

Best Friend Benefits

Do you have any idea how difficult it is to be in love with your best friend and for them to have no interest in you what-so-ever?

Kaylee was interested in guys. She was, to put it plainly, as straight as a flagpole. And me? I'd be the curviest flagpole you can possibly imagine. As gay as gay can get. In Kaylee's eyes, men were something sexual, creatures to be lusted after and enjoyed. For me, all those *things* were was mindless dogs that liked to sleep, eat, and hump.

Not only did Kaylee not have any interest in me – she didn't even know I was into girls and not guys – but she never would be.

And that fucking stung.

We'd know each other forever. Been best friends from kindergarten all the way to high-school. Inseparable to the point that even our families were forced to become friendly with each other. Hell, whenever my family planned a holiday trip, they basically had no choice but to invite Kaylee along with us – and the same went for Kaylee's family inviting me on their holidays.

Both of us were only child, and so when we were younger, we were basically sisters to each other. And, as we grew older, our relationship blossomed even more – until we were closer than any siblings could ever hope to be. Closer than any married couple could dream of.

And yet, she still only ever saw me as a friend.

Her best friend. Her partner in crime. Her confidant. Her boulder to lean on and shoulder to cry on. Best friends forever and ever and ever.

But. Still. Only. *Friends*.

I didn't blame her for it. *Couldn't* blame her.

It wasn't *her* fault she was straight. She couldn't help it.

But I'd be damned if I didn't do everything in my power to win her heart over. No way was I going to sit by and do nothing while she swooned after filthy men, let them violate her with their ugly dicks. No. If there was any way to claim my best friend as my own, I'd do all I could to make it happen.

Anything for her. Anything for Kaylee.

Because, deep down, in my heart of hearts, I *knew* I'd be better for her than any *guy*. I knew I could make her happy in ways she could never be otherwise.

I was meant for her. And she was meant for me.

She didn't see that yet. Didn't know.

But she would.

Somehow, I'd show her the truth. Show her that we were meant to be. That she and I were two halves of a whole.

Somehow.

"Howel," Kaylee grinned. "I bet he has a huge cock. A mean, he's built like a bear. He's *gotta* be packing. Bet he's got a really hairy chest, too."

"Uh," I forced a smile. "Yeah. I guess."

The brute Kaylee was talking about – Howel – was basically an overgrown meatball. All muscle and fat with no intelligence. You could multiply the number of Howel's braincells by a million and it wouldn't matter – he'd still have zero. Was Kaylee really, *actually* considering fucking the turd?

My best friend rolled her eyes.

"You're no fun," she teased playfully. "Being all innocent is cute 'n' all, but you *must* have someone you fancy. Spill the beans already. Who is it?"

"No-one," I answered, a bit too hastily.

Kaylee beamed.

"It's Darren, isn't it?" She asked, leaning towards me. "I've seen the way you look at him. That's totally your type, isn't it? Talk, dark, and dreamy?"

It was my turn to roll my eyes.

"Not even close," I muttered. "Darren? He's a pig! Doesn't even bother to hide it when he picks his nose. And I'm pretty sure he doesn't know how to wipe his ass, because every time I'm near him all I can smell is excrement."

"She doth protest too much!" Kaylee grinned. "Admit it!"

"Not a chance," I said, crossing my arms. "Even if Darren was the last man on Earth, I'd still rather use my fingers than have to deal with his *erection*. I want nothing to do with someone who doesn't even know how to wipe his own ass."

"That is pretty nasty," Kaylee admitted. "But, on the flip side, if he's that dirty in public, imagine how dirty he'll be in the bedroom!"

"I'd rather not."

"Spoil sport."

"You're just jealous," I grinned. "Because all the guys are constantly hitting on me and ignoring you."

Kaylee laughed out loud, the sound music to my ears.

"I wish!" She said. "Do you have any idea how annoying it is when guys are *constantly* hitting on you? And not just the boys at school, but like *everywhere*. Grown-ass men, old enough to be my father – or even my *grandfather* – coming up to me and seeing if I'm 'down'."

Out of the two of us, Kaylee was undeniably the more beautiful. I was plain and ordinary. Decently curvy, but nothing to write home about. Cute, but not exactly pretty or anything. I was, to put it simply, the type of girl you'd barely notice. Kaylee, on the other hand, was otherworldly in her beauty.

Raven hair, dark eyes, pale-as-white skin. A body of perfect proportions – busty and perky and slender and soft, all wrapped up together in one amazing, mouth-watering package. She was fit, strong, but also gentle and smooth. Cool and confident, yet warm and inviting.

It was no wonder that every guy who encountered Kaylee wanted to bed her. If she hadn't been so breathtakingly, unobtainable beautiful, I might never have discovered my attraction to the same-sex in the first place. Certainly, no other girl had ever given me the goosebumps and desires that she did.

"Given how much you like to talk about dick," I said, eyeing my best friend. "I'm surprised you haven't taken any of them up on those offers yet."

"One day," Kaylee smirked. "But not yet."

"Oh? Why's that?"

She shrugged. "I want my first time to be with someone special. I'll have my whole life to test and try different cocks, but the first time has to be with someone important. It has to mean something."

"Mmm..."

"What?"

"Nothing," I smiled. "Hey, I learned about this cool party trick online. Wanna try it out?"

Hypnosis. It could only be fully, truly utilised when the person being tranced fully trusted the one performing it.

I was Kaylee's best friend. She trusted me completely.

And so I spoke the words I'd memorised, guided her into a mindless, sleepless trance. Took her thoughts away and replaced them with thoughts of my own. I relaxed her, calmed her, soothed her. I took away all her concerns and worries, anything and everything that might somehow interfere with the work I had to do.

Love was a strange thing. Made people do strange things.

Once, a long time ago, Kaylee had told me that she wished I was a guy. That I'd be the perfect 'boyfriend' for her.

My heart had broken when she'd said that. It was confirmation of what I'd always known was true. She had no interest in dating girls, wasn't - and would never be - attracted to me because I had a vagina and breasts. As long as I didn't have a dick and balls, I'd never be able to be with my one true love.

Not unless I changed something.

For a while, I'd contemplated going so far as to change my own body. Gender reassignment. Become a man in order to claim the heart of the girl I loved. But that would be foolish. Not just taking things a step too far, but taking them a whole *sprint* too far.

So, since I couldn't change myself, it was Kaylee that needed to change. Specifically, it was her mind that needed changing.

What better way than this?

"Do you know who I am?" I asked the beautiful girl.

"Yes," she breathed in reply – voice empty of emotion.

"Do you know who *you* are?"

"Yes," Kaylee repeated.

"What is your name?"

"Kaylee Ren Jameson."

"Good."

Her lips met mine in a soft, warm embrace.

A gentle kiss that sent tingles down my spine.

Her hands wrapped around my neck, pulling me in close. My hands snaked around her waist, keeping her from moving away. And there we stood for an eternity; my lips on hers, hers on mine. Our tongues dancing together, our bodies pressed to each other's.

It was heaven.

Warm, hot, mind-boggling heaven.

When she finally broke the kiss, I whined my disappointment. She only smiled, took hold of my clothes and guided me to her bed – pushing me backwards onto it.

She giggled as I bounced. Smiled hungrily as I stared up at her.

When she climbed onto the bed with me, I felt the bedsprings shift with the weight of her body. I felt the warmth radiating off both of us, filling her bedroom with clammy, hot air. Both of us breathing heavily, both of us red-faced and smiling.

She crawled over to me, palmed both her hands firmly on my shoulders and shoved me down onto the mattress, climbing atop me and pinning me in place.

Her lips grazed my neck, left a single, burning kiss over a rapidly-pulsing vein.

The next kiss was on my collar bone, wet and lingering.

Her hands flowed down my blouse, undoing button after button, spreading it open and exposing my bra-clad chest to the humid air.

Kaylee's next kiss was on my chest, the soft skin of my breasts. Tingles radiated out from the spot, amplified a moment later when the next kiss fell between the cups of my bra.

She didn't stop there.

Her lips kept moving down my body, leaving a trail of warmth in their wake. My ribs, my belly, the barrier where my bare stomach collided with the shorts I was wearing.

As I stared down at her, Kaylee tugged at my shorts. She unzipped them, pulled down down my legs – leaving wet panties as my pussy's only defence against her lips and tongue. Wet panties that, with a smile, Kaylee peeled aside.

I gasped out loud when she kissed the lips directly.

Her fingers, used to exploring her own folds and sensitive areas, worked magic on

me – drawling lines around my mound as her lips gently pressed my clitoris, spreading me open and teasing the tight hole she found past soaked lips.

Creamy fluid leaked out of me, trickled from my opening down my butt and dripped onto the bed beneath us.

Kaylee watched it happen, face flushed.

And, to my pure delight, she leaned her head down, licked up the mess with her eyes closed.

Her tongue trailed from the mattress cover, up my butt-crack and over my exposed anus, all the way up to my pussy. Without waiting, without even hesitating, my lover pressed her face and tongue forward – sliding into me and lapping up all the juices she found waiting for her inside me.

I lost control of my body.

My hands came down to rest on Kaylee's hair, holding her in place and pulling her harder into my crotch. My legs wrapped around her head, trapping it in place tightly. My back arched, my lungs exploding with the sounds and sighs of pleasure.

Kaylee moaned into my cunt, her own hands reaching down her body to pleasure herself as she pleased me.

My brain hazed over, all thought evaporating as pure instinct and blissful pleasure washed over. I trembled in delight, gripped Kaylee's hair and head in a tight fist. I thrust and swayed my crotch into her face, urging her tongue deeper into me. Just a little deeper to reach that wonderful sweet-spot.

There! Yes, that was it!

I moaned her name aloud. Loud enough that her parents were certain to have heard it. Loud enough that even her neighbours must know what was going on.

I wanted them to know. Wanted *everyone* to know.

Mine. She was finally mine.

My best friend.

My lover.

My Kaylee.