

Visit
by Pan

Chapter 1

“I’m so excited you’re here!” Mike said, holding his arms wide. I returned his hug with enthusiasm. I hadn’t seen him since the start of the pandemic, and it was genuinely great to be in his company again.

I loved my husband and I loved my kid, but it was impossible to deny: being in a house with them for eighteen months straight had started to drive me stir-crazy. I was two parts excited to see Mike, one part excited to be alone.

Well, not alone. But basically.

Mike and I had been friends since we were kids. Growing up, we’d been inseparable – everyone had assumed that we’d eventually get together, but it was never anything like that. I mean, we’d dated for all of five minutes in our teenage years, but it was doomed to fail.

Don’t get me wrong, I love him, but we just don’t have that ‘spark’, y’know?

So we’d stayed close, even as I moved across the country. When I’d gotten married, it had been really important that Mike and my husband got along...they were both going to be in my life for the rest of my life, and I couldn’t imagine not having Mike at my wedding, at my kid’s graduation, etc.

My hubby had been a little suspicious at first. I’d (honestly) assured him that things with me and Mike were 100% platonic, but it wasn’t until they met that my husband calmed down.

He’s more of a ‘manly’ man (exactly my type) whereas Mike is more the intellectual kind. He’s probably the smartest person I know (which I didn’t tell my husband, of course) – so yeah, as soon as they met, my husband stopped feeling threatened.

Despite living a few hundred miles apart, Mike had been there for the birth of my child. Not literally in the room, but he’d stayed down the street for those first few weeks, and been an absolute lifesaver. Grocery shopping, cleaning, just being there when we needed him...it had made a huge difference.

All this to say, you can understand why I was so excited to see him again.

I’d spent my year in lockdown taking care of a two (and then three) year old, working from home, and trying not to lose myself to cabin fever. Other than a video call every week or two, Mike and I had mainly stayed in contact via instant messenger.

He’d spent the year on self-care. He’d started dieting and working out, and signed up for one of those sites that gives you unlimited access to online classes.

If anyone has ever made the most of those deals, it was Mike during the pandemic. It felt like every time we talked he’d finished another course. Managing your finances, how to live off the land, neuro-linguistic programming, cooking for dummies, advanced sales techniques...

Whoever Mike ended up with was going to be a lucky woman. Even in our calls, I could tell he’d become more confident and capable. He’d gone from barely being able to boil an egg to...I won’t say a ‘master chef’, but compared to most men (including my husband), he was

right up there.

As soon as the pandemic ended (well, “ended” – as soon as we were both vaccinated) he’d invited me to come visit, and I’d honestly leapt at the opportunity. My husband had been completely supportive; he’d promised me that he’d be able to survive a week with our tiny terrorist, especially since I’d promised him a fishing weekend with the boys once I got back.

And so I’d packed, used some of our miles to get a flight to Mike’s place, and one masked Uber ride later met him at the door.

“Wow,” he said, his eyes running up and down my body. “You look great!”

If it had been anyone else, I probably would have felt uncomfortable with the blatant appraisal of my body, but...I mean, it was Mike. He’d been the first person I’d talked to after losing my virginity, and it had been his shoulder I’d cried on when the guy had turned out to be a dirtbag.

If anyone could admire me non-sexually, it was Mike.

“Thanks,” I said, doing a faux-spin. “The pandemic pounds suit me.”

Like most people (except Mike), I’d put on a little weight during the pandemic. I’d been self-conscious about it at first, but my husband had pointed out that for every pound I put on, at least half of it had seemed to go to my tits. They were even bigger than they’d been when I was pregnant.

Mike picked up my bags, and it was my turn to be impressed by the changes. Like I said, he’d spent the last year working out, and...it showed. His shoulders looked wider, and his waist thinner. I’d always thought he was cute, but now he was downright handsome.

Again, I couldn’t help but be happy for whoever ended up with him. Mike had always been great, of course, but now he was a downright catch.

“Go chill,” he said over his shoulder. “I’ll put these away.”

Mike was still in the little 2-bedroom apartment he’d moved into straight out of college, so I made my way into the kitchen and got myself a drink. I couldn’t help but smile; he’d stocked my favorite beer. I grabbed a bottle and, unable to help myself, poked around his cupboards.

Except for some purchases which were clearly for me (plantain chips and peanut butter cups), it was all health food. I found three different types of protein powder, and a spice collection that put mine to shame.

Again, I couldn’t help but appreciate what a transformation my best friend had seen over the last few years.

When I returned to the living-room, Mike was standing there with a puzzled look on his face.

“What’s up?”

“It really has been a while since you traveled, huh?”

“Yeah,” I said, looking at him like he was an idiot. “Y’know. Because of the *global pandemic*.”

He gestured to the spare bedroom where I’d be staying.

“You didn’t pack any clothes.”

“What?”

Mike crossed the room until he was standing above me, his eyes burning into mine.

“You didn’t pack any clothes,” he repeated, and I took half a step back. Something about his voice, it was...it was like it made its way straight to my soul. My ears ached; not because he was loud, but because they’d been used to receive words of pure confidence and verve.

“I...I didn’t pack any clothes?” I asked, my voice a whisper. Mike shook his head, and I found my head shaking along, like my face was a marionette and he was pulling the strings.

“You didn’t pack any clothes,” he repeated. I nodded.

“I didn’t pack any clothes,” I said, my heart sinking.

Fuck!

I knew it had been a while since I’d left the house for more than an hour or two, but...I mean, packing clothes was the most basic of basics. How had I forgotten *clothes* of all things?

My husband had even helped me. Surely he...surely *one* of us must have noticed that I’d failed to pack even a single item of clothing.

It’s funny. I would have sworn that I’d carefully counted out socks, underpants, shirts and pants for the trip. If you’d asked me ten minutes earlier, I would have confidently told you that yes, of course I’d packed clothes – I could even have listed the specific outfits I’d packed.

But no. I didn’t pack any clothes.

Fuck.

“Maybe I can get my husband to mail some,” I mused, and Mike shook his head. “By the time they arrive, you’ll be packing up to leave. Not worth it.”

“He could overnight it?”

“The postal service is a shit-show right now,” he reminded me, and again I found myself unconsciously mirroring his nod.

“Okay,” I said, my brain running a mile a minute. How had I forgotten *clothes*?? “Is there a department store nearby? I could...–”

Mike blanched, silencing me without saying a word. “We’re still in a pandemic,” he reminded me, and I agreed immediately. Of course. The deal had been that I go and visit Mike, but we weren’t about to go out partying or anything like that.

Going to a department store was a completely unnecessary risk.

“Amazon?”

“Doesn’t deliver to my area,” Mike replied. My immediate instinct was to question him – over the past few years, he’d mentioned a great number of Amazon purchases...but as his words sunk in, I bit my tongue.

Mike wouldn’t lie to me. If he said Amazon didn’t deliver to his area, of course it didn’t. Perhaps they’d recently changed routes, or his building had been blacklisted for some reason.

I continued wracking my brains, trying to think of a solution. “Could I borrow some of yours?” I eventually asked, and Mike laughed.

“Honey,” he said in the humorously-patronizing Southern voice we often used to make fun of each other. “You ain’t gonna fit in my clothes.”

Again, his gaze lowered to my breasts. Again, if it had been anyone else, I would have felt uncomfortable – it was almost like he was blatantly checking out my tits.

I mean, he wasn't. It was *Mike*. But if it had been anyone else, I would've thought for sure that he was.

"Well then," I said, laughing to hide my embarrassment (who forgets to pack *clothes*??) "... it looks like I'll be wearing these for a week!"

I gestured at my outfit, and Mike took it as an invitation to scan up and down my body once more. I felt myself getting slightly warm as he did – a year in isolation meant that I'd basically forgotten what male attention felt like.

My husband finds me attractive, obviously, but...well, after three years of marriage, it wasn't like he was ogling me on a daily basis.

Not that Mike was ogling me. I'd gestured, after all. He was just looking at what I was wearing.

It was a fairly unremarkable outfit. I always dressed down to fly, and today had been no exception. I was wearing a pair of grey yoga pants and an oversized t-shirt – one of my husband's, which normally fit me with room to spare. With my recent growth, I could feel the fabric straining as it strained against my chest.

Mike hadn't been kidding when he said I wouldn't fit into his clothes. My husband was broad-shouldered, although (like me) he'd gained some weight during the pandemic. My best friend, meanwhile, had always been trim.

"I'm going to have a shower," I said with a sigh, and Mike nodded. I didn't have to explain to him that I was annoyed at myself, not him.

He got me.

As I lathered up my hair, a thought struck me. How had Mike realized I hadn't packed any clothes? He'd just been putting my bags into the spare room; there was no need to go through them. I tried to dismiss it – it was Mike, after all – but the thought kept niggling at me, even as I rinsed my hair clean and stepped out of the shower.

A towel was sitting on the sink that hadn't been there before (I hadn't even noticed Mike come in)...but my clothes were gone. My one remaining outfit.

I dried myself and, wearing the towel as a dress, stepped into my friend's apartment.

"Mike?" I called out, and he surprised me by stepping out of the kitchen, handing me my half-finished beer.

"What's up?"

Again, his eyes traveled up and down my body. Fortunately it was a bath sheet, so even accounting for the size of my breasts, it still ended a few inches above my knees.

I waited for him to finish checking me out (not that he was, like, checking me out), and when his eyes returned to mine, I asked him.

"Your clothes?" he repeated, like it was a new concept to him. "Oh, the stuff you were wearing on the plane? I threw it out."

"You what?"

"COVID," he said, like mentioning the acronym that had defined our lives for the last few years was a full explanation. I stared at him, jaw open, until he continued. "You were

wearing that outfit around strangers. For hours. It wouldn't be hygienic to keep it.”

As he was talking, I'd been tempted to interrupt. To tell him he was crazy, that his explanation made no sense.

But as his eyes stared into mine, his last sentence had been delivered...so firmly. So confidently. It was like his words burned straight through my objections, right into my soul.

“It wouldn't be hygienic to keep it,” I repeated, my voice faltering slightly.

“It wouldn't be hygienic to keep it,” he confirmed, and I found myself nodding along with him. Of course. A plane full of potential carriers. Even with the vaccination, it didn't make sense to take any unnecessary risks.

“It wouldn't be hygienic to keep it,” I said, my voice as confident as his had been.

“So I had to throw it out.”

Again, I nodded along with my best friend of almost thirty years, before letting out a sigh.

“Damn it,” I said wistfully. “Those were comfortable pants.”

He smiled at that, and another thought struck me.

“Also, that's all I had to wear for the week.”

“Oh, shit,” he said. “I didn't think of that.”

“It's okay,” I said, shooting him a rueful smile. “You did the right thing.”

I chewed on my lip, trying to work out what I was going to do. I'd gone down from one outfit to none, and it wasn't like I could wear this towel for the entire time I was here.

Could I?

As if he was reading my thoughts, Mike shook his head, and I found myself shaking my head as well. It's funny; since basically the moment I'd gotten out of the shower, I'd been staring deeply into his eyes. I hadn't even realized.

“It's my only towel,” Mike explained. “We'll need to share it.”

My forehead furrowed. “You only have one...”

I cut myself off. I'd forgotten what a spendthrift Mike was. Why have more than one towel?

“I'll need to hang it up to dry,” he said, holding his hand out. My eyes widened.

He couldn't want me to...he couldn't be expecting...

“Um...”

Mike stared into my eyes patiently, waiting for me to finish my thought, but I couldn't even think of what to say. He only had one towel, of course I couldn't just wear it for my entire stay.

“But...”

Again, my best friend didn't say a word, just waited for me to construct a full sentence. I finally managed to get the words together.

“...but I'd be naked?”

“Yeah?” he said, as though I'd just pointed out that the sky was blue. I suddenly felt myself blush, and Mike grinned at me. “We used to have baths together, remember?”

My blush deepened. He wasn't wrong...but that had been several decades ago, when we were kids. Things were different now.

Right?

“It's just me,” he said, and for some reason his words relaxed me.

What was I worrying about? It was just Mike. He'd been there for my entire life. We'd been friends since I was five years old.

It was just Mike.

"It's just you," I mumbled in response, and he reached out his hand, putting it on my chin.

"It's just me," he repeated, and I nodded along with him.

"It's just you," I said firmly, unhooking the towel and letting it fall to the floor.

I had expected Mike's eyes to drop to my nakedness, but he held my gaze. I don't know how long we stood there, staring into each other's eyes, but by the time we stopped, my skin was completely dry.

I couldn't help but smile as Mike's eyes traveled up and down my naked body. I was definitely at my heaviest non-pregnant weight, but I knew that wouldn't bother him. He's always liked women with a bit of meat on them.

Not that he was checking me out, of course.

My breasts were definitely the highlight, large and firm. My nipples are rosy-red, and my areola are puffy and dark. My waist is narrow; a few years ago I would have described my stomach as flat, but now it's starting to gather a little bit of extra jiggle. My hips curve naturally outward, and they seem to attract men like bees to honey.

And then there's my ass.

Even before my recent weight gain, I've always been proud of my butt. I know my husband loves it; he takes every opportunity he can to slap it, he loves to grope it when we're having sex, and yeah – on special occasions, I even let him take me there.

It's big. It's round. And it fills out my yoga pants well.

I squirmed slightly as Mike stared at my pussy. I hadn't shaved since I'd gotten pregnant; the vague plan had been to start again after giving birth, but when you've got a tiny human dependent on you for literally everything, it's hard to make that a priority.

So yeah, my thatch was quite bushy. I know my husband would prefer me shaved, but he'd never complained.

You bear someone's child, turns out they'll forgive a lot of stuff.

Mike's eyes moved back up to my face. It's rounder than most people's, with wide eyes and a small nose. His tongue darted out over his lips, and for a moment I had the weirdest thought, like he was imagining what it would be like to kiss me.

Dumb, right? It's Mike.

"You wanna watch something?" he asked, and I nodded, thankful he was being so cool about my nudity.

Mike had two couches in his living-room, but as soon as I sat down, he came and joined me. I dunno, I guess there's nothing weird about that. I mean, we're best friends. We sit on the same couch all the time.

It was my fault. My nudity was making me hyper-aware of everything. He threw on a TV show we'd been talking about watching together, and I had a brilliant idea.

"Do you have a blanket?" I asked. I mean, if I had to be clothesless, at least I could cover up.

Mike stared at me, and as I stared back, my blush returned.

"You don't want a blanket," he said, his voice dripping with confidence. "It's too warm."

"It's too warm," I repeated breathlessly. A second ago I could have sworn it was chilly enough to warrant my request, but of course he was right. I wasn't sweating, but I knew a blanket would make me uncomfortably warm. I didn't want one.

"It's too warm," he repeated, and I nodded in unison with him.

"It's too warm."

With that, he broke eye contact, unpaused the television and stretched his arm across my shoulder.

Again, a completely innocent action. One he'd probably done a thousand times before, if not more. But my nudity made me hyperaware of everything. His hairy arm on my bare shoulders. His hand, stroking a pattern up and down my skin.

How good it felt.

The show flew by, but I didn't take any of it in. The entire time, I was just far too aware of the unusual situation I'd gotten myself into. I was completely nude in my best friend's house. No part of me was hidden from him: my breasts, my pussy, my thighs, my arms.

If he'd wanted to touch me, he could.

Not that Mike thought of me that way, of course. It was Mike.

His fingers traced patterns up and down my arm, and as the next episode played, his other arm crossed his body, and his hand began lightly stroking my hip. If it had been my husband, it would have felt good. Comfortable. Arousing, even.

But it wasn't. It was Mike. It was Mike, and I was naked.

As the credits rolled, the show ended, and I realized that I'd been sitting on my own side of the couch, but Mike had moved closer to me. He pressed himself against my side, and I could feel his leg against mine, his shirt against my side.

If I'd turned to the side, my tit would have been pressed against his body.

Instead, I was sitting stiff as a board, hyper aware of my nudity. Of our physical contact.

Of his hands on my body.

I took a deep breath, but it did nothing to calm me down. Everything felt wrong. I knew I shouldn't be naked. I knew why I was, but I knew that I *shouldn't* be. It was my own fault, but that didn't make it feel any more right.

I shouldn't be naked. Mike shouldn't have been going through my suitcases. His hands shouldn't be on my naked body. Everything was wrong.

"M-Mike," I began, but as he turned to look into my eyes, I fell silent. He was staring at me intently, and I couldn't find words.

"What's wrong?" he eventually said, breaking the long silence. As we'd been staring into each other's eyes, his hands had moved. One was now on my stomach, stroking a soft pattern. The other was in my hair, playing with it like a lover.

It felt good. I knew it shouldn't, but it did.

"Everything," I whispered. "Everything feels wrong."

"Like what?" he asked, and I felt compelled to answer honestly.

"You...you shouldn't be touching me."

My throat and mouth were dry, and Mike smiled at the words coming out of my mouth.

“Don’t be silly,” he said breezily, before his voice dropped almost a full octave. “We’ve always been touchy.”

His words swept over me like a wave. They should have shocked me, but instead they calmed me down. We’d known each other for so many years, and we’d always...we’d always...

“We’ve always been touchy,” I repeated hesitantly, and Mike nodded. I found myself nodding along, like a dog following its master’s lead.

“We’ve always been touchy,” he said again. It was weird; I couldn’t remember any specific instances of being touchy with Mike in the past, but it was undeniably true. We’d always been so close, of course we’d been touchy.

“We’ve always been touchy,” I said firmly.

“So what’s the problem?” he asked, and I shook my head.

“No problem,” I smiled, moving my arm to his.

We must have sat there for a long while, staring into each other’s eyes, our hands casually moving around each other’s bodies. I got to feel the muscles he’d spent so much time and energy building; he made me shiver as he ran his fingers up my back, across my stomach, the back of his hand occasionally brushing against the bottoms of my breasts.

I moved my hands to his chest, happily surprised by how firm and muscular it was. I squeezed the flesh between my fingers, feeling it flex beneath my touch. His hand moved to my neck and throat, and I leaned into the touch. I’d always been sensitive there, something only my husband knew.

And Mike, of course. We’d always been touchy.

His hand ran up and down my leg; even though I no longer maintained my pubic area, I kept my legs shaved. He moved his hand higher, his fingers tracing the shape of my thigh, and I shivered. It felt good, like when my husband touched me.

But this wasn’t like that, of course. It was Mike. We weren’t, like...it wasn’t...

We were just touchy.

He moved his finger back up my leg, and as he did, I shifted closer to him, pressing my breasts against his body. I had to admit I was enjoying the feeling.

“This is nice,” I breathed, and Mike nodded.

“Yeah,” he agreed. There was a long pause, and as I looked up, I realised that the only sound in the room was the gentle hum of the television.

“Well...” I began awkwardly, trying to continue the conversation. “Do you want to watch something else?”

“You gonna do a dance or something?” he asked, and I opened my mouth to object before seeing the huge grin on his face.

“You shit-show,” I laughed, and affectionately pushed him. He grunted as he fell backwards, more amused than offended by my action.

“C’mere,” he growled, reaching out to grab my wrists. I resisted, but his year of working out (and my year of cookies and cake) meant that he was easily able to pull me towards him.

We began to wrestle: my feet against his chest, his arms pinning my wrists against the couch. We must have wrestled dozens of times before, but it all felt new. Different,

somehow.

Probably because I was naked.

I squealed as his weight landed on me, wriggling and laughing and enjoying the company of my best friend. His arms wrapped around my waist, and I felt every part of his body on me.

Every part of his body.

I've never thought about Mike's cock before. Even during the ten-day period we dated in high school; it had been more of a "hey should we do this?" (which had been quickly answered with "no, we should not") than anything...sexual.

But as I felt his tented pants press against my naked body, it was difficult *not* to be aware of it. There was a moment of hesitation, as our wrestling stopped, but then we both burst out laughing.

"C'mon," he said, releasing me and lifting his body. "You've had a huge day. You should get some rest."

"Mm-hmm," I said, feeling slightly dazed. I don't even know why. It had just been two best friends goofing off. I mean, yes, I was naked, and yeah, I'd felt his hardness, but nothing sexual had happened. It wasn't until I was laying in bed, about to drift off, when the thought struck me. Why had he been hard?

Visit
by Pan

Chapter 2

I slept fitfully that night, my mind and body tossing and turning. It was like a wall had been artificially constructed in my mind, and only when I was asleep were the thoughts able to penetrate them.

How had I forgotten to pack clothes? It literally didn't make any sense. And since when did you discard clothing to prevent the spread of an airborne disease?

And why did Mike think we'd always been touchy? It wasn't like we'd strenuously avoided physical contact, but we'd never been...touchy. Why had Mike said that?

And why had I agreed?

But the moment I woke up, the thoughts were like roaches: scattering as soon as the light appeared. My room was filled with the smell of coffee, and after a few minutes of stretching, I padded into the living-room.

"Good morning," Mike said, his eyes travelling up and down my body, lingering slightly at my tits. I blushed; I'd somehow managed to completely forget I was naked.

Naked in my best friend's house.

I was tempted to cover up, to drape one hand across my breasts, use the other to shield the hair between my legs from Mike's roving eyes.

But I didn't. It was *Mike*.

By the time he was done, Mike looked at me with a smile. "How'd you sleep?"

"Good," I nodded. "Your spare bed is great."

It was honestly strange to see how much Mike had grown up. Fifteen years ago we'd been sharing toaster strudels; now he was pouring a cup of hand-ground coffee, in a perfectly-kept house with a comfortable guest bed.

Now I was the careless one, forgetting to pack clothing for a weeklong trip. Who *does* that?

"That's good," he replied, handing me a cup o' joe and staring deep into my eyes.

"Because I'll need to share it with you for the rest of your trip."

"Share it?"

"That's right," he nodded, his eyes burning with intensity as he continued. "There's a leak in my ceiling, so we'll have to bunk up together."

I swallowed at the intensity of his words. He couldn't...there was no way...

"There's a leak in your ceiling," I repeated, my voice shaky. "We'll have to...have to..."

I trailed off, and Mike's forehead creased.

"We'll need to share a bed," he repeated, his voice deep and forceful.

"We'll need to share a bed," I immediately echoed. "There's a leak in your ceiling, so we'll need to share a bed."

"There's a leak in my ceiling," he said, his voice calm and relaxed. "So we'll need to share a bed."

"There's a leak in your bed," I said with a calm certainty in my voice. "So we'll need to share

a bed.”

“Enjoy your coffee,” he said, moving his hand off my waist. I hadn’t even noticed him touching me, but the tingle on my skin when his fingers left almost felt like he’d been tracing patterns for some time.

I took a sip of the brown liquid. It was cold. Strange; I thought he’d just brewed it.

Mike had to work that day, so I mostly amused myself. I watched TV, read a book, and played a few games of video poker on my phone. Mike stopped for lunch, which we ate at his small kitchen table: a suspiciously delicious salad (again, not the kind of thing I’d ever have expected him to know how to cook). He ate with one hand, his other stroking and playing with my leg the entire time as we talked about random things. We’ve always been touchy.

If I hadn’t somehow forgotten to pack clothing (and Mike hadn’t subsequently disposed of the only outfit I had) I would’ve taken a walk around the neighborhood in the afternoon. My family didn’t live there any more, but it would’ve been nice to see some of my old haunts. Instead, I caught up on *Dark* on Netflix (my husband hates watching anything with subtitles) and waited for Mike to finish work.

I couldn’t help but smile as he walked into the room, even if I did feel a little weird as his eyes swept up and down my body once more. Like, I’d been naked for a full day now. What more was there to look at?

“Move over,” he said, after seemingly examining every inch of my bare skin. I guess it had been a *long* time since he’d seen me naked...or any naked woman, for that matter. Like me, Mike had really locked down during the pandemic. I’d at least had my husband – he’d truly been alone.

I shifted to the side of the couch, and Mike sat directly in the middle. Like the night before, I was acutely aware of his leg against mine (he was wearing a pair of shorts), but I didn’t stiffen or freeze up as he moved one arm into my lap and began stroking my inner thigh.

“Have you seen this?” I asked, unable to stop myself from shivering slightly at his touch. I’ve always been sensitive, and it was all I could do not to squirm as Mike’s fingers traced the shape of my leg.

“No,” he said, turning and staring deeply into my eyes. “Is it good?”

“Uh huh,” I replied, again losing my words at the intensity of his eye-contact. I don’t know how long we sat there, his hands on my body. Just like the night before, I reached out and began touching him, as well.

We’ve always been touchy.

Neither of said anything, we just sat in silence, exploring each other’s bodies with our hands. I gasped as he reached up and cupped my breast; part of me wanted to object, but since my hands had traveled up his shirt and were resting on his bare chest, I didn’t really have a leg to stand on.

I could feel my breathing getting heavier as he groped my enormous boobs with both hands, pinching my nipples roughly. My hands were getting more adventurous as well, as they made their way down to his groin. The bulge in his pants seemed to get bigger and harder as I rubbed it, and I couldn’t help but groan.

It wasn't until he began to move a hand between my legs that I realized what we were doing. What Mike was about to do.

What *I* was doing.

I was sitting naked on my best friend's couch, his hands on my tits, stroking his erection through his pants. I wasn't...we'd never been like this. I was married. *Happily* married.

And this was *Mike*.

"No," I whimpered. "No, Mike, we...we can't."

"We've always been touchy," he reminded me, a half-smile on his lips. I nodded – we'd always been touchy – then shook my head.

"Not like this," I groaned, forcing myself to remove my hands from his pants. He followed suit, taking his hands off my breasts. It was all I could do not to moan – part of me wanted to lean forward, to follow his hands with my needy tits.

God, what was wrong with me? I'd never been like this. We'd never been like this.

What was happening?

"You need to be touched," he reminded me. His words were so shocking, I wanted to blink, but I couldn't. I couldn't do anything but stare deeply into his eyes, into my best friend's dark, intense eyes.

"W-what?"

"You need to be touched," he repeated, and my eyes crinkled as I tried to work out what he meant. I *liked* to be touched, of course, but I didn't...–

"You can't go more than a day without being touched," he said, and it was all I could do not to fall backwards at the intensity of his words. His voice was low, each word delivered like a dagger.

"I can't...I can't go more than a day without being touched..." I said in response. It was true, of course, but how did Mike know?

"You can't go more than a day without being touched," he said, a smile on his face.

Of course Mike knew. He knew everything about me. There was no secrets between us.

"I can't go more than a day without being touched," I said loudly. Mike raised his hands, and I grabbed them and moved them to my tits, letting out a loud moan. "Touch me. Please. Touch me..."

Mike grasped my breasts, rubbing them roughly. I leaned back into the couch, moaning... but never closing my eyes. I continued holding my best friend's gaze as he kneaded my breasts. Mike's touches were firm, but I needed more. I needed him to squeeze harder, to pinch my nipples.

"Please...please..." I moaned.

I was lost in my own world as Mike continued groping and squeezing my breasts. I felt his hands down up my stomach, towards my pussy. I was wet. So wet. How did I get so wet?

"Mmm..." I grunted as I felt his fingers brush along the length of my slit. "Mike..."

"Yeah?"

"Touch me," I begged. "Please."

I couldn't go more than a day without being touched. I'd been away from my husband for more than twenty-four hours, and though Mike had (mercifully) been stroking my skin almost

that entire time, I hadn't been *touched*. Between my legs.

Where I needed it the most.

Part of my brain was wondering when this compulsion of mine had begun. It must have been during the pandemic, because my husband had frequently gone on business trips before then, leaving me alone for days on end.

But even during the pandemic, there had been days when we'd been so exhausted from taking care of the baby, he hadn't...

No, that didn't make sense. I couldn't go more than a day without being touched. Which was why, on my second night away from home, I was breaking my marital vows. I was letting my best friend, with whom I'd never had anything more than a platonic relationship, touch me.

And it felt amazing.

"Oh fuck..." I gasped as Mike fingered me. "Fingers...yes...touch me..."

I was gasping and moaning like a porn star on her first scene. Mike responded by grabbing my hips and pulling me towards him, making me gasp as I sat on his lap, feeling his cock press against my ass. My knees buckled as one of his fingers slid easily inside me, and I let out a long moan as he began sawing it in and out.

This wasn't right. This was so wrong. But I wasn't able to stop. The feelings were too strong, and I was too weak.

I couldn't go more than a day without being touched.

"Fuck..." I mumbled, gripping onto Mike's shoulders for balance. "T-touch me. Please. Please, Mike. Touch me. Touch me!"

My words were barely audible as Mike's finger slid in and out of me. I closed my eyes, shuddering at the pleasure shooting through my body. I clenched my thighs together tightly, trying to force myself to stop, but my body betrayed me, and I let out another loud moan as Mike began thrusting his fingers inside me.

His thumb found my clit, and I moaned loudly, arching my back off the couch. My toes curled as waves of pure pleasure ripped through my body. I was naked on my best friend's couch as he pleased me; I was married, but he was touching me.

He wasn't my husband, but he was touching me. He was my best friend of more than twenty years, and he was touching me.

And it felt so *good*.

"Yes..." I groaned. "Fuck yes...don't stop."

Mike slipped a second finger inside me, and I groaned. I gripped onto his shoulders as I rocked back and forth on his lap, spreading my legs wider as I desperately sought to get closer to whatever pleasure I could find.

God, I was so lucky that Mike understood my needs. My need to be touched.

I couldn't go more than a day without being touched.

I couldn't go more than a day without being touched.

"Oh God..." I gasped as Mike began to thrust his fingers inside me faster. "Please, Mike..."

I bucked my hips forward desperately, and I moaned loudly as I came. My eyes snapped open as I trembled, staring at my friend. I wanted to tell him what an incredible job he was

doing, but I was too busy panting and shaking as he thrust his fingers inside me.

“Yesssss...” I groaned, biting my lip. I couldn’t hold back my moans any longer, and I let out a loud wail as I came hard.

My entire body went limp as my orgasm finally ended, and I stared at Mike with wide eyes. I was still sitting on his lap, his cock pressed against my ass. It felt huge.

“Are you okay?”

“Mmm...” I groaned as he pulled his fingers out. He placed them on my mouth; I sucked them clean without even thinking about it, licking them like a lollipop, staring into Mike’s eyes as I did.

When I was done he stood up, and I slumped back into the couch, trying to catch my breath.

“Th-thank you,” I said with a sigh, and he nodded.

“Of course,” Mike said with a smile. “What are friends for?”

Part of me expected to feel embarrassed, but the rest of the evening felt like it always did with Mike. We sat on the couch, watching TV, occasionally talking or joking around. As we watched the show, his hands continued to drift across my body, occasionally tweaking my nipple or massaging my thigh.

It was colder than the night before; I briefly considered asking for a blanket, but then I remembered: It’s too warm. Instead, I pressed my naked body against his. He reached down and grabbed my ass with one hand, putting the other around my shoulder and grabbing my tit.

All the while, my hand was resting on the crotch of his pants. That was the one thing I felt funny about – I mean, we’ve always been touchy, but...I dunno. Part of me wanted to move my hand down his pants and wrap my fingers around his dick, but I knew that would be crossing a line. Even with what he’d done to me earlier that night.

That was different. I couldn’t go more than a day without being touched.

“Mike...can I ask you something?”

His hand squeezed my breast in response, and I smiled. I’d always communicated with him differently than anyone else in my life. Even my husband. I guess it comes with being best friends for so long.

“Sure,” he said.

“Do you think I’m sexy?”

Mike froze for a moment, his hand tightening on my breast. “What makes you ask that?” he said, and I recognized his tone of voice immediately. It was the exact kind of voice my husband had when I asked him if a dress looked good, or if he’d still find me attractive when I was pregnant.

I couldn’t help but laugh. “It’s not a trap,” I said, giving his cock a comforting squeeze through his pants. “I was just...I dunno, wondering.”

Mike turned to me, and stared into my eyes. I caught my breath. I must have looked him in the eyes a million times in my life, but somehow this trip was different. Every time I stared into those deep, dark eyes, it felt like I was looking straight into his soul.

No, that wasn’t it: it felt like his soul was looking into mine. Like I was completely, totally exposed.

It was probably just because I was naked.

"It's not like that," he said calmly. "What we have is different. Special."

I nodded. He was right, of course. Our friendship was special. It always had been.

"Why do you ask?"

"I just wanted to make sure that, y'know..."

I gestured to...well, everything. My nudity. His hand on my breast. My hand on his crotch.

"...I wanted to make sure this wouldn't get weird."

"Of course not," Mike said, smiling softly. "I mean, you're my best friend. I know you're attractive, but it's not like that."

"Yeah," I nodded. "It's not like that."

"Not like your crush on me."

I froze.

"W-what?"

His voice deepened, and he leaned forward as he repeated himself.

"You find me incredibly attractive," he said, and a pulse went through my entire body at his words.

"I...I find you incredibly attractive," I replied, my voice trembling in awe.

I did. It was impossible to deny. I don't know if it was because of how intensely he'd just made me cum, or if it was something I'd always felt, but...I was incredibly attracted to my best friend.

"You find me incredibly attractive," he repeated, an arrogant grin on his face.

"I find you incredibly attractive," I said firmly, and we sat there for god knows how long, staring into each other's eyes, my hand gently running up and down his cock.

When he finally looked away, I realized I was blushing. Not just my face, either – the flush had spread across my entire body, and I was gasping for air.

I couldn't believe what I was doing. Rubbing my best friend's cock, admitting my crush. God, how long had I been attracted to him?

Was this why I'd "forgotten" to pack any clothing? Because I'd known it would mean I had to spend the entire week naked with Mike?

Oh my god, was this why I'd organized the trip in the first place? I couldn't go more than a day without being touched; by going to visit my attractive best friend, I'd know he had no choice but to get me off. He'd be forced to touch me, his best friend.

This entire trip had just been an excuse to get my crush to grope me. And conveniently forgetting my clothes meant that I'd spend the whole time naked, flaunting my body for his attention.

It was so obvious now that I thought about it. Was it so obvious to Mike? He knew about how I felt, of course, but had he pieced the rest together?

God I hoped not. It was embarrassing enough knowing how transparent my feelings for him were. I'd melt through the floor with shame if he worked the rest out too.

And then, of course, there was my husband.

My husband!

All that blood that hadn't welled in my clit moved to my face as my blush deepened. I loved

my husband, I truly did. He was the father to my children, the love of my life. He was my soul mate, the man I wanted to spend the rest of my life with.

I'd never so much as looked at anyone else since the moment I'd met him.

Except Mike.

My gut churned with guilt as I thought back to how hard I'd tried to convince my husband that Mike wasn't a threat, that we had a purely platonic relationship. And I mean...it was true. Mike and I could never be a couple, I knew that. We weren't right for each other, not in that way.

But it was impossible to deny how attractive I found him.

On some level I must have known that, even as I assured my husband that I wasn't attracted to my best friend. Like a closeted homophobe, my protestations were probably fueled by a subconscious guilt. Why else would I have spent so much energy convincing my husband that I didn't feel anything for Mike?

And he'd trusted me. He'd trusted me enough to let me come out here, for a week. He'd trusted me so much that even though he'd helped me pack, he hadn't said anything about the fact I wasn't packing any clothes.

My husband knew that I couldn't go more than a day without being touched. But he'd still let me go on this trip, halfway across the country. Because I'd told him that I wasn't attracted to Mike.

Because he'd had every reason to believe that we wouldn't do...well, what we were doing right now.

I let go of Mike's cock like it was a hot coal. I...I couldn't. I couldn't do that to my husband. To my marriage.

To Mike.

Even if I'd been single, even if my husband hadn't been in the picture, I couldn't do it. No matter how attracted I was to *him*, Mike had been very clear: he didn't feel the same way about me.

There were so, so many reasons we couldn't do anything. That I couldn't do anything to Mike.

No matter how badly I wanted it.

I took a few deep breaths, staring down at my knees. They were shaking, and tears were forming in the corners of my eyes. All I wanted was to touch Mike, to feel his hands on me again. I wanted to be touched by him, to feel his lips on mine, his cock inside me.

But it wasn't fair to him. It wasn't fair to my husband. I had to ignore my hormones and lust, and listen to my brain. My heart.

I loved my husband. I loved Mike, too, but in a different way.

And even if I *had* loved him in that way, he didn't love me.

No. We couldn't cross that line. I couldn't touch him. I couldn't fondle his cock. I couldn't wrap my hand around it, stroke him until he came on my face. On my naked tits. I couldn't make my best friend coat my naked body with his seed.

No matter how much I wanted him to.

"I should...I should go to bed," I said, my voice trembling.

“Of course,” Mike said, releasing my tit and standing up. It was all I could do not to jump up and press my body against his, my lips against my best friend’s.

But I couldn’t. He didn’t want me like that.

And I was married.

“Don’t worry,” he said with a smile. “I don’t snore.”

My eyes widened. Oh, god. I’d forgotten...there was a leak in Mike’s ceiling, so we’d have to share a bed.

We’d have to share a bed.

All night. All week. Mike, sleeping next to me. My naked body, pressed up against his.

Fuck.

Fuck.

FUCK.

“N-no problem,” I said, forcing a grin to my face. Mike laughed, putting a hand on each side of my face and kissing me on the mouth.

My eyes widened, but I didn’t protest. We’d always...we’d always been touchy, after all. And he’d just gotten me off.

I didn’t want to make things weird. He already knew I was attracted to him; if I made a big deal about one little kiss, who knows what he’d think?

No. I couldn’t make things more awkward than my attraction to him already did. So after a few seconds, I relaxed into the kiss, moving my hands to his sides, trying to act natural. Trying to remember how I normally acted when Mike kissed me like this.

It was hard to concentrate as the kiss went on, especially when Mike’s tongue got involved. I slid my hand up his shirt, a thrill running through my body at the feel of his bare skin under my fingers. But I kept myself from sliding my hand down, held back by the memory of my husband.

My outer hand reached around and grabbed his firm ass, pulling his body towards mine. I couldn’t help but let out a soft moan as his pant-clad erection pressed against my bare stomach (Mike is a full foot taller than me). One of his hands left my face and grabbed my ass in response; the other softly brushed against the hair of my pussy.

Eventually he broke the kiss, both of us breathing heavily as he stared into my eyes. I could see my own desire reflected there.

“Do you need a toothbrush?” he asked, his voice ragged. My heart leapt at the idea that I’d done that to him, that my lips and hands and body had turned him on...but then reality returned, and I remembered: I’d asked him, very directly, if he was attracted to me.

He wasn’t. Not in the way I was attracted to him.

“No,” I said, trying to sound light and casual. Trying to sound like I wasn’t fighting the urge to drop to my knees and unleash his cock. To show him how good I was at sucking cock.

To show him how good I was at sucking *his* cock.

“You managed to pack that?” he asked, raising one eyebrow, and I laughed longer and louder than I could have. I couldn’t help myself; I felt giddy, like a schoolgirl trying to act cool with her crush. I wanted to wrap my arms around Mike’s neck and pull him closer, to grind my pussy against his cock and make him cum in his pants.

Instead I pulled away, and went to brush my teeth.

Brush my teeth, and mentally prepare myself for a night in the bed of a man who wasn't my husband. A man who'd skillfully gotten me off with his fingers. A man who I was extremely attracted to.

My best friend.