**Come On Over**

by joe.the.mellow

It was a Thursday night, and I was bored. I thought about catching up on some TV, but that just didn't seem appealing.

So I called up Audrey. We'd been seeing each other for a few months, and I really enjoyed her company.

"Hello?"

"Hey, it's me! I'm bored. Come entertain me."

"Wow, you sure know how to charm a girl. What's in it for me?"

"Other than the pleasure of my company? How about dinner?"

"That sounds nice. What kind of dinner are we talking about so I'll know what to wear?"

"Nothing fancy. Just wear what you've got on now."

"I just got out of the shower. I'm not wearing anything."

"I have no problem with that. Come on over like that."

"Hahaha. No."

"You're no fun at all. Why not?"

"So I'm supposed to just walk out of my apartment, across the parking lot, hop into my car, drive over to your place, get out, walk across your parking lot to your door, knock, and wait for you to let me in, all while not wearing a stitch?"

"The more I think about it, the better it sounds."

"Pervert."

"Guilty as charged. But seriously, just wear whatever's comfortable for you."

"Ok. I'll be there in a few."

After hanging up, I found myself imagining what it would have been like if she really did head over here starkers.

Opening the door. Peering around, looking to see if anyone was in sight. Then dashing to the stairwell and down to the parking lot. Maybe hiding behind a bush while waiting for a car to go by. A quick sprint to the parked cars, using them for cover to get to hers. Open the door, get in, and shut it. Whew, hidden, sort of.

The drive over would be uneventful, unless she was passed by a truck that could look down into her car and see her. She'd probably have to watch out for cars stopping next to her at stoplights, too.

Then pulling into the parking lot of my complex. Can she find a spot close by? Park, then get out of the car. Crouch down between cars for cover, and make her way as close as she can to my stairwell. Maybe have to stop and wait for someone to walk past, hoping they don't see her. Another quick run to the stairs. A glance up to see if anyone's coming down, then up the stairs. A peek around the corner to see if the coast is clear followed by a run to my door.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK

The door pulled me from my reverie. Damn, that was fast.

I opened the door, and there she was. Naked.

All I could do was stare like an idiot and say "Wow. You actually did it."

She pushed her way in past me and shut the door.

Then she said "Yeah, I did it. I've never been this horny in my entire life. Get your clothes off."

And that Thursday night suddenly got a lot less boring.