

It's For You

by Pan

"You know, kids don't do phones the way we used to do phones."

Lily narrowed her eyes.

"I know," she said. "They have, like, a million apps on them, and...—"

"No no no," Michael interrupted. "I mean...look, I'll show you. Pretend to be on the phone."

"Uh, hello. This is Lily."

Michael laughed. "No, with your hand."

Lily stuck her pinky finger and thumb out, and moved them to her head. "How can I help you today?"

"Right, exactly. That's what I'm talking about. Kids don't do it like that any more – they do it like this."

Pressing his fingers together and flattening his hand, Michael moved it to his ear. "Michael speaking."

"No way," Lily said. "For real?"

"Uh huh," Michael nodded. "Nuts, isn't it?"

"Mmm."

Despite only being twenty-six years old, Lily suddenly felt older than ever before. Which, she supposed, she was.

"Because of cell phones?"

"I guess," Michael said with a shrug, before making the sound of a phone ringing with his mouth. "Brrring, brrring."

"I suppose kids don't even know what that would be," Lily sighed. "It's all custom ring-tones these days."

Using the gesture that Lily had earlier, Michael brought his hand to his mouth. "Hello, this is Michael." There was a brief pause. "Oh, sure. I'll put her on."

The corner of Lily's mouth curled up, and she shot Michael a look.

"It's for you," he said. She watched his mouth for the sign of a grin, or even a twitch, but he sounded – and looked – completely earnest.

"Uh...who is it?"

"She wants to know who's calling," Michael said into his hand, and once more paused. "He won't say."

"Well then," Lily laughed, not sure why her best friend was holding his commitment to the bit, "Tell them to fuck off."

Michael's eyebrows shot up. "I'm not going to say that," he said in hushed tones. "Just see what they want?"

"Sure," Lily grinned. "Put them on."

Michael 'handed her' the phone, and she extended her pinkie finger and thumb once more, bringing her hand to her head.

"Lily speaking," she said with a chuckle. "How can I help you today?"

To her surprise, she could hear Michael's voice coming from the thumb beside her ear. Her eyes widened as she looked at his mouth – it wasn't moving, but she could hear him loud and clear.

"I need you to do something," his voice said, deep and low. "It's urgent."

"What the—"

“Just act like everything is normal,” Michael-on-the-phone urged. “Please, Lily. This is important.”

“Uh...”

Michael was looking at her inquisitively, and she instinctively shot him a reassuring smile. “It’s fine,” she mouthed.

“Listen very carefully,” the voice on the fake phone said. “We don’t have much time.”

“What do you need?” Lily said, trying to keep her tone light.

“Is Michael watching you?”

“Mmm-hmm,” Lily said, blinking her blue eyes at him, trying to look relaxed.

Trying to act as though this wasn’t the single strangest experience of her life.

“I need you to distract him,” the voice said.

“What? How?”

“Just for a moment. Think of something. Show him a boob. Whatever you can do.”

“I’m not going to—”

“Now!”

The urgent command made Lily jump. Unable to think of anything else at short notice, she used her non-phone hand to grab her shirt and bra, and pull it down suddenly.

“Lily!”

Sure enough, it worked. Michael’s eyes looked like they were going to fall out of his head as he goggled at her plump exposed tit.

“Did it work?”

“Uh huh,” Lily said. Her entire body was pumping with adrenaline – not only at the situation she was in, but at the rush of revealing her breast in public. They were sitting in a parked car outside her workplace (he’d picked her up so they could go see a movie together) and anyone could have seen her breast.

She glanced around; the parking lot was mostly empty, and it seemed that only Michael had noticed. And boy, had he noticed. She and Michael had been friends for a decade, but there’d never been so much as a spark between them. She didn’t think of him sexually, and she knew that he was the same.

Well, he *hadn’t* thought of her sexually. Now: who knew?

“Okay, good. That’s enough,” the voice said, and Lily tried to hide her breast. It was difficult with one hand – she managed to lift her shirt back up to hide it, but she couldn’t get it back in the bra, and her nipple was visible.

“Uh, Lily,” Michael began, but she held up one finger.

“I’m on the phone,” she reminded him, and he fell silent.

“Does he have questions?” the voice said.

“Mm-hmm.”

“Figures. What did you do to distract him?”

“Um, exactly what you suggested.”

A barking laugh came down the phone. It was exactly Michael’s laugh, but Lily was staring right at him. He wasn’t laughing, just looking at her with a stunned half-smile on his face.

“Good girl,” the voice said, and Lily blushed at the compliment.

“So,” she said, trying to sound casual. “Is there anything else you need, or...”

“Just one more thing,” the voice replied, back to business. “Michael doesn’t have a girlfriend, does he?”

“Nope. Not that I know of.”

“And you would know, right?”

“Uh huh.”

The voice swore, and Lily’s heart sank. “Problem?”

“It’s not a dealbreaker, but...yeah, it’d be much easier if he did.”

“He has me,” Lily offered. “I mean, it’s not the same, but...”

“Well, maybe that would work.” There was a pause, and Lily could tell the voice was thinking. “Yeah. Yeah, you know what – that might be exactly what we need.”

“Okay, great. Just, uh, tell me what I can do to help.”

“Tell Michael to drop you off at home.”

“Oh, we were...we were going to see a movie.”

“Just say whatever you can to get him back to your place. I’ll call you with more instructions when you get there.”

There was a click, and the line went dead. Relaxing her finger and thumb, Lily looked at her hand in confusion.

“That was weird...” she said, and Michael shot her a look.

“Who was that?”

“Uh, no one,” she said. “Look, I’m not...I’m not feeling up to a movie. Do you mind dropping me home?”

“Oh! Yeah, I guess. Are you okay?”

“Mm-hmm,” she said, throwing him a weak smile. “Just one of those days, y’know?”

The drive to her house was mostly silent. Once or twice Michael checked to make sure Lily was feeling okay; both times she assured him that she was fine. Perhaps a bit too firmly – after the second check-in, Michael didn’t try again.

Lily, meanwhile, was just staring out the window, confused. That was...hands weren’t really phones. They’d just been pretending. Right? So why had the voice been...and why had it sounded like Michael?

And why had she shown him her boob?

None of it made any sense.

As soon as they pulled up to Michael’s place, he stared at his hand, confused.

“What’s wr–”

Before she could finish the question, Lily’s best friend interrupted her.

“Brrring, brrring. Uh, hello? Oh. Yeah, she’s here.”

For the second time, Lily’s friend offered her his hand-phone.

“It’s for you.”

“Lily speaking!”

“It’s me again. I’m sorry, I only have Michael’s number.”

“That’s, um, fine...”

“So look, you need to get him inside.”

“I need to...what?”

“We don’t have time for details. Can you get him into your place?”

“I think so, yeah. I, uh–”

“Great. Do whatever it takes. Do you hear me? Whatever. It. Takes.”

Lily nodded, feeling foolish – whoever was on the other end of the phone obviously couldn’t see her.

Also, it wasn’t a phone. It was her hand.

What the hell was going on?

“Can you come inside?” she asked, and Michael shot her a look.

“What?”

“Can you come up with me? I’m...”

Her best friend narrowed her eyes, and Lily had to think quickly.

“...scared.”

“Lily, I’ve known you half my life. You’re not scared of anything.”

“Yeah I am,” she retorted weakly. “I’m scared of...intruders.”

Michael laughed.

“I’m sorry you’re not feeling well, but I’m still going to go see the movie. If there’s an intruder, call me and I’ll come back and rescue you.”

Lily’s heart was beating. The voice on the phone had been very clear. She didn’t know what would happen if she couldn’t get Michael inside, but she knew it would be bad.

“Seriously, Michael. Please.”

“Stop being a baby,” he replied good-naturedly. “You’re going to be fine.”

“But what if I’m not?”

“Then I’ll say some very nice things at your funeral. Now scram – I’ve got a James Bond to see.”

Lily froze. She needed to get Michael into her apartment, no matter what it took.

His life could be on the line. Or hers! She didn’t know what would happen if she couldn’t get him inside, and she didn’t much want to find out.

“Please,” she said. “I need you to...I need you to...”

Her mind was going a mile a minute, as she tried to come up with an excuse – *any* excuse – that would get Michael upstairs.

A smile spread over her face as she worked it out. As she’d told the mysterious voice, Michael didn’t have a girlfriend. And from the way he’d stared at her boob, she suspected it had been a while since he’d been with a woman.

She knew exactly how to get him inside.

“I need *you*,” she said, her voice a purr.

“Uh. What?”

“That’s why I didn’t want you to see the movie. I wanted to get you here, so I could...”

Lily slid one hand onto her best friend’s leg.

“...bring you upstairs and fuck you.”

Michael looked like she’d just said...well, like she’d just said that she wanted to take him upstairs and fuck her.

“Are you sure you’re feeling okay?”

“Why do you think I flashed you?” Lily said, her voice low and seductive. “I wanted to make sure you were interested.”

He continued to stare at her, agog.

“Well?”

“Well what?” he asked, understandably confused.

“Well, are you interested?”

She slid her hand higher up his thigh, until she brushed up against his hardness, pressing against the denim of his jeans.

Oh yeah. He was interested.

“Come upstairs,” Lily said. “Please?”

“Uh huh,” Michael said, sounding slightly stunned.

Less than five minutes later, Lily's lips were locked with her best friend's, as they passionately kissed on the couch. To the young woman's surprise, she was getting turned on.

Turned out Michael was a fantastic kisser.

"Touch me," she moaned, trying to tell herself that she was just doing it to keep Michael safe. Because the mysterious caller had told her to.

Trying to pretend that it hadn't been about as long for her as it had been since Michael had gotten laid.

Just as Michael's hand was reaching between her legs, he got another call.

"Brrring, brrring," he said, then stared at his hand in annoyance. "Brrring, brrring."

"Uh...aren't you going to get that?"

"It's probably nothing, brrring brrring" he said, trying to brush it off. As he went to move his mouth back to Lily's, she pulled away.

"What if it's urgent?" she said, biting her lip. The voice on the phone had been so insistent. She didn't understand what was going on, but she didn't want to do anything that would risk her best friend's life.

"Brrring, brrring, it's probably not..."

"Answer it," she said firmly. "Please?"

With a sigh, Michael extended his pinky and thumb and moved his hand back to the side of his head. "This is Michael..."

With a confused look, he stared at his best friend.

"It's for you again."

"Thanks," Lily said sheepishly, 'taking' the phone from him. "Hello?"

"You're doing a great job," Michael's voice said from her thumb. She glanced at him – he was just staring at her, presumably wondering why they'd stopped making out so she could talk to her hand.

Why *had* they stopped making out so she could talk to her hand?

"T-thanks," she said, relieved.

"How did you get him upstairs?"

Lily held one finger up to her best friend, and moved to the corner of the room. The reception mustn't have been quite as good there, because the voice suddenly sounded much fainter. "I told him I wanted him," she said in a low voice, glancing at Michael. He was sitting on the couch, watching her closely.

"Excellent work," the voice said with a chuckle. "Perfect. There's just one final thing I need you to do."

"What?" Lily asked, biting back the half-dozen other questions that sprang to mind. *Why? What's this all about? Who are you?*

"I need you to keep him there all night," the voice said urgently. "Do that, and your boyfriend will be safe."

"*Best* friend," Lily said, correcting the voice, before realizing how loudly she'd just said it. She glanced back at Michael – he was staring at her, and hadn't seemed to notice anything amiss.

"Uh huh," the voice drawled. "Can you do that for me?"

Lily glanced back at her best friend once more. The look of concern had disappeared from his face; now, his eyes were roaming up and down her body lustfully.

She smiled. "I don't think that'll be a problem," she said, and hung up, ready to put that hand to better use.

"Hey Michael," she said, her hips swaying from side to side as she made her way back to

the couch. “I was thinking...”

“Mm-hmm?”

“What if you were to...stay the night.”

Her hands moved up, and – just as they had in the car – lowered her top and bra, this time exposing both of her plump tits to Michael’s gaze.

“I dunno...” he said, staring appreciatively at what Lily had to show him. “After the movie I have my ventriloquism class. I’m getting really good.”

“Skip it?” Lily pouted, before grabbing her boyfriend’s – *best* friend’s – hands, and moving them to her bare breasts.

“Well, okay...” Michael replied with a sigh. “Just for you.”

As Michael moved his mouth to her nipples, Lily beamed with pride – thanks to her, he was going to be safe – before his talented tongue contorted her face with lust.

Tonight, she was going to offer Michael something that ventriloquism would never be able to get him.