool kit. I finally had enough foreplay and started to move my panties to the side. Easy access since I took the shorts off to sleep. All I had on was panties and a tee. I moved the middle piece of my panties over, and my pussy popped out ready to go. I then took my hand and led him to my hole. I rubbed the head of his dick in across my bare lips, letting him know that she was out, wet and ready. Taking the signal, he proceeded to grab his dick and guide his way in. I held my breath waiting on the anticipation of finally solving the "girl's gone crazy" riddle.

He pushed in, and I made eye contact with him. Never looking away from my eyes, he stroked me; long slow strokes. I moaned softly, never losing eye contact. For a split second, I could have sworn we were making love. Just as quickly as that thought came to mind, he said it.

"I love you, Tabitha."

"I love you too!" I said to him with no hesitation or second guessing.

Did I love this man or was I falling for the web like every other woman before me?

I pushed the thought aside as King found my G-Spot and made the room spin. I was in my blissful happy place enjoying my new King; little did we know this was the start of our journey together.

After our intense love session, we laid there in silence. Both of us not knowing what to say after what just happened. I played it off and drifted into a deep sleep. I could tell it was

messing with King, he tossed and turned the whole night. I woke up the next morning thinking nothing about the events of last night, but King looked troubled. I sat beside him on the couch where he was watching highlights to ask him about how he was feeling.

“Why did you decide you wanted to have sex with me?” he finally looked at me and said.

“I’m not sure. I have no reason. I ‘m just happy it happened. Aren’t you?” I smiled and looked at him. I was trying to ease his worry or whatever his concern was. It didn’t help. He was puzzled. I wasn’t sure how I could help. So I moved in close, laid my head on his shoulder and my hand on his lap. I rested there, and I could feel his body ease up; relaxing.

After that day, we were unified. We were together even if we didn’t verbalize it; we knew that we weren't going anywhere; King was mine!

-Tabby T.

End

“Rare as is true love, true friendship is rarer.”

-Jean de La Fontaine

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King and I Part II Coming Soon.....