

Rachel's Love Potion 2: Rachel's Love Potion's Love Potion Part Three

Any time somebody tries to merge two friend groups, it begins in the most awkward possible way. Your work friends know you one way, your bar crawl friends another, your back-when friends a third (and probably fourth) way. There's always that friction as worlds collide and people have to reconcile the different you's. Heck, sometimes it's apparent even in the moment how much I myself change when I'm around certain people. So many inside jokes that simply don't transfer, ya know?

At first, that was how it was with Knox and Joanna during our week-long slumber party. He had to deal with her inability to not make color commentary on his stupid zombie show; she had to deal with the one-two punch of his sixty-eight degree thermostat combined with the toplessness policy. He had to work around her peanut allergy when it came time for him to decide what I cooked everyone for dinner; she had to handle her discomfort when I sat on his lap and hand-fed him his meal.

They were trying, at least. By the end of the second day, she'd finally stopped being so self-conscious that she'd try to use her arm to conceal her boobs, and he'd... well, Knox was Knox. Waiting for him to change was watching the wind erode stone. Still, there were subtle signs that he'd accepted her into our little pack. For instance, pretty soon he stopped treating me like some distant acquaintance and resumed touching me like the bestest friend I was. Or the next morning, without even asking, Knox took the initiative to do our laundry! While Joanna was in the shower, I darted in for him and snatched her pants and panties and tossed them in the machine right next to mine.

"Hey!" she yelled, her voice echoing down the hallway. "Where the fuck are my goddamn pants?!"

Knox stuck a finger in my mouth to restrain me and answered himself. "We don't shout in my house. If you want to talk, come to the living room and we can talk."

After a brief pause, her footsteps thundered down the hall. She was still dripping wet, her body sheathed in a towel that was definitely not made for the task it had been given. If she so much as breathed too deeply, it was either going to rise up and show her pussy, or burst right off of that huge chest of hers. She looked pissed enough to hardly care, though. Pissed enough to barely take note that I was completely naked myself.

"What the hell did you do with my pants, Knox?" She was practically snarling.

He sighed, as if having to explain something to an invalid. "What did I tell you about covering your tits in my house?"

"What? You can't be ser..." But he was. Seeing immediately that she wasn't going to get anything out of him until she conformed to his edict, she lowered the towel down her body until it hung around her hips like a dress. He was staring hard at those

glistening wet boobs; it reminded me what a nice present it would be for him when my finally finished growing in. He'd assured me only a few more months, but it killed me that it wouldn't be in time for his birthday. He's been complaining about not being able to give me a proper tit-fuck since forever.

"There," she said. "Now answer my fucking question. I put up with sitting around here with my tits out, but I'll be damned if I'm going to flash you my pussy."

"It's not really 'flashing' if it's simply out there for us to see. And don't panic. I threw them in the laundry. They'll be clean in a couple hours, so chill. Now come on, have a seat. Episode's starting."

After a final frosty glare, Joanna seemed to pick up on my imploring gaze and let out a sigh of resignation. Only then, Knox held up his hand to stop her ass mid-sit. She gasped in shock, and even I was a bit surprised. It was one thing to have him touch my ass whenever he felt like it, but he and Joanna were barely friends. Heck, even Knox and I had only been besties for weeks when he first came over to my house and woke me up to fuck me silly. If Joanna wasn't as comfortable as I was being touched, it probably wasn't cool for him to be doing that.

I twisted my mouth, thinking how to gently say as much, but he spoke first. "Hey now, I don't want your nasty wet towel on my couch. It'll get mildewy."

After a moment, I laughed – despite the look of indignation on Joanna's face. Here I thought the guy was making sexual advances, but he was only protecting his furniture. I mean, duh, right? I was probably just too accustomed to guys losing their heads over Joanna.

"I... I guess I'll sit on the floor then," she grumbled, but Knox wasn't having that either.

"And warp the hardwood? Fuck that. You can either ditch the towel and sit here with us like you were ever taught basic manners, or you can go out on the porch and air dry. But in either case, leave the towel. I don't want it getting dirty out there."

Joanna made a face, but I just rolled my eyes and tugged her towel off. She covered her pussy for a second – and I gotta say, having gotten used to having mine baby smooth, I'd have been embarrassed by that wild thatch of fur now, too – but she let me pull her down next to me.

Was it a little weird, sitting naked next to another woman? Sure. But the last thing I wanted to do was discourage Knox from sweet impulses like that. Doing her laundry? Being patient through her little tantrum? That cute way he licked his lips when he eyeballed her pussy? Don't get me wrong; I love the guy, but he wasn't exactly one to go out of his way for little gestures like these, so when they happened, it was always a delightful surprise.

Lo and behold, Knox soon informed us that the dryer was broken, and so we'd have to let our clothes air dry. By then, though, I'd honestly gotten used to it. On the rare

occasions Knox wanted to hang out at his place, I seldom wore clothes anyway. It actually felt more normal being naked around Knox, and having Joanna half-dressed while I wasn't wearing a stitch would've been weird. She felt the same way, I'm sure.

"Hey, can I just say a huge thank you for not making me feel weird about the naked thing? I was really worried this wasn't going to work out, but you're being so cool and all."

She shrugged, crossing her legs the other direction. Joanna had such full thighs – I had always been jealous. It didn't matter how much I exercised; my body simply didn't want to add the padding. It was literally taking a miracle ointment to make my breasts grow bigger than they'd been in middle school.

"I'm... glad you're glad," she said after a moment.

"Seriously. I know this show is kinda blech, but I'm actually having a really good time having you hanging around. If you're having an OK time, too, maybe we can do this more often? If you're not, that's cool – but I figure if we can have a good time sitting around watching this..." I listened, but the fan was still running. "This *lame* show, we'll have way more fun most times."

"So... it doesn't freak you out, being naked around him?"

"Nah. I mean, it's Knox." I shrugged.

She mimicked my voice, and my shrug. "*Nyeh, it's Knyex.*" Man, her boobs were huge. Shrugging didn't move mine in the least, but hers shook like some kind of magnitude 7.5 boobquake. "What does that even mean?"

I considered for a moment. "I don't know how to say it exactly. But like... I like him. I like being with him. It makes me feel good, and being apart feels..." I shuddered. "Just... awful. So if that means I have to make some compromises – a lot of compromises, it feels like sometimes – then I'll do it. And after a while, I guess I realized that the compromises are what keep everything working so awesome between us, so eventually I got to start liking the compromises, too, because they only bring us closer together." I couldn't read the look on her face, but it made me self-conscious. "That probably doesn't make any sense, huh."

There was a flush down the hallway. "Rach, I'm sitting here buck-ass naked in the house of some dude I barely know, letting him ogle me during the slow moments of a show that's so terrible it's actually making me wish someone would come along and stab *me* in the head." She patted my knee. "I think I understand compromises to make friendships work. And... for what it's worth, I think I'm somehow having fun in spite of it all. Because hey, my best friend's here with me."

I was so glad we'd had that microtalk, because after that, the awkward phase began coming to a close. Aside from sitting around naked with my childhood best friend, obviously, but Knox valiantly did his best not to make that more awkward for us. Except by imposing the nakedness, naturally. Ya know, considering the guy had undone my

stupid attempt at love-potioning her, I really couldn't say why she was so dead-set on hanging out with us, but she started being so cool about things. When Knox told me to sit on her lap so he could lay down on the couch, she was fine with it. When he propped up his feet between my legs and asked for a foot rub, it took almost no goading at all for me to get her to take the right while I massaged the left. After all, I told her, we could all exchange massages later! Knox agreed it would be a fun idea.

Only then he fell asleep, and by the time he woke up, all he had the energy for was to put a hand on my ass and drag me upstairs to bed. Joanna waved a forlorn goodnight as we left her to once more camp out on the sofa.

Man, if she knew how much Knox and I had leaked on that thing, she'd definitely want to wrap her blanket under her as well as over.

The next morning while I was washing Knox in the shower, I reminded him about my idea for a massage chain. I know how affectionate he is, and I thought that might provide an outlet that would be more comfortable for Joanna. Knox readily agreed. Have I mentioned he's the nicest guy in the whole wide universe? I gave him an extra-enthusiastic blowjob, even though he was hogging all the hot water – that's how much I treasure his friendship.

Downstairs, Joanna was already chowing down on a bowl of cereal. I noticed she was wearing her pants again, but seeing that I was planning to stay naked, she joined me, this time with only a very slight sigh. Take that, awkward phase!

"It'll be for the best," said Knox, kicking her discarded jeans and panties into a corner full of dust bunnies. "Rachel here had an amazing idea for once, and we're going to do ourselves a little trust-building activity."

"Oh? If it's trust falls, I know the ropes. You go ahead and fall first."

He smiled thinly. "No. Actually, we're going to give one another massages. Taking turns, of course."

"Massage." She arched a brow. "Naked massage."

"Come on, I'm sure after a couple nights sleeping on that couch, you could use it, right?" That had been her idea, after the sounds of Knox and I fucking on and off through the night had rendered the guest room untenable.

This was exactly the kind of thing that would help us all get over any final shreds of discomfort with one another! *Please, Jo*, I thought at her. Her eyes narrowed, but softened when she saw the pleading in mine.

"Fine. But I'm not going coed on this. Only she does me, and I only do her."

I clapped my hands. "Yay! This is going to be so fun!"

"You have no idea," said Knox enigmatically. "Rach, why don't we start with you. We can use the kitchen table here once you two clean it off. I have some massage oil stashed away around here somewhere."

Knox wandered off in search of his contribution to my great idea. I could hardly wait! It had been years and years since I'd been in a massage chain, and then I'd had to endure the awkward kneading and pinching of this guy Max Stringer who'd had this super uncomfortable crush on me. I was glad that this time I'd be in the compassionate hands of my two best friends, and not some possessive gropy perv who only saw me as a piece of meat.

I mean, yeah, Knox called me a piece of meat all the time, but only when he was about to fuck me, so it only made sense. Sort of endearing, actually.

With the table cleared and wiped down, I laid down on top of it and waited for Knox. It was cold, and hard, but I was sure that soon I would hardly notice. After several minutes of awkwardly tapping her foot, Joanna rolled her eyes and turned back toward me. "What say we start without him?"

“Sounds good. And, um, so it’s totally on the level, I know I’m naked and all, but obviously nobody expects you to do my naughty parts or anything. Friendly areas only, please.”

“You got a cute little ass Rach, but not cute enough to make me lez out on you. Relax.” And she took a space beside the table, and began.

“Could you imagine if your boyfriend could see this?” I giggled hysterically at the thought of Ian gawking at the two of us. That guy would positively lose his shit.

“No joke.” Joanna applied a firm pressure along my lower back, fingers grazing me so lightly it almost tickled. Almost. “Though... I dunno, I was actually thinking of breaking up with him.”

“Whoa, no way!” I turned my head so I could see her. Or at least, see her stomach and underboobs. She was a tall one. “Why? Is he being shitty about us hanging out? I don’t mean to hog you, babe! I know a week away is a long time, so if you gotta go home and do girlfriend stuff, that’s totally OK!”

She shook her head. Or I thought so, anyway, from how her hair moved. “Nah. Just been thinking that here I am, having a week-long slumber party with you and Knox, nude, and it seems like things are getting, you know, a little charged to say the least. Seems shitty to keep stringing the guy along if I’m gonna be over here cheating on him.”

I frowned, propping myself up on an elbow so I could look up at her. If Knox’s harmless flirting and wayward glances were enough to make her relationship feel insecure, this might be a bad idea after all. “Sweetie... Really, you and I can hang out any time. Maybe you should go back home, spend some QT with him?”

But her response was to gently slide my elbow out of the way, slumping me back down onto my chest. My boobs were definitely bigger, I couldn’t help but notice. I remembered the first time lying on this table, the night Knox decided it would be hilarious to eat his dinner off my naked body, and back then they had definitely not had this much cushion. It wasn’t nearly as obvious lying on a bed.

Once I was back where she wanted me, Joanna immediately resumed her massage. “Hell, like you’re one to give relationship advice. When was the last time you had sex with someone other than your nominally platonic friend Knox?” I didn’t have an answer for that, and as she worked the tension out of my muscles, I quickly gave up trying to find one. It was some minutes before she said anything else, but when she did, I recognized it was a continuation of her thought. “I’m right where I want to be and with exactly who I want to be with, so shut up, OK?”

I was genuinely touched, and so I did as she said and shut right up.

Pretty soon after that Knox came back to us. I was actually pretty impressed Joanna had kept it going for so long. My fingers always get so stiff when I massage Knox too thoroughly. (*Not the only thing that gets stiff – hey! Ugh, maybe I needed to spend*

more time around my girlfriends.) But every time I asked if she was ready to stop, she insisted she wanted to keep going, and as heavenly as it felt, I wasn't about to stop her.

"Started without me, eh? Well that's cool. You got her back, Jo?" She must have nodded, because he continued. "Good. Time for the lower half. And what a lower half, I must say." It was clear that the hand that squeezed my butt was his. I gave it a reproofing wiggle for disrupting the relaxing moment.

"She's all yours," replied Joanna. I tried not to squirm at the sudden presence of Knox's oil, cool and sticky, dribbling onto my butt.

"Don't be crazy – I don't mind sharing. You want the thighs, or the ass?"

"No really, you go right ahead. Enjoy."

Some of the oil was trickling down into my butt crack. It felt tingly. "Now Jo, we've been over this, haven't we? You're my guest, and we're having fun *together*. So come on. Together. Think how much closer you'll feel with Rachel, eh? Doesn't that sound nice?"

I was about to offer her an out when, in the blink of an eye almost, there were hands on me. Four of them. I knew exactly whose were whose. The two on my ass, squeezing aggressively and working their way into my crack and around my slit, undoubtedly Knox's. The others, softer, gentler, but still pressing firmly into the muscles of my thighs, those were Joanna's.

The two of them didn't say another word once they'd started. I giggled to myself between groans and sighs of rapture at the thought that together, they were a well-oiled machine. Whatever that oil was, it felt divine. As it soaked into my skin, the tingling sensation only increased, like a million tiny kisses all over my body. I was so delirious from it all that I didn't notice for some time that their hands had started moving together. His over hers, I was pretty sure. Yet strangely, it didn't feel weird having her hands on my butt. And when Knox told me it was time to roll over, I simply closed my eyes and drifted away on a river of bliss, and whoever was touching me and wherever they touched, I didn't know or care.

Eventually, my eyes opened after realizing they had stopped some time ago. In fact, I quickly realized, they were sitting in two of the kitchen chairs beside me, and Knox was in the process of giving Joanna a hand massage. She had a weird look on her face, simultaneously anxious and at ease. Maybe she was trying to figure out that oil on their hands, too. I was pretty sure Knox's warlock talents were involved. I'd never felt that good from a massage. I could still feel the tingle.

"There she is. Worried you weren't coming back to us," said Knox, still caressing Joanna's outstretched palm.

"You guys are god-sends, seriously. Come on, we gotta get you started. That felt so amazing, I can't wait to pay it back. If I even can." I bent down and hugged the two of them together, and I didn't realize until I'd let go that it might have been weird hugging

Joanna with both of us being topless and me soaked in oil. I was a little surprised Knox had been able to stop himself from fucking my naked, glistening, helpless body when he'd had the chance.

When Joanna didn't say anything, Knox took his turn next. Sometime while I'd been in my massage coma, they'd turned on some music, and I upped the volume a few notches. I'd expected to handle it myself, knowing how Joanna was still adjusting to the trio and all. To my surprise, she went right to the other side of the table, and after watching me work for a moment, squirted a big glob of oil onto his shoulders and began to knead.

I could see why they'd been so thorough. Maybe it felt better on my back than it did on my hands, but not by much. Between that and enjoying doing something nice for my friend, I was only too happy to keep rubbing on him. Unlike us, he'd been wearing pants still, but feeling guilty at not giving as good as I'd gotten, I helped him right out of them. I got to work on his ass while Joanna, wrinkling her nose only a little bit, did his legs as she'd done mine.

When he rolled over, I asked if he wanted us to get his cock, but he was as out of it as I'd been. Knox had never had any problem letting me know when he wanted to get off, so the two of us opted to keep things friendly and rubbed him down everywhere but. I basked in the sense of a job well done, having relaxed him right to sleep. He was like that, I'd noticed; it was not uncommon for him to doze off in the middle of one of my lengthy blowjobs.

Then, after we gave him a little while to snap out of his reverie, it was Joanna's turn. She looked almost nervous as she laid down, but I knew Knox and I would work it out of her soon enough.

I guess I was as surprised as anyone when, not twenty minutes in, while I was using my elbow on her shoulders and Knox was gliding up and down those shapely legs of hers, Joanna came.

I should clarify. At first, I was not merely surprised, but rather shocked, in a jump scare kind of way. Her body thrashed so suddenly, at one instant at a total state of rest and in the next, legs flailing and butt clenching and fists clenching the edges of Knox's kitchen table like she was worried she was going to launch herself off of it. I was so startled that I fell backwards and landed on my bottom. Knox jumped back, too, but I think he was enjoying the display so much he was physically locked on.

"Um... are you, ah, OK?" I asked her as I helped myself up. It would have been nice if Knox had offered to help, but if some crazy hot guy had been orgasming on the table, I might have been too distracted to lend him a hand, too.

Joanna rolled to her feet and sprinted out of the room. Soon, the sound of what I was pretty sure was the spare bedroom slamming shut behind her.

"What do you think got into her?" I asked Knox.

“I don’t know, but I can tell you what I hope to get into her.”

I giggled, smacking his shoulder. Both of us no doubt knew she’d been mortified to have gotten off from my touch. I know it would have been humiliating on my end, even with Knox there to reassure me how hard such a thing had made his cock. I’d have to apologize and reassure her. So what if she’d gotten turned on by her friend? Sexuality was a spectrum, and simply because I was squarely at the hetero end of it didn’t mean I judged women who weren’t. A surprise, yes, and maybe as much to her as to me, but I was sure that pretty soon we’d be laughing it off.

In the meantime, giving her a few to cool down seemed only fair. I turned to Knox. “Remember that one time I told you I was trying to set you up with my friend and you were all, ‘what do I need a girlfriend for when I can fuck you whenever I want however I want in any way I want’? Remember? Well now look whose eyes are suddenly bigger than their stomach.”

“Hey, not my fault your tits aren’t taking to the ointment as quick as I hoped. If I’d known your friend was that fucking hot, I might have dosed her with a love potion myself.”

“Don’t even joke about that!” I placed my hands on my hips defiantly. As defiant as I could manage in the nude and covered with massage oil, anyway. “I feel terrible about what I did. The more I think about it, the more ashamed I feel. Using magic to force someone to be with you? I’d rather die than become some creepy rando’s love slave. Joanna at least would’ve been saddled with the nicest guy I know, but still, it’s such a relief you were able to undo it.”

“I’d never let some creepy rando enslave you, Rachel. You know how much I hate to share my favorite cunt.”

I gave him a kiss on the cheek, and he gave me a smack on the ass, then a pinch on my right nipple, then the left, then a long kiss during which his hands alternated between the three. What a sweetheart. “Anyway, it feels like things are mostly going well. Who knows, maybe you’ll be able to get a date with her after all!”

“You think?”

“Seriously? You already talked her out of her clothes and... well, I’m happy to cede my fifty percent share of the credit for that orgasm to you, bucko. If a guy ever made me feel like that, I’d for sure at least give him a date.” I was actually pretty sure the experience of receiving an orgasm from her female friend had freaked her out so badly that it had ruined any chance he might have ever had with her, but I didn’t want to discourage the poor guy.

His lips puckered. “I never made you feel like that?”

I gave his shoulder a sympathetic pat and set to cleaning up the table. “You’ll get there, slugger. Someday.” Were all of these puddles massage oil, or was some of this from when Joanna...? Yech!

Suddenly there was a hand on my back, forcing me down face-first in one such puddle. A quick sniff gave me 80% certainty that it was oil and not the other thing, so I let it slide, just as Knox let it slide into my ass.

“How the hell did you slide in so... oh, you used the oil, you sly dog!” I managed after an initial groan of discomfort. “Thanks for that.”

There wasn't much to do while he was butt-fucking me but hold on and wait for him to finish. Which was kind of frustrating, because I'm the kind of person who, once I get started tidying up, gets on the warpath. Five seconds of wiping down the table and it was all I could do not to ask Knox to let me lift my chest off it so I could keep at it while my extremely tight butt finished him off.

Should I call for Joanna and ask if she's OK? Nah, coming back to seeing Knox coming in my butt would probably be just as traumatizing as her own bout of coming. Yeesh, imagine if I actually climaxed too and went for the full trifecta! Bad idea.

After a few minutes, I started feeling another tingle, only this time, it wasn't *on* my butt, but *in* it. Every time Knox's cock slipped back, the emptiness was filled by a storm of delightful glitter, like someone had shoved a sparkler in my heinie – only without, you know, burning me.

“So I have to *unggggh!* That was a hard one! Easy when you whale on my tail, dude.” Knox grunted. “I have to ask, what gives with this massage oil? This has to be some seriously epic warlocking, right? It feels incredible!”

“A few drops of peppermint extract, sweet cheeks. Nothing special. It does feel good though, right?”

I laughed. Like I was going to believe something that stupid? Some alchemical breakthrough that had made Joanna pop like a bottle of champagne and was even making me kind of like anal for the first time ever, and he thought I was going to believe it was peppermint? There seemed to be a teensy fragrance of it in the jumbled mess of scent the sopping tablecloth was forcing into my nostrils, but I'd read about the power of suggestion.

“All right, all right, keep your secrets. But I think you might have overdone it on Jo. It's one thing to help acclimate her...” I trailed off as the tingles set off a tiny little orgasm of my own. I guess Knox's cocks – I like to call it that when he's inside me – deserved a little bit of the credit. He came pretty soon after, but he lingered just long enough to give me a second, a nice slow-coasting ride.

I eventually remembered I'd been saying something, and tried to finish what I hoped my original thought was. It was probably for the best. Knox was always more pliable right after I'd helped him get off. “But yeah, maybe go easy on Jo? I know you and I have our vibe, but I'm not sure she's the sort who's going to be onboard for... you know...”

“Being my personal anal whore?”

“Yeah, that.”

“Maybe. But hey, who knows, maybe we’ll click. Even, you know, without a boost from your idiot potion.”

“Yeah. Maybe.” I swaddled myself in the oily sheet that had served as a tablecloth so I didn’t dribble any of Knox’s cum out of my ass and onto his floor. (Even though it was his jizz, it was somehow always yours truly who wound up lapping it up.) For now, I only had myself to tidy up, and then it was time to find Joanna and help talk her down. Later, I’d find a way to do the same for Knox. Joanna and I had been friends for a very long time, and I knew better than anyone when she wasn’t interested in a guy. She might be loosening up out of the ol’ awkward phase, but that didn’t mean my dream of hooking the two of them up had any chance of coming to fruition.

Joanna didn't come out of the guestroom, nor would she answer when we called for her. Knox seemed to be amused by it all, but even if I was glad to see him take it in stride, part of me was still worried about my friend. No way she was going to feel comfortable talking it out with our host, so I did what I had to do. A three-person slumber party was a pretty tricky time for scoring alone time, but Knox was my friend-soulmate.

It was a simple matter of asking him to let me practice my new strip tease routine, then whispering in his ear how horny I was and begging him to give his pet fucktoy the release her slutty drippy cunt needed so unbelievably desperately. He loved it when I begged, so I only did it on special occasions – or like now, when there was some urgent need. I climbed onto his cock and rode him through three solid orgasms, pleading each time for more, more cum for my needy pussy, more of his mouth on my titties, more pleasure for his personal sex pet. It was all a game, of course – and such a degrading one, on my end – but it paid off when he finally shoved me off his lap and closed his eyes contentedly. Within moments, he was snoring.

“Jo? Come on, you gotta let me in, hon. Knox is asleep. It's just you and me.”

There was a long pause, but finally, I heard the lock turn and a moment later the door opened a crack. Joanna had already flounced down on the bed face-first by the time I pushed it open. For a moment, old reflexes kicked in and I looked away from my friend's naked butt, but then I remembered where we were and slipped inside.

“Are you OK?” I asked softly, settling in beside her.

She left her head buried in the covers. I could barely hear her response. “You cannot seriously be asking me that. Were you not paying attention in the kitchen earlier?”

“You mean when you...?”

She turned her head to glare up at me. “When my snatch exploded all over the table?”

“Um, yeah. That.” *Had* that been her...?! I rubbed my cheek, imagining the stain of girl goo on it. Ew! “Do you wanna talk about it?”

“You mean, do I want to have a lengthy heart to heart about how you and your fuck buddy drained ten points off my IQ right out my pussy from a fucking massage? No, no I can't say as it's something I ever ever want to talk about ever again.”

“I get that. I remember the first time Knox and I messed around. It felt... pretty weird.” Joanna made a noise that I took to mean to go on, so I laid back beside her. “Yeah, I'd been pestering him and pestering him to hang out after we met. He'd made a really great impression on me at this neighborhood picnic, but no matter how many times I tried to get him to come out of his shell and get to know me, he wasn't interested. I don't know if he was in a funk or what. Then one night, out of the blue, he came over and woke me up and... you know.”

She arched an eyebrow. “No. No, I don’t know.”

“Oh. Well... sex.”

“You mean, he came into your house, uninvited, after weeks of you trying to get him to spend time with you, and started fucking you in your sleep.”

“Well... yeah, I guess. I mean, I woke up before he was actually... doing it.”

“And that’s the first time you guys had sex.”

“Yep. Though I think by the next morning it was more like the twelfth.” I laughed awkwardly. It felt weird explaining it out loud. But maybe that was friendship – it was a feeling that sometimes defied logic.

“Rachel... I don’t know how to tell you this, but I think...” She looked to the door, then sighed and buried her head again.

“But what? What’s up, girl?” I rolled over and put my hand on her shoulder. She was still a wee bit sticky from the mystery oil. Peppermint! Oh, that Knox, such a joker.

“Nothing. Super awesome that your new best friend is a pussy hound who wants to fuck every hot girl he sees.”

I gasped. “Did you... and Knox...?” How soundly had I been sleeping?!

“What? No! Oh god, no!” She grabbed a pillow and socked me in the face with it. “No, I haven’t fucked him. But I think it’s only a little obvious that he wants to. And with you helping him seal the deal—”

I jerked upright. “What? Jo, I’m not trying to push you into anything! Oh my gosh, no.” Not any more, anyway. “Knox and I are just hanging out like we always do. He and I are comfortable with all that, the sex stuff, but I don’t mean to make you feel like anyone expects you to join in!”

“Rachel. Rachel, look at me.” She sat up, shooting me an incredulous look. I’d already been having a hard time ignoring her nakedness; the way those gigantic boobs of hers were heaving in my face now was making it almost impossible. “I am naked. In the house of a guy I met only a few days ago. I’ve been half naked or more for days. This morning, I followed your lead and joined you two in a naked massage chain, which culminated in yours truly having the biggest orgasm of her adult life on the kitchen table. And you’re telling me I’m *not* being primed to be Knox’s flavor of the week.”

That certainly put a different face on things. It almost sounded like she was insinuating that Knox was somehow to blame for this. I didn’t like it. “Joanna, I think maybe you should go. You sound like you’re not feeling comfortable or having a good time here.”

She looked down. “I’m not leaving you.”

“I’m sure Ian won’t exactly be thrilled to hear how you’ve been spending the past few days. Don’t you think you owe him an explanation at least?”

“I called Ian to break up two days ago.”

“You just said this morning you were only *thinking* of breaking up!”

“I lied. I wasn’t about to commit to a week-long topless sleepover at another man’s house while a decent guy sat at home missing me. I’m not a total cunt.”

“Still, surely you have to at least make an appearance work, before they—”

“They fired me after the first day when I tried explaining why I needed to be advanced some PTO.”

“Jo!”

She took my hands. “I’m trying to tell you, I don’t have anywhere else I can or even want to go. If you’re here, I want to be here. And I’m not going to keep hiding back here. I was just a little freaked out is all. Nobody’s ever... touched me like that.”

I nodded. “Sorry. Knox has had me getting massage lessons so I can help him relax better.”

“What? No, not you. I meant Knox.”

I must have been sitting closer to the edge than I’d thought, because I swear, all I did was let my head snap back a teensy bit in surprise, and I tumbled right out of bed. I hit *hard* – the whole house shook. As I sheepishly picked myself up, with an assist from a very concerned-looking Joanna, Knox yelled something or other irritably. I didn’t catch it, but it signaled he was awake. Still, much as I wanted to run down and hang out with him, I owed it to Joanna to resolve this.

“Wait, so you’re saying it was *Knox* who... um, made you... like that this morning?”

She snorted a laugh. “You thought it was you? No offense, girlfriend, but you’re a dick short of being my type. Must be at least this long to ride.”

“Oh my gosh! Well then if it wasn’t me, why the heck did you get so embarrassed?” I put my hands on my hips.

“What do you mean, why was I embarrassed? Isn’t it obvious?”

“When I thought you had a tiny barely-lezzie episode, yeah. I was actually sort of expecting you to come out to me this afternoon.”

She laughed. “What? Seriously?”

“Yeah! I mean, you’ve always said you thought you might be a little bi. Remember how you used to flirt with that girl from Margo’s work whenever she came around? And you’ve been wanting to hang out so bad that you’ve let Knox sort of put you through the paces a little, and then the massage...”

Joanna put a hand on my shoulder. “If I were into chicks, I’d totally rock that skinny, tasty bod of yours, but I’m not attracted to you, hon. That was all your buddy.”

“Wow.” I wasn’t sure what to say to that. Knox? The same guy who’d more than once come in me three times in an hour without getting me off a single time? Could it be the oil? My suspicion that it had been something special wouldn’t make sense to her without opening up a whole other can of worms, though. After an awkward moment, I

said the only thing I could think to say. “So are you gonna come back down and hang out with us?”

Her lips twisted. “I don’t think I can show my face – or the rest of me – in front of him again. I’d be even more embarrassed than I already was.”

“Why? Because a guy touched you and you liked it? Knox already got me off a bunch of times today. So what? Since when did you get all sex-negative on me?”

“I think there’s a fine line between sex-negative and being anxious about sitting around in the nude all day next to a guy with magic fingers.”

I flicked her tummy with my forefinger. Man, she even had abs. How was it possible for every ounce of fat on this woman to find its way to the sexiest places? Unreal. “So you had an orgasm. That’s a good thing! Orgasms, last I checked, are solidly in the pro column. I bet if you play your cards right, he’ll give you another one.”

Knox’s voice was clearly audible this time. “*I’M HITTING PLAY, SO GET YOUR ASS OR ASSES DOWN HERE!*”

Joanna’s hands folded in front of her crotch, fiddling nervously. “I can’t promise it won’t happen again. I, um, kinda fought it off as long as I could.”

I took her hand – careful not to touch anything, eek! – and pulled her after me toward the door. “Ian didn’t know what to do with a girl like you, Jo. Come on. Who knows? You might even start to enjoy yourself.”

There was a swagger in my step as I rejoined Knox in the living room. His gross zombie show was already on – halfway done, he assured us – but I didn't let that demoralize me. The past few weeks I'd been fixated on using ancient and forbidden practices to force a match with my two best friends, and it had blown up in my face like Daffy Duck holding a stick of dynamite. Luckily I had Knox to wipe it all away and give everyone a fresh start, no more stupid magic.

I'd been ready to throw in the towel, and suddenly, Knox once again came through to literally charm the pants off of her. And the shirt. And the underwear. It turned out, she was apparently really into him! She might be playing coy about it, but as someone who got bent over by the guy just about every single day and night, I know that he didn't invoke orgasms like the one she'd had unless you were *really* desperate for one.

Joanna was into him. If I made this stick, I was going to be able to hang out with my best friends all the time!

At my urging, Joanna excused herself to shower the oil off of herself. When she joined us, I was pleased (but not like *pleased* pleased or anything) to note that she didn't bother with the towel this time. Good. She took the available space on the couch, Knox between the two of us, and settled down.

"What'd I miss?" she said, cool as a cucumber.

The recap was a pleasant break from the show itself. When it was summarized, it almost made sense, like the show wasn't simply a bunch of people wandering around randomly killing zombies, or walkers or whatever they wanted to call them, and dying off unexpectedly. Joanna crossed her legs and listened patiently, as civil as she'd looked since she'd arrived. For a naked woman, anyway.

After a while, Knox's hand casually settled on my thigh, a commonplace enough occurrence. I waited for Joanna to seem sufficiently distracted, then quickly gave Knox a tap and a nudge on his free hand, the one on Joanna's side. He looked at me quizzically for a moment, but I nodded encouragingly. I could hardly believe my eyes as he actually seemed hesitant to touch her – my friend Knox, the guy who usually had his hands on my boobs or my bottom before he even said hello. (It always cheered me up to have someone in my life so happy to see me!)

After a moment, his fingers made the six-inch journey from his lap to Joanna's. My breath froze in my lungs. What would she do? Slap him? Recoil? Have another of those wild orgasms like this morning?

As I waited for a reaction, I slowly realized that her lack of response *was* the reaction. Before long, I felt the tension leave Knox's body, and his hand simply rested on her thigh like it would have on mine.

Casual. Natural. Friendly.

I wanted to squeal with delight. Progress! An episode later, she went to cross her legs the other way, displacing it, but when he didn't immediately put it back, she reached over and put it there herself. Little by little, I noticed it slide farther and farther up her thigh, a fraction of an inch at a time, until his pinky was brushing her fuzzy pubic mound. They left it like that for another episode, until it seemed it was starting to get to him. I could practically smell a hard-on coming from Knox. Actually, I had literally smelled it, like a thousand times. Gross, but proof a girl can get used to anything from a good friend.

Without warning, he pushed my legs apart and slid his middle finger into my pussy. I sighed in the best approximation of pleasure I could manage, not wanting him to feel discouraged from being nice, and tried not to be too obvious about watching the far side of the couch. But as the minutes passed, there was nothing too watch. Joanna fidgeted a bit, but that was it. Likewise, Knox didn't press any further between her legs. Another two and a half episodes of stomach-churning carnage and mind-numbing tedium as I tried to keep up the pretense of my enjoyment without being too much of a distraction. In the middle of it all, I found myself wishing I'd bothered to teach him more about how to manually pleasure a woman. After all, he was using his right hand on me – as matters stood now, if I provoked them into doing the same, poor Joanna would be getting his clumsy left!

Then I thought back to our prior conversation, and how anxious she'd been about climaxing in front of me. It would have been understandable six months ago, but in the here and now, it seemed like such a useless and dated taboo to hold onto! I'd seen her naked so much this week it was barely even unsettling, and we'd both seen and heard each other coming. The days of pretending to modesty were long over. It was time to help her move past it.

But how?

I almost laughed as it struck me. Time to make my high school drama teacher proud.

"Oh wow. Oh yeah, right there, Knoxy. Mmm." I tilted my head back, eyes squinted shut. On impulse, I adjusted both his wrist and my hips so he'd penetrate even deeper.

Keeping my eyes 90% shut, I ventured a peek to confirm that both of them were now looking at me, the battle between two groups of random dirty people forgotten. Time to really ham it up, make her see how normal, and how fun, letting Knox finger her would be.

"Oh GAWD, you're fingering my vagina sooooo good!" I let out a theatrical moan. Was that what porn stars sounded like? Sometimes Knox watched it with me, but I paid about as much attention to that as I did to the program on screen now.

“Rachel? I’m barely doing anything,” said a confused Knox. I guess he wasn’t used to dirty talk – I must have shocked him a bit.

I tilted my head to look him in the eye and said, in my sexiest, throatiest voice, “Well keep barely doing anything, you super-fingered stud. Your finger are, like, insanely pleasuring.” That wasn’t right. “Pleasure-giving. Pleasureful.” Why was this so hard? “They make me feel good.”

Joanna eyed me warily. “Are you OK? You’re not, like, having a stroke or something, are you?”

“Oh, I’m having a stroke all right, Knox, you master fingerer, you. A stroke inside my tight, moist vajayjay. Moist on account of you.” I licked my lips.

“I can’t tell if you’re trying to be funny or what,” said Knox.

“Why do you keep using the word ‘moist’? That’s the least sexy word in the English language,” said Joanna.

“Agreed.” Knox gave her a nod. Bonding! It was working!

“Sure. You want something not moist, why don’t you finger my butthole,” I said, licking up his cheek. He withdrew his hand and used the back of it to wipe his face dry.

“Are you... what are you doing?” he demanded.

“Yeah, for a hot naked girl moaning in what must be your own version of orgasmically, this is easily the least erotic thing I’ve ever seen.”

“Oh, you want erotic? I’ll show you erotic,” I retorted. I gave each nipple not one, not two, but three rapid-fire pinches. I fluffed up my hair (then had to swipe it back out of my eyes), then stood up in front of the couch, bent double with my ass waving sexily in the air in front of them. I looked over my shoulder and adopted a husky voice and spoke.

“Why doncha come put your penis in me, Knox? Oh bebbe, I’m so super crazy damp and ready to be horned on.” I gave another porny moan.

Then Knox was on his feet, seizing me by the elbow and dragging me into the kitchen. Joanna was gaping after the two of us as we left. “All right, so you mind telling me what the fuck that nightmare fuel was all about?”

I blinked. “Nightmare...? I was just being sexy for you.”

He blinked right back. “*That* was sexy? That talking butt thing? What the fuck was that voice? It was like your ass turned into the Cookie Monster or something!”

“I dunno... I was only trying to talk dirty. You always say I’m your little butt puppet. Isn’t that what that means?”

Then his eyes threatened to bulge out of his head. “No! ‘Butt puppet’ means I shove my dick up your ass and use it to make you do whatever I want, i.e. controlling you like a puppet!”

“Oh! Oh, man. I’d always thought it sounded kinda weird.”

“Focus,” Knox interjected, snapping his fingers in my face. “Leaving aside that what you just did is going to make it hard to stick my cock in you for at least a day or two, you mind explaining *why* you were ‘talking dirty’?”

“I, um, wanted to... you know... show Joanna how much fun I was having,” I mumbled. It did sound kind of dumb when I said it out loud. Obviously being fingered was relatively fun. It didn’t need my improvised commercial to sell it.

“And again, *why* were you...?”

I peered into the living room, but I was pretty sure if I kept my voice low it would be drowned out by the TV. “I think she really had fun this morning, in spite of herself, and I wanted her to feel more comfortable cutting loose and letting go.”

Slowly, the disgusted – teasingly disgusted, I was sure – expression on his face melted, replaced by dawning comprehension. “I see. She said that, did she? That she enjoyed herself?”

“Not in so many words. I think she’s still getting over some of her conventional notions of friendship, and she’s having a hard time admitting she’s a little jealous of what we have. I thought I could give her a little push.”

“I think what you gave her was more like a little acid reflux,” he grumbled. “Is that really what you think dirty talk sounds like? Normally you do pretty well at it. What the fuck happened?”

I shrugged. “I’m just not practiced at it is all.”

“Practiced? You were doing it amazingly a few hours ago. Remember, that whole, ‘stuff my slut ass, make your cum-stuffed bitch’ and all?”

I made a face. “That’s just normal sex talk. When we’re messing around, I’m just speaking to you the way you speak to me, like one of the guys. ‘Tits’ and ‘ass’ and ‘cocks’ and ‘cum-starved harem-trained fuck toys.’”

After a moment, he laughed it off. “Fair enough, my dude. Now why make us a snack, and I’ll see if Joanna’s ready to follow in your very fine example.” A hard slap on the butt was all the prompting I needed to get to work.

I could clearly hear them out there, but the humming of the microwave gave me the cover to act like I couldn’t. Just a friendly non-observer, minding her business. “Everything OK...?” asked Joanna.

“Yeah, ducky,” said Knox. “Stroke averted.”

“That’s good, I guess. Anyway, you guys missed it, but another guy died. This time it was some guy with a baseball bat wrapped in—”

The living room went silent, but a glance at Knox’s chrome toaster revealed why. Even from here, in the tiny and distorted reflection, I could see two things. One, that Joanna’s mouth was hanging wide open, her jaw slack. Two, that Knox’s hand was buried right between her legs.

“Rachel tells me you’re having a hard time cutting loose. Is that so?”

She didn't move. She simply sat there, staring at nothing. I froze. She was freaking out! Darnit, here I'd been hoping they'd hit it off, and instead I pushed Knox to move too fast and she was losing her shit! Stupid, stupid, stupid! I rushed into the living room.

"Knox, let her go!"

"Why? I don't hear her complaining?"

"Knox, come on! Look at her!"

His finger was still probing around inside her you-know-what; this close, and not blurred by the toaster, I could see her whole body faintly trembling. She was in shock. Who could blame her? I thought back once again to that first time, waking up to find a man in my bedroom, his hands on me, and before my brain was fully alert, his cock inside me too. It was one of the only times hanging out with Knox I hadn't had much fun. (I'd been relieved later that when I confided as much in him, he said he hadn't noticed or cared at all.) Then I'd learned how much he loves surprising me and it became one of our fun little inside jokes, him popping by to use my body.

But at first... I wondered if I'd looked exactly like Joanna looked now.

I felt horrible yelling at Knox, but just this once, I had to raise my voice to do something other than howl out a few fake orgasms. But it was for his own good. If he was ever going to have a shot with her, he was going to need to back off, now.

"Oh, fine." He shrugged and went to withdraw his finger from her pussy.

In the blink of an eye, Joanna snatched his wrist and clamped it firmly in place. Huh?!

"Oh? So maybe she doesn't hate it after all?" He smirked right at me and employed exaggerated movements as he went back to his task.

"Jo, seriously, you don't have to let him..."

Finally, she managed to collect herself, summoning the wherewithal to redirect her gaze to me and even make use of her mouth. "No way, Rach. Knoxy-poo is fingering my vajayjay soooo good!"

Suddenly, they were both smirking at me. I planted my hands on my hips. "This is not funny, you guys."

"No, seriously, my private parts are getting all soggy and sticky," she pressed, rocking her hips against his hand.

Knox affected an intrigued expression. "Oho? You're sure you don't want me to stop? Rachel seems to think I'm being too forward."

Joanna's knuckles creaked from how hard she was gripping his wrist. "No joke, if you try to stop now, I'll squeeze until I smask your fingers right the fuck off at the knuckle."

For Knox, it was like I didn't exist. He was totally fixated on the pussy wrapped around his fingers. For her part, Joanna seemed more than a little preoccupied, but she spared enough attention to put beckon me over to the couch to join her.

They're hitting it off, I told myself. *Let it happen. This is a good thing.* I excused myself back to the kitchen and proceeded to whip up some poppinfun, adding extra M&Ms like Knox liked. I was so preoccupied by the ear-splitting howls of pleasure reverberating from the living room that rather than pour it into three separate dishes, I put it all in one bowl. That would have been fine except that Knox didn't bother to wash his hands when he finished, so there was soon a ghost of Joanna-cum flavoring mixed into the bowl.

We finished it off pretty fast; I guess the two of them had worked up something of an appetite. As the next episode commenced, Knox wrapped one arm around us, a hand squeezing one heavy and one hopefully-soon-to-be-heavy tit on each girl, and idly massaged our nipples. Joanna tried not to moan, and I tried to keep a smile on my face.

It was exactly what I'd wanted. My two best friends, hitting it off, the awkwardness of the merger behind us.

Yep. Exactly what I'd wanted.