**Adventures with Amy Ch. 01**

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Chapter 01 -- Locked Out

Amy flicked her wet hair out of her eyes and looked in the mirror. Much better, she thought, than the cat-dragged-in look she'd had after coming in from the heavy rain outside. A hot shower later and she was still wet, but at least warm. She wrapped a towel around her slender frame as she combed her hair back -- dyed a deep, vampy red, and usually falling to the middle of her back. For now, it just clung to her pale skin.

Dancing lightly out of the en-suite, she was about to flop down onto her dorm bed when her stomach rumbled. "Ok, food first," she muttered to no one in particular, and went out into the hall of her shared flat, being careful to prop her own door open with a heavy textbook. She wasn't too worried about wandering around the flat in just a towel, as her flatmates were all girls, though she did peek into the kitchen before going in to make sure no one had brought any friends around. Fortunately it was empty, and she was soon pottering about heating up some instant ramen, and then eating it whilst perching on one of the plastic dining chairs.

Her meal was cut short by the muffled sound of a door slamming.

"Oh, shit," she swore, practically falling out of the chair and losing her towel in her haste to get back to her room. It was too late though, and her textbook was sitting in the middle of the corridor, her door -- the kind of heavy fire door that always closes itself, and in the case of her student accommodation locked itself too -- was closed. She tried the handle anyway, knowing it wasn't going to open, but hoping maybe it wasn't quite gone. The handle wouldn't budge, and her keys were just inches away, hanging on a hook on the other side of the door.

Suddenly realising she was naked in the corridor, Amy darted back to the kitchen to retrieve her towel, bundling herself up whilst she tried to figure out what to do. She almost laughed at the absurdity of it, before calming down and going back out to knock on her neighbours' doors. One by one, though, they remained closed, with no answers and no sounds from the other side. With each lack of response she got a little more worried, but after a while she began to calm down, figuring that eventually, someone would come home, and though it'd be embarrassing, it was far from the end of the world. Returning to the kitchen, she picked at the remains of her noodles, soon getting bored, and even considering going to fetch her useless doorstop and actually do some studying.

Soon, though, boredom faded back to worry, and then annoyance, as the already dark sky outside the kitchen windows got even darker, with no sign of anyone getting back. Worse, it was getting late, and it seemed the chances of getting back to her room on time to go out that night were getting slimmer and slimmer. Then it hit her: Charlie, the warden for the block. A postgrad student, she was almost always in her room in one of the other units, and had keys to the whole block. Without a phone though -- like everything else, it was still in her room -- she'd have to physically leave her unit and go downstairs to hers, and that meant potentially getting locked out of the entire flat, this time stuck in the cold stairwell, still in just a towel. She examined herself, and mentally added that it wasn't a particularly concealing towel: wrapped around torso, it handily covered her breasts, but barely went halfway down her thighs. She could pull it down further, but not without showing off a ton of cleavage, or worse.

Finally, though, she couldn't wait anymore, and decided to risk it. Once more employing her doorstop -- and trusting it even less this time -- she snuck out of the main door of the unit, holding her towel tight against her body, and scampered down the flight of stairs to the first floor flats. She hammered on the door to Charlie's unit, desperately hoping he was home.

Her prayers were answered when the door swung open, but she it wasn't who she was expecting; instead of Charlie, it was one of her neighbours instead, and his eyes practically popped out of his head when he took in Amy and the vast expanse of exposed skin her towel left uncovered.

"Oh, hey... Jack, right?" she asked, trying to ignore his roving eyes.

"Hey, Amy," he replied, apparently making a concerted effort not to stare at her chest. "You ok?"

"I got locked out," she explained.

"Ohhhh," he exclaimed, comprehension dawning on his face. "You're looking for Charlie then?"

"Yeah -- please tell me she's in?"

"Sorry," he shrugged. "I think she's with her boyfriend. For like, the weekend."

"You're kidding?" Amy yelled.

Jack just shrugged again, his eyes creeping lower before snapping back up to her face. "Uh... so... there anything I can do?"

It was Amy's turn to shrug. "I don't know, I don't suppose you have her keys...?"

"Sorry. But like, do you want to come in? Wait for your flatmates to get home or something? I think the trains are all delayed because of the weather."

"Oh, great, that explains it," Amy muttered. She peered around Jack, into the unit's corridor. "Anyone else in?" she asked.

"Nope, just me for now I guess," he replied, grinning.

Amy looked back to the stairs, considering her options. She sighed. "Sure, thanks, I'll come in."

Jack pulled the door open wider, letting Amy walk past into the flat, and she could feel his eyes on her back as the door swung shut behind her. "You want to hang out in the kitchen, or my room?" he asked.

"Uh, whichever's warmer?" she said, shivering and hugging the towel even closer around her. It was still a little damp, and really hugged the contours of her body. She could imagine Jack practically swooning, but she didn't want to look and check.

"My place then," he answered, slipping past her to go unlock his door. Amy followed, tip-toeing along the cold floor, and squeezed past Jack into his room, doing her best to avoid rubbing against him, already feeling way too exposed.

Where her flat was maybe a little untidy, Jack's was total chaos. The bed sheets kicked onto the floor, a cluster of beer bottles standing, empty, on most available surfaces. The walls and even ceiling were plastered with a mix of music and movie posters, and she even spotted a couple of videogames amongst them. Jack himself hovered around near the door for a moment before trying, and failing, to surreptitiously clean up a bit. Mostly that meant sweeping some clothes off the end of his bed, and presenting it to Amy as a seat. "Ta da," he announced, gesturing for her to sit.

"Um, thanks," she said, smiling weakly, and sitting down -- extremely carefully, very aware of how little she was wearing. Jack looked around uncertainly for a moment, first moving towards the bed too, then thinking better of it, and hopping into the swivel chair by his desk.

He looked like he was about to say something, then stopped, and for what seemed like an eternity they sat in silence, until Amy finally spoke again.

"This is so embarrassing."

Jack laughed nervously. "Yeah, I can imagine. I mean, I can't even imagine. How'd you manage it?"

Amy smiled, relaxing a little now that they were actually talking, and Jack seemed distracted enough by wanting to hear her story that he'd actually managed to concentrate on her face again, and not her slender legs. "Well, I was taking a shower, then when I got out, I went to get some food and..."

"These stupid doors, right?" Jack finished for her. "I'm always getting locked out, never in a towel though. I guess we're lucky, having Charlie live with us."

"Yeah. I can't believe she isn't here," Amy said, nodding. "You're sure she's gone?"

"Yeah, sorry. So what're you going to do? Even if your flatmates come back, they can't let you into your room right?"

"No, but I can borrow some clothes at least. Crash with them and go get a new key tomorrow, when the site office is open."

Jack nodded, then suddenly sat up straight. "Oh right, clothes! Because you don't have any. I mean, um, you want to borrow some, or something?"

Amy brightened up. "Yeah, I mean, I guess, if you're sure you don't mind?"

"Course not," he replied, waving his hand dismissively, and getting up to rifle through his closet. He pulled out a university hoodie that zipped up the front, and a pair of ripped jeans. "These ok?" he asked.

"Sure, anything's great," Amy said, laughing. She got up to take them, having to hold the towel against her chest with one hand as it loosened when she stood. When she looked up again after securing it, she once again found Jack's gaze nailed to her now increasingly visible cleavage.

"Uh, sorry," he mumbled when he realised she'd noticed.

"Don't worry about it," she laughed, "and thanks for the clothes." She was getting increasingly relaxed being around him half naked. In a way, it was actually kind of exciting, even though she'd never really thought about him at all before running into him that day. Tall and skinny, with a mess of black hair and dark stubble on his jaw, he wasn't really her type. But watching how obviously he found her attractive -- and really, she thought, he couldn't be more obvious -- was a bit of a thrill. Dismissing the thought, though, she realised that while a little excitement was one thing, she wasn't planning on stripping the towel off in front of him any time soon. "So, can I like, change in your... oh?" she started asking, intending to say 'bathroom' but suddenly noticing that his en-suite was missing a door.

Jack grinned sheepishly, scratching the back of his neck. "Oh, right, that... I got kind of drunk during freshers week, and then kind of... fell through it. Took it right off the hinges."

Amy looked at Jack's lanky frame, and considered the sturdy door to her own bathroom. "That's quite a fall," she noted.

"I was quite drunk," was his response.

"Well anyway, I'm going in there, so if you could... turn around?" she requested, wafting the borrowed clothes at him. "And no peeking!" she added.

Stepping into the bathroom, she hung the clothes over the towel rack, then paused before slipping off her own towel. She leaned back, peering around the door, making sure Jack wasn't spying on her. She was surprised to feel a little disappointment when she found him standing with her back turned, rocking on his heels as he waited. A devilish grin played across her features, and feeling emboldened by the fact she now had some clothes to put on, she slipped out of the towel -- and tossed it around the door, onto Jack's bed. He started at the noise, turning to look first at the towel, and then as a look of intrigue spread across his face, to Amy's head peering around the bathroom door frame. "Hey -- I said no peeking!" she complained jokingly, excited to be completely naked so close to a practical stranger, but feeling safe thinking he couldn't see more than her bare shoulder sticking out -- he'd seen more of her when she'd been wearing the towel, after all.

What she didn't realise was that the mirror over the sink, easily visible from Jack's position across the room, was showing off the whole of her naked back, and just a hint of her bare ass. "Well, you surprised me," Jack retorted, trying not to give away that he had quite a view -- and one that he hoped would only improve if she turned around.

Amy laughed, and ducked back into the bathroom, pulling on the hoodie. Peering hopefully at the mirror, Jack momentarily caught a glimpse of the side of her breast, but his hopes of seeing more were dashed when he heard the sound of the zipper going up. For a brief moment, Amy considered just wearing the hoodie -- being considerably shorter than the tall Jack, it hung down nearly as far as the towel had -- but she quickly came back to her senses and hurried to pull on the jeans. The knees and thighs were shredded and showed off a lot of leg, and she had to be careful they didn't slip off her slim hips, but overall, it was a big improvement. She stepped out of the bathroom and struck a pose.

"How do I look?" she asked, shaking her still-damp hair out of the hoodie. Not wanting to waste an invitation, Jack's eyes roved over her body, from her shapely legs visible through the slashes in his jeans, to the hoodie that she'd strategically zipped to show off a teasing vision of the curve of her breasts.

He gulped. "Well, you look better than I do in those," he said with a grin.

Amy giggled, and flopped down on the bed, her breasts bouncing noticeably within the hooded sweatshirt. "I really appreciate this, you know," she said, and meant it.

"No problem," Jack said distractedly, rendered somewhat speechless by her bouncing display. Wheels were spinning in his head. As good as she looked in his borrowed clothes, he was regretting getting her out of the towel -- or at least, getting her out of the towel and into something else. "You know..." he said, falteringly.

"Yeah?"

"Well, you know, there's kind of... there might be something else I could do. Maybe," he stammered.

Amy's eyes lit up. "Don't tell me you've been holding out on me, Jack!"

He blushed. "Well, not exactly, but I kind of collect strange hobbies and, I might be able to sort of... pick your lock?"

Amy blinked. "What, really?"

"I guess so," he shrugged. "I've done it to mine a couple of times, just as practice. It's fiddly but they're not impossible."

Amy jumped up, bouncing again. "Seriously? That'd be just fantastic. Why didn't you mention it before?"

"Well, I'm not sure I can do it," Jack admitted. "And, well, I could totally get in trouble if anyone found out. Or if I broke the lock... which has happened before."

"In trouble? What for? Breaking into my room, with my permission?" she laughed.

"Yeah, but you know what the university is like with stuff like this, it can be pretty ridiculous."

Amy nodded, but wasn't about to stop pulling at the thread if it meant getting back into her room. "Oh come on. I'd totally owe you one. A massive favour," she tried, putting on big puppy dog eyes.

"Really?" Jack said, his eyes lighting up at the mention of a 'favour'.

"Yeah. Like, for everything. The clothes, the door... that'd be amazing," Amy agreed.

"What kind of favour?" Jack asked hopefully.

"I dunno, I'd buy you a drink. No, two drinks! Or more! Whatever you want," she tried, but noted his suddenly crestfallen expression. "Or how about... I could set you up with one of my friends? Maybe? No?" Jack shrugged. "Well ok mister locksmith... what were you thinking of?"

Jack blushed. "I guess I was hoping you meant something... more... you know..." he trailed off, but his eyes wandered back down to her chest and the inviting valley between her breasts.

Amy looked at Jack, and then down her top, and blushed herself. "OH. You thought I meant that kind of favour?" She giggled. "Sorry, Jack, but that's not exactly what I had in mind. More 'I'll buy you dinner' than like, 'quid pro blow'."

"Quid pro blow?" he sputtered.

"I can't believe I just said that!" she squeaked, dropping back to the bed as she turned beet red. Jack looked similarly embarrassed. She exhaled slowly to calm herself down, her heart already racing as she considered what she was about to say. "I've seen the way you've been looking at me," she said, talking quickly and virtually blending the words together.

"What -- I mean -- I've not..." Jack tried to say.

"No, it's ok... It was actually kind of hot," Amy admitted, playing with the zipper of the hoodie as she spoke. Jack's eyes were glued to it. "So I was thinking that... if you can let me back into my room... then maybe I could at least... show you a little more?" She inched the zipper down until the hoodie was open to just below her breasts, showing off the top of her taut stomach and the curves of full breasts, their nipples still concealed by the fabric.

"H-how much more?" Jack asked, rooted to the spot.

Amy slid the zipper all the way down until the hoodie hung open. Her breasts were still covered, but her heart was pounding in her chest -- and her nipples rock hard, pressing into the grey fabric of the hoodie, perfectly visible to Jack. "It'd be the least I could do. To thank you."

Feeling emboldened by her display, Jack took a tentative step forwards.

"Wait!" Amy blurted. "You can look, but not touch," she clarified. Jack's face fell. Amy hesitated. "I mean... you can't touch me," she said leadingly, looking at his crotch. An obvious bulge strained against his jeans. "You could... you know... yourself..."

Jack looked down, then back at Amy. Like her, his heart was pounding. "You first," he said.

Amy bit her lip, taking hold of the hoodie, and finally slipped it, agonisingly slowly, from her shoulders. Jack drank in the view of her breasts as they were finally exposed, creamy white and firm, topped with light, and very erect, nipples. "Now you," she breathed.

Hesitating for a moment, Jack unbuckled his jeans and unbuttoned the fly, wrestling his erection out of his boxers. Amy was surprised at how large his cock was -- and how attractive she found it. He began to jerk off, slowly at first, but soon he was beating his cock furiously as he stared at Amy. "And the jeans?" he asked, slowing down a moment.

It took a second for the question to sink in, but Amy was getting too caught up in the experience to think of disagreeing. She stood, slipping the jeans off her hips, and leaving herself standing completely naked in front of Jack as he wanked just a couple of feet away from her.

Feeling even bolder, Jack gestured to the bed with his free hand. "Play with yourself," he said, half instructing, half asking. Amy complied without taking her eyes off his cock, watching his hand slide up and down his long shaft, and over the swollen head. She sat back on the bed, spreading her legs to give herself access -- and Jack a better view. Her pussy was freshly shaved from the very shower that had gotten her into this situation in the first place, and she was visibly wet. Her fingers slipped easily inside her, and she moaned in ecstasy, which only pushed Jack on further. He stepped closer to the bed, tentative at first, but Amy nodded, breathlessly reminding him, "Look, don't touch." Even so, she slid herself forward until she sat on the edge of the bed, two fingers deep inside her, whilst with her other hand she kneaded her breasts, teasing her nipples. Her breaths came in short gasps.

Jack's hand moved ever faster, his cock now slick with precum, and he could feel himself nearing the edge. He took another step closer until he was standing right against the edge of the bed, his cock now only inches away from Amy's face as he wanked. He could feel her ragged breath on the head of his penis. "Oh... Amy, I'm gonna come," he warned, unable to take any more of it -- his own frenzied masturbation, the sight of Amy just as involved, her tits bouncing as she fucked her own hand. He started to step away, but she reached out with the hand that had been on her breasts, grabbing him by the belt.

"No. Stay here," she whispered.

"But -- "

"Come on me," she said, and couldn't believe the words had left her mouth. She hooked her free arm under her breasts, pushing them up and together. "Jack, come on my tits. Come on my face. I don't care, I just want to see you -- "

She didn't finish her sentence as Jack interrupted her with a groan, and the first streak of thick white come spattered across her lips and cheek. Salty and sweet at the same time, she could taste it on her lips, her tongue. The sight of Jack's spurting cock pushed her over the edge as she worked her clit furiously, screaming as she came. Another thick rope of come splashed across her face, higher this time, across her forehead and dripping down. More splattered against her neck and then her breasts as Jack continued to pump his dick, taking aim for her bouncing rack. Come dripped from her chin and down into her cleavage; as she moved her arm away and her breasts parted, the come formed a sticky web between.

Jack stood over her, gasping for breath as she was. Amy laughed, savouring the sensation of slipping her fingers out of her drenched pussy. "I can't believe we did that," she said, eliciting only a grunt of comprehension from Jack. She licked her fingers clean, then to his amazement, slid some of the come from her cheek into her waiting mouth.

"I don't know about you, but I think we should do that again some time," she said with a delicious grin.

Jack could only nod.

Amy slid past him to stand up, feeling her plump, come-covered breasts, and sliding the sticky coating around her chest. "First, I need another shower, then, you can go open up my room," she announced, stepping towards his bathroom.

"Um, Amy?" Jack said.

"Yeah?" she replied, sticking her head back around the bathroom doorframe.

"...Can I watch?" he asked.

She smiled. "I guess it's little late to say no," she answered, disappearing around the doorframe again.

"And... Amy?" he said.

"Yeah?" she called back from the shower cubicle.

"The truth is... er... I don't know how to pick a lock," he admitted at length.

There was a long silence before Amy said anything.

"So are you coming in or what?"