**Discovering Melanie**

by Cave

**Discovering Melanie Ch. 12**

After dinner, Melanie went to Josy’s place for their online shopping. It was the price she had to pay for changing their Saturday shopping plans. After they went into Josy’s room, Josy looked her over. She had changed after coming home and was wearing a jacket over a knee-length pale blue dress.

“You know the rule,” Josy said, leaving the door open a bit.

Melanie took off her jacket, but then went to the door and closed it.

Josey looked disappointed, but then laughed. “I’ll get you naked in front of my roommates someday.”

Melanie shook her head in disbelief. “Aren’t you worried about what they’d think?”

“Not really,” Josy said as she moved to stand in front of Melanie.

Josy took hold of the hem of Melanie’s dress with both hands and started lifting it up. She was wearing neither panties nor bra under the dress, and Josy’s giggle did not come as a surprise. She raised her arms to let Josy pull her dress up and off her, but Josy left it around her head, trapping her arms.

She gasped as she felt something warm and wet on her left nipple.

“Josy!” she exclaimed as she felt a tongue flick across her nipple. She felt the cold air of the room as the mouth retreated.

“It’s your own fault for not wearing a bra,” Josy said before the tongue went to her other nipple.

Melanie squirmed, but did not move away. Although she protested, and Josy’s actions had shocked her, the feeling of Josy’s tongue on her nipples was amazing. She realized that if she didn’t push back immediately, she might not want to do so anymore. She also wondered what excuse Josy would give this time for pushing the boundaries.

“Stop it, Josy,” she said, trying to sound stern.

“I had to be fair to the other one,” Josy said as she pulled the dress the rest of the way off Melanie.

Josy sat on the bed with her laptop, ignoring Melanie’s glare.

Sighing loudly, Melanie made a show of wiping the saliva off her nipples, but it was lost on Josy, so she just joined her on the bed. Inwardly, it amused her that Josy acted like stripping her naked and licking her nipples was just a normal greeting between friends.

They spent the next hour looking at clothes and each ordered a few items. Josy picked out some thigh-high socks for her and she was already imagining wearing them with different skirts and dresses.

“I have to go pee,” she said after a while.

“So? Go then,” Josy responded flatly.

She stood up and presented her nude form to Josy, indicating the problem with that.

“Hmm. I’ll go get us another drink from the kitchen and see what my roommates are up to,” Josy suggested. “I think they’re all there.”

Josy went out, leaving the door open a little. Melanie, already worked up from fantasizing about the different outfits with thigh-highs she could get away with, found herself fantasizing what it would be like if one of Josy’s roommates would peek into the room and see her naked there.

“They’re all there, no one’s in their rooms except us,” Josy said when she got back with the drinks. “Go pee, it’s safe.”

Josy handed her a pair of slippers to put on.

“I don’t know,” Melanie said, but she was pretty much pushed out into the hallway by her friend.

Josy’s room was the first in the hallway and the door to the common room was just a few steps to her left. The door was open, and she could hear them. After putting on the slippers, she tip-toed away from the door towards the toilet, making it safely without being seen, though the slippers made more sound than if she’d been barefoot.

While she peed, she thought about the fact that she was naked in her friend’s apartment, an entire hallway removed from her clothes. She’d have to make it back there, hoping that none of Josy’s roommates would look into the hallway while she did.

Oh, no, she thought. What if one of them needs to use the bathroom now? After she wiped herself, she looked around the little restroom. Aside from a little towelette, there was nothing she would be able to cover herself with.

Realizing it would be best if she’d go back sooner rather than later, she opened the door to listen.

Nothing out of the ordinary.

She stepped out and tip-toed back to Josy’s room, but only a few steps in, the door next to Josy’s opened. She quickly looked around. Where could she go? She tried to be quiet as she pressed herself against a nearby door, just as a girl exited the room and walked to the common room without looking her way.

That was close, she thought, her heart hammering in her chest. If the girl had looked to her right… What excuse could she have given for standing there completely naked?

Escaping discovery made her jittery with excitement. She quietly continued on her way back to Josy’s room, listening for any clue that someone in the common room might be coming. With every step closer to Josy’s door, but also closer to the open doorway to the common room and further from the safety of the bathroom, her excitement was building. She brought her hands up to her breasts, brushing her nipples with her fingertips before lightly pinching them.

Reaching Josy’s door, she quickly slipped inside.

“What happened to you?” Josy asked, looking up at her from the laptop.

“One of your roommates, she nearly saw me,” Melanie said, and she briefly explained what had happened.

“And it got you all hot and bothered?” Josy asked, grinning at her.

She blushed at being caught out like that, but it was her own fault for playing with her nipples out in the hallway.

“Now that we’re done with our shopping, let’s join my roommates, okay?” Josy asked.

“In just my dress?” she asked. She knew her nipples would be poking holes in the dress, as she hadn’t been wearing anything underneath. “I can’t.”

“Or without it,” Josy winked. “Either way, we’re going out there.”

Not having any other choice, she quickly slipped into her dress, before following Josy out into the common room. As she entered the room, Josy had already sat down on the last available spot, so it looked like she’d have to sit on the carpet.

“You all know my friend Melanie, right?” Josy asked.

There were murmurs of assent around the room as everyone briefly glanced her way. Only one person’s gaze lingered, aimed at her chest. She saw an appreciative smile form on the girl’s face and blushed. The girl winked at her before scooting aside to make room for her on the couch.

“Thanks,” she said as she sat down.

Aside from the girl she was sitting next to, everyone seemed to be involved in their own world, either watching the tv series that was on, or reading, or on their phones. Rather than enjoying sitting there in just her short dress, she was feeling awkward and uncomfortable.

After a few minutes of thinking of an excuse to go home, someone got up to get a drink.

“I should go home,” she said to Josy as she also got up. “It was nice to meet you all again.”

Josy followed her back to Josy’s room.

“Sorry about that,” she said to her friend as she put on her jacket.

“Huh? Oh, it’s fine.”

On her way back home, she checked her phone. Brian had sent a message asking if eight thirty was a good time for their run. It would give them plenty of time before going to Cohen for their study day, so she texted back that that would be fine.

The next morning, as the temperature had dropped again, she wore her usual leggings and jacket for her run with Brian. All in all, it was a good run.

Studying with the four of them at Cohen was productive and by dinner time they were confident in their preparations for next week’s exams. After having pizzas, they celebrated by having some drinks in Cohen’s apartment. It was the first time they were together casually, not focused on their studies. They talked about hobbies and interests, tv shows and movies, and played a friendly card game.

When it was time to go home again, as Melanie stood up, she realized she’d drunk a bit more than she should have and was a bit unsteady on her feet.

“Did you also come by bus?” Brian asked her.

“No, I walked here,” she answered.

“It’s a half hour walk for me,” Brian said. There were no more busses at this time.

“You can sleep on the couch, if you want,” Cohen suggested.

Melanie looked at Brian questioningly. She didn’t very much like the idea of walking home alone at this hour, especially having drunk a bit too much. Thankfully, Brian noticed her look.

“I’ll walk with Melanie part of the way,” he said.

“Can I have that couch then?” Sarah asked.

“You two,” Melanie said, pointing at Sarah and Cohen. “No naughty stuff!”

Sarah laughed. “Not going to happen. I have a boyfriend, remember?”

“Oh, right,” Melanie said, embarrassed at having said it out loud.

She and Brian packed up their bags, heavy with books and set off towards her apartment. It was at least a twenty-minute walk and she was glad she was wearing warm clothes. It had cooled down quite a lot.

“Thank you for walking me home, Brian, you’re too kind,” she says, hugging Brian’s arm as they walked.

She kept her arm linked into his as they continue along.

“People will think we’re a couple,” she giggled.

“Right,” he said.

About halfway to her place it started to rain a little. She hadn’t thought of bringing an umbrella and apparently Brian hadn’t either. A bit further ahead, the rain got a lot heavier, and they ran to an overhang to escape the downpour. There wasn’t a lot of cover and they were standing close together. Melanie could feel the heat coming off Brian through her damp jeans.

“At this rate we’ll get soaked,” Brian said.

“Let’s wait till it slows down a little.”

They waited for a few minutes, until they noticed the rain let up a bit. It was still pretty bad, and it did not look like it would stop any time soon, so they decided to try to run the rest of the way to Melanie’s apartment building.

At least the cold rain had a sobering effect on Melanie, and they reached her building without much trouble. However, they were both quite wet from the rain. She could even feel it soaking through her jacket into her blouse. She thought Brian wouldn’t be much better off and didn’t like the idea of waving him off without at least warming him up first.

“I have an umbrella you can borrow,” she said as they went inside.

They walked to the elevator and as she pressed the button, she was reminded of Josy flashing her butt to him. She had been shocked and embarrassed and had run off. She still felt a little guilty about running off without saying bye after he’d helped her with the pictures on that website.

“Did you get a good look?” she asked, blushing.

“What do you mean?”

“Uh, my butt, when Josy lifted my skirt.”

“I don’t… What? No,” he stumbled over his words.

“Oh,” she said, a little disappointed by his response. Ever since being teased by her high school classmates about not having much of a butt, she’d been insecure about it. His non-answer reinforced that.

He didn’t say anything, seemingly staring blankly ahead and they stepped into the elevator.

She thought about unbuttoning her jeans to give him another look and was tempted to do so. Although she was a bit drunk and her inhibitions were reduced, she still had the presence of mind to know that it would be a bad idea.

“Do you still look at the pictures sometimes?” she asked.

“No, I wouldn’t,” he said.

“You don’t want to?” she asked, again feeling disappointed.

“What? No… I… Are you messing with me?”

“I understand, I don’t have much to look at, so…”

“You have nothing to be insecure about, Melanie,” he said. “You have a nice butt, really.”

“Are you just humoring me, or do you mean it?”

“I mean it.”

She didn’t believe him, but let it go. Why would he not still look at the pictures if he thought she had a nice butt? It didn’t make sense.

After entering her apartment, she motioned him to follow. There wasn’t anyone in the common room and she assumed her roommates were either still out or had already gone to sleep. Without thinking about it, she led him to her bedroom and took off her soaked jacket. Some of the rain had soaked through and her blouse had gotten damp.

“What are you standing there for?” she asked when she noticed him standing just outside her room, looking confused.

She went to the window to close her curtains, leaning forward on her elbows on the windowsill, and looked outside. “It’s still raining pretty hard,” she said, “Do you want to wait till it slows down?”

“Yes, that’s a good idea,” he said behind her.

After a moment she looked back over her shoulder and caught him looking at her jeans clad butt before he looked away. Maybe he did mean what he’d said.

“I’m still feeling the alcohol,” she said, turning away from the window and sitting on her only chair. “How about you?”

“Yeah, I guessed that you were,” He said, standing there in the middle of her room. “You drank more than I did.”

She noticed him standing there awkwardly and wished she had another chair. She got up to look for her umbrella. When she found it, she tossed it at him, and he caught it, even though her aim was a bit off.

“Please, sit down,” she indicated the chair, and then asked, “Are you cold?”

“I’m alright,” he said, sitting down at her desk.

“I’m cold,” she said as she started taking off her blouse, while walking to her closet.

It didn’t take long to take it off and out of habit she started taking off her wet jeans as well.

“Uhm, Melanie? What are you doing?”

She’d gotten used to being naked in her own room and had momentarily forgotten about her visitor. While Josy would encourage her in such a situation, to Brian this would seem like odd behavior.

“Oh, uh… right. Sorry,” she said, blushing. “Uhm. Do you mind if I change into dry clothes?”

“N…no, of course not.”

He turned away from her and she took that opportunity to continue undressing. Such good manners, she thought, giving her privacy like that. Standing so close to Brian in just her panties and bra, she was getting excited, and the idea of taking off her underwear as well was enticing.

“Don’t turn around, okay?” she asked.

“Sure, just hurry and change.”

She quickly took off her bra and panties, leaving her naked except for her socks, which had remained dry. Now that her cold damp clothes were off, she was already feeling better.

Standing there, undressed in her own room, that should be fine, shouldn’t it? No matter that her friend and classmate was sitting there close by, being all noble and not looking at her. Really though, is she just that boring to look at? Annoyed, she stepped closer, reached out and put her hands on his shoulders, intending to pull him around.

“Melanie?” He asked without turning. “Are you dressed yet?”

She sighed and let go of him, walked back to her closet to take out a long shirt, and pulled it over her head. The shirt was just long enough to cover the important bits.

“You can turn around now,” she said, sitting down on her bed with her legs off the side, looking down.

He turned back towards her and as she looked up again, she saw him look at her chest.

“Hot stuff,” he said.

She blushed and looked away. Had he really just called her ‘hot stuff’? She couldn’t believe it. It was totally against his character to be that straightforward.

“I mean your shirt,” he quickly added, pointing.

She looked down at her chest. Indeed, the shirt had the text ‘HOT STUFF’ in print over her breasts. She hadn’t checked when she grabbed the shirt. Her nipples were prominent and obvious, poking through the material, and it both embarrassed and excited her to know he was looking at her.

He shifted in his seat, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, still looking at her.

“Are your jeans dry yet?” she asked, her embarrassment finally pushing her to cover her chest by crossing her arms.

“No,” he said. “But I should go…” His last word trailed off as his eyes shifted to her crotch.

She looked down to see what he was looking at and could tell that crossing her arms over her chest had pushed the shirt up. The hem now rested against her abdomen. Leaning forward as he was, he was looking at the gap between her shirt and her legs, seeing the exposed triangle of smooth skin.

Not such a gentleman after all, blatantly staring at her crotch like that. Embarrassment, excitement, anger, the swirling mix of emotions was making her dizzy. She needed a glass of water.

Pressing her shirt down over her legs, she stood up and went to her door.

“Do you want some water, or are you going now?” she asked, glaring at him.

He winced and said, “Uh, water is good.”

She walked to the common room on shaky legs.

This is bad, she thought, standing in the kitchen. She was feeling hot and wanted to rip her shirt off, so she splashed some water on her face and immediately felt better. Looking down, she noticed her nipples were still poking holes through the shirt and she pressed down on them, willing them to behave. That didn’t work. Frustrated, she gave up.

After getting two glasses and filling them with water, she went back to her room. Brian was still sitting in the chair, but now sitting straight up again with his jacket over his lap. She had a strong suspicion what he was hiding from her and smirked at his obvious attempt. It was exciting to find out she did have that effect on him after all, and she wanted to tease him some more.

After handing him his water, she sat on her bed again, but this time she sat with her back against the wall, providing him a profile view. She then pulled her knees up to her chest, which pushed the shirt up around her waist and giving him a side view of her ass, while exposing herself to the rest of the room. Feeling deliciously naughty, she knew that any uncertainty in his mind about whether she was wearing panties would now be gone.

He was staring intently while he drank his water.

As soon as he finished it, he stood up and stepped up to the bed while she finished hers, holding out a hand for her glass. She handed him the glass and quickly covered her pussy with her left hand, feeling her wetness there.

“I’ll put these back in the kitchen,” he said as he walked to the door, looking back at her. He took his time opening the door, as he looked between her legs. It was driving her crazy.

As soon as he was out the door, she slipped a finger inside. “So wet,” she whispered to herself. She added another finger and masturbated for a few seconds before stopping herself.

Brian would be back from the kitchen any moment, so she stood up and fixed her shirt. She grabbed a tissue and cleaned her fingers. This was getting out of hand, she knew. How far would she take it if he didn’t go home now?

She looked outside and saw it had stopped raining. That’s good, she thought.

“You’re such a tease, Melanie,” Brian said as he entered the room again.

“It stopped raining,” she said, turning back to him as he stepped up to her.

He was standing close to her; too close! She felt his hands on the hem of her shirt. Shocked, she tried to push his hands away, but he had a firm grip and didn’t let go.

“You want me to rip this off you, don’t you?” He asked as he raised her shirt up above her belly button.

Please, yes. She trembled at the thought.

“Please, don’t,” she begged, closing her eyes, and turning her head away from his.

He held her shirt just below her breasts. “I’m not sure if it’s the alcohol, and don’t want to take advantage of you like this,” he said, letting go of her shirt again. It fell back down.

Her knees felt weak, and she was unsteady on her feet as she felt him move away.

“I’ll see you Monday,” he said, as he grabbed his jacket and bag and moved to go out the door. “Good night.”

“Good night,” she said, her voice barely more than a whisper.

That was close, she thought as she dropped onto her bed. She was close too, she knew. Pushing her shirt back up to where he had raised it, she imagined him still there looking at her. One hand went under her shirt to her breasts and the other to her sex and the orgasm came quickly. Not long after, she fell asleep.

Melanie woke up in the middle of the night, feeling groggy and with a bad taste in her mouth. She stumbled out of bed and noticed her room door was still open. She went to the bathroom to brush her teeth and drink some more water. Then she went back to sleep.

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