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1,615 words.

<Thick as Thieves No Nut November>

by <Growing Desires>



#

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Thank you for two wonderful years

-Growing Desires

Chapter Two

Megan goes outside for some “fresh air”, wanting to cool off after her stand-off with Jonesy. I couldn't let her go out alone, I followed her and smelled the delicious fragrance of the blue raspberry e-cigarette she has.

“Meg, you alright?” I asked.

“Yeah. Fine. Just Jonesy is always a bit of a twat when he has had a few and I wasn't in the mood for it tonight...” She grumbled. “I mean, it is stupid... Why did I agree... It is just a stupid game...”

“You aren't worried, are you?”

“About what? Failing?” She scoffs. “Oh Yes T, I am just so overwhelmed with my sexual energy on a daily basis I don't know how I will cope.” She says sarcastically. “Whatever will my aching lady bits do tomorrow, T. Will you help me?” She gives me pleading eyes.

She is a good actor.

“Don't answer that T.” She grunts and turns around to take another toke from her vape pen.

“I wasn't” I chuckled. “He really gets under your skin doesn't he.”

“You have no idea. I feel like he is alright most of the time but when he wants to get me, he gets me good.”

“Well, yeah, this game won't last until the 30th anyway, there is no way he will last the

week.” I laughed.

“Definitely.”

-Four days later-

Jonesy still hasn't caved, allegedly but nor have the rest of us. A week went by rather quick, there were a few remarks about it but overall, it wasn't anything substantial, that was until the evening on day seven. I was sat in the living room of the flat, playing a game with Jonesy and Meg came into the room. She called me over to her.

Me and Meg were close, the closet one to me in the group for sure, the feeling is mutual. Jonesy saw me heading towards Meg and couldn't resist.

“That desperate that you'll see T before me?” He laughed.

Meg's face scowled and she replied. “I'm sure not as desperate as you, blue balls. A birdie told me that you were chatting to Hannah yesterday.” She grinned as she saw his face drop.

“That'll shut him up.” Meg said under her breath to me before leading me out of the room.

“What is it, Meg?” I asked her.

“Are we really doing this...” she said to me.

I raised an eyebrow and cocked my head to the side like a confused puppy.

“This... No nut November shit. I mean, he must've caved, there is no way he has lasted.”

“I mean, we can only take his word right... I mean, I trust the guy.” I assured her.

“Me too... Despite him being an ass constantly”

“You... Aren't struggling, are you?” I asked with a timid tone.

She snapped “No! Of course not, you idiot.”

Something seems up with her...

“Sorry, I just am not sure why you care so much, I didn't think it would affect you, what's up then?”

“I just think this game is rather childish and stupid...” Meg said, readjusting her bra.

She's done that a few times...

“Right, I guess... But we agreed and it would be good to prove Jonesy wrong.”

She nodded, with a strange look on her face. “Yeah... Want to play some games or something?”

“Sure.”

We played games for a few hours, it was good, but it was easy to tell that Megan was distracted by something. I noticed that she was tugging on her bra quite a bit when we started. Without much warning she paused the game and looked out the window.

“We aren't going out today, are we?” She questioned.

“I don't think so.”

“Good.” With a swift motion she undid her bra, let out a heavy sigh of relief and pulled it through the sleeve of her arm.

She would do this fairly often with me, but I noticed that her nipples were hard and very visible through her top. For the next few levels of our game, I was trailing behind in score. She did make a few remarks about me slacking.

I hope she doesn't realise why.

We finished a level and there was a loud grumble from my stomach. She looked at me and laughed.

“Hungry T?”

I hadn't thought much about it, but I nodded.

“Me too, let's order something, I got my student loan last week, I'll buy us a pizza.”

As she said this, she stood up to grab her phone on the other side of the room and I noticed her chest again. Her top did very little to hide her nipples, the thick nubs looked rock solid.

I hadn't thought about Megan in a while, we were just too close as friends by this point that

the thought would only ever creep in when I was alone with myself and some tissues. I would often feel guilt for it later but in the moment, it was a fun thought. However now I felt something different.

I need to stop.

For two reasons, one, the game, but two, she is my best friend.

Keep it together.

We ate pizza and played games into the wee hours of the morning and fell asleep on the futon with our controllers in our hands. I woke up to a strange sensation. My morning wood, raging and pulsating, was pressed against something. In my daze, I didn't think much of it, instinctually I started to gyrate slowly, my dick rubbing against something that was firm but yielding. My hands were on someone. I took a few seconds to realise that it was Megan. My eyes bolted open, and I quickly realised what had happened. Sleeping so close to one another on the pull out meant that we were practically cuddling, in my sleep my morning wood made contact with her rear, and I was gyrating.

I stopped out of panic, but I felt something strange back.

She is gyrating too...

I tried to play it off and just move back but the arm I had draped over her body was now being led by her hand.

Was she sleeping...

Meg's firm grip moved my hand to her chest and pressed it into her boobs. I could feel her thick and hard nipples immediately against my hands. I had never felt her tits before, we did joke a few times when drunk about getting to know "Boobs" better, but it was a stupid inside joke. This was very real.

It felt as you'd imagine, very erotic, my cock was already engorged but now it was begging for more, despite me trying to resist.

Her boobs felt different to how I'd imagined. I'd caught a few glimpses in the past, what I was feeling felt much firmer and a bit bigger than I was expecting. It wasn't a bad thing by any means, just surprising.

Her ass was pushing against my cock harder now, my hands were kneading her breasts because of her hands manipulating my own.

This isn't right...

I went to open my mouth, but I was shocked to hear Meg's voice.

"Oh Teddy..." She moaned softly.

The desperation in her voice was palpable, the lust from her words and drawn-out breath lingered in the air.

"Meg..." I responded, a little too sexually charged myself.

"Fuck... I am so horny..." She gasped as my hands took over from hers. "Maybe we could..."

Was she seriously propositioning me...

Despite my growing desire for Meg, I knew this wasn't right, we were both in a daze, we couldn't do this.

Could we?

"Meg." I said with more of a serious tone. "I... I don't know if this is a good idea..."

She flipped over, her heavy eyes briefly met mine before she came to her senses. She pushed away from me and looked at me with a look of shock and embarrassment on her face.

"Oh, my fucking God T!" She covered her mouth with her palm. "I'm so sorry, I..."

"It's ok Meg, don't worry about it. We all get urges, and not like I'm blameless."

She looked dishevelled.

"Hey, let's just forget about it. Let's move on, we're fine."

She almost looked as if her world was collapsing around her.

I wonder what is going on in her head.

"Hey, we can't let Jonesy win anyway, right?" I joked with her.

Her face brightened up. "I... I don't know what to say..."

"You don't need to say anything." I reassured her.

Her hands went to her boobs, and she covered her hard nipples, very visible through her top. “Umm...” She looked confused, she didn’t say anything for a few seconds and then continued. “I’m going to hop in the shower. Meet you for breakfast?”

“Sure thing.”

I watched Meg jump to her feet, her hands covering her breasts the whole time, she walked out the room, still blushing. I turned onto my back and looked up at the ceiling.

I didn't have to say anything... Why did I say anything...

“It was the right thing to do...” I said under my breath.

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