**I Dated a Tease**By Happy

Bonnie and I were co-workers. I was age 20. She was age 18. It took about two months before I got the courage up to ask her out. She accepted and asked why I had waited so long. I just shrugged my shoulders.

Bonnie is a small woman. She stands 5'2” and weighs 105 lbs. But, she has all the right curves. Her best feature is her face. She has dark blue eyes that shimmer against any light. She has those full pouty lips that Hollywood actresses pay big money to obtain. Bonnie's lips look right when they move because they're real. Her hair is light brown and just a little less than shoulder length. (I have photos but I cant show them here)

Bonnie doesn't have a driver's license or a car. We have similar work shifts, so she asked me if I would start giving her rides to and from work. I thought that this was a good idea. Little did I know that it would become our first 'alone time', even before our first date happened.

I didn't see it then, but I should have. Control of this relationship had already begun shifting away from me.

I arrived at her house (her parent's house) about twenty minutes early and leaped up onto the front porch. The front door has glass panels on the upper half of it. If you look through those panels, you can see the main hallway of the house straight ahead. There were several doors on the left side. There was an opening on the immediate right showing a living room. Beyond that was a eat-in kitchen that did have a wall separating it from the hallway, but was open to the living room. Finally, there was a doorway on the right at the end of the hallway that seemed to be beyond the kitchen.

I rapped my knuckles on the door. In a moment, Bonnie's face peeked out her doorway on the far right. She recognized me and stepped out into the hallway. She was holding a shirt against her chest. She strode quickly towards me and opened the front door.

“You're early”, she scolded. She turned around and let me have the responsibility of closing the door behind me.

I stared at her for a moment. She was only wearing panties. Bonnie started walking back down the hallway back to her bedroom. It was quite a sight.

“Should I wait here?”, I asked.

“No, we're alone. You can come back here. I just need to get dressed and I'll be ready to go”, she answered nonchalantly.

She was facing away from the door and standing in front of her dresser when I entered her bedroom.

“Sit on the bed”, she stated when she heard me enter.

I did as instructed and sat on the bed as near as I could to her which was directly behind her.

When she heard her bed springs squeak under my body, she dropped the shirt onto her dresser. She then reached for a tiny yellow bra that I hadn't previously noticed and held it up to her eye level to examine it. This arm position of hers allowed me absorb the beauty of the outer swells of her breasts when looking past her tiny ribcage.

She took her time putting on that bra. Then she added the shirt, some jeans, and turned to face me.

“I'm ready. Let's go”, she stated sarcastically as she glanced at the bulge in my pants.

I was naive at the time. Nothing like this had ever happened to me. I had seen things that day that I'd never seen before.

I made a point of arriving early every work day after that. Bonnie caught on (or was leading me the whole time). On day two she left the shirt in her bedroom and just covered her nipples with one arm as she came down the hallway to let me in.

It was day two that I noticed something remarkable. Bonnie's bedroom had no door. All that was apparent were empty hinges on one side of her doorway. I looked across the hall and the same thing was true of the last bedroom on the left side of the hallway.

“Whose bedroom is that across the hall and why don't you have doors?”, I asked

“That's my brother David's room. My father is trying to do some renovations. He took the doors down to the basement to refinish them. He is an excellent carpenter, but he is in poor health with lung disease. So, this kind of work takes him a while”, Bonnie answered.

“How long have the doors been down there?”, I asked quietly.

“I don't know exactly. A little more that six months”, she answered.

“How do you have any privacy from David?”, I asked even quieter.

“I don't”, she answered casually. “He has walked in and out of his room numerous times when I've been dressing or undressing. On hot nights, I sleep naked with no covers. We have no air conditioning. I'm sure that he's seen me on some of those occasions too”.

She went on, “He has never stopped and stared, so I have no problem with it. He's my brother and that is all”.

I came back with, “His door is gone too. Have you ever seen David undressed”?

Bonnie said, “Yes, once, But he must a lot more modest, because after that day, he started doing his dressing and undressing in the bathroom”.

Day Three: Bonnie left both of her hands at her sides when she walked down the hallway to let me in. This was the first time that she showed me all of her bare breasts. Her pale aureola bounced as she strode to the door with a smile on her face. On this day she dressed facing me.

Day 4 - The first date: I took her to a very nice seafood restaurant. The tables had fine white linen table cloths that reached the floor on all sides. Everything was going well until the main course was served. When the waitress left our table, I heard a noise that sounded like a shoe had hit a leg of our table.

From under the table, I felt a bare female foot roughly push my knees apart. Once they were far enough away from each other, her foot went for her intended target. That foot began to gently massage my crotch while Bonnie's dark blue eyes stared into mine without blinking.

She took every bite of her food slowly and seductively. When she finally finished swallowing a bite, she would sensually lick the bottom side of the tines of her fork. At the same time, she would rub her big toe back and forth on the bottom side of my erection.

I sat there dumbfounded. Control was completely relinquished to her somehow. I was just a passenger in this relationship.

I looked around the dining room to see if anyone noticed what was going on. The answer was 'everybody'. Bonnie didn't just have my attention. She had the attention of everyone that could possibly see her behavior.

I brought her home after dinner. Her whole family was home, so the date ended with a quick kiss on the porch. I truly ached as she closed the door behind her.

Day 6 (the following Monday): Again, she answered the door wearing panties only. We had the house to ourselves. She invited me back to her room by explaining that she was looking through some new photos of her and a girlfriend that they had taken yesterday. That news had my immediate attention.

She plopped herself on the bed in front of a pile of about 60 photo prints. I sat nearby facing her. She flipped through approximately 10 prints and then handed the 10 to me to examine. They were prints of Bonnie wearing jean shorts and an oversized white t-shirt. The t-shirt was fine in the first print. The setting was outdoors in a meadow somewhere.

But in each succeeding photo, someone had taken scissors to the t-shirt and reduced it in some way. My naughty thoughts were interrupted when Bonnie said, “Oh! You can't see this one”, as she laid down a print face down next to her hip. She handed me 6 more prints while peeking at my reaction from under her eyebrows.

I took the six prints and noticed that Bonnie and her girlfriend had switched places. These photos were of her Latina friend. Bonnie must have been behind the camera. I recognized on the second print of the six that the Latina girl was wearing Bonnie's cut up T-shirt!

I questioned Bonnie as to whether this was true.

She answered calmly, “We switched”.

I looked down at the print that Bonnie had laid face down next to her hip. I had to see that image. I tried to reach for it. I don't know how she sensed it, because her head was tilted down. But, somehow her hand got to the print first and she dragged around behind herself and away from my reach.

Without looking up, Bonnie said, “Stop it. It's not going to happen”.

Resigned, I looked through other photos of the 6. The t-shirt kept shrinking, but nothing interesting was being exposed on her Latina girlfriend.

Bonnie took a moment to look at the clock on her night stand.

“We're going to be late!”, she announced as she stood and dropped the rest photos face down in a mess over the one that I wanted to see.

In a flash, she was dressed and we were on our way to work. During the drive she shared that they 'switched back'. After that the t-shirt ended up in little pieces in the meadow. I asked what she wore on the ride home. 'My bra' was her answer. I've seen her bras. They don't hide anything.

Day 9: Today she came to the door with a new set of photos. I realized this when she handed me the top print once I was inside. The photo was of her older sister Sandra. (If any of you readers have read 'The Arrangement', this should give you a big hint. 'Sandra' the character, is based on the real Sandra here.)

Bonnie explained that she had talked her older sister into this photo shoot. Sandra's long-term boyfriend is in the U.S. Army and is presently stationed on a base in Germany. Bonnie made it clear that Sandra's boyfriend would love to see some 'cheesecake' photos of his girlfriend

Once we were seated on Bonnie's bed, I looked carefully at Sandra's photo again. At 5' 7”, Sandra was five inches taller than her younger sister. She is a natural blonde (like David) and her hair hangs straight down to shoulder length and she keeps it parted in the middle to keep it out of her eyes. Her eyes were of the same dark blue shade as Bonnie's.

Bonnie only showed me four more photos from the new stack of what must have been over a hundred. Each of the shared four prints showed Sandra in a series of smaller and smaller tops with her nipples poking through them.

I looked at Bonnie. She met my gaze and admitted, “I can't show you the rest. My sister would never forgive me”. In a daze, I nodded as I handed back the five that I had.

Day 11, The Second Date: I finally met Bonnie's family formally. Bonnie's mom 'Wanda ' made the introductions. It took two seconds to determine where Bonnie had genetically received her full pouty lips from. Wanda openly flirted with me with her's. Her husband sat nearby with an oxygen tank and tubes attached to his face.

Just when I thought that this was going to get really uncomfortable, Bonnie showed up in a new dress that was so attractive that it made me really uncomfortable.

The dress was aqua-marine colored and was overly covered with sequins that shimmered in every direction. As she turned to show the back, it became clear that there was no bra involved. The rear view of the dress was backless.

Bonnie turned back to face me. “My mom helped me make it”, she admitted. “I have a surprise for you later”.

After saying our goodbyes to her family, I took her to a high-end restaurant that specialized in Mexican food. There were no table cloths, so Bonnie could not have fun with her foot this time. Little did I know, she had another idea.

As the waiter was removing what was left of the appetizers, Bonnie excused herself to the ladies' room. I thought nothing of it until I saw her approaching our table in a few minutes. It took me about ten seconds to process what my eyes were absorbing.

She had turned the dress around 180 degrees. The backless back was now the frontless front. The fabric on the vertical front edges was just barely hanging onto her nipples. A portion of her aureoles peeked out. The new neck line plunged to well below her navel.

Bonnie sat and asked me if I liked her dress. I just nodded as I gawked in a trance-like state. The waiter appeared with our main course. Bonnie deliberately hunched forward. The dress gaped open and showed her whole chest.

The waiter's hands were shaking as he set our plates down on the table.

Day 18: {The double date} I had been filling in my best friend Ken in on what happened with Bonnie. All he wanted to know was 'did she have a friend that he could date?'. I thought about it for a moment. Bonnie did spend her break time at work with a girl named Carolyn. When the connections were made, an all-day double date was planned.

It was Summer. We took two cars. I would learn why later. This happened in the days before cell phones so we had walkie talkies to communicate with car-to-car. Our destination was a little used beach on a large spring fed lake in central New Hampshire.

Once we arrived and set up blankets, towels, and coolers, Everyone began to remove their outer layer of clothing. Carolyn is a tall girl at 5' 9”. She has longer than shoulder length dark brown hair. Her body is trim, but has a lot of curves. She was wearing a tiny black side-tie bikini under her street clothes. Her first impression of Ken must have been a good one, because she was fawning over him, touching him, and holding him every chance that she could.

I looked at Bonnie in time to see her display her new bathing suit to me. It was off-white in color and made out of crocheted yarn. The tiny bikini had a crochet pattern had a lot of large open holes. It was easy to see where her trimmed pubic hair started and ended. On top, both of her nipples were poking through holes in the pattern.

“I made it myself. What do you think?”, she asked.

“I..I...I think that its wonderful”, I nervously responded.

We had a great day. We had the whole beach to ourselves. There were jokes told, music from a boom box, splashing in the water and a lot of sun bathing. We had brought sandwiches etc. in the coolers for lunch. As the day grew into early evening, we packed, dressed, and drove a short distance to a nice restaurant for dinner.

It was getting dark when we left the restaurant. Our two car convoy started moving down the state road headed toward the interstate highway. I was in the lead position.

Bonnie picked up our walkie talkie. She only said one word into it, “Now”.

We heard Carolyn's voice on the receiver say, “Got it”.

Bonnie then proceeded to remove her shirt and her bikini top. There was no console or arm rest between us. She elegantly laid herself on her back across the front seats. Her head rested on my left thigh. Her bare shoulders and chest were laid across my right thigh. Her beauty and trust in me was visible in the glow of the dashboard lights.

In my rear view mirror, I could see a dark silhouette of Carolyn pulling her shirt off of her head. Then, she was obviously untying her bikini top. In a moment, her head disappeared as she laid herself in a similar position to the one that Bonnie was in.

I stroked Bonnie's bare chest as I drove for the entire 90 minute ride home.