

Visit
by Pan

Chapter 1

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

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

Well, not alone. But basically.

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

Don't get me wrong, I love him, but we just don't have that 'spark', y'know? So we'd stayed close, even as I moved across the country. When I'd gotten married, it had been really important that Mike and my husband got along...they were both going to be in my life for the rest of my life, and I couldn't imagine not having Mike at my wedding, at my kid's graduation, etc.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Whoever Mike ended up with was going to be

a lucky woman. Even in our calls, I could tell he'd become more confident and capable. He'd gone from barely being able to boil an egg to...I won't say a 'master chef', but compared to most men (including my husband), he was right up there. As soon as the pandemic ended (well, "ended" - as soon as we were both vaccinated) he'd invited me to come visit, and I'd honestly leapt at the opportunity. My husband had been completely supportive; he'd promised me that he'd be able to survive a week with our tiny terrorist, especially since I'd promised him a fishing weekend with the boys once I got back.

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

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

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

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

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

Like most people (except Mike), I'd put on a little weight during the pandemic. I'd been self-conscious about it at first, but my husband had pointed out that for every

pound I put on, at least half of it had seemed to go to my tits. They were even bigger than they'd been when I was pregnant.

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

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

"Go chill," he said over his shoulder. "I'll put these away."

Mike was still in the little 2-bedroom apartment he'd moved into straight out of college, so I made my way into the kitchen and got myself a drink. I couldn't help but smile; he'd stocked my favorite beer. I grabbed a bottle and, unable to help myself, poked around his cupboards. Except for some purchases which were clearly for me (plantain chips and peanut butter cups), it was all health food. I found three different types of protein powder, and a spice collection that put mine to shame.

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

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

"What's up?"

"It really has been a while since you

traveled, huh?"

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

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

"You didn't pack any clothes."

"What?"

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

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

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

"You didn't pack any clothes," he repeated. I nodded.

"I didn't pack any clothes," I said, my heart sinking.

Fuck!

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

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

It's funny. I would have sworn that I'd

carefully counted out socks, underpants, shirts and pants for the trip. If you'd asked me ten minutes earlier, I would have confidently told you that yes, of course I'd packed clothes - I could even have listed the specific outfits I'd packed. But no. I didn't pack any clothes.

Fuck.

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

"He could overnight it?"

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

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

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

Going to a department store was a completely unnecessary risk.

"Amazon?"

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

Mike wouldn't lie to me. If he said Amazon didn't deliver to his area, of course it didn't. Perhaps they'd recently changed

routes, or his building had been blacklisted for some reason.

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

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

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

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

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

I gestured at my outfit, and Mike took it as an invitation to scan up and down my body once more. I felt myself getting slightly warm as he did - a year in isolation meant that I'd basically forgotten what male attention felt like. My husband finds me attractive, obviously, but...well, after three years of marriage, it wasn't like he was ogling me on a daily basis.

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

It was a fairly unremarkable outfit. I always dressed down to fly, and today had been no exception. I was wearing a pair of

grey yoga pants and an oversized t-shirt - one of my husband's, which normally fit me with room to spare. With my recent growth, I could feel the fabric straining as it strained against my chest.

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

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

He got me.

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

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

I dried myself and, wearing the towel as a dress, stepped into my friend's apartment. "Mike?" I called out, and he surprised me by stepping out of the kitchen, handing me my half-finished beer.

"What's up?"

Again, his eyes traveled up and down my body. Fortunately it was a bath sheet, so even accounting for the size of my

breasts, it still ended a few inches above my knees.

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

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

"You what?"

"COVID," he said, like mentioning the acronym that had defined our lives for the last few years was a full explanation. I stared at him, jaw open, until he continued. "You were wearing that outfit around strangers. For hours. It wouldn't be hygienic to keep it."

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

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

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

"It wouldn't be hygienic to keep it," he confirmed, and I found myself nodding along with him.

Of course. A plane full of potential carriers. Even with the vaccination, it didn't make sense to take any unnecessary risks.

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

"So I had to throw it out."

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

"Damn it," I said wistfully. "Those were comfortable pants."

He smiled at that, and another thought struck me.

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

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

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

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

Could I?

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

"It's my only towel," Mike explained.

"We'll need to share it."

My forehead furrowed. "You only have one..."

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

"I'll need to hang it up to dry," he said, holding his hand out. My eyes widened. He couldn't want me to...he couldn't be expecting...

"Um..."

Mike stared into my eyes patiently,

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

"But..."

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

"...but I'd be naked?"

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

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

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

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

It was just Mike.

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

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

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

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

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

Not that he was checking me out, of course.

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

And then there's my ass.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Dumb, right? It's Mike.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"It's too warm."

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

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

How good it felt.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Of his hands on my body.

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

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

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

"What's wrong?" he eventually said, breaking the long silence. As we'd been staring into each other's eyes, his hands had moved. One was now on my stomach, stroking a soft pattern. The other was in my hair, playing with it like a lover. It felt good. I knew it shouldn't, but it did.

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

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

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

My throat and mouth were dry, and Mike smiled at the words coming out of my mouth. "Don't be silly," he said breezily, before his voice dropped almost a full octave. "We've always been touchy."

His words swept over me like a wave. They should have shocked me, but instead they

calmed me down. We'd known each other for so many years, and we'd always...we'd always...

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

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

"We've always been touchy," I said firmly. "So what's the problem?" he asked, and I shook my head.

"No problem," I smiled, moving my arm to his.

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

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

His hand ran up and down my leg; even though I no longer maintained my pubic

area, I kept my legs shaved. He moved his hand higher, his fingers tracing the shape of my thigh, and I shivered. It felt good, like when my husband touched me.

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

We were just touchy.

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

"This is nice," I breathed, and Mike nodded.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Different, somehow.

Probably because I was naked.

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

Every part of his body.

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

But as I felt his tented pants press against my naked body, it was difficult not to be aware of it. There was a moment of hesitation, as our wrestling stopped, but then we both burst out laughing. "C'mon," he said, releasing me and lifting his body. "You've had a huge day. You should get some rest."

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