

Best of Friends 38 – Competition

























Noah walked to Rachel's front door as a series of slow knocks continued. He opened it slowly, jaw tightening when he saw Ethan on the other side.

Fortunately, Ethan's timid candor made the greeting more palpable.

"Hey," Noah said.

"Yo," Ethan replied.

Dull slaps mixed with Rachel's moans as Ethan stepped inside. He glanced past Noah nervously.

"How are you doing?" Noah said, closing the door behind Ethan.

"I'm alright..." Ethan swallowed as he spoke.

Noah forced down a smile when he saw Ethan's wide eyes. He was more uncomfortable with this kind of thing than Noah thought.

"You good?" Noah asked him.

"Yeah, I'm fine!" Ethan snapped, fixing his jacket with shaking hands.

Rachel grew louder.

"Oh God, Mike! Oh fuck... oh FUCK!!" Her voice echoed off the walls as the sounds of slapping flesh mixed with the creaking of the bedframe. Ethan stood stiff, leaning forward as if trying to peer into the bedroom from afar.

"Holy fucking shit, you are so fucking tight," Mike said. A loud slap followed.

"Fuck me harder, please," Rachel replied, barely loud enough for the two of them to hear.

The bed's creaking grew faster, with harsh, loud thuds. Rachel moaned like the wind was getting knocked out of her.

"So... they're really doing it, huh?" Ethan said nervously.

Noah examined him for a moment. He looked like he was about to give a speech in front of a million people.

"Yeah," he said matter-of-factly.

"And... you watch that happen?"

Noah nodded. Ethan shook his head.

"Man... how the fuck do you do it?"

Despite everything, Noah couldn't help but laugh to himself.

"I'm surprised you're getting this jumpy," he said.

“Why the fuck wouldn’t I? It’s fucking weird, man.”

“But, it’s not like you haven’t already done stuff with us. You played party games with us. Plus, there was the locker room.”

Ethan stared at Noah, dumbfounded. “Come on now. You know that shit was different.”

Noah didn’t see how it was, but he also knew this was anything but normal, so he didn’t push the subject further.

Mike's groans grew louder as their unrelenting pace continued.

“Oh my god, Mike, I’m fucking cumming... ohhhh fuck!” Rachel shouted.

Noah listened as Rachel’s voice trembled. As their tempo slowed. As the erection pushed painfully against his jeans.

“Look,” Noah said, “I know it's a lot, and I’m not going to pressure you to do anything you don’t want to do. So feel free to jump in or head out. Either way, I’m getting back in there.” He patted Ethan on the shoulder as he stepped towards the bedroom door.

Noah couldn’t lie to himself; it felt good seeing Ethan that intimidated. Clearly, he’d had the wrong idea about Rachel. Ethan probably thought what they had was special. That Rachel was dissatisfied with her relationship. He probably thought he could swoop and take her for himself.

And now, he was realizing the truth.

Rachel was something different, just like Noah.

And despite all the hardship they had faced together. Despite all the bullshit and fears they were still working through. At the end of the day, their connection was real and not easily replaced.

And no matter how much he tried, Ethan would always struggle to truly understand it.

Noah walked to the bedroom entrance, turning one last time to check on Ethan. He stood frozen for a moment, but after a deep breath, he began to step forward also.

They walked in on Rachel being plowed from behind. Mike, naked and glistening with sweat, was pulling on her golden hair while she rested on the bed. Her back was arched perfectly, her mouth open in ecstasy. He stood at the bed’s edge, rutting into her so forcefully that it sent a ripple up to her waist.

Noah, immediately transfixed, made his way over to Rachel’s desk chair and began unbuckling his pants.

Ethan, however, stared from the doorway like a deer caught in the headlights.

Mike, completely focused on Rachel, hadn't even registered that they'd entered the room. It wasn't until he grabbed Rachel's hips and thrust her into the mattress that he finally looked up and noticed Ethan.

"Oh shit! You made it!" he said with a laugh. He slowly pulled his thick cock out of Rachel, watching as her pussy latched onto him tightly all the way to the tip. When all of him left her, she let out a satisfying moan and dropped onto her stomach to catch her breath.

Mike walked over to Ethan with arms outstretched, fully erect and panting.

Ethan promptly stepped back.

"I told you, man! No dicks around me!" he shouted nervously.

Mike burst out into laughter and stepped back.

"Oh, right! My bad, bro!" He glanced back at Rachel. She was sprawled face-first on the bed, legs shaking as she rolled onto her back. She arched her head to look at them.

"Hey Ethan," she said, breathlessly.

"Uh... hey," he replied nervously.

"You want a turn, my man? I already came once, so it's just fun for me at this point," Mike said, slapping Ethan's chest.

Ethan glared in response. Mike sniffed and nodded slowly.

"Right, no touching while naked, got it." He took two steps to the side. Ethan then stared at Noah in the chair, who had already pulled out his erect cock.

"This is so fucking weird, man."

"Naaaah, you just got to loosen up! You're among friends, right? It's not a big deal," Mike said.

"He's right," Rachel said breathlessly. "It's not like you haven't done this already."

Ethan glanced between the three of them before shaking his head. "Fuck, I can't do it, man!"

"Trust me, you can," Mike said assuringly. "You just got to relax a little bit and you'll be up in no time."

"I can get hard, that's not the issue!"

Mike raised his hands. "Alright. I'm just saying, there's no shame if you need some time to get warmed up."

"Oh my god," Ethan sighed and looked up at the ceiling. "Can I fuck her in private, please?"

"Not going to happen," Noah said confidently.

All three looked his way, surprised. Honestly, Noah was surprised himself.

Rachel smiled brightly as she rolled over to her stomach and stared at Ethan.

"Yeah, what he said."

Ethan groaned, surveying the room one last time before shaking his head and taking a step toward the door.

"Nope, can't do it, man. I can't do it!" He stopped at the door and paused. Glancing back at Rachel one more time.

She pouted while kicking her feet.

"You're really gonna leave?" she asked.

"I'm sorry," Ethan sounded timid now. And Noah almost felt bad for him, almost.

"What if you two took turns in the room?" Rachel said.

"What, like... just you and me?" Ethan asked. Rachel shook her head.

"Noah stays. He likes to watch. You know this. But... you and Mike could swap out." Rachel glanced back at Noah. "What do you think, babe?"

Noah smiled. "I don't see an issue with it."

Rachel turned to Mike, looking expectantly. When he realized she was expecting him to answer, Mike snapped out of his daydreaming.

"Oh, yeah, I don't give a fuck in the slightest. It's the big boy over here that's freaking out."

"I'm not freaking out," Ethan shot back. He stared at Rachel for a moment, his hands balled into fists as he fidgeted slightly. "Fuck! This is so weird. Why don't you want to fuck me alone? Why is it such a big deal?"

"Ethan, you really have a hard time being told no, don't you?" Rachel countered.

"I'm just saying! What does it matter if Noah is in here or out there? He can still hear it, right?"

Rachel stopped swaying her feet and sat up.

"Because I want him here, and this is the arrangement," she said firmly.

Noah couldn't fight the smirk forming over his face as Ethan rolled his eyes.

"Jesus... ok, how about this. What if he goes into the closet and watches from there?"

Mike burst out laughing. "Bro, what the fuck?! You are making such a big deal out of this."

"What?! He's still right there, and I can at least pretend we're alone."

The request was ridiculous. Rachel let out a humored laugh as she turned to Noah.

"What do you think, babe?" she asked.

Noah thought about it for a moment. In his mind, there was no danger. But unbeknownst to them both, there was a poison forming in his subconscious. A fresh, festering wound given by her father just hours ago. Neither of them could have known that Ethan's request had already started a spiral of insecurity that Noah would face alone.

So, he smiled and nodded.

"I don't see why not, I would still be in the room, right?" he said.

"Are you sure?" Rachel asked.

Noah glanced at Ethan, who looked at him pleadingly, then nodded.

"Yes, I'm sure," Noah said.

Ethan beamed. "Oh my god, thank you, bro."

Noah laughed. "Don't mention it."

"Ok, cool, so he'll be in the closet doing his thing while we get to do ours." He looked over at Mike. "You good with it?"

Mike shrugged. "I mean, I don't give a fuck."

"Alright, then it's a deal." Ethan looked at Noah. "Hop in the closet, man."

Noah didn't know why he felt so defeated in that moment. He couldn't have linked it to the pain he felt just hours before all this. But they were already in too deep. Noah was lost in his lust. And, eager to see what would happen, he stood and opened the closet. Noah moved a pile of Rachel's clothes, then stepped in between the clutter. He closed the door, leaving only a slight crack for him to peer through.

Ethan and Mike inspected it closely.

"Shit," Mike said. "You can't even see him." He glanced at Ethan. "What do you think? Will you be able to get it up?"

"I told you, I could always get it up!" Ethan looked back at the closet. "But yeah, this works."

Mike laughed. "Allright, in that case, I'm going to drink a beer and wait my turn. You two have fun." He slapped Ethan on the shoulder, then walked behind Rachel and slapped her ass. She let out a playful gasp as he exited the room, then looked into the crack of the closet.

"You alright in there, babe?" she asked.

"Yeah, I'm good." Noah choked on the words.

"Ok, if you want things to stop, just hollar," she said.

"Alright." He blended into the darkness as Ethan closed the bedroom door and turned off the overhead lights.

Rachel's desk lamp illuminated the space. Warm amber light trailed over her body's curves.

"Finally," Ethan said, "we're alone."

She smiled and looked at the crack in the closet.

"Sure, Ethan," Sse said, rolling onto her back. "You have me all to yourself."

Ethan walked to the edge of the bed and pulled her to it, his hands rode up her waist before squeezing her breasts.

"Did he cum in you?" Ethan asked.

"He did, and you can too..."

"Are you... No disrespect, but... You know, clean?"

Rachel let out a loud laugh. "Yes, I cleaned it."

Ethan's thick fingers trailed against her swollen pussy.

"Good. Because I'm fucking hungry." He dropped to his knees, wrapped his arms around her legs, and pressed his full lips against her clit. Rachel moaned, caressing the top of Ethan's head as she felt his full, wet tongue dance around her clit, only stopping when he sucked gently. She watched the veins in his forearms bulge as he squeezed her legs tight enough to make Rachel moan in ecstasy.

From the closet, Noah could only make out the top of Ethan's head as it moved between Rachel's legs. She was on her back, and the amber trailed up her waist, leaving soft highlights on her breasts.

She closed her eyes and moaned softly. The sound mixed with the wet noises of Ethan's tongue.

They were soon accompanied by an invasive voice in Noah's mind.

A voice that spoke the words which haunted him most.

That he was supposed to be doing the right thing by Rachel, and this wasn't it.

But Noah buried the guilt as quickly as it came, and watched as Ethan slowly undid his pants.

"You miss my dick?" he asked her.

Rachel nodded as she squeezed her legs together.

"Yes..." she said.

Ethan pulled her close to the bed's edge and let his cock slap against her pelvis. It looked massive. A giant rod that slid down to Rachel's entrance and teased it with a throbbing head.

"You want me to destroy that fucking pussy again?" Ethan pushed himself into her slightly as he asked the question.

"Oh fuck, yes, please Ethan," Rachel said, tilting her head back and looking at the closet.

"Destroy me."

Ethan let his cock pop out of her and slide against her clit with long, hard thrusts. He leaned over and began sucking on her nipple hard enough to pull her breast upward. Rachel grabbed his head in response, closing her eyes as he continued to thrust against her.

Ethan kissed Rachel deeply as she disappeared under his cut body. Noah could only make out her arms wrapping around his back as she spread her legs, head moving to the side as Ethan kissed her neck.

"No one can make you cum like me, can they?" he said. Rachel didn't answer. Ethan thrust against her more forcefully.

She began to moan loudly.

"Don't stop," she said.

"You want me to fuck you?" Ethan asked.

"Don't stop, Ethan!" Rachel said.

His pumps grew faster, and her legs began to shiver.

As Rachel neared her orgasm, Ethan pulled back and lined the tip of his cock with her pussy.

Then, he slowly pushed forward.

Noah couldn't see his cock enter her, but he knew Ethan was slowly stretching Rachel as she moaned underneath him. As her nails dug into his back. As he pushed forward slowly and then stopped for a moment, groaning in satisfaction.

It didn't take long for him to start pumping into her wildly.

"Oh my god, Ethan!" Rachel cried.

"That's fucking right, take that fucking dick."

"Oh fuck, FUCK! Slowly, oh my god! Holy fu—" Rachel's was muffled as Ethan's full lips found hers.

He didn't slow down. He pumped into her mercilessly. As she began to shake wildly again, Ethan pulled out of her quickly.

Noah watched as Rachel sprayed onto the sheets. Her whole body rocked violently. Her hands balled into fists as her muscles seized.

"I'm guessing no one's made you squirt like that before," Ethan said with a smirk.

Rachel tried to speak, but all that came out was laughter and inaudible, shaking words.

"Want me to keep going?" he asked. Rachel nodded, and Noah watched as Ethan's glistening cock pushed into her wet pussy once again, stretching her wide.

She grew limp under his thrusts. Several more squirting orgasms followed. Noah watched the wet spot underneath them spread as Rachel's legs flailed against Ethan's relentless pounding.

They didn't move positions. They didn't speak. Ethan simply made Rachel his own. His lips latched onto hers. His hands squeezed her breasts tightly as she shook. He held her close when Rachel would tap on his chest for a break.

But he never stopped.

It went on long enough for Mike to come knocking on the door.

"Yo! You done yet?"

"Not yet!" Ethan shouted, still plowing into Sage. "Not yet..."

Noah heard Mike grumble and walk away, followed by the TV turning on in the living room.

Ethan and Rachel kissed as his pace slowed.

"No one makes you cum like me, do they?" he said again.

Rachel again didn't answer.

"Say it, Rachel," Ethan said.

His pace began to quicken. Their wet flesh slapped together as she cried out once more.

"Oh my god! Ethan, you're breaking me!" Rachel said.

"Say it!"

"No one does!" Rachel finally blurted out.

Ethan buried himself deep inside her, groaning as he came.

Noah's blood went ice cold.

He told himself she hadn't meant it. At least, not in the way Ethan wanted her to mean it. It was just roleplay. Just words spoken.

Noah said this to himself as he watched Ethan fill Rachel with his seed. As Ethan continued to kiss Rachel tenderly while she shook underneath him.

At some point between their last thrusts, the door opened to the room, and Mike stepped back in.

"Are you finally fucking done?" he asked.

With one last kiss, Ethan stood upright and slowly pulled out of Rachel. His giant cock twitched, pouring cum onto her pelvis as he stroked himself.

"Holy fuck, you two made a mess!" Mike said.

Ethan immediately grew uncomfortable again, stepping back and fumbling for his pants.

"Not my fault I can make her cream like that," he said. "You good, Rachel?"

"Y-yes..." she said, body still shaking. "I just... need a minute..."

"You ok to keep going?" Mike asked her. Rachel rolled to her side and nodded.

"Yeah, I just need a minute. Holy fuck..."

Mike smirked. "Man, that is so fucking hot. Now I'm going to have to get her to cum like that."

"You won't," Ethan said matter-of-factly. Mike glanced at him.

"Always a competition with you, huh?"

Ethan simply smirked as he buckled his pants.

"Twenty bucks says I can," Mike said.

"That pussy is mine, dog." Ethan shot back.

"I'm... right here guys..." Rachel said.

"Sorry," The two said in unison.

Then, with a smile on her face. "I would like to see Mike try though..."

Mike looked at Ethan with a wide grin. "Yo Noah! Get out of the fucking closet, man," his eyes never left Ethan. "We're fucking tag teaming."

Noah, dazed and nearly ready to burst, opened the closet door and stumbled out.

