**Teasing a Friend**

by[madmartigan37](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=3829420&page=submissions)©

It was a sunny, cold Saturday afternoon in November. There had been a bit of early snow that was still on the ground. I was on my way home from work when the smell of some kind of spiced coffee drink lured me towards a little cafe.

I was rooting around in my pocket to see if I had enough change to feed my caffeine addiction when suddenly from behind me someone put their hands over my eyes and said "guess who?"

"Oh my god," I said, "did I stumble into a movie or is this something people really do in real life?"

"Oh shut up," said the voice. "Be a good sport and play along."

It was a girl's voice, and it was definitely familiar but I couldn't quite place it.

"Can I have a clue?" I said.

"Who do you know that lives near here?" she said.

"Oh!" I said, "Nikki?"

The hands moved away from my eyes. "No fair!" she said, "the hint made it too easy."

I turned around to see for myself, and it was definitely Nikki. She's a very distinctive person.

Nikki is short. Barely five feet tall. I like to tease her about that a lot. But for her size she's a dynamo. She tackled me into a pool once, and even though I saw her coming and braced for it she took me down anyway.

She was a third year sociology student at one of the local universities. I'd first met her just over two years ago when she was doing frosh week. She came into my store doing some kind of freshman scavenger hunt. She was cute and charming (and just a little drunk) and we hit it off right away.

She started coming into my store on a regular basis to bug me, and we'd gotten to be friends outside of the store too. I would definitely have considered asking her out, but she'd had the same boyfriend since I met her.

They were high school sweethearts, and decided to go to the same university. Against all odds, they had survived as a couple so far. I'd met him a few times. I didn't have anything against him, except he seemed a little boring. Especially for someone like Nikki, who was anything but boring.

Case in point, Nikki liked to dress in flamboyant colors. For example today she was wearing a bright green parka and a neon yellow hat. Bright pink sunglasses and lipstick completed the ensemble.

"Geeze did you have to stand on a box to reach my eyes?" I asked as I finished looking her over. Like I said, she's short. I tease her about it often.

She kicked me in the shin. Which she often does in response to my teasing.

"Ouch," I said, "you may have crippled me."

"Oh no," she said in mock concern.

"You could at least buy me a coffee to make up for it," I said, gesturing towards the cafe. Yes I am that shameless when it comes to getting enough caffeine.

"Not from here," she said, shaking her head. "I've got better stuff at home. C'mon."

She led me around the block a couple of streets over to her place. It was a typical student house, meaning it was always at least in moderate need of repairs and cleaning.

One of her roommates was outside making a snowman in the yard. She looked very cold, but smelled strongly of pot and booze, which might have been influencing her decision to keep building.

We passed by without comment and went inside.

Nikki led me to the kitchen, dropping her parka and hat on the floor along the way. Underneath she wore jeans and an actual tie-dyed t-shirt. Sometimes I wanted to ask her what decade she thought it was.

As she tossed her sunglasses on the counter and started making coffee I noticed that the place was quieter than usual. When I mentioned this she nodded. "Two of my roomies are at a film festival for the weekend and Greg is at his parents' house."

Greg was her boyfriend. "You didn't want to go with him?" I asked.

She shrugged. "I was going to go, but I wasn't really in the mood to deal with his mother. Plus we had another argument."

"You and Greg? What about?"

"Oh you know already," she said, looking frustrated.

"The same thing as last time?" I asked.

She nodded.

I knew that recently she had bought a vibrator and Greg for some reason was unhappy about this.

None of my business certainly, but drunk Nikki had no filter when it came to sharing stories from her personal life, so I'd heard the whole story when we last went to the pub.

"So what is his problem exactly?" I asked.

"I don't really know," she said. "I guess he doesn't understand why I want it. I think it makes him insecure."

"What really?" I said. I couldn't help laughing and she smiled back.

"Is it like twelve inches long or something?" I asked.

She laughed loudly at that, almost dropping the coffee tin she was holding. "No, no," she said, "it's...well c'mon."

She put down the coffee stuff and led me into her room. I'd never been in here before but it clearly reflected Nikki's personality. Lots of bright colors, walls festooned with band posters and Van Gogh prints screaming the universal language of "I am a poor college student expressing my individuality as best I can with minimal budget."

There were a couple of bookshelves one of which was covered with stuffed animals and also creepy clown dolls.

"You actually sleep in here?" I said, gesturing to the clowns. "Well this explains everything."

"Shut up and sit down," she said, "I don't want you breaking anything or geeking the place up." She winked as she said this and pointed at a sort of loveseat thing across from the bed.

I did as I was told and sat down while she rummaged in her bedside table. After a moment she produced the vibrator. It was about six inches long, multi-colored (of course) with smooth sides, tapering to a rounded edge at the tip. It didn't look particularly daunting.

"That's it?" I said. "Does it roar like a dragon when it's running or something?"

She laughed again. "No, of course not. Here," she twisted something at the bottom and it came to life. It made a buzzing sound that was not very loud. She fiddled with the controls and the buzzing changed. Now it ran through a sequence of rhythmic buzzes: four longer slower ones, followed by half a dozen quick ones. "That's my favorite setting," she said, blushing slightly. That was rare, Nikki was normally pretty immune to being shy or embarrassed.

"So what's the big deal?" I asked.

"I don't know!" she said. She sat down on the bed, then flopped dramatically down on the huge pile of pillows up against the headboard. She dropped the vibrator on the bed next to her, where it continued buzzing merrily away. "It's so frustrating," she added.

I shook my head. "Seems to me Greg is missing out on a golden opportunity to use it on you, or watch you use it on yourself. Or to make you tease yourself with it until you can't take it anymore."

She looked confused. "How would that work?" she asked.

Inwardly I sighed. Apparently Greg was not so big on foreplay it seemed. "Well you know, you would use it on yourself, but only where he told you. He would have you move it around your body slowly getting to the more...um...sensitive places, but never letting you stay there for long."

She still looked blank. So I gestured for her to pick up the vibrator and so she sat up and did so. "Well for example," I said, "He would probably tell you to start by running it along your arm, starting from your shoulder, down past your elbow to your wrist."

She started doing as I described. "He would tell you to go a little slower," I suggested. She slowed down.

We kept on like that. Each time I would phrase it as "he would tell you to" and then tell her what I wanted her to do.

She ran it back up the inside of her arm, giggling a little as it tickled her near the armpit.

Then - over the pants - I had her run it down the outside of her thigh down to the knee. Then up the inside of her thigh almost - but not quite - to the goods. I had her repeat that pattern on the other leg, noticing that she had started to breathe a little harder.

I had her run it down the small of her back, and then across each butt cheek. She shifted into a kneeling position to do so. Then I had her run it very slowly between her butt cheeks. She giggled some more and then coughed, which almost sounded like she was trying to hide a moan.

I couldn't really believe she had gone along with it for this long. I was hesitant to push my luck, but eventually I suggested she run it along her upper chest. She did it. I had her move a little lower, onto the tops of her breasts, which she also did.

"He would want you to touch your nipples with it, but only briefly."

She touched it to her left nipple, taking a deep breath as she did so. I let her leave it there for a few seconds, then told her "okay now switch to the other one" and she did. Again after a few seconds I said "Okay, now take it away." She made a pouty noise, but did so.

I froze up for a second, not sure what to suggest next or how far she would want to take this.

After a moment of silence she said, "What would he want next?" Her voice was a little husky, and I decided to risk going further.

"Well at this point he would want you to take off your pants. But leave your panties on."

She looked at me for a second, and I thought she would refuse, but then she smiled and pulled the sheet from the bed over herself. A certain amount of rearranging took place, where I heard her jeans unzipped, and presumably slid down. Then she was leaning back against the pillows, her knees up in front of her, holding up the sheet like tent poles. All I could see of her lower body was her bare feet poking out from the end of the sheet.

I had her repeat the pattern of her legs again, only this time on the second leg I kept saying "a little further" until I could tell by the shift of her knees and arching of her shoulders that she had it pressed right up against her pussy. I let it stay there a second and then told her to move it away. She made the pouty sound again, but she did.

I had her run it along her arms and armpits again, getting another giggle for my troubles. Then it was back to the nipples, slightly longer than the last time. She moaned again, with no real effort to hide it this time.

By this time her bedside clock was telling me it had been over twenty minutes, and I figured maybe it was time to let her get there. I was also kind of worried about the vibrator battery dying, which would have spoiled things.

"He would want you to run it along the inside of your thigh again," I said.

"Can I take off my panties first?" she said. Apparently she also thought it was time to get there. Great minds think alike, I guess.

"If you want to," I said.

"I do," she said. "Do you want me to?" That was significant. It was the first time she had referred to me directly instead of asking what 'he' would want her to do next.

"I do," I said.

More rearranging. With a little smile she got them off pretty fast. Only when she did, something about how she moved her legs caused the sheet to ride up a little more in front, leaving more of a gap for me to look into. I realized I could see a lot of her inner thigh, almost to her pussy.

Trying to look casual I slumped a little lower in the loveseat. That brought my eyes down just enough that I could definitely get a good view.

I saw the vibrator slowly slide along her thigh, and then directed her to keep going until it touched her clit.

She started to breathe very fast, her eyes closed and her hips started to move in time to her breathing.

"I want you to slide it inside yourself," I said. I immediately thought that was too bold, and I was sure I had ruined everything when her eyes snapped open to look at me.

I raised an eyebrow, not sure what to say.

She let out an embarrassed giggle. "Sorry," she said, "I just haven't done that before."

"Are you...wet enough?" I asked.

"Oh yeah. Definitely," she said.

"Try it," I said.

"Whatever you say," she said.

From the angle I was at, I could see her pussy lips part as she slipped the toy inside herself. As she did the blanket slipped a little more, letting more light in. I could see her pubes were trimmed into the shape of a heart, which I thought was pretty cute.

"Oh yeah," she moaned, thrusting her hips up as she took the whole length of the toy inside.

"Fuck yourself with it," I said.

She did exactly that. Slower at first, and then faster, she fucked her tight little pussy with that multi-colored vibrator. Even as I enjoyed the view I couldn't help smiling, because there was just something so very Nikki-ish about this moment, even though I could never have expected to see what I was seeing.

She was moaning consistently now. "Oh god, I'm so close!" she cried.

"Cum for me," I said.

"I'm going to cum for you. I'm going to...I'm cumming!" She thrashed on the bed, still fucking herself with it, her moans loud enough that I hoped that roommate was still outside in the snow.

Finally she wore herself out. Her knees dropped as she slid her feet forward, blocking my view again sadly. She lay quietly for long enough that I thought she might have fallen asleep. But then she sat up a little, propping herself up on the headboard. She took the vibrator out from under the covers, turned it off, and then dropped it beside her on the bed.

She smiled at me, but very shortly after that her expression shifted, and she started to look like guilt might be setting in. "I can't believe I did that," she said. "Oh god, I really shouldn't have done that."

"Done what?" I said with a shrug. She looked like she was about to reply but I held up my hands to stop her. "No really, done what?" I repeated. "We didn't do anything to each other. I didn't see anything." Okay, that last part was a white lie in a good cause, but she seemed to believe me.

"As far as I'm concerned," I continued, "we had a hypothetical conversation about something you and Greg might do together and that's it. We also don't ever have to have this conversation again if you don't want to." I smiled at her.

Her face relaxed a little. "Ok, I guess that's true." She looked thoughtful for a moment, her eyes far away. Then she shook herself a little and laughed. "That was intense," she said. "If I could think of a way to suggest it that wouldn't get us both in trouble I'd have you give Greg lessons."

I laughed out loud at that. Then I suggested we go back to our coffee, and then maybe see if her roomie wanted to go out to get some food with us.

Nikki got up, remembering at the last second to wrap the sheet around herself so she wouldn't be on display, then kicked me out of the bedroom so she could put her pants back on.

I went, thinking as I did so that Greg was more of an idiot than I would have believed...

**Teasing a Friend Ch. 02**

After what happened I was afraid I would see less of Nikki but if anything the reverse was true. We had been the kind of friends who usually hung out a couple of times a month and exchanged texts a couple times a week. Now it seemed we were hanging out once a week or more and texting a few times every day.

I did notice that we only hung out with other people around. I figured she probably still felt bad about what happened and didn't want to be alone with me which I couldn't really blame her for. We were both pretending very hard that nothing had happened and that was easier in a crowd.

Almost a month to the day after what happened we were chatting by text on a Saturday night when suddenly she sent "I'm a li'l drunk. Typing too hard. Call me?" So I called her. She picked up right away. "That's better" she said brightly.

"So you have your usual half a beer and get wasted?" I said. This was definitely a joke because, for all that she was a lot shorter than me, I was pretty sure she could drink me under the table if she wanted to.

"Ha ha," she said. "No I had two beers but I haven't eaten any dinner yet so I'm a bit buzzed. I didn't want to start filling my texts with typos."

"No dinner?" I said. "You should make Greg hurry up and feed you already."

"He's not here," she said, "he's gone to his parents again."

"Seriously? Does he go every weekend?"

She laughed. "No, but his hours got cut back at work and he wanted to borrow money from them. He says they're more generous when he does it in person."

"I guess that makes sense. Poor you, having to cook your own dinner."

"I'll manage," she said, "at least I'm still allowed to do that for myself." She sounded bitter.

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"Oh nothing," she said, "I shouldn't have said anything."

"Oh come on now you've got me curious. You might as well just tell me."

"Fine," she said. "It's just that I found out why he doesn't like my vibrator."

I was surprised. This was as close as we had gotten to any taboo subjects in weeks. But I figured I would play along. "Why's that?"

"He considers it cheating."

"What?" I said, in disbelief.

"Yeah he says if I really loved him I would be satisfied with just him. Satisfying myself is being unfaithful."

I let that one roll around in my head for a moment. Then something occurred to me. "Wait does that mean you can't masturbate either?"

"He asked me not to while he was away," she said. "He said it would be more special if I waited for him."

"Oh my god that is bullshit for so many reasons," I said. "First of all who the hell is he to tell you what you can and can't so with your own body?"

"I know right?" she said.

"Second and more important, is his plan just to make you wait until he gets back so that you'll be horny enough to let him do whatever he wants to you without having to warm you up too much?"

There was a long pause. "Do you think that's what he's doing?" she said. She sounded shocked, and a little pissed off.

"Probably," I said bluntly.

"Son of a bitch," she said. There followed several minutes of her generally cursing and swearing. When she got mad enough she had a vocabulary like an angry pirate.

I basically waited it out, throwing in a lot of "mm-hmms" and "yeah, you're rights."

Finally she ran down. "Sorry," she said after a moment's silence. "I got a little carried away there."

"Hey, I'm on your side, remember. If you need a friendly ear to vent to, I'm all yours."

"Thank you," she said softly, sounding happier than she had the whole conversation so far. Then after another moment she asked, "what do you think I should do?"

"About the whole situation?" I asked.

"Yeah," she said.

"I think you should probably just do what you want while he's gone and have a little chat when he gets back."

"You do huh?" she said.

"Frankly I think you owe it to yourself."

"I do, don't I?" she asked.

"Unless you want to let down all womankind."

She laughed. "Well we wouldn't want that would we?" I noticed her breathing was faster and her voice a little husky.

"Did you just already get started?" I asked. I was a little surprised, thinking she would have hung up first. Surprised but not disappointed.

"Well it sounded like you didn't want me to waste any time," she said.

I laughed. "I admire your ambition," I said. "And your stealth. I didn't even hear you taking anything off."

"Oh I was already naked," she said. "I usually am when I'm alone in my room."

That was news to me, and certainly not bad news. "That explains why you never want to video chat." I said.

She laughed again, the tail end of it turning into kind of a moan.

"Well for future reference," I said, "it's considered polite for a lady to let a gentleman know when she's masturbating for him."

"Oh I'm sorry sir," she said, "I am currently masturbating for you, if that's okay. Seeing as someone else I know doesn't seem to appreciate it."

"I'll allow it," I said. "Just try to keep things to a dull roar, for the sake of your roomies."

"Oh, they're not here," she said.

"Really?" I said, "got the place to yourself do you?"

"Mm-hmm," she said, tapering off into another quiet moan.

"Then in that case, I think you should go out into your living room," I said.

"What?" she said, sounding startled.

"Think about it," I said, "you want a good story to tell Greg later, to show him who's boss right? Well what would be better than telling him that not only did you not wait, but that you got yourself off in the living room because you were that much of a bad ass?"

There was a pause. I was starting to think I'd pushed my luck too far, but then she said, "Oh you're going to get me in trouble." I heard the sound of a door opening, and the creak of floor boards that I recognized as being in the hallway to her living room.

"Okay," she said after a minute. "Coast is clear. Where do you want me?"

"On the red couch," I said, after picturing her living room in my head.

"The one facing the biggest window?" she said. "Okay, but I'm not opening the blinds." We'll see about that, I thought to myself.

I heard the sounds of her sitting down, and then the faint buzz of what must be her vibe. I hadn't suggested she bring it, but I had no problem with her taking some initiative.

She moaned lightly and then more heavily as she must have hit a particularly good spot. "You realize I have no idea where my roomies are right now?" she said, sounding breathless. "They could come home and catch me in the middle of this." She did not sound unhappy at the thought. If anything she sounded more excited.

"Well you better not waste too much time then," I said. I certainly wasn't. I was lying on my bed, and had slid down my pants and boxers, freeing my cock. I started stroking myself slowly, in time to her rhythm.

I was probably not as quiet as she had been initially because after a moment or two she asked, "are you touching yourself?"

"Yes," I said.

"You're turned on too?" she asked.

"By the sounds of you pleasuring yourself for me?" I asked. "Hell yeah I am! Why wouldn't I be?"

"Some people aren't," she said.

"Some people are idiots," I said.

She laughed. "I'm glad you like this," she said. "I wish...I wish you could see me."

"I do too," I said.

A few minutes went by where I simply enjoyed listening to her pleasure herself, and stroked myself in return.

Eventually she asked, "did you see anything last time? You said you didn't, but I was wondering if that was true."

"I did see a little," I admitted. "The sheet rode up a bit, and I could see some of what you were doing."

"Did you see me fuck my pussy?" she asked.

"I did."

"Did you like it?" she asked.

"Very much," I said.

"Do you want me to do it again?" she said.

"I do," I said.

I heard the noises change, and it was obvious she was doing what she'd offered.

"I wish you could see me now," she said.

"You like being watched don't you?" I said.

"Yes," she said, after a pause.

"Maybe you should open the blinds," I said.

"I have neighbors," she said. She didn't sound shocked though. And that wasn't a no.

"That's the point," I said. "Maybe they would like to see you."

"I don't know if that's a good idea," she said.

"It's late," I said. "It's dark out. Chances are good that nobody will see. But maybe one of those frat boys who live around you might happen to be looking. Maybe he'd like to see what you're doing. Maybe he'd want to touch himself while watching you."

She moaned the loudest she had so far. There was a pause. Then I heard the unmistakable sound of the blinds being slid open. I couldn't tell how far, but at least a little. "I can't believe I'm doing this," she said.

"What do you see outside?" I asked. I was breathing heavily now myself. The thought of her exposing herself to strangers was an unbelievable turn-on.

"There's a street light across the street," she said. "I don't see anybody - wait, no there's someone shovelling snow over there too. I don't think he's looking this way, but oh my god what if he does?"

I expected a sound of blinds closing, but there wasn't one. The sounds of her fucking herself got louder and faster. I sped up on myself as well, knowing that neither of us were going to last much longer at this pace.

"This is so dirty," she whispered, "so wrong."

"But you love it," I said.

"I do," she said. "I really do. I'm going to cum...a stranger might be watching me and oh god - I'm cumming!"

I came then too, all over myself, in one of the best orgasms I'd had in a long time.

The fucking sounds on her end got even faster for a moment as she cried out in ecstasy, then eventually slowed down. I listened to her slowly coming back down to earth, enjoying every minute of it.

This time I was ready for her to start feeling guilty, which she did, about on cue. "Oh my god, what did I just do?" she said. I heard the blinds shut, and the buzzing stop as she turned off the vibe.

"You masturbated." I said. "That's all."

"That's all?" she said sarcastically.

"Basically yeah," I said. "It's dark, the guy across the street probably didn't see anything. I didn't see anything. And really, this is Greg's fault for getting you worked up by trying not to let you look after your needs."

"You think so?" she said.

"I really do. If he just let you do your own thing, you would have got yourself off earlier today and none of this would have happened."

"That's true," she said.

"So no big deal then. Tomorrow you'll take care of business your way, and he doesn't need to know anything about this right?"

"I guess so," she said. Then after a pause. "I um...should get cleaned up and stuff. Can I let you go?"

"Sure," I said.

"Okay," she said. Another pause and then she said "I'll call you tomorrow."

"Sounds good," I said. "Goodnight."

"Goodnight," she said, and hung up.

I was already daydreaming about what tomorrow might bring...

**Teasing a Friend Ch. 03**

The next day I was just getting out of the shower when Nikki called me. For once it was a video call, which was a surprise. I wrapped a towel around myself before answering. She was in her bedroom when I answered the call and the video feed started. The way she was holding the camera made it hard to tell - it mostly only showed her face - but she didn't appear to be wearing anything. Her shoulders were bare, and I couldn't see any tank top or bra straps in obvious view. Maybe I was just being optimistic after last night when she said she was usually naked when she was alone in her room.

As soon as I picked up she said, "Nice towel," with a wink. Before I should reply she continued, "I want to go shopping. Come with me?"

"Sure," I said, "what do you need?"

"A new bathing suit," she said.

That was surprising. "You do know this is December right?" I said.

"Gee really, is it?" she said, "I had no idea." The sarcasm was apparent. She panned the camera around to show me the mini-Christmas tree she had set up in the corner of her room. Then she panned it back to her face, although I got a quick glimpse that seemed to confirm she was naked. This was a new development, but certainly not one I was unhappy about.

"Okay, fine you know what month it is," I said, "can I least ask why you want a bathing suit in December?"

"Friends of mine are having a hot tub party at their house tonight," she said, "and I just finished trying on my old suit. I'm not happy with it." She held it up in front of the camera and then tossed it to the ground, shaking her head at it. "So I need a new one. And maybe we can find you a new bathing suit too."

"I don't need a new bathing suit," I said.

"I've seen yours," she said. "Trust me, you do. And I want you to come to the party with us too."

I rolled my eyes, and she stuck her tongue out at me. "Meet me at the mall in an hour? And be ready to try on swim suits," she said.

"Okay fine," I said. "Anything else?"

She bit her lip and blushed a little. "Maybe...drop the towel before you hang up?"

My cock - which had been stirring anyway at the thought that she was naked while we were talking - sprang to attention. I cleared my throat, and then before I could chicken out, I gave an exaggerated shrug, said "Whoops," and slipped the towel loose from around my waist. It fell to the floor and I was on display for her.

I saw her look down at me, and the blush on her cheeks brightened. She took a deep breath. "I...uh...didn't think you would really do that. But...thanks," she whispered. Possibly because she was distracted, she pulled her phone back far enough that I could see her too.

She was naked. She still had a heart shape shaved into her pubes. She had pierced nipples, which I had known because she talked about them from time to time, although this was the first time I'd seen them. Her breasts were full and seemed disproportionately large for someone her height, which certainly wasn't a complaint, just an observation.

We looked at each other in silence for a few moments, then finally she cleared her throat. "Well, um, see you soon 'kay?"

"Okay," I said and we both hung up.

About an hour later I walked in the main entrance of the mall. Nikki was already there, sitting on a bench. She was wearing big fuzzy blue boots that ended about mid-calf, and a short black skirt. Topping this off was a parka that matched the boots in color, although not in fuzziness. Jumping up when she saw me, she came over and hugged me, then stepped back and smiled.

"Weren't you cold getting here like that?" I said, gesturing to the skirt.

"Oh please," she said. "I went to a Catholic high school, I used to wear a kilt all winter waiting for the bus. Plus this is easier to take off than pants."

"Well I can't object to that," I said with a wink.

"So I can try stuff on easier," she said with a laugh, giving me a friendly shove.

"Sure, sure," I said. She linked her arm in mine and led me off into the mall.

We headed to the one bikini store that was open year round, for reasons I have never been able to understand.

As you might imagine being mid-December the bikini store was basically dead, even though the rest of the mall was full of holiday shoppers. There were no customers in the store when we got there, and only one employee. She was a cute college-age looking girl, not much taller than Nikki, wearing a nametag that said Sarah. Sarah and Nikki hit it off right away once Nikki explained why we were there.

In fact, almost from the beginning I sensed a kind of flirty vibe coming from Sarah and aimed at Nikki, who did not seem to be discouraging it at all. They got deeply involved in discussing all the arcana involved in bathing suits, which quickly went over my head.

Before long Sarah led us through an alcove at the rear of the store leading to the fitting

rooms. There was a padded chair in the corner where I sat while Nikki started trying things on.

She came out to model each suit as she had it on of course. She wanted to know what both Sarah and I thought, and we were happy to oblige. Sarah started suggesting alternative suits, or different sizes, and helpfully running back out of the fitting room area into the main store to get them for Nikki.

Every time she did this, Nikki would flash me. She would pull the suit top down, showing her nipples, or slide the bottoms down to show off her pussy. The first time it happened I was shocked, and Nikki laughed at the expression on my face. From then on though, I just enjoyed it.

My main concern was hiding my erection - which was tenting my pants very seriously - from Sarah, since I didn't want to get us kicked out of the store. I soon realized I had nothing to worry about though, because she only had eyes for Nikki.

The suits she was bringing Nikki became more and more revealing, and I also realized it seemed like she was intentionally bringing tops that were too small, so that they covered even less.

Nikki didn't seem to mind. In fact, as she went back into the fitting room to change, she stopped closing the door all the way, leaving it open a bit more each time. She also asked Sarah to help her do up a few suits, a process that Sarah helped with eagerly but seemed to involve a lot more shoulder and neck touching and stroking than was strictly necessary.

I didn't mind any of it. All of it was turning me on, so much so that when the store phone rang and Sarah had to go answer it, I was hoping to take things a little further.

Nikki came out in the latest suit, a tiny little red number that barely covered anything. She struck a series of poses for me. Then, she turned so she was facing away from me. She bent over, and pulled the suit bottom aside, spreading her legs also so I had a fantastic view of her pussy.

I couldn't resist that. I cleared my throat so that she looked over her shoulder at me, and then while she watched I slowly moved my hand towards her, raising an eyebrow.

She blushed, but nodded. I slipped a finger inside her. She was so wet that it slipped in all the way with no hesitation. She moaned, then covered her mouth to muffle the sound. She started to move her hips back and forth, riding my finger. I started sliding my finger around in tiny circles inside her, causing another moan.

I don't know how long we kept on like that, but then next thing I knew I saw movement in the corner of my eye. Looking over I saw Sarah standing there, who I had managed to completely forget about. She was frozen almost in mid step, standing in the alcove from the front of the store. A swim suit, completely forgotten, hung from her hand at her side.

She looked very flushed. It was obvious she could see what was happening, but she definitely didn't look disgusted. Quite the opposite in fact.

Stifling another moan, Nikki looked over and saw her too. Sarah's eyes widened and she turned to go.

"No," whispered Nikki, and she turned back. Nikki raised a hand and made a small 'come here' gesture. She didn't stop riding my finger though.

Sarah slowly walked over. Nikki reached up and touched her face, first with one hand, then with the other. Then they kissed, slowly at first, but then with deepening enthusiasm. Nikki's moans were loud, but still partially muffled by Sarah's mouth. As they made out, Sarah reached up to the suit tie at Nikki's neck and undid it. Held on only by the strap around her back, the bikini top fell down in the front, exposing her breasts.

Sarah's hands found Nikki's breasts and started playing with her nipples. I couldn't directly see it from the angle I was at behind Nikki, but there was a mirror on the wall that gave me a decent view. I could definitely hear that Nikki enjoyed it though. She moved on to kissing and nibbling on Sarah's neck. This all continued for at least a few minutes.

Then Nikki put her hands on top of Sarah's where they still cupped Nikki's breasts. Nikki squeezed Sarah's hands, essentially using them to pinch her own nipples. That was enough to tip her over the edge and into orgasm. I could feel the muscles contracting around my finger. Her moans were muffled by Sarah's neck, but still loud enough that all three of us could hear what was happening.

After the orgasm I was expecting that as usual Nikki would feel shy and guilty. I slipped my finger out of her, and she proved me right by adjusting the bottom and top of the suit so that she was covered again. She was blushing heavily.

Sarah too looked a little embarrassed, and was sporting what might soon be a new hickey on the side of her neck.

All three of us exchanged glances during an awkward silence.

"Well," I said, "I guess we'll take this one?" I pointed at the red suit, looking at Nikki while I said it and she nodded.

"Um, good choice," said Sarah.

Nikki went to change out of the suit, and Sarah busied herself hanging up some of the rejected options.

When Nikki came out fully dressed, the three of us went up to the cash register, and Sarah rang up the suit.

After Nikki paid and the receipt printed, Sarah took it from the printer. "I'm just going to write my number here," she said, doing so as she said it. "Just in case you have any more...customer service needs."

Nikki smiled. "I appreciate that," she said, taking the receipt and putting it in her bag.

With that we left the store.

As soon as we were a little ways away Nikki punched me in the arm. Not hard, but enough so that I noticed.

"What was that for?" I said.

"You keep getting me in trouble," she said.

"Me?" I said.

"Well whose finger was inside of who, mister?" she said.

"Okay, but you were parading your junk around in front of me and flashing me for like half an hour in skimpy outfits. Am I supposed to be made of stone?"

She laughed. "Okay, no," she said, "but you could have stopped me from getting Sarah involved."

I shook my head. "Oh no way," I said. "You know me, I keep telling you that you should do what you want. And you both wanted that. Nobody got hurt."

We headed toward the food court, and I gestured towards the mall pizza place. She nodded, so we paused the conversation long enough to get some slices and then grab a booth to sit in.

"I have a boyfriend though," she said after we had eaten in silence for a while. "I'm not supposed to do things like I've been doing this weekend."

"You have a boyfriend who doesn't appreciate you sexually," I said. She raised her eyebrows and I continued. "It's true though. He tries to tell you what you can and can't do. Hell he tried to tell you that you shouldn't masturbate and that you can't use your vibrator. Remember?"

"Yeah, but..." she started, but I cut her off.

"Look, you guys have been together for a while now, but you're not married. And I think maybe you're outgrowing each other." I shrugged as I said it.

"You think so?" she asked.

"I do," I said, nodding. "But it doesn't matter what I think, it matters what you think. And what you want."

She nodded, looking thoughtful. We ate some more pizza. Then I said, "besides you can't tell me that you didn't enjoy that."

She grinned. "I did. You both definitely had me going." She squeezed her thighs together, and ran a hand down her chest and into her lap. "I'm still a little worked up."

"Feel free to go again if you want," I said.

"What, here?" she said. She looked around. It was a Sunday in December, so there were lots of people coming and going, but it was a sort of in between meals time of day and the food court wasn't super busy. We'd also chosen a booth off to the side of the more crowded parts.

I shrugged. "Well, not if you're worried you'd get caught. I mean you're usually kind of loud when you get off."

She punched me in the arm again. A little harder this time. "Are you saying I can't be subtle?" she asked.

"If the shoe fits..." I said, grinning at her.

"Oh that's it mister," she said. "I'll show you."

I angled myself more in the booth to get a better view. I saw her slip her skirt up slightly, reach underneath it, and in one smooth move slide her panties off onto the floor. I was impressed she managed to do that without getting tangled up on her boots. With one foot she shoved her panties over between the bag with the bathing suit and her purse so they were out of sight.

Then she put one elbow on the table, and rested her chin in the palm of that hand. The other hand crept back under her skirt, rubbing her clit. "Oh this isn't going to take very long," she said, taking a deep breath.

My phone was sitting on the table between us, and I couldn't help thinking of the camera. I reached almost involuntarily toward it, and then decided I didn't want to put her on the spot by asking. But she noticed the movement and followed my gaze. "Do you want to film this?" she asked.

"I do," I said.

"Okay," she said, after a pause.

I grabbed the phone, set up the camera probably faster than I ever had before in my life, lowered the camera under the table and started recording. By angling the camera, not only could I record what she was doing, but it gave me a better view to see it myself.

She started by rubbing her clit in slow circles, then picked up speed. She sped up until I could faintly hear the sound of her fingers sliding around on herself. After just a few minutes of that she slipped her middle finger inside herself, then began sliding it in and out.

Above the table you would never have known what was happening, except she was breathing slightly faster. She was looking at me and smiling.

Finally the plunging finger went in deeper than ever, and I saw the muscles in her forearm tense. "Cumming now," she whispered, closing her eyes and biting her lower lip.

Her thighs quivered, and her legs spread a little further apart, but she hardly made any noise at all. She sat silently with her eyes closed for a few more moments, and then opened her eyes and smiled at me again. She slipped her finger out of her pussy and then slipped it into her mouth to lick it clean. I moved the camera up above the table again to follow that. When she was finished she winked, and blew a kiss to the camera.

I turned the camera off then, and slipped my phone back into my pocket. "Well I stand corrected," I said, "that was very subtle."

"Darn right," she said. "Now we should probably get up and going, instead of hanging out here at the scene of the crime, so to speak."

We got up, and got back to shopping. We checked a few stores, looking for a bathing suit for me. I had kind of hoped she'd forgotten that was also a goal for the day, but no such luck.

There are not many options for men's bathing suits at a mall in December. Eventually we found a small section in a store that sold work out gear and sportswear. It was a lot busier, so there was no opportunity for shenanigans. Alas.

After I tried a few on and got her feedback, eventually I found a suit that Nikki approved of.

"All right, I guess I won't be embarrassed by you now," she said, winking.

"And that's what counts right?" I said.

"Smart boy," she said, patting my cheek.

I paid, and we headed back for the buses. We were going back to our own places first, and then she and Greg were going to be picking me up to drive to the party. Her bus was just getting ready to pull out when we got back to the buses, so she gave me a fast hug and ran for it, getting on just in time.

I wasn't entirely looking forward to the party, but at least I could see Nikki in that suit again. That's all I was expecting, but as it turned out there was more in store for me that night...

**Teasing a Friend Ch. 04**

After I got home from the mall the first thing I did was copy the video of Nikki from my phone to my computer, and then I deleted it off my phone. Seemed like the safest thing to do, given that Greg was supposed to be going to the party that night. It didn't seem like a good idea to bring an incriminating video of his girlfriend masturbating in the food court to the party with me.

I spent a couple of hours hanging around the house reading – and okay, daydreaming about our trip to the mall and all that. Eventually I got a text from Nikki. "On the way to your place, there in five minutes," it read.

I put on the new bathing suit and pulled some sweat pants on over it, grabbed my coat and went outside to wait for them.

Only it turned out not to be a 'them' at all. Almost exactly five minutes later – Nikki was nothing if not prompt – Greg's car pulled up in front of my place with Nikki driving and nobody else inside. She pointed to the passenger side door, so I opened it and got in.

"Change of plans?" I asked, shutting the door.

She looked for a second like she was going to say something, but then she leaned in and kissed me. It was a slow, lingering kiss and she was a great kisser. She had soft lips and she tasted like strawberries. Her tongue slipped gently into my mouth. I was so surprised I just kissed back.

Okay, even if I hadn't been surprised there's a good chance I would have kissed her back anyway.

We kissed for a long time. I think. I'm not actually sure, I lost track. She ran her fingers through my hair while we kissed, which I'm a huge sucker for. Honestly I'm like a dog, scratch my head and I'm yours.

Eventually she pulled back and we sat looking at each other.

"Well...um...hi?" I said.

"I broke up with Greg," she said. Then she made an embarrassed face. "I meant to tell you that first, but I've been wanting to kiss you for kind of a long time now, and I saw you and then it just kind of happened. I'm kind of a doofus sometimes in case you hadn't noticed."

"Well you're kind of a cute doofus," I said. She smiled at that. Then what she had said registered with me. "Wait, back up a second," I said. "You and Greg broke up? What happened?"

"His mom called me," she said. "Right after I got home from the mall. Apparently she'd been trying to call him all weekend but he hadn't been responding, so she was worried and wanted to make sure he was okay."

"Wasn't he supposed to be at home this weekend?" I said.

"That's what I thought," she said, nodding. "But then his mom asked when we were coming to visit for Christmas. She was really looking forward to it because she hadn't seen Greg all semester."

"But this is at least the second weekend you told me that he had gone home for," I said.

"And there was a third one that I didn't mention to you," she said.

"So where has he really been going?" I asked.

"Another girl's house," she said.

"Son of a bitch," I said. "He's been cheating on you?"

"For months now," she said. "Apparently he's in love with her. He told me all about it when he got home and I passed on his mom's message."

I put a hand on her shoulder. "He's an idiot," I said. "Are you okay?"

She put her hand on top of mine and squeezed it. "I am," she said.

"Are you sure?" I asked.

She nodded. "What you said earlier today is true, he and I have been growing apart for a while now. We want different things. When he told me what he'd been doing what I mostly felt was relief."

"Relief?" I said, raising an eyebrow.

She nodded again. "Yeah, I know that sounds weird. But that just made me realize how much I've fallen out of love with him. Having him tell me that he'd been cheating on me for so long makes me feel better about the stuff I've been doing around you lately. I had been thinking I'd have to tell him what was happening, but under the circumstances I decided to just call it even and tell him we were through."

"So it's a done deal?" I said.

"Yeah he and I are over," she said. Then she frowned. "We're still stuck in the lease though so we'll be roomies until the end of school in April. But knowing him he'll spend most of his time at the other girl's place anyway."

"Awkward," I said, "but I know you'll manage. It's only a few months anyway."

She leaned closer to me and put her head on my shoulder. "It's true. So I'm a little sad, but I'll get over it."

"You know we don't have to go tonight if you're not feeling up to it," I said.

"Oh no way, not after all the trouble we went to getting bathing suits for tonight," she said, and then she giggled. "Besides I bullied Greg into lending me his car anyway. I think he agreed to it as a peace offering, he was probably afraid I'd get violent when he confessed."

"But you're usually such a calm, quiet person," I said, barely managing to keep a straight face at such an obvious lie. "Plus you're too short to be a threat."

She sat back up and elbowed me in the stomach, although not hard. Then she turned to look me in the face again. "So...I kissed you," she said.

"You did," I said, nodding at her.

"I wanted to," she said. "I've been thinking about it for a long time now. But I don't want you to think I'm looking for a rebound guy or anything. It's been a long time since I've dated anyone but Greg, but I like you a lot. I don't even know if you're interested or..."

I cut her off by putting a finger to her lips. She didn't bite me, which I took to be a good sign. Trying to shush her is always a risky business. "I like you a lot too," I said. "We don't have to define what we are right now. I've been telling you lately that you should do what you want, and that's still what I'm telling you now. If it happens that what you want involves me, you can be pretty sure I'm up for it."

She smiled at me. It was a very sweet smile. "You sure?" she said.

In response I kissed her again. It was just as good the second time around. "How do you taste like strawberries?" I asked when we paused for breath.

"Lip gloss," she said. "Do you like it?" I nodded. "Good," she said. "It's my favorite kind."

"So I hear there's a party?" I said. "Something with hot tubs or something?"

She laughed. "Yeah we should probably get over there."

"Anything to see you in that suit again," I said.

"Perv," she said as she started the car.

We drove to the party. It turned out it was being held mostly on the deck of the couple hosting, which seemed like a strange idea to me – it was December after all – but as it turned out it wasn't too bad. They had a huge barbecue running on one side of the deck with lots of burgers and hot dogs cooking. On the other side of the deck they also had an outdoor kerosene heater so the deck space in between was reasonably warm.

The other guests were mostly classmates of Nikki, so I didn't know any of them too well, although I recognized a few from the last pub crawl Nikki had dragged me on.

I introduced myself to the ones I didn't know as I carried over the two cases of beer Nikki had brought. I set them down in the snow alongside the booze other people had brought, grabbing a bottle for myself and one for Nikki.

I hadn't asked her what she wanted to tell people about the Greg situation, but she resolved that for me pretty quickly. As she was opening the beer I grabbed her one of the hosts of the party – who had introduced himself to me as Dennis just moments before – walked up to her and said "no Greggo tonight?"

She took a long swallow of the beer and then shook her head. "No, we broke up."

"Oh I'm sorry sweetie" said Dennis. "Are you all right about it?"

"I'm okay thanks," said Nikki. "It was mutual. We don't want the same things anymore."

Dennis looked from her to me. Then he pointed at me and asked her "so is this your new suitor?" He wriggled his eyebrows suggestively.

"I have no comment on that," said Nikki. "Except to say I probably didn't just bring him to carry the beer." She stepped closer to me and wrapped an arm around my waist while Dennis and the other folks near enough to be listening laughed. I put my arm around her shoulders and clinked beer bottles with her.

We ate and drank for the next hour or two before anyone seriously brought up hot tubbing. It quickly became clear that most of the other guests had not been as serious about actually wanting to use the hot tub as Nikki was. Many hadn't even bothered to bring suits, and were happy to keep the party on the deck, or as the temperature dropped as it got darker, to move the party indoors.

Those of the rest of who actually wanted to use the hot tub finally stripped down to our suits and made our way over to it. It turned out to be a big one, at least by my standards although I was no expert. It had seats for six and it would have been roomy if that had been how many of us that wanted to use it. As it was there were ten of us, which necessitated some cozier arrangements.

Nikki ended up sitting on my lap, which didn't exactly break my heart. I wrapped one hand around her waist, the other still holding a beer. She was sitting on my lap, with her legs straddling mine, so that hers were spread apart and my knees were between hers.

I didn't think anything of that at first, except when she grabbed my hand at her waist and slowly slipped it down into her crotch. There were lots of jets going, so the surface of the water was very bubbly. There were also pop up lights at the four corners of the tub, which provided light, but also created enough glare that I didn't think anyone could see where my hand was.

Nikki clearly didn't think so, because she moved my fingers right to her clit and pressed them down, until I took the hint and started rubbing slow circles on her clit, over the fabric of her suit bottom. She moved her hand away from mine and I continued.

She managed to keep up conversations with the other people in the tub around us. I did my best to do so as well, although mainly I just tried to remember to sip my beer every now and then and looked up at the stars.

A few minutes later someone came out of the house and explained they were starting a beer pong game and asked anybody who wanted to play to come in. Three of the people in the tub left to do that.

Another few minutes later and it started to snow, not heavily, but enough so that two of the other people in the tub decided they'd had enough and went in.

That left five of us, which was a lot more comfortable. Nikki stayed on my lap, which I certainly didn't mind. The seat across from us ended up empty. I realized then that there was a jet on that side of the tub which would have been hitting the back of whoever was sitting there before. It was now hitting Nikki at about torso level.

There was a jet like that behind me, and I was enjoying it hitting some sore muscles I had from work. When I had first sat down I had moved that one slightly, so I realized the one across from us was probably movable as well. Trying to be casual, I reached out a foot and snagged the jet. I managed to aim it down, until I could feel it hitting my hand under the water. Which also meant it was now hitting Nikki's pussy as well.

Right after that I could feel her spreading her legs further apart, and sliding her butt forward more so that she was more directly in the jets. She also took my hand again, this time sliding it underneath the suit bottoms to touch her skin directly.

Between the jet and my fingers it didn't take long before I felt her back arch and her thighs shaking as she orgasmed. She actually managed to seem like she was still paying attention to the conversation around her, which was impressive.

When I felt her relax after a minute or two, I went to move my hand away, but she pushed it back, so I kept stroking her clit. After not very long she came again, this time stronger than before. She groaned, and then coughed, lifting her knee up out of the water and making a show of rubbing her thigh. "Leg cramp," she muttered, "Ouch, ouch."

"You okay?" asked one of the other girls in the hot tub.

"I'm fine," said Nikki. "But I think it's time to get out for a bit. Maybe we can still get in on the beer pong game?" This last bit was said over her shoulder to me.

I nodded. "Let's find out," I said.

We did go in and get in on the game. We did pretty well, but I think Nikki's outfit helped distract the other teams. She put on a t-shirt, but didn't put on pants, so her bathing suit bottoms were on display. And I believe I already mentioned how skimpy the bottoms were.

The beer pong game turned into an elaborate tournament, which was made slower by people getting distracted watching movies in between turns. By the time it wrapped up – Nikki and I finished in second place, by the way – it was almost two in the morning. A bunch of the party goers had already called it a night and taken off, and others who were planning to crash here were making their way off to the guest rooms and upstairs couches.

Nikki was still wide awake. "Anyone want to go back in the hot tub?" she said, looking around. A couple of people seemed interested at first, but when we looked outside it became apparent that it was now snowing heavily, so they bowed out. She looked back at me and raised an eyebrow and I nodded.

We went back out to the tub by ourselves. Nikki pulled off her t-shirt, and it turned out the bathing suit top had come undone and she was hanging out of it. She gasped and covered her breasts, but then she glanced back at the door to the house and realized nobody else was around. Winking at me, she said "what the hell," and slipped the bikini top off. In the cold outside the tub her nipples were erect and stood out prominently. I definitely wanted to touch them.

She stepped closer to the tub and I reached out and put my hands on her waist before she got in. I kissed her again, and almost of their own accord my hands found their way to her breasts. She didn't seem to mind. I played with her nipples for a few moments and would gladly have kept that up longer but it was really fairly cold just standing next to the hot tub.

So instead I slid my hands down to the bikini bottoms she was still wearing, grabbed the straps at the side and raised my eyebrows at her. She grinned and nodded, so I slipped the bottoms off her. She stood there naked in front of me, then did a little spin so I could see all of her. Then she climbed back in the hot tub.

I went to follow her and she shook her head, pointing to my suit. "Fair's fair," she said.

"Okay," I said. I slipped off the suit, letting her see me naked before climbing in after her.

We sat side by side for a bit, and she slipped her hand down and onto my cock. She stroked me very slowly, almost teasing me, and I didn't mind at all.

Then something seemed to occur to her. "I want another beer," she said. "Paper, rock, scissors to see who has to go get it?"

I agreed. We counted off three and then threw. She threw scissors, I threw rock. "Fuck," said Nikki, then laughed. She climbed back out of the tub. She took a nervous glance at the door, covering herself with her hands first. When nobody turned up to watch, she walked naked up to the deck and scrounged amongst the beer cases – most of which were empty at this point – and found a couple.

She was on the way back, but then she stopped next to the heater on the deck, which was still running. She was outlined in the lights shining from above the back door, anybody who happened to look out would see her. I could tell she was thinking that, but I could also tell the thought was turning her on. She held the beers in one hand, but the other she used to slowly tweak her nipples, one after the other, back and forth. Eventually she slid her hand down to her pussy, slipping a finger inside of herself, still in full view of the door.

I was definitely enjoying this new bolder Nikki. To let her see how much I was enjoying it, I stood up and started stroking my cock. I saw her looking at it, and she bit her lips and moaned while fingering herself. Then she came back over to the tub. "Fuck me," she whispered, still touching herself. She climbed back into the tub, and turned to face away from me. She kneeled on one of the seats, so that her ass was up out of the water, and spread her legs, giving me full access to her.

I knew from hearing about her and Greg's sex life that she was on the pill, but just then I wouldn't have cared. I stepped closer to her and slipped my cock into her pussy the way I had been dreaming of for weeks. Or, okay, longer than weeks if I'm being honest. But it was only in the last few weeks that it had seemed like it might actually be possible.

She felt warm and tight and wonderful. I grabbed on to her hips – partly for balance in case I slipped in the tub – and started thrusting into her.

I started off slow but she had other ideas. "Harder," she said, pushing back towards me with her thighs. So I went harder. My stomach made slapping sounds each time it hit her full, firm ass.

"Pull my hair," she said.

I leaned forward and grabbed on to her hair with one hand and pulled back firmly. "Fuck yeah," she said with a moan.

I saw her reach down with one hand to start fingering herself while I continued to fuck her from behind for several more minutes.

"Anyone could be watching right now," she said as her hand moved faster and faster. "I'm naked and getting fucked in my friend's backyard."

"And you love it," I said. It wasn't a question.

"Oh god I do," she said. "I'm such a dirty girl."

"You're my dirty girl now," I said.

"Oh fuck yes," she shouted, and that must have been enough to tip her over the edge because she started cumming. I could definitely have finished then too but even as she thrashed and her muscles contracted around my cock she begged me not to. "Don't cum yet," she said. So I didn't. It was a challenge, but I held off.

I kept fucking her with long, slow strokes, until her orgasm was finished. Then she slipped off of me, and carefully turned around to kneel in front of me. Then she said, "now cum for me" and took me in her mouth.

She was a wizard with her lips and tongue and I was nearly there already so it took no time for her to finish me off.

I came in her mouth and it felt amazing. She kept my cock in her mouth and stroked the shaft with her hands until she got every drop. Then she swallowed and sat back up. "Sorry," she said, "I didn't want to get any in the hot tub."

"No complaints here," I said. Then I realized how cold my shoulders and upper body were. "Except that I'm kind of freezing!" I dunked myself back down in the water.

She laughed. Then she got into the water and snuggled up to me. She looked worried. "Was this okay?" she asked. "I know it was maybe not as romantic as our first time should have been, and I was a little bossy but..."

I put a finger on her lips and she stopped. That made twice in one day that I had shushed her without physical harm which was clearly my personal record.

"I like you bossy," I said and she grinned. "And this was wonderful. Also memorable."

"Good," she said, and then she kissed me. "But we should probably get back inside before they send out search parties."

"From the sounds of things people are mostly gone home or to bed but better safe than sorry," I agreed.

We hopped out of the tub. She snitched my t-shirt and put it on. It was long enough on her that it hung to mid-thigh so she didn't bother putting anything else on although she did pick up her suit.

I put my suit back on and wrapped a towel around my shoulders and we headed back in. Looking for a place to crash proved difficult. All the good spots were already taken. We finally ended up in the downstairs rec room which only had one rather small couch. "For once your size is useful," I said as we both managed to lie down together on it.

She elbowed me, then kissed me. I feel like both were deserved.

We chatted for a bit but eventually she fell asleep and I did too, not long after.

The next morning I woke up first. I made my way to the washroom, used it, washed my hands and face and went back to Nikki.

She was still sleeping. In the night she had moved around enough that the t-shirt had ridden up, and her pussy was on display. I enjoyed the view for a few seconds, but then thought I should wake her up in case anyone else came along.

I touched her thigh and she stirred. She saw me and smiled. "Good morning," she said. "What're you doing?"

"Just enjoying the view," I said. "But I figured you might want to put some pants on or something." I gestured down towards her legs. She followed my gaze and blushed a little, but then she sat up on the couch. She spread her legs out further, lifting her knees up, giving me an even better view.

"Like what you see?" she said.

"Hell yeah," I said. "There's just one problem."

"What's that?" she said.

"You're still wearing my shirt," I said. "I'm going to have to ask for that back."

She grinned. "Maybe you can have it back, if you make it worth my while."

"Fair enough," I said. Then I knelt down in front of her. Starting at her knees, I kissed my way down her leg until I reached her pussy and started going down on her.

I knew it was morning and other people might be getting up, but I'd wanted to do this for a long while too, and now I had the chance, so I couldn't resist.

She just leaned back and went along for the ride. When she was wet enough, I slipped a finger inside her and fucked her slowly with it while I continued to lick her clit. When we got to that point, she slipped off my t-shirt so she was completely naked on the couch and started playing with her nipples.

Before long she had to cover her mouth to stifle the moans she was making, while she kept playing with her nipples with the other hand.

I was jarred out of what I was doing when I heard a toilet flush from upstairs, and realized that other people were definitely awake. This was getting riskier. I moved my mouth away from her for a second to ask if she wanted me to stop. As soon as I did that she grabbed me by the shoulders and tugged me up. I stood up, thinking that she was calling it quits, but as soon as I did, she tugged down my suit, freeing my cock.

"Fuck me," she said.

"Here? Now?" I said. I couldn't hear any more footsteps just then, but it was a definite possibility there could be more any time, coming our way.

"Hurry," she said, nodding. She laid back down on the couch full length, pulling me towards her. Who was I to turn down an offer like that?

I laid down between her legs and slipped my cock inside her. It felt even better this time, probably because half of me wasn't in sub-zero temperatures.

As I thrust into her, she rocked her hips back and forth in time with me, and her mouth found mine. We kissed while we fucked, and she played with her clit with one hand.

As we kept on, I knew we were getting louder, she was moaning more and the couch started to creak rhythmically underneath us. We had been going for maybe five or ten minutes when I realized I could hear more footsteps from upstairs.

Nikki clearly heard them too. "Faster," she said. "Don't you dare stop now, I'm too close."

I went faster. The couch got louder, the footsteps got closer, it sounded like they were starting down the stairs towards us.

"Don't stop," she said, "don't stop...I'm cumming!" She closed her eyes and arched her back as she came.

The feeling of her muscles clenching around me, and the sounds she made when orgasming were too much for me to wait any longer. I came too, deep inside her. It was such a strong orgasm that the muscles in my arms and legs got weak and I had to lay across Nikki on the couch, holding myself up with my elbows so I didn't have all my weight on her.

Her body quivered beneath mine as her orgasm slowly finished. She kissed me hard, biting my lip in a way that was not at all unpleasant, and then pulled back, opening her eyes. I saw her eyes go to something behind me, and she blushed bright red, the reddest I'd ever seen.

"Um, good morning Dennis," she said. I glanced over my shoulder. Dennis had stopped part way down the stairs, pretty much at the point where we would just have come into view. I honestly don't think he'd been watching us intentionally, I think he had just frozen in surprise. I'm pretty sure I would do the same if I walked into my basement and caught friends fucking on my couch.

As soon as he saw us both looking at him, he looked away quickly. Then he grinned, gave two thumbs up in our general direction and walked back up the stairs without saying a word.

"Oh god we're never going to live this down," said Nikki.

"Oh come on, I bet you liked getting caught," I said.

She punched me in the arm, then laughed. "We will talk about that later," she said, grinning. "Now get your dick out of me, and put on some pants."

We got dressed and went upstairs. By mutual unspoken agreement Nikki, Dennis and I just pretended that had never happened, at least for the rest of the morning.

I had a feeling this was not the last time we were going to run the risk of getting caught in the act...

**Teasing a Friend Ch. 05**