

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.