



The Friend Zone

By Isaac Byrne

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“It’s open!” I yelled from the bedroom as Todd rang the bell. I was still getting changed from my work clothes into something appropriate for hanging out around the apartment. Todd usually didn’t even bother buzzing, but when he caught my roommate Kayla sitting in the living room half-naked eating breakfast before class a couple months ago, she’d thrown a big fit about it. They were getting along better these days, but he still rang the doorbell.

Such a gentleman, my friend.

To me, it seemed like a lot of unnecessary fuss – they were buddies, after all, or fast becoming so. I guess they just weren’t friends like us. I mean, I didn’t care if Todd saw me half-naked. Or all naked, if I’m being honest. Friends don’t worry about that kind of superficial shit. Kayla’s loosening up day by day – she’ll get there. I really think so. Todd’s just so damn infectiously likeable.

Looking back, I guess I could remember a time when it might have bothered me if he saw my bare body. You see, Todd used to have this ginormous crush on me. It was one of those super obvious ones that was, unfortunately for him, a one-way street. I kept hoping it’d go away because I loved spending time with him but didn’t want a Relationship relationship, while he kept hoping I’d wake up one day and be head over heels for him.

Sadly, I’m just not built that way. I’m young and still in the phase of my life where I just want to have fun, go on meaningless dates, not be tied down by somebody’s expectations. When my friend finally made his confession of love, he tried to pretend he wanted something casual like that, but I just couldn’t get past my suspicion he was only saying what he thought I wanted to hear.

I let him down as gently as I could. Don’t get me wrong, I kind of liked that he was so into me. It’s flattering, for one, having somebody see everything you do through such a positive filter. Even more than that, though, he made me laugh and he was a great listener.

Don’t tell him I said this, but once he started talking about going on dates with other girls, I actually started flirting with him a little – a tiny peck on the cheek here, a possessive comment there. I didn’t want to lose my time with my BFF. At least unless I was busy with someone else.

Since then we’ve gone back to being platonic best friends – no strings attached. Honestly, we’ve probably been closer than ever. We hang out probably five or six nights a week. He helped me and Kayla move into our new place, scored his own space in the fridge, and was being a big help in getting me to quit smoking by using some of this hypnotherapy stuff he was into.

(Between you, me and the thong I was slipping into... I don’t think the hypnotherapy crap actually works. He just drones on and I always wind up zoning him out, then telling him it helped. Whatever. At least he’s being supportive, ya know?)

Anyway, I was good and dressed and headed out to greet my friend. We hugged, like usual. He cupped my ass for a good twenty seconds, like usual. He stuck a hand down my shorts to see if I was wet, which wasn’t usual – just some little quirk he’d picked up lately. What a rascal, right?

“Hey, watch it! You’re gonna stretch ‘em out, buster, and then you’ll have to buy me a new pair.” I giggled as he withdrew his hand, then wiped off my juices on the

bottom of my shirt. (Turns out I was a little wet, after all, though these days, I was wet almost all the time when he was around. We'd talked it over, and he speculated it might be some kind of allergic reaction to his body wash or something. Whatever. Just a little pussy juice between friends.)

"Hey, did I feel that little pink thong you know I like?"

"Maaaaybe," I said coyly. Guys, right? One-track minds. "Anyway, what's our plan? I was thinking maybe get caught up on *American Ninja Warrior*, order in? Sound cool?"

"Eh," he said in eloquent cavemanese.

"Oh? Well what do *you* wanna do then?"

"Your butt," he said, and in the next breath was undoing the button and zipper on my shorts, then lowering them to the ground. I just rolled my eyes as he pulled my mostly-naked ass onto his lap.

(Not that it was a big deal or anything. It reminded me of Janine Hurstweiler, this girl I'd been friends with in first grade who always wanted to come over to play with my dolls because she didn't have any. It wasn't like she was using me; I just had something she wanted but didn't have.)

By reflex, I started wriggling against Todd's hard-on, grinding my scantily covered pussy into his cock as I rocked front to back. The stripper moves hadn't come easy – Todd had gotten me a strippercise home workout DVD for my birthday a few months ago, and over time I guess the moves just got ingrained in my head or something. "Well just so you know, Kayla's gonna be home soon. If you're gonna fuck my ass, we should either head to my room or get quick with it."

Todd reached around to grope my tits. I wasn't wearing a bra – obviously, since I was just sitting around the apartment with my friend, no need to get dolled up – so he could feel my nipples jutting into his palms. "What's with that? I mean, Kayla's caught me bending you over like a little slut plenty of times – why do you get so self-conscious about it?"

"Well for one, Kayla's complained before about it."

"Really? Recently?"

I nodded.

"That's... actually kind of surprising."

Poor guy. He'd been trying some of his hypnosis stuff on Kayla for the past few weeks to help her with her studies – I practically had to beg her to let him. She'd warmed up to it over time – mostly to shut me up, I think – but still, I think he always assumed it was going to be some weird bonding thing between them. They were chummier for sure, but the idea that his stupid hypno-sessions had anything to do with that was delusional.

"Well, you know Kayla. She's pretty cool about you feeling me up, or walking around the place with your cock out, fucking my face and all. But she doesn't like the mess – all the jizz and the girlcum we spill around this place bothers her sometimes. You know what a neat freak she is."

"Ah, right. Well, I'll talk to her about it, see if we can figure something out. So c'mon, spread those cheeks already, Stacey Slut."

“Can I finish? For two,” I went on obstinately, even as I stood up and bent over, pulling my butt cheeks apart right in front of his face, “I just think being fucked in the ass is kinda... you know... private.”

When I was ten, and I had to tell my friends I couldn't go on a big camping trip because I was crazy afraid of the dark. I felt like a total sissy for admitting how squeamish I was about something that was, on a ten-point scale of things worth worrying about, a zero. This was just like that.

Obviously having Kayla see me getting my ass pounded by Todd was nothing to blush over, no more than when she'd caught him fucking me with the handle of her hairbrush; or when she'd heard him spanking me like a bad little whore a dozen or more times; or last week when I sucked him off for almost three straight hours while the three of us watched *Stranger Things*.

(Todd had said that was a really meta blowjob, but I have no idea what he meant. It had felt pretty normal to me.)

My friend ran his hands up and down my thighs, teasing my dripping pussy with an index finger. “Well, maybe you're right. OK, let's hurry it up then. Get some lube, and let's get that ass fucked.”

It really is the cool thing about Todd is that we can do anything together, or nothing at all. I feel totally comfortable around him, you know? We can just listen to music and stare into space for hours. We could sit up into the dark hours of the morning talking about our fears and our dreams.

We could bend me over the arm of the couch and make me wail like a banshee as I climax over and over and over as he stretches my incredibly tight asshole.

There was a time when I felt a little self-conscious having an orgasm in front of him. I mean, we're best friends and all, but there are some things I just don't feel comfortable doing. I don't pee with the door open, or talk about religion. And until recently, it felt as if letting him see me scream my lungs out in bliss as he worked my pussy like a fiddle until I was lying there in a puddle of my own cunt juice... well, it felt like that would make things a little uncomfortable.

Luckily, Todd brought me around by showing me over and over and over again how *he* got off. Sometimes he'd bring me into the shower and I'd try not to drown while I squatted down and blew him under the spray of water. I'd enter a yoga position and he'd fuck me six ways from Sunday while I tried not to move. He'd dress me up in these incredibly whorish costumes and just jack off while I modeled for him. (I didn't think he'd ever get tired of watching me scrub and clean the apartment in that little maid outfit he'd found.)

During breaks from school, one or both of us usually went home to visit our folks, but we'd still do phone sex. I'd gamely murmur about how my empty little slut cunt felt so lonely without the biggest bestest dick in the universe, how I'd sell my soul for ten minutes impaled on his cock, telling him in every excruciating detail the ways I was pleasuring my tight, naked, coed body and how much I wished he could be watching me, or better yet, fucking me like a cheap piece of meat.

You know, like friends do.

Over time, cumming in front of one another just felt so normal I wanted to kick myself for ever having been nervous about it. Just like how I'd always said I hated

pineapple on pizza, but then I finally tried it – now it’s all I ever wanna order. So when I was screeching out yet another butt-fuck orgasm as Kayla walked in the front door of the apartment... I almost forgot she wasn’t always a big pineapple fan, so to speak.

It surprised Todd – he won’t admit it, but I think he still feels a little more formal around Kayla sometimes, always says she’s “not as far along as I am” (in friendship, I guess). He pulled out suddenly just as he was climaxing, leading to a bunch of heavy spurts all over my bare back and ass.

“Well hey there, party people,” she said irritably. “You’re cleaning that up, right?”

“Welcome home, Kay. And of course I will – why would you think I wouldn’t?” I asked, lying on my stomach trying to catch my breath.

“Oh, maybe because last time Todd pulled out of your butt and came all over your ass, you belatedly realized you’d forgotten to pick up paper towels and so I had to lick it all up myself. I’m not your housekeeper, ya know, and I assure you, I do not appreciate having to slurp you guys’ juices off each other like I was.”

Todd mumbled something under his own ragged breath. Was that “not yet”? I swear, he could be so sexist at times, assuming women should do all the tidying up – especially when it was *his* mess.

“Well I’m happy to report we are well-stocked this time, so if you wouldn’t mind, could you bring me some?”

Kayla set down her purse and backpack. “I just got home, Stacey, geez. Can’t you do it yourself?”

“If I do it, it could drip all over, and then you’d have to lick it off the floor. The floor, mind you, which hasn’t been cleaned in days, unlike my ass, which I just sponged off not an hour ago.”

“Fine – just gimme a minute to get settled, all right? These clothes are insanely uncomfortable.”

I looked at her over my shoulder; it was an outfit I’d seen her wearing a dozen times, just a shirt and some capri pants. “You’ve been saying that a lot lately – I’d think you were putting on weight if I didn’t know better.”

“I know! With the new diet and exercise regimen I’ve been on, I’m down twelve pounds in two months, but all my old clothes all feel... wrong.” She frowned deeply.

“I’ll pick something out for you, Kay, while you take care of Princess Jizz Stain over there,” Todd said surprisingly helpfully. Maybe he wasn’t such a sexist after all.

He’d been doing that more and more lately, and Kayla had learned to trust his fashion sense, just like I had when I hit my own discomfort-with-my-wardrobe phase. By now, if there was even a chance Todd was coming over, I couldn’t sit still until I’d put on some of the new clothes we’d bought. Well, *I’d* bought. He’d recommended. They were all so fun and tight and brief and short and revealing and slutty and just perfect for lounging around the apartment in.

Kayla seemed mollified, and went about getting the paper towels and mopping up my butt as Todd went off to her room. I was good and dry by the time he came back, just about to say something to Kayla about how she didn’t need to keep probing and dabbing every square millimeter of my butt to check for wet spots. Sweet, but unnecessary.

“How’s this look, Kay?” he said, then unceremoniously tossed a wad of clothes at her. As she unfurled them, I saw it was a nearly identical outfit to the one I’d just been

stripped out of – no, make that exactly identical! Cut-off white denim Daisy Dukes, XXS powder blue t-shirt. Mine was, anyway. Kayla had a couple cup sizes on me, so hers might be an XS instead. Even identical pink lace thongs.

“Look at us – twinnies!” I said as I began putting on my own.

Kayla winced a moment (she normally was pretty conservative in her tastes, or had been until recently at least). But as she stripped out of her own clothes right there in front of us and began putting her outfit on, she looked more and more relieved by the second. She was really struggling to get that shirt over her big boobs; Todd gentlemanly stepped in and helped slip it over them, poking and nudging everything into its proper place. The fabric was stretched so thin I could see the dark spots of her nipples through it.

I don’t get how she could be comfortable looking so slutty in front of her roommate’s friends – but I guess Todd was growing on her. Who knows, maybe she’d wind up with a crush of her own, and he’d have to friend-zone her? I giggled at the thought.

Kayla had actually brought home dinner, and there was enough for everyone. So we plopped down on the couch, one of us girls under each of Todd’s arms. He rested his hand comfortably on my tit and idly squeezed it; when he did the same to Kayla, I could tell she was a little uncomfortable but wanted to be part of things.

(If you’re wondering how Todd ate his dinner with his hands full of two college girls’ titties, don’t. Kayla and I took turns feeding him by hand. To help us out, he’d suck our fingers clean in each pass. Thoughtful, right?)

Eventually, as was pretty common these days, my horniness got the better of me – I’m always “thinking with my cunt” as Todd jokingly calls it. I leaned over and whispered in his ear, “wanna go back to my room and nail me? I need it pretty bad.”

I could tell Kayla heard me, but whatever. I could see the wet spot in the crotch of her shorts that was every bit as big as mine was. Not my fault she didn’t have friends like Todd to plow her when it got unbearable.

“Nah, I’m still feeling pretty good from getting off in your tight little back door, Stacey,” he said, patting my tit sympathetically.

Hmm. Sometimes he sincerely got worn out; lots of times he was just punking me and wanted to see if I’d beg. Well, I almost always would, and tonight was no exception. “I could maybe suck your cock for a while? Huh, would Mr. Happy like that? A Staceyslut mouth to call home for a while?”

“Shh,” said Kayla. She hated when people talked during shows.

I didn’t care though. I needed cock, bad, and he was always a lot more apt to give it to me if I groveled a little. It was one of our fun little games like any good friends had, like the way they’d all stare at Weird Naked Guy on that show. One of those little quirks unique to your cadre.

So I lifted up my shirt to expose my little titties, knelt at Todd’s feet, and played with them. All the while, I murmured my wishes. Easy enough to ignore my petite little B-cups, but just try concentrating while someone’s saying “let me fuck you let me suck you let me blow you let me please you let me eat you let me drink you” over and over. It was like when Patrick Swayze in *Ghost* sang *I’m Henry VIII I Am* to get people to do what he wanted – just my funny little way of nagging.

“Todd, seriously, if you don’t gag her with your cock I’m seriously going to lose it,” Kayla said, obviously annoyed.

“Nah, all it does is teach her to keep doing it. Behavior like this can’t be rewarded – it has to be punished, if you acknowledge it at all.”

It was pretty rude of them to talk about me like I wasn’t there, but then Todd said he wanted to punish me, and suddenly I redoubled my efforts.

“Let me fuck you with my tits let me fuck you with my face let me fuck you in your sleep let me fuck you with my ass let me fuck you in front of cameras let me fuck you in your car let me fuck you in the park let me fuck you with my cunt please please with my cunt let me fuck you...” I went on.

God I needed to be punished. I was such a bad little fucking gutter slut of a fuck-toy friend and such a no-good two-dollar whore of a roommate. I deserved some good punishment, damnit.

“OK, that’s it,” Kayla snapped. “I don’t know how you put up with that shit. Stacey, get your hooker ass up here.” She patted her lap. With a triumphant grin, I jumped up to my feet and just as hastily laid myself down, bottom up, across her lap. One of them – probably Todd, from the strength – tugged on my belt loops until my butt was right in the middle of both their laps. I could feel Todd’s cock poking me in the stomach.

“Sorry,” she said to Todd. “She was just driving me crazy. My pussy’s gushing like a fountain too, ya know, but you don’t hear me pleading for Todd to stuff me so full of his cock that I can feel it in the back of my throat.”

“Really?” Todd asked, amused. He reached into Kayla’s skimpy little shorts and slid his fingers between her lips. When he pulled them out, they were soaked. “Damn, you’re not kidding, Kay.”

“I can’t help it,” she said. “Just been that way a lot lately. Maybe next time you take me under, you can help me work on it?” She was so sweet, pretending their sessions actually did anything.

“I think I know just the thing for it, sugar puss.”

“Hey, watch it. Just because I let you grope me and finger me and dress me up like a sex toy doesn’t mean I don’t have my self-respect.”

“Obviously,” Todd said. “Now, for Stacey here – shall we get back to her training?”

Training, he said, like I’m a dog. Ugh. I’m no dog – just a horny fucking slut in desperate need of some deep fucking, a depraved nasty whore who deserved to have her ass smacked like–

“OW!” I yelped. I’d been so excited that I’d not expected the first actual smack. I couldn’t be sure, but it felt like they were actually taking turns. After the first few, with Kayla telling me I was being a naughty selfish cunt on legs who needed to learn to respect the wishes of others, I felt so much better I barely begged for cock any more.

When I did, they just spanked me some more. I tried not to do it too often, so Kayla wouldn’t realize I was doing it just to be spanked. I think Todd knew, but he’s cool about it – I put up with his leaving the seat up in our bathroom, and he put up with me being an insatiable nymphomaniac slut. Friends just do like that for each other.

Eventually – I didn't even really notice when – I wound up with my shorts and panties around my knees, the two of them smacking my big round naked ass whenever they felt like it. To keep me quiet so she could concentrate on the TV, Kayla slipped a couple fingers from her non-spanking hand into my juicy wet pussy and fingered me. I shut up altogether, content to lie there and get finger fucked by my roommate in exchange for giving her a little peace and quiet time.

We managed to fill most of the night with this, spanking and fingering me while we binged TV. I must've had a dozen or so mini-orgasms from it – plus one when Todd stuck a finger in my mouth and let me pretend like I was blowing him. So considerate, bringing me dessert. Weird how blowjobs used to be something I did as a favor, but now I just couldn't get enough of them.

Finally, we'd watched to our fill. Kayla had class in the morning, as did I. Todd was a night person, but he said he understood. "Though before I go, maybe a quick induction, just to help you guys sleep?"

I honestly wasn't interested in the least – not unless he was going to fuck my brains out at the same time – but it was important to him, and I was a good friend. He supported me and my hobbies (sucking his cock, dressing slutty, posing for sexy pictures for him), and I should do the same for his.

"Tonight, let's just do you both at the same time," he said, laughing at his own stupid double entendre. Ew, gross. I mean, I don't mind seeing Kayla naked or being licked and sucked and groped and spanked by her. That's all part of being cool roommates. The thought of an actual threesome was pretty yucko. She looked like she felt about the same way.

Then Todd got out his cheesy little crystal and started dangling it back and forth. Like always, I ignored what he was saying and used the time to think about actually useful things – what groceries I needed, tests and quizzes coming up, all the numbers from one to a thousand... That kind of thing. Before long, my brain was totally shut off.

I didn't even hear him, honestly. Blah blah "turned on by seeing and touching your roommate, and by seeing your roommate get touched." Yadda yadda "perfectly natural to suck and lick one another when you're in your apartment." "You want to eat out your roommate" and so on and so forth. "Put on a sexy lesbian show for Todd" et cetera et cetera, ad nauseam.

You know, pointless boring stuff. A couple stray words got through, something about "a time when you shared but didn't want to," and I thought about the time my sister and I got into a huge fight over who got to drive the new car, and in the end, I just drove her around and we wound up hanging out and having a great time together.

Weirdly, part of me wondered if my selfish disinterest in having lesbian sex with Kayla was like that – just me insisting on my own way, when sharing would actually be way more fun? It was kinda hilarious, how often I stumbled onto these epiphanies during Todd's pointless sessions, taking some part of my life and learning something from it. So I guess at least some good was coming from what was otherwise a total waste of time.

Eventually he was done, and I brought myself back into the present. I found myself glancing over at Kayla and that wet spot in her pussy. I wonder what she tasted like? Would it be like my own juices, when I sucked them off Todd's cock? Oooh, or I

could suck *her* juices off Todd's cock. I just had to talk her into fucking him – it'd be good for her.

Help us all get closer as friends.

"Whew. Relaxing as always Todd, thanks," Kayla said. Was she looking at my pussy? Man, that'd be pretty cool. We'd look so hot together, Todd would go nuts. That'd be such a hilarious prank, having him walk in on me fucking her ass with a strap-on, or her sitting on my face, or sixty-nining on the balcony. That was technically still part of the apartment, so it wouldn't be weird.

"My pleasure," Todd said. He gave her a hug good night, which was not something he usually did. I was really glad to see how good they were getting along. As he lifted up her shirt to expose her big ol' titties and rubbed his face between them, I smiled at how smoothly things were going for the three of us.

It had been months since Kayla had started her crazy "he's doing something to you" bullshit – to see her now, reaching down her shorts to stroke her clit as he motor-boated her, I was so glad that paranoid shit was behind her. I wanted all my friends to get along, to have the same kind of awesome relationship with Todd that I had.

As Todd took me by the hand to say goodnight to me in my bedroom, Kayla fell back on the couch and just masturbated like a woman possessed. She'd be super pissed when she realized what a mess she'd made – evidently a real squirter, that one.

Back in my room, Todd helped me out of my clothes for bed, planting a soothing kiss on each reddened ass cheek. They really hadn't been that harsh about my punishment, but still, he was always good about reminding me his teasing was only that – teasing. I knew he'd never spank me out of malice, just like he was only kidding when he called me the dumbest, easiest, sexiest, sluttiest cum dumpster he'd ever laid eyes on.

Classic Todd, right? Such a way with words.

After, he laid me down in my bed and mounted my face, fucking my mouth like it was a second pussy, plunging into my throat so vigorously I was glad he did this fairly frequently so I'd learned to relax my muscles to accept him. It wasn't long before he pulled out and sprayed all over my face, my hair, my pillow. The first two I could clean up in the shower in the morning. The pillow case, honestly, was just as saturated with Todd's old cum stains as the rest of my sheets, that I didn't even bother more than bi-weekly.

"Todd?" I said softly as he pulled his pants back up after. My pussy was still woefully neglected, but I knew it was selfish to think he'd satisfy my every sexual whim. (Sometimes I thought about paying him to fuck me, but then, that wasn't what friends did. Was it?)

"What's on your mind, Staceyslut?"

I smiled at his nickname for me. "Do you, um, ever regret that we never... you know... actually decided to make a go for it?"

"Are you asking if I'm bitter you shot me down, or are you saying you wanna reconsider?"

"I dunno. Some of both, maybe. I honestly don't know."

He sat down beside me on the bed, smiling his reassuring Todd smile that always made me feel so safe. Then he put his hands into shape for "the shocker," as they called

it, and I moaned in delight as he plunged into me, squirming and wriggling like the slut in heat I was.

“You know Stacey, there was a time when I was pretty down, yeah. But then I realized... you’re right. Relationships are messy. But this? This is simple, wonderful, uncomplicated by emotions and attachments. What we have right now is so great, I’d never jeopardize it for anything.”

Then I was cumming on his fingers so hard I almost blacked out. When my brain was working again, I saw he was in the doorway, smiling at me, bare-ass naked and spread eagle on my bed, my pussy drooling at the thought of him turning around to come fill it. He snapped a picture of me with his phone, mumbled something about how the guys would appreciate this one.

I ignored the joke about showing the shot to his friends; he obviously respected me too much to ever do such a thing. (He had said something about having his buddy Brian over soon, so he could watch us hang out, but that was totally different.)

“Thanks for that,” I said. I didn’t say whether I meant the shocker, or his reassuring words. I felt completely at peace, knowing our friendship was working for him just as well as for me.

Todd grinned. “Hey, what are friends for?”

