

Visit  
by Pan

### Chapter 3

It was simple, I told myself.

Even though I was sleeping in a bed with Mike, even though I'd be naked, even though we were both aware of how attractive I found him, we couldn't do anything.

We couldn't.

I was married, for one. Happily married. My husband and I had a child together. We were in love. I couldn't do anything to betray my wedding vows. The mere thought made my heart ache with guilt.

Yes, Mike had gotten me off last night. But that was different. I couldn't go more than a day without being touched.

And so I'd let him touch me.

No, not just let him. I'd *wanted* him to touch me. I'd craved his long fingers, expertly curling inside my wet pussy, stroking me until I'd screamed. I'd wanted his palms on my breasts, his hands all over my body.

So I'd let him touch me.

But my husband knew I couldn't go more than a day without being touched. We'd never explicitly discussed it, but...he must have known. He must have known what was going to happen when I was away for a week.

Away for a week in the presence of a man I found so incredibly attractive.

Okay, that part he didn't know. In fact, I'd worked hard to make sure my husband had no idea how attractive I found Mike.

That, I felt bad about. Keeping a secret like that from my husband – especially when I was about to go visit Mike for a week...that felt wrong. It was a betrayal of trust.

And of course, neither of us had known I was going to be naked the whole time. I couldn't believe I'd forgotten to pack clothes.

I brushed my teeth, then made my way into the bedroom. It was a twin bed, but Mike and I had shared smaller. One time we'd gone to a music festival together, sharing a sleeping bag in the back of Mike's van the entire time.

It hadn't been a sexual thing. Truly. It was hard to imagine now, but we'd gone the entire night without issue. We'd barely even touched each other, sleeping back to back.

I bit my lip. No, that couldn't be right. We'd...we'd always been touchy.

And I found Mike incredibly attractive.

I shook the thought away, and tried to focus on the situation in front of me. I was naked, and about to share a bed with Mike. A bed almost half the size of the kind I normally shared with my husband.

How was I going to get through the night without being unfaithful?

It was simple, I tried to tell myself. I was attracted to Mike, and we'd always been touchy, but...I was a grown woman. I was able to spend a night in bed with a man – even a man I

was incredibly attracted to – without being unfaithful.

One night, yes. But an entire week...?

I took a deep breath. I'd handle it one night at a time.

When Mike entered, I was already under the covers. All he could see was my face, poking out from beneath the blankets.

"Hi," I said, smiling nervously. Not that there was any reason to be nervous. I mean, there shouldn't have been.

It was Mike.

"Hey," he said, and a jolt of electricity ran through my body at his smile.

I really did find him incredibly attractive.

"You don't need those," he reminded me, and I nodded.

Right. Of course.

It's too warm.

"Also, I normally just sleep in my briefs," he said, and I blinked twice. Another thing that had changed, I guess. Maybe as he'd lost weight, he'd grown more comfortable with his body.

"Is that a problem?"

"Of course not," I said, trying to sound relaxed. Trying to sound like my heart wasn't beating a mile a minute.

"Good," he said with a smile. "I mean, I can sleep naked, if that'd make you more comfortable."

I tried to laugh along, but I couldn't help but imagine it. Mike, naked, beside me in the bed. My naked body pressing against his. The cock I'd had in my hand, hardening, slipping inside me.

My best friend of twenty years, fucking me. Crossing a line we'd never crossed before.

"I think I'll be okay," I said, my voice shaking slightly. Mike smiled, and I felt my cheeks turning red as he lifted the blanket.

At first I thought it was just so he could get in, but he stood there for several minutes, his eyes running up and down my naked body. His eyes lingered on my breasts, my pussy, then finally moved up to my face.

He was looking at me.

Not just at me. Through me.

It was like Mike was looking into my very soul.

A warmth began to spread through my entire body as we stared; me, naked. Him, still wearing his t-shirt and jeans.

God he looked good in a t-shirt and jeans.

The t-shirt was tight, hugging the lean muscles in his chest and abdomen. The jeans clung to his thighs and bulge of his crotch. I wanted nothing more than to glance down and look at his cock, but couldn't take my eyes off his.

I couldn't take my eyes off his.

"You can touch yourself before you go to sleep," he said casually, and I tilted my head to the side.

"W-what?"

"I do it, to help me nod off." I tried not to bite my lip at the image: Mike's hand wrapped around his cock, slowly stroking his erection until he came, his hardness pulsing as it shot thick ropes of cum onto his stomach and chest.

"Oh..." I said, feeling my pussy getting wetter. "Um...okay."

"You should touch yourself before you go to sleep," he repeated, and my eyes widened at the forceful way he said it. It was like his words were a sledgehammer, pounding directly my brain.

"I...I should touch myself before I go to sleep?" I asked, my voice trembling a little. I was still reeling at the authoritative way he'd said it.

"You should touch yourself before you go to sleep," he repeated, smiling widely. I found myself nodding along with him.

He was right, of course. I'm sure I'd read a thousand studies on it. It released endorphins, helped clear the neural pathways.

Plus, of course, it just felt so damn *good*.

"I should touch myself before I go to sleep," I said firmly, nodding along with enthusiasm. I was aware of how the motion of my head made my breasts jiggle, but Mike's eyes never left mine. He just continued staring directly into my eyes, like lovers on a first date.

My cheeks burned at the simile that had sprung to mind. No, not like that at all. We were nothing but friends.

Touchy friends.

Friends who sometimes shared a bed together, practically naked.

I lost track of how much time had passed before Mike finally dropped the blanket. Not to cover me, which surprised me. I knew Mike wasn't attracted to me.

Not like I was attracted to him.

But he threw it to the side, exposing my nakedness.

"Go ahead," he said. "Touch yourself. I'm going to get ready for bed."

I wanted to push back, to tell him that I'd do it later, but I couldn't think of anything that made sense. Of course I was going to do it now; it was time for bed. I was in bed.

I should touch myself before I go to sleep.

"Mm-hmm," I replied noncommittally, but Mike just kept on staring.

Crap. It seemed he wasn't going to start getting ready for bed until I did.

I'm no stranger to masturbation. For as long as I can remember, I've touched myself at least a few times each week. It had been a while though; that's the thing about being married, about living with your partner. It's not that I don't still masturbate occasionally; it's just that if I'm in the mood for sex, I'll just go seek out my husband.

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

Mike's eyes on my naked body, I slowly reached down and began playing with my breasts. I'm as straight as they come, but even I can see the appeal of a huge pair of tits like mine. Not that I'm attracted to my own tits, of course – it just feels great to tease them, to fondle their fullness, to squeeze my nipples between my fingers and enjoy the tingles that ran through my body.

My friend had a soft smile on his face as I slipped my hand down, placing it on my wet slit.

I'd only been touching myself for a few moments, so I was surprised by how wet I was already. I guess it had been a while since I'd touched myself with an audience.

Especially one I was so attracted to.

A soft moan left my mouth as I began fingering myself, slowly working two fingers inside my wetness, enjoying the feeling of my pussy stretching to allow my digits' entry. I leaned back against the headboard, closing my eyes, letting myself feel every sensation that coursed through me. My mind drifted off, thinking about Mike, about how much I'd love to bend over and let him fuck me from behind. I imagined his hands on my waist, squeezing me, pulling me closer to him.

"Oh, Mike!" I moaned, before opening my eyes in a panic.

Fuck. Fuck!

My best friend knew I was attracted to him, of course, but...surely it was crossing a line to so say it out loud? To moan his name like that?

I couldn't imagine how weird it must have been for him, hearing his name from my mouth as he watched me playing with myself. What if he thought it was too close to cheating, even considering how close we were?

To my relief, Mike's smile only broadened.

"It's okay," he said softly, in response to my visible distress. "It's a compliment."

"It's a compliment," I replied. The three words had left his mouth so forcefully; my eyes watered at the intensity of our eye-contact as he delivered them.

"It's a compliment," he said again, looking at me earnestly.

"It's a compliment," I repeated, the words filling me with relief. Of course. Of course it was a compliment. If I learned that Mike jerked off thinking about me – not that he ever would, of course – I knew exactly how "complimented" I would feel.

God I was lucky to have a best friend like him. Someone so touchy. Someone okay with knowing I couldn't go more than a day without being touched.

Someone okay with how incredibly attracted I was to him.

There was a long silence after that, my fingers gently sawing in and out of my pussy as we kept eye contact. Again, I expected Mike's eyes to drift to my exposed breasts, my fingers on my clit, but he just kept staring at me.

I was the first to speak. "I'm s-sorry," I said, my cheeks burning.

"Don't be," Mike smiled. "It's nice to hear."

I nodded. Of course. It was a compliment.

"Keep going," he ordered. "I'm going to get undressed."

My eyes widened at that. I knew I should get off before bed, and the sight of Mike undressing was going to make that so much easier.

I was so incredibly attracted to him.

Mike slowly raised his T-shirt over his head and tossed it aside. I drank in the sight of his naked torso. I'd seen him shirtless many times before, but this was different. He'd lost weight during the pandemic and replaced it with muscle, and looked amazing.

His abs were ripped, his skin smooth and hairless. As I stroked myself, my thumb rubbing my clit, I allowed myself to imagine what it would be like to run my hands over his body.

We'd always been touchy, and I was so incredibly attracted to him.

Stroke by stroke, I worked my fingers faster and faster into my cunt, moaning as my orgasm began to build. "Mike..." I moaned. It was a compliment. "Oh fuck, Mike..."

In response, my best friend removed his jeans, revealing his briefs. I gasped as I saw the outline of his hardness, and my fingers sped up, my legs beginning to shake from the intensity of my pleasure.

"I want to suck your cock," I moaned. It was a compliment. "I want to lick your balls. I want to taste you, Mike. Oh fuck, I want to use my body to pleasure you..."

Again, he smiled at the compliment, and I felt the bed shift as Mike sat down beside me. Part of me wanted him standing in front of me, where I could see him, where my eyes could feast on his gorgeous body, but I didn't stop him as he lowered himself next to me.

Dirty talk was fine, right? It was a compliment.

"Please," I begged. "Please put your cock in my mouth."

Mike shook his head, that same arrogant smile on his face, but I couldn't stop. I was so wet, so turned on.

"I want you to fuck me," I confessed with a gasp. "I need you to fuck me, Mike. Please fuck me, please put your hard cock in my wet pussy. I want to feel you inside me, Mike...please fuck me, please..."

I was losing it. My hips were thrusting uncontrollably, my eyes rolling back into my head as my orgasm built. I was going to come. I was going to come so fucking hard, and Mike was watching. Watching me lose control as I talked dirty to him, watched me beg him to fuck me, watch my naked body as my tits bounced and my fingers pistoned into my pussy.

"Oh god, oh god, yes, yes, YES!" I screamed, coming as my body shook in ecstasy. My fingers slid out of my dripping cunt, and I gasped as my orgasm subsided, my whole body shivering as my last shuddering breath left my lungs. I felt Mike's hand on my thigh, and when I opened my eyes, I saw him grinning at me.

"Looked like a good one," he quipped, and I gave him a watery smile.

"Mm-hmm," I confirmed. "Ready for sleep now."

"Good girl," he said, leaning over to give me a kiss on the forehead. My mouth twisted at the words – I've never been the 'good girl' type – but I enjoyed the kiss.

We've always been touchy.

Mike turned the light off slipped into bed beside me. It didn't take long to realize that we'd both grown since our days of sharing a sleeping bag at a music festival. Either that, or the van had been bigger than I remembered.

At first I tried to lie butt-to-butt, as we had so many years ago, but it felt wrong. Mike kept wriggling, and I did too. It was unnatural, to be as close as we were without...I dunno, cuddling.

I wanted to throw my leg over his, put an arm over his chest. I wanted his arms wrapped around me, holding me tight.

But I didn't dare.

Mike and I had to share a bed, because of his leaky ceiling. But...I mean, I was still married. He was my best friend.

And I was incredibly attracted to him.

Finally, Mike was the one to make a move. “C’mere,” he ordered with a grunt, and rolled on his back.

After my masturbation I was very ready for sleep, so I didn’t resist. I rolled over too, moving my head to his chest. His hands immediately reached down and grabbed my ass, and I sighed with happiness as he pulled me to him, my cheek pressed against his bare skin.

“You’re so sexy,” I mumbled. It was a compliment.

“Thanks,” he said, and I tried not to roll my eyes.

His hands began roaming across my body – we’ve always been touchy – and I wriggled in pleasure at how good it felt. He cupped my breasts, squeezing my bare nipples, and I allowed my hands to do what I’d fantasized about, exploring my best friend’s bare skin.

His chest was hard yet soft, and his thighs were surprisingly muscular. Mike, it seemed, didn’t skip leg day. And as much as I wanted to touch it, my hands avoided his cock. That would be crossing a line. I...I couldn’t touch his cock while naked in his bed.

No matter how much I wanted to.

Mike let out a soft moan whenever I got close, and I couldn’t help but feel a tinge of guilt. What would my husband say if he saw us now? Me, naked, Mike wearing nothing but a pair of briefs. Our bodies pressed together, our hands roaming each other’s bare skin.

He’d understand, surely. He knew we’d always been touchy.

He knew I couldn’t go more than a day without being touched.

Mike pinched my nipple and I groaned in response, squirming in his grasp as he continued to play with my breasts. My hands ached with the desire to wrap around his cock, to stroke my best friend, to feel his hardness throbbing under my palms.

I wanted to touch him. I wanted to get him off, like he’d gotten me off.

“I should...I should touch myself before I go to sleep,” Mike moaned, and I froze.

“W-what?”

“You want me to jerk off,” Mike said, and there was a strange tone to his voice. It sounded like he was doing something to his throat, causing the words to come out in an unnatural way.

They sounded forced. Staccato, almost. I didn’t know what it was, and I didn’t like it.

“You can’t,” I reminded him, feeling increasingly uncomfortable with my best friend’s hands on my bare skin.

Why was I letting him touch me like this? Why were we sharing a bed together? I was married!

Why was I *naked*??

“You want me to jerk off,” my best friend again, and this time I sat up. The room was pitch black, and a host of unwelcome thoughts were entering my head. How had I forgotten to pack any clothes? Why had I never told my husband how attracted I was to Mike?

Why had I let him get me off earlier??

I heard Mike curse, then there was a scuffle as he tried to find the light switch in the dark. I winced as the lights came on; Mike’s view was, once more, me on his bed with the blankets up to my shoulders, but this time there was a look of fear on my face.

“It’s okay,” he said comfortingly, reaching out to stroke my hair. I winced at his touch, but couldn’t help but meet his gaze...and immediately lose myself in his eyes.

His eyes.

I was sure they hadn’t always been so...deep. So dark. I felt like I was falling in them, falling into Mike’s eyes as I stared into them.

I don’t know how long we stared; all I know is that my heart rate slowed, my panic subsided, and I lowered the blanket.

It was hard to even remember what I’d been so freaked out about. This was Mike. Mike! He’d been there for every significant moment of my life. I trusted him more than I trusted my husband.

He was my best friend, and always would be.

All the weird stuff that had happened was my fault. I was the one who’d forgotten to pack clothes. I was the one incredibly attracted to him. And of course, I was the one who couldn’t go more than a day without being touched.

If anything, I should have been grateful that Mike put up with all my eccentricities. I was grateful.

I loved him. Attraction aside, he was my best friend, and I loved him.

“I’m sorry,” I said again, shaking my head. “What were you saying?”

“Nothing,” he said with a smile, moving his thumb to my face and tracing it across my lower lip. “We should get some sleep.”

He nodded, and I nodded along. It had been a big day – well, not really, but I’d had two of the most intense orgasms of my life – and we had to get some rest.

“I should get off before I sleep,” I said automatically, and Mike smiled.

“Yeah,” he said, leaning back for the show. “But be quick about it, okay?”

“Okay,” I said, laying back down. My eyes closed almost immediately.

I felt Mike’s hand trailing across my stomach, and I couldn’t help but tense up. He’d been standing up the first time I’d masturbated myself in front of him; now he was laying in the bed, close enough to touch me.

Touching me.

My breath caught in my throat as his hand moved higher, and I bit my lip as he gently stroked my breast. My nipples hardened instantly, and I moaned softly as his fingers brushed my bare skin.

I was so turned on. So wet. I couldn’t believe how ready I was. Even though I’d just gotten off, my body was already craving more.

Mike’s hand gripped my tit, and I gasped as pleasure shot through my body.

“Fucking hell,” I whispered, my eyes closing as my hips rocked. I could feel his cock poking my thigh, throbbing. Because of me?

No. No, he wasn’t attracted to me.

Not like I was attracted to him.

My fingers reached between my legs. I was so turned on, so ready. My body was screaming for release. For relief.

I touched myself, and I moaned loudly as I pushed two fingers inside. I was so wet, so

ready. I needed to come. I needed to cum.

“Fuck,” I hissed, and I dug deeper. My hips bucked as I slid my fingers in and out of my tight, needy cunt. I wanted more, so I spread my legs wider, pushing my fingers in until they couldn’t go any deeper.

It was so easy to imagine they were Mike’s fingers. Or his cock! That my best friend was fucking me, using my wet cunt to get off. I wanted him to. I wanted him to fuck me.

We never could, of course, but that didn’t stop me from wanting it.

“Mike,” I moaned, I was so horny, so desperate for it. I wanted to come, I needed to come, and I couldn’t help but think of my best friend.

It was a compliment.

“Mmm?” he replied, his voice buzzing against my ear.

“You’re so hot,” I gasped. “I want...I want your cock. I want it so bad.”

“Good girl,” he said again, and somehow in the heat of the moment it wasn’t so bad. For a moment – just a split second – I could see why some women liked it.

His hands were all over my body, touching my breasts and my ass. His cock poked my thigh. I whimpered, imagining it was his fingers plunging into my pussy instead of my own. Imagining it was his cock.

“Oh God, Mike,” I moaned. “I want you so bad. I want your perfect cock in my mouth. In my pussy. In my ass...”

It was a compliment.

I was so close. I could feel it, the pressure building within.

“Cum for me,” Mike gasped, and I couldn’t help but obey. “Come for me. Come for Mike...”

My thumb brushed against my aching clit (I couldn’t remember the last time it had seen this much attention in a day) and I moaned loudly as my orgasm hit me. A wave of bliss crashed over me, and I screamed as I came.

“Oh god!” I cried, my head thrashing as my body shook with pleasure. My entire body tensed as I rode my own orgasm, my fingers moving faster and faster as I tried to milk every ounce of pleasure from the moment.

It felt so good, cumming with Mike’s hands on me. It felt so good, touching myself while he touched me, while he groped my tits and my ass. While he whispered dirty words in my ear. I’d never felt like this before. Never felt like such a slut.

I never wanted to cum any other way again.

“Good girl,” Mike grunted, his breathing heavy. I considered telling him that I didn’t like being called that, but I had to admit...I was warming to it.

Besides, now that I’d cum again, I was well and truly ready for sleep.

The uneasy thoughts came back that night. I’d thought it would be better, cuddled up in bed with my best friend, but it was like Mike’s presence just exacerbated them.

I dreamed that my husband was watching, crying angrily as he saw his wife – his loyal, loving wife – with another man. As Mike fingered me, as he groped my breasts while eating.

“You promised,” my dream-husband sobbed. “You said there was nothing between you.”

“There isn’t!” I told him, even as Mike’s fingers dug into my ass and his fingers pushed



inside me, filling me with pleasure. “I love you! I love you, I love you, I love you...”

I dreamed memories that never happened – packing for the trip, carefully picking outfits to take with me. I dreamed that I even tried a few of them on to make sure they still fit: during the pandemic year, I’d mostly worn loose shorts and tanks, only putting anything else on when I had a Zoom call or a Skype.

In my sleep, I asked my husband if a certain top was too revealing. “Probably,” he’d said. “Even for Mike.”

If that top had been too revealing, how was it okay for me to spend the entire trip naked?

And I dreamed impossible situations: that several times my husband had approached me for sex, and I’d turned *him* down. I, who couldn’t go more than a day without being touched, ignoring my husband requesting sex after a two-week drought.

It didn’t make any sense. None of it made sense. Either my waking hours were a lie, or my dreams were nightmare, glimpses from a life I’d never had.

Strangest of all, I dreamed about conversations I know I’d had. Real, true conversations with my husband: him, asking if there’d ever been a spark between me and Mike. Me, assuring him that there wasn’t. That I wasn’t attracted to him in the slightest.

That conversation had happened, but in my dream...I was telling the truth. In my dream, I wasn’t lying to my husband, trying to reassure him while lying to myself. In my dream, it had been true.

I really wasn’t attracted to Mike.

And we certainly weren’t touchy.

The dreams had that unnatural ring of truth – dreams that when you wake up, you struggle to sort from reality. You can dream of someone you’ve known for decades, and wake up to discover they never existed.

You can dream that your best friend hasn’t spent his life casually groping your tits, running his hands over your body, stroking your inner thighs.

And when you wake up, it’s almost like it’s true.

I woke up with a gasp. The feelings, the memories, the distorted recollections...they’d all felt so *real*. But I knew they weren’t, of course.

I was incredibly attracted to Mike.

I’d forgotten to pack any clothes.

We’d always been touchy.

I can’t go more than a day without being touched.

Fortunately, I didn’t really have time to reflect on what the dreams had meant, what strange messages my subconscious was trying to tell me. For as I’d slept, my hands had found Mike’s cock, and I’d awoken to find myself slowly stroking it up and down while he smiled down at me.