

Visit
by Pan

Chapter 4

It took me a moment to discern fantasy from reality. To realize that what was happening wasn't a dream.

It was something I must have dreamed about a thousand times; my hands on Mike's cock. His throbbing erection, between my small hands, as I slowly slid them up and down, lovingly caressing his shaft.

As I did so, I looked up at him. He was smiling, staring into my eyes, clearly enjoying my ministrations. Enjoying the feeling of his best friend's touch.

His cock was so thick, so hard, and so long. It took my breath away, and I couldn't help but wonder how it would feel to wrap my lips around it. My mouth began to water at the idea of taking him into my mouth, of sliding my tongue along its length. Of sucking my best friend's cock.

I could imagine it so clearly. My head bobbing up and down his cock, one hand stroking his shaft, the other playing with his balls. I could imagine my lips wrapped around the tip of his cock, my fingers teasing his testicles as he moaned in pleasure. I could imagine it like it was real.

But it wasn't. It couldn't be, ever. I was married. *Happily* married, with a child. Mike and I were just friends – yes, I was attracted to him, and yes, we were touchy friends, but it wasn't like that. I couldn't go a day without being touched, but Mike – as the pandemic had proven – had far more self-control than I did.

He didn't need me to touch him. I *shouldn't* be touching him.

My eyes widened, and I pulled my hands away like I'd been burned. I couldn't touch him! Not...not there.

He was my friend. I was married. I...I couldn't cheat on my husband.

I glanced up at Mike. He was grinning at me, his cock twitching slightly from my light strokes.

"I'm so sorry," I said hoarsely, finally feeling like I was completely awake. I was naked in bed with my friend, and in my sleep I'd somehow gotten my hands onto his cock. The cock of my dreams, in every sense.

"What's wrong?" Mike asked, tilting his head to the side. My words tripped over themselves in my efforts to explain.

"I can't...we shouldn't..."

Mike reached out and took my hand in his, squeezing it gently. "What's wrong?" he repeated softly, and I took a deep breath. Mike had always been so good at calming me down when I was spinning out; he got me, in a way that no one else ever had.

No wonder I was so attracted to him.

"I'm married," I said, wincing slightly at the whiny tone of my voice. "I...I love you, but we can't...I can't..."

Mike gestured for me to breathe, and I did. "I love my husband," I said, finally feeling calm. "I can't cheat on him."

A half-smile appeared on my best friend's face. "It's not cheating," he said, his voice like thunder, "if you don't finish me."

I blinked twice. On the surface, what he'd said was nonsense...but I found myself repeating his words, almost compulsively. Like I couldn't help it.

"It's not cheating if I don't finish you," I replied, my voice shaking. It sounded just as ridiculous coming out of my mouth as it had from his.

"It's not cheating if you don't finish me," he repeated firmly, his eyes burning intensely into mine.

"It's not cheating if I don't finish you," I said with total conviction.

He was right, of course. It wouldn't be cheating, because I wouldn't finish him. Everyone knew that it wasn't really sex without an orgasm; even my husband would have to agree with that. Even if he walked in to find me on our marital bed, naked, jerking Mike off...if I didn't finish him, there wouldn't be anything to be mad about.

It's not cheating if I don't finish him.

Of course, there was still the matter of our one-way attraction. I was incredibly attracted to Mike; I had been for as long as I could remember. But as much as I wished he returned my feelings, he didn't feel the same way. Even when his eyes scanned up and down my body...from anyone else, it could have been mistaken for lust.

From Mike, I knew it was just friendly interest. Absolutely nothing more.

Mike shifted, and I realized my eyes were watering. I had been staring into his deep, stormy eyes for...only a few moments, surely?

I glanced down, and my brow furrowed. He'd been fully erect just a moment ago, but now his cock was flaccid. Even soft, it was so much bigger than my husband's cock. So much thicker. Again, my mouth watered. I wanted to take it in my mouth so much; I wanted to feel him thicken in my mouth.

I wanted to suck Mike's cock. I wanted to taste him. I wanted to run my tongue along the length of his dick as I slid my fingers along his shaft.

I wanted to fondle his balls, to move my mouth down and suckle on them. I wanted to tease him with my tongue, to slide it across the head of his cock and leave a trail of saliva all the way down to his balls.

And I could. So long as I didn't finish him, I could do all of that and more. It isn't cheating if you don't finish them; so long as I didn't make Mike cum, I could fulfill my every fantasy.

If he wanted me to.

But his cock was soft, and he'd been so clear the previous day. He wasn't attracted to me. I was incredibly attracted to him, but he was not attracted to me.

"What's for breakfast?" I asked with a soft smile. For a moment I thought Mike looked disappointed like he'd been expecting me to keep jerking him off. To continue pleasuring him.

But then he nodded, and I smiled wider. "Let me get dressed," he said, and now it was my turn to be disappointed.

I had to be naked; I'd been stupid enough to forget to pack clothes, but of course, there was no reason Mike had to remain undressed. As much as I would've enjoyed the sight of his body – his wide shoulders, his flat stomach, and his tight ass – there was no reason for him to stay naked. So trying to hide my disappointment, I watched as he pulled on a pair of jeans and a button-up shirt.

He's my best friend, yet I was so attracted to him that I could barely stand to look at him. Part of me was starting to wish I'd never come to visit at all – but of course, everything that had happened had been my fault. I'd been the one who hadn't packed clothes. I knew how attracted I was to him.

And I'd left home with the full knowledge that I couldn't go more than a day without being touched. That without my husband around, Mike would have to be the one who would give me the sexual release I needed.

Despite all the frustration, despite the one-sided attraction, that had made it worth it. The feeling of Mike's hand between my legs, the confident way he touched me...it had been better than any orgasm I'd ever had with my husband. Better than any oral sex I'd received from a lover, or any time I'd touched myself.

Better than anything I'd ever experienced. I was starting to get wet again at the memory of it.

I followed my friend into the kitchen, my tits bouncing as I walked. He turned on the stove and started chopping mushrooms, chatting casually as he did.

"What do you want to do today?"

It took me a minute to realize; it was Saturday. Unlike the past two days, Mike didn't have to work. We'd be able to hang out all day. Just him and me. Mike and his naked, throbbing, wet best friend.

My mind immediately flooded with what I *wanted* to do. I wanted to rip Mike's pants off, wrap my hands around his cock, and stroke him *almost* to orgasm. I wanted to see how long I could tease him, without ever letting him cum.

I wanted to spend hours exploring my fantasy with my best friend. I wanted to touch him in ways I never dared with my husband. I wanted to choke on his dick, wrap my huge tits around it and let him fuck my titties.

After all...if I didn't finish him, it wasn't cheating. If I didn't make Mike cum, I wasn't betraying my husband.

"W-what do you want to do?" I asked, after the pause had gone on far too long. The only sound had been the sizzle of the mushrooms frying as Mike stared at me, probably confused why it was taking his best friend so long to answer such a simple question.

"Well," he said thoughtfully. "Originally I'd planned to do a drive around the neighborhood, or walk past your old place. But..."

He gestured to my lack of clothing.

"Yeah," I said, my cheeks flushed. "Sorry."

"It's fine," he replied, but his tone spoke volumes. Mike was – not unfairly – frustrated by my packing mistake. For a moment I thought of how I could relieve his frustration, dropping to my knees in front of him and offering him my mouth. Taking my best friend's cock deep into

my throat, letting him use me like a fleshlight...so long as I didn't finish him, it wasn't cheating.

But he'd already told me that he wasn't interested.

I shook my head. What was wrong with me? Mike and I had been friends for decades; a real, rich friendship. We'd been through so much together – why couldn't I think about anything but sex?

All of a sudden a flood of anxieties hit me. Had Mike done something to me? I'd never been so driven by lust in my life, but since I'd turned up here, it was like I couldn't think of anything but my best friend's cock, his hands, his mouth, his body...

The way I got lost in his eyes, the strange timbre of his voice, my odd behavior...could my best friend be responsible? He'd always been so kind and gentle, but he'd changed so much during lockdown...and my visit was going so strangely...

I shook my head. No. It wasn't Mike.

It was me.

I needed to be touched. Back home, my husband could fuck me whenever he wanted. My cunt ached at the memory of my husband's dick inside me. I wanted to be fucked so, so bad.

Without that release, I was acting crazy. Combined with my intense, undeniable attraction to my best friend (exacerbated, of course, by how fit he'd gotten during lockdown)...of course I was climbing the walls. Of course I could think of nothing more than sex.

Sex with Mike. With my best friend. Wrapping my lips around his cock. Giving him the best blowjob he'd ever gotten. Swallowing him down until I felt his cock swell in my mouth, and my face flushed with embarrassment as I choked, my nose buried in his pubes, unable to breathe while I struggled to swallow him.

Taking him into the bedroom and having him fuck me until I came, until my body shook with orgasm, again and again and again.

But I couldn't. *We* couldn't. Not because I was married – it's not cheating if I don't finish him. But because Mike isn't attracted to me. Not like I'm attracted to him.

I realized he was waiting for me to reply. He'd asked me what I wanted to do, and I'd gotten lost in lust. I tried to think of something I wanted to do that wasn't just using Mike for my pleasure, that wasn't just sucking his dick, but...

"Um...I guess...we could watch TV?" I said, my voice weak.

"Is that really what you want to do?" he asked, and I suddenly remembered.

It's a compliment. Talking dirty...even if he wasn't interested, talking dirty was a compliment.

Besides, it wasn't like he was going to get *offended*. It's just Mike.

"No," I said, my voice suddenly a low growl. "Here's what I want to do. I want to sit here, and I want you to strip. And I want to stare at your body, and I want to touch you, and I want to lick you, and I want to suck on your cock, and I want you to fuck me until I can't remember my name anymore. I want you to fuck me until I forget where I am. I want you to make me forget I have a husband. I want to feel your cock in my pussy, and I want to feel it in my ass. I want to be so coated in your cum that I can't breathe. I want you to fuck me so hard that I can't

walk properly. I want to have the best fucking day of my life, and I want to have it with you.”
“Holy shit,” Mike said, his eyes widening, and for a moment I worried that I’d gone too far. But then a grin broke out on his face, and I breathed a sigh of relief. “What a compliment!”
My best friend reached down to adjust himself, and I realized...he was hard. My compliment had gotten him hard.

So why stop there?

“Can I help you with that?” I asked, sinking to my knees. I could only imagine what it looked like to Mike: his best friend, naked, on her knees, practically begging to suck his cock. It’s not cheating if I don’t finish him, after all.

God. I find Mike so incredibly attractive.

His mouth twisted to the side. “We shouldn’t...” he said, and I knew what he meant. He didn’t find me attractive.

But...well, I know men.

“It doesn’t mean anything,” I lied. It meant everything, but if he thought that, he wouldn’t let me do it. “It’s just...y’know.”

There was a pause, as Mike seemed to be thinking about it.

“We’ve always been touchy,” I added, and – to my great excitement – he shrugged.

“If you’re sure it doesn’t mean anything...”

“I’m sure,” I said, doubling down on my lie. It didn’t feel good, lying to my best friend, but...fuck I needed to taste his cock. I *needed* it.

No, that’s not true. I needed to be touched. I *wanted* to taste Mike’s cock.

Mike lowered his pants and boxers, revealing his erect cock. His erection was thick, and rock-hard. I took him in my hand, stroking him slowly.

“You’re so hard,” I whispered, and he nodded smugly. Had he always been this big? It’s not like working out, you can’t just...exercise your cock and make it grow bigger.

I gave his cock a couple of strokes, then licked my lips. “You sure about this?” he asked, and I nodded earnestly.

“Yes,” I said, his voice barely above a whisper. “It’s just you.”

He laughed at that, but his laugh died in his throat as I wrapped my hand around him. I started stroking, using my hand on someone other than my husband for the first time since the day I’d met him.

Mike moaned at my efforts, and leaned back as I reached out with my other hand, playing with his hairy testicles as I jerked him off. It was everything I’d dreamed it would be – it felt like every part of my body was alight. It felt like I’d never been so alive.

I loved it. I loved everything about it. Every second, every sensation, every motion, every sound and smell. I loved him. I loved the way his cock felt in my hand. I loved the way he groaned when I played with his sensitive tip. I loved the way he moaned when I caressed his balls.

I couldn’t take my eyes off him. He was so beautiful. I find Mike incredibly attractive, and getting to admire him while I jerked him off was pure heaven.

And god, it was so easy to imagine that he was looking at me the same way. I know he wasn’t – Mike isn’t attracted to me, not like I am to him – but as I sucked his cock with

gusto, it felt like his eyes were on me, watching me, admiring me.

“Fuck,” he muttered. I didn’t say anything; I didn’t want to distract from the moment.

He was so hard. He was so beautiful. I found Mike incredibly attractive, and the fact that I was kneeling naked in front of him while I jerked him off made me feel like the luckiest girl alive. The only thing that would’ve made it better was if I’d been able to finish him. If I’d been able to make him cum.

But I couldn’t. It’s not cheating if I don’t finish him, so as much as I wanted to, I had to hold back.

It wasn’t easy. Mike’s breathing was getting faster; it was clear that my hands were having the desired effect.

Did he want me as much as I wanted him? No, that was impossible. But I knew that he was enjoying it. I knew that he was enjoying what I was doing to him.

“Oh god,” Mike groaned. “Oh god, you’re so good...”

My entire body glowed at the tournament. I knew I was good at this, of course, but now Mike did too. I find Mike incredibly attractive, and while he’s not into me, he was enjoying my handiwork.

Maybe, just maybe, he’d think about me while jerking off later. After all...it’s not cheating if I don’t finish him...but I can’t control what he thinks about, can I? Maybe he’d remember this moment, his naked best friend kneeling before him, my hands on his huge dick, his cock throbbing in my grip.

I slowed my movements, letting him regain some semblance of composure. “That’s it,” he breathed, and I knew what he wanted. I sped up, jerking him off faster than before. I wanted to make him cum. I wanted to watch him shoot his load. I wanted to feel his cock twitch and throb. I wanted to see his beautiful cum leave his beautiful dick, and know it was because of me. All because of me.

But I couldn’t. It’s not cheating if I don’t finish him...but, of course, if he finishes himself...

I pulled away.

“Cum on me,” I pleaded. “Touch yourself, Mike, and cum on my tits. Cum on my face. Cum into my mouth. Please, Mike. I need it. I need your cum.”

Mike groaned, and his hand moved between his legs. I was so close, I could still feel the heat of his cock, and my pussy was aflame as I got to watch him start stroking himself.

“Please...” I begged, breathless and desperate. “I need it. I don’t care if you come on my face, or in my mouth, or on my tits. Just...please, cum for me.”

Without a word, Mike did as I asked. He slid his hand between his legs, and started stroking his cock. I watched his fist moving up and down, his other hand on the back of my head.

He was so hard. So big. So perfect.

I find Mike incredibly attractive.

“Cum on me,” I groaned, and my eyes widened as I felt Mike grip my hair tighter. “Come on me, Mike. Come on my tits. On my face. In my mouth. Just cum for me. Cum for me, Mike. I need your cum.”

I’m not sure how long he lasted, but it felt like an eternity. He never stopped jerking himself

off and I never stopped begging.

“Oh fuck...oh fuck...” he groaned. “I’m gonna cum.”

I watched as his cock twitched, and then the first rope of his semen landed on my cheek, followed by another, then another, and more, and more. Soon, it felt like my entire top half was coated, Mike’s thick cum on my face, my chin, my chest, my cheeks. Some of it landed in my mouth, and I swallowed it down greedily.

It’s not cheating if I don’t finish him. But there’s no reason I can’t reap the rewards.

I’m not sure how much time passed. Time had lost its meaning. All I know is that when Mike finally finished, I was covered in his cum.

“Holy shit,” Mike murmured. I smiled at that, and gently wiped his cum from my face, before licking my fingers clean. I was unsurprised to find that I loved the taste. Mike watched as I moved more of his cum into my mouth, swallowing it down noisily.

God, how long had I been fantasizing about this? It must have been...

My brow furrowed. It was strange; I find Mike incredibly attractive. I have done for years. But for some reason, I couldn’t think of a single time I’d fantasized about doing something like this.

I’m a woman with an overactive imagination, so that made no sense. I had a list of sexual fantasies a mile long, but as I stopped to think about it, I couldn’t think of *any* featuring Mike.

My eyes widened. What did that mean? I’d lusted after Mike for years, but I’d *never* fantasized about him?

I couldn’t believe it.

Noticing the look on my face, Mike’s eyes caught mine. There was a soft smile on his face..

“You should keep my cum on your tits,” he said, distracting me for a moment. “You look good covered in my cum.”

The words hit me like a hammer. I blinked twice, repeating the words back before I realized what I was doing. “I look good covered in your cum.”

That...that wasn’t right. Was it?

“You look good covered in my cum,” Mike repeated, his voice firm and strong, his eyes staring into my soul.

“I look good covered in your cum,” I said, and I immediately knew it was true. Of course it was true. That was why pornographic films always ended that way, right?

I looked good covered in Mike’s cum. It made total sense. And as I reached up and smeared his cum across my tits, a thought struck me.

I looked good covered in Mike’s cum. He’d noticed. He’d noticed how good I looked, covered in his cum.

Did that mean...he was attracted to me?

It almost felt like too much to hope for. We’d been friends for so long, close for more than a decade. He’d been so clear in all that time; even though we’d always been touchy, he wasn’t attracted to me. Not like I was attracted to him.

I find Mike incredibly attractive.

But...had I found an exception? A loophole, almost?

Mike didn't find me attractive...but I looked good covered in his cum.

I looked *good*.

"You like?" I purred, rubbing his cum into my hard nipples. My heart leapt as Mike nodded.

He liked!

Mike liked me. Mike thought I was attractive, covered in his cum.

God, that was so *hot*.

"You can cum on me anytime," I promised earnestly, looking up at him. I was still kneeling, naked, in front of my best friend. His cock was just inches from my face...and to my delight, I saw it start to harden again.

"Do you want me to..."

I trailed off.

"Want you to what?" Mike asked, his cock growing hard and stiff. He's so hot. I find Mike *incredibly* attractive, and the sight of his erection sent shivers through my entire body.

"D-do you want me to blow you?" I asked, my heart pounding. I tried to remind myself that it was okay. It's not cheating if I don't finish him. We've always been touchy.

It's just Mike.

Before he even opened his mouth, I could tell he wanted to say no. Just instinctively, y'know? We weren't like that. We were just friends. Friends who touched, sure, and it wasn't cheating if I didn't finish him. But he and I had never been like that.

But then his eyes flicked down to my tits, coated in his cum. I look good covered in his cum.

And my pussy throbbed at his response. Just one word, hoarsely delivered. "Yes," he said.

It was all I could do not to jump up and down with delight.

"Okay," I said, trying to play it cool. "I, um..."

I had no idea why I was still talking. I'd gotten everything I wanted. I trailed off, then reached up to grasp Mike's cock again.

Even though I'd just had it in my hand a few minutes ago, I still marveled at how incredible it was. How incredible it felt.

I gave his cock a couple strokes, teasing him, wanting him to get even harder. And as it hardened, I opened my mouth in anticipation. I love Mike's cock. I wanted him to fill my mouth more than I wanted anything.

It's not cheating if I don't finish him.

Moving my head down slowly, I took just the tip of Mike's cock into my mouth. I savored the feeling of his shaft sliding against the roof of my mouth, the taste of his cockhead against my tongue. And then I went deeper.

"Fuck!" Mike cried out, and I felt my pussy tingle as he thrust his hips forward. I kept going, taking more of his cock into my mouth. I moaned softly as I felt his hands grasping my head, holding it steady.

I took more of his cock into my mouth. More and more until it was all the way inside. I wrapped my lips around him, sucking hard, bobbing my head up and down, loving the feel of his cock deep in my mouth. It was everything I'd imagined it would be. More. Better. Stronger. It filled my mouth completely, every inch of his cock.

I find Mike *incredibly* attractive.

I sucked his cock. Slowly at first, enjoying the sensation of having his cock in my mouth. Then faster and faster, until I was fucking his cock with my mouth, trying to take as much of his cock into my mouth as possible, sliding his entire length into my mouth until my nose pressed against his pubes. My tongue swirled around the head of his cock, teasing him, tasting him.

Mike moaned at that, and leaned back as I began to bob my head up and down, sucking his cock.

His hand was back on my head, controlling me, urging me to move faster. As he did, I bobbed my head with even more enthusiasm, taking him deeper into my mouth, until I could feel him pressing against my throat, his pubes tickling my nose.

Mike was breathing heavily now, groaning louder than my husband ever did. I loved it. I loved making him feel good, giving him pleasure.

I kept going, bobbing my head up and down his cock, loving the sound of each groan he uttered as I went deeper and deeper on his cock. The more I sucked him, the more I loved it.

I'm married. Part of me knew I shouldn't be enjoying this. But I was.

I find Mike incredibly attractive. It was so easy to imagine finishing him with my mouth, allowing him to cum while I sucked his cock. To swallow his cum down. To finish him.

A sudden sense of panic washed through me. No. I couldn't do that. I could *never* do that.

It's not cheating if I don't finish him.

If he came in my mouth, I knew I would swallow. I knew that I'd savor every drop of his cum. But I couldn't let him. I wouldn't allow it.

I'm married.

And despite how attractive I find Mike, I didn't want to cheat on my husband. I couldn't. He was at home, alone, on the other side of the country, taking care of our child. I couldn't do that to him.

I pulled away from Mike's cock. "Let me know when you're close," I said, looking up at him earnestly. He nodded, filling me relief.

God, I don't know what I was so worried about. It's just Mike.

My guilt dissipated as I resumed sucking my best friend's cock. God, I love his cock. I loved how it felt in my mouth, how it tasted. I loved that I got to do what I had fantasized about for so long.

And I loved that soon enough, he'd be pulling out and covering me in his seed.

I look good covered in Mike's cum.

I stared up at him, watching as he watched me suck his cock. I wondered if my devotion, my obsession was obvious to him. Was it clear as he watched me how much I enjoyed sucking his cock?

It's not cheating if I don't finish him.

I smiled at that, moving my head faster, bobbing my head up and down his shaft. He'd just cum, so I'd known it would take a while for my best friend to cum again.

I didn't care. I'd do this all day if I could. I wanted to make him cum. Wanted to give him pleasure.

I found Mike incredibly attractive.

I looked good covered in Mike's cum.

I moved my hand down between my legs, fingers curling around my clit. As I rubbed myself gently, I began thinking of my husband. Wondering how he was doing while I sucked my best friend's cock. Wondering how he was feeling as I gave my best friend a long, slow blowjob.

He could never know about this, of course. He knew I needed to be touched, but this? He... he wouldn't understand.

Besides, I'd promised I wouldn't. I'd promised I wouldn't touch Mike's cock.

It's not cheating if I don't finish him.

A soft climax wracked my body as I sucked Mike's cock, followed by a second a few minutes later. I kept stroking myself, bringing myself off. I couldn't help it. I love Mike's cock. I love Mike's cum.

I look good covered in it.

It must have been half an hour and half a dozen orgasms later before I felt it; Mike's orgasm was approaching. He must have been distracted, because he forgot to warn me – it was only because I recognized the signals that I was able to pull back, release him from my mouth before he exploded.

It's not cheating if I don't finish him.

My eyes widened in delight as my best friend began to shoot his cum onto my tits. I moaned as I felt his warm fluid cover my body, splattering over my breasts, running down my stomach, dripping onto my thighs.

I look good covered in it. I look so good covered in Mike's cum.

He must have thought so too, because he beamed down at me.

"You're so good at that," he growled, and I beamed at the compliment. It was one of the nicest things he'd ever said to me, and I knew he was right.

It's a compliment.

"Your cock tastes so good," I replied, my voice soft and breathy. "I could do that all day."

"You can," he said, and I smiled, then licked my lips. "Or we could go further."