

## With Friends Like These

In retrospect, I shouldn't have invited them.

You've gotta understand, I *really* liked this girl. Like, I thought she was 'the one', you know? I wanted to spend the rest of my life with her, despite never actually meeting her in person before.

We met online, playing games. She was on my team, was being harassed by some douchebags. I called them out, told them to shut up. I don't know why, but I've always found it easier to be bold and vocal when it's over the internet. In person, I'm as shy and awkward as a guy can get. But anyway, I met Jasmine in-game and we got talking, became quick friends.

I wasn't expecting anything at first. I mean, sure, she sounded cute. But long distance relationships? I really didn't have any interest in that. It's not why I kept talking to her. I just really enjoyed spending time with her.

When she told me how she felt, I was surprised. And, when I agreed to give the long distance thing a shot, I fully believed nothing would come from it.

Then we started trading pictures.

I've never seen someone so hott in my life.

Jasmine was on the shorter side. I'm not tall or anything, not even slightly, but I was still taller than her. Five-two, maybe five-three at a stretch. And beautiful. Holy shit, she was stunningly beautiful. Small, straight nose and round eyes, full lips and high cheekbones, a sharp chin and flowing brunette hair.

And her body... Jesus Christ, dude. Her *body*.

Short, slim, and *stacked*. This girl had the kind of big, round jugs that make your mouth water just to look at. Wide hips and a round ass, with a slender waist.

She looked like a pornstar, but in the best possible way. Like, you know how pornstars look unreal? Fake tits and lip filler and obvious surgeries to give them the 'ideal' look? Well Jasmine had that 'ideal' look, but hers was totally natural.

She was the type of girl you dreamed about but never expected to actually see in the real world. And certainly, she wasn't the type of girl you ever expected to *be* with.

Yet, here we were, trading nudes and sexting and masturbating to each other on webcam.

It was bliss.

Then, one day, we decided to take things a step further and actually meet up in person.

She lived far away, but had been saving up money for the trip. All we needed was a date - good time for it - and, by some miracle, that time came soon after. My parents were leaving for the weekend on some honeymoon trip or something. Leaving me home alone from midday Friday to Monday.

It was perfect. A perfect setup.

Unfortunately, I'm a dumbass.

I let my nervousness get the better of me, started worrying about the dumbest shit. What if I was being catfished, and it was some dude coming to my house instead of the babe that was Jasmine? What if she was into some freaky shit, wanted to murder me? What if I was losing my mind, had dreamed all this up?

None of those were true, but my anxiety took over all the same.

I called my friends, invited them over.

In my mind, I figured why not? If it turned out Jasmine wasn't what I expected, at least I wouldn't be alone to deal with it. And, if she was everything I wanted, I could just get my friends to leave and enjoy my weekend with her.

That was my first mistake.

My friends took over my house, setting up in the living room with beers and popcorn and movies. As always, it was on me to fetch everything they wanted – snacks from the kitchen, more drinks, you name it. I was their nervous servant.

They weren't bad guys or anything! Not like they were using me. We were just... Different.

I should probably mention how we all became friends. Or, I suppose, how I became friends with them. They were all buddies before I entered the picture, see.

So, I used to get bullied a lot. A bunch of douchebags at school really enjoyed beating on me. I was used to it – people have been doing that my whole life. But it still sucks, ya know? Anyway, one day, while they were shitting on me, this group of guys shows up. Athletic, strong types. Jocks. The kind every guy wanted to be like. They saw me being bullied and intervened, kicked the shit out of my bullies and warned them to stay away.

In a way, I guess, they adopted me.

They hung around me to make sure my bullies didn't try anything afterwards and we kinda just stuck together. I was always the one in the back, following behind them. Not handsome or charismatic or charming like they were, but still a part of the group.

There were four of them in all, but our unofficial leader was Mike. Quarterback and martial-artist, the guy every girl wanted to be with. He came from a wealthy family, was related to politicians and business men and the like. He was, to put it simply, the guy everyone knew would succeed. It wouldn't surprise me if, years from now, Mike Vander was a name known across the globe. Actor or musician or politician or all of the above. He was going places, and everyone knew it.

I was so busy handing them chilled cans that I barely heard the doorbell ring. It took me a second to register it.

Then my heart all but froze in my chest.

She was here!

Jasmine had finally arrived!

Suddenly nervous and anxious, I walked to my home's front door and opened it – jaw dropping at the girl standing there.

She was just as beautiful in person as she was in her pictures. Radiant in the afternoon light, blonde hair flowing in the breeze.

"Hi," she smiled, cheeks pink.

That one word, the image in front of me, was burned into my brain. A memory I'd never forget.

I invited her in, led her to the living room, introduced her to my dumbstruck friends. She smiled, greeted them happily. And, unsurprisingly, they were more than happy to gobble up my beautiful girl's attention. Joking around, asking her what movie she wanted to watch, offering her a drink.

Before I knew it, the six of us were all chilling, Jasmine sitting on my lap, the guys laughing and lightening the mood.

As night wore on, I made my second – fatal – mistake.

I was waiting for them to leave - my friends to call it a night and head home, leaving me alone with my girl. I was waiting from them to the bro thing and give me the opportunity to get laid with this absolute hottie.

But they didn't.

When Mike asked where everyone would be sleeping tonight, I realised this was going to be a sleepover. I'd never mentioned anything about them sleeping over! But, to be fair, I hadn't said it *wasn't* a sleepover either. So, in a way, it's my own fault. I should have been more specific when I'd asked them over.

Eventually, I had to pee. I patted my girlfriend's leg, let her know I had to get up.

She got off my lap, watched me leave the room.

In the bathroom, I contemplated my options. Tried to figure out a plan of action. But what could I do? Make my friends leave? After everything they'd done for me, I couldn't do that. I wasn't rude. I'd just have to hope they played things cool, didn't mention anything when me and Jasmine headed to my bedroom 'sleep'.

When I returned to the living room, my eyes widened.

Jasmine was sitting on Mike's lap, blushing, his hand on her inner thigh. They both looked at me. Jasmine blushed brighter, Mike flashed a friendly smile.

My third mistake. I didn't say anything. I just returned to my seat.

Jasmine stayed on Mike's lap for the rest of the evening.

I fought the urge to glance their way whenever Jasmine let out a soft gasp or gentle moan.

"Okay," I said loudly when I couldn't take it any more. "I'm going to bed now. Jasmine, are you coming?"

It took all my courage to ask that question. Red-faced, heart thumping, I waited for her to answer.

"I think," she spoke softly, "I'm going to stay down here a little longer. I'll be up later..."

I nodded my head stuffily, ignored Mike's hand under her shirt, over her breast. And, without challenging them, without pushing it, I left the room – went to wait in my bedroom.

There's something haunting about laying in darkness.

The mind starts to fill the silence, summoning up fake sounds to fill the emptiness. Silly, unreal sounds. Like the soft, muffled moans of a beautiful girl.

I laid there for the longest time, doing my best to ignore my mind's tricks. Of course that wasn't *actually* happening. Jasmine was my girl. She loved *me*. No way would she betray me by... No, silly to even think it.

Minutes passed, hours. Eventually my mind gave up, stopped taunting me. The sounds went silent.

And still, Jasmine didn't come to bed.

I shut my eyes, ended up falling asleep. And, when I woke up, I was still alone in bed. It was morning, sunlight streaming into my room, and still no sign of Jasmine. But that was fine. Probably, she'd come to bed after I'd fallen asleep, had gotten up before me. That was it. Had to be.

I climbed out of bed, headed downstairs.

Sure enough, the gang was waiting for me. My grinning friends and my blushing, messy haired girlfriend.

They joked about me sleeping in, laughed when Mike said it should be Jasmine who was knocked out cold. She blushed even brighter at that, gave his chest a playful slap. At first, I was confused by the statement, but then it clicked. Of course Jasmine should be tired. She'd travelled a long way to get here, it only made sense for her to be exhausted.

That day, I didn't get to spend much time with my friends. Some asshole had keyed my Dad's car during the night, and I had to take it in to get it fixed – God knows how Dad would react if he saw *that* scratch on his precious car. Luckily, Mike knew a mechanic who'd sort it out on the cheap, told me where to go. It was quite a long drive, but I didn't exactly have a choice.

I asked Jasmine if she wanted to come along but, unsurprisingly, spending the day driving to a mechanic's place to fix a car scratch wasn't exactly the romantic date either of us had been hoping for. She declined, chose to stay with my friends instead.

After thanking Mike for his help hooking me up with his mechanic friend, and for looking after Jasmine, I departed.

A whole day wasted.

By the time I got home that afternoon, the gang were all asleep in my parent's room.

I decided not to disturb them, headed to bed myself. What was really nice, though, was the meal my friends had left for me to eat before knocking out. Didn't taste great, but it's the thought that counts.

The next day, I was trapped in the bathroom – shitting my insides out. Diarrhoea, all day long.

Jasmine and Mike and the rest left me alone, went to spend the day at the beach. Sent me lots of group photos of them together. Some of those pictures were a little more questionable than others, but that was my fault. Me not scolding Mike that first night probably convinced them all that I didn't mind them touching each other in intimate places like that.

Oh well. Too late to go back now.

I didn't blame Jasmine for not wanting to sleep with me that night, given how ill and stinky I must've been.

The next morning, my girlfriend had to leave.

I'd have gone with her, made sure she got to the airport fine, but there was a shit-ton of cleaning to be done at home. Lots of empty cans and dishes that needed cleaning and crap that needed Hoovering up. In the end, it was Mike who decided to chaperone Jasmine to the airport.

A good friend, Mike.

Before she left, Jasmine gave me a little peck – lips to lips.

It was nice, save for a very faint, salty taste.

Then she was gone.

So yeah. Our first meeting hadn't exactly gone to plan. It had been, quite simply, a disaster.

If I hadn't invited the guys over, things would've gone so much better. I was certain of that. By no fault of their own, of course. The guys were great. Just... They'd gotten in the way a little, you know?

But then, perhaps it was good they were there.

I'd have needed to sort out Dad's car regardless. And getting ill was hardly *their* fault. If anything, my friends had turned this disaster of a weekend into something salvageable. They had, at least, shown my girl a good time.

Jasmine didn't seem upset. That was what mattered.

If anything, when we chatted online next, she seemed more than eager to do this again – spend a weekend over at my place.

I don't know what she saw in me, but I was glad for it.

A girl like Jasmine? She only comes around once in a lifetime.

Here I was with the perfect girl, and four amazing friends.

Despite everything that'd gone wrong, I was a lucky guy.

Before we knew it, me and Jasmine were planning our next weekend together. The only real problem was my parents; finding a time when they'd both be out of the picture for a few days. But, amazing friend that he was, Mike provided a solution.

What if Jasmine stayed over at *his* place next time?

Jasmine, eager to see me again, liked that idea a lot. And so that's what we decided to do.